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AND THE

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IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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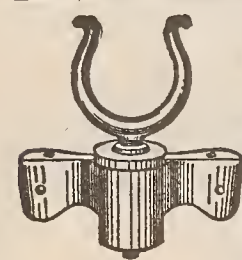
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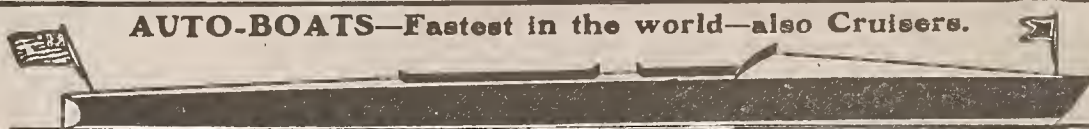
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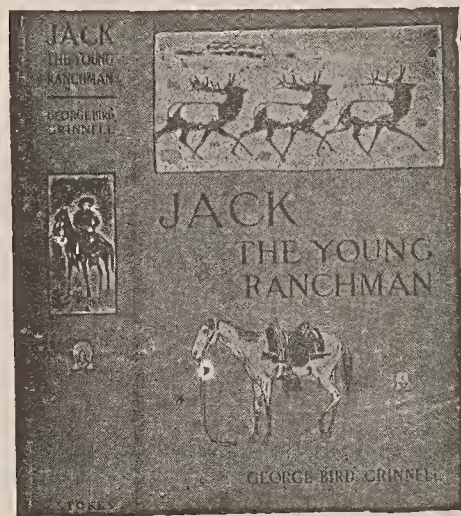
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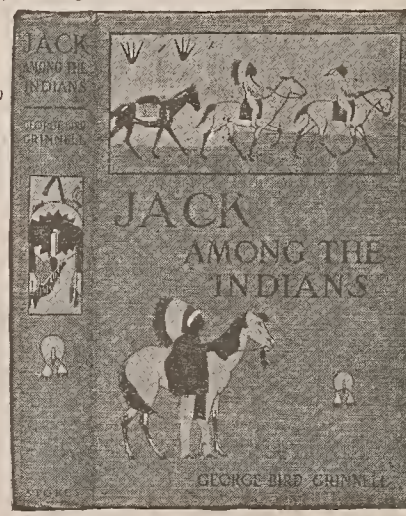
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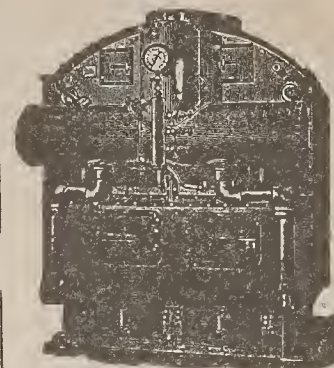
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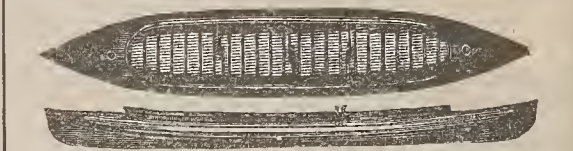


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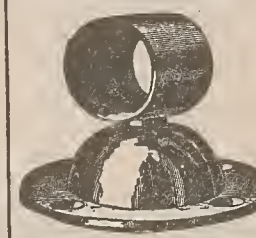
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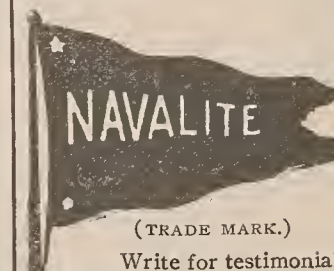
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VOL. LXIV.—No. 1.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE OCEAN RACE FOR THE EMPEROR'S CUP.

WHEN the conditions governing the ocean race for the cup offered by the German Emperor were made public, it was believed that the entries of several American cruising yachts would follow. While the race has caused some little stir, it seems impossible to arouse any real enthusiasm among the men who own craft eligible for the contest.

The first entry to be officially filed was by the Earl of Crawford, an English sportsman who owns Valhalla, a fine square rigged cruising vessel. This entry came as a surprise, and the Earl of Crawford is to be congratulated on having taken the initiative. Valhalla is hardly the type of vessel that would be expected to win the race, particularly if she has as opponents Atlantic, Endymion, or the new Brewster schooner building at South Boston. The Earl of Crawford shows his sporting spirit by coming into the field when he is completely in the dark as to his competitors. Such a move proves conclusively that he has entered because he believes thoroughly in the race and not because he expects to capture the trophy.

American owners should not allow themselves to be outdone. Out of the many available yachts in the fine fleet of the New York Y. C. there should be a number willing to undertake the trip.

The race is scheduled to start on May 15 next, and those intending to start should soon definitely make up their minds, for much preparation is necessary to put a yacht in shape for such a race. The course is from Sandy Hook to the Needles.

The German Emperor has done everything in his power to foster yachting in Germany, and his motive in offering the trophy for the trans-Atlantic race was to get a number of representative American yachts to compete in the contests at Kiel. He has great confidence in American yachts and backs up his belief by building his own racing yacht here from the plans of an American designer. His attitude has been so complimentary and courteous all through that the very least American sportsmen can do is to show their appreciation of his efforts, and the best possible indorsement would be to make the ocean race an unqualified success.

EUGENE G. BLACKFORD.

THE death of Eugene G. Blackford, which occurred on Thursday of last week, December 29, removed one who had filled a large place in the development of game and commercial fishing interests, and in the progress of ichthyology. Mr. Blackford had been ill for two years, ever since he retired from active business, and his death, resulting from a complication of diseases, was not unexpected. He was in his sixty-fifth year.

Eugene Gilbert Blackford was born in Morristown, N. J., in 1839. At the age of fourteen he found employment with a ship broker on South street, this city. After various other positions he was employed by A. T. Stewart & Co., and from the drygoods business went to the firm of Middleton, Carman & Co., fish dealers in Fulton Market. Here at last he found the opportunity he had been seeking to do something more than the business round and to engage in scientific investigation and study. The business and its surroundings were congenial to his tastes. He soon acquired a stand and from the first the business prospered and developed, until in time he came to be the largest fish, oyster, crab and turtle dealer in this country. In 1875 Mr. Blackford originated the famous market displays of trout on the opening day of the season. Here were collected specimens of the various species of trout from all parts of the country, and the "Blackford trout opening" was looked forward to by local anglers with anticipation second only to that of the actual wetting of the first fly in the icy streams of Long Island. Mr. Blackford was always an originator. He discovered that our American whitebait was equal to the famous delicacy of British waters, and he made the fish popular here. He brought frozen salmon from Canada and the far Northwest. He imported sole and turbot in the refrigerators of ocean steamers from England. He introduced to the northern markets the red snapper from Florida, to which was given the scientific name of *Lutjanus blackfordii* in his honor. Thus in one field and another he developed new methods, and as his business increased made the wonderful growth of his own interests coincident with an enlarged and cheapened food fish sup-

ply by which the public benefited. Mr. Blackford was a man of liberal ideas and public spirit. Early in his career he showed a disposition to co-operate with the United States Fish Commission in its work, and from the days of Professor Baird's organization of the Commission to the last year of Mr. Blackford's business life, the services rendered by him were many and important. His vast store of information, his business sagacity and breadth of view made his co-operation at all times sought for and valued. In 1879 Mr. Blackford was appointed by Governor Robinson one of the Fish Commissioners of New York, an office which he filled with a conscientiousness and ability which were to the lasting benefit of New York. It was through his instrumentality that the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery was established on Long Island. He served two terms as Commissioner and was then removed by Governor Hill in political pique. His services in the cause of fishculture and ichthyology were widely recognized, not only in this country, but abroad. He received gold, silver and bronze medals from the French, Dutch and German Governments; and the Governments of Japan, France, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Holland and Great Britain sent representatives to him for information and advice. The American Fisheries Society was organized in Mr. Blackford's office, and for several terms he was its president. Mr. Blackford's interests outside of the fish business were varied and important. He was president of the Bedford Bank, of Brooklyn; a vice-president of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, an officer or director in a number of other institutions, and a member of the Chamber of Commerce. He was recognized as one of the leading citizens of Brooklyn, and had large part in many of its public interests. His was a life singularly full, not only in the success and wealth it brought to him, but in its usefulness to others, and the high type of American citizenship it exemplified.

DUCK SHOOTING PRACTICE.

AND now someone who has been reading carefully the vivacious discussion of duck shooting, in our game columns, puts these questions to the FOREST AND STREAM, and asks that categorical answers shall be given to them. The questions are: Will a true sportsman shoot a duck on the water? If a shooter shoots a duck on the water, is the deed one to be proud of? Are there any extenuating circumstances short of actual starvation which would excuse the shooting of a duck on the water?

We cannot undertake to give categorical replies to the questions. To answer the first point would involve an extended examination of the attributes of the true sportsman and a consideration, which at best could be only theoretical, of how he would act in the presence of a duck sitting on the water. Speculation by us on both these points would be worth no more than the speculation of a thousand other people, and we could not hope that they would be received with that unanimity of approval which is so dear to the heart of a writer who lays down the law in print. Equally fruitless, we are assured, would it be to dogmatize on the other points. Should he feel proud or should he not? Could anything but the ultimate pangs of hunger justify him? Clearly the only thing for us here is to have resort to a plea in avoidance.

Speculative issues aside, however, we are perfectly free and willing to tell what we know about the ways of duck shooters as the common, actual, every-day, conventional practice of the craft, apart from any contrary ducking doctrine it may individually and collectively preach. Duck shooters, as a rule, shoot ducks flying or sitting, in either way, indiscriminately and without any consideration whatever of any "ethics" involved in the act. There may be a thousand individual exceptions to this rule, but we are speaking now of the great army of duck shooters, the overwhelming majority which alone is to be considered when we would establish the truth respecting the question of actual prevailing practice.

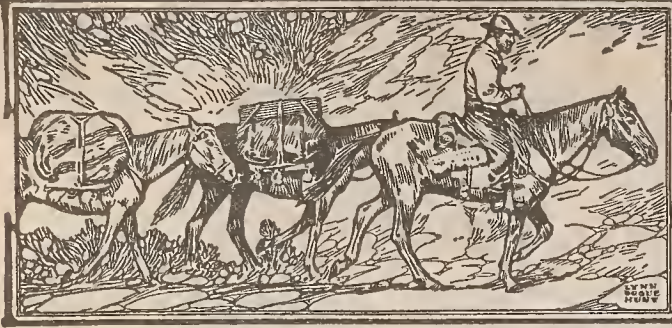
The common rule of conduct as to duck shooting differs from that which prevails in the shooting of quail and other upland species. A sportsman who would not shoot a sitting quail (or at least would not willingly let his friends suspect that he would shoot one) will shoot a sitting duck and do it openly among his associates, and not as a thing to be in any way whatever ashamed of. Our observation of duck shooters, including both the unaffiliated individual and the club member, is that they

shoot a duck anywhere and anyhow, in whatever way they can get it most surely, once it is in range. It is meant, of course, that they do this with the weapons and in the ways permitted by the law.

This is the duck shooting practice of the twentieth century on American waters. Whether that practice ought to be something else, is aside from what we are here endeavoring to do, which is simply to record it as it is.

MONOLOGUES OF KIAH.

WHERE the tent had been pitched there were sundry packages, large and small, which denoted that the party had broken camp, packed up their outfit, and were prepared for their homeward journey. Their outing was ended. The ruddy tints on their faces, clear eyes, sprightly step, and freedom from careworn traces afforded material evidence of the benefits derived from life in the fresh air and sunlight, in propinquity to woods and waters where the birds fly and the fishes lurk. The members of the party were seated here and there about the camp-site, patiently awaiting the coming of the wagon which was to transport them to the railway station. They were discussing in pleasant vein the main incidents of their camp life then just closing. "I never enjoyed better sport in my life," Reuben heartily exclaimed "than that which has been mine in this outing. It was a delight in general, and it was sportsmanlike in every detail as we conducted it. Also it was ineffably enhanced by the unselfish companionship of jolly good fellows who are ardent and earnest in the cause of sport. We have enjoyed the sport individually and enjoyed the knowledge that each had a share—" "Excuse me for interrupting you," broke in Kiah, "but it seems to me that you cannot justly claim that all your methods are sportsmanlike. Yet I will say that you have the instincts of a true sportsman. You will without doubt evolve into a fairly good one in due time. It may seem to be egotistical, but you differ in methods from me. Inasmuch as you thus differ, inasmuch do you depart from the true—" "One moment, Kiah, if you please," interposed Reuben in sweetly modulated tones. "Let me have the floor for a short time. I am sure you can be silent for a short while without perishing. We all know that you mean well, that your intentions to benefit us are most commendable, and that you honestly believe you are a perfect example of true sportsmanship. I believe so, too. You have been quite frank with us in presenting the true, expurgated sportsmanship up to date. I desire to testify my appreciation of your kindness, and my approval of your doctrine in all its minute particulars. I do not ask you for any authorities to sustain your ideas. The fact that you said so is a summation of all authority. All the sportsmanship from the dawn of creation to the present time was false. It came to us through countless generations of our predecessors, crude, imperfect, wrong; but it came at length to you, Kiah, to be purified, ennobled, fit for general consumption, all by virtue of your mere dictum. There are rude natures which will contend that your mere say so does not make it so; that your mere say so is not any better than the say sos of thousands of others who differ from you; and that, being a mortal, you might perchance change your mind on points of true sportsmanship and thereby wreck it. Perish such vandals! I know that if you, Kiah, had never existed, then there never had been nor would be any true sportsmanship. Before I had the great good fortune to be enriched by your fiat sportsmanship, I had a mistaken belief that true sportsmanship was composed of all that was pleasurable and wholesome in pursuit and capture, combined with good comradeship in its social phases. Out of this general wealth bestowed by sportsmanship each man could use such methods as were best pleasing and useful to him. They might differ materially from the methods adopted by others, yet all the pleasurable methods, so long as they violated no common or statutory law, combined to make the sum total of what is in a generic way referred to as sportsmanship. But, Kiah, I know all that is wrong. True sportsmanship is dependent for its metes and bounds on your mental processes. Unfortunately, while we can not think in unison with you, not knowing your thoughts, we can proudly imitate your actions, and concur in the fact that your state of mind is a universal postulate." The wagon at this juncture arrived, and the party were quickly homeward bound, much to the loss of the doctrine of fiat sportsmanship.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Strength of the Hills.

THERE'S a bird in the loom to-day,
And a song in the shuttle, too;
There's a glimmering scene in the bales of wool
Of the sheep on the slopes, and the heart is full,
But the rosy days are the few.

There's a cast in the breeze to-day
Of the violets sweet in the bloom;
And the yearning heart feels the strength of the hills,
But turns with a will to the door of the mills,
For another day at the loom.

There's a bond to the woods to-day,
And a call to the meadows anew;
But another bond there is that binds
The willing hand to its work, and finds
That the drones in the hive are the few.

There's a joy in the work to-day,
A delight in the labor to do.
So the woods and the birds, and the bricks in the wall,
And the clattering loom agree after all
That the mouldy days are the few.

J. S. S.

A Buffalo Hunt with the Comanches

EACH spring and fall up to the year 1879, by which time the white skin-hunters had killed off the last of the buffalo, it was the general custom to send out the Indians in a hunt for them. They went out in charge of their chiefs, and always had an escort of cavalry with them. The size of the escort would be regulated by the Indians they went with; if they were Indians who were likely to stray up into Kansas or elsewhere and go to raiding ranches instead of hunting buffalo, then a troop of cavalry, or sometimes half a troop, would be sent with them. If they were pretty good Indians, then they might get off with a detail of a sergeant and a few men; but up to the time when I went it alone, never less than that. The band I had out for two winters could get along without being watched at all. This band was never badly hurt by the amount of watching that I gave them. I knew, if our officers did not, that they needed no watching, and "governed myself accordingly," as our officers used to tell us, when they started to grind out a lot of special and general orders for us, the most of which orders we only paid attention to about as long as the officer giving them happened to be around.

In 1875 I belonged to a troop of the Tenth Cavalry that was stationed at Fort Sill in what was at that time the Indian Territory; it is part of Oklahoma now. General R. S. Mackenzie, the colonel of our regiment, told me, "I want you to go along with a band of Indians in their winter hunt. I mean to send you with them by yourself."

"What tribe are they, sir?"

"The Comanches."

"Oh, then I'll go anywhere with Comanches, sir. I should not care to go with some of these other tribes alone, though."

"No, I should not care to send you alone with other tribes; but I think you can get along with these Comanches."

Then he told me to take eighteen days' rations and plenty of ammunition for hunting purposes. "It will be for all winter," he said, "and if you can't get all the ammunition you want, come to me and report so; I'll see that you do get it. And then report to the agent at the Wichita agency. Get in there to-day, if you can."

Going to my first sergeant, I called for a hundred rounds of carbine and a hundred of pistol cartridges, "by order of General Mackenzie." He told me to get them out of the storeroom myself. While at it, as I was issuing them to myself, I took 150 rounds of pistol cartridges; I had 50 already; I would need them all to kill buffalo. I carried two Colt's pistols, one of them being my own property, the other belonging to the United States. Then going to the quartermaster sergeant I got my rations, and he was as liberal with them as I had been with ammunition. I needed all of both before I got back. Next going to the corral, I got a quiet pack mule, one that would follow my horse and not have to be led. Then putting my saddles on, I was on my way to the Wichita in less than an hour. It was thirty-five miles away, but I got in there at dark and reported to the agent, who told me that my Indians would be down there to-morrow to get their rations and a hunting pass.

They came in next day, and after a talk got their pass and all the rations the agent would issue to the chief or sell to him, to be paid for in robes next spring. Most of his rations were got this way. Next we arranged as to the length of time we could remain out, I telling the Chief to make it five or six months if we could find plenty of buffalo.

"Now I don't want you to take these Indians out and keep them out until I have to send a troop of cavalry after you to bring you in," the agent told me. "I don't exactly understand the idea of you going with them alone. How do you expect to get them in when you want them to come in?"

"Oh, I'll bring them in, sir; don't you worry about that. The General knows what he is about. He sent me, but we want to remain out long enough to get plenty of

meat, and I should suppose that the longer we stayed out the better you would be suited. You won't have us to feed while we are out, you know." This was one reason why the Indians were sent out; their rations would never last them the year around, and it would be either kill buffalo or starve; and besides if the Indians were let hunt a part of the time then they would rest contented in the reservation the rest of the time. This band was the Penne-Theka—that is, the sugar-eating Comanches, when it is boiled down into English. There were two bands of them, the one I had now, whose chief was named Asa-Hab-Bit, and another band under a sub-chief named Tush-Away. He and his band hunted this year by themselves. There were nearly a dozen different bands of the Comanches. I knew these Indians, and had I been given my choice of all the Indians on the reservation, they were the ones I should have taken.

We started for camp, ten miles above on the river, but did not get to it until about dark. At daylight next morning we began to get ready for the buffalo hunt. While one squaw in each lodge cooked breakfast, another one took the lodge down, rolled it up and made it ready to pack on a pony; then got her packs ready.

The band had plenty of ponies; the chief had about one hundred himself, besides a number of large mules and several American horses that he seldom used. At eight o'clock we were off, going up along the Wichita River. When on the march each squaw drives her ponies in a herd by themselves, the families following each other in the order in which they first start out each morning. The packs are continually coming off, and when they do the squaw has to ride the pony down, catch him, then fix his pack again, then run the pony in until he overtakes his herd; and by this time this or some other pack will likely need fixing. The lodge poles are carried on a saddle, one end of them tied to it, while the other end trails behind him; and they often get loose and are scattered all over the country, for the squaws to gather up again. A pony will run up and step on the poles; then the buckskin thong that holds them to the saddle gives way, and the squaw now has another job on hand. If this squaw has a baby under two years of age, it goes with her strapped in its cradle to her back; if it is older, then it is set on a pony, tied there, and let go to ride among the pack ponies. When a boy baby is five years old, he is given a bow and arrows, and then set on a pony, but not tied now, and let go where he pleases. If it is a girl, she follows her mother and helps her. She will ride down a pony, catch him, and hold him for her mother to pack. The squaw rides astride of the pony, and the pony does not live that could throw one of them off him. The boys never think of helping their mothers or sisters; all they want to do is to hunt. I have known boys of eight or ten years of age who could send an arrow through me at fifty yards if they aimed it at me; but I was never afraid of being hit with an arrow that was fired by a Comanche boy after they had got to know me. On the march this way the chief rides in the rear of his whole camp; but if there is danger ahead, then he is always to be found out on the flank or away ahead of his train.

When we had marched to-day about twenty miles, still along the river, the chief and I started on ahead to look for a good camp, and when he had found one to suit him, he got off his pony, took off his saddle, threw it down, and let the pony go. Then his mules were driven in here, and the packs taken off, and his lodge put up just at this saddle, the other families camping all around him. As soon as the ponies get their packs off, the boys drive them a short distance away from camp, and let them go to grazing. They will round them up and bring them in when wanted again, but this is all they will do; or at least all they would do then. They did more than this for the squaws later on after I had charge of them for a while. The squaws now put up their lodges, two of them working at each lodge, and they can put up one of the big round lodges in ten minutes. Three of the long poles are tied together at the upper end, then set up and the lower ends drawn out to where the bottom of the lodge will come. Then all but one of these other poles are set up, their tops leaning against the tops of the first three; then the remaining pole is fastened to an upper corner of the cloth and the cloth raised up to the top, then spread out and pinned down at the bottom all around; then this last pole, still fast to the cloth, is pinned back so as to open the cloth at the top and leave a hole for the smoke to come out at. One squaw now takes her short-handled hoe and digs a fire-place in the center of the lodge; first she digs out a circle three feet across and nearly a foot deep, then digs a smaller one inside of it still deeper. Only dry wood is burned here, and what smoke is made goes out at this hole at the top. While she is doing this, another squaw makes the beds. Collecting small brush, she spreads it down, then piles the robes and blankets on top of it. If it is the chief's lodge, a stake is driven in at the head of his bed, then his arms are brought in and hung on it. Another stake is driven down in front of his lodge and his shield is hung on it. This shield is his flag, and it tells any stranger who comes here that this is the chief's lodge.

There is always an extra bed made in the chief's lodge, and it is always at the far side of the lodge, exactly opposite to the door. It is for any guest that the chief may have, and is put opposite to the door so that the man who may be occupying it can see anyone who may come in; and if an enemy comes, then he can defend himself.

No member of the band will ever use this bed, even to sit on it, unless the man who is sleeping in it tells him to do so. I occupied it all this winter, and the boys, when the chief was not about, would come in and tumble down on it alongside of me. Then when the chief would see them he would grab a bow to thrash them for it, but I always interfered about that time and stopped the whipping.

No one but the chief ever struck these boys. Their fathers never corrected them. They did not need much correcting, and it would be rather dangerous for a stranger to strike them. They all carried knives, and would not be slow about using them, either. A boy was never struck with anything but a bow; it is a disgrace to be struck with anything else; but a squaw can be hit with anything that comes handy except a bow. She is never hit with that; it would disgrace the bow then.

After supper to-night I took a walk out to the pony herd, and found that these ponies were herding themselves; there was no guard on. "No," the chief said, "it is not needed here now; there are no Cheyennes around. When they come, then I will put a guard on. The Cheyennes are dogs; they would steal my ponies if I let them, but I won't."

The Comanches hate the Cheyennes, and never mention them without adding "the Cheyennes are dogs;" and they are about half right; that is about what they are.

The next morning I saddled up an Indian pony to ride, and rode my horse no more this winter, but turned him out to be driven along with the ponies and to pick up his living among them, and he did it. This horse would get his 12 pounds of corn a day at the post if he could eat it, and he could, and generally ate some more that I stole for him, while out here he would have to live on grass; but I brought him home the following spring looking about as well as though he had stood in a stable all winter.

I organized a bodyguard for myself this morning, taking all the boys that were between ten and sixteen years old, and told the chief that we would ride off on his flank and watch the country for him. "It is good," he said. "You take my boys and make soldiers of them; I give them to you."

We would ride all over the country, shoot everything that needed shooting, and once in a while scare up an old bachelor buffalo bull that the young bulls had driven out of the herd, worry him half to death shooting blunt arrows at him, and then let him go. The Indians would not want him; his hide would be of little use and a dog could not eat his meat. We found the wrong bull, though, one day, and he started in to do some worrying himself, and charged us, and I had finally to shoot him to keep him from killing some of us.

Late this afternoon I and the boys, who were miles ahead of the band, came to the north fork of the Red River, and here saw our first buffalo, but they were rather scarce. There were but few of them here, and I soon saw the reason why. The river here is the boundary line between Texas and the Territory, and a party of white hunters were in camp here with four wagons on the Territory side of the river. It was forbidden then for anyone but Indians to hunt in the Territory, and I rode into the camp and told the men that they would have to cross to Texas right away. They thought, I suppose, that as I had nothing but boys we were not dangerous, and told me they were not going to cross, as all the buffalo were over here now, and they did not mean to leave them here for a party of thieving Indians to shoot.

"Well, I could take those boys of mine and soon drive you across," I told them, "but I don't want to hurt you. I thought my telling you would be sufficient."

Oh, I could bring my boys on, they told me; they would risk my hurting them. "If you stop here an hour or so longer," I said, "I will see who gets hurt, and it won't be me."

Then calling my boys out (they were prowling around among the wagons looking for a chance to lift something), I started back toward the camp that was coming on here. When I met it I went to the chief and telling him that white men were in his country, asked him for some of his men with their guns. He called up six and asked if they were enough.

"Yes," I told him. "Now tell them to do as I say."

"They do what you tell them," he said, "just the same as I tell them."

Taking my men I went back on the gallop. "Now," I said, "I'll just give you ten minutes to get across that river. If you are here at the end of that time I'll take you in to Fort Gill under guard. There are no boys here now, are there?"

At the end of ten minutes they had hooked up and were crossing. They knew what would happen if I took them to Sill, as I would have done had they not left in a hurry. The Indians came up now and went into camp, while the men and boys and I went after what buffalo the white men had left us, but these were very few. These men had shot a few and scared off a good many more than they shot. That was why I did not want them here nor where they were now, either; but they were in Texas now and beyond my jurisdiction.

The chief said to-night that the buffalo were not plenty enough here; he wanted to go into the white man's country. "It is the white man's country now; it was mine once," he said. I had been told before I had left Sill that the Governor of Texas had given permission for the Indians to hunt in Texas this winter; he gave this permission every winter then; there were no settlers



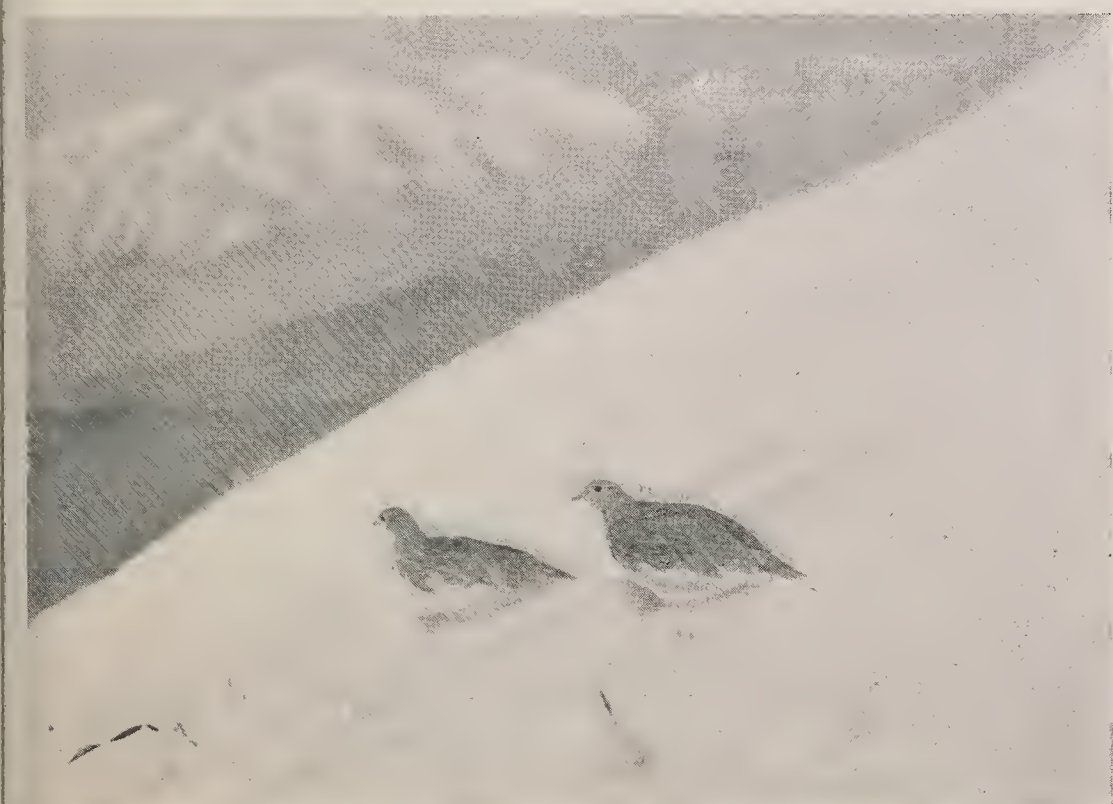
DUSKY GROUSE.
Photo by E. R. Warner.



DUSKY GROUSE.
Photo by E. R. Warren.



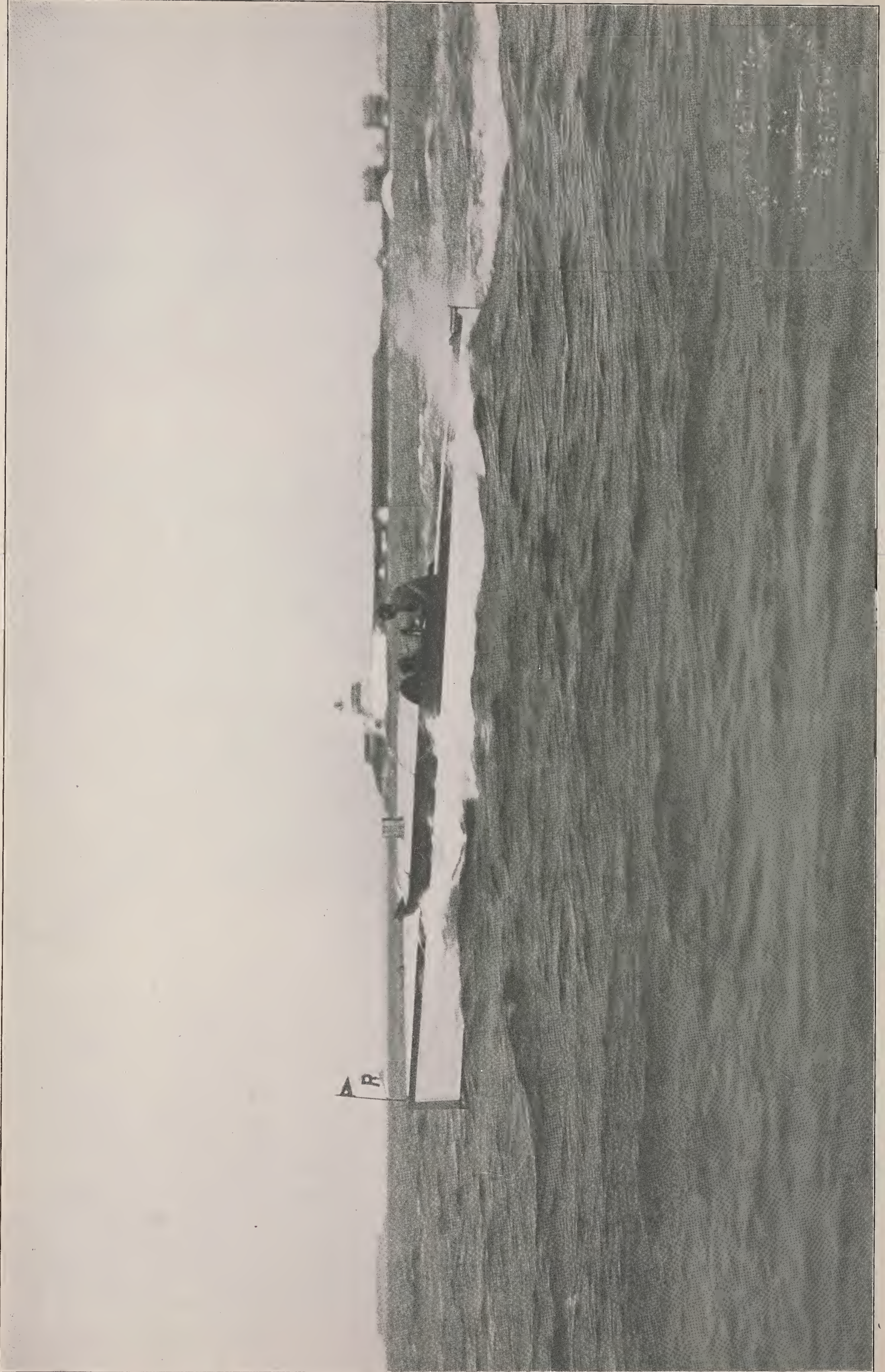
ALASKA PTARMIGAN.
Photo by Cantwell.



WHITE-TAILED PTARMIGAN IN FALL.
Photo by E. R. Warner, September 23d.



WHITE-TAILED PTARMIGAN IN SUMMER. FEMALE.
Photo by E. R. Warren, July 11th.



VINGT ET UN.
Running at High Speed in Rough Water off Newport.
Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane.
Equipped with a Smith & Mabley Simplex Engine.

Photo by James Furton, New York.

there then on the Pan-Handle; but it would have made no difference to us whether he had given the permission or not; we would have gone there anyhow. I told the chief we could go to Texas to-morrow if he wanted to go. Next morning the chief said as there were still a few buffalo he would stay here a day or two and give the squaws a chance to stretch the hides and dry the meat. Whenever a buffalo was killed all the meat and the hide was brought into camp, the meat cut into thin strips, then dried in the sun, or in wet weather on a platform over a fire; then put up in bales of about 80 pounds each, two of these bales making a load for a pony. The hides were stretched on the ground with the hair side down, then when partly dried a squaw went all over them twice with a sharp scraper and planed off a part of the skin. To make these hides into robes, they would have to be turned. A squaw would rub them full of brains, then draw them back and forward across a line stretched between two trees for hours at a time, until the hide was soft and pliable. They only finished up a few this way on this occasion; they had not time, but would keep the rest after drying them to make into robes the next spring. While there were buffalo to get the squaws had to work night and day. I have known them to work eighteen hours out of each twenty-four, and they never struck for eight hours a day, either. The men would do the striking if the squaws tried that.

I took my pony and calling my boys we rode over to visit the white men's camp again, but not to drive them now; they were the people over here. They had gone into camp two miles from the river on a small creek after I had sent them across the night before, and were getting ready to move again. They wanted to get as far away as possible from us, they said.

"You are in Texas now," I told them, "and it is my business to see that these Indians don't trouble you, and they won't."

Well, they did not care for that; they did not want to be near us; they had no use for Indians.

"Then go south," I told them. "I am going west from here, but not for a day or two yet."

Was I going to bring those Indians over here?

"Yes, in a day or two I am."

Where was my authority for doing that?

"I don't need any. I am my own authority when out here," I told them.

One of the men wanted to know what amusement I found in galloping all over this country at the head of a lot of blanked young Indians?

The young Indians were seated on their ponies here puffing away at their corn snuck cigarettes. I had furnished the tobacco; the chief did not care how much of it they got, but he would not give them any; he wanted it for the men, he told them.

"I am making soldiers out of these blanked young Indians," I told him. "And by the way it is just as well that the most of them don't understand what you say, or some of them might poke an arrow into you before I had time to stop him. I am drilling these fellows now, and some day when we get a little older I may take these and a lot more that I have, then ride down and run you fellows all out of western Texas. We don't need you here. This is the Comanches' country."

The man looked at me as if he hardly knew whether I was trying to bluff him or not. We left them now and soon after saw a small bunch of buffalo quietly grazing way off to the west of us. My boys were about to go for them, when I stopped them and proceeded to put a plan into execution that I had heard of but had never seen tried.

Just in front of us in the river was a steep bluff that was nearly opposite our camp. I meant to run these buffalo over the bluff and break their necks, if I could do it. Circling around them, we got in rear of them without their taking the alarm, then charged down on them, the boys yelling.

We did not quite run them over it, though; for when I had them within about a hundred yards of the bluff, the leader turned square to the left; he must have known that the bluff was here, and his herd all followed him, running now parallel with the river. Seeing that they were all likely to get away from us, I rode in on them and shot down two, while some of my larger boys put arrows through three more, and the rest got away.

It may sound like a fairy story to tell of these boys putting arrows through a buffalo. Their fathers did it every day. As these were all young animals, most of them cows, I wanted to get their meat into camp; so I sent a boy in to bring out the chief's mules and a squaw or two to help to pack them.

The chief came out himself, and on seeing what we had—we were busy skinning them—said: "You boys do well. You get more buffalo than I and the men do. We only got two to-day."

"Yes, and we would get them all only our ponies were not fast enough. I meant to run them down over that bluff and kill them all close to camp. Maybe so, that is good?"

The chief grinned and said: "After this you ride one of my buffalo ponies. That pony no good you got. Get fast one. I got plenty."

The buffalo ponies were kept for hunting alone, and not ridden every day then. They were ridden every day, though, before we got home again.

The chief was the only Indian who could speak English, though most of the men and some of the boys could understand it if it were spoken slowly, and if I used Indian English and began each sentence with a "Mebbe so." The chief for some reason or other never cared to speak to me in English when in camp, but when we were out by ourselves he would talk it all day. Even after I had learned his language and could speak it as well as he could mine, he would still use English, for practice, probably. I knew some Comanche now, and meant to learn it thoroughly this winter, and did so, and before I left their country some years after this I could get up and address them in council.

The chief had a colored boy about sixteen years old, a full blood negro whom he had raised since he was a small boy. This negro was as much an Indian as any of them, and far less intelligent than any of the Indian boys of his age. He wore the breech cloth as the rest did. He spoke English, of course, and Comanche as well. I learned most of my Comanche from him. The

chief used him to help the squaws and herd ponies when the Cheyennes were around, but never would let him have a gun. He said he was too clumsy and would shoot some of us. The boy seemed to have no ambition to learn anything I tried to teach him, while the Indian boys were quick to learn.

My ability to speak Comanche has often since stood me in good stead. Nothing pleases a Comanche more than to have a white man address him in his own tongue; anything that white man wants he will get. These Comanches are the only tribe in the Southwest—and I know them all—that I would trust any further than I could reach one of them with a pistol; but let a white man make a friend of a Comanche and he has always a friend, if he conducts himself as he should.

We stayed in this first camp a few days after this, still getting a few buffalo each day. I and the boys put in most of our time across the river. I knew the country very well, and had been pretty well all over it at different times. Just above here on the north fork of the Red River the troop of the Fourth Cavalry that I then belonged to—Troop F—had wiped out a band of hostile Comanches in September, 1872. They were the Quehada, or as we pronounced them, the Cohattie, Comanches. We surprised them in camp, killed nearly all of the men who were in it, and took 135 squaws and children prisoners, and had two of our men killed, two badly and several slightly wounded. After the fight, General Mackenzie had given me charge of the prisoners. I was a sergeant then. I had them in charge for some time, but had not seen any of them for years now. The first night that we were in this camp an old squaw came up to me, and holding out her hand to me, said: "I am a Cohattie, my brother." She had been one of my prisoners, and knew me again. "I am in for it now, with you, at least," I thought. I had treated these squaws well, of course, but had expected this one to avoid me. We had shot their people. But she seemed to think that she never could do enough for me. She would come to me each week when we were in camp and get my clothes to wash for me, and she made me all the moccasins I could wear; I wore them in place of boots out here.

While the Comanche squaw is clean with everything that she handles, and washes any of her clothes that can be washed (she don't wear much clothing, anyhow), the men and boys seldom have any washing done. They put on a shirt when it is new, then wear it out.

There was a salt lake on this side of the river somewhere. I knew it was here, but had never seen it; but I now got its bearings from the chief, and I and the boys found it. It was a marsh rather than a lake, and salt could only be got when the water was low. As it was now, the salt lay in thin sheets on the mud. It was mixed with clay, but the Indians gathered and used it. When out prowling around here we sometimes knew where we were, and as often did not; but were never badly lost. I carried a map of Texas and New Mexico, a good pocket compass, and a field glass. The glass belonged to the chief, but he never used it; in fact, did not know how to use it until I taught him. When we happened not to know just where we were, the boys would say, "Ask the little box"—the compass. They had great faith in this compass.

My watch was another curiosity to them. They would sit for an hour at night passing it from one to another, so that each one could hold it to his ear in turn, then exclaim, "It still talks!" Then I could read the talking leaves and make them, and in a short time every man and boy here had a talking leaf of his own. I would tear a leaf out of my note-book and write: "This is a Comanche. He will not rob you nor steal your horses. He is out on a hunting pass. You need not be afraid of him." Then I signed my name, company, and regiment to it, and a man who held one of these passes would hand it out ten times a day if he met white men. I have known one of them to gallop after white men to show the pass. One of our men had an old pass that some joker had given him to carry around; it said, "Keep an eye on this Indian. Don't let him hang around your corral. Look out for your horses when he is about you." I read it for him. "Well," he said, "I don't want his horses. I have found one of that man's horses many moons ago and took it to him."

"Throw that talking leaf in the fire," I told him, "and the next time you find one of his horses, keep that horse. Then maybe this man won't be so funny next time."

We stayed in this camp several days longer, then crossed the north fork to Texas and went into camp on a creek two miles back from the river. Our camp was in a wide bottom among some heavy timber, and this evening while down along the creek I saw a curious mark on a tree, and going to it examined it. The tree was of some soft wood, cottonwood or poplar, and someone years ago had cut off the bark on one side for a space of about a foot wide and two feet high, and the bark here had grown around the cut edges in a roll something like an oval picture frame. Cut deeply in the tree in the place that had no bark on, were the figures of three women that were dressed as squaws, and to the right of them stood three Indian men figures. One of the men held out something in his hand; the other two had their hands empty. Below the men were two parallel marks that had several inverted V's between them, and below these again were two arrows figured, one of them without a head on it. I studied this affair for some time, but could only make out that these women were prisoners; their hands were tied. I called a boy down and asked, "Does this talk to you?"

"No," he said, "but the chief can make it talk. That is Cheyenne, I think. I don't know."

I brought the chief down and he studied it, then said: "Yes, it is Cheyenne, but it talks to me. Many moons ago three Cheyennes came here from that way [pointing east]; they camp here one sleep then go that way [pointing west] ten sleeps [200 miles]; then they shoot two Mexicans and scalp them. There are the Mexicans [pointing to the marks], and here are their scalps [pointing to the first man's waist [I saw them now]]. This man has a gun—you see it? [pointing to the thing the man held out]. These two had no guns; they had bows; there they are [pointing to the bow cases that showed above their shoulders]. The squaws are prisoners; their hands are tied; they take these squaws when they kill these Mexicans. That is all."

"The Cheyenne is a dog, chief. Shall I cut his tree down?"

"No, let it stand. It has stood here many moons now, so let it stay. The Cheyenne is a dog, but I am a Comanche. I do not fear him; he fears me. I have whipped him and can whip him again. I say it."

Had this tree been near a railroad where I could have sent it north, I should have cut out the section that held this picture, then sent it, together with the chief's translation of it, to some museum.

Some of our men had been out west of this to-day and one of them named Co-Mo-Cheat came in this evening with a report to the chief. Whenever any of them saw anything of interest he brought in a report of it; generally making his report at night. I listened to this report, but all I could make out of it was that there was a campo of divo that had a Pe Arivo in it somewhere west of this. Campo is Comanche for camp; it is also Spanish for camp; in fact, about half the Comanche language as now spoken is corrupt Spanish. They have an older language than this, but seldom use it. Divo is a white man or men, while pe-arivo is a chief; a big chief is a parivo; but any white man who has horses or wagons is a pe-arivo. I was always a pe-arivo with these boys after the chief had turned them over to me; the boys never failed to address me as pe-arivo. The Indian told his story, winding it up with, "I have spoken." He was through, or that is all.

The chief sat in a brown study for a while, then turning to me he said in English—something that was unusual for him, he hardly ever used English to me here in camp—"If white men come here and shoot at my camp, what you do then?"

"Oh," I told him, "white men don't come here. They must not. If they do, then I say, 'Go,' and then they go."

"Yes; but mebbe so they don't go; then they shoot." "I must find out what this is all about," I said to myself, and going out I called the negro boy. He came in and the chief gave him a long string of Comanche; I could make out part of it.

"The chief says that there is a big camp of white men ten miles from here, and he thinks that they watch this camp. He thinks they don't want him here. This is the white man's country now. It was his once. These white men told Ho-mo-ko and Co-mo-cheat when they saw them to-day that we would be driven out of this. They don't want us here."

"Ask the chief if he knows who the Texas Rangers are?"

"Yes, they are the Texas soldiers," he says, "but you are the Great Father's soldier. He obeys you, not the Texas soldiers. The chief says he is one of the Great Father's soldiers now himself when the Great Father needs him."

"Well, then, tell him that the Governor of Texas said that we might hunt in his country, and if he don't want us here, then he will send his Rangers to tell us so. But they won't shoot. The chief of the Rangers will say, 'Take the Indians across to their own country.' Then I'll take you across, but not before, and the Rangers won't come, I know it. And if any other white man comes here I'll tell him to go. Then if he don't go I'll take these Comanches and make him go; and if he shoots then I'll stop here and shoot at him just as long as a Comanche does."

"The chief says his heart is easy now; he only wanted to know if you would help him. Let the white men come now. He will be here. He won't run away. He has fought white men before, and can do it again. But he don't want to do it. The Great Father tells him not to."

"Yes, I'll help him. Tell him that this camp is my camp now. I sleep in his lodge, I eat his bread and meat, and any white man who shoots at a Comanche shoots at me, and I'll kill that white man. I have said it."

The next morning I concluded to find out, if possible, just who these men were. So taking my boys I had the fathers of the larger ones give them guns, and giving my pet boy, "The Anelope," mine to carry, I started over to where the camp was supposed to be. I meant to drop my boys under cover short of it where I could get them if I wanted them, ride myself into the camp and take notes of things, and if these men wanted to drive us out I might give them a chance to drive some of us without them having to go all the way to camp to find us. I was not traveling around here with a chip on my shoulder, but I did not propose to let a lot of skin-hunters bluff us, and these boys of mine could make some of them look like thirty cents if I turned them loose on those skin-hunters.

I left the boys where I could find them when wanted, then rode over to the camp and found the men just pulling out to go south. They were going home they said.

"One of my Indians told me last night that you proposed to run us across the river," I said.

"Oh, that was only a joke."

"I thought as much. Now, we are here by permission of your Governor, and unless he tells us to go, we mean to stay here. Tell your friends that when they get ready to run us out, they will find us ready to run them."

"Oh, we ain't hunting a fight," he replied.

"Very well, then, neither am I. But I have been sent with these Indians to keep them in order and to keep white men from raiding them, and I mean to do both." Riding back behind the ridge to where I had left my boys, I had them mount now and follow this ridge in plain sight of the hunters a while. I wanted to convince them that I had the necessary material here to conduct our end of a row, and that I had not been talking through my hat.

CABIA BLANCO.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXV.

Townshend Across the Continent.

In the spring of 1834 John K. Townshend and Thomas Nuttall set out on an overland journey toward the Pacific coast, in company with Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth, who was in charge of a large party of traders and trappers. The expedition's purpose was to trade with the Indians, and to establish trading posts at various points in and beyond the Rocky Mountains. Townshend was an ornithologist, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose name is frequently found in the natural history writings of the earlier half of the last century. He is best known perhaps from the work that he did on this expedition, where he discovered a number of new species of birds and mammals, some of which were described by Mr. Audubon in his ornithological biographies, while others, Townshend himself described in an early volume (1837) of the Journal of the Philadelphia Academy. Audubon's appreciation of Townshend's work was generous, as is indicated by the fact that the older man dedicated no fewer than seven species to Townshend.

Thomas Nuttall, of course, was an ornithologist, but he was also a botanist. His well-known "Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and of Canada" consists of two volumes, The Land Birds, and The Water Birds. It was published in 1840. Within a few years a Boston firm has printed a new edition, edited and brought down to that date by Mr. Montague Chamberlin, of Cambridge, whose eminent qualifications for this work are so well known. This last edition had in it some colored plates.

Townshend wrote also a popular narrative of his journey, entitled "Sporting Excursions in the Rocky Mountains, including A Journey to the Columbia River, and a Visit to the Sandwich Islands, Chili, etc." It consists of two modest octavo volumes of 300 pages each, of which the first is devoted to the journey across the continent, and the second to a short stay on the coast, together with the journey to the Sandwich Islands, the return to the North American Continent, a journey up the Columbia, the return to the Sandwich Islands, and the passage to Chili, whence the author embarked for Philadelphia, his home. Of the last volume, something over sixty pages are devoted to an appendix, in which are noted the mammals and birds seen. There are about seventy mammals and 208 species of birds mentioned. Of the latter, twenty-four are given as new species, but all of them have been previously described in the papers mentioned above.

Townshend and Nuttall set out on foot from St. Louis, toward the "upper settlements," a distance of about three hundred miles. They intended to pursue their way in a leisurely manner, collecting as they went; and Captain Wyeth and his company were to follow them later, and to overtake them before they reached the limits of civilization.

The two started, with shotguns and botanical cases, and we may imagine that they found much to see and to enjoy as they journeyed along. On the second day out the author notes that, "This morning we observed large flocks of wild pigeons passing over; and on the bare prairies were thousands of golden plovers; the ground was often literally covered with them for acres. I killed a considerable number. They were very fat, and we made an excellent meal of them in the evening. The prairie hen, or pinnated grouse, is also very numerous, but in these situations is shy, and difficult to be procured." As they passed along, deer and turkeys were frequently seen, and some were killed. The travelers commonly spent the night at the houses of the settlers, where they were always most kindly and hospitably received; but when they had occasion to stop at what they called hotels, fortune was much less kind to them, for they suffered many things from dirt and insects. As they passed northward along the Missouri River, Townshend notes the great abundance of the common gray squirrel, and says, "On last Christmas Day, at a squirrel hunt in the neighborhood, about thirty persons killed the astonishing number of twelve hundred, between the rising and setting of the sun!" This destruction, he notes, "is justified by the consideration that all the crops of corn in the country are frequently destroyed by these animals. This extensive extermination is carried on every year, and yet, it is said, their numbers do not appear to be much diminished."

At Boonville, Mo., a bird, now almost extinct, was seen in great abundance. "We saw here vast numbers of the beautiful parrot of this country (the *Psittacus carolinensis*.) They flew around us in flocks, keeping up a constant and loud screaming, as though they would chide us for invading their territory; and the splendid green and red of their plumage glancing in the sunshine, as they whirled and circled within a few feet of us, had a most magnificent appearance. They seemed entirely unsuspecting of danger, and after being fired at, only huddled closer together, as if to obtain protection from each other; and as their companions are falling around them, they curve down their necks and look at them fluttering upon the ground, as though perfectly at a loss to account for so unusual an occurrence. It is a most inglorious sort of shooting—down-right, clod-blooded murder."

The day after they reached Boonville a steamboat, bound up the river, arrived there, and on board of it the two naturalists were delighted to find Captain Wyeth, and all their possessions. They at once embarked, and continued up the river, finally reaching the town of Independence, from which their westward journey was to begin. The novel surroundings were interesting, but not always agreeable to the eastern naturalists; and the freedom of talk, and questions of the trappers and prairie men, at first gave serious annoyance to the young fellow from the Quaker city, whose ideas of his own dignity, and of how strangers should treat him were often shocked.

At Independence the members of the expedition had begun to assemble. Milton Sublette was one of the arrivals, and he brought with him about twenty trained hunters. A party of five missionaries, bound for Oregon, were also here. Note is made of the tact and

judgment with which Wyeth and Sublette handled the rough and independent prairie and mountain men whom they had in their company, and of the popularity of each with his followers.

A few weeks before the arrival of the travelers at Independence, the town had been the scene of a brawl between the Mormons and the other inhabitants of the town, in which finally the Mormons were ejected from the community. When they left it they took refuge in the town of Liberty, on the opposite side of the river, and the people of Independence believed that the Mormons were now preparing to attack the town and "put the inhabitants to the sword." All the military spirit of Independence was aroused, troops were drilling every day, and sentries were stationed each night, to ward off the threatened danger, which it is hardly necessary to say never came.

It was at 10 o'clock on the 28th of April that Captain Wyeth's caravan left Independence. It consisted of seventy men, with two hundred and fifty horses. One of the early experiences of the party was the stampeding of their horses by a hail storm.

The party had not been out long when they met a small body of wandering Kaws, to a description of whom the author gives several pages. At the Kaw village, corn, moccasins and leggings were purchased; and attention is called to the permanent houses of the Indians. Soon after this Milton Sublette, who had long been ailing, was obliged to leave them and return to the settlements. It was found necessary not long after this to amputate his leg, and a few years later he died. His brother, William, who was then on the Plains, will be mentioned later.

Not long after this a small party of Otoes came into the camp, and as the author was sitting smoking with the Indians, he noticed that one of the white hunters of the party was looking at one of the Indians with glances of ferocious hatred, and on later inquiring the cause from Richardson, the hunter, he was told the following story:

"Why," said he, "that Injen that sat opposite to you, is my bitterest enemy. I was once going down alone from the rendez-vous with letters for St. Louis, and when I arrived on the lower part of the Platte River (just a short distance beyond us here), I fell in with about a dozen Otoes. They were known to be a friendly tribe, and I, therefore, felt no fear of them. I dismounted from my horse and sat with them upon the ground. It was in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and the river was frozen solid. While I was thinking of nothing but my dinner, which I was then about preparing, four or five of the cowards jumped on me, mastered my rifle, and held my arms fast, while they took from me my knife and tomahawk, my flint and steel, and all my ammunition. They then loosed me, and told me to be off. I begged them, for the love of God, to give me my rifle and a few loads of ammunition, or I should starve before I could reach the settlements. No, I should have nothing, and if I did not start off immediately, they would throw me under the ice of the river. And," continued the excited hunter—while he ground his teeth with bitter and uncontrollable rage—"that man that sat opposite to you was the chief of them. He recognized me, and knew very well the reason why I would not smoke with him. I tell you, sir, if ever I meet that man in any other situation than that in which I saw him this morning, I'll shoot him with as little hesitation as I would shoot a deer. Several years have passed since the perpetration of this outrage, but it is still as fresh in my memory as ever, and I again declare, that if ever an opportunity offers, I will kill that man."

"But, Richardson, did they take your horse also?"

"To be sure they did, and my blankets, and everything I had, except my clothes."

"But how did you subsist until you reached the settlements? You had a long journey before you."

"Why, I set to trappin' prairie squirrels with little nooses made out of the hairs of my head." I should remark that his hair was so long, that it fell in heavy masses on his shoulders.

"But squirrels in winter, Richardson; I never heard of squirrels in winter."

"Well, but there was plenty of them, though; little white ones, that lived among the snow."

"Well, really, this was an unpleasant sort of adventure enough, but let me suggest that you do very wrong to remember it with such blood-thirsty feelings."

On the 18th of May Townshend reached the Platte River. Here, wolves and antelopes were very abundant, and many of the latter were killed by the hunters. The party were nearing the buffalo range, and the old hands were discussing the approaching event, and telling stories about the different methods of hunting buffalo, and their ways, until the greenhorns had been worked up to a state of great excitement. Here, too, they met the Pawnees—first a delegation of Indians from the Grand Pawnees, now known as the Chau band; and here, too, a day or two later, they saw their first buffalo. Like all other authors, Townshend was very much impressed by the buffalo, individually, and in their mass. He tells of how the Indians hunt them by running, by approaching and by disguising themselves in the skins of wolves or of buffalo calves and creeping into the herds, where they kill the animals with arrows.

Of the numbers of the buffalo, even here on the border of their range, he says: "Toward evening, on rising a hill, we were suddenly greeted by a sight which seemed to astonish even the oldest among us. The whole plain, as far as the eye could discern, was covered by one enormous mass of buffalo. Our vision, at the very least computation, would certainly extend ten miles, and in the whole of this great space, including about eight miles in width from the bluffs to the river bank, there was apparently no vista in the incalculable multitude. It was truly a sight that would have excited even the dullest mind to enthusiasm. Our party rode up to within a few hundred yards of the edge of the herd, before any alarm was communicated; then the bulls—which are always stationed around as sentinels—began pawing the ground and throwing the earth over their heads; in a few moments they started in a slow, clumsy canter; but as we neared them, they quickened their pace to an astonishingly rapid gallop, and in a few

minutes were entirely beyond the reach of our guns, but were still so near that their enormous horns, and long shaggy beards, were very distinctly seen."

It was here and at this time that the author, by his timidity and hasty action, came near making trouble that would have been irreparable. "On walking into our tent last night at 11 o'clock, after the expiration of the first watch, in which I had served as supernumerary, to prevent the desertion of the men, and stooping to lay my gun in its usual situation near the head of my pallet, I was startled by seeing a pair of eyes, wild and bright as those of a tiger, gleaming from a dark corner of the lodge, and evidently directed upon me. My first impression was, that a wolf had been lurking around the camp, and had entered the tent in the prospect of finding meat. My gun was at my shoulder instinctively, my aim was directed between the eyes, and my finger pressed the trigger. At that moment a tall Indian sprang before me with a loud wail, seized the gun, and elevated the muzzle above my head; in another instant, a second Indian was by my side, and I saw his keen knife glitter as it left the scabbard. I had not time for thought, and was struggling with all my might with the first savage for the recovery of my weapon, when Captain W., and the other inmates of the tent were aroused, and the whole matter was explained, and set at rest in a moment. The Indians were chiefs of the tribe of Pawnee Loups, who had come with their young men to shoot buffalo; they had paid an evening visit to the captain, and as an act of courtesy had been invited to sleep in the tent. I had not known of their arrival, nor did I even suspect that Indians were in our neighborhood, so could not control the alarm which their sudden appearance occasioned me."

Next morning the Indian, whose escape the night before had been so narrow, showed no ill-will over the occurrence, but instead made a joke of it. He and Townshend became friends, and exchanged knives.

Here the buffalo were, as Townshend says, "immensely numerous in every direction around, and our men kill great numbers, so that we are in truth living upon the fat of the land, and better feeding need no man wish." But the very next day all had disappeared from the immediate neighborhood of the camp, and it was not until some search had been made by Townshend and the hunter Richardson, that they were discovered a few miles away on the bluffs. Here on an arid plain, where hardly any grass grew, vast clouds of dust were seen rising and circling in the air, as though a tornado or whirlwind were sweeping over the earth, and it was here, by getting to the windward of them, that the travelers were able to witness the play of the buffalo.

"We went around to the leeward, and, upon approaching nearer, saw the huge animals rolling over and over in the sand with astonishing agility, enveloping themselves by the exercise in a perfect atmosphere of dust; occasionally two of the bulls would spring from the ground and attack each other with amazing address and fury, retreating for ten or twelve feet, and then rushing suddenly forward, and dashing their enormous fronts together with a shock that seemed annihilating. In these rencontres, one of the combatants was often thrown back upon his haunches and tumbled sprawling upon the ground; in which case, the victor, with true prize-fighting generosity, refrained from persecuting his fallen adversary, contenting himself with a hearty resumption of his rolling fit, and kicking up the dust with more than his former vigor, as if to celebrate his victory."

After watching the buffalo for some time, the hunters separated and set out to kill some meat. Townshend had never killed a buffalo, but having seen it done a number of times, thought it must be an easy matter. He says: "I had several times heard the guns of the hunters, and felt satisfied that we should not go to camp without meat, and was on the point of altering my course to join them, when, as I wound around the base of the little hill, I saw about twenty buffalo lying quietly on the ground within thirty yards of me. Now was my time. I took my picket from my saddle, and fastened my horse to the ground as quietly as possible, but with hands that almost failed to do their office, from my excessive eagerness and trembling anxiety. When this was completed, I crawled around the hill again, almost suspending my breath from fear of alarming my intended victims, until I came again in full view of the unsuspecting herd. There were so many fine animals that I was at a loss which to select; those nearest to me appeared small and poor, and I, therefore, settled my aim upon a huge bull on the outside. Just then I was attacked with the 'bull fever' so dreadfully, that for several minutes I could not shoot.

"At length, however, I became firm and steady, and pulled my trigger at exactly the right instant. Up sprang the herd like lightning, and away they scoured, and my bull with them. I was vexed, angry and discontented; I concluded that I could never kill a buffalo, and was about to mount my horse and ride off in despair, when I observed that one of the animals had stopped in the midst of his career. I rode toward him, and sure enough, there was my great bull trembling and swaying from side to side, and the clotted gore hanging like icicles from his nostrils. In a few minutes after, he fell heavily upon his side, and I dismounted and surveyed the unwieldy brute, as he panted and struggled in the death agony.

"When the first ebullition of my triumph had subsided, I perceived that my prize was so excessively lean as to be worth nothing, and while I was exerting my whole strength in a vain endeavor to raise the head from the ground for the purpose of removing the tongue, the two hunters joined me, and laughed heartily at my achievement. Like all inexperienced hunters, I had been particular to select the largest bull in the gang, supposing it to be the best, and it proved, as usual, the poorest, while more than a dozen fat cows were nearer me, either of which I might have killed with as little trouble."

When this took place the men were many miles from water. The day was well advanced, and they were suffering severely from thirst. As they went further they became more and more thirsty, and finally when a bull was killed, its paunch was opened, and some of the water strained from its contents. The two plainsmen

of the party drank heartily, but the missionary and Townshend declined it with disgust. However, before they had left this animal, Townshend was induced to drink the blood from the heart, which he did to his own great relief, and to the great amusement of the missionary who accompanied him.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.
[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Sport and Work.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many lessons may be learned in the woods life which may well be applied to the business life, and the same traits in a man which bring success to the hunter will usually bring success in business. In both lives there are discouraging and depressing times as well as bright and hopeful times, and our success often depends upon our conduct in times of depression.

We have been out several hours, tramping through the snow on a deer trail, straining our eyes until they fairly ache, and using all the caution and strategy known to us to outwit the wily game and see them before they are off. After all our efforts we hear a slight rustling in the brush, a very faint and muffled "thud, thud" in the snow, but we see nothing. Quickening our pace a little, we soon come to where our game has jumped out of their beds and plowed up the snow as they went off by great leaps. This, then, is one of the depressing times in the woods life, and the time which is to determine the general make-up of the man. He is tired; he has done his very best, and the case was in his favor, inasmuch as the deer were not aware of being followed, and he was counting on their first meeting to be a surprise for them and success for himself. Now they are gone and know they are being followed, and the natural summing up of the case would be, "It's no use to follow! They have outgeneraled us when the odds were in our favor, and how much more certainly will they be able to do so now that they are warned of our presence!" Then the average man will either give it up and go home, or if he does follow, will hasten on at a careless, blundering gait, thinking, "It's no use looking for them within a mile or two, anyhow." Not so with the one who has the rare quality of never giving up. He is the one who will succeed because he only redoubles his vigilance and determination, and proceeds with a faith that something will turn up in his favor; for the unexpected is nearly sure to happen to the hunter, and all kinds of game do most unaccountable things at the most unexpected times. The above illustration of following deer is an exact description of an

experience of the writer, and within less than one hundred yards of their beds which they had left a fine buck was seen standing, having come back to investigate, and afforded a fine shot. So it is in the business life; when financial reverses or misfortune overtakes us, it is the same dogged tenacity and firmness of purpose which will ultimately bring reward and success.

Again the hunter goes forth to hunt, and, if hunting in a strange place, a careful note must be made mentally of the general topography of the country, course of streams, direction and distances traveled, etc., if he would not get lost. So the business man going into new ventures must study the nature of the business and get his bearings if he would not get bewildered and finally lost. If in familiar territory, these precautions can be dispensed with, but the hunter must exercise all his faculties toward the accomplishment of his purpose by noting the direction of the wind, the nature of the surroundings in regard to growth, etc., and be able to determine by the way the game travels and the kind of places it is leading to, as to when it is most likely to stop; and above all, he must have that rare faculty of knowing just what to do and how to do it when the critical moment arrives in which prompt action is required.

There come moments both in the woods and business life which determine the success or failure of carefully laid plans which have been brought to the point of materializing. The trail has been followed through all discouragements until the game is in sight and within gunshot; nothing is left for the hunter to do but shoot. It is only for an instant that the opportunity is open; he has carelessly allowed the sights to become filled with snow, or he goes to step to one side for a better aim, or he gets "buck fever" and hesitates, and his one, and perhaps only, chance for that day is gone. So with the business man. He follows up his business carefully, watching for his opportunity, and happy is he if he can see it while it is yet in reach, and knowing what to do and how to do it, acts promptly and succeeds.

The man who goes out to hunt cannot reasonably expect much success if he has no other knowledge of hunting than that gained by reading and studying the nature of his game in books, no matter how thorough that study may have been. So with business; practical experience is necessary to the best results, notwithstanding the exceptions where the "tenderfoot" has a streak of rare good luck, or the inexperienced may make a hit in the business world simply by some lucky chance. Even in the cost of engaging in the pursuits of hunting and business there is a similarity. We may go to some uninviting place where there is little or no game to hunt and the hunting is free; but go to the great hunting grounds of

our country, and you may take well filled pocketbooks. So in business; we can operate a business in a little country village at a small cost compared with the cost of operating the same in a city, because everybody wants to go to the city, where the business can succeed. The owners of the city know that, and make them pay well for the privilege of doing business in a good place.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Dec. 1904.

Medicine in Camp.

SANTA CLAUS brought me the cutest little leather case, containing eleven phials with screw-off tops and a graduated glass about the same capacity as the phials, which I judge to be one-half ounce each. The phials each have a label for the placing thereon the name of the medicine and the dose to be given, and the case also has a pocket for court plaster, etc. Looking at it, I observed, "There are bottles enough there, and more, to contain about all of the medicines in use by the modern physician," and this, I believe, is true. But just what those medicines are, and what the dose of each, are things I do not know. I anticipate a certain sort of pleasure in having these bottles filled and of satisfaction in taking the case with me when I go camping, as I do from time to time. It occurs to me there are some physicians on the FOREST AND STREAM staff, or at least among its constant readers and occasional contributors, who might make up some very interesting and instructive literature therein on this subject. For instance, three of these phials might well be made to contain, one permanganate of potash, one strychnia, and the third the small hypodermic syringe needful in administering the remedies for treating poison from snake bite and tiding the patient over the effects. Of course these remedies are ticklish things to use; but snake bite is itself a ticklish thing, demanding heroic measures. I have in mind a trip that I just missed taking at the last moment; one of those who did take it being bitten by a cottonmouth moccasin, and who came very near dying. On another occasion, only a year ago, when hunting and staying at a farmhouse miles away from a doctor, a man staying at the house had a very severe attack of appendicitis. It was the second attack of the kind with him, and, as the doctor who attended him on the previous occasion had predicted, he had a pretty close call. There were certain remedies, I suppose, which would have been helpful in that emergency. Suppose we ask that some good doctor who reads this will write us an article about "The Camp Doctor and His Kit."

GEORGE KENNEDY.



NATURAL HISTORY



Columbian Sharp-Tailed Grouse.

YEARS ago, long before the mantle of Esculapius had fallen upon my shoulders, I was engaged in chasing the elusive bovine around a whole township of one of our western territories, mounted upon a pinto cayuse, and bedecked in all the toggery of a Wild West show. The occupation at its best was a lonely one, and anything to vary the monotony was hailed with delight by the "cow punchers." The most popular form of amusement was trying to convince your opponent seated on the other side of the mess chest that your two jacks were a great deal larger than his three queens. It was quite early in life that I learned that either I was not a success as a convincer, or that my supply of the coin of the realm was too brief. This bit of knowledge came to me quite forcibly one morning after an all-night session, in which I saw all of my surplus, including my saddle, bridle, chaps, spurs and quirt gradually transferred from my side of the box to the other fellow's. That morning I wandered out in a very pensive mood and was struck by the beauty of everything that I saw.

While cursing my poor judgment, I could not help but feel the harmony of the nature world spread out at my feet. At that time I resolved to abandon the study of the History of the Four Kings, complete in fifty-two pages, and take up the study of the Infinite as written upon the manifold pages of this world. Though as yet I am still plodding along in the first part of Chapter I, I have never regretted the resolution of that morning. Often in the still of midnight, while riding here, I have gazed upon the silent shining spheres, as in unerring, glittering cycles they float like silver barks upon the azure sea of heaven, and have said with one of old, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

Things of this planet, though, have always had a great fascination for me, and many silent hours have I spent in study of the doings of the wild things of wood and field and stream. It's a standing joke on the cattle range that once a Britisher, fresh from Merrie England, saw an owl sitting contemplatively, as owls will, beside a badger's burrow. He noticed as he rode around that the bird kept its face toward him, but he could never see it move the body. It entered his brain that if he should ride around the owl enough times that the bird would surely twist its head off. One of the cowboys discovered him and rescued him, or else he might have been still riding around that owl. I have always had a sort of sneaking respect for that Britisher. His desire to learn something about owls was certainly commendable whatever we may say about his judgment. Then his judgment was not much worse than those scientists who so sagely insist that they have seen an owl, a rattlesnake and a prairie dog living harmoniously in one burrow.

All this has very little to do with study of the sharp-tailed grouse as the caption of this letter would suggest. I merely threw the foregoing in as a sort of grace before meat. Not that it meant anything at all, but

merely to put you in a good humor. Rather in the hopes that I might induce you to follow me through the whole article. What I do know about the bird in subject is a great deal less than what I do not know. That is a rather strange assertion now, isn't it? Strange that a writer on birds should admit his ignorance. That's where I am an oddity. I want to be a little out of the ordinary, so I hit upon the scheme of admitting that there were a few things that I had not yet found out. In that regard I have made a radical departure from the beaten paths of bird writers and for that departure I deserve to be recognized. The things that I shall attempt to set down came to me, you might say, spontaneously. They were gathered up in the intervals between yanking some bogged yearling out of a spring hole by means of a lariat and the pulling powers of a cow pony, and running the three-circle brand on somebody's "slick ear," presumably my boss's. As such, it is very apt to smack more of the green fields and running brooks than it does of the midnight oil and the dusty library. At one time in the history of the great West, it was a vast bunch-grass region, as yet untouched by the hand of civilization. Not a farm nor an acre of grain in whole counties. Merely a little ranch-house upon some stream, and thousands upon thousands of head of cattle upon the hills. At that time the bunch-grass hills were alive with sharptail grouse. They spent the summer on the upland, and in winter descended to the alder-bordered streams, where they spent the winter feeding upon the buds. Now, alas! the once grass-covered hills are fields of waving grain, and the alder-bordered stream is an irrigation ditch. Where once sounded the cackle of the startled grouse as she rose from beneath your horse's feet, may be heard only the rattle of the harvester or the hum of the threshing machine. Instead of the long-horned range cattle, fleet as elk and almost as untamable, may be seen only the sleek, well-favored kine of the wheat farmer, browsing in the pasture.

In that elder day the sharptail grouse spent the summer upon the grassy upland, where they reared their young and wandered at will over the grassy slopes, at winter seeking the streams. With the first bursting of the springtime buds they abandoned the alders and again sought the higher ground for mating and nesting. The ceremony of mating is carried on with every ceremony of courtship and each act of it seems to be essential to the complete whole. Usually the conical top of some small knoll is chosen for a theater, and in the gray of dawning may be heard the whirr of countless wings and seen the darting of dark bodies as they hurry in direction of the trysting place. With a sharp downward dip of wings the birds all alight in a wide circle about the central stage and sit demurely in regular rows. The performance is begun by some cock, more love-lorn than his mates, springing into the arena and engaging in the wildest dance possible. The famous whirling dervish is a child's toy compared to one of these. Soon the other cocks are excited by the per-

formance, and one by one rapidly they join the first until the knoll is alive with gyrating birds. Faster and faster they whirl round and round, cackling in unison, their air sacks inflated until they protrude like oranges upon their necks. Back and forth with wings outspread like turkey cocks, jerking their heads about as though afflicted with some form of ornithological St. Vitus dance, their whole being quivering with excitement. At last, overcome by passion, one vaults fifteen feet into the air and falls senseless to the ground, where he lies until his little gray mate comes and escorts him away to their nesting place.

By the time the sun has gotten well over the distant hill-top, they have all gone through the same ceremony, and the knoll is deserted until the following morning, when the ceremony is repeated, and so through the entire laying season. Many mornings have I lain securely hidden behind some convenient tussock of rye grass and spied upon this love-making scene. So long as I remained perfectly quiet they were seemingly oblivious of my presence. Should I move, however, the entire covey would take flight, only to return when the disturbance was over. The nesting sites are usually not far from the stamping ground, and almost any time until late in the afternoon you may see the mated birds feeding near their nests.

At this time the female retires for a time, and I am of the opinion that this is when she deposits her egg. This, I am well aware, is not the opinion of many writers; but I am not quoting writers now. The clutch of eggs varies somewhat; nine is the usual number, though I have seen as high as fourteen. The protective coloration of these birds is another wise provision of our Mother Nature. The soft gray of their plumage so harmoniously blends with the alkali soil and the color of the bunch-grass and sage that it is indeed a sharp eye that can see them when they are sitting perfectly still, and they do sit still as a general thing.

When the bird leaves the nest, the eggs are so nearly the color of the surroundings, that they are well-nigh invisible. The nest itself is a very primitive bit of architecture. Merely a depression in the soil at the foot of some tussock of rye sage, lined with a few wisps of dry sage or grass. These wisps of straw are seemingly not calculated as a bed for the clutch, but merely as an additional protection from the prying eyes of her enemies. The period of incubation is, as usual in birds of this class, and varies from twenty-one to twenty-six days. The little chicks are a soft yellow when first hatched, but soon become gray-spotted, and are the prettiest little chaps that you can imagine. During the period of incubation the cock may be ever found hovering near the nest, keeping a jealous eye upon the dame, ever ready to lure away from his home any inquisitive marauder who ventures too near. The mother leads her brood out upon the hills and guards them carefully from the great brown hawks that may be seen constantly wheeling in the vast blue with a sharp glance kept upon the earth below. If one of these sails too

near, the watchful grouse sounds the hiding call, and the little ones are at once invisible. Like magic, they seem to melt into the landscape until the aerial terror has sailed away. Then the recall and once more the ground becomes peopled with the tiny grouse. Where they come from is a mystery to the uninitiated. So rapidly do the young grow, that by August they are no more dependent upon the mother and are left to shift for themselves. At this time they band, and many thousands of them may be seen together feeding. If there is a wheat field near they at once repair to it and feed upon the ripening grain. If the wheat is already harvested they alight upon the cocks and simply gorge themselves. At this time they present an easy mark for the hunter, and thousands of them find their way into the game-bag of the pot-hunter, who creeps up behind a neighboring wheat cock and fires a handful of shot from an old muzzleloader into the mass, and then rushes up exultantly and gobbles up the slaughtered birds.

With the rapid influx of settlement in the region of which I write, there was a decided decimation of these grouse. There is to be found here a small marmot that is practically the only pest with which the farmer has to contend. This animal is very destructive to crops. His home is in a deep burrow in the ground, and it is and has been one of the problems that confronts the grain grower how best to rid the country of the pest. A constant and relentless warfare is waged to keep this prolific little fellow within anything like proper bounds. Every weapon known to science has been called into requisition and still he flourishes like a green bay tree. His merry chirp as he dives into his subterranean burrow with his cheeks full of growing grain is heard on every hand. It may seem strange to the uneducated that an animal so small should be so destructive to the wheat crops, but when you pause and consider that each marmot is capable of destroying at least four bushels of grain, then the affair assumes quite different proportions. I have known a small colony of these rodents to establish themselves in the center of a forty-acre field and completely demolish it.

Experience has taught that the most effective means of ridding the ground of these animals is to strew poisoned grain at the mouths of the burrows early in the spring when they first awake from their winter somnolence. At this time, when there is scarcely any green food for them, they will greedily consume this poisoned grain and return to their burrows and die.

The farmer gets up betimes of a morning and with a pail of this prepared wheat visits every burrow upon his farm and sunningly strews a portion of the grain about the burrow. The effect upon the feathered citizens has been awful. While the marmot is hungry, the grouse and other birds are no less so, and they consume the grain with avidity.

It was at one time no unusual sight to travel along a half mile string of wire fence and count two dozen grouse lying dead. There is another very fruitful cause of their decrease. The grouse is very much attached to the place of his nativity. Year after year they will return to the vicinage of their former nesting places and nest once more. The average western ranchman was in no sense a bird lover, so when he found a nesting grouse in the way of his sod plow, he took little pains to protect her. The nest was ruthlessly turned under and the bird left to seek another home as best she might. If the set was complete and the bird was incubating, she did not build again that year; if not, possibly she sought a new site and finished the set and reared her brood. At best, however, it was but a part of a clutch that she laid, and consequently her family for that season was small.

In this connection it may be interesting to mention the maternal instinct of the nesting bird. When the "hayseed" had finally conquered the "cow puncher" and had transformed the rolling bunch-grass hills into grain fields, I was perforce compelled to doff the leather chaps and Stetson hat and don the blue ducking overalls and jumper, exchange my seat in the saddle for that instrument of torture affixed to the back of a sulky plow, my faithful old pinto cow pony for a team of Percherons. Thus equipped, I arose long before the dew-drops sparkled like diamonds upon the grass and chased that plow around a 2000-acre field until the robins had long since caroled their vespers, and all nature had sunk to rest. When the festive coyote was serenading his mate in 234 different and distinct keys, we were permitted to turn the team barnward. While thus engaged, it was a daily occurrence to plow up nesting grouse in the summer fallow. They chose this ground from the fact that there was more or less wheat growing upon it which afforded a good hiding place for the nests. The sitting grouse would flutter from beneath the horse's feet and sit upon a furrow not thirty feet distant until you drove by. If perchance one of the animals had not trod in the nest and destroyed the eggs, it was my custom to dismount and take the eggs and construct a new nest for them out on the plowed ground. The next round generally found the bird upon the nest carrying on the duties of incubation as if the unceremonious plowing up of her home was an expected thing.

That's about all I know about these birds. There is one thing, however, that I do know and, that is, that it will be only a short time now until you will have to go into some museum in order to find one of these birds to study. Of course that will not be a great deprivation to the average ornithological writer, for that is the place that he goes to get his information now.

CHAS. S. MOODY.

What Covered the Deer?

SAGINAW, Mich., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Chas. Frueh, the well-known florist, was deer hunting this fall in the upper part of the State. One afternoon he wounded a deer, but could not follow it on account of it being late and was getting dark. The next day he went out and found it. It was completely covered with sand; all that was visible was the horns. There were tracks around that resembled those of a fox. It would be interesting to know if any of your readers have ever heard of a similar occurrence.

WM. C. HELD.

Rhode Island Bounty on Hawks.

Robert O. Morris in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

RHODE ISLAND was one of the thirteen original States; there has been for nearly 150 years a famous college maintained within its borders, to one of its towns during the warmer months flock numerous custodians of immense wealth, and generally the inhabitants are intelligent and in most matters well informed. It does not seem likely that the sentiment of such a people was properly reflected when the Legislature of that State passed a statute providing a bounty for the killing of useful species of hawks as well as those that are bad and destructive of poultry, game and song birds. Such a law did go into effect in that State last April, providing that "every person who kills any wild hawk, except fishhawks, shall receive 25 cents for every animal so killed."

That most kinds of game birds are disappearing from southern New England nobody will doubt. Various causes are assigned for bringing this condition about. Some lay it to hawks and owls, others to semi-wild and abandoned cats; some say that minks, rats, weasels, and other vermin prevent game birds from breeding by interfering with them at nesting time.

The man that "shoots flying" is no longer a notable exception, but a generation has grown up that, with the now common means of practice, speedily become skillful wing shots, and when one looks intelligently for the true cause that is bringing about the vanishing of game birds, prominently above all others stands the man with the modern gun.

If conditions are the same in Rhode Island as in this vicinity, there has grown up in that State a class of men who have found that simple larceny is not considered a serious crime, and you will find in most every town those that have learned that the contents of a chicken coop is an easy mark to satisfy their desire to profit by the industry of others, and who have become quite expert in that kind of larceny, and if they are once in a while caught, a night or two of work in this line will make up for the fines they have to pay. The situation may not be quite so bad in Rhode Island as here, but it is safe to say that many more chickens are taken there in this way by man than are killed by hawks.

The most common of the so-called birds of prey in southern New England is the red-shouldered hawk, and this is the kind that will suffer most by reason of the passage of this law. Its food consists largely of rats, red squirrels, minks, weasels, and other small mammals, the very class that destroys the nest of birds and their young, so that it is highly probable that if all the red-shouldered hawks were exterminated in Rhode Island by the operation of this law, the number of the natural enemies of game and other birds would so increase that the result would be the reverse of what was intended.

An analysis of the contents of 322 stomachs of this kind of hawk has been made by competent authority, and in only one was any trace of a game bird found, and in this case probably the hawk ran across a dead or wounded bird. Flesh with feathers on it is not the red-shouldered hawk's common or natural food.

Even the casual observer will notice in the fields and orchards, after the disappearance of the snow in early spring, the havoc made by the meadow mice during the then preceding winter. The roots of the grasses usually furnish these rodents with all the food they desire, and the farmer loses many a ton of hay from his mowing in this way. The seasons that the ground is frozen hard and to a considerable depth, when the first snow comes, the meadow mice find the grass roots hard to obtain and work under the snow in quest of food until they come to a tree, and then they feed upon the bark, often in a circle, completely around the tree. Young orchards are sometimes ruined or greatly damaged in this way. To check the increase of these little animals, nature has provided the rough-legged hawk, which annually comes down from its northern home, and a portion of them spend the colder months in southern New England. During its stay here, it lives entirely upon small rodents, mostly meadow mice. Under the direction of the United States Department of Agriculture, a large number of these hawks have been killed and the contents of their stomachs examined, taxidermists and trustworthy observers have been inquired of, but no reliable evidence has been found that would indicate that the rough leg ever tasted birds of any kind. Some species of hawks eat poultry, game, and other birds by choice, some as a last resort when their favorite food is scarce, but the rough leg is without a fault in this respect. It stations itself on a tree watching for mice through the day, and in the dusk of a winter afternoon it may be seen skimming over the meadows in quest of the same food. The rough-legged hawk is one of the largest of the birds of prey, and to sustain its big body each individual must consume a thousand mice during that portion of the year it is with us.

This Rhode Island bounty may be interpreted to provide for a bounty for the destruction of the nighthawk. Recent scientific investigations have disclosed the fact that a certain kind of mosquito is responsible for carrying the germ of malaria from one person to another. The nighthawk is a bird that is entirely free from even the suspicion of killing a bird of any kind. Its diet consists entirely of insects, mostly of the night-flying kind, and probably largely of the mosquito family. So we may have this exhibition of the wealthy and intelligent State of Rhode Island paying out money for the destruction of a bird that may be the means of saving the lives of its citizens by destroying the malaria-transferring insects.

Before the fauna of New England had been interfered with to any great extent by the hands of man, we find that hawks were described to be common and fierce, still at the same time game was so plentiful that upon the plate of each farm hand for dinner was placed a whole wild duck, and in hiring out some did so only upon the condition "that grouse were not to be brought to the table oftener than a few times in the week." In those days the flocks of wild pigeons were described to be so immense as to obscure the light, and the number of individuals of these birds seen in a day by a single person was estimated in the millions. Instead of encouraging hunting for a living, as does this bill, by paying for the destruction of valuable birds, a statute could have been framed providing for the employment of competent persons to kill and break up the nests of those species of

hawks that are destructive to wild birds and poultry.

The goshawk when it comes down from the north to make southern New England a visit, as it does an occasional winter, constantly preys upon the ruffed grouse. The sharp-shinned hawk is a fierce little fellow, whose bird-killing propensities are well known, and worse than either of them, because more numerous, is the cooper hawk, that breeds here and in Rhode Island in considerable numbers, and is responsible by reason of its destruction of poultry and wild birds for the bad name given to all members of the hawk family.

If some of the wild birds around us must be killed, it is better that it should be done with discretion. In these later days we are witnessing the vanishing of many species that are useful and interesting to man. The average legislator knows but little of the habits of birds of prey, and when told that poultry and game are being killed by hawks, votes to involve the State in a war of extermination upon the innocent and beneficial kinds as well as the real guilty ones.

Animal Surgery.

How They Doctor the Animals at the Bronx Zoo.

SURGERY and medicine as practiced on the animals of the New York Zoological Park in the Bronx would keep the staff of a small-sized hospital fairly busy. A regular physician, with competent assistants, looks after their health, feels their pulse, takes their temperature and makes out prescriptions for them.

In a corner of the office of the reptile house is an interesting assortment of hardware. Long, keen-bladed lancets, saws, tweezers, forceps, needles, hypodermic syringes and fifty other polished instruments make up the collection. They are all in a case behind glass doors, and each shines like a mirror.

"This is the park's set of surgical instruments," said Curator Ditmars. "Every instrument is sterilized and boiled at stated intervals. Before it is used, it is washed again in antiseptic fluids, as much precaution is taken to keep germs out of a crocodile's sore foot or a monkey's sore tooth as if he were a high-priced patient in a hospital."

One of the sights at the park recently was a five-foot cobra with its head swathed in bandages. Any snake with its neck done up in rags would be an odd sight; but a venomous, deadly, muscular cobra—such a condition, imagine it! Of all the poisonous reptiles in the world, the cobra di capello, or hooded cobra, is considered the most fearful and deadly. Within a comparatively few minutes his bite invariably proves fatal. Imagine then, treating one for a sore throat or an abscess! Imagine looking into his jaws in an effort to diagnose and locate his trouble!

In India, more especially in the plains where the cobra frequently comes upon one unawares, he is dreaded infinitely more than we dread the smallpox. Those living in the country are constantly in fear of him. Attacked by one it would never occur to the native to do anything but to lie down and die; now wonder then that visitors to the reptile house at the Zoological Park stand awe-stricken at the sight of the bandaged cobra. His wound and its dressing were primarily caused by a fierce battle, which was taken part in by the three cobras, the only living specimens in this country. They fought to a finish and to kill. The bandaged cobra was the most vicious of the lot. It expanded its hood, then it reared at least half its length off the ground, while the rest of its body remained wound in a tight spiral. His eyes shot sparks of light, like flames in little black coals, his narrow, forked tongue darted in and out with amazing rapidity. He curved his head, darted forward, and struck and stabbed like a lightning flash.

Low, hissing sounds filled the air, and finally summoned the keepers to the scene of battle. They saw that each of the reptiles had received numerous small punctures, and decided at great risk to separate them, and place them in different cages. At the time they apprehended no serious results from the battle, as the cobra itself has always been considered immune from cobra poison. Nevertheless the keepers watched the wounds of their patients, and at length saw that the finest, largest cobra of them all showed a swollen jaw. For a minute they were puzzled but only for a minute. The next Mr. Ditmars had decided that the only thing to be done was to take the snake from its cage. It was too rare a specimen to be lost. Examination of its wound might suggest a cure.

The removal of the five-foot reptile from its captivity was in itself exceedingly difficult. It was done, however, by means of a bamboo stick. The cobra coiled itself about this and was lifted to the stone floor. all the time rearing and making dangerous lightning-like darts, first to one side and then to the other.

It fought desperately while human hands, anxious to save its life, pressed its expanded, hood-shaped head down to the floor. This was done by means of the bamboo stick; then keeper Snyder grasped it firmly by the neck.

Its mouth was forced open by means of forceps, and the cause of the swelling was at once evident. The cobra had been poisoned by one of its mates in the battle in which it had fought so furiously, and an abscess had formed. Its lower jaw had been pierced by fangs as poisonous as its own. To diagnose the case was one thing; to apply a remedy was another. However, snake men have ways of their own. The abscess was opened and carefully syringed. The fierce reptile was back in its cage, and the keepers once again breathed freely, for while doing their duty they had not altogether relished it. Handling five feet of venomous snake is not an enviable task. The keeper and the curator congratulated themselves upon being through with it when they were called upon to treat it again. Again it was decided to take the terrible animal from its cage and submit it to another examination. It seemed to know what was contemplated. It hissed and darted and fought, but again its head was seized and held. The jaw bone was found to be affected and a small portion of it was skillfully removed. After the wound

had been properly cleansed and packed with antiseptic gauze, the curator and keeper seemed to be struck with a single thought. The prospect of dressing daily or perhaps twice a day the jaw which holds the cobra's deadly fangs, was not a prospect that either welcomed. It was then that they decided to bandage the reptile's head and to use a dressing that could be kept moist from a distance.

Keeper Snyder, armed with a syringe, sprayed the snake from a safe situation, not a particle appalled by his majestic rearing and continuous angry hissing. However, the wound had to be dressed every now and then in the same dangerous manner as at first described, and this operation the writer, the other day, was fortunate to witness.

The cobras arrived at the park in wooden boxes, containing only a few holes for ventilation. In there they had fasted for many weeks, and so emaciated were they when the boxes were opened, that it was thought they would die in spite of the most careful treatment. The snakes were placed in one of the big cages of the reptile house and treated to a steam bath for an hour or more. This had a very good effect and they soon began to take an interest in things about them and drank freely from the dish placed in the cage.

The morning after the snakes' arrival it was decided that the cobras must be helped out of their own skin. This had so hardened on the scaly creatures in their cramped traveling quarters that natural shedding was out of the question. The proposition of handling the reptiles was anything but pleasant. Moreover, the snake has the power to forcibly eject the poison to some distance. In the eye this fluid is as deadly as upon the abraded skin. A forked stick was procured, and through this the snakes were made to crawl. The old cuticle was too thick, however, to be cast in this manner, and the men made up their minds to tackle a dangerous situation.

The reptile curator and keeper, Snyder, did the job. On the end of a long bamboo pole a cobra was lifted from its cage to the floor, where there was room for better maneuvering. It was taken down from its graceful swiping pose and forced flat upon the concrete floor. Its head was spread widely and the spectacled markings on its back looked menacing.

The most dangerous part of the task came next. Pressing the reptile's head down firmly with the stick, the snake man grasped him by the neck. It was delicate work and trying to the nerves. More than once during the operation of peeling off the dried and shriveled skin both men perspired more than normally. Without these precautions, however, the cobras would soon have died and the public would have lost the rare opportunity of seeing living specimens of this deadly snake in captivity.

Two full hours were consumed in removing the skins of the three snakes. When the job was done both men heaved a deep sigh of relief. As the snakes were taken from the cage they were dull and rusty in appearance. The operation effected a wonderful change. Relieved of their old skins they sparkled and shone with a metallic lustre, showing a body color of rich brown crossed by hands of bright yellow.

One of the most dangerous operations ever performed (for the person performing it) was when Curator Ditmars removed an abscess from the left side of the king cobra's jaw. Nearly twenty minutes were occupied in the operation and every instant of the time Mr. Ditmars' arm and hand were within striking distance of the fangs of the most deadly snake known to naturalists.

The Bronx king cobra was brought from Singapore. Several weeks after his arrival a slight swelling was noticed on the right side of the cobra's jaw and it was evident that he was considerably annoyed by it, for he seemed particularly careful not to touch the swelling against any hard surface. After close observation Mr. Ditmars was convinced that the king cobra had a boil or an abscess and considering the value of the reptile, he began planning to remove the abscess.

This particular cobra will eat nothing but other snakes. When first brought to the park to live in captivity he was tempted with plump rabbits, fat rats and well-fed guinea pigs. But he is a confirmed snake eater. It was found necessary to humor his whim, and to save expense Mr. Ditmars hit upon the plan of feeding him snakes stuffed with frogs. When his feeding time came round a coachwhip snake, which had been starving itself lately, was killed and stuffed with a half a dozen fat frogs. The stuffed snake was taken to the door of king cobra's cage and thrown in. In a twinkling king cobra had him by the neck. He dashed around the cage with the body for five minutes and then slowly began to swallow him. In doing so he lay in such a position that the abscess on his jaw was easily visible and within reach from the door.

On the spur of the moment Mr. Ditmars decided to remove it. He procured a long pair of tweezers and a glass syringe, and he and keeper Snyder opened wide the door of the cobra's cage. At that the snake edged away in a corner with his prey and lashed his tail up and down the glass partitions. Snyder took hold of the head snake's tail and pulled it toward him. The hungry cobra tightened his hold. Snyder used both hands and pulled until the head of the cobra was within four feet of the cage door. Mr. Ditmars filled the syringe from the snake's water pan, and, reaching in his arm, squirted water all over the cobra's jaw and around the abscess to moisten it. The cobra did not like this, but hung on to the dead snake. Finally Mr. Ditmars took the tweezers and leaned in. With his free hand he grasped the body of the coachwhip snake within a few inches of the cobra's head and twisted until the shining white jaws of the cobra turned over and then with a deft turn of the tweezers extracted the abscess and jumped away. The operation was performed, and the relief of the snake was obvious, for he gulped down his prey in half a minute, shot over into his corner, curled himself up and went to sleep.

"When the lance-head vipers," said Mr. Ditmars, "arrived at the park they were in what the reptile expert would call 'bad condition.' None of them had fed for at least twelve weeks; they were very thin, very weak and, most serious of all, had been unable to shed

their skins, which had become dry and brittle. As the lance-head is a rare snake in captivity, we were particularly desirous of bringing the six specimens of this species back to perfect health, and the peculiar operations undertaken for their improvement are worthy of narration.

"When a snake prepares to shed its skin, it seeks a damp location in order to soften its old suit, that this may be easily cast off. The lance-heads had been kept too dry, and in consequence had been unable to shed their skins. These must be removed at once, or the reptiles would die of a skin disease. A bath of tepid water was prepared, and into this the snakes were precipitated. There they were kept about six hours before the keepers began the dangerous process of forcibly removing the skins.

"In this operation two things are necessary; one, an abundance of courage; the second, thorough knowledge of the poisonous snake. To lack one or the other implies a danger of being bitten, and this means—but the men in the reptile house dislike to consider the possible consequences of a snake bite. Antidotes are constantly on hand, it is true, but even the cure of a snake bite involves long hours of suffering, and perhaps the permanent loss of health.

"Most necessary is it that the keeper who handles a deadly snake shall understand how to employ his fingers in the manipulation, during which he uses a peculiar grip. But he must first catch the snake, which is hardly a minor part of the proceeding. The creature is coaxed into a favorable position, when a stick is pressed directly across the top of its head, pinning it to the ground. The reptile is then grasped in such a way that the thumb presses one side of the animal's neck, assisted on the other side by the first and second fingers. The other two fingers wind themselves loosely about the snake's throat leaving the wind pipe open for breathing; and these latter fingers are ready to grasp the creature tightly in case it should struggle, for it has the power of turning partially in its loose-fitting skin, thus bringing the venomous fangs to bear on the hand that holds it.

"While held in this position the reptile's mouth opens and shuts viciously. The fangs, consisting of hollow teeth in the upper jaw, where they lie against the roof of the mouth when inactive, are raised to their full extent, while a drop of the deadly fluid provided by nature lies ready in the poison gland. It is at this juncture that the keeper finds steady nerves useful, for the slightest loosening of the fingers is instantly appreciated by the snake, which acts without loss of time.

"The process of skinning the lance-heads was simple enough when the described precautions had been taken. A pair of fine forceps had been used to grasp the skin covering the lower jaw. This was gently peeled backward. A like operation removed the skin from the upper portion of the head. Here a difficulty presented itself. This was to turn back the skin over the snake's neck, immediately behind the head, where the operator had been holding it.

"The snake was suddenly released. The stick was again placed over the top of the head, and the operator, grasping the loose skin, turned it backward until it was past the neck. When he resumed his grip, the skin was turned wrong side out over the creature's body, which now presented a beautiful velvety surface. Thus it was that the six dusty looking vipers appeared in new clothes, with awakening appetites.

"During the first few weeks of installation in their cage the lance-heads, true to their reputation, became veritable fiends. On opening the door of their cage, the keeper was generally greeted with a low whir, as the angry reptiles rapidly vibrated their tails. This was soon followed by the flash of white mouths from the shrubbery. Moreover, the heavy glass in the front of the cage, facing the spectators, showed numerous greenish-yellow smears where the vipers' fangs had been directed at some particularly bright article of apparel, as the owner of the same passed within range of their hostile vision.

"Gradually this changed. The creatures became used to their keepers and grew quiet. But here the danger increased. No animal is more dangerous than a tame venomous snake. One moment it may lie apparently asleep; the next, it has shot its body with lightning-like rapidity at some moving object, thinking it food. Keepers would much rather see a snake demonstrate its feelings at once; they know then what it is going to do. It was at this time that a serious accident came near taking place.

"The keeper was spraying the vegetation in the cage with the lance-heads, when a snake, which had been quietly coiled about three feet away, sprang for his hand. The keeper, involuntarily jumping backward, was followed by the snake, which literally threw itself from the cage and landed at his feet. The keeper executed a broad jump with admirable energy, and saved himself from the reptile's fangs.

"On a moonlight night, some three weeks after their arrival, the lance-heads took their first meal in captivity. The majority of the venomous snakes are night prowlers; few will take their food, consisting of small rodents, in the daytime.

"On this account a reptile house is even more attractive at night than in the daylight. A trip past the cages with a lantern shows the sun-loving lizards and many of the smaller snakes sleeping soundly, but the venomous species and the big boas glide about in lively fashion, their scaly bodies glittering in the light as if jewel-covered.

"Then it is that the fer-de-lance draws its green body from the vegetation, where it has been hiding, and its quivering tongue-tips inspect the ground and branches for the trail of its prey."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An armored coat for dogs, to serve as a protection against motor cars, has been invented by a New Yorker. The coat is studded with sharp steel points, like a steel hedgehog. If the armored dog is run into by a motor car the sharp points puncture the tire, and the consequent rush of released air blows the dog out of danger.

California Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your genial and entertaining contributor, Arefar, has taken me to task for not seeing birds in California where they were not, and for not hearing the songs of birds when the land was voiceless save for the meadowlark, to whom full credit was given.

Arefar proclaims with clarion voice that there are myriads of birds in endless variety in California, and that the air resounds with their carolings; that is to say, in the big tree forests and mountain cañons, and in the spring-time of the year. As the observations related were made, as stated, in the almost treeless plains of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, and in the months of August, September and October, it is difficult to see the relevancy of Arefar's complaints.

It appears to be characteristic of Californians—a pardonable weakness, no doubt—to manifest great sensitiveness about the reputation of their country, and to resent any suspicion of an imputation that their State is lacking in a single feature that goes to make up an ideal paradise. Like our ancient and chivalrous friend, Don Quixote de la Mancha, they have a way of standing up every traveler they may meet in the road and demanding that he acknowledge their Dulcinea del Tcboso to be the most incomparable fair whose cheeks were ever kissed by the morning sunbeams and fanned by the vagrant breezes, etc. For mine own part, like the complacent travelers thus challenged by the valiant knight on one occasion, rather than argue the matter, I am willing to make the acknowledgment out of hand, "though she distills rheum out of one eye and vinegar from the other." But, "methinks the lady doth protest too much," has been more than once suggested by the clamorous claims of these fortune's favorites who dwell in the land of all perfections, savoring somewhat of the whistling boy in the graveyard or the tailless fox of fabulous fame.

I am aware that the foregoing utterance is rank heresy, and by all devout Californians I shall be denounced with anathema maran atha; but it would seem that a brief sojourner in this land of prodigies might be permitted to soberly relate what he saw and did not see, and what he heard and did not hear, without being metamorphosed into a mediæval windmill to be so furiously charged upon by this doughty Don and his fleetly flying Rosinante because the geese he saw were not swans, nor the sheep armies with banners.

It may be mentioned, by the by, that the orchards, groves and marginal growth along the streams alluded to by friend Arefar, were invaded quite generally, with the results stated as to paucity of bird life. I did intend to give California credit for a couple of shrikes that were omitted from the former enumeration of birds seen, but feel now inclined to withhold them, as there was some doubt about their identification, anyway.

Jesting and badinage aside, Arefar's communication was both amusing and entertaining, and I am obliged for the information he gives about the fly-catcher that was strange to my eyes. The jay birds seen were only two in number, and only a flitting glimpse was seen of them. They appeared not to have the bright hues of the eastern bird, and no white was displayed to view. As I went neither into the big tree forests nor mountain cañons, and was never in California in the spring time, there is no ground to question the claims for those regions and that season, nor any inclination to do so.

And now comes friend Cristadoro, who has been trying to inveigle me into that interminable sleeping duck controversy by combining the Limburger proposition as a side issue. I beg to be excused from embarking upon this sea of much troubled waters. Sleeping ducks and sleeping Limburger are not to be awakened by me. I prefer to shoot them both on the log.

COAHOMA.

A Useful Dog on the Farm.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing an article in an October number of FOREST AND STREAM on "Snake Hunting Dogs," I can add to the list my English pointer, Ben Whitney. Ben was a perfect dog in his line—on Missouri quail. He took up snake hunting as a side-line. No snake was ever shrewd enough to fasten his fangs in Ben's silky coat. His methods of snake hunting were very intelligent and original, inasmuch as he always looked to his master to dispatch the snake. The first snake Ben encountered was on one bright, dry day in the month of June. The dog was following me in from plowing, and I noticed that a snake had crossed the path near a wooded hollow which crossed the field. Ben took the scent and I left him, going on in to dinner. On coming back to work, I heard Ben barking little quick barks about 200 yards down the hollow from where the snake had crossed the path. I tied my team to a near-by bush and went quickly to the dog's assistance. When I first caught sight of him he was standing with his nose high in the air at about a half point, which indicated that he had the snake at a stand. Upon my approaching him he began a series of scientific evolutions, which for defensive carefulness was unsurpassed by many of the higher creation. He would approach, then retreat with all the caution of a trained soldier. He would not go near the snake's cover only up against the wind. I was aware of only one thing, that the snake was a large one, as I could tell by his print where he crossed the dusty path. The vegetation was so dense I could not locate the snake. I could tell near where he was by Ben's maneuvers. I got a long pole and swung it around over the tops of the weeds and grasses, letting it just hit the tops. Finally, after several trials, I struck a weed that touched the snake, which revealed its identity. It seemed for a moment as if a snaredrum had turned loose in that weed patch. I located him by the sound and soon despatched him. He had eleven rattles and a button, and was of the timber variety. Ben looked on quietly, never attempting to touch the snake, even after it was dead. During the summer he located and I killed for him eleven large rattlers. His performances were similar in each instance. He would take the trail and follow very carefully until he brought them to a stand. Then he would notify me by his little quick barks.

J. W. HARRINGTON.

HAMPTON, Mo.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Dec. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By invitation of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, delegates from many sportsmen's clubs and other societies interested in game protection met at 2 o'clock last Thursday at the Copley Square Hotel. President Hinman made brief explanation of the purpose of the meeting, and called attention to a circular on the scarcity of game birds and the need of immediate and earnest work in feeding the quail we now have, and in the work of acclimatization which the State Association has been prosecuting for many years, in particular that of last spring in liberating quail. He said that to carry on the work this season to a degree commensurate with present needs a great deal more money would be required than is obtained from the small annual assessment of \$5 each from members of the association.

At this point the association meeting adjourned to 7:30 P. M., and Mr. H. A. Estabrook, of Fitchburg, chairman of the central committee, was chosen to preside over the conference. By request of the chairman the secretary presented a report reviewing briefly the steps taken in forming that committee in January, 1900, and the legislative work accomplished by it during the past four years.

The first speaker was E. H. Lathrop, Esq., formerly a Fish and Game Commissioner of Springfield, who said the sportsmen of his city were in favor of a hunters' license, the money derived therefrom to be used exclusively for the betterment of game conditions. This plan he said would be in accord with that adopted in some thirty-one States of the Union, and in the Canadian Provinces. In his opinion, Massachusetts should "fall in line" with the others. Such a system was the only means of adequate protection. It is impossible to get from the Legislature an appropriation sufficient to hire enough game wardens, and, in his opinion, men must be paid in order to accomplish anything, especially when circumstances are likely to "put them up against such a proposition as two or three Italian slaughterers of song birds." He declared the planting of trout fry for which large sums had been expended a waste of money, and said that in Maine they keep their fry until they "grow to fingerlings, and sometimes to twice that size, before turning them loose."

Mr. E. Howe Forbush, ornithologist to the Board of Agriculture, urged the necessity of a law to stop the spring shooting of wildfowl. He also called attention to the disappearance of the curlew and golden plover from the State, and the scarcity of wood ducks. The Italian gunners who, when afield, kill everything from a chickadee to a hen-hawk, and who hunt at all seasons, came in for their share of attention from Mr. Forbush and other speakers.

Mr. H. S. Fay, of Marlboro, argued that a license might cause the farmers, when compelled to pay for shooting on their own land, to get back at the sportsmen by posting it and thus keeping outsiders off. Others thought the owners of land, considering a license system a measure of protection, would accept the situation gracefully, and would not pursue an arbitrary policy toward the hunters.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, said there were laws enough now to protect our game if they were enforced. The State should pay the money needed for this, and when it does so the game "will hold its own." There are now twenty-five good wing shots where there was one twenty-five years ago, and if sportsmen would content themselves with small bags "instead of gunning for all they can get in a day's outing," there would be more game. Partridges he believed more plenty than last year, but he was sure the quail were "fading out."

Dr. J. A. Bailey, of Arlington, who had acted as a volunteer warden, exhibited several song birds which had been killed by an Italian whom he captured and who is now serving a sentence of five months in jail at East Cambridge.

Mr. C. E. Wheeler, of Lexington, told about a justice before whom he brought an Italian whom he arrested for killing two robins and a woodpecker, who let the offender off with a fine of \$5 when the penalty should have been \$10 for each bird. He said unpaid deputies (those not on salary) were likely to become discouraged when judges fail to follow the law in imposing fines.

Other speakers were Hon. Moody Kimball, of Newburyport, chairman of the Fish and Game Committee, and Senator Frank M. Chase, of Fall River, who said he would favor an appropriation by the Legislature for the purchase of quail.

Mr. Fay, for the committee appointed to bring in a list of names to serve as an executive committee, reported the following: George M. Poland, Esq., Wakefield; H. S. Fay, Marlboro; A. C. Sylvester, North Attleboro; Dr. J. H. Newton, Greenfield; H. E. Tuck, Haverhill; A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester; J. R. Reed, Boston; J. T. Herrick, M.D., Springfield; H. P. Bryant, New Bedford; Salem D. Charles, Boston; Henry A. Estabrook, Fitchburg; Joseph H. Wood, Pittsfield; Henry H. Kimball, Boston.

After a recess of half an hour, the members, sixty in number, gathered around the tables. President Hinman called for order at 8 o'clock, and speaking was resumed. It was after ten when Mr. E. Harold Baynes, the well-known writer on natural history subjects, elucidated the beautiful pictures of scenes taken in Stoneham and the Fells last winter while the work of feeding birds was being carried on by the high school boys, and which were shown with fine effect on the screen.

A set of resolutions for the saving of the buffalo from extermination, prepared by Mr. Baynes, was read by Mr. I. O. Converse, and was unanimously adopted, and a vote was passed that a copy be sent to President Roosevelt.

Game as "Household Goods."

On Thursday Commissioner Delano and Deputy Burney made a big seizure of game which came through from Washington county, Maine, in a freight car marked "House furnishings," and billed to "Clara Wilson," Boston. The seizure was made under authority of the Lacey law. The car contained 12 whole deer, four half carcasses, 2 hindquarters of moose, and 187 partridges. It is reported that the name of the shipper has been discovered, and Deputy Burney told your correspondent yesterday that there is not much doubt who "Clara Wilson" is. He says "she wears a beard." The goods have been placed in cold storage to await further developments.

This shipment is likely to be made an "object-lesson" by the Maine Commission to show the grangers what would happen on a large scale if their theories were carried out. I learn that in their report the commissioners urge that market-hunting must be discouraged in every possible manner. Chairman Carleton says: "The Boston market has not in years been so supplied with our moose, deer and birds as this year." He attributes this to the dropping out by the revision committee of the law giving the right of search and seizure without a warrant and the taking to Boston of game by the person who has killed it. He suggests a fee of \$5 for hunting game birds in September, and plover in August, and \$15 for hunting birds and game in October and November; those having paid \$5 for earlier shooting to be let off by paying \$10 additional for October and November, the licensee to be allowed to take home ten partridges, ducks or other game birds. He also recommends striking off from the open season the fifteen days of December, and that only one of the two deer a person may kill shall be a doe. He would also prohibit the carrying of guns into the woods in close season.

The last named provision might lead to a profitable side business for proprietors of camps in loaning guns to guests during their stay for a reasonable compensation, to be used in target practice, a favorite recreation with many visitors in the close season especially.

CENTRAL.

Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game, submitted to the Conference of Sportsmen's Clubs at the Copley Square Hotel, on Thursday, Dec. 29, 1904, by request of the Chairman, H. A. Estabrook, of Fitchburg.

YOUR chairman is of the opinion that a brief outline of the steps taken in forming the Central Committee and of its work up to the present time, will be of interest to those present.

The first step was the vote of the State Association in March, 1898, "That the secretary correspond with the officers of sportsmen's and farmers' clubs of the State, and invite them to meet us in convention to discuss changes in game laws, etc."

Only about a dozen clubs responded and sent delegates who met with the officers of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association on Nov. 16, 1898. Though few in numbers, the meeting was characterized by much enthusiasm. Prominent among the speakers was Prof. Wm. H. Niles, president of the Appalachian Mountain Club, who assured those present that the 1,000 members of that organization were a unit in favor of the purposes and work of the State Association. Mr. Geo. H. MacKay spoke for the Ornithologists' Union. The late Wm. B. Phinney, of Lynn, and Dr. C. H. Raymond, of Rehoboth, also spoke in favor of more stringent legislation and a rigid enforcement of game laws. This meeting was followed by one called by the Fish and Game Commission the following autumn.

Meantime the activity of the association had led to an extensive correspondence from interested persons all over the State, and when an invitation was sent out for its second convention, it met with a hearty response. This was held at the Copley Square Hotel on the afternoon of Dec. 14, 1899. Delegates attended from some thirty game protective associations and sportsmen's clubs, from several farmers' clubs, and from many societies not devoted to field sports, such as the Massachusetts State Board of Trade, Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, Massachusetts Board of Education, Massachusetts Forestry Association, The New England Agricultural Society, etc.

The speaking occupied the entire afternoon, and was continued after the dinner to a late hour in the evening. A committee which sat during the recess reported:

1. In favor of the selection of a central committee.
2. That the open season for upland shooting be from October 1 to December 1.
3. That the sale of game birds be prohibited.
4. That fishways be provided.
5. That the committee use means to raise funds to bring these measures before the Legislature and secure their passage.

On January 4, pursuant to notice, the delegates met and selected an executive committee of twelve members, with Mr. A. B. F. Kinney as chairman.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, January 10, a resolution was adopted as follows:

"That this association call upon our Senators and Representatives, and we do hereby call on them, to pass more restrictive laws for the greater protection of our game birds before it is too late and the game of the State becomes exterminated." It was voted that the secretary send a copy of the resolution to each member of the Legislature. The market men took alarm, and requested a conference with the committee, which resulted in an agreement on their part not to oppose the prohibition of the sale of woodcock and partridges, but after a protracted hearing by the Fish and Game Committee, an

adverse report was submitted to the house. The following week, on motion of Representative Hancock, of Brockton, the report was referred back to the committee, where, by the skillful tactics of Representative Harry D. Hunt and others, a favorable report was secured, but with a time limit of three years. Even then the contest was but just begun, the hardest battle of all being waged against us by the Senate chairman, Mr. Leach, of Raynham, who fought it at every stage, and only lacked one or two votes of killing the bill.

At the expiration of the three years, by reason of increased unanimity on the part of the sportsmen, and because the Committee on Fish and Game was more favorable to sportsmen's interests, the contest for making the law permanent was not so severe. Under the leadership of Chairman Estabrook, a large number of witnesses gave their testimony in favor of the bill, and when the call came for remonstrants, no one arose.

A favorable report of the committee was received without serious opposition in the House or Senate.

Your committee had very little difficulty in securing an extension of five years for the law prohibiting the killing of deer, and, as you all know, we extended our aid in securing a "right of search bill"—such as it is.

In conclusion, permit me to say, I believe, that, aside from the legislative work accomplished, there have been derived other benefits from the union of effort on the part of sportsmen and others interested in our cause.

Men from different parts of the State have come to understand each other better on more intimate acquaintance.

Sectional barriers have been removed.

There has been developed a higher regard for the views and opinions of those not dwelling in our immediate neighborhood which will strengthen the ties of friendship and help to bind us together in the common brotherhood of true sportsmanship.

Respectfully submitted,
HENRY H. KIMBALL,
Secretary Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game.

Minnesota Non-Residents.

From the Pioneer Press.

A STATE law making it manslaughter in the first degree for a hunter to kill a man, mistaking him for a deer, is recommended by the State Game and Fish Commission, which adopted its annual report to Gov. S. R. Van Sant yesterday, reports the St. Paul Pioneer Press. The report calls attention to the large number of deaths each year resulting from the carelessness of hunters, and expresses the opinion that a law of this kind would reduce the number of such accidents to a minimum.

"The public is becoming aroused because of the deaths from accidents by careless hunters," says the report. "While Minnesota has fared well as compared with some of her sister States, still the accidents are altogether too numerous, and our board is of the opinion that a law ought to be passed making it a penitentiary offense, manslaughter in the first degree, for one man to kill another in the woods, mistaking him for a deer, and that the defense that such killing was an accident ought not to be considered in the trial.

"While we do not believe this would prevent accidents altogether, it would help immensely. As long as we have with us the fool who will for fun (as he calls it) point a loaded gun at a man's head, just to see him jump, just so long will we have accidents in the woods, when such fellows can demand a license from the county auditor of his county. Until we do something to improve the human race, the placing in such men's hands of firearms will always be a mistake, but we do not know how to stop this.

"We believe, however, that while a different law ought to be passed, the newspapers throughout the State can do a great deal of good by keeping up the agitation and warning men to be absolutely sure before they shoot, that they know that the object they are shooting at is a wild animal."

One of the most sweeping recommendations made by the Commission is that no non-resident be allowed to hunt in Minnesota. Such a prohibition is necessary, the Commissioners say, to protect the game of the State. They say many non-residents come to Minnesota to kill game for the purpose of selling it in other States. The State law prohibits the selling of game in Minnesota, but there is no way of preventing non-residents from selling game in other States, except by arresting the offenders if they again visit Minnesota.

"This is a very far-reaching recommendation, and there would undoubtedly be some complaint if such a law were passed," said Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton; "but we do not see how we can prevent the selling of game in other States in any other way. Many non-residents who are allowed to hunt in Minnesota abuse their privilege, and the only way is to take it away from them."

The Commission recommends a general license law, requiring residents of Minnesota, as well as non-residents, to secure licenses to hunt big and small game. At present residents need no license to hunt small game. The non-resident license for small game is \$10, and for big game, \$25. It is proposed to adopt a \$1 resident license for small game.

The Commissioners give four reasons for the general license: It would add to the revenue and make the department practically self-sustaining; such a law would be fair, on the general principle that the man who hunts should help pay for the protection; it would prevent non-residents passing themselves off

as residents; under such a law coupons could be attached to each license allowing hunters to ship their game home.

"A general license law would be of great assistance in increasing our revenue," said Mr. Fullerton, in explanation of the recommendation. "The Wisconsin department is self-sustaining, largely because of such a law."

It is further recommended that the number of animals each hunter is allowed to kill be reduced as follows: Deer, from three to two; chickens, quail and partridges, from fifty to twenty-five; ducks, geese and brant, from one hundred to fifty. The Commissioners believe that if the "game bag" were thus cut down, so-called market hunting would be discouraged.

The report deals with the proposed plan of establishing a closed season for deer and moose, and the commissioners express the opinion that this is not favored by citizens generally, and is not necessary, as the supply of game is increasing instead of decreasing, and will continue to increase as long as there is adequate protection.

The advisability of co-operating with the States of the Northwest in an attempt to secure uniform laws regarding illegal fishing in boundary waters, is urged. The laws of Wisconsin and Minnesota, for instance, are very different, and considerable friction has arisen as a result of illegal fishing in Lake Pepin. South Dakota and Minnesota have had the same difficulty in dealing with illegal fishing in Big Stone Lake. The proposed uniform laws will be recommended by Gov. Herried, of South Dakota, in his annual message to the Legislature of that State.

Last year was one of the most prosperous in the history of the Commission. There were 256 arrests, and the percentage of convictions was exceptionally large, about 87 per cent. Fines collected amounted to \$3,789.10, with one \$20,000 fine pending. The jail sentences aggregate 1,195 days. There were 50,000 feet of nets confiscated, from the small hoop net to the large seine. Over 70,000,000 fry were distributed, as follows: Wall-eyed pike, 67,000,000; trout, 4,310,000; bass and crappie, 1,806,000.

The construction of the new hatchery at Glenwood is reviewed, and the Commission asks for a car in which to transport fish.

"It makes every sportsman in Minnesota blush when he recalls that Minnesota had to ask Pennsylvania for its car to transport the Minnesota exhibit to the St. Louis World's Fair," say the Commissioners.

The Hunting Instinct Uncontrolled.

THE mishap that befel Colonel Colin Harding near Kalomo in Barotseland, is one that will gain for him the sincere sympathy of all sportsmen. From the somewhat meager account sent by Reuter's agency it appears that Colonel Harding while driving about two miles from camp encountered a troop of seven lions on the road; and having his rifle at hand, stopped the vehicle and fired, wounding one of the lions severely—fatally, as it afterward transpired. Having fired, he left his cart and followed what he believed to be the wounded lion into some long grass wherein it would seem the whole troop had sought cover, and catching sight of an animal he supposed to be his quarry, fired two more shots at it. This latter, however, was another of the troop. The lion which had been wounded on the road was lying hidden within ten yards of Colonel Harding when he entered the grass and fired the second time, and no sooner had he discharged his rifle than the brute first wounded charged and felled him, and mauled him very seriously. Under the circumstances Colonel Harding must be warmly congratulated on having escaped with his life. The unfortunate incident no doubt offers an excellent text whence to point the much-taught maxim anent the following of a dangerous animal wounded into cover, but that is not the view that presents itself most prominently to us. Given such an opportunity as this, a troop of seven lions within shot and a loaded rifle at hand, how many sportsmen would pause to weigh the consequences of opening attack? Careful deliberation would perhaps indicate the wisdom of leaving so strong a party alone; but in the big-game shooting there is not often time to deliberate. The Shikari who would score success must take his chance, as it comes and calculate possibilities afterward. So it was in this case; the lions seemingly appeared on the road which ran through long grass jungle and probably paused for a moment or two to stare at the apparition rattling along toward them. Colonel Harding's choice was "now or never," and he did what nine men out of ten would have done: snatched up his rifle, stopped the cart, selected his lion and fired. Had he been fortunate enough to drop the animal where he stood the business would no doubt have ended there. Lions are courageous enough by night, but we do not think there is any record of a troop of unwounded lions attacking a white man by daylight.

During the construction of the Uganda Railway it will be remembered that the lions became so audacious as to seriously handicap the contractors in keeping their labor; but their depredations, unless memory plays us false, always occurred in the darkness of night and never while daylight lasted. There was accordingly nothing foolhardy in taking the chance under these circumstances. Were leonine nature such that a shot fired at one of a troop would bring upon the sportsman a unanimous charge of the whole crowd the case would be very different. One man with a rifle would have small prospect of emerging with life from attack by seven lions; and however ready the rash individual might be to throw away his own life, he would have no business whatever to throw away that of his servants, who must inevitably share his fate. The lions in the present instance were true to their traditions; they at once left the road and, having ensconced themselves in safe cover, stopped to await developments. Then, we will not pretend to object, was the time for deliberation, and all the more careful deliberation because the wounded lion was not alone. The mistake which cost Colonel Harding serious injuries was one which any man might have made once he took his life in his hand

and followed the lions into ground which was all in their favor and against him. Knowing his quarry to be hard hit, he might well suppose that it would lag behind the rest, and it was natural enough to assume that the first one he saw was that which he sought to give its coup de grace. There is something essentially repugnant to the feelings in criticising from the arm-chair the degree of rashness which may characterize the act of a brave man, and we do not propose to pursue the point. The alternative to following up the quarry was to leave the stricken beast wounded, and that is not a course which any right-thinking sportsman adopts without much hesitation.

It is, of course, open to the theorist to say that it is not playing the game to fire at a dangerous animal unless the sportsman can either make certain of killing it dead in its tracks or is certain that he can follow it up if wounded and bring it down. In theory this is quite right and proper, but theory, as so often happens, does not apply very well to practice; and were every man to stay his hand in the presence of dangerous game because he recognized that there was a chance of the animal getting away there would be few skins and skulls wherewith to adorn the bungalow. To assert that a shot should never be fired unless the sportsman were certain of killing or of ultimately killing his game is manifestly ridiculous, as it supposes the possibility of certainty in the most uncertain of human affairs. Let there be a reasonable prospect of killing or, at least, let us put it, a reasonable prospect of not losing the quarry in a wounded condition, and that is as much as any one has the right to ask. Apart from this, allowances must be made for the natural impulse of man in the presence of dangerous game; his instinct is the instinct of the Old Adam, or the primitive man, to kill. The hunting instinct is too deeply implanted in man to be atrophied by a century or two of civilization; a few months in the wilds will convince any man, however delicately reared, however artificial the precedent conditions of his existence, that he himself is a predatory animal. Soldiers, who have seen service, have said that the ease with which they became accustomed to painful sights and sounds, which would have made them literally sick amid civilized surroundings, surprised them. The fortitude with which these things are endured after brief apprenticeships, merely prove the existence, below the veneer of twentieth century life, of the instincts of the Stone Age. It is that instinct which prompts the sportsman to use his rifle on dangerous game without pausing to reckon up the chances to himself or to his quarry. We say "to himself" advisedly, for his own safety is a factor which does not enter into his mind at all under such circumstances; his whole mental being is concentrated for the moment on the business in hand; it may be said to lie behind the sights of his rifle. Hence it comes that we have from time to time the sad office of recording fatal mishaps brought about by following wounded animals into cover. The man feels certain that the game is his and fails to allow for the extraordinary vitality of the great cats. To put the accepted maxim in another way the sportsman should exercise self-control and remember that he, even with the best and most reliable weapon made, is the weaker animal of the two when the surroundings favor the lion or tiger; and being the weaker he should exercise the discretion which becomes the weaker but more intelligent.—The Asian, Calcutta.

Duck Shooting in the Pond Holes*

CLOSELY similar to the shooting in the southern wild rice fields, is that still practiced at a few points on the Atlantic Coast in the fresh-water pond holes, to which the black ducks and some other species of non-diving ducks resort at night or in stormy weather when wind and rain drive them from the open broad waters where they spend much of the day to the shelter of the fresh-water pools. One of the places where many years ago this form of shooting was practiced with remarkable success, was Parnore's Beach, on the coast of Virginia, a wild and lonely strip of sand lying between the Atlantic Ocean and the marshes that bordered the main land. How this shooting was practiced is well described in the following account written by the late Frank Satterthwaite. Mr. Satterthwaite was the discoverer of the shooting possibilities of the island, and for years he had it all to himself, enjoying extraordinary shooting there. The account, which was published in the FOREST AND STREAM, is as follows:

"If a man of property, a dozen years ago, had made a specialty of investing his money in the natural ducking grounds along the sea coast of Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, what a fortune he could have made by this time by disposing of his shores to shooting organizations. I know of an island off the coast of Virginia that could have been purchased in those days for \$7,000. It is seven miles long and several miles wide. In a direct line it is about six miles from the mainland. When I first visited it there was but one house on the island, approachable only at high tide by a muddy creek. This was twenty years ago. The house consisted of two spliced-together cabins off wrecks, and the door was as hard to find as the bower in the Rosamond puzzle. The occupant was a long, lanky, savage, senescent sea captain. He had gotten into trouble and was on the dry-dock, so to speak, in unquestionable seclusion. He, being a widower, there was no grown female to make one feel uncomfortable on the island, but the old salt's little daughter, who looked as if she never had her hair brushed in her life, lived in one of the lockers, only coming out periodically to roast black ducks and geese, and play dominoes with her 'dad' with a broken set kept in an old shot bag. Having been the sole proprietor of the shipwreck which cast me on the bleak shores alone, the cold made me muster up courage to approach the stronghold of the man with a dead bad record. My reception was simply diabolical. The old cuss grunted worse than the biggest wild hog on the island, and that weighed over four hundred. He declined to let me in. The efficacy of prayer on prayer on this occasion was a dead failure, so I played Jameson's Irish whiskey, in an imperial quart bottle, instead, and made a winning from the start.

"I lived on the island ten days, and during that time

enjoyed the best black duck shooting I ever heard of. The center of the island was covered in those days with a heavy growth of red cedar. This was traversed by a narrow glade—a series of shallow fresh-water ponds about as wide as Broadway—in which grew an abundance of duck grass. When the northeast wind would blow, and rain and sleet pelted down, the ducks on the vast Broadwaters would seek the glade for shelter. Standing shivering under a red cedar snag, I, with an old muzzle-loader, killed as many ducks as the law allowed. I am not bragging about my shooting; anyone could have done the same. The ducks simply hovered thirty or forty feet in front of me, and were very gentle. The trick of the whole thing was in knowing how to handle the birds, and by refraining from shooting into the flocks. I got the tip about these ducks from an old shooting friend, a blockade runner in war times, who used to hide his boat up the muddy creek. He told me that it nearly made him crazy to see the ducks go boiling into the glade, and from fear of discovery be afraid to fire a gun.

"I shot on the island four winters. What was rather strange, a half dozen very well known New Yorkers were at the same time shooting quail and fowl not eight miles away; often they gunned for geese under the lee of the south end of the island, yet not one of them or their men ever located the ducks settling in the island ponds. I systematized my secret down to a fine point, and only shot in the wildest kind of weather for fear of being heard. I baited the ponds with corn and cabbage, the latter for the geese, and only shot two or three times a week. There were some big salt ponds at the north end of the island which afforded fair goose shooting, and when not after fowl I used to go hog hunting with the Captain.

"The island was overrun with hogs, which for forty years had been the masters of the situation. As cold weather approached they became aggressive, and the Captain never ventured far from home without carrying his long muzzleloader charged with ball and buckshot. I was duck shooting one morning in the glade not far from the house, when I heard the report of my host's gun, and then saw him coming toward me at the top of his speed. Close behind him was a huge boar covered with froth and blood in full pursuit. I had never seen anyone run so fast before in my life, except the long-legged Captain the night he saw the ghost of an old sailor walk out of the surf, climb upon a sandhill, make a fire and sit down to dry himself. That night he came home on a dead run, and this time he was even lowering his previous record. The two loads of duck shot I sent into the brute only tended to madden him the more; he had just overhauled his victim, when the Captain seized a low overhanging limb and swung himself up clear of the ground; but as the boar passed under, with one of his long curved tusks he ripped the Captain's leg open from knee to ankle. He had just managed to save his bacon, but he was lamed for life. The boar halted for a second, and then went dashing into the woods. The shooting on the island is now a thing of the past. A fish factory grinds away where the geese used to honk. The woods are cut down and the ponds in the glade have long since been filled up with drifted sand from the beach. Yet what a place it would have been to organize a club."

Deer Clubbers Fined.

THE Newburgh (N. Y.) Journal reports: "Two Rockland county men who brutally clubbed a deer to death have just paid over to the State Game Commission a fine of \$100 for violation of the game laws. "On Dec. 13 last, at about noon, a handsome buck with spreading antlers came down out of the mountains in the neighborhood of Jones' Point, crossed the railroad tracks, plunged into the river, and started to swim to the other shore. A man named Abram Lent saw the animal take to the water, and his first impulse was to kill the beast. He and a friend secured a rowboat and set out after the deer. The animal was swimming rapidly and had almost reached the east shore, when the boat overtook it. With clubs the two men cruelly and brutally hammered the poor beast to death. They pounded it over the head until they had smashed its antlers to pieces. When life was extinct, they drew the carcass into the boat and took it ashore, where they buried it under a heap of snow.

"This happened about 12:30. Before 3 o'clock Willett Kidd, the Fish and Game Protector, had found the deer, and had learned all the facts about the wanton slaughter of the animal. He had got a 'wireless' about the occurrence, and caught the pair with the goods on them. He told them the penalty, and there was nothing for them to do but hand over to the Game Commission the sum of \$100. This they did promptly, and the case was declared closed. The deer was a handsome buck, and weighed about 175 pounds.

"Suit has been begun in the Supreme Court by C. L. Waring, as counsel, against Solomon Barrett, of Putnam county, to recover a penalty. Barrett is charged with trapping partridges. The complainant is Dr. Kidd.

"Complaint was made to Dr. Kidd recently against Nelson Smith and others of Ulster county for illegal fishing. It was charged that Smith and others drew off the water from a pond near Wallkill and took fish in a rack. The fish were afterward divided among the men who did the work. This was settled by the offenders by the payment of a fine of \$50 to the Commission."

Do Foxes Destroy Many Quail or Partridges.

THE game bird situation in Massachusetts is very serious at present, especially with regard to quail and partridges, and everything possible must be done for their better protection.

We would like to have the opinion of every sportsman in Massachusetts, based upon actual experience or personal observation, as to the fox as a destroyer of game birds, and any information on this subject will be greatly appreciated by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

H. H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

BOSTON, MASS.

The Shiras Bill.

STATE OF WASHINGTON,
DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES AND GAME.
T. R. KERSHAW,

STATE FISH COMMISSIONER AND GAME WARDEN,
BELLINGHAM, Wash., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of your favor of December 9, with inclosed Federal bill for the protection of game throughout the United States by the Honorable George Shiras, of Pennsylvania.

I am thoroughly in accord with said bill, and believe the only efficient way to protecting our migratory birds is by Federal enactment. For instance, many of the States prohibit spring shooting, such as Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota, and Illinois, surrounding the State of Iowa; but with all the pressure that could be brought to bear upon the Legislature of that State last season, we were unable to get them to enact a law to prevent spring shooting.

That State is peculiarly located; the rivers generally run north and south, and birds in the spring follow these streams, traversing the entire State of Iowa, and protection in the surrounding States is almost entirely useless without the protection in the State of Iowa.

Hence I believe that the protection of game can be best enforced by the enactment of Federal laws which will apply to all the States according to the conditions therein.

As I stated above, I am entirely in sympathy with the bill.
T. R. KERSHAW.

TOPEKA, Kas., Dec. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have just returned from a five weeks' trip over north-western Kansas, and on reading up the FOREST AND STREAMS that were awaiting me at home, was greatly pleased to read the full text of the Shiras bill for Federal protection of migratory birds, and have written to three personal friends of the Kansas Congressional representation, urging their support of the measure. Some of your correspondents seem to be afraid that a Federal license would be illegal and an infringement upon the reserved power of the States. These same questions were raised when, in the internal revenue bills, the taxation of tobacco and malt and spirituous liquors was provided for, and the dealers therein were required to have a Government license.

Let all the friends of game protection urge upon their representatives in Congress the passage of the law, and trust to the United States Supreme Court to sustain the same; for unless some law of this kind is enacted, even those of us who have passed the 50th milestone may see the total extermination of several if not the majority of the different kinds before we pass over to the Happy Hunting Grounds.
W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY OF NORTH CAROLINA,
for the
STUDY AND PROTECTION OF BIRDS AND THE
PRESERVATION OF GAME.

GREENSBORO, N. C., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I approve most heartily of the spirit of the proposed Federal legislation for the protection of wildfowl and shore birds. In my opinion, many ills will be cured if this bill becomes operative.
T. GILBERT PEARSON,
Secretary.

Sitting and Flying.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Blunt Old Man and others are responsible for my butting in. Now, I have no quarrel with any man who wishes to shoot a duck sitting on the water if he wants to do that and believes that that is the proper thing to do; but among my shooting companions for the last twenty-five years, the practice of shooting a duck on the water we have always left to the pot-hunter, and look down on any man who does it as not being a true sportsman. I know the fellows we have cleaned up in our State as market-hunters would always allow their ducks to alight among their decoys before shooting. That would surely increase their bag and annihilate every duck before it would get out of range, if they could do so.

The claim made that it is just as bad for a man to shoot into a flock of ducks when they are coming over decoys as it is to shoot a single duck sitting, is a practice that we think only the pot-hunter and market-hunter indulge in.

No sportsman will shoot at a flock of ducks unless he singles out his duck, and if by chance he gets more than the one he shot at that is perfectly legitimate, but he covered his duck in shooting and intended to get that one, and if he got any more all right.

In my estimation there is only one time when it is permissible to shoot a duck sitting on the water, and that is when the duck is wounded and ought to be put out of misery.
SAM. F. FULLERTON.

To Swat or Not to Swat! That's the Question.

Whether it is nobler to take him on the wing and perchance miss him, or ignobly pot him as he swims or sleeps. 'Tis true in one case we secure him for the pot and fill our bellies with sweet meat. But conscience makes cowards of us all, and when we think of how the mean advantage taken does not our choler rise and we repent the scurvy act? The headache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to should come home to him who this mean vantage takes, say what he will and defend as he may.—A long way after Shakespeare.

We are now getting down to "special circumstances" as an excuse for swatting sleeping ducks. And Lord knows how easily these will bob up!—the circumstances, not the ducks, for they bob up in another world.

In Mr. Burroughs' article there were no "special circumstances" detailed as he reached "time and again" for his gun wherewith to swat the sleeping mallards.

I think Dixmont is in error, for according to the records Mr. Brown condemned Mr. Burroughs, and then Mr. Hardy attacked Mr. Brown, and now Mr. Brown is after Mr. Hardy's scalp, and the Shiras bill under consideration, if it goes through, will end this matter by taking the scalp of the swatter, if the game wardens are alert, no matter how "secure his position may be in the sportsman's world."

I hope "we will never believe it is honorable" to let ducks "huddle up and get their heads together" and then swat the whole bunch. When that time comes we will need no Shiras bill because there'll be no ducks to swat.
CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The comment of Blunt Old Man on the ways of duck shooters has brought forward a great deal of discussion, and a side-light may perhaps be thrown on the subject with benefit in the following way:

Primitive man, in his pursuits of wild ducks as of other wild game, sought them as a means of subsistence and cared very little about the methods employed; but a change in man's condition has brought about a change in man's ideas. This change, however, has not been complete. Have not we all of us, in common with Blunt Old Man, retained something of the ideas and methods of primitive man, and do we not occasionally employ some of them, but without, of course, so bluntly admitting it?

I recall, many years ago, when a boy in a certain part of New England, I started with my gun and a dog—older than myself in sense and nearly as old in years—to shoot rail. The shooting locality lay at some distance down the river, and the dog and myself took passage on the front platform of a bob-tailed car, drawn by a single horse. I well remember asking the driver what I should do with the ten-cent piece I had for the fare, and he said: "You can give it to me." I did so. About half way down we stopped to change horses, and I noticed on starting again, that we had a new driver and, looking back, I saw the former driver coming out from a place marked "Sample Room," stroking his mustache and looking for all the world a contented man.

Arriving at the shooting ground, we walked a great deal, and I talked a great deal more with other shooters. until I began to fear we would have nothing to carry home, when, fortunately, the dog pointed. I stood at position, waiting for the bird to rise, but nothing rose. The dog looked back at me. I was still waiting. Becoming disgusted, I suppose, he suddenly jumped forward, seized a bird in his mouth, gave one or two bites, and brought it to me. It was a rail, and the only one we saw that day within shooting range. Returning home, I was asked, "What luck?" and I answered, "One rail."

Now, kind reader, do you suppose any one believed I "swatted" that rail, for of course no one imagined the dog did? Of course not! Wing shooting was the proper thing and nobody suspected anything else, for Blunt Old Man had not begun to write about such things in those days.

I recall also another incident, which occurred in New Mexico many years after. X. and I left the hotel to go to a certain part of the river, where some one had reported having seen five black ducks. It was a cold, blustering day. Clay birds were plentiful, but black ducks were not, and, moreover, long waiting in the wind was anything but agreeable. We carefully approached the dam, near which we supposed the ducks to be. The cold wind seemed to pass clear through our bodies, for the wind in such altitudes blows almost continuously as it does on the sea, and we aimed to make our stalk as brief and as successful as possible. Carefully looking over the dam, we saw five ducks in the water some fifty yards away. Did we throw up our caps, wave our arms, and say "shoo?" Not a bit of it! We wanted to see "duck" on the menu, and we wanted the other members of the club to know that we were more than honorary members. Carefully aiming at the sitting ducks, at a signal from X., we both fired.

Three ducks rose, two of these proceeded but a short distance, for a duck, after he has risen from the water, and before he has shaken the water from his wings and gotten under headway, presents practically a stationary mark. We secured the four ducks, placed them on a pole, and marched proudly back to the hotel. Did any club member suggest "swatting," "potting" or "shooing?" Club members seldom do. They are too wise, too diplomatic.

These experiences I have cited are not, I believe, unique. They represent what takes place continually, not by the quill hunters to be sure, but by many honored and honorable men. They are the remnants of the ideas and methods of our savage forefathers, and they are common to us all. Nor are they necessarily objectionable if employed within reasonable limits—the limits to be determined by circumstances, such as the number of ducks available, the methods necessary to approach them, etc.

The aesthetic hunter is a thing to be admired and encouraged; but that these aesthetic qualities are invariably utilized in the actual experiences of the field, Blunt Old Man apparently does not believe, and his views in this respect coincide with those of
THE SPECTATOR.

Skunk Trapping.

MILFORD, CONN., Dec. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When the summer is past and autumn has come, the sportsmen begin their pursuit of the wild game, but there are few who think of hunting the skunk, one of our most beautiful fur-bearing animals.

The skunk is very abundant in many parts of Connecticut, and is nowhere popular. Skunks breed in early summer and live upon grubs and insects, and in late summer they resort to the farmer's fields of corn, of which they destroy great quantities. They are also very troublesome around the poultry yards, and kill many young chickens.

Skunks raise their young and live in old stone fences until the cold weather comes, and then they take up their homes in holes in the ground dug by other animals. They do not make burrows for themselves, nor do they enlarge or improve those that they take possession of.

The trappers find these holes and place in each one that is occupied a trap, covered with leaves or dead grass to hide it, fastening the trap by a chain to a stick driven in the ground. When the skunk attempts to go in or come out, he is caught by the leg and is held there until the trapper comes along and kills him.

When caught, the skunk makes no effort to escape. A

string will hold him, for he never attempts to bite the cord, the chain, or his foot. He simply curls up and goes to sleep.

I have never seen one caught by the head. They are always caught by the front feet. I kill my skunks by shooting them in the head with a .32 caliber pistol. The process is entirely odorless and without trouble.

The skin is stretched on a board until dry, and is then shipped and sold.

Last year I caught 164 skunks, setting about 75 or 100 traps. This season I have already caught more than 100 skins.

Skunks wholly black—that is without white stripe—bring \$1.75 to \$2 each, and those with more white on them from \$1.30 to \$1.50.

Skunks can be raised as pets. They are very playful, and in no respect disagreeable. As I am one of the largest trappers in this State, I would like some of our friends to know about these animals.

H. C. HAMMOND.

New Birds and Mammals.

RECENT publications of the Proceedings of the Biological Survey Society, of Washington, contain descriptions of three new squirrels, one of them a new flying squirrel from Mexico, and of four new birds from Mexico, by Mr. E. W. Nelson.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam describes a new coyote (*Canis goldmani*) collected by Mr. E. A. Goldman in southern Chiapas near the boundary of Guatemala. It is much larger than any coyote heretofore discovered in Mexico.

From San Miguel, the most westerly of the Santa Barbara Islands in California, the Biological Survey has received the skeleton of an adult male sea otter killed July 3, 1904. Sea otters were formerly abundant on these islands, but are now exceedingly rare and believed to be rapidly approaching extinction. When compared with specimens from Behring Sea, the type locality of *Latax lutris*, the skull of this specimen shows it to be a well marked subspecies, which Dr. Merriam calls *Latax lutris neris*.

Many sportsmen have imagined that we had already bears enough in North America, but Dr. Merriam has just described four more, two of the Alaska brown bear type, one of the grizzly type, and one black bear. *Ursus culophus* is the Admiralty Island bear, very large in size and dark brown in color. It is this bear, if we recollect aright, that for years had in Alaska a reputation for great ferocity on account of an attack made by one on a party of campers, in which several were killed or severely mauled. *Ursus kenaiensis* comes from the extreme west end of the Kenai Peninsula, and is a large bear. *Ursus horribilis phaonyx* is from the interior of Alaska, while the new black bear, *Ursus americanus eremicus* is from the Province of Coahuila in Mexico.

A Mixed Assortment.

ON opening day, August 15, at Hays City, 351 miles east from Denver, and in the fifth county east of the western line of the State of Kansas, and nearly in the central part of the wheat section of the State, W. M. Applebaugh and a friend went on the quest for prairie chickens (pinnated grouse). After securing nine birds, Mr. A.'s Llewellyn setter went down into a small ravine, only to come out of the same with every evidence of having been not only hurried, but badly frightened. Thinking the dog had met a coyote, Mr. A. entered the ravine and saw at about ten yards distance through some grass stems an animal he was sure was a coyote, and promptly delivered in its side a load of No. 6 chilled shot from his repeater shotgun. The beast sprang in the air in a manner to convince Mr. A. that it was a queer acting coyote, and he gave it two more loads as quickly as possible, and then the "varmint" made a charge toward Mr. A. to be met with a fourth load of No. 6 in the head, which caused the animal to turn and try to climb out of the ravine, and to fall back dead before the top of the bank was reached. An inspection of the animal by Mr. A. and friend could not determine its kind, so it was quickly loaded into the buggy and a return to Hays City was made, and the animal expressed to Prof. Dycke, the zoologist of Kansas State University, who pronounced the animal a mountain lion of large size. Mr. A. has had the animal mounted, and it now stands upon an imitation sandstone boulder in his drugstore as a sample of Kansas game to be found in the Kansas prairies, in a wheat section of the State, on the opening day for prairie chickens. The question of what this denizen of timbered regions was doing so far away from home is left to those who know more about this kind of animal than the majority of Kansans do.
W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

Winter Feeding of Quail.

BOSTON, Dec. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In connection with winter quail feeding, there is one phase which I do not remember having seen mentioned in any of your contributions on the subject. I refer to the importance of adding a digestive agent to the food supply. Anyone who has ever opened a bird's gizzard will remember finding in it not only partly digested food, but a quantity of gravel or sand, which enables the organ to perform its function of grinding the food in preparation for the further digestive processes of the intestinal tract. This supply of gravel is constantly passing out, and requires frequent replenishment. Thus, we find gallinaceous birds resorting to the railroad tracks and roads in search of gravel, which is as essential to their welfare as food itself.

The principle is perfectly obvious, and yet it is frequently ignored by persons who zealously do their best, as they suppose, to save the quail when their feeding grounds are buried deep under the snow.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

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SEA AND RIVER FISHING

The Log of a Sea Angler.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "ANGLING," "BIG GAME FISHES," ETC.

I.—The Bending Rod—Taking Bait—Diving for Queen Conchs—An Assortment of Game—A Rare Fish.

ALL these islands are the summits of submerged plateaus of coral sand reaching out from the key in all directions, a shoal of white, here and there covered with branch coral or mass gradually deepening, then rising again to a fringing ridge of coral that formed a sort of barrier to the deep water of the channel. Now and then, here and there, the channel would break into the lagoon or shoal, its sides protected by a *cheveaux de frise* of coral spikes. The edge of these channels was an excellent fishing ground, while the shallow flat was not to be scorned, and to this vantage ground we started in the commodious dinghy the second after our arrival.

The fishing was begun by taking bait. We poled around the big coral heads, and I counted a number that were eight feet across and four feet high. Many of these old ones were eaten out in the center by some boring worm, and afforded a shelter for countless fishes. The crayfish, about as large as an ordinary lobster, and very similar in shape, with whips long and serrated and no large claws, lived under the edge of these heads with their vulnerable tails tucked in out of sight, but their long whips protruding about their eyes in a most telltale fashion. It was an easy matter to lower the two-pronged spear or grains, and strike them in the head, then jerk them from the hole, and in half an hour I had picked out twenty. This is the bait of all others on the reef; few if any fishes will refuse it, and the majority fight for it.

It was interesting to see Chief "fix" a crawfish. He wore behind his back a large dirk in a leather scabbard, and with one blow of this he decapitated the crayfish and tossed its head in a barrel for chum, then deftly holding the tail sidewise, he struck it with the back of the blade, splitting it across the back, after which he skinned it and cut the delicate red meat into four or five baits, depending upon the size of the fish. By the time I had grained a crayfish, he had the last one cut up and laid on a board.

We anchored on the edge of a deep channel near some large coral heads in the center of as charming a submarine garden as can be imagined, one that graded rapidly off into deep water, where were suggestions of large and unknown game. Near at hand the bottom was covered with beautiful leaf coral, broad and palmated branches of olive hue piling one upon the other, rearing upward like the antlers of a moose. Near-by the giant head of another coral, and between them and all about, plumes and fans of great beauty, waving in the mysterious tidal currents of this tropical sea. I was peering through a glass box at this wonderful garden of the sea and had forgotten to fish until reminded by John that the bait was ready. What was the game? Ye gods and fishes! what a host these men held forth.

"There's hogfish, grunts, cobia, raborubia, snappers, porgies, groupers, carpon, sharks, spadefish, barracuda, jacks—anything you like, sah," grinned Chief, as John got the killick ready and Bob held the oars.

"Drop it right in this garden," I said. "We'll see what birds of the sea I can catch." So down it sank in about fifteen feet of water over the splendid plumes that flashed a hundred tints in this turquoise sea.

I had a rod of greenheart that weighed about ten ounces, one built for eight or ten-pounders, and equipped with a reel whose notes many a singer might have envied, so silvery were they; indeed, I have seen that reel stir men's souls far beyond the power of a mere human voice. The line was a spider web-like device of oiled silk. The only incongruous feature was the hook. It was not to the manor born; not fine and delicate as the rest of the tackle, nor was it large, merely a small O'Shaughnessy, a number which means a small hook with a stout shank. On this I wound a filament of cross section of the crayfish, the red or scarlet under skin holding it on. This I cast into the azure waters of the garden and watched it sink while my solemn giants in red sat and doubtless wondered what in the name of all the gods was coming next. Here I would claim a vast and unknown desert region separating angling from mere fishing. The fisherman casts his line with intent to murder the game, and the chances are that he will use a sinker to make sure that his lure reaches the home of his victim. The angler rather hopes his fish will have the advantage, or else why this delicate tackle? The fisherman is possessed of a desire to coin gain from his catch, while the angler merely wishes to try his skill against that of the game; hence he seeks the hardest fighter, the gamiest fish.

I fain would be an "angler" on this bright day in these gardens of the sea, and when I asked my three men not to cast their big hand grouper lines to desecrate the spot, I doubt not they thought me mad. They lighted their pipes and smoked black plug tobacco from Trinidad—I know it had paid no duty by the smell. I cast some way astern, and as the white bait sank slowly, up from the bower of corals rose a dazzling throng, angel fishes, porcupines, grunts, and a vision of loveliness, a fish a foot in length, with a yellow band from bow to stern. Ah, my grim friends, how they started as the reel gave out its melody and sang the hornpipe of the fishes, and the yellowtail danced. The reel sang high, low, and deep; the rod bent, leaped back, bowed to the waters, then fairly trembled as this splendid game shot along the azure sea, cutting the foam to turn and plunge down, scattering the curious throng, to rise again and come in to the click, click, click. How it broke away repeatedly, trying to catch the cobweb line unawares, but there was always the click of the reel—that warning of danger—and the line gave at just the right time. So the yellowtail raced up

and down to the music; tried all the tricks but leaping, dashed around the boat in a caracole, and then came to the net and was lifted in, as splendid a game fish as the Mexican gulf can boast.

Again I took one, then a grunt—a lively fish like the Smiths, as there are red grunts, black grunts, striped grunts, yellow grunts; indeed, I believe I could have filled the floating fish car which we towed alongside with countless grunts of different shapes and colors.

I now increased the size of my bait and cast fifty feet out into deep water. I caught Chief winking at Bob. They knew my line was gone this time; but when that rod bent into a circle and the line hissed and did not break, they were delighted and amazed. I had game, however, that was too much for the tackle; despite all my efforts, it carried my rod deep under the water and for a moment held it in that disgraceful position. Whatever it was, it made a gallant fight; run directly away down the hill of the coral reef, taking at least two hundred feet of line; then I stopped it to the laughter of the reel. In it came like the wind, the merry reel eating up the line by inches, feet, and yards, to stop suddenly and break away. But this time I stopped it, the little rod bending bravely.

"Must be a grouper," said Chief.

"Seems more like a onery parrotfish," suggested Bob, while John was so intent on watching the rod that he did not express an opinion.

The reel again began to cry, and presently a curious striped angel-like fish shot across the line of vision and a moment later was lifted in—a ten-pound spadefish.

"Well, I'll be dogged!" remarked Long John, briefly.

"Must be some conjurin' in that rod," said Chief; "regularly fooled him."

The spadefish bore some resemblance to the large angelfish so common here, but it was another creature, more active and of different habit; and as for game and fighting qualities, we who had watched its struggles gave it first place.

In looking into the marvelous blue water filled with fishes which rose to meet the bait like a band of actors in many costumes, one could not fail to notice their marked individuality: the grunts of high and low degree, the splendid arrayado, Ronco carbohero, the blue grunt, the blazing yellow grunt, black, red, white, golden and scarlet grunts, with many names. What Long John called the red grunt, Chief, who had a dash of Spanish blood, said was Boca colorado. Of all the fishes taken in this delightful region, the many grunts appealed most to me. They were all beautiful, often defying description in their splendid vestments of color, challenging the artist to reproduce them. They were the tamest of all fishes, and possessed that something for a better name called individuality. Their eyes follow one's every movement, constantly on the alert, entirely different from the glass-eyed barracouta and others.

In a cast for another spadefish I had the misfortune to hook a porcupine fish which I saw take the bait. It appeared to be about a foot in length, and its nature would not have been suspected, but when it reached the surface it began to take in air with a sucking sound, increasing in size until in a few moments it was as large and rotund as a boy's football, presenting a most uncompromising array of sharp spines—a marine porcupine, indeed. When cut away, it sailed off before the gentle breeze upon its back, its short fins working vigorously, sending it slowly this way and that. I watched it drift several hundred feet, when it gradually pumped out the wind and disappeared. In walking along the shores of the key, I often found small male porcupine fishes fully expanded like toy balloons. They had been washed ashore in gales, and had died retaining the oval shape, with spines *en charge*.

Fishing here even with a rod was liable to drift into a slaughter; but we had a car alongside into which the available fish were placed, the others being released. The pain experienced by fishes when hooked doubtless is minimized. I could see grunts which I hooked vigorously shaking their jaws, and the wound would appear as a dark area; yet they still mingled with the throng, and would soon dash after the bait again. Undoubtedly these fishes had never seen a boat or line before; certainly they were very familiar, and in shallower water where I could reach down and touch the coral, I induced small cowfishes and porcupines to approach and swim through my fingers. The latter, commonly known as trunk fishes, were among the most remarkable in this wonderful fishing ground. They were very tame, and were the armadillos of the sea, fairly boxed up in an armor that is solid and bone-like. Out of this projects the absurd tail, the dorsal and anal fins, all of which have peculiar motions. The tail works like the screw of a steamer, forcing them along, while the side fins move in a conical flying motion. When taken in the hand a fish would roll its eyes at me in a comical deprecating manner, and did not appear to be at all disturbed by the change; in fact, I found a cowfish which had accidentally been left in the boat all night, alive in the morning, and it recovered when tossed overboard.

The name cow refers to two pronounced horns placed where are the horns of the cow, while there are others at the juncture of the tail and on the lower surface, so the cowfish is rarely attacked—that is, with success—by predaceous fishes. Long John had a penchant for cowfishes, boiling them in the shell in salt water as he would a crab or crayfish. A large cowfish served in this manner, or better, deviled in its own shell, with chili, is a dish that deserves the attention of the epicureans.

We slowly rowed inshore, and while I hunted for turtle nests the men cooked dinner. Punching the sand with a sharp stick, by good luck I ran upon a nest, the young, to the number of twenty or more, recently hatched out, and slowly making their way down to the sea. I filled

my pockets with them and carried them back to camp, there observing their remarkable instinct. I placed them in a small inclosure two feet across, and presently noticed that they all congregated on the water side. They were repeatedly changed, but always went back. The sea was noiseless and invisible, yet these hour-old green turtles, no matter where placed in the bush, invariably turned in the direction of the nearest water.

"How do you explain that?" I asked the men.

John thought they smelt the water, while Bob declared that they were "jest natchrally born that way"—a decision at once judicial and scientific, in which I concurred.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Old Fusty.

It was a glorious October morning—such a day as one dreams of in the winter evenings, when, seated before an open fire, the apples simmer in a row, mulled cider stands easy to hand, while a basket of juicy nuts peeps invitingly from the chimney-corner. I stood on the bulkhead, clad in a flannel shirt, warm coat and trousers and a felt hat, arranging my tackle—for I had chosen this day for tautog or blackfish.

The old briarwood was warming, and sent clouds of blue smoke drifting away on the brine-laden air, while the surf pounded merrily along the bulkhead, throwing jets of spindrift high in the air, only to fall back again, or dash in over the occupants of the wharf. It stood in beads all over my coat and dripped merrily from my beard. Such mornings live long in memory and take ten years from one's shoulders, and again he is a boy—free—free as the jack-curlew that skins o'er the briny deep. There were few of us there at that early hour. Perhaps six kindred spirits all intent on the capture of the hard-pulling tautog. Casting my eye over the assemblage as they stood at their various posts, I saw none familiar, so rigged up, baiting with lively fiddled-crabs and cast out. My rod was a split bamboo surf rod. I took this along in order to enable me to land the heavy lead away out beyond the surf-line and into deep, swift water, where the big fellows lie—you know the ones I mean, the fellows with the white noses that Genio C. Scott mentions; they are the fellows who swim slowly along where the swift water joins the slacker current and, when hooked, bore for the bottom with its sheltering rocks.

I lay in a good place waiting for a bite, when suddenly I became conscious of somebody standing behind me on the quay. I heard no noise, and certainly didn't scent him, but was just conscious of his presence—a sense of location or proximity, as it were. I had experienced it many times before, in the deep woods, seated in hiding, not moving a feature, scarcely breathing. Suddenly a "consciousness of presence" asserts itself, and immediately I have searched for the cause, moving my eyes about, first nearby then further out in the open, and there it is. It may be a squirrel, a turkey, a fox or perhaps a deer. You didn't see it, you didn't hear it, you didn't scent it, and yet you knew it was there. I think I can see some of the "old hands" nodding assent and saying: "He sensed it." I shan't try to explain it here, however, but, whoever he is, we have kept him standing a long time, and we'd better look before he makes some "durn fool" noise. I turned my head, and there he was, sure enough. He looked enough like our late lamented friend Nessmuk to have been his twin brother—that is, as to size and general get up; but unlike our friend's, his whiskers differed, in that the waterline stood higher and terminated in what when we were boys we called fusty-balls.

Well, I looked at Fusty-Balls and nodded, "Good morning." He looked at me, gave a grunt of satisfaction and then sat down alongside of me. That was all (for the present). I refilled and lighted my pipe and then began the closest series of "cross questioning" I ever stood through. "Had I ever fished here before? What was I after? Had I caught any? Did I expect to catch any? What bait was I using?" etc. To all of these I answered affably, occasionally putting a question myself, hoping he'd quit me and go elsewhere, for when I fish I fish and don't want to answer questions and talk. Long ago I learned the value of silence. I had just missed hooking a nice strike as the result of answering the old man, but you see I couldn't be rude; he was many years my senior; he was old enough to know better. I answered in monosyllables and finally didn't answer at all. I thought this would give him a hint. Have you ever met that sort? It never touched him. On he went, growing more and more reminiscent, telling me how, when a boy, he used to do this sort of thing, and that it was only fit for boys; he could get no pleasure from it now—it was too much like dredging.

He became more and more disparaging, as his discourse wound on and ever on, but never "up." Just then I hooked and landed a four-pounder. Old Fusty handled the fish, sniffed, and then began again: "D'ye ever ketch a win-an-iche, mister?" Now Old Fusty struck a major chord in my make-up that began to vibrate. I would have been pleased to do so, and could have given him a nice little discourse on our friend *Salmo salar sebago* (Girard). And it surprised me not a little to hear one, garbed as was Old Fusty, talk of catching ouananiche; but, I had to tend to business just then, as I hooked and landed another four-pounder, whereupon Old Fusty sniffed and sniffed again, and yet again he was weakening fast. He lapsed into silence after that, while I hooked and landed one somewhat larger than the others.

The tide was just serving right, and I was kept busy. An interval occurred, and I turned to look for Fusty, as I came to christen him. I finally discovered his figure, small and dim in the distance, and took it that he must be disgusted with such dredging after having caught the lordly ouananiche. But, "if a man can't eat meat, he must eat soup," and that was my case I enjoyed it, too. I now shifted my position, going further down, where, the distance of a long cast, several huge boulders lie along the tide-way. A fine place for fish, but a bad place for tackle. I began taking them in again and didn't notice anybody near me, until I heard somebody move out near me on the next string-piece. I was reeling in and could not look. After landing my fish, I looked over and there beheld Fusty, sitting astride the string-piece, with a handline of many short lengths knotted together, a sinker of about six ounces weight, and five fiddler-crabs. He had gone for his tackle (this sort of thing was only fit for boys—remember).

His first cast threw everything overboard, reel-block and all, and there he sat, while the surf swept it tantalizingly near, they sucked it further and further away. Seeing his predicament, I reeled in, and from where I stood overcast the floating block and restored his line, minus two fiddlers. He didn't thank me—just sniffed, and with boyish enthusiasm (he could only see four-pounders) rebaited and, following my suggestion, made the block fast to a bolthead and cast over. This time he didn't lose his tackle, but took in a one-pound fish. He wore a smile, such as we used to do, when little boys, we played "hookey"—I mean, before we were detected. My heart warmed to the old fellow, as I saw the "little boy" in him coming unconsciously to the front.

He was very proud of his fish. But a fall is sure to follow pride. The fish squirmed, and the fisherman, not having a fair hold on him, flopped out of his hand and overboard with a splash. Fusty looked chagrined, and I thought he would go over after the fish. I pushed my can of fiddlers over to him and he baited again. Meanwhile, with my penknife, I made him a "fish-stringer" out of a couple of pieces of wood and a double length of line. You see, age rendered him less sure-footed, and it required all his faculties to preserve his equilibrium. He now had another fish, which I put on the stringer for him. He got some more that day, and he had a good time, too. He never said any more about ouananiche, nor disparaged blackfishing. He, too, ate soup.

Tide had changed again and night was coming on, so I put my tackle away and started for home, just as the watchman was making his round to examine permits. As I started away, I saw him hustling Old Fusty off the wharf, as he had no permit. It seemed mean to chase him away, seeing he did no harm. I'm glad he had his fishing anyway, and that I, at least, contributed to his pleasure, even though he didn't thank me—for what are thanks compared to the pleasure one can afford one less fortunate. Did I joke him about his "come down" from ouananiche to tautog? Not I; we both ate soup, and I failed to see where one had the advantage of the other. I enjoy trout fishing; but I also enjoy a hard-pulling salt-water fish in between, so where's the harm.

Fusty and I trudged side by side that night, the red sun sank in the west and we parted on the borders of civilization, where the odor of the roasted "frankfurter" and the steam from the hot-corn man's kettle intermingled ere they waft outward over the sea.

"Nature renders compeers of us all—

In deeds and words, and in our inmost thought,
Working unconsciously—but true withal,
Bound by the sportsman's bond, securely wrought."

G. W. BEATTY.

A Hard Luck Story.

THERE were four in the party—Will, Bruce, Jim, and myself, and we started one day late in May from our homes in a village of Central New York to fish for trout in a stream which flows among the western foothills of the Catskill Mountains. A couple of hours' car ride brought us to a small settlement about five miles from the headwater of the creek, at nine o'clock in the evening, and here we were to stay over night, driving the remaining distance in the early morning.

On the day of our start the weather had been propitious for trout fishing—warm, cloudy, and no wind—an ideal atmosphere for filling fishermen with hope, so our spirits were accordingly high. Our hotel was modest, but neat and comfortable, and it was decided to "turn in" early, and so be prepared for the rather vigorous day ahead of us. We could only be supplied with one room, but as that was large and had two beds, we made it answer. Soon all hands were under the blankets, and I could hear the others sleeping, but was slow in joining them myself. I bunked in with Will, who is a very large man, while I am of but moderate size, and as the bed stood against the side of the room, and I had gotten in first, there was solid wall on one side of me and that great two hundred pound mountain of flesh on the other. It may have been a consciousness of my limited surroundings or some other cause which I do not know, but at any rate I could not sleep. The more I tried the wider awake I became, and the more restless and uncomfortable. I tried to lie quietly and let the others sleep, but my foot got to itching and had to be scratched; then my back itched, and then came a little feverish spot on my shoulder, which made me think of possible insects, after which I became feverish all over and generally miserable. I endured this state of things for a long time while the others slept peacefully, until Will, as my ears told me, began to sleep violently. This was the last straw, and I determined to stand it no longer, deciding that it would relieve the monotony of the situation if I should kick him out of bed. I took into account his size, strength, and good nature, also about how much he would pummel me in return, and raising myself very gently in bed, worked around until my back was planted firmly against the wall, and my knees drawn up so that my feet just touched his back. In this position I calculated my strength would be sufficient for the purpose if lavishly

used, so taking a full breath and straining every muscle for the effort, I shoved. Will never moved an inch in the bed, but the bed, being on castors, shot out into the center of the room, upsetting a washstand with frightful commotion in its passage. Of course I fell down behind it, nearly breaking my back in the performance, and Jim and Bruce jumped up, calling loudly to know what the trouble was all about, while Will explained what had happened as he lay crosswise of the bed, pawing in the darkness to find me. From the way he was talking and hunting for me, I knew there would not be a real sound bone in my body, if caught, so I rolled underneath and out the front side, making use of a window which had been left open to step out on the roof of a little veranda in the rear of the house. That was a mistake, as they soon found me, and, promptly closing the window, went to bed. I did not dare make any noise in an attempt to get back into the room, for fear of waking the other occupants of the hotel, though the air outside was damp and cold, and my attire not sufficient for the occasion. I was not very feverish then, but by my constant motion I managed to keep from freezing during the half hour that I had to stay there until we were called to get an early breakfast and make the three o'clock start. Breakfast over, we were soon on the road in a big, easy wagon drawn by a good team, driven by a colored man. The first two miles were up and across the valley of the west



EUGENE G. BLACKFORD.
1839-1904.

branch of the Delaware River, and it was too dark to see much, but riding in the cool morning air gave that delightful refreshing sensation which is only known to those who have taken similar trips.

After we had crossed the valley, the road led in a zig-zag course up the side of a long hill, and it was beginning to be light enough so that we could distinguish cattle in the fields, but only very dimly. Soon objects became more definite, and we saw in one pasture a dairy of cows still sleeping. By the time we had reached the next farm a few cows had gotten up, and were slowly feeding toward the milking shed, while others having just arisen were stretching themselves. Another was in the act of rising, and had her hips in the air while yet her forelegs were folded under her, and more had made no move to get up.

The grass was thickly covered with dew, which gave it a rather grayish appearance, except in those little oblong spots where cows had lain during the night and kept it dry.

At another farm the cows were all up and working leisurely in the direction of the barn, and here a shepherd dog stood on the door-steps of the house awaiting the appearance of the inmates. Beyond was another farmhouse where a thin column of smoke was rising from the kitchen chimney and a man was walking from the house to the horse stable, followed by a dog, while from the stable came the expectant whinny of horses, which, having heard the man coming, were looking for their breakfast. At the next place two men and a woman were going to the milking shed, with pails on each arm, and a dog was driving the dairy through the gate into the barnyard, evidently having just brought them from the pasture. Now it was broad daylight, the daylight of a May morning, and turning to look into the valley which we had left, we found we had climbed quite a mountain, and were well above the blanket of fog which covered the lower land. A little later this lifted, and we could see the stir of life about the farmhouses far below us along the river.

A short half mile down the east side of the mountain brought us to the headwaters of the stream we intended to fish. Since the day had begun to dawn the hopes of good weather which had enlivened us the night before had been fading slowly, as the sun was bright and not a cloud in the sky, while a sharp breeze had sprung up

out of the northeast. When we got in sight of the creek it was apparent that the showers of the past few days on which we had depended to put the water in suitable condition for fishing, and which had done so on the other side of the hill, had passed the locality we were now in completely. The stream was not only too low, but very clear, and surely it was no day to fish for trout, but we had come a long way to get there, and might as well try.

Our driver, who knew the locality, giving us the name of a farmhouse down the valley where he would wait for us, drove on, while we spread ourselves out along the brook and went at it, hoping against hope that some miracle might make the fish hungry, but it did not seem to be any better day for miracles than for trout, as we soon found.

The others were all ahead of me, and I puttered along down stream, fishing some, but more of the time looking at the country and admiring the beautiful herds of Jersey cows. These cattle were feeding in the pastures through which the creek flowed, and I enjoyed the curiosity which they showed as we went through their domain. That is, I enjoyed it for a time, until in one field I watched them a little too long, and was forced to try foot-racing with a bull. I won the race, but by not enough margin to speak of, and I learned afterward that the others in passing this place had noticed that the animal was rather irritable and had taken pains to torment him just as they were leaving sufficiently to make him give me a warm reception when I came along, and he did.

About ten o'clock I came to a bridge over the stream, and its abutments made excellent hiding places for trout. I stood for an instant above it, studying the best way of approach, and was looking at the smooth surface of the creek in front of me, when a good sized sucker shot out of the water with as much force and style as a trout could display, and seemed bent on duplicating a trout's performance of jumping from the water and entering again, after having described a neat half circle in the air. The sucker had put so much energy into his attempt that he went a good foot or more into the air, and my respect for the breed was rising fast, when, just at the zenith of his arc, his nerve gave way, and he fell with a great splash flat on his back into the water. If I am not saying much about fishing, it is because there was none. Every trout fisherman has had such days, and they always form a small part of his conversation thereafter.

About twelve o'clock I found the others sitting on a log by the creek, just in front of a farmhouse, where, they assured me, they had made arrangements for dinner, and that it was already cooking I could tell by the odor of frying ham and eggs which came from the open kitchen door.

The show-down developed the fact that each one in the party had two small trout. That I had no catch was not always sufficient to convict either fish, water or weather of being wrong, but when Will and Bruce had nothing to show for a half day's fishing, that settled it.

We put our fish baskets on the shady side of the house and laid the rods near them, then washed in tin basins setting on a bench beside the kitchen door, dipping as much water as we liked from a huge trough which stood directly in front of it.

The ablutions completed, I started to follow the others in to dinner, when just as I was entering I noticed that a cat—one of four which were loitering about—had tipped over my basket, and reaching her paw through the intake hole in the cover, had extracted one of the trout. I said nothing, but judged trout would be rather scarce there after dinner.

The meal was just what one would get at every farmhouse in the country at that time of year, fried ham and eggs, boiled potatoes, bread and butter, tea, and a pitcher of Jersey milk, if asked for. It was all good, plentiful, and well cooked, and it went fast after such a morning's work. We were nearly through when there came a short, sharp note of anguish from a cat, and the sound of rods being generally mixed up, and rushing to the door we found that one of the felines had taken to smelling of a fly attached to one of the lines, and in her movements had gotten another hook hitched firmly in one hind leg. She had started to go somewhere, and had succeeded to the extent of getting two delicate and costly rods mingled with a wood-pile. She and the tackle were captured and separated by the time someone discovered that every basket was empty excepting one, and that only contained the half of one trout, which, being a little larger than the others, and not so easy to pull out, had been eaten so far as possible from the tail toward the head. Those four cats looked happy and contented, excepting that one was licking a hind leg, and well they might, for, if the distribution had been equitable, there were two fish for each cat.

We learned that our driver and team were at the next farm, and all thought of further fishing being abandoned, Jim went after them. Soon we were on the way back to our hotel, but just as we broke over the hill which we had climbed in the morning, Jim and I decided to get out and taking a cross-lot course directly down the slope, fish another stream which ran in the valley below, and which would bring us to the station a couple of miles further on.

This was only a makeshift to pass the afternoon, for we could not get a train for home until evening, and we preferred this to sitting around the hotel. This creek was quite wide, and Jim took one side while I followed along the other, or waded, as circumstances required. Jim had gotten a hundred yards ahead of me in a few minutes, when I was attracted by a whistle from him, and looking in his direction, I saw him just taking a trout from his landing net, which he held up a second, then put in his basket. That gave me courage, and I fished carefully. A few minutes later the signal was repeated, and Jim emerged from behind a clump of bushes with another trout, which certainly was hopeful, for if Jim had taken two so quickly, my turn would surely come. He got a couple more and then waited for me to catch up and let me pass him. Soon there was a shout, and looking back I saw him standing at the head of a rift, his rod bent under the strain of a trout in the swift water. Still I got nothing, and began to fish more vigorously, but with no result, while wherever Jim went he got trout, and nice ones, too. By and by I got vexed with myself and fished violently, but it was always failure. At length, just as Jim was working opposite me, I felt a heavy surge on the

fies, though I had seen no strike, and it did not feel right, but my line went flying about, and there could be no doubt I had a fish, and a big one.

The water was very swift, and I worked with all the skill at my command, while Jim stood on the opposite bank and watched the fight. I finally won, and my fish came slowly in, but the water was so rough I could not get a good view of it until I had it safely in the net, and then it proved to be an ordinary sucker of extraordinary size. Jim lay on the bank and yelled with delight, but it was difficult for me to see the joke. How that sucker ever got hold of my flies I will not attempt to explain. I never knew of such a thing before, though it may be common enough to others. It was my first and last sucker caught on a trout fly, and was the only fish I took that afternoon, while Jim had excellent luck all the time. When we had to stop fishing to go to our train I had seen him take at least thirty. I did not look at his catch; I did not want to—I had seen enough. Tired, sick, and disgusted, I walked with him to the station, and had to listen to a running fire of comments about the ability of some people to catch trout. On the way home the party accused me of being reticent, and I was.

I duly reported no catch to my wife, but did not tell of Jim's luck. Next morning, when he had satisfied himself that I was at my office, he went to my home and presented a half dozen trout to my wife, explaining that he had had rather better luck than I, and wished to divide his spoils. Later when I came into the house I was shown these fish and had to listen to embarrassing comments. I was looking at them when a peculiar condition of their jaws attracted my attention, and I started with blood in my eye in search of Jim. Meeting Will on the way, I told him of my suspicions, and he seemed to think it was time to let the cat out, so explained that Jim, when he went for the driver the day before, found that he had been fishing in a private pond on the farm where the team was hitched, and had six trout. Jim had put them in his basket and sworn the driver to secrecy; hence his proposition to fish the second stream. Every time he could put a bush or bend in the creek between us, he had hitched a trout on to his flies and thrown it into the water, and when I was far enough away, so that I could not detect the deception, had called my attention, depending upon the swift current to give life to the performance.

WINFIELD T. SHERWOOD.

When is One Sure of a Bluefish?

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 31, Mr. E. A. Samuels' realistic description of the difficulties in landing bluefish reminds me of a trip to Great South Bay with my young friend Steve, who had never before been on the sea. The wind was humming, the waves running wild, and the bluefish were springing bear traps on our bait. Steve had plenty of trouble with the fish as they leaped and splurged and ran under the keel and did all of their complicated vigor acts. Finally he managed to get one into the net, and up on deck. No sooner was the fish unhooked, than it gave four slaps and two wallops and a half and described a graceful parabola

over the rail. The boy was not only losing bluefish, but also his ruddy golf color. "By George!" said he. "You are never sure of a bluefish until he is actually in your stomach, are you?" Just then his breakfast of bluefish went overboard.

It is very true, as Mr. Samuels says, that on the whole, sea fish are greater fighters than fresh-water fish. They are more capricious, and even a maskinonge will hold the bait in his mouth for awhile and think about it. The sea fish are more apt to have hair trigger mouths, and to incidentally rush at the bait while they are hurrying for some spot a mile away, with no intention of stopping for an instant. Of course there are some old striped bass that know the first name of every fisherman from Beaver Tail Light to Cuttyhunk, and sometimes a bonita will turn her lorgnette leisurely toward the bait. Sea fish furnish sport for athletes, while fresh-water fish were intended for contemplative men.

A fresh run silvery salmon just up from the sea is a terror. He will make you gasp with his stunts, and as soon as you are through gasping and have a good new breath he will make you gasp again. After he has been in the river for a month he is a moderate fighter. He can still make the water boil up under the fly like a steam propeller, and can get tangled up with the fly after the manner of the same sort of a contrivance, but he will not make a broad jump of twenty feet when hooked, or leap clean over an island in the river and take a hundred yards of line whizzing and smoking through the blueberry bushes before you have had time to elevate the tip of the rod. He is not likely to yank you head over heels into the rapids if the line snarls on the reel.

I have caught sea fish and fresh-water fish from Labrador to Florida and from Sweden to France. From streams in Prussia so small that the trout had to get out on the bank when they wanted to turn around, to the gulf stream where the channel bass had almost all of the room that they needed; and if you ask me which fishing I really prefer, my answer would be: "Give me all of it." I have no respect for a man who does not believe that his own country is the greatest on earth, no matter where he comes from; or for the man who does not think that the fishing that he likes best is best for all of us.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

Fish Shoals Located by Electric Apparatus.

UNDER date of Nov. 7, 1904, United States Consul E. Theophilus Liefeld, of Freiburg, Germany, reports that a German patent has been taken out for an electrical apparatus whereby the presence and extent of shoals of fish can be ascertained. A microphone, inclosed in a water-tight case, connected with an electric battery and a telephone, is lowered into the water. So long as the telephone hangs free, no sound is heard, but on its coming into contact with a shoal of fish, the constant tapping of the fish against the microphone case produces a series of sounds which at once betrays their presence. The rope attached to the microphone is marked so that the exact depth of the shoal is at once ascertained.

Tanawadeh Outing Club.

THERE was a notable gathering of sportsmen and patrons of outdoor living at the residence of Mr. F. James Reilly, 12 Manhattan Square, south, New York, on the evening of Thursday, December 29, the occasion being a reunion of the members and friends of the Tanawadeh Outing Club, arranged by President Reilly to mark the close of his two very successful terms in office. During the formal meeting which preceded the reception the report of the president for the years 1903 and 1904 was read. It set forth very clearly the rapid progress of the organization in all the departments of its activities during this period. A noteworthy fact mentioned in the report was that since the erection of the club house in Pelham Bay Park in 1903, no intoxicants of any sort had been brought into the building, and that no form of gambling whatever had occurred at the club house, and this without the enactment of any prohibitive rule by the club or the house committee.

The host furnished instrumental music and a chafing-dish supper, and the evening was passed most pleasantly with familiar songs and in reviving pleasant memories of camp and trail, of chase and bivouac. Those present were President F. James Reilly, Vice-President J. Frank Chase, Secretary Harry V. Radford, Treasurer Joseph B. Hanf, of New York; S. Valentine Farrelly, of Morristown, N. J.; Frank W. Norris, Jr.; William F. Reilly, Charles U. Stepath, of New York; William A. Gillen, of Jersey City, N. J.; Lester Reiley and Robert Reiley, of New York. The club is already preparing to celebrate its tenth anniversary, which occurs in June, 1906.

Bulldog's Long, Lone Vigil.

BEMIDJI, Minn., Dec. 24.—A big bulldog guarding its master's camp was found in the northern wilds of Minnesota by members of the surveying party just returned from several weeks' work along the northern boundary line.

A trapper named Edwards who had lived near Basswood Lake, north of Ely, for a number of years, making his living by trapping bear and other animals, has disappeared. His only companion during his long trips in the woods was a huge bulldog, and the scores of deep scars on the animal testify to the many hard battles he has been engaged in with beasts of the forest.

While the surveying crew was near Edwards's place he left on one of his trips. A month later the same party found his camp outfit and boat on an island in Bear Island Lake. The bulldog was there, almost starved, but still on guard, and it was a long time before he would let one of the party get near. It is the belief that Edwards may have been killed in a quarrel with Indians, though it is possible that he may have been drowned. His camp was fifty miles from the nearest town. The bulldog and camp effects were brought to Ely by the surveying party, the dog refusing to go until the boat and camp outfit had been loaded on the surveyors' wagon.—New York Times.



YACHTING



Perfect Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

Do NOT think that I am attempting the description of a perfect engine. I should be only too glad to do so, to be able to say that I had seen a perfectly reliable type, equal in every respect to the steam engine, as easily operated, and just as long lived. This is the goal to which we hardly dare hope to attain. We have made rapid strides in the past few years; the coming Automobile Show in January, followed by February's Motorboat and Sportsmen's Show, will doubtless surprise many with the progress of even a year. But there is plenty room for improvement in this line, and the thinking engineer is just now waking up to the fact that the two particular subjects just at present paramount over all others are the consumption of fuel per horsepower and how to lengthen the life of the engine.

In a U. S. Consular Report dated Havre, August 7, 1901, describing a new application of the gasolene engine, appears a table giving the horsepower, weight, speed per hour, consumption of naphtha per hour, and list price. The 1¾ horsepower engine claims a consumption of .528 quart; 3½ horsepower, 1.27; 4½ horsepower, 1.585; 6 horsepower, 2.378, and two cylinder 8½ horsepower, 3.17. This is the first instance which has ever come under my observation where the consumption was listed. I do not believe any American manufacturer of marine gasolene engines would dare to publish so low a horsepower consumption, or to guarantee any more than that, when the engine was tested at the factory, it developed a certain brake horsepower at a given speed, and that the consumption of fuel was a certain amount. In the test the valves were in all probability as nearly perfect fitting as they ever will be again, adjustments as fine as they could make them, probably no mufflers were used, piston rings tight, and in fact conditions just as near perfect as it was possible to get them. Is it reasonable to suppose that these conditions will ever be just the same again when installed in the boat? Decidedly not. When you come to investigate and find how few manufacturers ever test their engines for fuel consumption, or having tested them keep the results religiously to themselves, you may be surprised; but you will be more so when you find how few will even give a guarantee that a certain consumption was noted when being tested.

The constantly advancing price of naphtha in itself is causing some apprehension, but couple to that the fact that a waste of naphtha usually results in a diminution of power, and I think you will all agree that a better knowledge of the principles of carburation is absolutely necessary.

I should very much like to attend a competitive test of the various vaporizing and carbureting devices, American-made, another test of foreign high-priced carbureting and mixing appliances, and then see the best American pitted against the best foreign production.

These devices are advertised in glowing terms to give 10 to 20 per cent. more power than others; that there are more of one particular make in use than any other; that another is the cheapest because it is the simplest, but glancing through our trade publications not a single one that I have found advertises its economy per horsepower produced.

Some of these devices cost but three or four dollars, while some cost \$50 and upward, and not one dares to advertise increased or the same power with decreased consumption of fuel.

It will have to be admitted that, all things considered, an engine in a launch or around salt water will show more power the first season than the second. Frequently before the end of the first season a decrease in the number of revolutions will be noticed, and it will be found necessary to make extensive repairs before its efficiency is restored. This should not be, but unfortunately occurs too often. It may be the result of ignorance on the part of the operator, or due to poor design, careless machining, accident, poor cylinder oil, dirt or any one of scores of other causes. It may be that particular type is more susceptible to deterioration than the other. I was once asked a question as to which would last the longer in use, the two or the four-cycle engine. I am free to confess that at that time I "dodged the issue." I am going to explain quite fully the causes which may reduce the efficiency and power and shorten the life of both types.

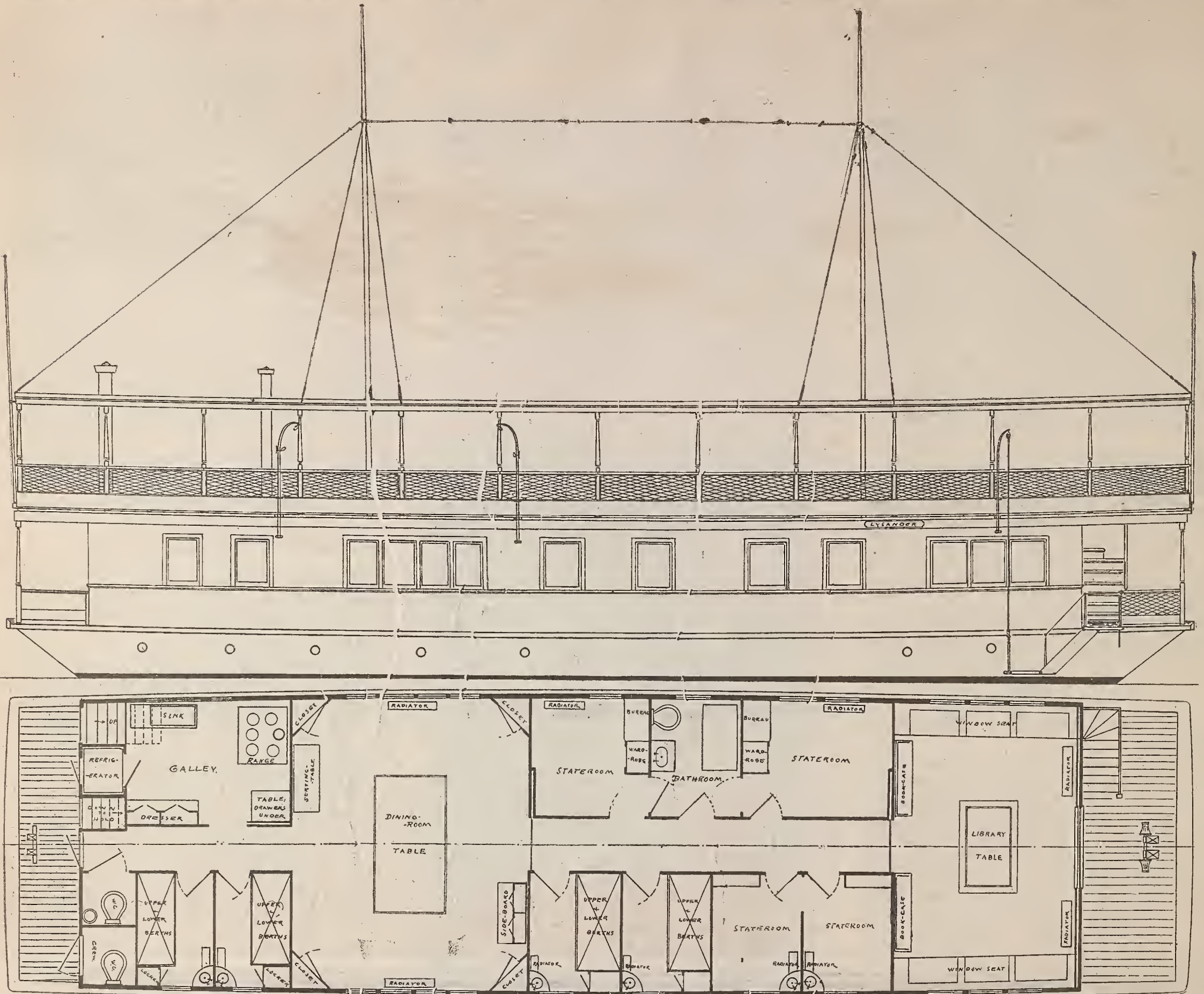
One of the most frequent causes of excessive wear that I have found in two-cycle engines is the presence of core sand in the crank case. I have frequently taken from a crank case two or more heaping tablespoonfuls of dirt, largely consisting of beach sand used in forming the cores. This comes from not being particular to clean the castings carefully. The cored passage between the crank case and the inlet port is an excellent place for core

sand to be overlooked. Of course if the castings had been sufficiently "pickled" in dilute sulphuric acid the sand would have been dissolved and washed out, but some manufacturers object to "pickling" on account of trouble to make paint and enamel remain without peeling and flaking. For mine, I would rather have less sand and not be so particular about the paint. It is not necessary to explain how the sand cuts connecting rod bearings, shaft bushings, crank-pins and crank-shaft bearings, cylinders, and rings.

Two-cycle engines are usually designed with a connecting rod twice the length of the stroke, occasionally less, hardly ever more. The reason for this is to reduce the clearance in the crank case in order to make the crank case compression as high as possible. The shorter the connecting rod the more the side thrust against the sides of the cylinder wall, both on the up stroke when compressing the charge, and on the power stroke. Then there are double the impulses that there are in the four-cycle cylinder. One mitigating feature, however, is the fact that the average mean effective pressure is about 45 pounds in the two-cycle against 66 pounds in the four-cycle.

In a two-cycle engine the incoming gas through the inlet port has a tendency to dissolve and carry with it a part of the film of oil on that side of the cylinder, while the hot gases on their way out burn up the oil on the opposite side. Reducing this film of oil has a tendency to wear more there than on the forward and after sides, and when the compression begins to lower from leaks past the rings, the burned gases mingle a little with the fresh gas in the crank case, appreciably reducing the volume of the explosive mixture, rendering it slightly "foul." As leaks develop around the crank-shaft from wear in the bushings, the crank case compression is lessened, and the volume of each charge is correspondingly reduced. These losses are, with one or two exceptions, inherent in the two-cycle construction, and might be characterized as structural, as they cannot be eliminated entirely.

The four-cycle engine has its troubles as well. Valve poppets are liable to warp under the excessive heat of the exhaust; their faces have a predilection for scaling; the valve seats become worn unevenly, all developing leaks which reduce the horsepower of the engine, but the consumption of gasolene goes merrily on. It takes but a very little trouble with inlet or exhaust valves to



THE HOUSEBOAT LYSANDER—OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY R. W. HADDOCK.

materially reduce the revolutions of the propeller, and careful and constant attention is necessary to keep the valves ground in and the proper tension on the inlet valve springs. It has often been remarked that a four-cycle engine with no valves, if it could be designed and operated satisfactorily, would be a long strong step toward perfection in gasoline engine perfection. In no application can it be better appreciated than for marine work where the full power of the engine is almost constantly utilized, unlike the automobile, which rarely needs its full power for any length of time except for hill-climbing.

Let us have some tests of carbureters in 1905, and let us also hail the day when improved design and careful attention to detail shall have prolonged the time of usefulness of both types of engine.

British Letter.

THE show of motor launches at the Paris Salon d'Automobile this year has been a very large one, and from a spectacular point of view the whole exhibition may be said to be a great success. Unfortunately, the type of launch most in evidence is the totally useless racing shell, and the equally useless so-called racing "cruiser." The folly of the manufacturers is sufficiently apparent in the obstinate manner in which they stick to a form of vessel which is far too expensive for the ordinary individual to buy, and which is not even seaworthy, but which they seem to consider the alpha and omega of motorboat perfection. The finality of absurdity would, however, appear to be reached in the "cruising" launch, Dietrich II., which is 40ft. in length, carries a motor of 140 horsepower and consumes 17½ gallons of fuel every hour.

It is not difficult to discover why the general public fights shy of such costly craft, especially as they are quite unfitted for the open sea. There are a few really nice bona fide cruising launches at the show, but they are all rather small. It is satisfactory to know that the workmanship of the motors is in no way superior to that of English firms, and that in design our boats are manifestly superior to the French craft. There may be and doubtless there is a great future for motor-propelled boats, but it will never be with the eggshell type, so popular with the trade. The racing motorboat may be classed with the racing bicycle and the racing motor car as not only useless, but positively dangerous and, so far as yachtsmen are concerned, motor power will for many years be confined to auxiliary power for yachts and yacht launches, for both of which purposes it is eminently fitted.

Some weeks ago a British motorboat club was started, but the committee is composed of so many

persons interested in the trade, that it will not be likely to have any degree of success with the better classes in this country. In Great Britain the main idea of the majority of people who go in for races of any description is sport pure and simple, and the idea of trade competition in such matters is extremely distasteful to them. Professional football is not regarded as a sport by our leisured classes, neither are bicycle racing, motor car racing, nor motor launch racing, the reason being that in all these things the commercial side of the question is always uppermost.

If sport is to be kept pure and undefiled, the commercial element must be relegated to its proper place. The spectacle of motor launches being steered by their builders is not an elevating one; the helmsman has always an undue interest in the doings of his boat, and his one idea is to win—for the good of his firm, not of the "sport." Moreover, motorboat racing will always be a procession, the fastest boat—bar accidents—will always win and after a few trials the winning boats can be picked out. The same thing occurred a few years ago, when steam yacht racing was taken up for a short period and British steam yachts were given races at the Riviera regattas. The thing soon developed into a farce, the boat with the highest power won with unvarying monotony, and the races died a natural death. The sooner the same thing happens with motor launch racing the better, for then the builders can turn their attention to the perfection of good wholesome boats which can be economically driven and contain some of the elements of comfort.

The yachting season on the Riviera does not promise very well this year. The Fairlie-built schooner *Susanne* and the *Navahoe* are the only big boats known to be going out there, and there is apparently every probability of the King Edward Cup race from Gibraltar to Nice falling through again for want of entries. The bulk of the racing will fall to the lot of the smaller French and Italian classes.

E. H. KELLY.

The Houseboat Lysander.

THE houseboat *Lysander* is of the scow type; 85ft. over all length; 21ft. extreme breadth, and 2ft. 4in. draft. She was built in the winter of 1901-02 at Alexandria Bay, N. Y., for a well-known New York gentleman, from plans made by R. W. Haddock. The hull was built on the ice and practically launched itself in the spring. The boat has no power for propelling purpose and is intended for a floating home to be towed from place to place at will.

On coming aboard at the companionway on the fore-deck, the first room is the library, 12ft. 6in. by 19ft. in the clear. Window seats run along each side, having

lids hinged to raise for storage. Three windows on each side give ample light; and heat in the fall is furnished by a complete steam-heating plant, radiators being in all rooms, as shown in plans. Besides the heating plant, the boat has a complete electric lighting equipment—engine and generator.

The general scheme of interior decoration is white enamel sides and ceiling, and hardwood floors throughout. A passageway 3ft. 6in. wide runs from the library to the dining saloon, from which open the owner's stateroom and guests' rooms. On the port side are two large staterooms, 8x8 and 8x10, connecting through the bathroom. In each room are wardrobe and bureau. Both rooms are intended for regulation bedsteads, as also are two of the guests' rooms on the starboard. These rooms all are provided with white enameled lavatories, and hot and cold water, as well as steam heat.

The water system is by gravity from a large tank on the upper deck. This tank is divided to break the swash. The top is fitted with cushions and is used as a lounging place. A skylight also gives light to the passageway beneath. Hot water is provided from the range in the galley.

The dining saloon is a large and spacious one, being 16ft. by 20ft. Side-board, serving table with drawer under for linen and corner china closets are provided here. Next comes the galley on the port side, and captain's and steward's quarters on the starboard. Quarters for the crew are placed below deck in the after part, as also is the machinery and heating plant.

The boat has a complete sewage system, with main trunk line and branches all in a most up-to-date manner. Consideration for habitancy of all parts, and good ventilation being of prime importance, no expense was spared to attain the same.

The entire upper deck is given to comfortable furniture, and is an ideal summer resting place. The whole is covered with a standing roof, having storm curtains for inclement weather. The interior is furnished and fitted with all the small things that go to make life comfortable and would have to be seen to be appreciated. The spars are more for dressing ship than any other purpose, and do not extend below the roof of house. The galley is complete in every detail with range; refrigerators, dressers and other essentials are found.

For summer on the water a boat of this type gives as much comfort as a small house, and certainly freedom from dust and many other land nuisances, and possesses the advantage of being easily moved if the locality becomes wearisome. It also furnishes a base for many aquatic pleasures—a sailing, canoeing, rowing and launch party. The possibilities for entertaining and social events are no mean feature of a boat of this class.

Prince Alfred Y. C. of Sydney, Australia.

BY LOUIS H. WYATT, SECRETARY PRINCE ALFRED Y. C.

"Mosquito Y. C.—Boat owners wishing to join, please meet at McGrath's at 8 to-night."

The above exhortation appeared in the advertising columns of the Sydney Morning Herald of Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1867, and on the evening of the same day, in the commercial room at the above-named hotel in King street, Sydney, a number of boat owners and other aquatic supporters assembled to discuss the advisableness, or otherwise, of forming a mosquito yacht club, with the object of promoting aquatic sports in Port Jackson.

The reason for the inauguration of such a club was stated to be that the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, which had been in existence some four or five years, did not cater for the smaller boats, and that some organization for the proper control of racing among such craft was considered to be necessary. Nowadays there are numerous sailing clubs which foster the small boats of all classes, and the Prince Alfred Y. C., together with the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, look after the interests of the yachts only. In this connection there has been much argument of late as to what constitutes a yacht, and the question has proved quite as vexatious as the problem of arriving at a satisfactory definition of an amateur.

At the inaugural meeting it was decided that the title of the new body should be "Prince Alfred Y. C.," in honor of the then recent visit of His late Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh; and royal patronage has been extended to the club ever since its inception.

Success appears to have attended the beginnings of the club, for in less than two months no less than twenty yachts were registered and eighty members enrolled, and for thirty-two years this latter number was not exceeded.

On application to the admiralty some eighteen months after inauguration a warrant was issued authorizing the yachts of the club to fly the blue ensign with a ducal coronet in the lower fly. At the same time it was decided that the burgee be blue ground with broad red cross, and these flags have been in use up to the present day. Another interesting matter about the same time, was the adoption of a distinctive uniform, and the rig-out, which seems to have met with the approval of the members was: Blue coat (sack, double-breasted) and vest, with white trousers and straw yachting hat with blue ribbon. If the sailing weather thirty odd years ago was anything like it is nowadays—and there is reason to believe it was—there were probably innumerable straw hats floating about Port Jackson on Sunday morning after the previous day's race; and, if the forward hands wore the said straw bonnets, the language was doubtless peculiarly yachty. Nothing has been chronicled as to whether such uniform was extensively worn, and, as it is not remembered by any of the present members, probably did not last long. The distinctive outfit at present in vogue is similar to the undress uniform of naval brigade officers.

While commenting on the early records of the club, one cannot pass without mentioning a man whose name has been associated with yachting ever since the commencement of the sport in these parts. The late Mr. Richard Harnett was the first commodore of the Prince Alfred Y. C. Not only was Mr. Harnett a keen sportsman, but one with original notions regarding yacht design and construction. So far back as 1868 he conceived and put into practice the idea of a boat with cutaway ends and a fin-keel—truly a primitive form of the present day racer. One of these lines he produced Australian, a boat that had a remarkable record extending over nearly twenty years, despite the fact that when the model was shown to such eminent builders as Hatcher, of Southampton; White, of Cowes, and Ratke, they ridiculed the possibility of such a craft being able to sail.

In the absence of evidence of great vitality and enthusiasm, it can only be concluded that from 1872 onward the club's affairs drifted on in a steady kind of way for a number of years, continuing with the orthodox opening and closing functions and ordinary racing events in the sailing seasons until toward the end of 1899, when we find the commencement of a new era.

For the last quarter of the nineteenth century the club had jogged along with an average membership ranging between seventy and eighty; and while it may be said that the Prince Alfred Y. C. continued to exist,

there were not any striking manifestations of advancement, and it was patent to some of the younger and more enterprising members, that if progress was to be made and the club to expand something in the shape of a club house must be established.

The outcome of much discussion was the opening, on Dec. 4, 1899, of spacious rooms in the heart of the city.

These are liberally decorated with yachting and other pictures, while the comfort and convenience of the members is studied in every respect. Such acquisitions as billiard tables and the necessaries for other indoor games are provided, in addition to a library containing all the latest yachting literature, and all popular sporting and other magazines are always available on the reading table.

The little band who had formulated the scheme were full of go-ahead-ism, and from the date of the establishment of the rooms the Prince Alfred Y. C. has had year after year of phenomenal success. So great was the influx of new members it was found necessary to double the accommodation in the following August. Between the annual meetings of 1899 and 1900, the membership increased nearly 100 per cent. The number on the roll in 1899 was 77; to-day it is 232.

The fleet, according to the register, has also increased from seventeen to forty-six, and it is gratifying to observe that the majority of these are boats of an up-to-date type.

The introduction of half a dozen new yachts of modern design—30-rating—was also an important auxiliary to the club's progress, and this served to revive interest in yacht racing in these parts—a tonic that was badly needed in this branch of the sport. And as indicating the increasing popularity of the contests conducted by the "Alfreds"—as the club is colloquially known—it may be mentioned that the committee have found it necessary during the last couple of seasons to engage a steamer capable of accommodating 400 to



BRONZCARING.

Com. S. Hordern's steam yacht, flagship of Prince Alfred Y. C. Photo by Swain & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.

foreshore (including all bays and coves) that show the touch of nature's best handiwork; all these, with an environment of unimaginable color, constitute a spectacle that must be seen to be appreciated.

In September, one by one the yachts, all resplendent in new paint and varnish, forsake their winter quarters, and there is about a month or six weeks of sail stretching and tuning up before the commencement of the racing, which is conducted under the rules of the Sydney Yacht Racing Association, which are really those of the British Yacht Racing Association somewhat modified and altered to suit local conditions.

The Prince Alfred Y. C.'s programme generally opens toward the end of October; and for many years it has been the custom for all the yachts to assemble in



THE FLEET OF THE PRINCE ALFRED Y. C. ON THE OPENING DAY, 1903.

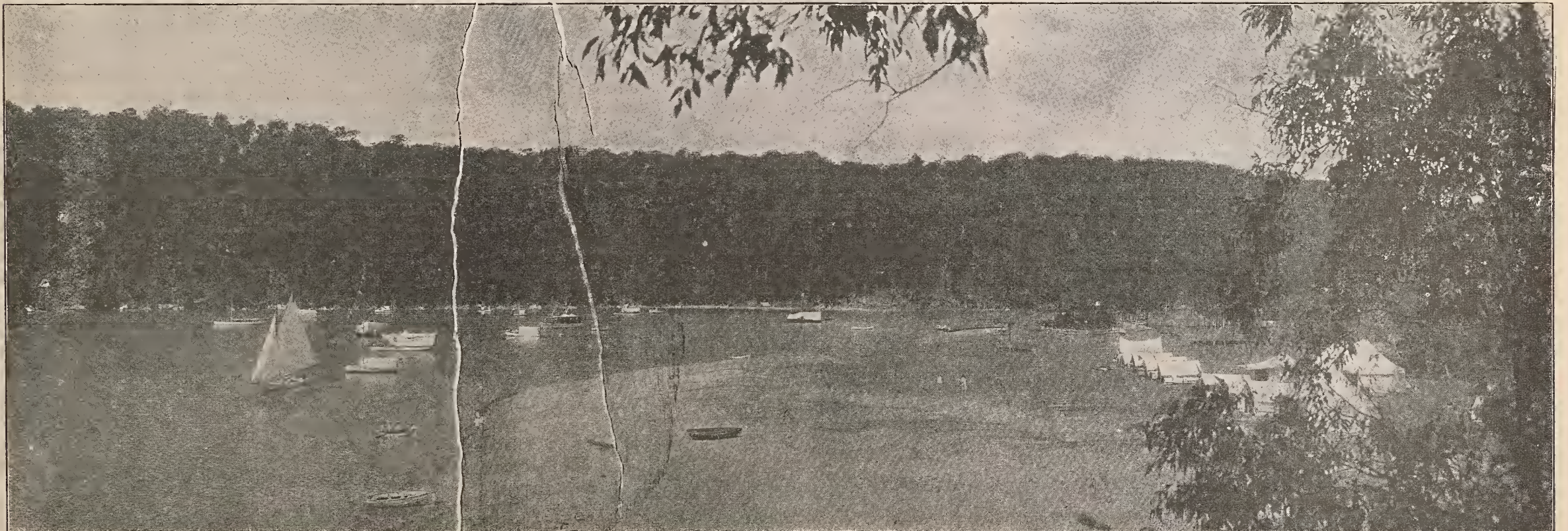
Photo by Swain & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.

500 members and friends who wish to witness the various events.

About the ups and downs of the club since its inception, the writer might go on ad infinitum; but he fears the editor's blue pencil, which is mightier than many other weapons. However, it would be well just to briefly describe how the Alfreds carry out the season's programme, and entertain the members all the year round; but first of all it will be necessary to make a little digression, by drawing a local sketch to give the reader an idea of where such programme is enacted. Though it would be superfluous, here, to dwell at length upon the adaptability of Port Jackson, upon the waters of which the members of the Prince Alfred Y. C. disport themselves whenever opportunity offers throughout the summer, in passing, it may be mentioned that upon Saturdays, Sundays and all holidays for eight months of the year (September to April) the world renowned harbor is a scene of aquatic animation. Steam yachts, powerboats, and sailing craft of every size and description, from the stately old-fashioned cruiser to the tiny 6-footer, in hundreds flit about a beautiful expanse of water bounded by 170 miles of

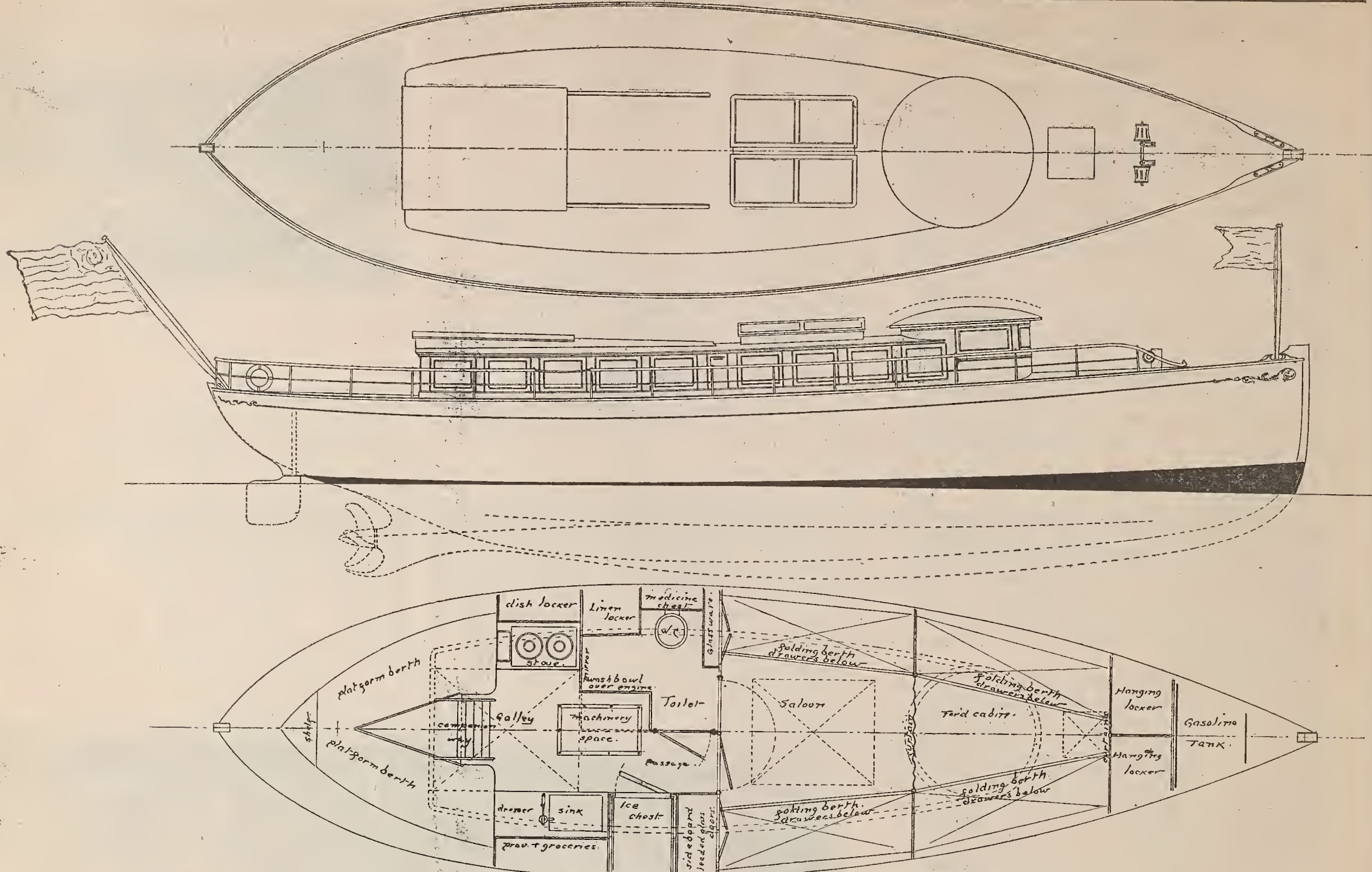
Farm Cove, then form a procession—headed by the commodore—and proceed in order of tonnage to some sheltered rendezvous, where the whole fleet (numbering as many as 40 on some occasions) come to an anchor round the commodore and dress ship, forming an unique gathering that is symbolical of festivity. A good band on the club steamer enlivens the proceedings, and there are always numerous aquatic sports, such as sailing dingey races and rowing contests. There is also much exchanging of visits between the various craft, and the well-known signal (which, by the way, is much appreciated) inviting members to "come on board" flutters at the masthead of the commodore's yacht during the whole function. About a fortnight later the real business of the season begins—racing.

In the last few years, the principal events have been the 30-rating competition, for which there are three rounds, points being given for each race—3 for first, 2 for second and 1 for third place. In this class there are about nine or ten yachts competing regularly, and in the past season, in order to thoroughly test the merits of the boats, one of the three matches was sailed over an ocean course, and the other two in the harbor.



EASTER CAMP OF THE PRINCE ALFRED Y. C. AT THE BASIN BROKEN BAY—ENTRANCE TO HAWKESBURY RIVER.

Photo by Talma, Sydney, N. S. W.



A THIRTY-SIX-FOOT CRUISING LAUNCH—DESIGNED BY BURGESS & PACKARD.

The majority of the events, however, are general handicaps, which admit of all yachts of the club entering, and in this class of rating there have been some close and interesting finishes. The cruisers are also catered for, three events being programmed for yachts that are scarcely up to the standard to be designated racers.

There are generally about a dozen races during the season, at fortnightly intervals, for prize money aggregating some £225 odd, in addition to which members present many handsome trophies for the winners. To keep the sport strictly amateur has ever been one of the traditions of the club; such must undoubtedly tend to keep the sport healthy and clean. Among the early rules was one which stipulated that all yachts competing in a club race must be manned entirely by members, and it is pleasing to note that after thirty-six years—while membership is not now enforced—the amateur status of each man of a racing yacht's crew (except the regular paid hand or hands, according to size) must be maintained, and it is compulsory that the man at the helm shall be a member. By way of encouraging the amateur, a member occasionally offers prizes for the skipper and each of the crew of the boat most successful during the season.

The season closes with the Easter camp, an outing that has now become one of the yachting events of the year in these waters. As a rule, the site for the encampment is at a picturesque spot, known as the Basin, in Broken Bay, some twenty miles north of Sydney. The fleet get underway, weather permitting, when the land breeze makes on the Thursday night before the holidays, and proceed up the coast by moonlight. As many as twenty to twenty-five yachts will attend these camps, and for those members who do not sail up a passage is provided in the club steamer. On arrival, arrangements for their comfort are found as perfect as it is possible for camping accommodation to be. A spacious marquee for concert and dining purposes occupies a central position on the large green flat, and close handy is the canteen; on either side is a row of roomy tents, very comfortably furnished, for sleeping purposes. A peep into the interior of these little cotton abodes—which, being of bright crimson and gold stripes give some positive color to the foreground by day, and at night look like richly painted eastern lanterns set against the dark background of the thickly wooded primeval hills—convince one that the members of the Prince Alfred Y. C. are men of luxurious tastes. The floors of the tents are carpeted, and the whole canvas village is illuminated with acetylene gas; the catering is done by a competent chef, and the campers have nothing to do but enjoy themselves. To some this may not sound like camping; but when out for a holiday it is just as well to be comfortable. As many as 110 have been known to sit down to dinner at one of these camp meetings. Four days' fishing at impromptu sports are indulged in at one of the finest resorts that can be conceived.

In the winter months the members are entertained with billiard and other tournaments, conducted in the club rooms, and these serve to keep the members together during a period that, prior to the establishment of the city quarters, was the cause of much falling off.

In conclusion, it may be stated that the club hopes shortly to move into more commodious apartments; and that the day is not far distant when it will be able also to support a waterside club house, is the

dearest wish of the members. With the encouraging results of the past few years, it is scarcely too sanguine to expect that one day the Prince Alfred Y. C. will take the lead in the noble sport which will surely extend in Port Jackson, where every facility is the natural inheritance of all those who desire to become yachtsmen.

A 36-Foot Cruising Launch.

THE design of the powerboat illustrated in these columns this week is from the board of Messrs. Burgess & Packard. The plans show a boat of 36ft. over all length, with unusually roomy accommodations for a craft of her length. She is a sensible type of boat, and was intended for use where bad weather is to be encountered.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	Over all	36ft.	
	L.W.L.	31ft.	8in.
Overhang—	Forward	4in.	
	Aft	4ft.	
Breadth—	Extreme	10ft.	6in.
Draft—	To rabbet	2ft.	5in.
	Extreme	3ft.	
Freeboard—	Forward	4ft.	5in.
	Aft	3ft.	2in.
	Least	2ft.	8in.

The cabin house is 20ft. long, and there is a waterway 1ft. 6in. all around it. There is 9ft. of deck room forward of the house, and 7ft. aft of it.

The boat has quite an elaborate cabin and six berths for sleeping. Instead of a cockpit aft, there is a railing around the deck, and chairs or camp stools are used to sit on. The companion slide over the galley is made very large for good ventilation, and to take away the heat of the stove and engine. The saloon skylight and forward cabin skylight are also very large. The forward skylight is made like the conning tower of a torpedo boat, and this makes an excellent place to handle the boat from in all kinds of weather. The speed was an entirely secondary consideration, and room and seaworthiness were the first essentials.

Queries on Marine Motors.

T. H., Des Moines, Ia.—Would it be possible to make my four-cycle single cylinder engine explode every revolution?

Ans.—It is very evident that you are new to the business, for this is invariably the first question the beginner asks. A four-cycle engine always has four strokes of the piston to each explosion, whence its name. A two-cycle engine has two strokes to each explosion. In the four cycle, following the four strokes in order, the first down stroke, the exhaust valve being closed, draws into the cylinder a quantity of gas. The next stroke, which is upward, compresses it to from three to six atmospheres, say 45 to 90 pounds approximately, when it is ignited and the power is produced. The next stroke is down, and is the only power stroke of the four. The last stroke of the four is when the exhaust valve is open and the spent gases are forced out. The exhaust valve then is closed and the first of the four strokes is repeated by

taking in another charge of gas, then the compression stroke, the power stroke and the exhaust, etc. In the two-cycle engine, a charge is taken into the crank case or some auxiliary cylinder or compression space on the upward stroke of the piston, which at the same time compresses a previous charge already in the cylinder. This previous charge is then fired and a power impulse is given. At a point before the lower center is reached, or before the end of the stroke, an opening in the wall of the cylinder, called a port, is uncovered by the piston, and the pressure is exhausted. Just a little later a port is uncovered in the opposite side and the charge of gas in the crank case or compression space, which from the action of the piston descending is slightly compressed, enters the firing cylinder, driving out the most of the remaining burnt gases and furnishes a new charge of gas. The ports are both closed by the piston ascending, and this new charge of gas is compressed to usually two to four atmospheres, approximately 30 to 60 pounds, and at the end of the up stroke is exploded, giving an impulse at every revolution or every two strokes of the piston, one down and one up. English custom is to call the two-cycle and four-cycle engines "two-stroke" and "four-stroke." It is much more descriptive and better understood.

H. A., Boston, Mass.—I notice in a recent article by Mr. F. K. Grain it is advised not to wrap up an engine with canvas. Does that apply to an open launch, and is it better to leave the engine exposed to the elements?

Ans.—If wet canvas touches any part of the engine it is extremely liable to cause severe oxydizing or rusting. If it is inconvenient to remove the engine from the launch, by all means construct some sort of covering which will keep the snow and wet from it. If this is tight and does not allow the snow to drift in, it will more than pay you for the trouble. With a brush and some cylinder oil cover all parts of the cast iron and steel not protected by enamel with a good coat. In the spring a little naphtha and some clean waste will remove it very easily. Be sure to drain the water out of all the piping and remove the check valve popets or if using swing checks you had better remove the caps.

S. S. J., San Diego, Cal.—What voltage is ordinarily used for marine gasoline engine ignition?

Ans.—From 4 to 6.5 volts approximately, when using batteries, and frequently 10 or more on magnetos or dynamos. Caustic alkaline batteries should show .95 on open and .7 volt each on closed circuit. Dry batteries on closed circuit usually show 1.1 volts each, while each cell of storage battery or accumulator shows 2.2 volts. In jump spark, which is operated by a secondary or induced current, the voltage of 4.5 volts at the primary is increased to some 25,000 volts in the secondary. It is customary to use four to six cells of dry battery, five or seven cells of caustic alkaline, or two cells storage, in engines using make-and-break. In jump spark rarely are more than four dry cells used except where the coils are especially wound for a voltage of over 4.5. High voltage is liable to break them down or perforate the tin foil used in the "condenser."

A. O. H., New York.—If A. O. H. will send his full name and address we will gladly answer his inquiry.

LAUNCH MEYLERT.—The cruising gasoline launch Meylert, owned by Mr. L. R. Armstrong, has been sold through the office of Mr. Henry J. Gielow of this city to Mr. William Erb, of Philadelphia.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

YAWL WATANGA SOLD.—The auxiliary yawl Watanga, owned by Mr. George K. Kirkham, has been sold to Mr. D. M. Bedell.

VALHALLA ENTERED IN OCEAN RACE.—The Earl of Crawford's yacht Valhalla has been officially entered through the Royal Yacht Squadron in the trans-Atlantic race for the German Emperor's Cup. This is the first entry to be filed. Valhalla is a big square rigged vessel 240ft. in length.

NEW SCHOONER FOR ROBERT OLYPHANT.—Mr. Robert Jacob has secured the contract for the schooner designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith and Ferris for Mr. Robert Olyphant, and work on the boat has already commenced. She is 65ft. over all, 45ft. waterline, 15ft. breadth and 9ft. 6in. draft. The boat will have a flush deck, and will have a liberal spread of canvas.

TWO CHALLENGERS FOR CANADA CUP.—Mr. Alfred Mylne has gotten out plans for a Canada Cup boat for Mr. James Worts, and Mr. William Fife has turned out a design for Mr. Frederick Nicholls. Both boats will be framed up in English yards, then knocked down and shipped to Captain Andrews' yard at Oakville, Canada, where there will be built. Both boats will be overboard by June 1.

AN AUXILIARY SCOOTER.—Something entirely new in the "scooter" line made its appearance in the bay, off East Moriches, recently. It is a craft of the ordinary "scooter" type, but fitted with auxiliary power. The boat was designed by Ketcham Bros., of Eastport. The auxiliary power is furnished by a gasolene engine. The propelling device is in a trunk, similar to that which ordinarily surrounds a centerboard.

Within the box a driving wheel, with a rim of teeth-shaped cogs, runs on a horizontal shaft, the boxes of which fit snugly at the bottom and sides. At the top of the boxes are coiled steel springs to hold down the driving wheel, giving sufficiently to allow the wheel to raise when uneven ice is met. Two bands, running from the flywheel of the engine to the ends of the driving shaft, complete the propelling device. The cogs on the driving wheel take a firm grip on the ice and the boat moves along at a good speed under power alone. The device is not patented and any one can employ it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

The three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticise each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasolene or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the

steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

V. Outboard profile. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered; all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. *In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his nom de plume.*

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.

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Executive Committee—Wm. J. Ladd, 18 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.; F. W. Notman, Box 2344, Boston, Mass.; O. C. Cunningham, care E. Teel & Co., Medford, Mass.; Edw. B. Stearns, Box 63, Manchester, N. H.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

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Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

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Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Rear-Commodore—Charles J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Purser—George A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Jan. 16-20.—Pittsburg, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club.

National Rifle Board.

The following has been issued by the Committee of Publicity of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice:

A comparison is often made between the attitude of the Canadian Government toward rifle practice and that of the American Government, many of the American riflemen contending that the Canadian Government is the most liberal in its provisions for rifle practice. The National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, which is charged by Congress with the duty of preparing a plan for the encouragement of rifle practice in this country, is in receipt of the following communication from a Canadian source, which contains some interesting observations on the progress of similar work in Canada:

"The education of every citizen to shoot straight and become an expert rifleman is the foundation of Canada's defense, and the

important feature in Lord Dundonald's project of a force of 100,000 men in our first line, hence his desire for civilian marksmen; and an urgent reason that the Government provide rifle ranges all over the Dominion. But even with the present ranges, further steps will have to be taken to popularize rifle practice by lessening its cost.

"Militiamen and civilians are willing to devote their time gratis to become proficient in the use of the rifle, but they cannot be expected to spend money on it as well, a thing many can ill afford to do. The expenses are threefold: Ammunition, transport, and markers, which two latter items vary in cost according to locality; for instance, on the St. Joseph range at Quebec, there are twelve targets, with a range-keeper or superintendent and about three authorized markers, and if more of these are required those shooting have to pay for them.

"To remedy this, perhaps, the following suggestion may be in order: The requisite number of cartridges could be easily served out gratis by the Government to the authorized recipients at the range through the caretaker, he taking the names and receiving at the end of the practice the empty shells, which would be vouchers that these men had done their duty.

"The Government might also engage, say, from May 1 to Nov. 1, sufficient men for every target on the range, and pay these markers; thus every target would be in operation and much time saved, besides eliminating that charge for markers.

The cost of transportation for the city corps (similar and suitable arrangements could be made in the rural districts) could be lightened by the Government furnishing, through the care-taker, free return tickets, which would be given to those shooting after their practice was completed on checking over their names on his list and their returning the empty shells, and not otherwise. Surely the working out of such a system should not be a difficult matter.

"Rifle shooting will never be the success it ought to be until the cost of these three items is materially reduced, then rifle clubs and associations would flourish and be more numerous than they are at present, simply by this reduction of cost to the members, as proficiency requires much practice."

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, introduced a bill appropriating one million dollars annually for the promotion of rifle practice. This bill was prepared by the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, a body of twenty-one members, including officers of the army, navy, marine corps and militia and prominent civilians. It has been indorsed by the War Department and transmitted by Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver, Acting Secretary of War, and President of the Board. The objects of the bill are briefly explained in General Oliver's letter of transmittal to Senator Proctor, as follows:

"I have the honor to inclose, for the consideration of your committee, a copy of the bill for the promotion of rifle practice prepared by the National Board, of which I am the president. This bill proposes the appropriation of one million dollars annually for training in rifle practice such citizens belonging to rifle clubs as desire to become efficient marksmen; for the construction and equipment of proper shooting galleries; for the acquisition, construction and maintenance of suitable national target ranges, and for the issue of arms and ammunition to schools and rifle clubs. Accompanying this measure will be found a memorandum giving somewhat at length the reasons which actuated the Board in preparing and commending this measure to the favorable consideration of Congress.

"I should appreciate it, therefore, if this proposed legislation could have the careful consideration of your committee, with a view to its introduction, should it be favorably regarded."

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

OUR Thursday evening shoot brought in quite a number of visitors, some of whom shot scores, but did not record them.

The general shooting average of the regular men fell off considerably; the hall was cold, and overcoats were kept handy. The chief subject of conversation was a range of our own, and if a basement of suitable length can be secured this winter, the prospects are we will branch out on more independent lines. In the meantime we are looking forward to the good old summer time, because a shooting house at Cranston is already planned, and anticipation covers a multitude of annoyances. Be it to the credit of the regulars that the interest is growing among shooters, and this section is waking up.

Down at Portsmouth the men are getting into line. Mr. William Almy, who stands at the head of the shots about here, has offered the use of his range to the members, and it is expected that several pleasant Saturday afternoon trips will be made down on the "island."

Our annual meeting takes place Jan. 12, and much of interest will be taken up, including the adoption of a neat medal for class qualification. Following are the scores recorded:

Twenty-five yards rifle, on German ring target: Albert B. Coulters 235, 235, 233, 242, 234; C. L. Beach 219, 225, 233, 225; L. A. Jordan 230; W. Bert Gardiner 222.

Twenty yards pistol and revolver, Standard American target: Wm. Bosworth 89, 83, 80; A. C. Hurlburt 75, 83, 78, 72; Arno Argus 68, 68, 76, 76.

At Portsmouth, 20yds. Standard American target: Dec. 21, William Almy, 92, 91; Dec. 24, William Almy, 92; Dec. 26, William Almy 86, 84, 82, 87; A. C. Hurlburt 75, 79, 89, 84, 82. z

A. C. HURLBURT, Sec'y.

Zettler Rifle Club.

L. C. Buss and A. Hubalek had a rather exciting race for the honor of first place at the regular practice shoot held Tuesday, Dec. 27, at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, New York. At the conclusion of 100 shots, Buss won out by a margin of one point.

The majority of the contestants were content with firing their regular 50 shots. Scores follow at 75ft., offhand, on the 25-ring target:

One hundred shots: L. C. Buss 2425, A. Hubalek 2424. Fifty shots: R. Gute 1215, C. Zettler, Jr., 1209, C. G. Zettler 1189, B. Zettler 1179, H. C. Zettler 1177.

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

LONG range match, 1000yds.: F. Daniels 47, R. S. Hunter 33, W. Charles 36, F. Carter 32.

Standard target, 200yds.: R. L. Dale 84, S. C. Sampson 81, S. Gleason 75, J. B. Hobbs 74, O. Moore 74.

Ring target, 200yds.: R. L. Dale 225, A. Nieder 224, M. Alden 214, S. C. Sampson 212, F. C. Fitz 209, S. D. Martin 209, F. H. West 208, M. T. Day 201, J. B. Hobbs 181.

Pistol Match: E. E. Partridge 95, R. L. Dale 84, S. C. Sampson 80.

Where to Hunt Game in the South

WHERE to hunt game in the South is becoming more and more of a problem each succeeding year. Not by any means on account of the scarcity of game, but owing largely to the increasing tendency of sportsmen to form clubs, and reserve the shooting privilege of large sections of country. In this way places where sportsmen have formerly found good shooting are no longer open to them, consequently they must cast about for new territory, new guides, and new accommodations while in pursuit of their pleasures afield. And it is well to add here that the shooting preserves, while in a way numerous, cover but a very small fraction of the vast bird country throughout the Southern States, and for many years to come can the individual or parties of hunters find good shooting and good accommodations in the South. The most serious and really only perplexing problem is just where and with whom to shoot. For the accommodation of its patrons the Seaboard Air Line has at considerable expense and time taken up this matter in behalf of the sportsman, and publish the following list of places where they know birds can be found and good accommodations had, and in many cases, for those not owning their own kennel, dogs may be secured as well.

NORTH CAROLINA.

North Carolina presents a great variety of country. There are many miles of open pine woods in which the shooting is very fine. Quail, of course, are found most generally, but in many places wild turkeys are still numerous. In the following summary only the best points have been selected. It will be observed that these places are located with reference to their distance from some central point. At Seaboard, sixty-nine miles from Portsmouth, Va.—Shooting good. Country rolling. Quail numerous, turkeys and deer in the swamp lands. Guides, from \$1 to \$1.50 a day. Horses, \$2 a day; there are no dogs for hire. Board, \$1 a day. At Gary's, seventy-six miles from Portsmouth—Quail, rabbits, squirrels, and turkeys abundant. Guides—J. F. Lifsey, E. G. Garlick, at \$3.50 to \$5 a day, furnishing dogs and team and board where desired. Horses, \$2 a day. Board, \$1.50 a day. At Weldon, seventy-nine miles from Portsmouth—Shooting good. Quail, turkeys, ducks, squirrels and deer. Guides—Henry Grant, "Billy" Clanton, William Roberts, Ben Pope, and J. T. Evans will act as guides at reasonable rates. They will also furnish dogs. Horses, \$2.50 to \$3 a day. Board, \$1 per day up. At Gaston, ninety-one miles from Portsmouth—Quail, squirrels, rabbits, and frequently wild geese are abundant. Guides—J. J. King and Sam Shaw, at \$1 a day. Horses, but not dogs, \$1 to \$1.50 a day. Board, \$1 a day; \$5 a week. At Littleton, ninety-nine miles from Portsmouth—Quail very numerous this season; also turkeys, geese, and ducks. Guides—George Kirkland, J. J. Myrick, J. H. House, or John Reed, at \$1 a day or \$5 a week. Guides will also furnish teams and dogs. Board, \$1 a day; \$5 a week. Judge Gummerie, of the New Jersey Supreme Court, is a regular hunter here every fall. At Roxabel, eighty-one miles from Portsmouth—Quail are abundant, and in the Roanoke River bottoms turkey and deer are plentiful. Guides at reasonable rates. At Norlina, ninety-eight miles from Richmond, Va.—Quail, turkeys, squirrels, and rabbits. Guides—F. B. and F. P. Wiggins will act as guides at reasonable rates. Mr. F. B. Wiggins can furnish two or more dogs. Horses, \$1.50 a day. Board, \$2 a day. At Henderson, one hundred and fourteen miles from Richmond. On the ridge between the Tar and Neuse rivers—Shooting excellent. Quail, turkeys, squirrels, rabbits, foxes, and a few deer. The quail shooting is especially fine, and will be better than usual this season. The country is level and open, with enough cover to protect the birds. Board, \$5 to \$10 a week. Guides—R. J. Southerland and Mr. June Clements will take charge of parties at reasonable rates, furnishing horses and dogs. Henderson has an established reputation among sportsmen, and is visited every season by Northern hunters. At Manson, one hundred and three miles south of Richmond—Quail shooting unusually fine; also turkeys and squirrels. Guides—J. H. Bullock and C. M. White. They also furnish dogs. Horses, \$1 a day. Board, \$2 a day. At Middleburg, one hundred and six miles south of Richmond—Quail, turkeys, deer, and partridges. Guides—Alfred Plummer can furnish board, guides, and dogs at reasonable rates. At Franklinton, one hundred and thirty miles from Richmond, Va.—Quail, turkeys, and squirrels abundant. Guides, \$1.50 a day; they supply dogs. Horses, \$1.50 and \$2 a day. There is a good hotel at which board can be had at \$2 a day or \$10 a week. At Raleigh, the capital of the State, one hundred and fifty-seven miles from Richmond—This is a good point from which to go to less populous sections. At Osgood, thirty-seven miles south of Raleigh—Here the country becomes less rolling, but the shooting is as fine as it is in the northern part of the State. Quail, turkeys, and squirrels plentiful. Guides, \$1 a day. Board, \$1 a day. Teams at reasonable terms. At Lakeview, sixty-two miles south of Raleigh—All the land in this section is posted and under the management of the Lakeview Townsite Company, which readily grants permission to sportsmen from a distance. Quail and turkeys are very plentiful. Last spring the Lakeview Company planted a large number of small patches of peas, inclosing them so they would benefit the partridges and other wild game. Competent guides may be obtained at from \$1 to \$2 per day. Board, \$2 per day at hotel; \$5 to \$10 per week in boarding houses. At Southern Pines and Pinehurst, two hundred and twenty-five miles from Richmond—At Pinehurst there are 35,000 acres of land over which the shooting privileges are owned by the management of Pinehurst. Probably the finest quail shooting in the country is found here, as the birds are cared for scientifically and are protected for the benefit of guests of the place. There is maintained a kennel of hunting dogs for the use of guests of Pinehurst. Twenty of the best trained dogs in North Carolina were purchased for this purpose, and are kept in good condition under charge of Mr. Gray. Competent guides always to be had by day or week. At Aberdeen—Mr. H. H. Powell, one of the best known hunters in North Carolina has the

shooting privilege over 5,000 acres of ground. Mr. Powell acts as guide, and being familiar with the country, knows where the game can be had, and makes it easy for those desiring sport to have plenty of it. Mr. Powell has a comfortable home for those who desire to hunt over his grounds. At Hamlet, two hundred and fifty-four miles south of Richmond—This is one of the best points in North Carolina from which to arrange hunting expeditions. There is an excellent hotel here, and within a radius of twenty miles there is some of the best shooting in the State. Guides and dogs can be had here to hunt the adjacent country. At Rockingham, near Hamlet—Quail very abundant this season; also turkeys. Guides not needed. Teams can be hired reasonably, but hunters must bring their own dogs. There is a good hotel here; rates \$1 to \$2 a day. At Polkton, thirty-three miles from Hamlet—Here is a famous shooting country. In addition to the quail and turkeys, there are plenty of foxes and of fox hunters. Guides can be had cheaply, and teams also at low prices. Good board, \$1.50 a day, or \$5 a week. Guides—Sam Hubbard, William Bryant, Prince Henry, and James Willoughby. At Peachland, thirty-seven miles from Hamlet—Quail very abundant. Guides can be had at nominal prices, and so can dogs and horses. Board, \$1.50 a day; \$10 a week. At the Rutherfordton Branch, between Shelby and Rutherfordton, is some of the best quail shooting in the country. The line here runs into the foothills of the North Carolina mountains. It is a rich grain country, and the birds are numerous and in fine condition. Board can be had at almost any of the stations of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, and agents of the road at Lincolnton, Shelby, Ellenboro, and Rutherfordton will gladly furnish information to prospective visitors. At Lumberton, forty-three miles from Hamlet—Quail, turkeys, and squirrels abundant. In the swamps deer are found. Horses, from \$1 to \$2 a day. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day; less by the week. At East Arcadia, also near Wilmington, and in one of the best sections for game—Quail, wild turkeys, woodcock, ducks, and squirrels plentiful; and in the swamps bears, deer, mink, otter, and other wild animals rarely found to-day, within reach of sportsmen. Board can be had at reasonable rates, and guides and horses can be hired. Guides—T. J. Johnson and R. H. Grant, of Wilmington. Board at the Wilmington hotels from \$2 to \$3 a day.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Much the same conditions exist in South Carolina as in her northern neighbor, though the State does not afford an equal number of excellent hunting and fishing points. Between Hamlet and Atlanta, however, there is both good shooting and fishing, and in some other regions of the State the conditions for both are fine. At Greenwood, between Hamlet and Atlanta—Quail are abundant, and so are squirrels and rabbits. Guides can be had if needed, and teams may be hired at reasonable prices. There is a good hotel here, where hunters will be well taken care of. At Abbeville, about fifteen miles beyond Greenwood—The quail shooting is especially fine; it is a common thing to bag seventy-five in a day. The local sportsmen will act as guides at nominal cost; and will furnish horses and dogs. Board may be had very cheaply. At Calhoun Falls, a little beyond Abbeville, is another good point for either fisherman or hunter. Camden, three hundred and twenty-seven miles from Richmond—Good shooting and hunting on the Wateree River. Quail shooting is especially fine, and guests at the three large tourist hotels here have full benefit of the sport. Guides, dogs, and horses may be had at reasonable prices, and local sportsmen always may be counted on to accompany visitors. In season doves are also abundant. Fox hunting is a favorite sport, and there are several good packs of hounds in the town and immediate neighborhood. This sport is enjoyed here under favorable conditions rarely found in this country. Mr. A. J. Boykin, of Camden, has excellent hunting grounds within five miles of station. He acts as guide, and supplies dogs, board, etc.

GEORGIA.

At Stillwell, twenty-four miles north of Savannah, low, flat country, near the coast—Quail, doves, turkeys, snipe, woodcock, ducks, wildcats, deer. Board can be had here, but it is well to go to Savannah, and there make arrangements for guides and equipment. At Dorchester, twenty-five miles south of Savannah, near the coast—Quail, turkeys, and squirrels. Guides—Patrick James, Sumner Lambert, C. A. Tate, \$1 a day. Horses, \$1.50 a day; no dogs. Board, \$4 a week. At Cloy, thirty-two miles north of Savannah—Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant. Guides and dogs at reasonable rates. Board \$1 a day; \$5 a week. At Riceboro, about thirty miles south of Savannah—Quail, doves, turkeys, plenty of deer. No guides. No boarding-houses; but an ideal spot for operations from Savannah. At Darien, ten miles further south—Quail, turkeys, and deer plentiful. Guides, \$1 a day. Horses, \$1.50 a day; no dogs. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Everett City, fifty-six miles south of Savannah—Splendid hunting—quail, doves, turkeys, ducks, squirrels, deer. Guides can be had if desired, but they are unnecessary. Board, at Brunswick, \$1.50 a day up. At Townsend—The same conditions prevail here and at White Oak, Woodbine, Colesburg. At Collins, sixty miles from Savannah—The quail shooting here will be unusually good this season. Guides not needed. Board, 75 cents a day. At Ochoopee, sixty-eight miles from Savannah—One of the best points in the State. Quail, doves, turkeys, ducks. Guides—N. B. Jarriel, E. J. Giles, R. A. Giles, \$1.50 a day. Horses and dogs at reasonable prices.

FLORIDA.

East of the Rocky Mountains there is no such hunting as in Florida, and the fishing is equally fine both in the fresh-water streams and lakes and in the fishing on the coast. The tarpon, the king of all game fish, has his true habitat in the waters just south of Tampa Bay, on the west coast of Florida. Fishermen have come here in such numbers from this country and from England, that it has

paid to maintain a good hotel at Sarasota. For shooting, it may be said, in brief, that at any point a very few miles distant from centers of population, quail are to be found. In Florida one can find quail as easily as he can find English sparrows in northern parts; but the presumption is that the sportsman who goes to Florida has larger game in view. Probably, however, the finest sport with the gun obtainable in civilized lands is quail shooting, and this is found in absolute perfection in Florida. At Live Oak, eighty-two miles from Jacksonville, is a splendid point for both fishing and shooting. All kinds of fresh-water fish native to these parts are here in abundance. The quail shooting is unsurpassed. Guide—W. R. McGregor, \$1 a day. Horses, teams and guides are usually furnished by livery stables, \$3 a day. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Hampton Springs—With this as the central point, he can get whatever kind of game he wants. Below Hampton Springs, Fenholloway River affords fine fishing, bass, perch, and bream being plentiful. Quail, turkeys, and squirrels abound in the hammocks (heavily wooded tracts) and deer are also plentiful. Frank King and George Lee, of Perry, Fla., are competent guides, whose services can be had for \$2 per day. Cook's Hammock, through which the Steenhatchie River runs, and the adjacent territory, abound in game; quail in the open woods, turkey, deer, bear, panther, and wolves in the hammocks and swamps. Along the coast ducks and geese are plentiful. Rookeries of sea and plume birds are found which are of interest to ornithologists. At McClenny, twenty-seven miles from Jacksonville—Fine fishing. Quail, doves, and squirrels plentiful. Guides can be had at reasonable rates. Board, \$2 a day. At Madison, one hundred and ten miles from Jacksonville—Good fishing and splendid hunting. Quail, turkeys, ducks, deer, and bear plentiful. Guides will be furnished by D. H. Mays & Co. and Thomas McLeary, from 50 cents to \$1.50 per day. Teams and dogs can be hired cheaply. Board, \$1.50 to \$3 a day. At Monticello, one hundred and forty miles from Jacksonville—Fine quail, dove, duck, and snipe shooting. Guides can be had at all times at reasonable rates. Board, \$2 a day; \$12.50 a week. At Ward City, sixty miles from Jacksonville—Fishing and hunting fine. Quail very abundant, squirrels plentiful. Fine hunting country. Guides, \$1 a day. Neither horses nor dogs for hire. Board, \$2 a day. At Chaires, twelve miles from Tallahassee—Fishing fine when river is at right stage. Fine quail, turkey, and squirrel shooting. Deer also plentiful. Guides—No trouble to secure guides. Board very reasonable. At Gainesville, seventy miles from Jacksonville—Fishing and hunting good. Quail and ducks the principal game. No regular guides, but good livery service at \$2.50 and \$3.50 for team. Board, \$7 to \$10 a week. At Tallahassee, one hundred and sixty-five miles from Jacksonville—Trout, bream, mackerel, bass, bluefish, etc. Deer, turkeys, ducks, snipe, woodcock, quail, and doves all abundant. Guides furnished by livery stables at \$3 to \$4 a day with team. Horses, \$1.50 a day; dogs, \$1. Board, \$2.50 and \$3 a day at hotels; \$7 to \$12 a week in boarding-houses. At St. Marks, twenty miles from Tallahassee, on the Gulf—Splendid sea fishing, as well as fresh water. Fine duck and goose shooting as well as quail. Guides—Ernest Oliver and Carey Turner, \$1.50 a day. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Fernandina, thirty-four miles northeast of Jacksonville, on the coast. Excellent sea and fresh-water fishing. Quail, ducks, and some deer. Guide—Crockett Holzendorf, \$1.50 a day. Teams at reasonable prices. Board, \$1 a day and up. At Yulee, twenty-four miles north of Jacksonville. Fine fresh and salt-water fishing. Quail, turkeys, deer, and squirrels. Guides—John White, J. J. Edmondson. Horses, \$2 a day. Deerhounds can be rented. Board, \$1 a day. At Waldo, on main line, fifty-six miles south of Jacksonville. Good fishing and excellent quail shooting. Board, \$2 a day; \$6 to \$10 a week. At Ocala, in the heart of the best hunting section in the State—Quail, duck, turkeys, deer, etc., can be found in abundance. Guides—Henry Livingston, Ocala; W. H. Hopkins, Orange Lake, \$1 to \$1.50 a day. Can furnish team at \$2.50 to \$4 a day. Board, \$1 to \$3.50 per day. At Wildwood, one hundred and twenty-eight miles south of Jacksonville. Trout, speckled perch, bream, etc., abundant. Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant in the neighborhood. Guides—L. W. Cook, Jeff Walker, 75 cents a day; \$3 a week. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Leesburg, eleven miles from Wildwood—Splendid bass fishing, quail and duck shooting. Guide—G. E. Winter. Horses and dogs can be hired. Board, \$1 to \$2.50 a day. At Tavares, twenty-two miles from Wildwood. Fine fishing and shooting—Quail, ducks, squirrels, deer, and bear. Guides can be had at \$1.50 per day. Horses, \$1 a day. Board, \$1 and \$2 a day. At Oviedo—Splendid fishing; perch, bream, trout. Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant. Board, \$1 a day. At Mohawk, short distance from Tavares—One of the best points in Florida, where, at the Jolly Palms Hotel, there is a sportsman's resort with everything necessary to make an expedition enjoyable. Fine fishing in lakes and streams, and all kinds of large and small game close at hand. Lake Weir, a fine fishing point, is three miles distant.

At Lacochee, fifty miles north of Tampa. Fine fishing, trout, pickerel, etc. Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant. No professional guides. Horses and dogs can be hired. Board, \$1 a day. At Abbott, thirty-eight miles north of Tampa—Trout, bream, perch, etc. Quail, turkeys, and deer in abundance. Quail more plentiful than ever before. Guides—J. A. Turner and John Smith. Board, \$4 to \$6 per week. At Braidenton, on the Manatee River, about sixty miles below Tampa—Fishing fine in the river and bays along the coast. Bird shooting fine, also good duck and snipe shooting. The fishing in Sarasota Bay, a few miles below here, is the finest on the Florida coast. This is the home of the tarpon, which is caught here in greater numbers than anywhere else. There is a good hotel at Sarasota, and boats may be hired.

For further information address: W. E. CONKLYN, General Eastern Passenger Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, 1183 Broadway, New York.

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WESTERN TRAP.

YORKVILLE, Ill., Dec. 28.—A somewhat impromptu live-bird tournament was arranged and carried to a fairly successful ending to-day as a holiday event by the Yorkville, Ill., shooters. It is quite the fashion for the country towns throughout the State of Illinois to hold a small shoot at some time during the winter months, with live birds as targets. No large shoot is contemplated; for instance, the shoot to-day was conducted without even a programme, the shoots being arranged on the ground to suit the majority present.

One thing that may be depended on in these country towns is the quality of birds. They are corn fed, freshly caught, and when they are released, they go a bit. If you have any doubt about it, look the accompanying scores over, and note that the high man missed 11 out of 35, while on the whole, there were more lost than killed.

The wind was behind the birds, and was fairly strong. The ground was covered with snow, and the flight was almost invariably straight tailers or drifting quartering as they sprang into the wind. There were several "scalpers" on the outside, and they had ample opportunity to waste numerous shells, many of which were black powder.

The old club built here a neat club house, in which was placed a good stove. Besides this, a canvas shelter was spread to the west of the house, which protected the shooter while at the score.

A word as to the traps in use: They are home-made, and good ones at that. They may be described as a box without a lid, the top of which is hinged to a board. When the trap is pulled it drops into a hole dug in the ground. With a piece of cloth attached to the trap to flop when the trap turns over, the bird will fly instantly, and most of them will be outgoers. Furthermore, the best part of these traps is the open top and sides, which are made of wire, with about one inch square mesh, the back only being made of heavy iron, through which shot will not penetrate. Traps similar to these are used in Indiana, and they are next best traps to a King that can be used. The fact that any one who works about a tin shop, hardware store or a blacksmith shop can make them.

As to the scores. Counting 35 birds in the four events, Viemeyer was high man, and Mr. Tweeth was second. He shot at 10 extra and dropped 3. Mr. Keck, the one-armed man shot in most of the events and was high man in one. He is handicapped when the birds are fast outgoers.

This shoot was held on the day following the big storm, which swept the whole country, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. At 6 o'clock yesterday, the wind was blowing 70 miles per hour, with snow falling fast and furious. When the morning sun arose, it began to raise the thermometer from near zero, where it had dropped, over 40 degrees, during the previous eighteen hours. This will account for the small attendance. The scores:

Event 1, 5 birds, \$2 entrance:			
Viemeyer	22*11-4	Keck	10011-3
Tweeth	10212-4	Brown	00100-1
Brydon	00100-1	Udpike	00000-0
J Knight	01210-3	Neussis	00010-1
Event 2, 10 live birds, \$3 entrance:			
Viemeyer	10**120212-6	Keck	101101110-7
Brown	*100**0100-2	Knight	2211002201-7
Tweeth	1000*12112-6	Udpike	010*220100-4
Brydon	101101110-7		
Event 3, 10 live birds, \$2 entrance:			
Viemeyer	1220121002-7	Keck	1200010011-5
Tweeth	1000100110-4	B Neussis	1000100011-4
Stamm	01110001010-4	Knight	0101100011-5
Neussis	0000100100-2		
Event 4, 10 live birds, \$2 entrance:			
Reddock	1000101101-5	Knight	1111*01100-6
Viemeyer	0100120121-6	Bliss	0011100100-4
Tweeth	12*0010121-7	Stamm	01100*1100-4
Brydon	1000112011-6	Keck	0010110101-5
Event 5, 5 live birds, \$1.50 entrance:			
Reddock	10110-3	Stamm	11100-3
Tweeth	1101-4	Bliss	10010-2
Brydon	01100-2	Peterson	10000-1
Event 6, 5 live birds, \$1.50 entrance:			
Tweeth	11010-3	Brydon	01000-1
Knight	11101-4	Reddock	11000-2

City Park Annual Turkey Shoot.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 28.—It was a merry party that assembled at the traps of the City Park Gun Club for their annual turkey shoot. Some very good scores were made, and all were interesting from start to finish. How the shooters of the Northern States must envy those of New Orleans, when the sun is far to the south and the winter season is at hand.

The shooters were divided into classes, the same as in their regular medal shoots. In Class A it was Bob Saucier and P. S. Benedict, who tied on the good score of 24 out of 25. Then came

the shoot-off, which was won by Saucier, and he "toted" off the biggest gobbler.

Then the Class B men furnished some very good sport, as there was also a shoot-off necessary to a decision. Charles McEnary and John P. Henry, by a score of 23, furnished the contest. It was the first-named who selected the next fowl from the coop.

Once more there were rivals in the Class C, as the two duck hunters, John Nolan and Stans Plassas, were up for the final, which was won by Nolan with a majority of two to the good. There were many interested spectators, and as the weather was fine, all present enjoyed the sport.

Two of the best shots have arranged for a 25-bat match, which will be shot during the carnival, and added to this, the club expects to hold a tournament during the carnival that will be of sufficient importance to draw the shooters from the North and the East. The cheap rates to the city, and the number of good shots who migrate at that time of the year will assist to make it a success.

At Somonauk.

Somonauk, Ill., Dec. 30.—Yesterday was the day chosen by the sport-loving "boys" of this town to asking their friends to help them enjoy the holidays by spending an hour at the traps.

The management provided a tent with a stove in it, and though the air was chilly and the ground covered with snow, all went well save the quality of the birds, and, sorry to state, they were below par. They had been cooped too long, and the traps used were not properly set up, with the result that there was nothing to cause the birds to take wing when the trap was opened. The above was not true of the last coop, that was trapped, as they were fast enough to scare some of the shooters, who had gone straight before, into missing, and thereby dropping out of first money.

The following list will show the shooters present: M. W. Stark, John Clark and J. Bosmann, Hinkley, Ill.; F. J. Clapsaddle, Leland; C. G. Johnson, E. C. Hennis, Harry Olson, O. Vermilye and C. C. Jones, Sandwich, Ill. The Somonauk delegation were Wm. Wright, F. Danewitz, Bert Gage, Bill Danewitz, J. Schrader and Ed. Danewitz; also Henry Van Buskirk, of Sandwich, and the U. M. C. Tramp who was renewing acquaintances among all the shooters.

Event 1, 10 live birds, \$4 entrance:			
Hennis	0120111201-7	Clark	1221201122-9
Vermilye	1221210102-8	Stark	1221011201-8
Johnson	1221212200-8	Bosman	1012012101-7
Clapsaddle	1112011001-7		

A number of races for birds only was the order of a portion of the day. Pat Danewitz killed 7 out of 10; B. Gage, 7 out of 14; Bill Danewitz 0 out of 2; Ed. Danewitz 2 out of 5; J. Schrader 5 out of 13; J. Clark 4 out of 5; H. H. Stark 4 out of 5; Bosman 1 out of 5; Henry Van Buskirk, of Sandwich, got 23 out of 26, getting the last 14 straight.

In Other Places.

The Jaysville Gun Club, of Jaysville, O., held an interesting shoot last Tuesday, at which several prizes were awarded.

The Carleton Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., held its fifth annual tournament at targets and live birds on Monday last, which was getting into line for the new year in proper form. As an attraction, there was \$30 in cash added to the prizes.

It was a pleasant gathering that assembled at the North End Gun Club grounds at the lighthouse at Port Huron, Mich., on Monday last.

The holiday shoot of the Lincoln, Neb., Gun Club was held Monday afternoon. Besides a cup for the handicap prize, the feature of the meeting was the match between C. E. Williams and R. J. Hindermarsh, with .22cal. rifles at 50 bluerocks, for the modest sum of \$25 a side. Mr. Williams proved the winner.

The Alton, Ill., Gun Club is an old and well established one, yet little was heard from it during the past year. It is gratifying to its friends to learn that a shoot was held on the first day of the new year. Here's hoping that it is a sign that there will be shooting weekly during the whole of the present year.

At Salem, S. D., on Friday evening of this week, the Gun Club held a meeting at which important business was to be brought before the members. This shows that the Dakota winters do not chill the ardor of the men who love to meet at the traps in the "good old summer time."

There was a two-day shoot at the Lockhart, Tex., Gun Club grounds on Monday and Tuesday of this week. Besides the regular events, the added attraction of a few fine turkeys pleased the contestants.

Monday there was held a noted banquet at Olathe, Kans. It was the eighth annual of the gun club, and so much interest was manifested that the Governor-elect, and the Hon. David Overmeyer were invited as toastmasters. Long live the Olathe Gun Club, and why not? The Mayor of the town has for several years been the head of this progressive club.

On Thursday of this week the shooters of Elwood, Muncie, Yorktown, Anderson, Indianapolis and other towns in the central part of Indiana met at Chamness, near Elmwood, and there shot for something that was worth while, viz., six fat hogs.

The Milroy, Ind., Gun Club gave an all-day shoot on last Friday. There was plenty of shells on the grounds, and everybody was invited.

The Highland Gun Club, of Elkhart, Ind., held their holiday shoot on Monday. Verily the Indiana towns are falling into line for the new year.

The New Year's shoot held by the Cleveland, O., Gun Club was an affair worthy of imitation. For instance, there were ten events of 10 targets each, with 70 cents as entrance fee. One-half cent was deducted for high average prizes. The division of purses was that of the Jack Rabbit system. That is, 5 cents were paid to the shooters for each target broken, and the surplus was divided into four equal purses for class shooting. At the close of the programme there was opportunity for any who desired to arrange a sweepstake, with entrance to suit the crowd.

The North Side Gun Club, of Kaukana, Wis., held a shoot last Sunday which was intended as a farewell for their vice-president, A. G. Keck, who will hereafter reside in the county seat town, as he will take up his duties as sheriff.

You will hear from the Nicholas Park Gun Club during 1905. For a sample of their enthusiasm when they met on the first day of the year the supply of shells was exhausted, and as the stores were all closed, the boys reluctantly packed their guns and went home. And this is the way they do things in the shooting town of Jacksonville, Ill., many years ago made famous by the tall shooter, James Stice.

At a meeting held in Nashville, Tenn., the following officers for the Big Lake Shooting Club were selected for 1905: J. H. Acklen, President; Walter O. Palmer, Vice-President; Charles H. Brandon, Treasurer; Charles N. Gilbert, Secretary; J. W. Manier, E. S. Sutton, J. Painter, Jr., members of the Executive Committee. All of Nashville.

The Dallas, Tex., Gun Club held their shoot on Saturday. After the 10-target events were shot off the remainder of the day was devoted to that of live birds, which all enjoyed.

The principal feature of the shoot held by the Licking Gun Club, of Columbus, was the shoot between Dell Gross and members of the home club.

After a busy season at the traps, the club at Bloomington, Ill., cannot get up enough enthusiasm to hold a shoot on New Year's Day. The announcement has been made that there will be no more shooting on their grounds until the father of our country has his birthday.

The Geneva, Ill., Gun Club will get in line for the spring campaign on the bluerocks, for the holiday shoot gives that promise.

The very first two days of the year were spent at the traps by the ever faithful Elgin, Ill., Gun Club. An election of officers was also held.

The Normandy, Ill., Gun Club is doing its part to keep up the reputation of Tom Marshall's State, as that of a shooting center, as the holiday shoot was not neglected.

Davenport, Ia., has long had a reputation as a shooting town, and at the present time there are several shotgun and rifle clubs in full blast, one of the newest being the Amateur, which held its election of officers last week. Those chosen for the responsible positions for the year 1905 are M. Twefeld, President; Joe Ernest, Vice-President; Hugo Martens, Secretary; Charles Maloska, Ground-keeper.

Mr. Hendrickson, the mainstay of the Batavia, Ill., Gun Club, writes that on Feb. 23 there will be a tournament held on their grounds. This club has grounds that can be reached by trolley cars from Chicago, Joliet, Elgin, Aurora and other towns, where good clubs are situated.

A number of the Ohio boys, principally from Hamilton, met last Thursday at Lima, and there was much fun, as the prizes were turkeys.

Another new gun club has been heard from. It hails from Galesville, Ill. At the last shoot clay targets were used, and some large beef quarters were a part of the prizes.

It does not get too stormy and cold to stop the shooters of Nebraska from having their sport during the holidays, thus the North Bend boys held an all-day shoot, the events being sweepstakes on the Sergeant plan of shooting bluerocks.

The blue ribbon winners of the Cleveland Gun Club were F. G. Ioyn, J. P. McMeans, and W. C. Talmadge, with McMeans leading over all.

There will be something doing ere long in the trapshooting line, as the Akron, O., Gun Club has challenged the Cleveland Club to a contest. This to be for the championship of the State, or at least the northern part of same. It is reported that of late the Akron club has added a number of new members, all "tall sycamore" shooters.

The Linwood, Minn., Gun Club held its annual banquet last Saturday evening at the Commercial Club, with the following present: W. B. McLean, President; J. C. Joslyn, Vice-President; Alvin H. Poehler, Secretary; Fred G. Lawrence, E. L. Olds, Chas. Anderson, D. A. Scrimbeor, F. A. Richter, S. M. Grover, Frank L. Karer, H. B. Lake and Jacob Kuntz were guests.

The biggest turkey shoot so far reported for the season was that of the Olathe, Kans., Gun Club. It is announced that there were fifty-four fowls carried away by the successful ones. Frank Hodges, the affable Mayor, carried off the biggest gobbler with a score of 13 out of 15 targets.

Doctors are happy when they are stirring up something, and now comes the news that Dr. White, of the eastern part of the State, has been of late canvassing the town of Arkansas City, Kans., with the object of reorganizing the gun club. There are many good shots in this town, and we wish the Doctor success.

The Whiting, Ind., Rod and Gun Club sent out the following invitation last week: "We extend to you a cordial invitation to attend a live-bird and target shoot at the grounds of the club at North Hammond, near the Wolf Lake Club house, on Jan. 2. As Chicago shooters are glad of the opportunity to test their skill on live birds, we will be enabled next week to inform our readers as to the outcome.

The very changeable weather in the North, and especially in the Northwest, has had the effect to dampen the ardor of many of the trapshooters who had planned to take in some of the shoots scheduled, as with the thermometer registering a change of 40 degrees in the space of seven hours, a seat beside a warm fire was preferable to that of withstanding the hardships of the midwinter weather.

There are two clubs in the city of Chicago that shoot at least once a week during the entire year; they are the Grand Crescent and the Watson Park.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Several of the members were unable to be present on Dec. 24 and shot their scores in the 100-target race on the 25th instead. The weather was not pleasant, being cloudy, with rain in the afternoon. On the same day a couple of 25-target events were shot, Sunderbruch and Williams tying for high gun on 44 each. The scores follow, 100-target race:

Targets: 20 20 20 20	Targets: 20 20 20 20
Willie 15 14 16 15 14-74	Dreihls 16 17 18 16 19-86
A Sunderbruch 14 14 18 16 16-78	Gambell 17 17 20 16 16-86
Bullerdick ... 15 15 13 17 19-79	

Practice events:	Targets: 25 25
Sunderbruch 23 21-44	Bullerdick 22 21-43
Williams 21 23-44	Gambell 21 21-42
Dreihls 21 22-43	

Saturday, Dec. 31, was such a pretty day that a large number of members and their friends assembled at the grounds and some fine sport was enjoyed. The sky was perfectly clear, the temperature springlike, and an almost entire absence of wind, made the conditions ideal. In the cash prize shoot eighteen men took part, Trimble, Barker and Elliott tying for high gun on 45 each. Penn was second with 44. Bullerdick and Don Minto third with 41. The former was high among those who were competing for the prizes. Twenty-four men took part in the practice events, and the trap boys were kept busy until dark. Hightower did some good work in these events, breaking 115 out of 130 shot at. Lutie Gambell showed that he can handle a gun by breaking 13 out of 15, beating Barker by 4 targets. Mr. Gambell is expected home from his Southern hunting trip by the 4th or 5th, and will be met at the station by a delegation of friends, to whom he has promised ducks. Every one was pleased to learn of the improvement in Ackley's condition, since last Saturday. He is now able to walk around his room a little, and all are hoping to welcome him at the club before very long.

It was reported that Jay Bee was also much improved in health, which piece of good news was welcomed by his many friends. A shoot without his presence, either at the firing line or in the club house, seems lacking in something. The genial Col. Bob West has returned home, once more in good health, and was welcomed at the grounds by his host of friends. He did a little shooting, and kept the boys good-natured with his yarns. The representatives of the Peters Cartridge Co. will take possession of the club house and grounds on Friday, Jan. 6, to the number of fifty or sixty, and it is a cinch there'll be something doing from early morning until too dark to see a target. The expert rifle shots will be there, and they can be depended upon to do some interesting stunts. John Penn, the first secretary of the club, was present, as he never fails to be when he gets within reaching distance of the grounds. Only two more contests in the cash prize series, and then for the new prize series, which promises to increase the interest of the members.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets:	*Seymour, 16..... 9 13 16-38
*Trimble 14 13 18-45	*Peters, 19 13 9 14-36
*Barker, 16 14 13 18-45	Black, 19 8 13 15-36
*Elliott, 16 12 15 18-45	Herman, 18 12 9 15-36
*Penn, 16 14 14 16-44	Roll, 20 11 10 13-34
Bullerdick, 17 9 13 19-41	Medico, 19 8 10 15-33
*Don Minto, 16 12 11 13-41	Harig, 19 10 8 14-32
*Hightower, 16 11 10 19-40	Williams, 19 9 9 13-31
Falk, 17 11 14 13-38	D P Holding, 16.. 7 6 10-23
Hesser, 16 11 10 17-38	

*Did not compete.
Practice events: Hightower shot at 130, broke 115; Elliott 50, 41;

Seymour 130, 105; Thomas 15, 9; Penn 25, 20; Barker 130, 108; Trimble 70, 61; Black 30, 22; Harig 70, 54; Williams 80, 62; No. 61, 30, 19; Falk 15, 10; Bullerdick 55, 41; Peters 130, 102; Falk 15, 12; Medico 40, 25; Hesser 90, 68; Roll 80, 56; Herman 25, 17; French 100, 60; Sundry 25, 14; Barker, Jr., 15, 9; Gambell, Jr., 15, 13; Roanoke 35, 17.

Dalton (O.) Gun Club.

The Dalton Gun Club held their Christmas shoot on the afternoon of Monday, Dec. 26, and the affair was most successful. The shooting began at 1 o'clock, and was kept up without a stop until darkness called a halt. The programme was carried out as planned, over 2,500 targets being trapped. Thirty-three shooters took part in one or more of the seven events, and the sport was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. The afternoon was dark and foggy, rain falling most of the time, and the conditions are responsible for the low scores made. There were six events at 15 and one at 10 targets, a total of 100 targets. H. Santmeyer and E. F. Scott tied for high gun on 77. In the shoot-off at 15 targets Scott won with a score of 12 to 11. The scores follow:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
E F Scott100	77	O Wertz 30	17
O Santmyer100	72	H Wertz 40	13
H Santmyer100	77	Merttes 25	12
Freet100	67	Douglass 30	11
F Gibson100	52	Clyde Camp 15	10
De Arment100	49	B Gibson 15	8
Beitman 85	48	J Gibson 15	8
C C Zupp85	45	Ray Camp 30	10
Walters85	43	Harker 15	7
Karama100	35	Hunsicker 30	6
Dauchy55	25	Heibner 15	5
H Graber 40	25	Flinn 15	5
Llewellyn70	24	Kurzen 10	4
J D Zupp.....100	22	Locke 15	3
Aker 40	22	Kreiger 30	2
Cole 70	21	Amstutz 15	0
J Graber30	19		

Phellis Trophy.

On Wednesday, Dec. 28, the Dayton, O., Gun Club was forced to give up the Phellis trophy, emblematic of the six-man team championship of the State, which it has held so long, and so successfully defended many times against some of the best shots in the State. The cup now occupies the place of honor in the house of the Licking Gun Club, of Newark. The Licking Gun Club defeated the Dayton by 30 targets, while the Cincinnati team, which usually finishes on top or close to the leader, finished to-day a long way in the rear.

The Mechanicsburg team, which had challenged the Daytons, did not put in an appearance, but will challenge the Licking, and then the Dayton Club will go for the winner, and proposes to bring the cup back, and nail it down for keeps. Mr. C. W. Phellis, the donor of the cup, was the honored guest of the Dayton Gun Club, and participated in some of the sport.

The day was bitterly cold. The wind blew a gale, and numerous snow squalls made it almost impossible to see the targets at times, and made the shooting extremely difficult; in fact, the participants in the shoot showed great nerve in attempting to shoot under the weather conditions, which made it a hardship instead of a pleasure.

Lou Fisher, of the Licking Gun Club, was high man in the match, and his work was certainly wonderful, a straight score of 50. John Taylor, of the same club, was second with 48, a good score under good conditions, and extra good on such a day. C. Watkins, of Dayton, was third with 47; also a remarkably good showing. W. Harig was high man for the Cincinnati team with 42. It is only right to say that no member of the team shot in his usual form.

Before the match was started, two practice events at 15 and 25 targets, and two sweeps at 15 targets each were shot, the latter being Nos. 3 and 4 in table below. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot
Targets:	15	25	15	15	at. Broke.
Fisher 22	13	13	55	48	
Rike 22	14	12	55	48	
Heikes 22	13	11	55	46	
Taylor 20	13	13	55	46	
Orr 21	13	12	55	46	
Schwind 21	11	12	55	44	
*Burrell 12	13	13	55	38	
Oswald 18	6	12	55	36	
*Raymond 13	11	12	55	36	
Trimble 12	14	30	26		
Goodrich 15	10	9	55	34	
Hulshizer 10	14	30	24		
Phellis 11	11	30	22		
Carr 8	12	40	20		
Frank 16	25	16			
Watkins 13	15	13			
Maynard 10	15	10			
Barker 10	15	10			
Peters 9	15	9			
Coleman 9	15	9			
Kirby 9	15	9			
Tibbals 7	15	7			

*In second event Raymond shot at 15 and Burrell at 16.

In the first sweep Rike won first money, \$6; Heikes, Taylor, Fisher, Orr, Craig and Burrell divided second, \$3.60, and Trimble took third money, \$2.40. In the second sweep Trimble and Hulshizer divided first, \$6.80; Fisher, Taylor, Burrell and Watkins second, \$4.08; Raymond, Schwind, Rike, Orr and Oswald third, \$2.72.

Phellis trophy match, six-man teams, 50 targets per man:

Licking Gun Club.		Dayton Gun Club.	
Targets: 20 15 15	Targets: 20 15 15	Targets: 20 15 15	Targets: 20 15 15
Lou Fisher 20 15 15-50	C Watkins 19 13 15-47	J Taylor 19 15 14-48	Ed Rike 17 15 11-43
F Hulshizer 19 14 13-46	Z Craig 15 13 12-40	S C Burrell 15 14 11-40	R Heikes 15 12 12-39
Jesse Orr 17 13 13-43	C W Raymond 13 11 11-35	R Goodrich 15 10 11-36	M Schwind 12 9 8-29
		105 81 77 263	91 73 69 233

Cincinnati Gun Club.

W Harig 16 14 12-42	J E Maynard 12 10 9-31
R Trimble 15 13 12-40	C Peters 7 9 11-27
E Barker 15 9 10-34	
L Coleman 13 11 8-32	
	78 66 62 206

Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—It takes more than cold winter weather to keep the members of the Springfield Shooting Club home on holidays, so quite a bunch turned out on Dec. 26, it being the annual turkey shoot of the club. The day was not very pleasant for shooting, and no large scores were made.

Shooters were present from Brookfield, Mass.; Somersville, Conn.; Thompsonville, Conn.; Holyoke, Mass., and the local club. The two principal events of the day were the two for which the club put up three turkeys. Two in one event at \$1 entrance, and one in another, at 75 cents entrance; distance handicap. In the first event McMullen, of Somersville, Conn., and Cheesman, of Springfield, Mass., were the winners. McMullen's score was 22 out of 25; Cheesman's score was 21 out of 25.

In the next event the scores ran more evenly, resulting in three ties on 19, between Arnold, of Somersville, Conn.; Henry, of Thompsonville, Conn., and Chapin, of Brookfield, Mass. In the shoot-off Arnold won out.

At noon a hot lunch was served, which put every one in the best of spirits.

Scores in turkey events follow:
Turkey event No. 1, 25 targets, distance handicap: McMullen (18) 22, Cheesman (17) 21, Arnold (17) 20, Chapin (18) 20, Snow (17) 18, Collins (16) 18, Finch (17) 18, Henry (16) 17, Kites (17) 17, Hawes (16) 16, Coats (18) 16, Nelson (17) 12.

Turkey event No. 2, 25 targets, distance handicap: Henry (16) 19, Chapin (18) 19; Arnold (18) 19, Snow (17) 18, Finch (17) 18, Nelson (16) 18, McMullen (20) 18, Hawes (16) 17, Kites (16) 17, Cheesman (19) 17, Collins (17) 14, Coats (17) 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	at. Broke.
Arnold 8	8	6	8	6	12	9	7	..	95	64
Cheesmaa 7	8	10	7	7	11	5	..	8	95	63
Finch 3	10	9	6	6	11	9	6	..	95	60
Coats 7	11	10	10	7	6	16	..	95	58	
Kites 6	7	11	5	4	10	7	4	..	95	54
Henry 6	5	7	8	6	9	6	..	2	95	49
Snow 10	9	6	8	7	7	..	8	..	85	55
McMullen 10	14	7	4	12	7	75	54
Nelson 3	10	9	6	7	8	75	43
Day 2	7	7	40	16
Hawes 2	8	4	35	14
Talmadge 4	..	7	2	30	13
Chapin 7	6	20	13
Collins 8	10	8	10	8
Stevens 6	10	6	10	6
E Cady 6	10	6	10	6
O Cady 6	10	6	10	6
H Cady 1	10	1	10	1

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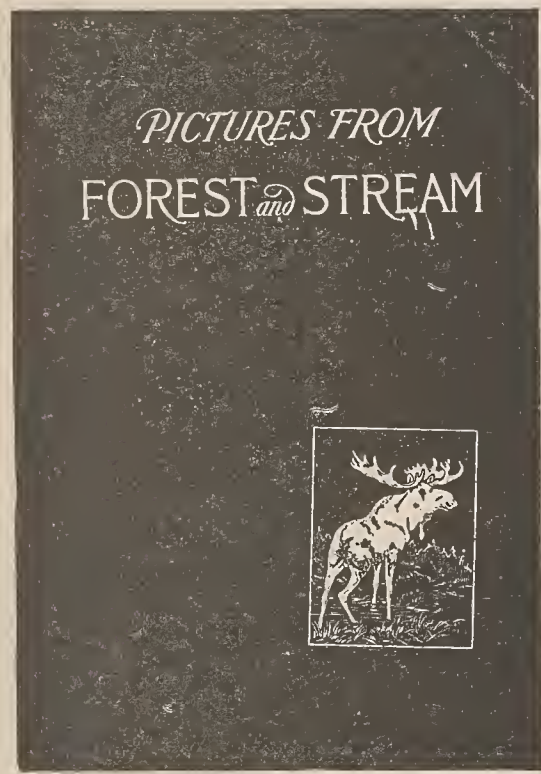
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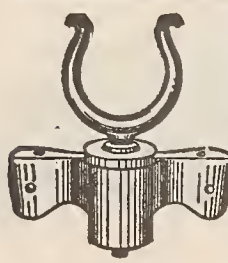
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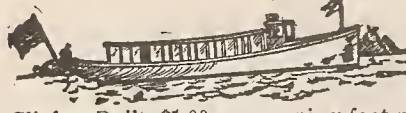
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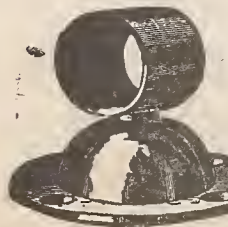


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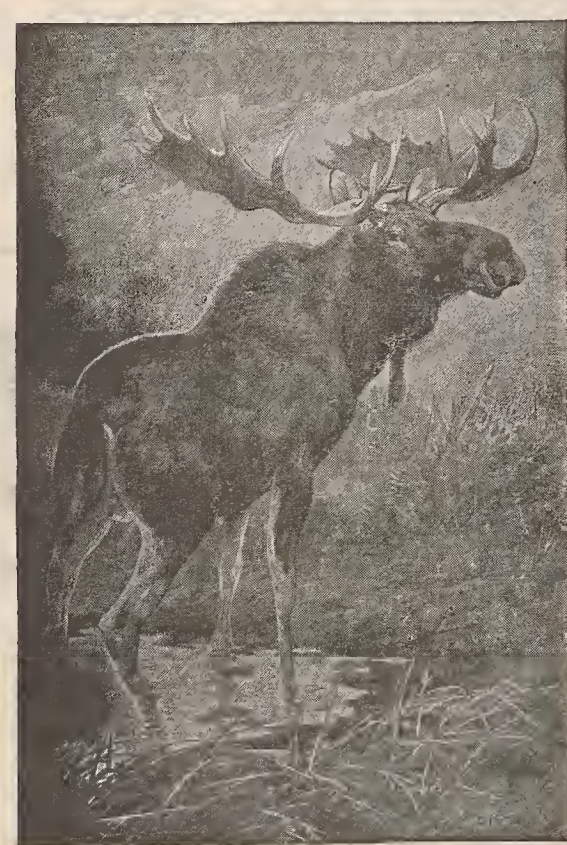


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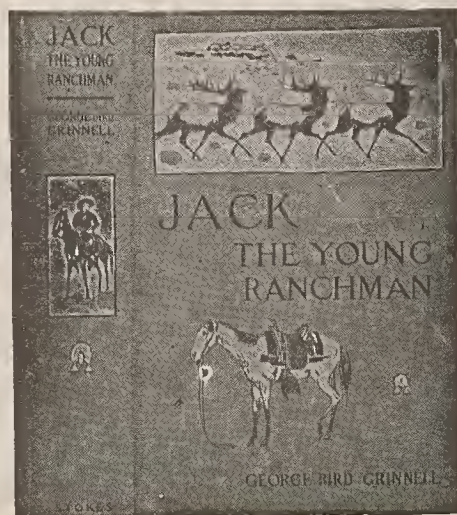
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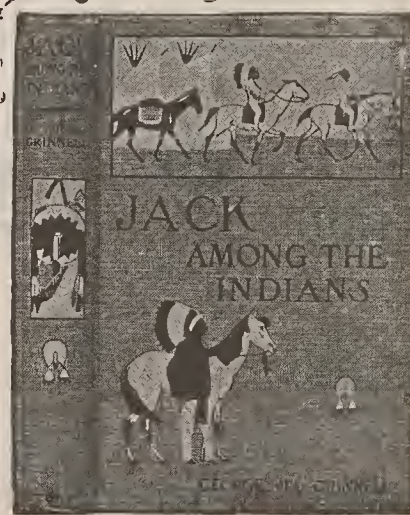
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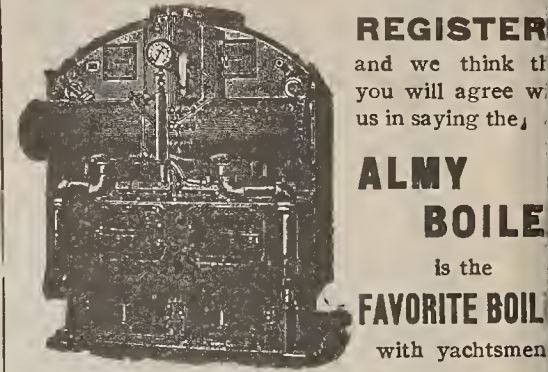
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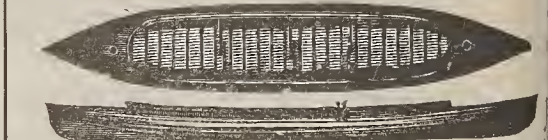
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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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POISON FOR VERMIN.

ELSEWHERE we publish an exceedingly interesting communication from Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the Game Commission of Pennsylvania. Its chief theme is the destruction of game by predatory animals, of which he enumerates foxes, wildcats, weasels, skunks, mink, the great horned and the barred owls, and several species of hawks. Of these he writes specifically as follows: "There is no question in the minds of those who have given this matter any thought whatever but that these animals are rapidly depleting our cover of all kinds of game, and of song and insectivorous birds."

While we have a lively appreciation of Dr. Kalbfus's zealous industry and special opportunities to gather accurate knowledge from observation and information on his subject, we honestly believe that he has charged the foxes, weasels, et al., with a volume of depredation of which they are guilty in only a fragmentary degree. The destructiveness charged to them should more properly be charged to the lordly and nobler animal, the *canis homo*.

In our opinion, the destruction of the game and song birds wrought by the animals Dr. Kalbfus lists is almost negligible quantity in comparison with the destruction wrought by man. Suppress the market-hunter and stop the sale of game, then the question is almost solved. At least the elimination of the market-hunter simplifies the problem to a degree which renders it easy of solution.

As an illustration of the destructiveness wrought by man, the case of the Arctic Freezing Company, of New York, which was a defendant in a suit brought by the New York game officials for penalties aggregating \$1,168,315, is pertinent to the discussion. Besides the thousands upon thousands of game birds, there were thousands upon thousands of song birds. This great cold storage company is but one of several others in this city, and those of this city are but a small fraction of the great cold storage companies which are doing business year round in the United States. It is an open secret that in many of the fashionable clubs and hotels, game birds are served in the close season, but under some name other than the real name, frequently under a name unknown in the classification of ornithologists, thus avoiding all possibility of establishing evidence against the violators of the law.

The abundance or scarcity of birds in a given section at a given year is not necessarily in the ratio of the breeding stock left over from the preceding year. Much depends on the season. With the quantity of breeding stock apparently the same, some years game birds will be abundant, other years there will be a dearth. Climatic conditions are potent factors in the game supply.

Undoubtedly the rabbit is a grievous sufferer from the predatory attacks of foxes, weasels, etc., but such is his astonishing powers of reproduction, a severe pruning is essential to keep his numbers in check. A balance in nature is essential. If the rabbit were permitted to reproduce himself without check, he might become as much of a pest in America as he was in Australia.

We think that the true cause of the disappearance of the song birds is the market-shooter. The astonishing extent of his ravages are partially shown within the walls of the great cold storage warehouses. The scene of destruction in the late fall and winter months in the South, therefore in a section beyond the scope of the predatory animals of the North, and establishing them at the worst as being petty malefactors in comparison.

Concerning the distribution of poison over wide areas within the jurisdiction of a State which prohibits the placing of poison for the purpose of killing a domestic animal or dog, we are inclined to think that that law would prohibit its use in the manner Dr. Kalbfus mentions. Many States have hostile laws concerning the

broadcast use of poison, because when placed it is as free for the consumption by animals for which it was not intended as it is for those for which it was intended. While its purpose, as mentioned by Dr. Kalbfus, is useful and commendable, it might be harmful in ways not contemplated. No man, even if he spread poison maliciously and harmfully, could be convicted if he made the plea that the poison was placed for vermin, although he might have placed it otherwise. This is apart from the matter as considered by Dr. Kalbfus. We are considering the legal phases of the case. In our opinion, the State law, as mentioned by him, would prohibit the placing of poison on land for any animal.

THE HEAD HUNTER.

FORMER State Senator W. E. Culkin, Register of the United States Land Office in Duluth, who has returned from a hunt for big game on the north shore in Minnesota, has expressed his indignation at the ways of deer head hunters in that country. To a reporter he said:

"City sportsmen should be severely condemned for the practice of hunting big game for the sake of the heads for trophies. They have been killing deer at points where it was impossible to get the carcasses out. The hunters merely cut off the head, with the antlers, to prove their prowess as nimrods. A remedy for the existing state of affairs would be hard to devise, but if one can be proposed, it would be a mighty good thing. The mere slaughter of valuable game animals for the antlers certainly will not be approved by true sportsmen."

That is good doctrine. It calls to notice one phase of the hunting ways of the present day which deserves consideration. Killing for heads alone has grown out of the conventional importance attached to the horns as trophies of the sportsman's skill and as mementoes of the field. With the trophy hunter, the head is the main object of the pursuit, the meat is incidental; whether it shall be utilized or wasted depends upon circumstances and convenience. The head secured, the rest is considered of minor importance, or of no importance whatever.

As Senator Culkin says, the remedy may be difficult to devise. There is in the Quebec law a provision that no person who has killed any animal suitable for food shall allow the flesh to be destroyed or spoiled, and laws to a like effect prevail elsewhere. Just how effective they may be is a subject of speculation. The head hunter finds his game and uses or wastes the meat in remote localities where detection is improbable, and it is reasonable to assume that if he be inclined to take the head and leave the rest, no fear of the terrors of the law would have an iota of influence with him. It is clear that this is a case where legislation, however ample, would not provide a remedy; it would have as little effect on the deer head hunter of northern Minnesota as on the trophy hunters in the wilds of Africa. If we are to suppress hunting for horns without using the flesh, how shall this be done?

TEXAS DUCKS.

THE Texas law relating to duck shooting provides that it shall be unlawful for an individual to kill more than twenty-five ducks in one day, and as to exportation, it forbids the carrying of ducks out of the State, except that when lawfully killed they may be transported, provided that the person who killed them shall accompany them on the same train or common carrier from point of shipment to the point of destination. This law is something of a hardship to those sportsmen who would like to send their game home or to friends by express independently of their own traveling. It is, however, a most salutary regulation, and the only one which experience has shown to be effective for the necessary limitation of the export of game, and the prevention of shipping to market.

A movement has been started by the Business Men's League of Rockport to secure an amendment of the law so that it shall permit a person to ship wildfowl out of the State upon making affidavit that they have been lawfully killed. The reasons given are that with such permission to send game home, more sportsmen would come to Rockport than come under present conditions, and that this would be to the benefit of railroads, hotels and others. The Rockport proposition is one with which we would have full sympathy if there were any probability that the law as amended would serve the purposes only of the sportsmen who wished to send the game to their friends. There is, however, every reason to believe that once the law is broadened as proposed, it would open the

door to the shipment of game to market. It is practically the universal experience of those who have to deal with these affairs that if game can be shipped lawfully, as here proposed, it will be shipped illicitly. The only effective and certain methods to prevent the exportation of Texas ducks to market is to hold to the statute as it now reads. An evidence of its effectiveness is afforded by this very movement of the Rockport business men. If as it now stands the law did not prevent the export of ducks, these business men would not be engaged in an endeavor to change it. A law which is so well fulfilling the purpose of its enactment should be retained, and we trust that the broader sighted opposition to the Rockport movement may prevail.

AN excellent sample of a fish story was offered the other day by the great metropolitan journals which reported that immense numbers of deep sea fish had been dashing through the surf and up on to the beach at Sayville, Long Island. The fish came ashore in tons, according to the reporters' tales; the landlubbers were frightened out of their wits; and the salty mariners declared that the phenomenon indicated an impending volcanic disturbance of the ocean bed, and a quaking of the land. Then the "natives"—for the residents of an out-of-town place are always "native" in newspaper terminology—mastered their first alarm and providently gathered the fish for salting down in butter firkins. So ran the tale. What was it all about? Somebody down there picked up on the beach a stranded silver hake or whiting, and not being familiar with the fish, asked his neighbor what it was. That was the small beginning from which developed the schools, tons, volcanic disturbances, earthquakes and firkins of salt fish.

IN his message to the Legislature last week, Governor Higgins of New York referred to the fish and game in a way which indicates that his interest in the subject is something more than perfunctory. "The forests and streams of the State," he said, should be made attractive places of resort for the invalid and for those in search of wholesome recreation in the open air. To this end the fish, game and forest laws should be strict and consistent." The Governor's policy with respect to the Adirondacks, there is reason to believe, will be on the side of a liberal and adequate forest plan. He promises to send in a message at a later date giving his recommendations on the subject.

DR. TARLETON H. BEAN'S paper on New Zealand as a sportsmen's paradise, affords an instructive object-lesson. Wherever the Briton goes in wild countries he devastates the land of its game; but, on the other hand, wherever he settles for a permanent abiding place he takes good care to conserve the game and the fish, or if there be no native species worth preserving, he introduces the best of the home country or of other lands. The Antipodes, bare of game, have been stocked with European deer; and now the hunting in parts of New Zealand is as good as in Scotland; while the brown trout from Europe and the rainbow from the Pacific waters of America there thrive and multiply and grow to prodigious weights.

A PECULIAR peril of mimic warfare has been developed by an investigation set on foot by Gen. Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, of the blank cartridges issued last summer to the regular soldiers and militiamen who took part in the sham battles of Manassas, Va., and in California. Among the 1,750,000 blanks two ball cartridges were found, one in Virginia and one in California. Of course the odds against a participant being struck by one of the two bullets in 1,750,000 cartridges are not very great; but slight as they are, one does not consider them with absolute equanimity. To preclude any possible presence of loaded shells in the future, every box of blanks will be weighed before it is sealed.

THE late Eugene G. Blackford, who was the possessor of an extensive collection of works on fish and fishing, bequeathed the entire library to the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences. The books were gathered from all over the world, and comprise many rare and valuable volumes. It is pleasing to know that by Mr. Blackford's disposition of them the collection is to be preserved intact and in a place where it will be accessible to the public.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Buffalo Hunt with the Comanches

(Continued from page 5)

THE squaws do all the work in camp, and a hard part of it at times is carrying in the wood. They often have to go a mile or more for it, then carry a load that would be heavy enough for a pack mule. When that had to be done, I always made the chief send ponies to pack it on.

The chief had a full sized ax here that no one used; the squaws could not; they had their small axes; so I got it and sharpened it up, cut down all the dead trees near camp, then set the boys to carrying it in; they would do it for me, but would not touch it for their mothers or sisters; and when the squaws were busy, as they generally were, I had the boys carry water for them also. When I first came here I made the announcement that no squaw must be whipped any more. The Comanche does not abuse his women as some Indians do; but a man would give his squaw a blow at times when she did not suit him. When I saw it, I would say: "Stop this, my brother. You are a Comanche; let the Cheyennes fight squaws; the Cheyennes are dogs. You should only fight men." With most of these tribes a squaw will cook a meal, then stand while the men and boys eat, then eat what is left herself; but a Comanche squaw sits down and eats when the men do.

They have a great respect for the "talking leaves;" anything that is written or printed is a talking leaf. I have known a squaw to carry around a paper that she had found for six months until she had a chance to show it to me for me to make it talk. And when I did so, and she found that it was only an order from the agent to his blacksmith for him to put a lock on some door, she was disappointed. While in this camp the chief's squaw one evening took a small package out of her work-bag, and calling in the colored boy told him something to tell me. He translated everything literally, and asked, "Your sister has the talking leaves here. Can they talk to you?"

"Yes; tell her they can if they speak Americana or Mexicana." I read Spanish also. She unrolled a piece of buckskin, then took out a book without a cover and handed it to me. It was the "Swiss Family Robinson," a book written in imitation of "Robinson Crusoe." "Yes," I told her, "this talks to me."

"Then make it talk to us," she said; and calling in as many of the men and boys as this lodge would hold, she told them to sit down and keep still while I made those leaves talk. I read a few chapters each night, while the negro boy translated it, until we had it all. Anything in it that they could not understand I turned into something which they could; as a big canoe for a ship, a squirrel for a monkey, and so on.

Then they wanted to know if I had seen the talking leaves in which "the man above" talks to us—the Bible.

"Yes," I told them, "we all see it."

"Did we all do what He tells us to do in it?"

"No, not often," I told them.

"Then He kills you, don't He?"

"No, not always; He has not killed me yet." And the boys would laugh.

The Indians are supposed to be a silent set of people, but when among themselves they are talking all the time, and a lot of squaws could talk a set of white women blind. They have a large number of traditions that they repeat over and over again at their camp-fires at night; and some of the men would always have a new story to tell; generally about something that had happened to him "many moons ago," when he came to give a date for it. One of our men named Kiowa—he was the bow-maker, and was a practical joker also—told one night about one of his exploits that will serve to illustrate the caliber of their stories.

"Many moons ago," he said, "I went to hunt the antelope, but did not find him. He was not at home then, so I started to go to my lodge, and when I was riding across the prairie I saw a man walking fast a long distance away. Then I galloped toward him. 'That is a white man,' I says, 'and he has got tobacco; I have none; I want some.' After a while I came closer, and I see that this man is a buffalo soldier who walks a heap [a negro infantryman]. Then I says, 'Hello!' and the man looks at me now, then starts to run away. Now, this man has a gun; maybe he is scared, and maybe he will stop and shoot after a while; I don't know. Then soon he looks back at me; I am coming fast, and now he throws that gun down, then keeps on running. Then I get the gun. I want to bring it to him and get that tobacco. Then this man gets down on his knees and says, 'Oh, Mister Indian, don't shoot me.' Then I hold out his gun and say, 'No shoot—give me tobacco.' And he says, 'Yes, you go back and leave that gun there, then I give you tobacco.' So I laid his gun down, then go back; then he picks up his gun, then puts down a whole lot of tobacco, then runs again. I get much tobacco, then laugh."

"That buffalo soldier might have shot you, Kiowa," I said.

"No, he can't; he got no cartridges. I see his belt is empty, so is his gun; he has shot all his cartridges away and hit nothing."

They have a great respect for "The Man Above," and never mention Him without pointing upward. They have a superstition for about every day in the year. The chief kept his shield on a pole in front of his lodge, and was careful not to let any meat or dead animal touch it, for if it did he would die in a year.

A Comanche would starve rather than eat a turkey that had its heart cooked with it; if he did, he would turn coward. He would freeze rather burn a stick that had ever been used as a lodge pole; if he did, he or his friends would die. I had seen other tribes burn them, and had burned them myself when destroying hostile camps, and I told them so.

"Yes," they said, "it is good medicine for you, but not for us."

They think that if a squaw who is with child sees an eagle, her baby, if a boy, will be born deformed. If a man or boy has a birth-mark and is asked about it, he will say, "My mother looked at the eagle."

One afternoon while in a camp away west of this, I and the boys were shooting at a mark with arrows, when an eagle soared over camp, then turning again came back. All through camp could be seen squaws with their heads buried in their blankets; they did not want to see this eagle. The chief's squaw came running to me with a rifle and begged me to shoot the eagle. As the bird was half a mile high, I could not very well; but it would not do to tell her so. I could do anything, they thought. So I must get out of this scrape somehow.

"I dare not shoot the eagle," I told her; "he is my coat-of-arms, and He," pointing up, "has told me never to shoot the eagle. But I will make medicine now, and that eagle shall never harm the Comanche squaw any more forever."

Ever since I had been here, I had noticed that two of the men were sick and could not hunt. We had a medicine man, or one that acted as such; he was not a full-fledged medicine man—he could not make magic yet, he said; but this man could not cure them; his medicine was not right, the chief told me. I examined the men and saw that they had fever of some kind, and I gave them heavy doses of quinine. I knew that if it did not cure them it would not kill them. They were well in a week, and after this, when any of them were sick, I and not the medicine man got the call.

The buffalo were plenty in this country yet, but I could see that they were thinning out fast now. When I first came to this country in 1865, they covered these plains in countless thousands. Now we had to hunt for them, and often could not find them. And just four years from now, in November, 1869, I and this old chief rode down and shot the last buffalo I have ever seen, except in captivity, and one of the last, if not the very last, ever killed in the Northwest. I served out here for ten years after that, but never heard of another being taken.

The Indians did not kill them off. I first met the buffalo in 1855, when a boy of sixteen. I then came in contact with them on the Laramie Plains, and shot my first buffalo, and ever since then, except for the four years of the war of the Rebellion, I had been watching them closely, having been in the regular army on the frontier most of the time since then.

They increased rather than diminished until the white hunters took after them. They, with their buffalo guns, shooting from stands, have finished the buffalo.

One morning after we had been in camp here a week or more, the chief sent a party of men and boys out to the lake after salt, then sent the rest off to hunt. I had been at the salt lake already, and did not care to go again; so the chief said that to-day he and I would go out and look at the country. I saddled up my mule to ride to-day, as he had not been doing anything lately, and I knew him to be a good riding animal. We had been out an hour when we crossed a wagon track that had been made the day before, and followed it and in a short time I saw that the men making the track were lost; they had been driving to all points of the compass, and not going anywhere. We trailed them at last to a small bunch of timber on a creek. They had camped here last night, but were gone now. Their fire was still smouldering, and they had left the carcass of a deer, not even having taken off the skin. The chief and I got down, and while I skinned the deer (I wanted the hide to make buckskin), the chief examined the camp. He first blew their fire to see how long it had been since they had left, then looking around camp, said: "There were two of them; they have been gone six hours." As it was only ten o'clock now, they had made an early start of it.

They had built a rude bridge here to get their wagon across the creek, the bed of the creek being a quicksand; then had dug down the bank beyond to get out of this on the other side. The chief wanted to know if we would follow them further.

"Yes," I told him; "they are lost. I want to put them on the straight road again."

We followed them, and in about an hour first got sight of them. They were on a ridge two miles away. There were two of them in a two-horse wagon, and one of them was driving, lashing his horses, while the other one stood on top of whatever the wagon was loaded with. I got off my mule and looked through the glass. The man standing up had a gun in his hands. The chief asked me if I knew them.

"No; I can't see them good. They are too far off yet. Let us catch them."

We soon got to within five hundred yards of them; then I told the chief to stop. "The men may shoot. They are scared at us."

"If they shoot at you, then I shoot—mebbe so quick," the chief told me, drawing his Winchester out of its case.

I rode forward at a gallop now, swinging my hat, and they stopped their team.

"We thought you were Indians," they told me. "We are, but we won't hurt you. We are Comanches." I now called the chief, who came with his usual salutation of "How!"

The men told us that they had been lost for a week, and wanted to go to Fort Elliott. Did I think they were on the right road?

"You might reach Elliott by going that way," I said, "but you will have to cross China first to get there. Fort Elliott is just east of us, I think. I am sure it is not west, an any rate." Then I said to the chief: "They want Fort Elliott, chief—big houses on the Sweet Water; you savey the road?"

The chief looked all over the country, then said: "Fort Elliott that way [pointing east]; mebbe so, three sleeps, no more."

"He says it is directly east, and only sixty miles," I told them.

"Well, maybe he don't know," the driver said.

"Maybe he don't. But if he were to tell me to go east I would go east. What this chief don't know about this country you or I are not likely to learn this year, at least. Now, you cannot drive straight east—the drains won't let you. But keep as near east as you can, or you may pass Elliott and not know it. Should you pass it to the north, you will then cross the wagon road to Camp Supply, but if you pass south of it then you may get lost as bad again as you are now."

"Who were those Indians that we saw back there?" they asked.

"They are ours. They won't hurt you." "Well, we did not want them about us. I reckon we drove too fast for them, though."

"No, I reckon not. They saw that you did not want them, then stopped following you. There are ponies ridden by some of those men that could run down the best team you ever drove. You may meet them again; if you do, let them come up; they won't hurt you."

"I have no use for an Indian," the driver said.

"And they have less use for you while you are killing off their buffalo; but ours won't hurt you. I can't promise as much for the Cheyennes or Kiowas, though. You may meet them east of this. They may take your hides. They probably will if their escort is not present to stop them."

Their wagon was loaded down with green buffalo hides. The chief wanted to know how much they got for them at Elliott, so I asked them. Seventy-five cents and a dollar, they told me, according to the size. These hides were bought to be tanned for leather.

"Mebbe so one dollar for bull, seventy-five cents for cow, that is all," I told the chief.

He was mad clear through now. "You heap damn fool! You shoot all the buffalo, feed the wolf, then go sell hide for one dollar! Go get lost! I don't care."

They said that they had eaten nothing for a week.

"Why, the buffalo are all around you; eat them, why don't you?"

"We can't—we have no salt."

"Well, you drove within a few miles of a salt lake yesterday, when you were making all those figure 8's across the prairie back here, and it was nearer Elliott than this, had you only known it. You left a deer in camp; what was wrong with it?"

"Nothing," but we could not eat it without salt."

They wanted matches and tobacco. I gave them all the matches I had, and half my tobacco, and we left them. Whether they took the chief's advice and went and got lost again I never knew.

On the way home this afternoon we ran across a bunch of buffalo, and I proposed that we shoot two of them and take their hides; we could not carry much meat. The chief was riding one of his common ponies, not a buffalo pony, and he thought that my mule was not fast enough.

"He will run away from your pony," I told him. "You get a buffalo and I'll get one. Let us take our saddles off and go barebacked."

We piled our saddles and guns here, then mounting with only saddle blankets, ran down and shot two. We might have got more, but could not carry them. Then leaving the chief here to skin, I took my mule and his pony and going back got our saddles on, then came back again, and as I hated to leave all this meat here, I put both tongues and about 150 pounds of meat on my saddle and was going to take a hide also; but the chief said, "No, it is too much for the mule. He would not carry them." The mule could carry 300 pounds day after day, and had no more than that on him now.

The wind had been blowing from the east all day, and just after dark we rode into a draw and stopped to water the horses, then on coming out on the other side the chief was going on with the wind in his face, but my mule kept pulling to the right.

"Hold on, chief," I told him. Which way campo?"

"This way," he said. "You lost, too?"

"No, but you are. The mule say this way. Maybe so the wind turn around. That way north. You feel cold wind?"

The chief studied a moment, then said: "Me damn fool now, not you. Let mule go his way; you can't lose mule—he knows."

He did know, and in less than a mile walked into our pony herd; the camp was just beyond them in this bottom. It was cold and getting colder very fast. While the chief and I were at supper, a man came in and told the chief that a party of ours with one of the chief's mules and a squaw was out yet. The chief told him to

send in Antelope, my pet boy. When Antelope came, the chief, throwing him a blanket, told him to go up on the hill and sit there and call out to direct the party to camp.

"He won't sit there more than an hour," I thought, "it is too cold. I'll stop that." After a while I went up to the boy. He was calling out all right, but each call ended in a prolonged whine.

"Mio, Antelope?" I asked.

"Mucho mio," he told me—very cold.

"You come," I said; and taking him down to the lodge, I said: "Chief, this is my boy. I don't want him to freeze. It is too cold. He get sick. I don't like that he stay here. I go up, podo tempo, and make a noise myself."

"Let him stay, then," the chief told me.

Taking my pistol, I went up on the hill and fired a shot straight up, then in a moment fired two more. "Come in" that meant. Directly a flash across the prairie answered me. They were coming in.

They came in soon after, but had to drop the mule on the prairie; the squaw could not lead him, and he would not drive, they said. The chief was growling about that. "I'll get him to-morrow," I told him. "We can find him."

The next morning it was warm again, and gathering up the boys, we started to hunt the mule, and found him five miles away quietly grazing with about 300 pounds of meat on his back, which he had been carrying all night; and heading him for camp, we got behind him with our lariats and persuaded him not to lose any time in getting there.

CABIA BLANCO.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Indian Doctors.

OUR Oldtown Indians now live in good houses and dress and speak English as well as the white people do; but when I was a child and we had more than twice as many Indian as white neighbors, then in summer they lived in birch bark wigwams, the men wore breech-cloth and leggings, and every man carried a stone pipe and sheath-knife in his belt, while the women wore blankets and pointed caps. I used to play with the little Indian boys because they never quarreled as the white boys did, and as we grew up together many of them were firm friends of mine. Among others was a young man named Newell Clossian. In time our ways parted, and we did not meet for years. Then one day in Bangor my attention was attracted to a singular looking person on the other side of the street. He was dressed in a light-colored coat, which was trimmed with a black fringe some four inches deep, with a second row some inches above that, and his long, silky hair fell below his shoulders. I crossed over so as to meet him. To my surprise I found him to be my old friend Newell, but he gave not the least sign of recognizing me.

Feeling sure I was not mistaken, I said: "Are you not Newell Clossian?"

Giving me his hand, he said: "Yes. Just wanted to see if you would know me."

"What in the world are you rigged up in this way for?"

"Well, you see, I'm Injun doctor. 'Spose dress like other folks, no one notice me. Now everybody say, 'Who that man?' 'Why, that Injun doctor.' You see, we live in New Bedford now; we got it copperplate picture of Injun with feathers on head to put in newspapers; we advertise Injun Doctor; get along first rate. Come down here get roots an' herbs doctor with. I tell you about it. You know we used ribber dribe [river drive]; well, one day when we have forenoon lunch we say to ourself, 'Newell, this ribber dribin' too hard work for you—kill you by 'n by.' Then I think what I shall do. Used be, when small boy, old Injun doctor named Lewie Snake. We used go in woods with him get medicine. We think so we will be Injun doctor. We don't know more 'bout doctorin' than devil does; but you know white folks cheat Injun, an' we 'spose all right Injun cheat white folks. So we try doctorin' an' come jus' 's natural as can be.

"We tell you one case. We goin' 'long street in New Bedford. Ooman come door large brick house with steps high up. He make hand go dis way [beckoning with hand]. We gone over see what he want; speak so: 'Come up stair.' When gone up, he open door into room all dark. I tell you we berry 'fraid then. We don't know what he want, but we know we hain't hurt anybody there.

"When eyes get so can see in dark, we see ooman in bed with cloth on his eyes. Speak so, 'We want you cure dis ooman.' Says he got film on eye so can't see.

"Well, we think what we shall do. We don't know nothin' 'bout eyes, but we 'member somebody speak so tobacco good sore eyes. We chewin' tobacco that time; we got nothin' else, so we think we try tobacco. Room dark so they can't see. So we slip hand over mouth and took out tobacco, and we say, 'Yes, we can cure him in three days; we make two visits day, charge nine shillings visit (\$1.50). In three days cure him.'

"We tell him open his eye an' we squeeze in tobacco juice. Guess must hurt, for he squeal very bad. We tell him come again afternoon.

"You see, we think, 'Spose we find him worse, we don't go 'gain. 'Spose don't worse, we keep go.'

"Well, in afternoon speak so, 'No worse,' so we try tobacco 'gain. Think so, maybe tobacco is good sore eyes.

"Next forenoon says, 'Better,' so we keep goin'.

"Afternoon says, 'Think can see some.'

"Next forenoon can see pretty well.

"In afternoon speak so, 'Can see well.'

"We don't know what did it; we know we got our nine dollars. Guess tobacco must be good sore eyes."

He returned to New Bedford and I heard from him as prospering in his business, but a few years later he and all his family died of smallpox at some place in Connecticut.

Another Indian doctor was a stately old fraud named Joe Socabesin. He used to tell me of his feats in doctoring, but his greatest performance happened some fifty years ago. He was in Belfast, Maine, and got in debt to a wealthy shipowner named Alfred Johnston. Johnston got an execution against him for ten dollars. Joe paid it, and then asked for a receipt.

The justice said, "You do not need any receipt."

"Sartin, me want receipt."

"What do you want a receipt for?"

"Well, bimeby me die, me go hebben. Speak so, 'Joe,

you ben owe anybody?' We speak so, 'No.' 'You ben pay Alf Johnston?' 'Yes.' 'Then 'spose you show receipt.' Then we have to go way down hunt all over hell to hunt up 'Squire Johnston."

This story immediately found its way into print, and has been more than once repeated; but I can vouch for its authenticity, for I knew old Joe. MANLY HARDY.

Medicine in Camp.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM for January 7, 1905, Mr. George Kennedy asks about medicines to be taken into camp. One can more safely give a list of things that may be taken "into camp" than of things to be taken "in camp," and the only thing that one can recommend without a feeling of responsibility is Christian Science. There are many occasions, however, when just a little water will put out a starting fire, even if it is administered by campers who are not very familiar with the uses of water.

Some of the handy things that one can take along in a small kit are these:

Rubber Plaster—Uses.—To put on places where blisters threaten to form; to protect broken nails; to protect the site of threatened boils; to mend holes in clothing when one is in a hurry. Dangers—When put over broken blisters, or used for the purpose of closing cuts. Serum dammed by the plaster may become a dangerous culture field for bacteria.

Hypodermatic Syringe—Uses.—To inject cocaine solution at the site of a splinter or fish hook that needs to be cut out, or into the skin where an abscess is to be opened.

Surgeon's Needle and Aseptic Silk or Catgut.—For closing cuts and tying blood vessels. Danger—Of closing wounds which should remain open.

Boracic Acid Powder.—For putting on opened blisters, perspiring feet, chafed places, and cuts which remain open.

Cocaine Crystals—Uses.—To be dissolved in twenty-five volumes of boiled water after it has cooled, for the purpose of injection with the hypodermatic syringe, or to be put in the eye for benumbing the site of a cinder or other object that is to be removed. Danger—Of using too much. Half a grain may be dangerous.

Squibb's Cholera Mixture—Uses.—For stopping an incipient diarrhoea. Danger—Of using it in diarrhoea due to fermentation of food, where a cathartic should be used instead.

Compound Cathartic Pills—Uses.—For constipation, and for fermentative diarrhoea. There are better things to use for the purpose, but these are handy.

Small Sharp Scalpel—Uses.—For removing splinters and fish-hooks, opening abscesses, and for getting at injured blood vessels. The scalpel should be passed through a flame for disinfection before being used.

Bandages and dressings are bulky, and can ordinarily be improvised from clothing. Such material should be boiled for an hour for disinfection and then dried.

Splints for fractures are readily improvised from bark in a forest region.

The list of things that I have enumerated can be elaborated to a quotation of all of the Surgeon General's Library at Washington; but after years of camping and exploring, and a good deal of experience with people who were injured or ill in camp, my own outfit has been reduced to the proportions above given. Men who have done more camping in southern countries will no doubt add some practical suggestions for medicine in that field.

Mr. Kennedy refers to a case of appendicitis that was out of reach of competent help. It would be unsafe for a layman to attempt to do the slightest thing in a case of that sort excepting to advise absolute rest, and withholding all food for two days. It is so easy for even physicians to do the wrong thing in these cases requiring the highest degree of professional skill for their management, that what might seem to a layman a simple resource for relief, could precipitate disaster. There are many other conditions met with in camp where life turns on a hair's breadth of judgment in the application of resources; but we have to take our chances on that sort of thing, and on the whole, men in camp are safer than the ones in the city who jump out of the way of an automobile and land in front of a trolley car, or who get infections carried by Cimex instead of by Culex. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

Louisiana.

AWAY from the bank of the Tensas the deer trails were followed westward into long open woods of oak and ash, then winding narrowly among vines and brush into other open woods.

At the edge of one of the thickets of vines and bushes, standing in seeming reproach to its neighbors, the forest trees, of their shortness of life, is a large mound. I found it while wandering somewhat aimlessly as to bearings, and he would be a woodsman who could go to that spot again unless, as at the first time, by accident or the guiding instinct of those who built the mound. The Tensas swamps are level and of vast extent; each open flat is like the others, and each thicket is like the next beyond and the next. The mound only is different, and stands thirty feet high or more. Deer trails lead over and around it. A "scrape" on top was freshened up that morning.

The mound was bare, except for several small trees on the slopes and two large ones on top—trees probably a hundred years old, one of which was beginning to decay in the upper branches. It, too, will soon sway in the breezes of the Happy Hunting Grounds, and perchance shade the wigwam of the big chief whose ashes now repose beneath its spreading roots. The Happy Hunting Grounds are for the big chief and maybe the trees, but the mound must stay and witness the coming and going of generations of men and trees.

From the top of the mound the view to the northward is into a broad forest of oaks, with no underbrush, and down the long vista the hunter watches for the coming of the monster buck that had made the scrape, but instead came apparitions of those men of long ago who had toiled in their crude way to build this monument to their perseverance. Civilization builds edifices of beauty and grandeur, and there is admiration. The mound builders,

without civilization or implements, raised this structure that the onset of the elements does not mar or disturb. It was built long ago, before these giant trees were sprouts—perhaps the generation before them had not had birth.

The builders of the mound passed away, and if the red men were not the builders, they came after and passed away also. The Spaniards and the Frenchmen came, but few sojourned. The race that next appeared, in its social environment, has also passed. Within a few miles—almost within sound of hunter's horn from where the mound and time strive for the mastery—was once the garden spot of North Louisiana. Broad areas are grown up that were rich fields. Here are two massive gate posts gone to decay, and there a pile of old bricks is all of the chimney that is left, with no other trace of the old plantation home. In the thicket and cane a mile away the four lines of heavy, decayed posts mark the site of the old "horsepower" gin. The manager's house and "quarters" were near-by, and on the clear, crisp mornings of early spring the plantation bell could have been heard deep into the swamps—almost to the mound; while the songs of the well fed negroes who rode the plow mules to field could be heard near half as far.

The mound stands while these have all come and gone, and will be silent witness to the clearing away of the last tree and the making of his far-away retreat another mournful sacrifice to the greed of man. When this shall be, keep this great mound untouched, good desecrator, in honor to the men who could abide and toil in the forest and receive of its bounty and destroy not a tree of God's making.

Eastward, over other deer trails, the river was reached, and at the camp on the other side the cook had been in other occupation than reverie, for there was venison in camp of yesterday's kill, and five hungry hunters will not abide procrastination. TRIPOD.

MISSISSIPPI.

How Should a Man Sleep?

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question as to the proper position of bedsteads raised in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM is an interesting one. But I do not think it concerns sportsmen. I have not heard of any of these who are in the habit of turning their heads to a particular point of the compass when they lie down to sleep. All they ask is something on which to stretch themselves, and whether it be six feet of earth or a hair mattress does not really matter very much. Those in the habit of reading FOREST AND STREAM do not need to have instances of this set before them. The fact is that sportsmen are not troubled with "nerves," that modern fashionable malady, offspring of the city and parent of insomnia and twenty other miseries. But for those who are so troubled—and alas! how infinitely they outnumber the sportsmen!—such questions as this of Mr. de Varigny will always possess an overpowering fascination. Should the head of their bed point to the north or south? Should they eat before retiring or go to bed hungry? What should be the temperature of the room? How high should the pillow be? How many blankets should be worn? Is a soft mattress best or one moderately hard? Is it good to lie on the back or should one lie first on the right side and then on the left or vice versa; or should the back be the first position and then the side, and if so, which side? And so on.

Now as to the first question, I will not pretend to say that there is nothing in the theory of polar currents properly applied superinducing sleep; but I cannot help telling here a story which I heard the other evening, and which seems to have a bearing on the matter.

A friend of mine who lives in the country had as a guest one evening a denizen of the town, whom we shall call Mr. Smith. The entertainment was so much to Smith's taste that he forgot all about the passage of time, and finally when he pulled out his watch he found that it was past midnight, and that he had missed his train. My friend, however, put him at his ease by telling him there was a spare bedroom to which he was heartily welcome; so there was another cigar smoked, and possibly another little something else indulged in, when host and guest proceeded upstairs to bed. As soon as Smith entered his room he observed the bed with a good deal of attention, and then asked a little timidly which way it pointed. My friend, divining the object of the question, and resolved to have some fun, answered "south," though the bed pointed north. "But why do you ask?" he continued, innocently. "Well," stammered Smith, "the fact is I have never—no, sir, never in my life—been able to sleep with my head in any other direction than the north." "Oh, all right," said my friend, "let us change those pillows, then. I guess it won't be necessary to turn the bed around." An hour afterward he stole back to the room and found Smith snoring blissfully with his head to the south.

Wonderful is the power of imagination! But really, now, do we not humor it a little too much? We give way to it on all manner of occasions till instead of being our servant—our efficient, loyal, delightful servant—it becomes our tyrant. As a tyrant, however, it does not begin to compare with another, namely, the drug habit. Rather than fall under this, let the victims of insomnia point their beds at the moon or the nether depths, or never go to bed at all! FRANK MOONAN.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.

Harper's Bazaar says: Here, then, are the three deadly symptoms of old age:

Selfishness—Stagnation—Intolerance.

If we find them in ourselves we may know we are growing old, even if we are on the merry side of thirty. But, happily, we have three defenses which are invulnerable; if we use them we shall die young if we live to be a hundred. They are:

Sympathy—Progress—Tolerance.

"Did you ever have insomnia?"

"Sure!" replied the man who pretends to know it all.

"What did you do for it?"

"Just slept it off."—Houston Post.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXVI.

Townshend Across the Continent.

(Concluded from page 6.)

The progress of the author's narrative is constantly and pleasantly interrupted by natural history observations. He and Mr. Nuttall were continually finding new species of bird and plant, concerning which they manifested the enthusiasm to be expected from ardent naturalists.

Their journey continued up the Platte to Chimney Rock, or Scott's Bluffs; and here there was brought into camp a young antelope, which in a few days became perfectly tame, and learned to drink from a tin cup the milk which the missionaries, who had some cattle along, spared from their own meals. The little animal was carried daily in a panier on one of the pack mules, and became a great pet with all in camp.

It seems odd enough at the present day, after the country through which these naturalists were traveling has been run over time after time by specialists, who have gathered its rich treasures, to read the enthusiastic words of Townshend, written nearly seventy years ago, when he says, "What valuable and highly interesting accessions to science might be made by a party, composed exclusively of naturalists, on a journey through this rich and unexplored region! The botanist, the geologist, the mammalogist, the ornithologist, and the entomologist, would find a rich and almost inexhaustible field for the prosecution of their inquiries, and the result of such an expedition would be to add most materially to our knowledge of the wealth and resources of our country, to furnish us with new and important facts relative to its structure, organization and natural productions, and to complete the fine native collections in our already extensive museums."

On they went, up the Platte, passing Laramie's Fork, to the Sweetwater, and Independence Rock, and a little further along they saw their first wild sheep, which "darted from us and hid themselves among the inaccessible cliffs, so that none but a chamois hunter might pretend to reach them." The same afternoon one of the men had an adventure with a grizzly bear. "He saw the animal crouching his huge frame in some willows which skirted the river, and approaching on horseback to within twenty yards, fired upon him. The bear was only slightly wounded by the shot, and with a fierce growl of angry malignity, rushed from his cover and gave chase. The horse happened to be a slow one, and for the distance of half a mile the race was hard contested; the bear frequently approaching so near the terrified animal as to snap at his heels, while the equally terrified rider—who had lost his hat at the start—used whip and spur with the most frantic diligence, frequently looking behind, from an influence which he could not resist, at his rugged and determined foe, and shrieking in an agony of fear, 'shoot him, shoot him!' The man, who was one of the greenhorns, happened to be about a mile behind the main body, either from the indolence of his horse, or his own carelessness; but as he approached the party in his desperate flight, and his lugubrious cries reached the ears of the men in front, about a dozen of them rode to his assistance, and soon succeeded in diverting the attention of his pertinacious foe. After he had received the contents of all the guns, he fell, and was soon dispatched. The man rode in among his fellows, pale and haggard from overwrought feelings, and was probably effectually cured of a propensity for meddling with grizzly bears."

On June 19 the party arrived at the Siskadee, Green River, or Colorado of the West. Siskadee appears to be a Crow name, meaning Prairie Chicken River, referring to the sage grouse. The name has apparently quite passed out of use, and is now to be found only in the older books, or in references to them. Here Townshend, in crossing the river, had the misfortune to lose his note book, which contained not only his diary, but also descriptions of new species of birds, and notes as to their habits. Here he became quite ill, and for a week was confined to his bed. W. Sublette, and Captain Serre, Fitzpatrick and other leaders of fur traders and trappers, with their companies, were camped not far away, and with them were various Indians, Nez Perce, Bannock and Shoshoné; and all—white men, half breeds and Indians—were more or less drunk; so that the camps were very noisy and disagreeable. This Fitzpatrick was Thomas, the well-known leader of trappers of the early days, sometimes known as Fitzpatrick the Broken Hand. He worked at time for Robert Campbell, and is mentioned by Irving in his "Bonneville," and by other early travelers on the plains.

The party proceeded up Ham's Fork, and then passed over to Bear River, on one of the branches of which the Fourth of July was passed and celebrated by an undue amount of drunkenness.

Townshend remarks, as has many a man since, on the superb fishing in Bear River and its tributaries. Near their camp, on the 8th of July, at what were called "White-clay Pits," still on Bear River, he notes that, "in the small streams near the bases of the hills, the common canvasback duck, shoveller and black duck (*Anas obscura*) were feeding their young."

Continuing westward through this arid country, they came before long upon a camp, which proved to be Captain Bonneville's. Soon after this, just as they were about to make camp on the Blackfoot River, "near a small grove of willows, on the margin of the river, a tremendous grizzly bear rushed out upon us. Our horses ran wildly in every direction, snorting with terror, and became nearly unmanageable. Several balls were instantly fired into him, but they only seemed to increase his fury. After spending a moment in rending each wound, their invariable practice, he selected the person who happened to be nearest, and darted after him, but before he proceeded far, he was sure to be stopped again by a ball from another quarter. In this way he was driven about among us for perhaps fifteen minutes, at times so near some of the horses that he received several severe kicks from them. One of the pack horses was fairly fastened upon by the terrific claws of the brute, and in the terrified animal's efforts to escape

the dreaded grip, the pack and saddle were broken to pieces and disengaged. One of our mules also lent him a kick in the head while pursuing it up an adjacent hill, which sent him rolling to the bottom. Here he was finally brought to a stand.

"The poor animal was so completely surrounded by enemies, that he became bewildered. He raised himself upon his hind feet, standing almost erect, his mouth partly open, and from his protruding tongue, the blood fell fast in drops. While in this position, he received about six more balls, each of which made him reel. At last, as in complete desperation, he dashed into the water and swam several yards with astonishing strength and agility, the guns cracking at him constantly; but he was not to proceed far. Just then, Richardson, who had been absent, rode up, and fixing his deadly aim upon him, fired a ball into the back of his head, which killed him instantly. The strength of four men was required to drag the ferocious brute from the water, and after examining his body, he was found completely riddled; there did not appear to be four inches of his shaggy person, from the hips upward, that had not received a ball. There must have been at least thirty shots made at him, and probably few missed him; yet such was his tenacity of life, that I have no doubt he would have succeeded in crossing the river, but for the last shot in the brain. He would probably weigh, at the least, six hundred pounds, and was about the height of an ordinary steer. The spread of the foot, laterally, was ten inches, and the claws measured seven inches in length. This animal was remarkably lean; when in good condition, he would, doubtless, much exceed in weight the estimate I have given. Richardson, and two other hunters, in company, killed two in the course of the afternoon and saw several others." Evidently a good bear country.

It was this day that the little pet antelope met with an accident, which made it necessary to kill it. The mule on which it was riding, fell and broke one of the antelope's legs and injured it in other ways. And now, as they were traveling toward Snake River, signs were observed, which led them to suspect the near presence of the dreaded Blackfeet. One or two were even seen, but made good their escape.

Arrived at the Portneuf River, it was determined to build a fort there, and as the party was short of provisions, a hunting party of twelve, each man leading a pack horse, started out to kill and dry meat for camp. It was not very long before they reached a country where buffalo were plenty, and where, as Townshend says, they soon were "feasting upon the best food in the world." They at once began to cure meat, hanging it on scaffolds, and building fires under it to hasten its drying.

An experiment here performed on a bull is worth quoting. Our author says: "The unwieldy brute was quietly and unsuspectingly cropping the herbage, and I had arrived to within ten feet of him, when a sudden flashing of the eye, and an impatient motion, told me that I was observed. He raised his enormous head, and looked around him, and so truly terrible and grand did he appear, that I must confess (in your ear) I felt awed, almost frightened, at the task I had undertaken. But I had gone too far to retreat; so, raising my gun, I took deliberate aim at the bushy center of the forehead and fired. The monster shook his head, pawed the earth with his hoofs and, making a sudden spring, accompanied by a terrific roar, turned to make his escape.

"At this instant the ball from the second barrel penetrated his vitals, and he measured his huge length upon the ground. In a few seconds he was dead. Upon examining the head, and cutting away the enormous mass of matted hair and skin which enveloped the skull, my large bullet of twenty to the pound was found completely flattened against the bone, having carried with it, through the interposing integument, a considerable portion of the coarse hair, but without producing the smallest fracture. I was satisfied; and taking the tongue, the hunter's perquisite, I returned to my companions.

"This evening, the roaring of the bulls in the gang near us is terrific, and these sounds are mingled with the howling of large packs of wolves, which regularly attend upon them, and the hoarse screaming of hundreds of ravens flying over head."

Here is a story told by the hunter Richardson, of an encounter he once had with three Blackfoot Indians: "He had been out alone hunting buffalo, and toward the end of the day was returning to the camp with his meat, when he heard the clattering of hoofs in the rear, and, upon looking back, observed three Indians in hot pursuit of him.

"He immediately discharged his cargo of meat to lighten his horse, and then urged the animal to his utmost speed, in an attempt to distance his pursuers. He soon discovered, however, that the enemy was rapidly gaining upon him, and that in a few minutes more he would be completely at their mercy, when he hit upon an expedient, as singular as it was bold and courageous. Drawing his long scalping knife from the sheath at his side, he plunged the keen weapon through his horse's neck, and severed the spine. The animal dropped instantly dead, and the determined hunter, throwing himself behind the fallen carcass, waited calmly the approach of his sanguinary pursuers. In a few moments, one Indian was within range of the fatal rifle, and at its report, his horse galloped riderless over the plain. The remaining two then thought to take him at advantage by approaching simultaneously on both sides of his rampart; but one of them, happening to venture too near in order to be sure of his aim, was shot to the heart by the long pistol of the white man, at the very instant that the ball from the Indian's gun whistled harmlessly by. The third savage, being wearied of the dangerous game, applied the whip vigorously to the flanks of his horse, and was soon out of sight, while Richardson set about collecting the trophies of his singular victory.

"He caught the two Indians' horses; mounted one, and loaded the other with the meat which he had discarded, and returned to his camp with two spare rifles and a good stock of ammunition."

Just after this, a curious accident happened to one of the men, who, while reloading his gun, while running

buffalo, had his horn burst in his face, the powder having been ignited by a burning wad which remained in the barrel.

Early in August the much reduced company, to which Mr. Townshend and Mr. Nuttall still clung, left Fort Hall for the Columbia River. They suffered more or less from hunger and thirst as they passed along, and had some trouble in finding the way across the mountains. At last, however, they reached the "Mallade" River, and as they passed along down it met frequent camps of Snake Indians, and were here introduced to Kamas, on which, a little later, they were glad to support themselves. When they reached the Boisé, or Big Wood River, they found it literally crowded with salmon, which were continually springing from the water. They were eager to capture some, but were wholly without the means to do so.

Not long after this, a little colt—perhaps from some Indian camp—joined their horse herd, and as it was fat and strong, Townshend shot it, and the whole camp ate it.

And now they began to be constantly among Indians, who had gathered along the river to take their summer supply of fish. Often from these camps they could purchase dried salmon, but game was singularly scarce along their route, and when fish were not to be had, the party starved. On one occasion, an owl which Townshend had shot, and expected to skin and preserve, was eaten by Mr. Nuttall and a companion. On another, Townshend, no other food being available, went for a walk out from camp, and made a hearty meal on rose berries. On one or two occasions they were able to purchase Indian acorn meal from which they made mush, mixing with it a considerable quantity of horse tallow and salt. This unwonted vegetable compound was hugely enjoyed by the half-starving men. They passed Walla-Walla, met some Chinook Indians; and on the 10th of September reached the Dalles of the Columbia, and from here proceeded down that stream by canoes. The voyage was uncomfortable, if not dangerous, for they constantly met head winds, which checked their progress and tossed up a frightful sea.

Ill-nourished, constantly wet to the skin, losing a boat or two, and extremely uncertain as to the character of the Indians, they kept on their way to the coast; and at last reached Fort Vancouver, where some of the luxuries of a permanent station were to be had. Here they learned that about twenty miles down the river, at the mouth of the Willamet, was a brig from Boston, sent out by the company to which Captain Wyeth was attached. They set out to journey down to it. On the way they passed many tribes of Indians, concerning which, Townshend has much to say that is interesting; but this was the close of their journey across the continent, and from here Townshend took passage for the Sandwich Islands, and later to Chili, on his way to his home in Philadelphia.

Just what became of Mr. Nuttall was not known for some years. That he collected a large number of plants in California, many of which are the types of well-known species, was known; but how he reached California, or just where he separated from Townshend was long uncertain. Prof. Brewer, a botanist, whose familiarity with early California history, and with the botany of California, are well-known, believed that Nuttall's collections were made in California, in the year 1835. This was doubted by Mr. Coville, whose investigations led him to believe that the statement was based on Durand's biographical notice of Mr. Nuttall, which appears to be incorrect, for on July 11, 1835, Townshend says, "Mr. Nuttall, who has just returned from the Dalles, where he has been spending some weeks, brings distressing intelligence from above." And again, in October, he speaks of Mr. Nuttall's having sailed from the mouth of the Columbia River to the Hawaiian Islands.

The botanist's subsequent route has been discovered by Mr. Coville, in the classic, "Two Years Before The Mast," by R. H. Dana, where a very full account of Mr. Nuttall's meeting with the author, and many subsequent less important mentions are made of him. Mr. Nuttall returned to Boston on the vessel "Alert," which left San Diego, May 8, 1836, and she had as a foremast hand Mr. Richard H. Dana.

Monarch is a Proud Father.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is this the Allen Kelly-Thompson-Seton "Monarch?" The controversy and symposium on the alleged plagiarism proved very interesting. ALLEN S. WILLIAMS.

From the San Francisco Chronicle, Dec. 31.

Out to the Park one night (quite late)
Rode sly old Santa Claus;
But not to find the Golden Gate;
He drove out there because
He had a gift for Monarch's mate—
'Twas something live! A pound in weight,
With four small, wobbly paws.

Now, when you're living in the Park
Behind some iron bars,
It's mighty lonesome in the dark
A-blinking at the stars
Like Mrs. Monarch; for the storks,
You know, don't venture round
Where bears are (Wasn't Santa kind?),
And grizzlies, strange to say, don't mind
When babes weigh but a pound.

A tiny addition has been made to the livestock on exhibition in Golden Gate Park. The cage of "Monarch," the great grizzly presented to the park by The Examiner some years ago, is enlivened by the advent of a baby—to record the event by the customary phrasing.

The cub is not the only one presented to "Monarch" and his mate. Last year an infant grizzly drew its first breath in the park cage, and the ursine infant was taken to the park hospital, where it was believed that with careful treatment it might survive. But it sickened and died after a few days. The keeper intends to leave the tiny new offspring with its mother in the hope that it may get a healthier hold on life.



NATURAL HISTORY



Animal Surgery.—II.

How They Doctor the Animals at the Bronx Zoo.

(Concluded from page 9)

PROMPT surgery has saved the park the price of many a costly animal. Big Mose, the thirteen-foot alligator, has come under the surgeon's knife twice. He was first successfully operated on for the removal of two large tumors from the forefeet, after a struggle lasting almost an hour between the saurian and eight men. Even after Big Mose was strapped and roped until it seemed impossible for him to move, he would give a twist, and snap would go the ropes, showing that the enormous strength accredited to him was not a myth.

The alligator had for a long time been troubled with two tumors as big as apples, which grew one on each of his forefeet. One day he grew enraged at a smaller alligator that accidentally trod on one of the sore spots and killed it. Then it was decided that the tumors would have to come off, and preparations were begun to capture Mose. He was lying half in and half out of the water in the alligator tank at the east end of the reptile house when the water was let out. This seemed to surprise him. He lashed his tail around and made a noise with his mouth that sounded like the blowing off of a safety valve on a steam engine.

The first step was to slip a big bag, or gunnysack, over the reptile's head. The bag was put on a long pole and Curator Ditmars waited for a favorable opportunity to drop it over the alligator's head. This soon came, and the bag was securely tied with ropes. So far everything had been easy and Big Mose had been docile enough. When the attendants attempted to draw a noose over his tail the trouble began. Big Mose gave his tail a gentle flip and the eight attendants, who had hold of the rope, fell over one another. Then the big alligator grew angry. He twisted and jumped and turned around the tank until the eight attendants were nearly panic-stricken. Then Director of the Park, William T. Hornaday, who up to this time had been a looker on, jumped down into the tank and grabbed the rope attached to Mose's tail. But the alligator was no respecter of persons. He treated the director in exactly the same way, and very soon Mr. Hornaday found himself on his hands and knees in the bottom of the tank.

A platform was then brought in and placed on the floor of the tank. The eight men stood at one end while Mr. Ditmars stood at the other end of the tank on the outside and prodded the alligator with a pick. Then Big Mose made a mistake. He pushed himself along, climbed on the platform and lay there, just where they wanted him to go.

The attendants quickly slung ropes around him, and in a few moments had the alligator, as they thought, hard and fast. But he was not to be captured so easily. He strained and struggled until he snapped the ropes that bound him as if they had been threads, but he still remained on the platform. Other and stronger ropes were sent for and at last, after nearly an hour's fight, the immense saurian was lashed securely. Then the platform and the alligator were lifted up and placed crosswise on two boxes, so that Dr. Miller, who was to perform the operation, would have plenty of room. This was no easy matter, as the platform and the alligator together weighed nearly 800 pounds.

It was found necessary to chloroform Big Mose, as he kept moving his feet and prevented Dr. Miller from injecting cocaine into them. He took three ounces of chloroform before he succumbed. The tumors were then removed and orders given to loosen the ropes which bound the alligator to the platform. This was almost as risky as the tying had been. When the bag was removed from Big Mose's head it was seen that he had come out of his stupor, and his eyes gleamed wickedly.

When the last rope was removed Big Mose stood right up on his feet, a very unusual thing for an alligator to do, and shook himself as a dog would do after taking a swim. Then he walked off the platform and lay down at one end of the tank, perfectly quiet. Everybody heaved a sigh of relief when it was seen that Big Mose had no desire to cause any more trouble. The tank was quickly cleaned and the platform lifted out. Then the water was let in, and in a few moments Big Mose was swimming about as if nothing had ever occurred to disturb his peace and quiet.

The last operation was performed and carried out not with any idea to Mose's comfort, but for the sake of saving the lives of the other 'gators, he having in a vicious moment snapped in twain one of his smaller companions. He had a most formidable array of teeth, over two inches long and an inch thick at the base. Director Hornaday and Curator Ditmars devised a plan for shearing the Zoo Samson of some of his strength. After considerable labor the keepers again got him subdued, and when he opened his mouth in a last despairing bellow they thrust a stick into it wrapped in towels. This propped his mouth open. Dr. Miller and three assistants then sawed the tops off Mose's sharpest teeth. It took him about half an hour to finish the job and to polish up the remaining portion of the teeth. Each of the four operators wears the crown of one of Mose's teeth as a watch charm.

Director Hornaday says that the monkeys are subject to about all the ailments that human flesh is heir to, and when ill have to be cared for like so many children. When Rajah, the one time king of the monkey house, went through his last illness he was attended day and night by doctors and keepers. His constitution was frail; he was of precocious turn, and he died in spite of the best nursing a monkey ever had.

To the last he looked his thanks, and just before his death he shook hands with the curator, the keepers and the doctors.

"If anybody could have pulled me through, gentlemen, you would have done it," he seemed to say with fine courtesy.

A short time ago, Sally, one of the ring-tailed monkeys of considerably more than average intelligence, got into a fight with another monkey and broke her left arm. Sally set up a shriek immediately and all the other monkeys began to whimper. Something dreadful had happened, they knew very well. Sally's arm hung limp, and Sally herself, all of a heap, was alternately shivering and crying. Curator Ditmars sent a hurry call for Dr. Miller, but found that it would be some time before he could reach the park. Sally got a big injection of morphine to keep her quiet, and when the doctor came, a few whiffs of chloroform deadened the monkey's senses completely. Her arm and shoulder were nicely set and done up in a plaster cast. Sally came to presently and nibbled off the plaster, and this operation she repeated twice again. Then a big wooden collar was fitted around her neck, so that she could not reach her arm. Sally seemed amused.

"Well, you've got me," she seemed to say, and then she had a lot of fun whirling the collar round and round. Her broken arm healed beautifully.

With all the care bestowed upon them, the monkeys have croup and pneumonia and consumption occasionally. For these ailments they have their noses and chests rubbed with oil, and are given quinine, hot drinks and extra blankets to roll up in. If a monkey seems puny, he gets dainties to eat, too, such as puddings and rice and jelly and hot milk. The Zoo monkeys are not averse to whiskey, and it is a standard remedy for them. On one occasion a sudden storm came up and drenched about thirty of them in their outdoor cages. Curator Ditmars says that he realized that unless something was done, about thirty monkeys would be down with pneumonia the next day. He gave them liberal drinks of whiskey, and in a few moments they were all in a most hilarious state. Their legs refused to walk straight. Their arms flew around in strange curves, and when they undertook to swing they simply couldn't do it.

The monkeys looked distrustfully at themselves and then at the curator. They seemed to say: "By jove! Ditmars, can't you stop turning things round?" The orgy lasted about half an hour, when all thirty fell sound asleep. Next morning they awoke, none the worse for the experience.

One big elk at the Zoo knows as much about chloroform as the most experienced invalid ever learns. He got a long cut across his leg and over the knee-joint. It refused to heal promptly, and the doctor decided to drain and pack the wound.

Every day half a dozen men caught the big elk and held him while the doctor put a sponge saturated with chloroform under his nose. Three or four whiffs sent the elk to dreamland, while the doctor treated the wound. The elk eventually got well, and walks about now without the suspicion of a game leg.

Director Hornaday cut the hoofs of the aoudad, the big Barbary mountain sheep, not long ago. The animal was in danger of getting split hoofs and diseased feet. The big fellow routed six men and inflicted terrible damage on the trousers of his keeper with his stout horns before he was finally lassoed. He was dragged up alongside a wire fence, and while the director proceeded to pare his hoofs he kept up a bellowing that waked the echoes.

The sun bears and the honey bears have had treatment for ingrowing nails. This consists in tying them down, injecting cocaine into the foot pad, drawing out the nails and cutting them off.

The bird colony is easily treated, and comes in for a good deal of attention. One of the commonest ailments is "gapes," a disease in which the feathered patient yawns incessantly. This is caused by a small worm, which lodges in the throat, and is readily removed by a pair of tweezers wielded by the doctor.

That jealousy is a strong element in the psychological make-up of the wild beast was apparently shown recently when Lopez, a jaguar, killed Bella, another jaguar. As the keepers tell it, it was because Bella had paid more attention to another of his kind there confined in a cage, and Lopez had watched her casting secret glances from her big eyes toward Dan, who had an adjoining apartment. But the keepers, like some parents, wanted to make a match without being sure of reciprocated love, and they decided to place Lopez and Bella together, with the result that the moment the door between the two cages was opened, Lopez sprang at her, and after his long, sharp teeth had loosened in her throat, Bella had paid the penalty for her coquetry. She just groaned a few times and died.

Lopez was a playful animal, almost as playful as a house cat, prior to Bella's debut. He was captured in Paraguay and sent to the Zoo by William Miels Butler, Secretary of the Paraguay Development Company. He was, in fact, on such friendly terms with his keepers that he wanted to shake hands nearly all the time, but found few who cared to extend this mark of cordiality to him.

John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, shook his luxuriant iron-gray locks at the supercilious majority to-day when the question of giving over the Pension Office for the inaugural ball was up, and said, with great declamatory effect: "Gentlemen, freemen, patriots, let us unhorse the dogs of war!"—*New York World*.

The Passing of the Buffalo.

SAN CARLOS, Arizona, Dec. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The "Tragedy of the Plains" and other articles on the disappearance of the buffalo appearing recently in FOREST AND STREAM, have, as you may conceive, interested me much.

I would like to contribute some experiences of my own in this line; not that it will solve the question as to what became of the buffalo, for we all know where they went, but to add, if it may be, to the literature on the subject.

The first scene is laid at Fort Wadsworth, Dakota, in the springtime of 1867. It may interest you to know that after the Grand Review in Washington in 1865, my battalion drifted out west, and a year later relieved the Second Minnesota Volunteers at the above post.

In early spring we marched north across country to "Bears' Den Hill" on the Cheyenne River, to establish a military post, afterward called Fort Ransom.

One day we traversed a great expanse of level prairie land. It was covered with ice, but here and there could be seen the close cropped yellow grass peculiar to that region at that time of year. As far as the eye could see this prairie was dotted with carcasses of buffalo, fresh, unmarked by bullet or arrow. They were not gaunt, starved beasts by any means. How far they extended beyond the line of vision I am unable to say, but it appeared to me that they numbered thousands.

I have my own theory as to the calamity that overtook them, but I will not divulge it.

In the late winter of 1870-71 I was encamped with a companion on one of the streams of Milk River, Montana Territory, a short day's journey from old Fort Belknap, a trading post on Milk River. It was also an agency, and, if I remember aright, Major Reid was agent.

It was the same winter that the smallpox terror struck the Indians and carried them off by hundreds. The employes of the agency and the hangers-on of the trader relieved the dead Indians of their fine robes as fast as they were laid out, and afterward shipped the furs to the States at brisk profit.

There was much snow about our camp, and the buffalo and wolves were very numerous. A three days' storm raged, during which we did not leave our "lean-to," except to hustle for wood, which many of your readers know is not plentiful off the main streams.

During the storm the buffalo drifted with it past our camp, while droves of elk traveled against the storm along the near-by bluff.

It cleared up bright, cold and calm, and we heard much firing the following morning, which gave us intimation that there was a prairie Grosventre village in our vicinity.

We learned afterward that the firing was directed exclusively against cows heavy with calf, the sole object being to obtain that delicacy (the unborn calf) for a feast.

It was the first instance of the kind that had come under my observation, and I have wondered if others have observed the same trait in the Indians of the plains.

It was not a time of year when the robes were in good condition, and the animals themselves, except the young bulls and barren cows, were poor of flesh.

There was no demand for raw buffalo hides in those days, and I do not remember of any being shipped from the section of country along the upper Missouri River, but of the finished product, the dressed robe, thousands were brought in by the Indians to the various trading posts. The price varied from 16 cups of brown sugar to \$3 in trade (?) for a fine robe, and the baling of these robes in the springtime for shipment was a feature at the main trading establishments.

The country west of the Missouri, from the Black Hills to the Musselshell, was held by the hostile Sioux, and by all accounts was black with buffalo.

It was common belief that the wolves were as destructive of buffalo as the Indians, but the wolves did not last long after the white hunters commenced distributing strychnia north of the Missouri.

In the spring of 1877 it was my fortune to be on board of the steamer Far West, Captain Grant Marsh, bound up the Yellowstone to the cantonment on Tongue River. As we swung around the bends well up the river, we passed first one and then several great stacks of buffalo hides, that loomed as big as hay-stacks on the bank, awaiting shipment.

Somehow they were a misfit in the surroundings. The yellow prairie, the winding river, cottonwood timber, and stacks of buffalo hides.

We may imagine that they represented many a "Kansas stand," and much toil in gathering on the part of that noble army of adventurers of whom Mr. Hutt speaks with such refreshing frankness in FOREST AND STREAM of December 17.

Buffalo were not as plentiful along the Yellowstone that fall.

In the cold February of 1880, the buffalo came down from the north in great masses and congregated along the Yellowstone near the mouth of Powder River. That was the first and only time that I saw buffalo stupid from the effects of extreme cold. A wagon road that was traveled daily ran along the south bank of the river and kept the buffalo from crossing for some time; but finally they crossed and went south. They never returned. They met their Waterloo somewhere near the Black Hills, or perhaps further south.

That was the beginning of the end of the buffalo.

L. S. KELLY.

The lioness and baboon which formed part of King Menelik's recent gift to President Roosevelt have died in the National Zoological Park. The baboon died from tuberculosis and the lioness from chronic kidney and liver ailments.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Northern Pennsylvania Game Notes.

SAYRE, Pa., Jan. 2.—The game season which closed recently in this State left a goodly remnant of both feather and fur for restocking in the covers hereabouts. As stated in these columns some weeks ago, there was an average supply of ruffed grouse in some neighboring covers and something less than average in others; but on the whole, local gunners are agreed that quite as many grouse were shot the past season as the season preceding furnished.

In New York State covering the territory between Ithaca and Sayre, plenty of good grouse shooting was to be had despite the fact that a gentleman from Elmira intimated recently that my forecast as to the grouse supply in the vicinity of Van Etten, Spencer, and West Danby and adjacent covers was erroneous. Trustworthy advices from Spencer and Van Etten report that shooting men acquainted with the country and with the requisite powers of endurance to forage over the declivitous "lay of land," were able to secure in a day's tramp satisfactory bags of the noble game. Personally I know of six grouse having been shot during a five hours' tramp in a rough reach of cover bordering Van Etten and Spencer. While this is not a large score, as some men count scores, it is sufficiently substantial to prove that the wily grouse has not entirely perished from the face of the earth in a section peculiarly adapted to its preservation. At West Danby and at Newfield, the latter village only six miles removed from Ithaca, were rare good points to secure some good grouse shooting, and at Newfield Station, a few days before the closing of the New York grouse season, a party boarded a Lehigh Valley night train with the finest display of grouse, bagged amid the Newfield hills, that was taken in to the University City during the past season. The season closed with a nice supply of birds in good condition to weather the winter, which up to this writing has been exceptionally favorable for the birds.

Of woodcock there is but little to write. Some fine bags of flight birds were reported, but these were not plenty enough to warrant the belief that the birds are increasing in numbers. In connection with this subject of woodcock, it is worth while to note that Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the State Board of Game Commissioners, in his annual report suggests what your correspondent has for some time and repeatedly in these columns favored, namely, the abolishment of summer shooting of woodcock. This would at least furnish some practical and worthy help toward conserving and increasing the woodcock supply.

Gray squirrels were about up to the average in numbers the past season in most local sections at least. It is the consensus of opinion that the season on this game should open at least two weeks earlier than at present.

Rabbits, like the poor, we have always with us, which is an encouraging prospect, after all, for without poor, simple little "bunny" most of us who like to get a day's fun without going to a far country would be in a sorry plight, indeed. It is really wonderful where the seemingly inexhaustible supply of these little spry-footed animals comes from. The slaughter over all the State has been enormous the past season, and yet there remains in most sections, at any rate, ample seed for next season's needs. With practically every man's hand raised against him during the open season—and who shall say that same hand is not raised against him during all the seasons in the "back country," where only the faint rumbles of the game law's machinery is heard?—Bre'r Cottontail survives with the tenacity of a Salem witch tale, and promises, despite the wiles of the high priests of the shooting fraternity, to multiply and replenish the earth. For which cause, among many, we have reason to be happy in these first glad days of the new year.

M. CHILL.

Early Use of Colt's Revolvers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent number of Mr. George Bird Grinnell's very interesting series of contributions, "Trails of the Pathfinders" (FOREST AND STREAM of December 10), he says: "The party just setting out were well armed with Colt's repeating rifles and revolvers," etc., and further on he quotes Gregg as saying " * * * percussion guns are preferable upon the prairies, particularly for those who understand their use." This was in 1839, and I think about fifteen years before the Colt's revolver came into use, when even the "percussion gun" was a novelty. It is my impression that the Colt's repeating rifle was also a novelty as late as about 1860. If wrong about these impressions, I shall gladly "stand corrected."

COAHOMA.

This having been referred to Mr. Grinnell, he wrote as follows:

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am glad to read Coahoma's criticism of the instalment of "Trails of the Pathfinders" printed in FOREST AND STREAM of December 10, and to acknowledge a slight inaccuracy of language which is perhaps misleading. The words "the party just setting out were well armed with Colt's repeating rifles and revolvers" should read "the leaders of the party just setting out," etc.

At the date mentioned the average American, if scout or trapper, carried a "long rifle," while teamsters and others who traveled as a part of the wagon train, were provided with muskets, loaded with the traditional "buck and ball."

Gregg's precise language is: "My brother and myself were each provided with one of Colt's repeating rifles and a pair of pistols of the same make, so that we could, if necessary, carry thirty-six ready loaded shots apiece." This was careless writing on the part of Gregg, since the

two men would seem to have had but eighteen shots apiece, or thirty-six in all.

The repeating arms spoken of were then absolutely new. Colt's first patent for a revolver was dated February, 1836. It had no number. The revolving rifles are said to have been manufactured in 1836. But there is some reason to believe that the revolver came into use much earlier in the southwest than elsewhere, and we believe there is a tradition that during the late '30s a company of Texas rangers was armed with these pistols—and possibly also with the revolving rifles—which proved so effective as military weapons that the fame of the arm spread, and its popularity at once became great.

It must be remembered that Gregg as a successful trader was a man of substance—one who could afford the best that was in the market; and further, that no part of a man's equipment was more important than his firearms. A man would no more economize on his firearms or ammunition then, than—twenty-five years later—a cowboy would economize on his saddle.

Gregg's book was published in 1844, and I have precisely quoted his language. I submit the matter to Coahoma for such modification of his impressions as the facts may call for.

All this happened a long time ago, and our ideas and impressions about particular occurrences which took place before we were born are likely to be vague enough. I should be glad to have my own set right as to many points with regard to the time at which various improved arms came into use.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Woodcock and Ducks.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend sends me occasionally copies of FOREST AND STREAM, and I find much interesting reading in them, as I have been much attached to the rod and gun since early boyhood, now over fifty years ago. We have quite a variety of game on our island Province, including wild goose, brant, black ducks, woodcock, English snipe, partridge, golden and many other varieties of plover. We have also the black bear, fox, mink, otter, muskrat, and hares in abundance.

I like the woodcock shooting best, but the snipe and black duck make almost equally as good. In the late fall, on a calm morning after a white frost has fallen, the sound of the woodcock's wings as he starts from the nose of your Gordon setter, makes pleasant music to the sportsman's ear. If one happens to strike the cover when they have collected for their flight south, which is generally about the first of November or immediately after a sharp frost, it becomes a very exciting day's sport. I have flushed as many as fifty woodcock in a cover at this time or season of flight. A few years ago, in beating a cover which was alive with woodcock (the most of which, I am sorry to say, made good their escape, as it was my off day, and I generally have one or more each season; the sportsman who only has an off day every few years may count himself lucky indeed), I only bagged about one bird to every seventh or eighth shot, and my brother, who was shooting with me, had equally poor luck. We went the next day to redeem lost prestige, but only flushed two birds on the whole cover, and one of these had been wounded the previous day; probably both were injured, or they may have been mates who decided to live or die together. We returned from that cover two disappointed sportsmen, but consoled ourselves with the idea that we were not in any way to blame for the failure to bag more game, but that we had been firing damaged cartridges.

In speaking about off days, I remember on another occasion when shooting black duck (or I should say fring at them), I had my decoys nicely set waiting for the falling tide, when the ducks congregated to feed. I had not long to wait until the birds began pouring in and I began pouring out. After firing away for several hours I counted up my bag and had seven black ducks. I almost felt disgraced for life, as a party who had heard of my correct shooting hitherto was faithfully recording every shot. He placed it down as forty shots, and I think he was well within the mark. What was particularly mystifying about it all was that bunches of feathers would come with almost every shot. Conditions were somewhat against me on this occasion, as the wind was off, and being late in the season the birds were fat and strong and well feathered. I have always had an idea that I was firing damaged powder. I had loaded the shells myself, and was probably imposed on by the party who sold me the powder. But clear of this, there are occasional days in which nearly every shot seems to go home. I generally began the day by missing a few good chances; then a few rapid shots discharged without proper care, and unless one has the good fortune to make a very fine shot or two, the bag for that day is assuredly going to be small. But enough about off days.

I was somewhat amused by some writers asking if ducks commit suicide. I do not think that anyone who owns a good retriever dog would think of asking such a question. I have shot hundreds of ducks and always felt sure of my bird if it was not able to take the wing again. I remember on one occasion stopping thirteen black ducks at one double discharge. At least half of them were wounded, and my dog retrieved twelve of them at the time, and I believe got the other one later on. I have watched their actions very closely, sometimes following in a boat; I have seen them go under water and make rapidly for the nearest cover, creep under the weeds and gain the shrubbery, and generally safety, unless I was in possession of a good retriever.

A few years ago I shot a duck in a small pond which was surrounded by marsh and low bushes. The duck went under water and I watched the bare edges of the pond for his appearance, but he managed to gain the cover

without being noticed. I had a young dog with me, and this was to be his first lesson. I let him loose and thought he had got the scent, but after wriggling around in the low scrubbery for some time, he made off across the barren. I felt like calling him in and cuffing him. I believe I did call him a fool. However, as he seemed much interested in his work, I let him go on, and, much to my surprise, he located the wounded bird. After that I never called a dog off the scent too hastily. It was certainly surprising to see the distance that duck covered in less than fifteen minutes. If anyone still has the idea that ducks commit suicide, let him get a good duck dog, and I think I am safe in saying that he will have a good account of all his missing birds.

ROBERT JENKINS.

In Massachusetts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, with delegates from sportsmen's clubs of the State, December 29, a resolution drawn by E. Harold Baynes and presented by I. O. Converse, asking President Roosevelt to take action for the preservation of the buffalo of the United States was unanimously adopted. It was as follows:

"Resolved, That the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association most heartily indorses the movement now on foot to save the buffalo from extinction by having the United States Government purchase and maintain on suitable ranges in different parts of the country a number of small herds of pure bred animals, of this species until they have increased to such an extent that there is no immediate danger of their passing."

The vote by which the above was adopted represents the opinion not only of the association, but of the delegates present from numerous clubs from various sections of the State. The entire club membership represented by these delegates is several thousand.

Fortunately we now have a man at the head of the Government to whom a case of this kind will appeal very strongly, and no one can doubt the President will do all in his power to save the small remnant of the American bison from extinction.

The date fixed for the annual dinner of the State Association is February 16, and invitations have been extended to the fish and game commissioners of the New England States and to the various public officials to whom it has been customary to extend the courtesy of an invitation.

Last month a new protective club was formed called "The Berkshire County Fish and Game Protective Association," composed of prominent men in Adams, Pittsfield, Williamstown, Great Barrington, etc. The Secretary is Mr. J. M. Van Huyck, of Great Barrington. Judge Sarnborn Tenney, of Williamstown, is one of the active men on the list of officers. The club is likely to exert a commanding influence in favor of game interests. As your readers know, the Berkshire hills and mountains abound in game of many kinds, and the streams are noted for good trout fishing.

I have just received a report that Thomas Suttle on Friday killed a lynx that weighed 90 pounds near "Balance Rock" in Lanesboro. Mr. Suttle's dog barely escaped with his life. The animal had been having a long Thanksgiving feast from the farmers' chickens, sheep and calves.

The cards sent out by the association urging sportsmen to feed the quail are bringing many letters, some of which speak of the outlook for quail next year as very gloomy. One writer says he knows of but two within five miles of his farm, whereas a year ago he is sure there were not less than 200 within one mile. Others write more encouragingly and tell of several coveys being provided with food.

The call for testimony from sportsmen on the question whether or not foxes destroy many quail and partridges has brought many replies which vary greatly in character. Many more letters are expected, and in due time your correspondent will say more about them. It is too early to make a summing up of the testimony, but many of the letters are "mighty interesting."

I regret exceedingly to record a very sad accident which occurred to-day in Concord, Mass. By the premature discharge of a rifle in the hands of Samuel Hoar, the 17-year-old son of the late Samuel Hoar, and the grand-nephew of the late Senator Hoar, Clarence E. Jones, aged 16 years, was fatally shot. When the accident occurred, the boys, who were bosom friends, were in a canoe on the Concord River, near the Minute Man bridge. They had been shooting muskrats. Young Hoar had just shot one, and while reloading, suddenly the gun went off, and Jones fell forward with a groan. Master Hoar paddled with all speed for the nearest boat house, and summoned a physician, but young Jones expired before his arrival, the ball from a .32-40 rifle, having passed through the lad's head. Clarence was the son of Mr. Reginald H. Jones, who is a member of the well-known banking firm of Blake Brothers, Boston.

Numerous readers throughout the north and east will be pleased to learn more about the quail released last spring in our State. Should I give all the details they would fill a page. Fifteen dozen were purchased by the town of Cohasset, and Mr. Souther, to whom they were sent, writes that the experiment was a "complete success." Mr. John Foster, of South Hanson, called at the office and gave an account of the six pairs which he bought. One pair, he says, hatched out eight, another nine, another twelve. The broods of two pairs got together and he counted a covey of fifteen as the result of the combination. This is certainly a wonderful showing, and, by the way, Mr. Foster is a man well known, not only in Hanson, but in all the neighboring towns. I have already

The Texas Duck Law.

An Interesting Correspondence.

[COPY.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1904.—*Mr. T. J. Anderson, General Passenger Agent Southern Pacific Railroad Company, Houston, Texas:* My Dear Sir—I have just received, through the courtesy of Prof. H. P. Attwater, a copy of the resolutions of the Business Men's League, of Rockport, Texas, the letter of Mr. Geo. P. Lupton, G. P. A., S. A. & A. P. Ry., and your reply to the latter.

Personally and officially, in behalf of the National Association of Audubon Societies, I beg to convey to you my thanks for your admirable and able letter. Your letter clearly states the reasons why the present excellent game law of Texas should not be repealed or altered, and it forcibly points out the inevitable results of such shortsighted action. The resolutions of the Business Men's League seem to be conceived in selfishness, as they demand for a restricted class a privilege that will entail loss on the balance of the citizens of Texas. The circular letter of Mr. Lupton is not in line with the policy of advanced railroad management, as it suggests a sure method of game extermination, thereby removing a great attraction from Texas, and as a result a diminished passenger traffic. Unwise laws in the past have permitted the unlimited slaughter of all kinds of game, principally for markets and cold storage, and as a consequence game birds and animals have been largely reduced in numbers. By conservative and wise legislation, such as the present law of Texas, which the Business Men's League seeks to modify, game will increase in your State, and will thus attract tourists within its borders, and a twofold benefit will be derived: first from the money distributed by the traveling sportsmen, and secondly, that many of them may be so impressed by scenery, healthfulness, and general possibilities of the State that they will remain permanently, and thus add to the wealth and citizenship of the Commonwealth.

The National Association of Audubon Societies stands first, last, and all the time for the preservation of game of all kinds, and also for the protection of the birds that cannot be considered game, but are the means provided by nature to check the ravages of insect life, of which the boll weevil may be cited as a striking example.

Again thanking you for your correct and advanced stand in the interest, not only of your corporation, but of your State, I am most sincerely and truly yours,

(Signed) WM. DUTCHER,
President N. A. A. Societies.

[COPY.]

THE GALVESTON, HARRISBURG, AND SAN ANTONIO RAILWAY COMPANY.—HOUSTON, Texas, Dec. 27, 1904.—*Mr. Geo. F. Lupton, G. P. A., S. A. & A. P. Ry., San Antonio, Texas:* Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. to General Passenger Agents, file 14335, giving copy of resolutions of the Business Men's League, of Rockport, Texas, in reference to the game law of Texas.

I regret that I cannot agree with you in indorsing the resolutions passed by the Business Men's League of Rockport, as I feel that the present law is equitable and just. To modify this law in accordance with these resolutions, it would seem to me a step backward, and it would not be long before we would have to call on the State Legislature to pass another law prohibiting the slaughtering of game by the wholesale. Any bonafide hunter should be satisfied with the present law, which enables him to go out and slaughter twenty-five ducks a day, which number should last an ordinary family a week, and anyone not satisfied with this law, it would seem to me, are going out purely for the purpose of slaughtering game and shipping for other purposes than for which the present law contemplates. We advertise Texas now as a great place for sportsmen, where they can find game and fish, and unless we protect this game in some way, we will soon have to withdraw our advertising matter and notify sporting men that they had better seek a more prolific hunting and fishing ground. Yours very truly,

(Signed) T. J. ANDERSON, G. P. A.

[COPY.]

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Dec. 21, 1904.—*General Passenger Agents, Texas Lines:* Gentlemen—Knowing that each general passenger agent is interested in tourist and excursion business, I beg to call your attention to the Texas game laws as they now exist, which prohibit the shipping of game out of the State, or to points within the State, except when accompanied by the party who killed it, and then only in very small quantities.

At a meeting of the Business Men's League of Rockport, the following resolutions were adopted:

"WHEREAS, It has come to the notice of the Business Men's League that under the present game law permitting the killing of twenty-five wild ducks, geese, brant or other water fowls by any person in one day, that many have availed themselves of this right and have killed said number, or limit, day after day; that, owing to the restriction of the law, they are not permitted to take with them, nor ship to their homes, more than twenty-five fowls so killed; that in consequence many thousands of these fowls so killed are allowed to go to waste, as no disposition can be made of them. This being, in our opinion, a feature of the law that should be changed, and which is inconsistent, unreasonable, and unfair to our citizens, it is, upon motion, unanimously resolved by the Business Men's League of the city of Rockport, that our State Senators and Representatives be urgently requested to take such steps as may seem expedient so as to amend the present game law as follows:

"First—That any person killing twenty-five or less wild ducks, geese or brant, shall be permitted, upon his filing an affidavit that he has not killed nor offered for shipment more than the limit, etc., as prescribed by the present law, to offer same for shipment to his home, or other point within the State of Texas, and that he shall be relieved from accompanying said shipment.

"Second—That any person who shall for several days prefer to hold his wildfowl as above described, and who shall make affidavit that he has not exceeded the limit as

prescribed by law, and that he has not purchased any of the wildfowl so offered for shipment, and that he will accompany the same, shall be permitted to take same to his home, or other place desired, whether within the State of Texas or elsewhere, as he may desire, and all railway and express companies are authorized to receive and transport such shipments to destination as directed, when accompanied with the affidavit as above set out."

We heartily indorse the action of the Rockport business men, and would respectfully request that you interest yourselves in this measure, in order that we may have the law so amended that it will carry out the ideas as suggested by the Rockport Business League.

I would be very glad to have replies sent to me, and if you are in favor of the measure, kindly intimate it, and we will have the bill drafted and presented through you to your Representative, so that it may be passed by the next session of our Legislature.

Please advise if I may use your name in sending out, through you, a joint circular letter to the different Texas Representatives embodying the above ideas. I would thank you to give this matter prompt attention. Yours truly,

(Signed) GEO. P. LUPTON.

[COPY.]

HOUSTON, Texas, Dec. 31.—*Mr. Geo. F. Lupton, A. G. P. A., S. A. & A. P. Ry.:* Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 29th, No. 14335. Have read your circular carefully, noted particularly and understand it thoroughly.

Referring to the third paragraph of your letter, I beg to call your attention to the point wherein you state that any person killing the legal number (twenty-five) of ducks, geese or brant shall be allowed to ship them to his home or other point within the State of Texas without being required to accompany the shipment. This is the point on which I beg to differ with you and those who passed the resolutions at Rockport; for just so soon as you allow a man to go out and kill twenty-five ducks a day and ship them to his home or any other point, just so soon that man is going to ship ducks for other purposes than for his own use or that of his friends; but to make the matter plainer, he will go out and slaughter game and ship same to dealers for profit. This is what I object to, and while I cannot expect all of the General Passenger Agents to agree with me in my opinion on this proposition, yet if this matter is passed on by a majority in favor of the resolutions, I shall do all in my power to secure all the outside influence possible to defeat the modification of this law one jot or tittle. T. J. ANDERSON, G. P. A.

[COPY.]

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Dec. 29, 1904.—*Mr. T. J. Anderson, G. P. A. S. P.:* Dear Sir—I am sorry that you cannot see your way clear to agree with us. I hardly think that you have carefully read the proposed amendment, else you would see that we had not advocated any change in the laws whereby it would enable hunters to slaughter more game.

Briefly told, the Rockport people propose to amend the laws so that any person killing the legal number (twenty-five) of ducks, geese or brant shall be allowed to ship them to his home, or other point within the State of Texas, without being required to accompany said shipment; all of this, of course, to be done only upon the party making an affidavit that he has not killed nor offered for shipment any more than the limit—twenty-five.

We think this is a very good amendment, for the simple reason that a great many sportsmen have complained that they are perfectly satisfied to not kill over twenty-five ducks per day, but they would like to have the privilege of shipping them to their homes, or perhaps, in a few instances, to their northern friends, so that the northern sportsmen can be induced to visit our section of the country rather than northern and eastern hunting grounds.

In plainer words, we do not favor any change in the law except as indicated in the resolutions. You might say that this privilege would be abused and that people would ship them to other points in the State and outside of the State for sale. I do not agree with you on this point, simply because if a man did it he would easily be caught and severely dealt with according to law, and it would not take very long to do it. We do not believe that any gentleman sportsman would abuse the privilege, and if the "scalawags" attempted to do it, they would soon receive the full legal penalty. Every thorough sportsman would see that the guilty party would be punished. I hope you can see your way clear to indorse the movement. GEO. F. LUPTON.

Extracts from the new Texas game law, known as the bird law, July 1, 1903:

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Texas: All the wild deer, wild antelope, wild Rocky Mountain sheep, wild turkeys, wild ducks, wild geese, wild grouse, wild prairie chickens (pinnated grouse), wild Mongolian or English pheasant, wild quail or partridges, wild doves, wild pigeons, wild plover, wild snipe, wild jacksnipe, and wild curlews, and all other wildfowl found within the borders of this State, shall be, and the same are, hereby declared to be the property of the public.

Sec. 9. * * * It shall be unlawful for any person at any time to kill or destroy more than twenty-five of the birds or fowl mentioned in Section 1 of this act, in any one day. * * *

Sec. 10. It shall be unlawful for any express company, railroad company or other common carrier, or the officers, agents, servants, or employees of the same, to receive for the purpose of transportation, or to transport, carry, or take beyond the limits of this State, or within this State, except as hereinbefore provided, any wild animal, bird or water fowl mentioned in Section 1 of this act. * * *

Sec. 11. * * * Nothing in this act shall be construed to prohibit the transportation and shipment of any of the game birds or wild fowls mentioned in Section 1 of this act, when lawfully taken or killed, from the place of shipment to the home of the person who killed the same; provided, the person who killed said game, birds or fowls shall accompany said game birds or fowls on the same train, or common carrier, from the point of shipment to said point of destination.

Mr. Wm. A. Dutcher's Comments,

ONE very important reason why the present excellent wildfowl law in Texas should not be repealed or altered in any way, may be found in Bulletin No. 113, United States Department of Agriculture, "Irrigation of Rice in the United States." This bulletin is devoted largely to the rice growing industry in Louisiana and Texas, in both of which States this important agricultural interest is the source of much profit and is rapidly expanding. In the

related the results obtained by a sportsman not twenty miles from Worcester, whose modesty prevents my mentioning his name at this time. This gentleman was so well pleased with the success of his planting of three dozen last spring that a week ago he put out eighteen dozen. He called at the office yesterday and reported that each of the dozen or more lots he liberated is coming regularly to the feeding boxes, and they are doing well, with the exception of one covey, which has been discovered by the foxes, and he has found the feathers of dead birds and other evidence sufficient to prove conclusively that Reynard is the guilty party. Now he is in pursuit of information about trapping, and says he has offered \$1 as a bounty to the man or boy who will bring in a fox.

Mr. Hill, of Attleboro, writes that some short-sighted gunners found where some of the birds he freed were in the fall and killed quite a number of them. Mr. Comer, of Comer's Commercial College, writes a long account of his experiment with the birds, and expresses great satisfaction with the result. A few of those who have reported say they lost all trace of the birds in a few days after liberating them. Possibly they did not keep up the supply of food, or, if so, the birds may have been frightened away from the locality by foxes or other enemies. Mr. Louis Morse, of North Attleboro, raised quite a number from the eggs this year, and while he has met with some disappointments, he has some of the birds yet, and is convinced that the rearing of quail in captivity is far from being an impossibility. The State Association is on the point of sending out cards for posting, calling the attention of people to the necessity of feeding the birds. It is of the greatest importance to the lovers of quail shooting that what birds we now have be systematically fed, and that the work of restocking be prosecuted with the utmost vigor.

CENTRAL.

BOSTON.

A Sleeping Duck.

WHILE we have been much interested in some of the discussions that have recently taken place in your columns, we have remained silent, as we had, in times gone by, our fling on the black fox and the panther scream questions; though we will say that we have seen more than one black duck asleep. And one time, when we saw at least a dozen asleep, we caught a duck in such a manner that we believe no one would accuse us of being a pot-hunter, though the duck was not flying at the time that it was taken. One warm October afternoon we approached the bank of the east branch of the Missisquoi River and saw about one hundred yards above us a flock of black ducks asleep; they were in an eddy of stillwater; there was a bunch of cattails near us in the shallow water. We picked up among the driftwood a small piece of board and a short stick, and quietly waded out among the cattails and stuck the stick down into the water with the piece of board on its top, making a tottlish one-legged stool. We sat down on it with care, and by bending down our head we were fairly well covered. We expected a boat to come soon down the river which would wake up the ducks and cause them to swim down by us, when we would rise up and give them a "right and left"—after they took wing, of course. The day was warm and the boat did not appear; we got in a slight doze, when—splash! We have a dim recollection of seeing the frightened ducks flying away as we emptied the water out of our pockets, and tried to do the same out of our boots, which gave us, if anything, a wetter back. We were soon over at Goose Bay and in the canoe paddling for camp and a hot fire. Ugh! It is a mystery how water can be so cold on such a warm afternoon.

STANSTEAD.

The Duck Shooting Practice.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial on the duck swatting question makes me think of a story old man Bassford tells.

Receiving a letter from Rev. Father Murphy to call on him in connection with the plans for the building of a new church, and it being the fall of the year, and Father Murphy's parish being up country where there was some fine duck shooting, old man Bassford took his gun along. When Saturday night came around and the plans were all agreed upon and old man Bassford had had three or four days of fine duck shooting, they spent a sociable Saturday night together at the parish residence, it being understood that Mr. Bassford would remain over Sunday and attend church and listen to Father Murphy's sermon. At the conclusion of the services, and before the congregation was dismissed, Father Murphy arose and delivered himself about as follows:

"I would like to say to this congregation that we are about to form a temperance society, and I would desire that all interested would keep their sates and remain after the services. Now I want it distinctly understood that the forming of this temperance society is not for the purpose of making war on the saloon-keepers, nor is it intended to prevent those wantin' a drink gettin' it when they want it, but it's for the good of iverybody."

Afterward at the dinner table Bassford remarked, "That was a queer temperance sermon you were giving us this morning." To this Father Murphy, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "Wasn't that an illigant shtraddle?"

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

[We do not see the application of this. We did not discuss the merits of the duck shooting question, nor attempt to consider the pros and cons. We simply stated facts as to the prevailing duck shooting practice.]

California Sale and Bag Limit.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Much interest is now being taken in this State on the question of prohibiting the sale of game. An effort in this direction will be made at the coming session of the Legislature. Should it be successful, we will be sure of an abundance of game in California for a great many years. There is also a growing disposition to further limit the individual bag—a most wise thing to do. Surely two dozen birds of any kind or fifty trout per day are enough for any man's rational sport.

ROEEL.

preface (p. 5) it is stated, "There has been a decline in the South Atlantic States and an increase in the Western Gulf States. Within the past few years the raising of rice in Louisiana and Texas has developed into one of the leading industries of that region, and has given great value to lands heretofore used only for grazing, and to water which had been allowed to waste into the Gulf of Mexico. During the past ten years the United States have produced less than half the rice consumed in this country, the average importation for that time being 172,736,957 pounds per annum, having a value of \$3,185,968. With the present large importation and the increasing use of rice as a staple food rather than a luxury, the possibilities for the expansion of this industry are unlimited." One of the chief obstacles that the rice producers have to contend with, and a factor that materially reduces his profits, is the voluntary red rice, the greatest bane of the rice grower. This is described on page 71 of the bulletin as follows: "In harvesting, more or less seed falls to the ground, especially at places where sheaves have been stacked and along the driveway from the fields to the barnyards. The seed that is not destroyed by sprouting and burning remains in the ground and grows up with the following season's planting. This voluntary plant produces red rice, so called because of the pink cuticle next to the kernel. The great objection to red rice is that it is soft, so soft that it cannot be milled, and is, therefore, unmerchantable. The grain scatters out readily, and, reseeding the field, produces more and more of its kind. In some instances it has increased so rapidly and taken so firm a hold on the ground that it has been necessary to leave whole fields idle for a year or more in order to free the ground from this noxious plant." The rice growers endeavored by every known method to prevent the loss entailed by this scourge to the industry, but the greatest aid that they might have in keeping red rice under subjection has never received proper attention.

Nature provides certain classes of birds that eat red rice voraciously, and thus remove it from the planters' fields and prevent it from doing any damage. Among these beneficial birds none do more good than wild ducks and geese. "Practically every species of wild duck common east of the Rocky Mountains may be found wintering along the north and west Gulf coasts in large numbers. The water fowl are early migrants, and are not found in the rice fields to any extent during the planting season, but all winter long they feed upon the rice which has lain in the fields since harvest time. In this way they are undoubtedly of the greatest benefit to the rice grower; but the demand for them for the table is so great that the boom of the shotgun is heard in the rice fields all night long and all winter long. The birds early become too shy to feed by daylight, and are shot on the wing during moonlight and starlight nights. Those which are only crippled and fall at considerable distances from the gunner are picked up by the turkey buzzards and black vultures, which industriously and thoroughly work the fields during the early forenoon. Observant rice growers who have watched the wildfowl and measured the extent of their depredations, fully agree that good rice farming, which includes intelligent handling of the crop after the reaper has left the field, will place these birds wholly in the beneficial list. There is little danger to rice stacks, and the cleaner the fields are gleaned of the fallen grain after harvest the better. The ducks are the most effective of the feathered gleaners in the rice field after the harvest is over.

"The evidence obtained warrants the conclusion that birds remove from the rice fields enormous quantities of rice, which, if left to sprout, would insure the spread of red rice and a certain consequent reduction in the value of the annual crop" (pp. 56, 52).

To summarize: The important question before the citizens of Texas at this time is, shall the excellent and wise law now on the statute books of the Commonwealth for the protection of wild ducks and geese be changed or repealed? As the law now stands it permits the real sportsman to indulge in shooting to a proper extent, but it prevents market shooting, which is the most prolific of all methods of game destruction. The authoritative statement of the United States Department of Agriculture shows that wildfowl are a valuable aid to an already great agricultural industry in Texas, and one that bids fair in the future to grow much larger. Shall this important industry be crippled in its infancy in order that a few pot-hunters may shoot for market? It certainly will be short-sighted and uneconomic to change the present law, which is distinctly for the greatest good to the greatest number of citizens.

Let the present law remain in force.

WILLIAM DUTCHER,

President National Association of Audubon Societies.

Poisoning Vermin.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF GAME COMMISSIONERS.—Harrisburg, Pa.—I write you to-day on the matter of preserving our game and our birds against the depredations of vermin of all kinds, foxes, wildcats, weasels, skunks, mink, etc. I am in receipt of many communications from all over the State on this subject, and all agree that if some positive measure is not adopted in the near future for the extermination of this class of animals of prey, together with the great horned owls, the barred owl and two or three species of hawks, some of our most highly-prized game birds, such as the ruffed grouse, will in many parts of the commonwealth exist only in memory. There is no question in the minds of those who have given this matter any thought whatever but that these animals are rapidly depleting our cover of all kinds of game, and of song and insectivorous birds.

It seems strange to me and slightly ridiculous to enforce laws placing a limit on certain game to be killed in one day, to forbid its killing except within a specified time, and its exportation out of the State by sportsmen who desire to pursue these things for pleasure or recreation, or the man who pursues them because he needs them for food, and then deliberately refuse or neglect to protect them from their natural enemies, to whom a closed season or Sunday is unknown.

I am satisfied that individually each of these animals destroy more game and birds than any hunter, legal or illegal, who ever trod the woods. If these vermin were to limit their killing to actual necessity it would be bad enough, but many of them go far beyond that, and appear to kill simply for the love of killing, so that, day in and day out, year after year, their trail is covered with blood.

One gentleman who has made a study of the weasel for many years and who has actually killed over seventeen hundred inside of ten years says, during the course of this investigation he repeatedly found that this animal, from the food standpoint, almost nightly exceeded his necessities. On one occasion he found eleven rabbits that had been killed by one weasel in one night. He frequently found where three or four, or more, had been killed by one animal in one night, and cited an instance of one weasel killing thirty-two chickens, full-grown, in three hours. His conclusion that the weasel kills simply because it loves to kill corroborates many authorities on the same subject.

Another party, writing of the skunk, says: "Seven years of careful study satisfies me this animal (while at certain times it no doubt does some good) during the springtime lives almost exclusively upon the eggs and young of birds that nest upon the ground. I have frequently killed skunks gorged with eggs, and have found many nests of quail despoiled by this pest. I know the skunk did it, for I killed the beast and found the eggs in its stomach." This is not an isolated case; many authorities point in the same direction. The sportsmen especially despise a skunk."

Dr. Warren, in his late work on "Diseases and Enemies of Poultry," defends this animal and says the above cited ideas are erroneous and claims they do much good, especially in the hop-growing district. He cites Dr. C. M. Merriam, who says: "The skunk is pre-eminently an insect eater; he destroys many more beetles, grasshoppers and the like than all other mammals together, and in addition to these, destroys vast numbers of mice." Many other authorities are cited to the same end, but I nowhere see the claim made that they do not destroy the eggs and young of ground-nesting birds, and see no reason why they should be preserved on the wild lands of the State, dozens of miles from cultivated lands, where it appears they may be of some benefit.

This fall I saw the tracks of as many as fifty wildcats. This was upon but a limited territory, say ten miles in diameter, and led me to believe these animals were very plentiful, at least in that section, and the same word comes to me from many directions. I learned of the killing of several fawns by wildcats during the present year.

A few days ago I saw a letter written by one of the forestry wardens of the State, in which he states that a "lynx" (no doubt a wildcat) jumped upon a deer near his camp a few days prior to the writing, but because of size and strength the deer, although downed twice, had succeeded in escaping. The man with his dog immediately took the trail, and after a four hours' chase, succeeded in shooting the cat, which weighed almost forty pounds. When these fellows can't get venison they must have something else.

The work of Br'er Fox is so well-known that I need not dwell upon his specialty. He is an expert in all directions of game-bird destroying.

Personal investigation, as well as information that comes in other ways, convinces me that something must be done in this matter, and done at once, if we hope to preserve our game and our live birds. Fully a year and a half must expire before help from new law can be hoped for, even if it comes at that time. What shall be done in the meantime?

I am just in receipt of the monthly report of one of the protectors connected with this office, Hugh Maloy, of Freeland, Luzerne county. In his statement of the condition of game in his section, he says: "There was killed on our protected ground not less than ten thousand and ruffed grouse, and we have the seed left for a kill of fully twenty thousand next year, if the season for hatching is all right. Our birds hatched splendidly this spring, from eight to fourteen grouse to the pair, and from ten to twenty-six quail. Owing to the dry month of May and the first of June, the wet weather following drowned almost all the young birds; very few of them got through. Rabbits were plentiful, and we expect to turn out at least five to the acre next year. I am now ready to start out with two thousand sparrows."

That the above may be fully understood, I would say, by "protected ground" Mr. Maloy means territory that has been systematically poisoned for a number of years past. The Game Protective Association of Freeland, of which Mr. Maloy is a member, secures thousands of English sparrows, either by killing them, or by buying them from the boys who do kill them. The breast is cut open and enough strychnine is introduced to thoroughly poison the body. These are placed on the wild lands of the neighborhood, with the result before mentioned.

I tried the same process this last spring on an island in the Susquehanna River, in which I am interested. My bait was common eel, my victims rats innumerable, some seventeen possums, several weasels, some skunks and some crows. Result—birds hatching in perfect peace, and rabbits—well, I won't attempt to say how many. I kicked out twenty-five in one day this fall without a dog. We have several coveys of quail wintering there now, where last year not a bird could be found.

We have a law in this State, just and proper, that prohibits the placing of poison for the purpose of intentionally killing a domestic animal or dog. Still there is no question of the right of the owner of land to place or permit the placing of poison for the purpose of killing vermin or animals destructive to the interests of the people, so long as it is not placed for the purpose of poisoning domestic animals or dogs, or placed where these animals are likely to get said poison, for I take it the purpose of placing the poison may well be judged from the place where it is deposited or the vehicle used to convey it. A dog is not likely to eat a raw sparrow, even if he should come across it in the

woods. He is not likely to eat raw fish or eel. Few dogs are to be found in the woods at this time of the year; and before summer comes, the dead bird, the piece of fish or eel will be either eaten by vermin or decomposed and rendered harmless. If this is done the fox, the wildcat, the weasel and the skunk of the wild lands, and many an owl will be called down, without the aid of a bounty law or the expense attached to it. I have thought this matter over carefully, taken legal advice on it, and now write this letter, suggesting the use of strychnine as the only means of in any way combatting the rapid and threatening increase of vermin. I recommend the use of this poison in this way.

JOSEPH KALBFUS,
Secretary of the Game Commission.

Minnesota Non-Residents.

NILWOOD, Ill., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by issue of January 7 that the non-resident will have a hard time getting back to his old hunting grounds in Minnesota if the Legislature up there takes a notion to adopt the recommendations of the Fish and Game Commission. According to your clipping from the Pioneer Press, they propose to shut out the non-resident, and thus avoid a large percentage of accidental killings and the selling of deer and moose.

Now this is very unjust to the non-resident, and it seems to me would be a very poor way to stop either the man killing or the selling of game. The law should be changed; we all realize the fact, and look to a change that will be better for all concerned.

I would suggest that no license be issued to any person under the age of nineteen. I make this suggestion because I have seen a license issued to a boy who looked to be about thirteen. The auditor who issued this license at first said no, but the boy's mother insisted, saying the boy was going out when his father was, and that he would see after the boy, and the youngster got the license. Now, that boy's mother and father had about as much idea that he would kill a deer as I have that I will get an elephant in this country. This being the case, why did they pay the dollar for his chances? For the reason that the boy's father could get six deer and bring them home, claiming that the boy got three of them.

I think that if the Commission will look over their files and take account of the age of applicants, they will find they have turned loose a great number of boys who do not realize what a dangerous thing a high power rifle is, thus increasing the chances for man killing, as well as putting it in the power of some men to take twice or three times the number of deer allowed him, and be perfectly safe in doing it.

So far as the non-resident taking his game home to sell is concerned, let the commissioners of the several States concerned get together and present bills to their separate Legislatures and prohibit the sale of game in their States, whether taken in the State of the hunter or in any other State.

There were two of us from this county who took non-resident licenses in Minnesota last season, and we brought out three deer. I saw a party of five or six from Ohio who took out two deer and three moose heads. The number of my license was 143, issued November 12. Now suppose every non-resident did as well as our two parties, the loss of game to the State would be considerable; but I think it would be safe to say that non-resident hunters did not average one deer to the man. But there need be no guesswork about it. Mr. Fullerton can give figures, if asked, and I have no doubt he will do so. Suppose again that mine was the last non-resident license issued, and each of us took out two deer and one moose, making a total of 143 moose and 286 deer, for which we paid \$3,575, making an average cost of \$8.31 per head of game taken out; add to this the cost of expressing, and you have about \$10 cost on each animal taken out, exclusive of transportation to and from the hunting grounds, and living expenses while hunting. I think figures produced will show that after all expenses have been footed, it will be found that no non-resident could afford to go to Minnesota to hunt game to sell with any expectation of coming out a rich man.

Another thing that is particularly necessary when protection of the deer and moose is looked to is to have game wardens who will look up illegal killing. I heard a man say this fall that "the man who hunted for Mr. —'s logging camp helped him get his deer out of the woods." Now how would that have sounded to Mr. Fullerton if he had been up there at that time and heard the conversation? And again, what could he have done if he had gone out there and found fifteen or twenty bull moose and twice as many deer hanging in that camp's larder all tagged with coupons from regularly issued licenses? Nothing. Yet the law has been violated. Probably every lumber Jack in that camp has taken out a license, and this one hunter killed all the game.

The Game and Fish Commission should study up a way to stop this kind of destruction. I can find a man who will swear that one logging company took fourteen moose—cows as well as bulls—into their camps in one or two days' hauling over roads they had swamped for the express purpose of getting to them. Let the Commission "get next" this business and stop it, and they will do more toward preserving game than by shutting out the non-resident hunters. Give us a chance. We are not all game hogs nor market-hunters.

J. P. B.

A Sound Forest Policy.

(President Roosevelt's speech to the Forestry Congress in Washington, D. C.)

"I ASK, with all the intensity that I am capable, that the men of the West will remember the sharp distinction I have drawn between the man who skins the land and the man who develops the country. I am going to work with, and only with, the man who develops the country. I am against the land skinner every time. Our policy is consistent to give to every portion of the public domain its highest possible amount of use, and, of course, that can be given only through the hearty co-operation of the western people."

Shooting at Pinehurst.

It has recently been the writer's pleasure to visit that sportsmen's resort in North Carolina called Pinehurst, and during this visit I saw so much that is of interest that it seems to me to be very fitting that I should tell of it to those who have not been so fortunate as to pay a visit there.

When we see a shooting preserve advertised for sportsmen, we generally gather the impression that it being open to anybody and everybody who becomes a guest of that preserve, the game supply might soon become exhausted! but upon close investigation of the methods used at Pinehurst, I am quite sure that there will be more than sufficient game to entertain the better class of sportsmen just so long as the preserve is under the present management.

This preserve has thirty thousand acres, and when we realize the vast scope of country that thirty thousand acres comprise, we can begin to realize how long it would take a sportsman to cover it. Part of this land is under careful cultivation, the rest of it in beautiful pine forests, and some swamp and oak barrens, some very pleasant swales and wet places where the native birds can hide and drink, and on this vast tract of land there are over a hundred pea patches. The pea patches are probably fifty feet square, and carefully inclosed in wire fencing, with the strands just far enough apart at the bottom to permit a quail to go through; and are planted and cultivated solely for the purpose of supplying plenty food at all times for the birds.

To be sure, there are a great many birds killed at Pinehurst every year, but when it is reckoned that the number killed during each season is offset by the same number being planted, it can readily be understood why each year should bring about a greater abundance. Under the present management there will be good shooting at Pinehurst for all time to come.

There are many other attractions there in the way of diversified amusements that are attractive, indeed, to men of outdoor life. There are immense golf links, tennis courts, trapshooting, many pleasant footpaths for the man on horseback, pleasant drives for those who care to drive, and, as a captain of industry, Mr. Leonard Tufts, the owner of Pinehurst, I think is best seen in his labors at this attractive place. On a hill a quarter of a mile back of Holly Inn, Mr. Tufts has had built the most complete dog kennels it has ever been my pleasure to visit. There are running yards for the dogs to exercise in, and most comfortable stalls to rest in after their daily labor afield. It was my pleasure to be two days afield with Mr. Grey, who has them in charge; he knows just how to care for and how to get the best out of a dog. The kennels are open to the guests at Pinehurst for the boarding of their dogs prior to, during and after their visits.

One day on the Pinehurst preserve when Mr. Tufts and Mr. Grey and myself were hunting with a Pinehurst dog called Rock and my own setter, we were headed toward a swale when Mr. Grey called to us and asked if either of us had seen Rock lately, to which both of us replied in the negative. He then said, "That dog has found birds." We scattered and proceeded toward a swale just over a hill, when we met Rock coming toward us, with tail down, eyes partly closed, and looking a little foolish like a no-good kill-sheep dog. He awaited our approach, and then deliberately turned and went straight away toward the top of a slight ravine at the head of a swale, and came to a dead point. We unlimbered our artillery and approached him. As we neared, he kept creeping forward and turning around to see whether we were coming or not, and thus continued until we had nearly reached the swamp at the bottom of the ravine, when Mr. Grey stopped us and said, "Well, what do you think?" Of course I had my theory, but in better company didn't care to express it; but when Mr. Grey made the remark that that dog had pointed those birds at the top of that ravine, and we hadn't gone there, and the birds had flushed and gone into the swamp, that the dog came back and let us know just where they had been by going and pointing the place, and then had led us carefully to where he knew those birds had gone, we agreed with him. At this stage of the game, Mr. Grey commanded the dog to get away. He instantly stopped all threats of pointing again and entered that swamp, made many casts around through there, we following; at last he swung well to the right into a thick cover and came to a stand. At about this time my dog Peggie was going out of the swamp and came back on the left hand side, when she, too, came to a point. In that little patch of wilderness lay a big covey of scattered birds, which began to pop out singly and in doubles until the place seemed alive with them. I am aware of the fact that many other sportsmen have seen the strong instincts of a dog thus defined and made manifest on just such occasions, but I am also aware of the fact that there are a great many who haven't.

T. E. BATTEN.

The Monologues of Kiah.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your "Monologues of Kiah" in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM is one of the best things I have read in many a day. We have all met and read communications from Kiah the Sportsman. If all readers of FOREST AND STREAM would paste this in their hat it would benefit themselves, for it would make them a little broader, and not quite so bigoted as to their ways in seeking sport.

We should all remember that the lover of the gun and rod gets his enjoyment in a keen way to himself, even if he differs just a little from Kiah. There are too many ready to stand up and call some fellow writer a "pot-hunter" when he is no pot-hunter at all. Another assumes that if the Shiras bill is passed that all the sportsmen who shoot a sitting duck now will be in danger of the game wardens, as it will then be an offense against the law. Wouldn't it be just as well to believe that every one of these sportsmen will be on the side of the law or any law passed regulating shooting of game. There seems to be too much shooting at random.

DIXMONT.

[There is no ground whatever for assuming that the Shiras bill will concern itself with the shooting of sitting ducks. The measure applies only to seasons.]

Cannon Defense Against Hail.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—United States Consul Covert, Lyons, France, writes: "Mr. Joseph Chatillon, president of two agricultural societies in this region and of the Hail Cannon Society, of Limas, has recently prepared for publication a report on the use of the cannon during the last year. I have been favored with a perusal of the advance sheets, from which I condense and translate the most important points.

"The report deals with the experience of twenty-eight cannon-firing societies, which used 462 cannon in a number of storms. After each storm a report was sent to the



A NEW ZEALAND RED DEER.
See page 34.

president of the agricultural society of the district. It was printed and then distributed for correction to all the farmers in the district visited by the storm. The report contains two tables, giving a detailed statement of the damages occasioned by hailstorms during a period before the cannon were used and after. During fifteen years before any cannon were used the losses from hail amounted to 13,328,003 francs (\$2,572,316). These figures were obtained from the public offices in which accounts were kept, as the poorer grape growers were indemnified from a public fund for losses incurred by storms. The author of the report states that the entire losses of the wine growers were not compensated, and he thinks that the total damages amounted to not less than 16,000,000 francs (\$3,088,000). During the five years in which the cannon have been in use the losses from hail in the same depart-



ANTILERS GROWN IN NEW ZEALAND.
See page 34.

ment have aggregated \$159,412. During the year 1904 these same sixteen communes sustained no losses whatever, a fact which is attributed entirely to the use of the cannon. The writer of the report says:

"We base our confidence in the efficacy of the firing on the fact that the thunder and lightning ceased, the wind abated, and the clouds disappeared under the firing of the cannon, and a mild fall of rain and soft snow succeeded. These facts are undeniable."

"The report reviews the results of the firing in twenty-eight storms during the months of April, May, June, July, and September. The results are generally the same—ces-

sation of the thunder and lightning, dispersion of the clouds, and a slight fall of rain and snow. Where no cannon were used, the hail fell and caused serious damages. 'The communes not defended by cannon suffered enormously.' In speaking of one storm, the report says: "This storm was literally arrested at the east on the boundaries of the firing. In the northwest and a little distance from the cannon a hurricane swept over the country with violence, everywhere causing great damage."

"The report contains several pages on the storm of July 22, 1904, which caused great damage in some parts of the country not protected by the cannon. The description sounds like an account of a battle. I translate a few lines:

"This storm broke out at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon over our field of cannon, and lasted about two hours. Suddenly, after having attacked our defenses at Bully and at St. Germain-sur-l'Arbresle, it changed its course to the east. Then at Lozanne it deflected to the northeast, continuing to cover its passage with ruin and disaster."

"This hurricane caused incalculable damage in twenty-nine communes. Two communes, Lozanne and Belmont, were entirely desolated, but they had but a few cannon, one six and the other eight. They are separated by a great distance from the country that is provided with cannon.' The mayor of Lozanne, who is the president of the society for defense against the hail, wrote that his neighbors found themselves upon the edge of the communes where there was no defense against the hail, and were unable to resist a storm of such violence. He says: 'During the first few minutes of the storm the firing was followed by the falling of a few soft hailstones, and everybody noticed, even in that general storm, that the thunder and lightning diminished as the firing continued, and that the diminution was caused by the cannon.' In several places all traces of vegetation disappeared, and the consternation was great in the wine-growing communes. The mayor of Belmont reports that the firing was powerless in his commune on account of the small number of cannon.

"The report mentions several localities where the firing was very active, and it says the hail was checked when the firing commenced. In the country known as Arbresle there were, from all accounts, but few cannon in use, and the destruction from hail was widespread and disastrous. The great Beaujolais wine-growing district fairly bristled with cannon, and while there were many storms, the losses from hail and wind and rain were infinitesimal.

"The officer at the bureau of agriculture in this city informs me that he sold the powder to hail-firing societies, and that where they bought but little powder the damages from the storms were very great. He informed me that the National Government provided powder for the wine growers at cost. The secretary says that he does not think it yet fully established that the cannon firing protects the vineyards against the hail, but the farmers have unbounded faith in it, and this winter they will organize to carry on a more general campaign in the coming season.

"In the great Beaujolais wine district, where, as has been stated, the country 'fairly bristled with cannon,' the farmers say that they found it necessary to fire only on the boundaries of the large vineyards, and that, as a rule, but very little firing occurred in the center of the field. I have met a dozen or more large wine growers who assert emphatically that they have not the remotest doubt of the efficacy of the cannon to destroy the hail in the clouds and to turn it into a mild rain.

"The use of cannon against the hail will undoubtedly continue in France until some authority appointed by the Government shall assume control of the experiments and demonstrate its impotency, if such a thing be possible. The farmers of Arbresle, where but few cannon were used, are preparing to wage a more effective campaign against the hail next year. Their president and the other officers of their societies are of the opinion that the sole cause of their losses this year was the failure to use a sufficient number of cannon."

JOHN C. COVERT,
Consul.

Catalogue Fire-Arms Collection.

UNDER the title above, the United States Cartridge Company have issued a work containing 140 pages descriptive of 713 different kinds of firearms, ancient and modern. The evolution of firearms from the wheel lock and crossbow to the modern rapid-fire rifle and pistol, is comprehensively shown. Forty-four plates of illustrations present to the reader an accurate photographic portrayal of the several types, military, sporting, and foreign and domestic. Each arm in the illustration bears a number which corresponds to a number in the descriptive text, therefore cross reference is conveniently simple. As showing the variety of the collection, some titles of the plates and descriptive matter are presented as follows: Arbalists or crossbow guns, ancient match-locks, Japanese match-locks, blunderbusses, etc.; ancient flint-lock guns, flint-lock blunderbusses, flint-lock muskets used in the Revolutionary War; guns made by the United States Government from the flint-lock, smoothbore musket of 1799 to the percussion, rifled musket of 1860; United States rifled and smoothbore muskets used in the Civil War; Confederate guns used in the Civil War; foreign-made guns used in the Civil War; United States breech and muzzle-loading guns used in the Civil War; carbines used in the Civil War; breechloading and repeating rifles; magazine and revolving rifles; telescope and sporting rifles; Indian rifles, some (Sioux and Cheyenne) captured soon after the Custer massacre; Mauser rifles; United States musketoons; whaling guns; flint-lock fowling pieces, single and double-barrel; Sitting Bull's, John Brown's, and other rifles; foreign flint-lock guns; modern United States guns. The pistols are also in great variety—match-lock, wheel-lock, snap-haunce lock and flint-lock; revolving pistols (pepper-box), single, double, three, and four barrels; knife and brass-barreled pistols; pinfire revolvers, magazine pistols, odd pieces, primer-lock pistols, army and navy revolvers, and pistols 1813 to 1865.

A collection of rare cannon is also illustrated. There is minute information concerning marks on United States arms, and a history of Springfield and Harper's Ferry armories. This valuable work was compiled by Dr. Edward N. Bates, 19 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass., and the price of it is \$1.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

A Sportsman's Paradise.

THE Universal Exposition at St. Louis has brought once more to the favorable attention of the world a country in which fish and game have been introduced with unequalled results. Four decades ago New Zealand was almost destitute of fresh-water fish, its native species consisting of a few eels and some small fishes suitable only for bait.

Nature had lavished upon that magnificent group of islands a delightful climate, a succession of high and rugged mountain ranges inclosing smiling and fertile valleys, glaciers, geysers, boiling springs, grottoes, and stupendous waterfalls, fiords as wild as any in Scandinavia, innumerable mountain lakes reflecting many colors; streams of clear, cold water perfectly adapted for trout; but in the distribution of the salmon family, New Zealand was entirely overlooked until man undertook to supply the deficiency.

The acclimatization of trout in New Zealand began about the time of the beginning of public fishculture in New England, but for nearly a quarter of a century the results were too meager to allow open fishing. At the present time there is no other country in the world that can show such gratifying success with the brown trout of Europe and the rainbow trout of California. During the fishing season beginning October 1, 1903, and ending April 15, 1904, the recorded catch of rainbow trout from a single lake aggregated nearly 14 tons. Twenty-seven rainbows weighing 166 pounds were taken by two anglers in one day, and another angler in two days caught 44 trout weighing 275 pounds. Many additional trout were captured by anglers and by the Maoris, and are not included in the above aggregate.

The brown trout in New Zealand grows to giant proportions. A mounted specimen in the display at the World's Fair represents an individual of 28½ pounds. Trout of 20 pounds are exceedingly common. The supply of food and the qualities of the water are eminently favorable to trout life. Unpolluted springs and streams furnish admirable spawning places, and a wise system of protection insures the steady increase of the fish.

Natural food is abundant as a matter of course. Aquatic insects and their larvæ, grasshoppers, small fish of several kinds, among them a so-called smelt which has a taste like a cucumber and rises freely to the artificial fly, and a little goby known as the "bully," or "miller's thumb." The larva of the alder fly, called "creeper" or "toe-biter," is a common and effective bait,

occurring chiefly under stones at the margins of streams in the beginning of the angling season.

Anglers use also the artificial minnow and various flies with marked success; but trolling with live bait often yields the best results. On Lake Roturua, trolling from steam launches is the favorite method of capture. Rainbow trout appear to take the fly as well in cloudy weather as in sunshine.

The rainbow and brown trout are not the only immigrants in New Zealand waters; the brook trout of the United States has been successfully acclimatized in rivers of the Otago and Southland Provinces, and in a South Island lake—Rotoiti—a Canadian whitefish is now found. Persistent attempts to introduce the Atlantic salmon appear to be unsuccessful thus far; but systematic and scientific investigation of the waters may yet show the presence of that king of fish as the supreme reward of patient effort. It seems almost beyond question that the landlocked salmon of America or Continental Europe can be acclimatized in some of the deep lakes, as the transportation of the eggs involves no greater difficulty than with eggs of the brook trout.

The work of fishculture is done by the various acclimatization societies whose hatcheries are numerous and effective. Millions of fry are distributed annually, and the conditions essential to success are pretty thoroughly understood. The societies deserve the highest praise for their intelligence and patriotism; and in a few years, it is safe to say, New Zealand will rank with the greatest trout and salmon fishing countries of the world.

As New Zealand has 4,000 miles of seacoast, and lies entirely within limits abounding in marine fish life, it furnishes endless attractions for the salt-water angler. Sea perch of various kinds, snappers, groupers, mullets, rock cod, flounders, gurnets, kingfish, and many others, exist in vast numbers. One of the perches, sometimes called "New Zealand salmon," just as our own pike perch is styled "Jack salmon," is a game fish of the best rank, taking live bait and artificial minnows freely, and giving all the fight that any strenuous fisherman could desire. The Maoris formerly lured it with unbaited hooks of wood or bone inlaid with abalone shell. The kingfish is another game species, often exceeding four feet in length, and weighing as much as thirty pounds. For those who enjoy the sport, flounder spearing can be practiced in shallow bays and libitum, and the shark fishermen can be assured of all the excitement they require.

The red deer and fallow deer were introduced long ago from England, and both of them have multiplied, and even now show some striking variations from the parent stock. This is well illustrated by the splendid series of heads decorating the space occupied by New Zealand at the Exposition. Commissioner-General Donne states that a single private ranch in that country has fully 5,000 red deer. Wapiti, Ceylon elk, moose, and Virginia deer are now being introduced, and are protected, in order to insure their permanence. Hares and rabbits are almost everywhere in abundance; the rabbits, in fact, were a pest, but the utilization of their carcasses by means of cold storage transportation to England has abated the nuisance, and incidentally fostered a new industry. Besides all the above mentioned game, there are wild cattle, wild goats, and wild pigs, so that the most exacting taste in outdoor sports may be fully gratified.

Native game birds include ducks, curlew, snipe, plover, swan, wood pigeon, swamp hen, and quail. Pheasants and California quail have been introduced. Both the native and the California quail are abundant.

New Zealand is a good country to visit and to dwell in. Its opportunities for hunting and fishing are unsurpassed; its protective legislation is wise and effective; transportation is cheap and easy; the cost of living is very moderate; the climate is equable, and the natural beauty and grandeur of the country are perennial sources of wonder and admiration.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

WORLD'S FAIR, St. Louis, Nov. 22.

Fish and Fishing.

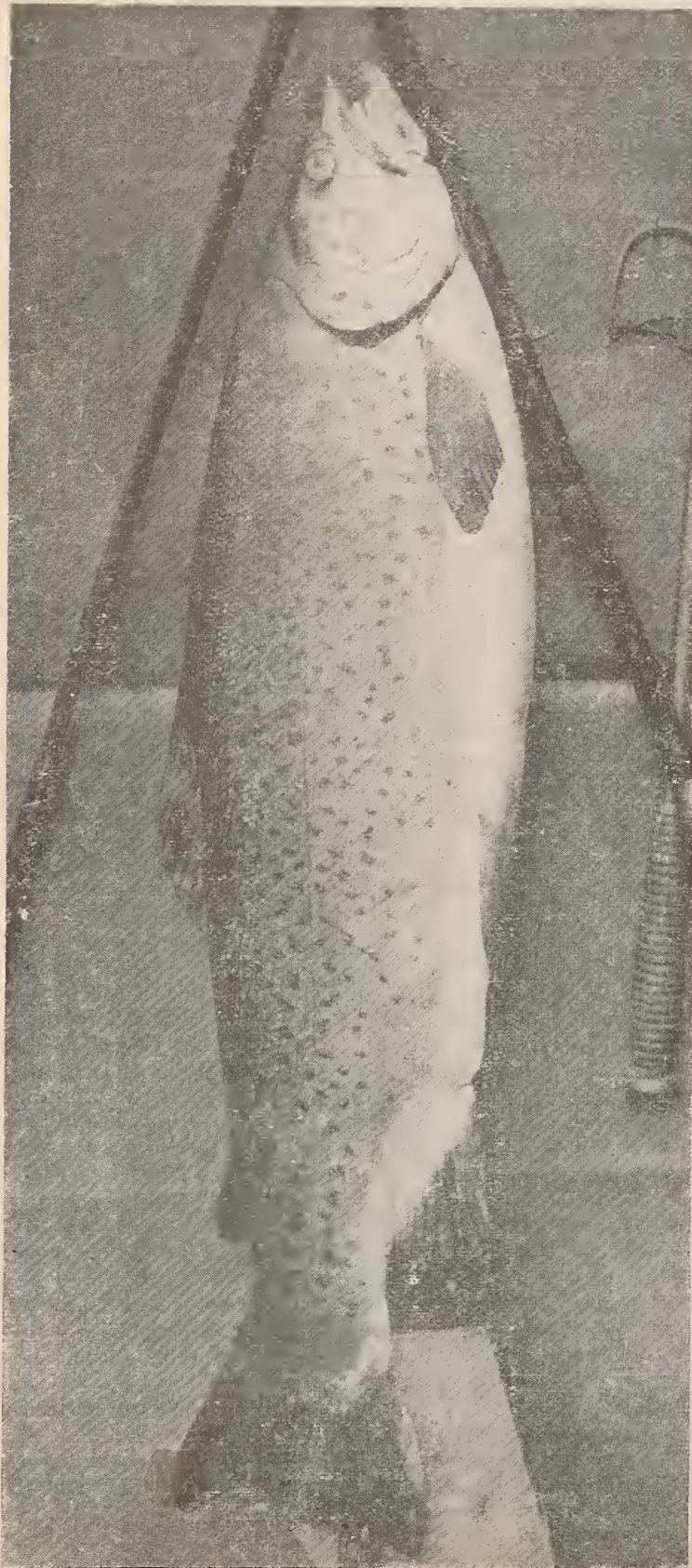
The Northern Limit of the Striped Bass.

THE recent notes on the striped bass have brought me a number of letters on the subject, including one from a well-known sportsman-naturalist, who is engaged in the preparation of a monograph on the fish. This gentleman raises a question which has never been satisfactorily settled, namely that of the northern limit of the habitat of *Roccus lineatus*. The recognized authorities on the habits and habitats of North American fish—Evermann, Kendall, Jordan, Goode and Perley—give the St. Lawrence as the limit in question, and the existence of the striped bass in both the gulf and river of that name is perfectly well known. Some of the books give Quebec as the highest point in the St. Lawrence to which these fish ascend, but this is an error. Mr. Montpetit rightfully describes them as plentiful under the ice in Lake St. Peter in winter, and shows that they have been taken as high up the stream as Sorel. There is even a record of a supposed striped bass having been taken only a short distance below the Falls of Niagara, though there is a reasonable doubt of its correctness. Specimens have certainly been taken, however, only a short distance from Montreal. What my correspondent is anxious to know definitely is whether the fish in question has been found in more northerly American latitudes than the waters of the St. Lawrence. From personal experience I am unable to assist him. Neither in the waters of Newfoundland, nor yet in the rivers flowing through Labrador into the Gulf of St. Lawrence have I caught the striped bass or heard of it being so caught. But this may be owing to the fact that I never tried to do so. In those waters one has

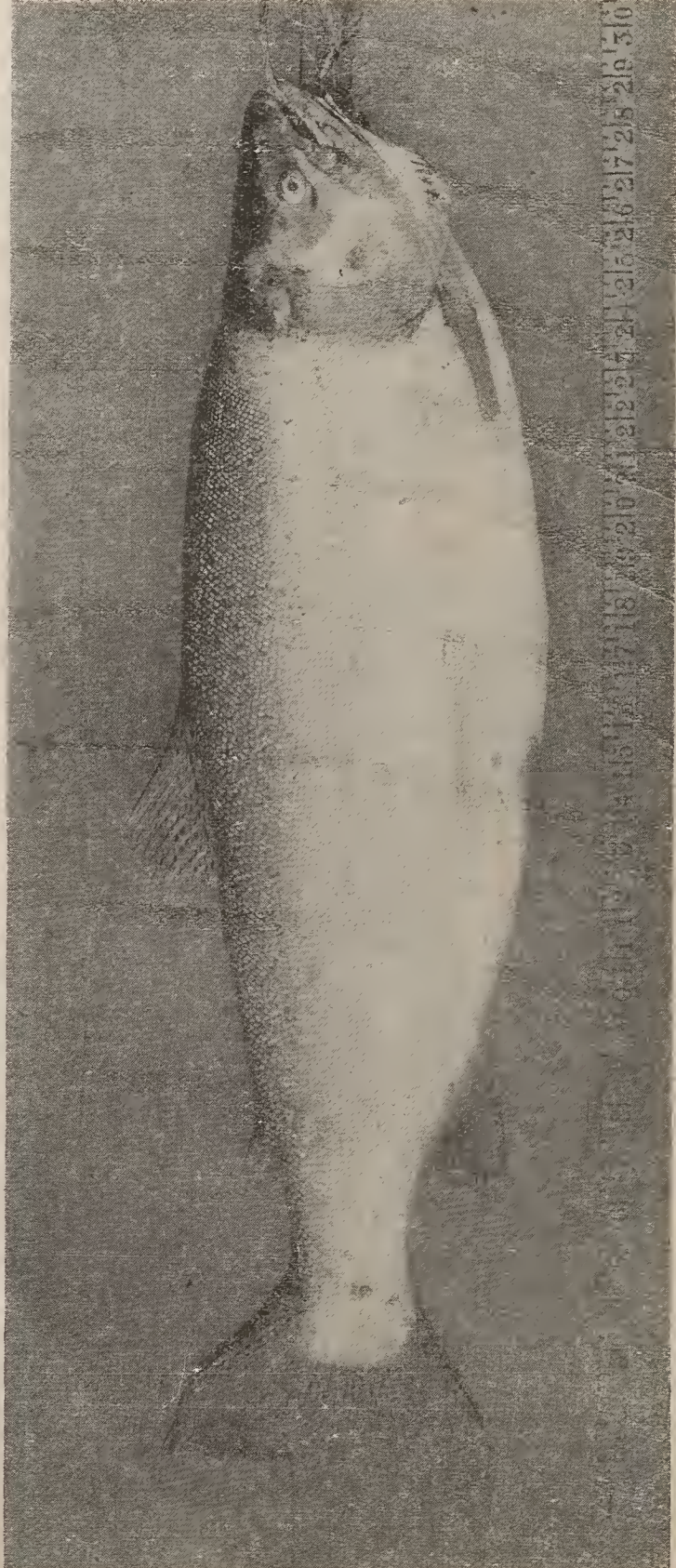
enough of sport with salmon and sea trout. Nor do I find any reference to striped bass in the reports and other literature of the fishery department of the Newfoundland Government. This, again, may be, however, because the department devotes pretty much its whole attention to the more important commercial fishes of the ancient colony, such as the cod, the herring, the salmon and the lobster. Various British authorities describe *Roccus labrax*, a very close relative of the striped bass, as a frequenter of the Norwegian coast, and Dr. Goode asserts that it is found as far north as Tromsø, which is in higher latitude than Northern Iceland, and still further north than either Ungava Bay or Hudson Bay or Straits. It would therefore be very strange, indeed, if *labrax*, which runs as far south as *lineatus*, ascends to nearly 70 degrees north latitude on the European coasts and the latter mentioned to only about 50 on our own coasts. It must be remembered, too, that, outside of Sir John Richardson's researches, very little systematic scientific study of North American fish life has ever been attempted further north than the Gulf of St. Lawrence, excepting in certain inland waters. So that it is by no means impossible that the striped bass has a much more northerly habitat on the Atlantic Coast of America than has hitherto been supposed. I am addressing inquiries on the subject to officials of the Hudson Bay Company, of the Geological Survey of Canada, and others, in the hope that some of them may be able to speak about it from personal experience. In the meantime, I should be delighted to hear from any of the anglers who have fished in the rivers of Hamilton Inlet and of other portions of northern Labrador, and who may have seen or heard of *Roccus lineatus* in any of those waters.

Unlike the salmon, which, as a rule, spends its summer in fresh water and returns to the sea upon the approach of winter, the striped bass ascend the St. Lawrence early in August and run down to the sea in the spring. While descending, they are taken in nets, but rarely with bait. They greedily take the young of the herring, which is canned in the Lower St. Lawrence as a sardine, and also the smelt and the tomcod, in August, September, and October, but cease biting after the first frost.

I have, on a former occasion, referred to the name "bar," by which the striped bass is known to the French-Canadians, but I omitted to add that the origin of this name is purely French, and that a similar variety is not only known by it in France, but also in certain parts of the Southern States, where early French settlements were planted. The Latin name of the European variety was *lupus* or wolf, and, according to both Oppian and Ælian,



BROWN TROUT—RATORNA LAKE, N. Z.



A 12-POUND RAINBOW TROUT TAKEN ON SALMON FLY.

its greed is often the cause of its undoing. Its love for crustaceans is well known to fishermen, and there is no more killing bait for it than a piece of lobster. Badham says: "Enjoying a dish of prawns exceedingly, and not caring to anticipate consequences, the *lupus*, on meeting with a shoal, opens his mouth, and at a gulp fills it with hundreds of these nimble and prickly crustaceans, who no sooner find themselves on the wrong side of the barrier and going down 'quick into the pit' of their enemy's stomach, than they fasten on with all despatch, and running the sharp serrated rostrums of their heads right into his palate and fauces, stick to their victim, who, unable either to detach or cough them up, dies, ere long, of spasmodic croup, or in the more lengthened anguish of an ulcerated sore throat." I quote Oppian's account from the translation which I have in my library, as made by John Jones, of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1722:

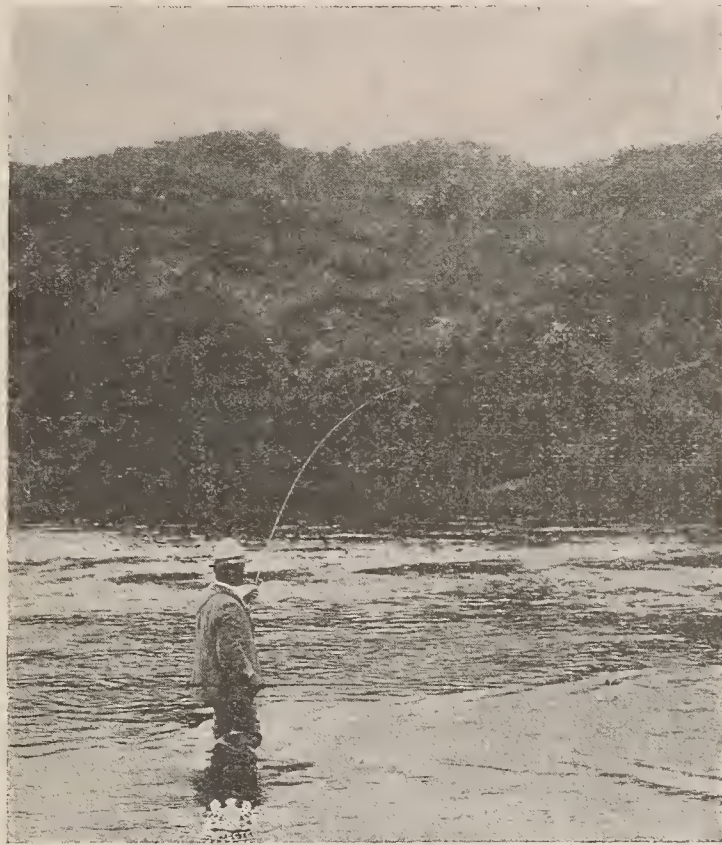
"Oft has the wolf the bearded squadrons fought,
And of the luscious food too dearly bought;
No pity to the shelly race was shown,
'Twas therefore just their fate should prove his own.
They wound with pain, what they with pleasure fill,
Subdue their conqueror, and dying, kill."

I know not whether any modern investigator has verified the above stories of the old-time naturalists, but I do know that, mingled with the result of much true science, the *Halieutica* of Oppian contains a large amount of fable, and that while I have never yet heard of the striped bass having been found killed in American waters as the old classical authors recorded of its European congener, yet very large numbers of them are annually destroyed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, both by porpoises and seals.

The Netting of Mississquoi Bay.

All friends of the pike-perch and all who interest themselves in the preservation of our fishes will be glad to learn that renewed efforts are being made to put a stop to the present disgraceful netting of the pike-perch in Mississquoi Bay, and will wish those making them every success. What has to be contended with is the political influence of the Canadian netters. It is only a very small portion of the fishing in Lake Champlain that is under Canadian control but it is in this small part of the lake, or rather of one of its bays, that the pike-perch all resort to spawn in the spring of the year. While in the act of reproducing their kind they are destroyed in enormous quantities by the netters who fish under the authority of the Canadian Government. The netters are not all Canadians. In fact, the majority of them are residents of Vermont, who acquire, by transfer, the licenses granted to their Canadian neighbors. The Hon. John W. Titcomb, of Washington, formerly of Vermont; the late L. Z. Joncas, of Quebec; Mr. C. W. Wilson, of Glens Falls, New York; General Henry, U. S. Consul at Quebec, General Butterfield and many other members of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, have worked unceasingly to put an end to the present condition of affairs, and at one time it seemed as if their efforts had been crowned with success. The Federal Government passed an order-in-council altogether prohibiting netting in the waters of Mississquoi Bay. Perhaps it should be explained just here, for the benefit of

to the member, who was a political friend, and the restriction being removed, the provincial authorities reissued their licenses, and the destruction of the pike-perch upon its spawning beds has been continued ever since. One of the worst features of the situation is the fact that in Vermont the laws are so framed that licenses are granted there whenever they are issued in Canada, and only refused when the Canadian authorities abstain from granting them. The New York State authorities, knowing that this netting in spawning season is all wrong, refuse to



RAINBOWS AT RATORNA LAKE.

issue licenses for it. There is reason to hope that the Vermont law will shortly be repealed, and that either the Province of Quebec will refuse to lend itself any longer to this frightful destruction of fish life, or that the Dominion Government will once more, and for good, step in and declare the waters of Mississquoi Bay closed to netting of any kind.

The North American Association.

The annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association is to be held in St. John, N. B., on the 1st and 2d of February next. In a Province like New Brunswick, which offers so many attractions to both the hunter and the angler, and which is itself so largely interested in the subject of fish and game protection, the meeting ought to be a very largely attended one, and to be productive of beneficent results. The president of the association, the Hon. L. J. Tweedie, is also Prime Minister of New Brunswick, to which Province belong

posed for sale. Anglers generally use up the grilse and small salmon that they catch, or give them to their guides, while the net fishermen, who supply the markets, are not supposed to take any small grilse, since the law requires all nets to be of a certain sized mesh, sufficient to permit the small fish to escape. And the smallest fish taken by the net fishermen are used up by them or salted down, as the larger fish bring the best prices. The ouananiche is occasionally to be seen upon the Quebec market, but seldom or never in those of Montreal or the United States, because its flesh is of so delicate a nature that it cannot be shipped fresh to any great distance from the waters in which it is taken. For this reason the New York dealers do not want it at all, a fact which has been brought to my notice by fish and game guardians whom I have instructed from time to time to examine the shipments of fish from Lake St. John to the United States. And the American dealers are quite right, for while the pike-perch and other coarse fish from Lake St. John reach New York by express in good condition, it would not be possible for ouananiche to do so. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

New York Woods Interests.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Lovers of the woods, and sportsmen generally, ought to take renewed courage from the annual message of the new Governor of the Empire State, Hon. Frank Wayland Higgins. No Executive of recent years has so frankly spoken out in addressing the Legislature which is to make the laws for the people.

Under the heading, "Fish, Game and Forests," Governor Higgins said in his message:

"The forests and streams of the State should be made attractive places of resort for the invalid and for those in search of wholesome recreation in the open air. To this end the fish, game, and forest laws should be strict and consistent. The preservation of the wilderness and the restocking of the waters of the State with food fish, and the protection of game, should, in my judgment, be encouraged, not only for the benefit of our own people, but for the purpose of attracting to our State the ever-growing army of sportsmen and pleasure seekers.

"The policy of the State toward the extension, preservation and control of the forest preserve demands careful attention, and I shall at some later date communicate to you by special message my recommendations on that subject, whereby I hope to be able to outline a more comprehensive and consistent treatment than would be proper within the limits of this message."

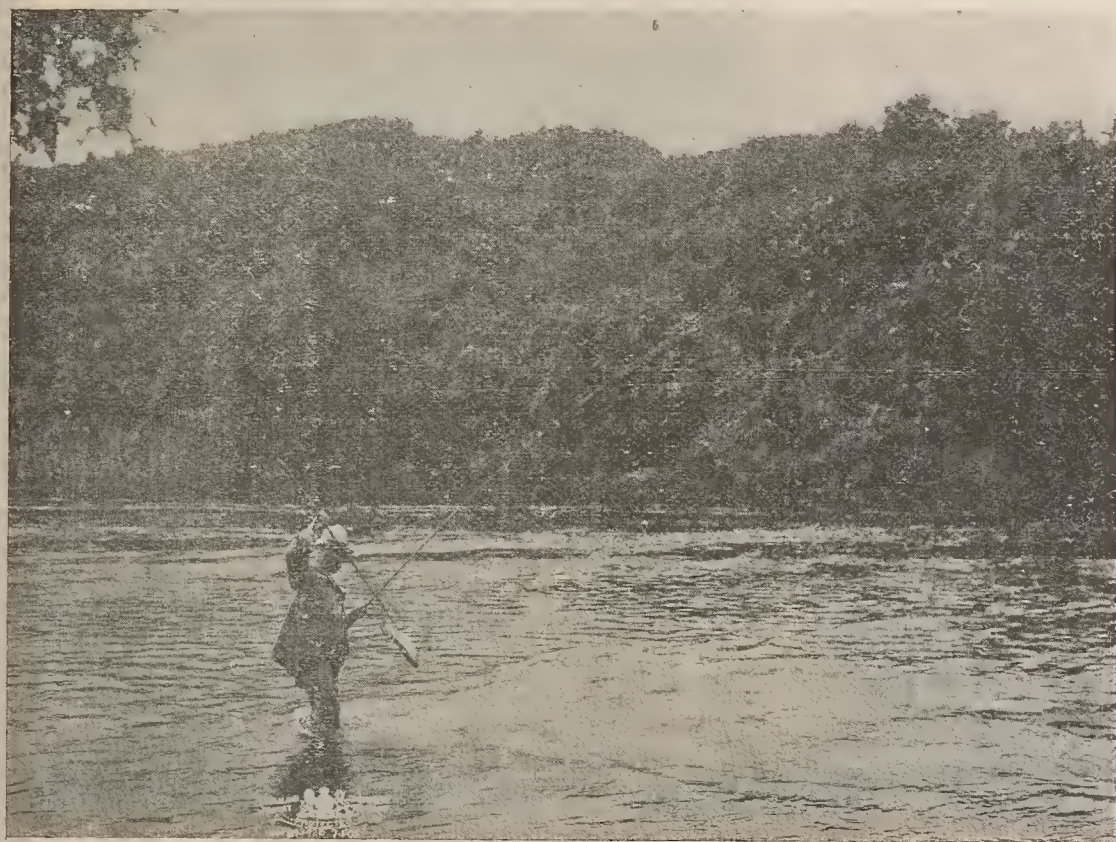
Speaker Nixon in the Assembly also referred to the forestry question, but his remarks were confined chiefly to the importance of forest preservation because of its vital bearing on the water supply of the State.

JOHN D. WHISH,
Secretary Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

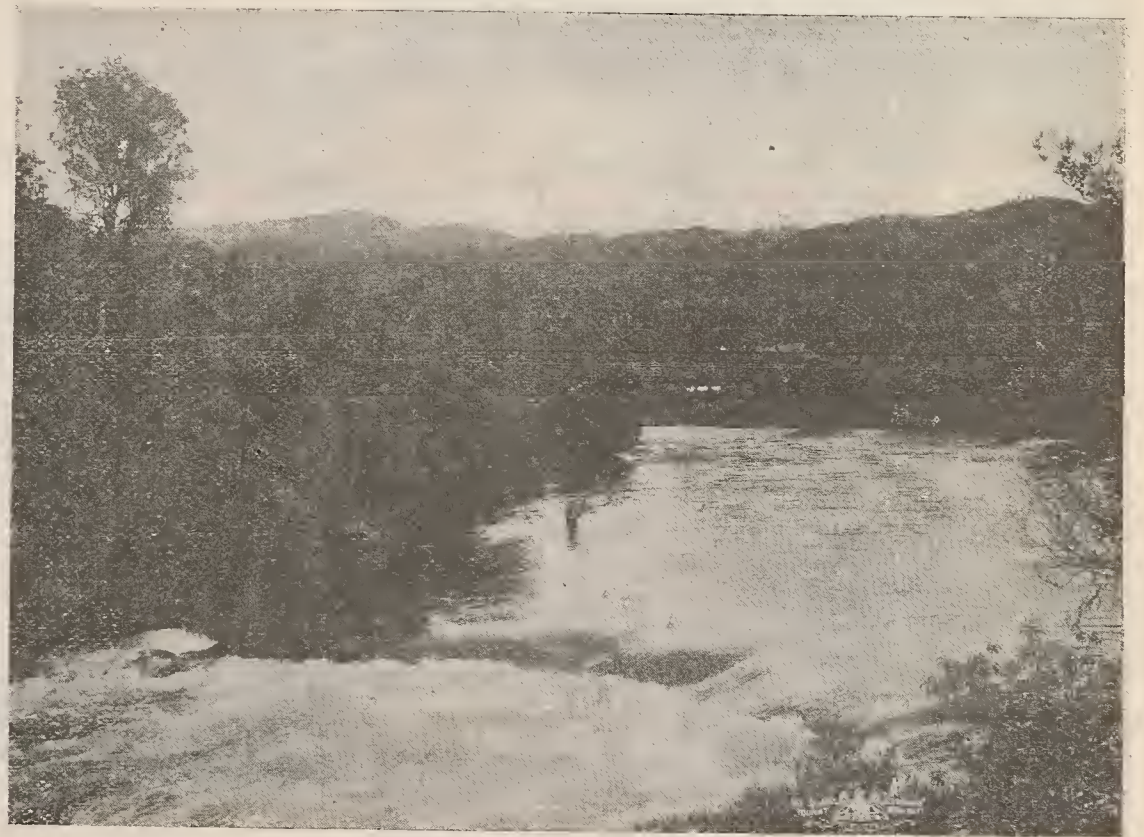
Ancient Dog Law.

THE New York Evening Post has exhumed this city ordinance, bearing date of adoption by the city fathers, March 24, 1727:

"WHEREAS, the Butchers and Other Inhabitants of this



A NEW ZEALAND RAINBOW TROUT.



A RAINBOW TROUT STREAM, NEW ZEALAND.

American readers who have business with Canadian fishery officials, and who frequently seem quite puzzled as to their respective jurisdiction, that a divided authority is placed in the hands of the governments of the Dominion and of the different Provinces, corresponding to those of the United States and of the various States of the Union. Thus, while the provincial authorities may issue or refuse to issue licenses for netting certain waters, the Federal Government may adopt an order-in-council closing such waters altogether against either netting or fishing of any kind. The provincial governments lease fishing rights in inland waters, but the seasons for fishing are fixed by the Dominion authorities. When difficulty was experienced in having the provincial government refuse further licenses for the fishing in Mississquoi Bay, the friends of protection, Canadian as well as American, had recourse to Ottawa. In view of the representations made to the Federal fishery authorities there, the order-in-council above referred to was passed. Then the fishermen got in their fine work with the member of Parliament for their county, who found it necessary for his comfort to hurry off to Ottawa and insist upon the cancellation of the order. The Government yielded the point

two more at least of the most active members of the association—the Hon. A. T. Dunn and Mr. D. G. Smith, of Chatham.

The Canadian Fish Markets.

I was interested, as doubtless were other readers of FOREST AND STREAM, in a recent reference by Mr. Samuels to his visits to a number of fish markets in the United States and Canada. Of the salmon, he says that it is almost always to be seen in every market, but that those which are for sale are likely to have been brought from the Pacific Coast. There is no doubt that many Pacific Coast salmon are offered for sale at certain seasons of the year in eastern markets, but the Atlantic fish is common enough, at least upon the markets of Montreal and Quebec, from the early part of June to the end of the season in August, while the refrigerated fish are for sale almost all the season. A large quantity of eastern Canadian salmon is shipped during the season to the New York and Boston markets, and the New England Fish Company import large quantities of salmon from Newfoundland.

It is easy to explain why Mr. Samuels saw no grilse ex-

City Superabound in A Very great Number of Mischievous Mastiffs Bull Dogs and Other useless Dogs who not only Run at Coaches Horses Chaise and Cattle in the daytime whereby much Mischief has Ensued, but in the Nighttime are left in the Streets of this City, and frequently Bite Tear and Kill several Cows and Render the passage of the Inhabitants of this City upon their lawful Occasions Very dangerous in the Night time through the Streets thereof by Attacking and flying at them and are become a Publick Nuisance and grievance. It is therefore hereby ORDER'd that Mr. Mayor and the Aldermen of each Respective Ward within this City do give Strict Charge and Orders to the Constables of each Respective Ward within the same that the said Constables do go from House to House in their Respective Wards and Straightly Charge and Warn Every of the said Inhabitants that do keep or are Owners of any such Mischievous Dogs that they do take Effectual Care to keep all such Mischievous Dogs in their Respective Houses or Yards in the Night time to prevent the Inconveniences and Mischiefs Aforesaid upon pain of being prosecuted for keeping such Mischievous Dogs Accustomed to bite as the Law directs, and as they will Answer the Contrary at their Perrills."



YACHTING



Around Cape Cod in Escape.

BY JAMES D. SPARKMAN.

TUESDAY.—After the finish of the New York Athletic Club race from New Rochelle to Block Island, I transferred my dunnage from Saladin, on which I had shipped as mate, to the 30ft. yawl Escape, having promised her owner, who had planned to spend the summer on the coast of Maine, but who was recalled to town for a few days, to take her around the Cape.

Escape was designed by her present owner, Mr. George Matthews, and was built in 1896 in front of his residence at 73d street and East River. Her principal dimensions are 39ft. 6in. over all, 29ft. waterline, 10ft. beam, and 6ft. 8in. draft.

A stone retaining wall topped with an iron fence and the swift current of the river made it impossible to use launching ways, but this difficulty was easily overcome. A wrecker's derrick was moored alongside the wall, slings were rigged under the boat, tackles hooked on, and she was lifted bodily over the fence, swung across the deck of the scow, and lowered into the water on the other side. The boat was intended primarily as a cruiser, and nothing has been sacrificed in the way of accommodations, which are not only roomy, but very comfortable, with full head room under a narrow house or skylight.

Her racing record has been quite remarkable, as she has held her own against practically all the fast yawls built since 1896.

A friend, Mr. P. L. Howard, who had agreed to join me at Block Island, arrived on the boat from Greenport at about noon. Main and mizzen had been hoisted, jib set up in stops, and as soon as he got on board, we tripped the anchor and slipped through the inlet of New Harbor, which, having now over 16ft. in the channel, is available for large vessels. The wind had been S. by E. all the morning, but by the time that we were clear of the island, it had backed to E. and began to freshen. The glass had been gradually falling and, as it looked nasty to seaward, we decided not to attempt to buck the flood tide which was just beginning to make, but kept off and ran over to Newport.



Escape at start of N. Y. Athletic Club race—New Rochelle to Block Island, June 25, 1904.

Saladin, which had left Block Island some hours ahead of us, had also given it up, so we anchored alongside and invited her owner, who was alone, to dine with us on board Escape.

Wednesday.—About daybreak we were awakened by the noise of a vessel coming to anchor apparently right on top of us. It proved to be a Gloucester seiner, but we could barely make her out through the fog. The wind was S. E. and strong. About 9 o'clock the fog lifted a little, and we counted thirty seiners and sword fishermen, most of them having come in during the night. One particularly fine vessel caught our eye, and we resolved to look her over later in the day.

I have always had a great admiration for the Gloucester fishermen, and never lose an opportunity to "gam" with them; so after lunch we put on slickers and rowed over to Priscilla Smith—the schooner we had noticed in the morning—and found a "game" in progress, in which we were invited to take a hand. In "deep-water" vessels sailors play what they call "Bluff." The stakes are usually promises to pay at the end of the voyage (which are seldom kept), or chips redeemable in plug tobacco from the ship's "slop chest." I played it religiously while at sea, and have been a poor poker player ever since. On the Gloucestermen, however, they play the real thing. When "number ones" are plenty and the market right, considerable money changes hands on a trip.

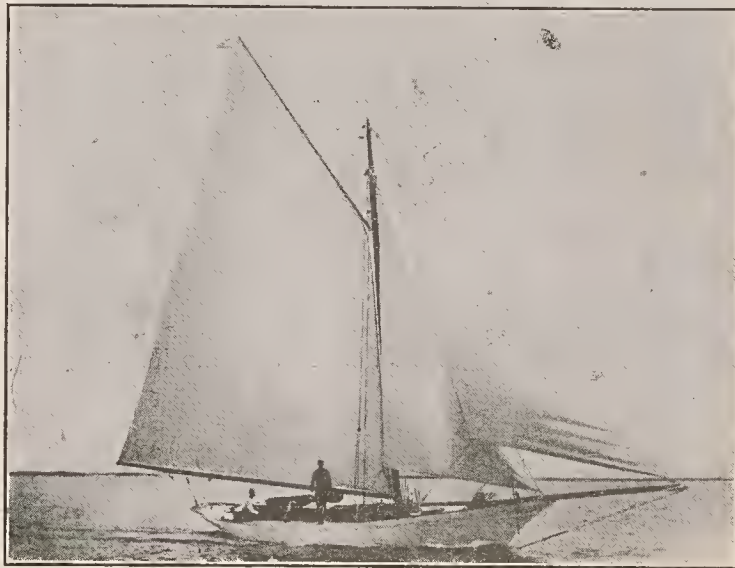
The Smith was a new vessel of the Fredonia type which has been so successful. Since the launching of the Carrie Phillips, designed by the late Edward Burgess nearly twenty years ago, many of our prominent yacht designers have given the Gloucester fishermen the benefit of their skill and genius, and a finer fleet of vessels cannot be found in the "Seven Seas."

Thursday.—Blowing harder than yesterday, but not so thick. About noon the schooner yacht Rusalka set doubled-reefed mainsail and staysail and got under way for New London, in order to be there in time for the boat races; but one look outside was enough for her, and she turned tail in a hurry and her party went to their destination by train.

During the afternoon a big English yawl, under gaff trysail, staysail and spitfire jib came in from sea. She proved to be Saybarita which had been expected for several days. As soon as she came to anchor, we

rowed over and went on board. Her skipper reported a fairly good passage, with the exception of the first few days out, when she broke her main boom, wrecking one of the skylights, otherwise doing little damage. He wanted to know all the latest racing news, and was much disappointed to learn that neither Ailsa nor Vigilant were in commission. Our friend on Saladin was getting uneasy at the long detention in port and his remarks about the "fog hole," as they call this part of the coast, were loud.

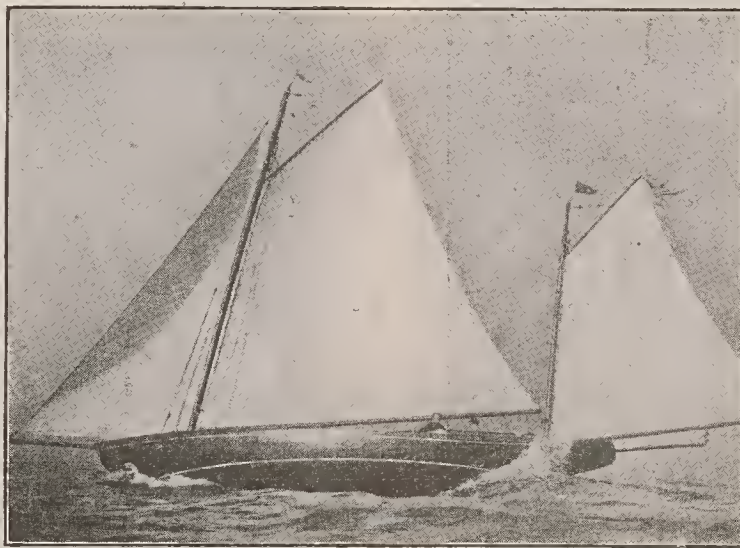
Friday.—The wind had hauled to S. W. during the night. Though there was still some fog we got under way about 9 o'clock with the fishing fleet, which also had not been lying in port from choice. Outside, the new wind against the heavy easterly roll had made a



Saladin—Owned by R. W. Rathborne.

ragged sea, and there were some deep holes in the water between Brenton's Reef and Hen and Chickens Lightship, which we made out in the haze about half a mile to the N. Our course should have brought us much closer, and we surmised that our compass must be about ½ point out, due to the attraction of the acetylene gas generator in one of the cockpit lockers. This had evidently not been noticed by her owner, as he ran 2 or 3 miles out of his course in the Block Island race during the night, and had attributed it to bad steering. The tide was running strong against us through Quick's Hole; but we pinched through on one tack, and found it much thicker and the wind heavier in the Sound. It was now blowing a regular "gray-back sou'wester," so we reached across for the Vineyard side to save what we could in the slack water under the shore, and also to get inside of Lucas Shoal. We anchored off the New York Y. C. Station No. 7 at 3 o'clock, six hours from port to port. Our purchases in Newport had been light, owing to the plutocratic prices charged for everything in the way of yacht supplies. We therefore sent our man over to Vineyard Haven to stock up, while we dined ashore with friends.

Saturday Morning.—We were up early and found a hard wester blowing. Before starting, we turned in a



Escape—From a photo by W. N. Bavier.

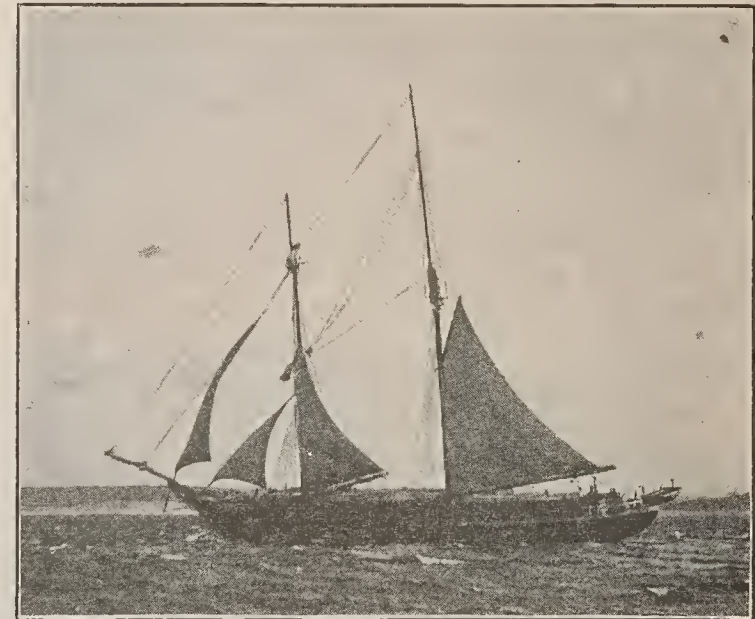
single reef in the mizzen, two in the main, and hoisted No. 2 jib in yarns. The boat was swung inboard, securely lashed, and at 6:30 we were under way. Cross Rip was passed two hours later; tide against us. It was still so thick that objects were visible only a short distance, but by making ½ point allowance for compass error, Harkerchief and Shovel Light vessels were picked up close aboard. By 11 o'clock we had passed through the "slue," and gybing around Pollock Rip Lightship, changed our course for Chatham Bar buoy.

The wind had been freshening all forenoon, and a sloop-rigged smack, which we had passed on the shoals, lowered away and turned in her last reef. Off Chatham a large barkentine inshore seemed to be in trouble, and we afterward learned that she had grounded on the shoals and her crew taken off by the life savers. A few miles further up the beach we passed a blue-nose topsail schooner with yards unslung and some of her sails blown away (a dismasted schooner in tow, with the stumps of her masts sticking about 6ft. above deck and some of the gear still hanging over the side), and

the Patriot of Gloucester bound west under four lowers. She fairly staggered in the puffs and heeled over until her sheer poles were awash.

We tried to snap her, but the flying spray made it impossible, which we afterward regretted, as we learned from the Boston papers the following morning that she had run ashore that afternoon and pounded to pieces on Monomoy. It seems that she was bound for Chatham for bait, and, while beating through the "slue," missed stays and fetched up on the "heel the Cape." We carried the double-reefed mainsail until abreast off Nauset Three Lights, when it blew so hard that we had to lower away to save the sail.

From there to Highland Light, we averaged 7 knots under jib and mizzen. A large fleet of coasters and fishermen was anchored under the lee of the bluffs. It might have been wiser for us to have stayed with the rest of the fleet, for as we came out from under the shelter of the land and felt the force of the heavier waves of the Atlantic, we realized that the little yawl had a hard tussle before her. We had, however, lost so much time at Newport that we determined to push on and do the best we could. About 5 o'clock the wind, which had been hauling, came out "on end," making it a dead beat to Race Point. Finding the boat could make little or nothing to windward under jib and mizzen, we decided to set the doubled-reefed mainsail again and thrash her through it, the only alternative being to turn tail and retrace our course down the Cape. The full strength of the ebb was running, and as we neared Race Point, the sea became still heavier. Every few minutes the Escape jumped into it up to her mast, and the water, as it ran aft, would lift the dinghy, and down she'd come on deck with a bang as the water receded. After a dozen or so tacks, with the ugly water tower at Provincetown always in sight, we figured at about 8 o'clock, when darkness had set in and when we were 3 miles off shore, that we could make the point on the next tack and fetch past Woodend Light. While we were waiting for a chance



Blue Nose topsail schooner under lee of Cape Cod.

to bring her round, a fierce puff and a heavy comber hit us at the same moment—over she went until the skylight was buried. Fortunately, the dinghy was on the weatherside. She hung for what seemed to be at least a minute with the wind literally blowing over her sails. All hands were up to their waists in water; but we worked her out of it, and, coming about on the starboard tack, cleared the Point and laid a course for Woodend Light. When we were free to look about us, we found that every thing portable, except ourselves, had been washed out of the cockpit, save only the compass and binnacle, which we picked up in five pieces.

The gear, fortunately, was all new, and she came out of a rather trying situation without any damage, either to sail or rigging. The cabin, however, was a sight—glassware, crockery, bottles, clothes, etc., in a heap, and water over the cabin floor. It had leaked in through the cockpit lockers while hove over, and at the rate it poured in, wouldn't have taken long to sink her. The arrangement of these lockers was the only bad feature of an exceptionally fine boat, and, I think, her owner has profited by our experience and made them watertight.

We dropped anchor off Provincetown about 9:30, cold, tired and hungry; but we had kept our promise, and the boat was around the Cape. After changing our wet clothes for others almost as wet, supper was served on what was left of a fine outfit of hand-painted china. We bunked on wet cushions under wet blankets that night, but slept like logs until late next morning.

Sunday.—It was beautifully clear, and we had planned to run over to Marblehead and leave the Escape there, as our time was about up; but things were in such a mess, that we decided to spend the day drying out and getting things presentable for her owner. The rigging had slacked up, and the new suit of Ratsey sails, reefed for the first time, needed attention. This was the only part of the yacht's equipment which could not be easily replaced, but they came out all right and helped win races later in the season.

According to the Boston papers, the signal station at Highland Light reported the velocity of the wind 32 miles an hour at 6 o'clock, but later in the evening it blew much harder, and for a while certainly exceeded 40 miles.

Types and Measurements of Propellers.

BY A. E. POTTER.

PRIMARILY there are two types of solid screw propellers, the one designed for speed and the other for power, although frequently a combination of the two is attempted. The high speed autoboat and the narrow fast yacht need surely a different design from the snorting, puffing harbor towboat. There are cases where power boats may be occasionally used for towing, and in such cases it would be hardly appropriate to equip her with a speed wheel.

Another application of power needing special study and selection is for the working or pleasure sailing craft equipped with small auxiliary power. Arrangements need to be made so that when the power is not being utilized the wheel will be the very least drag to the boat under sail. All these cases need separate attention, and no fixed rules can be made or formulated whereby success can be guaranteed the first time. At best the first wheel applied to a power boat is largely a matter of experiment; still two boats of about the same power and of the same general build will usually give about the same results with the same wheel. Where boat builders put out a standard model of boat or stock models, the difference is usually not very marked.

It is quite evident that no wheel can be, or ever has been, designed that will give just as satisfactory results in a heavy small powered as in a light heavy powered boat.

I think that you will agree with me that for a gasolene engine manufacturer to send out the same wheel with every engine of a certain rated horsepower, is decidedly improper, to say the least, and is not in keeping with advanced ideas in construction. In itself it is a confession of apathy, ignorance, carelessness, or unwillingness to study the propeller question intelligently rather than by "rule o' thumb."

Often it is that an engine is condemned as wanting power when the whole trouble may lie in a poorly designed or machined propeller wheel, and its sale materially reduced, while some other engine of much less actual power shows remarkable speed results just because the propeller was a little better suited for the boat. In the latter case the usual result is that the poorer engine gets the business that rightfully belongs to the better make. Such cases are extremely frequent, but manufacturers do not seem to realize the importance of suitable wheels.

It certainly seems that they should pay more attention to the detail of this important part of the equipment, and instead of putting out a wheel that costs the least, find out what the requirements are and meet them.

Power boat owners occasionally, not very often, experiment with their wheels; usually, of course, with no knowledge of what the pitch of either wheel is, or how true the blades are to each other, and yet occasionally get good results. In order to do this intelligently, they should be able to measure the pitch of the wheel which comes with the engine, find its imperfections, if any, study out what ought to remedy existing trouble, and be sure that a change of wheel will result in an improvement before going to the expense of a new wheel. In order to do this, it is necessary to be able to carefully and accurately measure up propeller wheels.

But before proceeding in this operation, one should bear in mind that there is usually decidedly more slip in small launches than in large steamers, which in itself shows imperfect design or application. Find first just what your boat engine and propeller will do before trying any experiments. Take two points convenient for the purpose, two obstruction or other buoys, and accurately time the run in both directions, both with and against the tide. Note the number of revolutions of the engine. Next, on a large harbor map, accurately measure or scale the distance in statute miles. The speed of your launch or boat can be found by multiplying the mean time, or one half the sum of the elapsed time in both directions, by the distance between the two points, and divide by sixty. Having now the rate of speed in miles per hour and the number of revolutions, you are ready to measure your wheel. To do this accurately will take considerable time, but the results will usually pay you.

Take six or eight pieces of hard wood planed accurately to one-half inch thick, ten inches wide, and fifteen inches long. Fasten them together by means of two or more wooden pins or dowels at a point two and one-half inches from one end and half way between the sides; under a drill press in a machine shop bore a three-fourths-inch hole all the way through, after having described a straight line from the center where the hole is to be bored to the upper end of an arc of a circle, the radius of which is exactly 12½ inches described on the opposite end of the built-up pieces, with one foot of the dividers at the center. Next describe another arc with a radius of three and one-half inches. With a fine band saw cut carefully the whole length of the straight line between the two arcs of circles described, also the long or outer arc, the one farthest from the center. Take the several pieces apart, and, using the same center, accurately describe on each piece, top and bottom, arcs of circles with radii of 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½, and 12 inches. In order to find the center after the hole has been bored, insert a piece of wood three-fourths inch diameter in the hole and find a center, which you need not be so very particular to locate. Next saw along the ¾-inch or inner arc of all the pieces but one, and you will have a simple but accurate instrument for measuring propellers up to 25 or 30 inches diameter.

To use this, turn a mandrel of hardwood or any material handy to just fit the taper of the wheel with a hub that will fit the three-fourths inch hole in the long piece. The wheel is right-handed if the top of the flywheel of the engine in its ahead motion goes from port to starboard, and left-handed if from starboard to port. Place the wheel with the forward side of the hub down and the flat or drive side of the wheel against the sawn corner with the mandrel in the three-fourths inch hole. Arrange the other pieces on top forming a regular set of steps, the outer sawn edges together, and spaced as regularly as possible. Clamp the blocks together and also hold the wheel by clamping it from above. There will be some place along the sawn edges where the wheel will touch several of the pieces. If at each one of the arcs,

say 4 to 12 inches radius, the face is equally distant, measuring horizontally at each step, the wheel is true pitch, or the same the whole length. The pitch can then be found by the following rule: Measure the distance that the edge of the topmost piece is horizontally away from the edge of the bottom piece at its outer end. Multiply the diameter 25 inches by 3.1416, divide by the distance found, and multiply that by the number of short pieces used, and divide by 2. The result will be the pitch at the point or points of contact, or where the surface is equidistant at that particular diameter. It is usually customary to measure the wheel at the widest part of the blade, and take this as a basis of further computation. In case the wheel does not conform to the straight line, set the blocks so that each one will be equidistant from the face of the blade, always measuring horizontally, and at the same distance from the other end of the measuring blocks. Having now satisfied yourself that the pitch is true at a certain diameter, carefully remove the wheel, swing around until the next blade is in place, and note if each blade is of the same pitch at that diameter. If it is desired to measure the wheel at different diameters, should the pitch be irregular, prepare a table something like this:

Number of block.	6in. rad.	8in. rad.	9in. rad.	10in. rad.	11in. rad.
1	1 1-2	2	2
2	1 5-8	2 1-16	1 3-4	1 3-16
3	0 5-8	1 3-4	2 1-8	1 5-8	1 1-8
4	0 5-8	1 3-4	2 3-16	1 5-8	1 1-16
5	0 5-8	1 5-8	2 1-4	1 3-4	1
6	1 5-8	2 5-16	1 7-8	15-16
7	1 1-2	2 1-2	2	0 7-8

Number the blocks from the bottom, and carefully note the distance at the different radii. If the distance increases, the pitch is more, if it decreases, the pitch is less than at the place where the pitch was true. In the above table the pitch was true at 12 inches diameter, more at 18 inches diameter, and less at 22 inches. The way to measure the pitch at 12, 18 and 22 inches would be as follows: Providing the distance at the outer edge of the blocks is 8 inches and six short blocks are used, by the formula we would get $25 \times 3.1416 \div 8 \times 6 \times \frac{1}{2} = 29.45$ inches pitch at the 12-inch diameter. At 18 inches the formula would be

$$25 \times 3.1416 \div (8 - (\frac{25}{18} \text{ of } \frac{1}{2})) \times 6 \times \frac{1}{2} = 82.25 \text{ in.}$$

Another formula reducing the diameter to 18 inches would be

$$18 \times 3.1416 \div (\frac{18}{25} \text{ of } 8 - \frac{1}{2}) \times 6 \times \frac{1}{2} = 82.25 \text{ in.}$$

the same result. At 22 inches the formula would be

$$25 \times 3.1416 \div (8 + (\frac{25}{22} \text{ of } \frac{5}{16})) \times 5 \times \frac{1}{2} = 28.5 \text{ in. pitch.}$$

By the other formula,

$$22 \times 3.1416 \div (\frac{22}{25} \text{ of } 8 + \frac{6}{16}) \times 5 \times 2\frac{1}{2} = 28.5 \text{ in.}$$

the same result.

At 8 inches radius, or 16 inches diameter, the wheel is considerably dishing on the driving side, while at 10 inches radius or 20 inches diameter the surface is considerably crowning. Here are some points which it is well to know with reference to dishing and crowning driving surface. No condition should warrant the use of a crowning face except the engine is to exert more power backing than going ahead. A slightly dishing wheel is sometimes allowable, but that dishing, to get the best results, should decrease as the speed increases. The measurements in the table would show to the experienced designer that the wheel was considerably hooking, and would give as a result rather poor result when going astern. Hooking like this is thus allowable in high speed work where speed astern is not essential. The higher the engine speed, however, the less the necessity.

Now, having measured your wheel, and finding that there is quite a variation in the blades with respect to each other, say as much as 1½ or 2 inches, nothing unlikely, that the pitch is fairly true the whole length of the blade approximately 30 inches, that the engine speed is 325, while the manufacturers rate it at 350 to 375, you find your slip is as much as 30 to 35 or even 40 per cent. The deductions would be in such a case that a large proportion of the power of the engine, from the irregularity of the blades with respect to each other, was absorbed in the frictional resistance or dead water carried around by the wheel. The engine is not developing as much power at 325 as it would at 350 or 375. An improvement in your wheel could be made by substituting a wheel of 30-inch pitch, true the whole length of the blade, and true one blade with another of about the same blade surface.

Take another case where the pitch is fairly true, blades are nearly or practically alike, speed is below that rated by the manufacturer and slip is 30 to 40 per cent. This case would need a wheel of considerably less pitch and more blade surface. In case the speed was above the limit, blades regular and nearly true and slip excessive, it would need increased blade surface anyway, possibly slightly reduced pitch. What is usually found to be the trouble with power boat wheels is imperfect wheels first; next, too little blade surface and too much pitch.

Queries on Marine Motors.

J. E. C., Baltimore, Md.—1. Will you explain, so I can understand, how the spark coil in a make-and-break engine increases the intensity of the spark? 2. What is the principle of the magnetic igniter? 3. Is this an economical form of igniter?

Ans.—1. The spark-coil consists of a core of soft iron wire enclosed in a spool, outside of which is wound several pounds of well insulated soft copper wire. When the circuit is completed and the positive and negative currents start in opposite directions, they come to this obstruction, which they try to overcome, taking an appreciable length of time to do so, magnetizing the soft iron core. On breaking the contact, it seems the nature of the electric current excited by the coil to object to a disruption of its free passage and it leaps across the intervening air space, heating the air to incandescence, forming the spark. 2. The iron core by induction becomes a magnet, and it is this principle that is adopted in the magnetic igniter. An armature is connected to one end of a rocker shaft. This armature is kept away by a light spring or other means,

and when the two electrodes are in contact and the circuit is completed, the magnetizing of the iron core attracts the armature, which in turn opens the circuit, causing a spark; opening the circuit releases the armature, which in turn closes the circuit. A spark is produced every time the electrodes separate, the opening and closing sometimes occurring several hundred times a minute. This is very similar in its action to the ordinary electric bell or buzzer from which the idea was undoubtedly obtained. 3. We have never had occasion to test the consumption of electrical energy or make any practical competitive tests, but from its action should say it would not take a great deal more or less than the make-and-break.

A. O. H., New York.—Is it not better to have the gasolene tank in the stern of a power boat, as there would be less rocking, if the tank can be set high enough to drain to carbureter, the engine being set amidship?

Ans.—For several reasons it seems best to locate the tank forward; with a tight bulkhead aft of it is the only safe method of installation. Another reason would be that under headway the boat will usually settle astern, and the flow of gasolene somewhat lessened. It would be impracticable to locate the tank aft and inclose it in a tight compartment with water surrounding it, for this particular reason, as the trouble usually is to prevent undue settling which the additional weight would cause. Where the engine exhaust runs through the stern, it would have a tendency to heat the gasolene, and as boats have been known to take fire from overheated exhaust piping, it would always remain there as an element of danger.

W. H. W., Fall River, Mass.—1. Why is bronze usually the metal employed for stern bearings in small launches with bronze shafts, while lignum vitae bushings are used in large propeller stern bearings? 2. Could not some other metal be used better than bronze running in bronze?

Ans.—1. Bronze is generally used in small stern bearings for the sake of economy. A bushing of lignum vitae would be much better, but it would make quite a bulky stern bearing. Many experiments have been made, but this wood gives the very best results. 2. Sometimes stern bearings are rabbitted, but the electrolytical action of two dissimilar metals in salt water tends to waste away the metal more easily attacked. For this reason zinc plates are frequently attached to steel hulls to prevent electrolytical action of bronze propellers on the iron work of the ship and rudder. In fresh water there is no electrolysis, and steel shafts are frequently employed on launches, and will last years.

B. E. D., Cincinnati, O.—1. What is the fire test of gasolene? 2. Which is the lighter, gasolene or benzine? 3. How is naphtha "washed"?

Ans.—1. There is no fire test to benzine, naphtha or gasolene. 2. No product of petroleum lighter than kerosene has a fire or flash test. Kerosene of 150 degrees fire test usually has a gravity measured by the Beaumé scale for liquids lighter than water of about 46 degrees. Naphtha runs from 69 to 76 degrees, while gasolene proper runs from 86 to 90 degrees. 3. Naphtha, when treated with steam, is called decolorized, and when agitated with dilute sulphuric acid, or "washed," is called acid-treated.

W. H. R., New York.—1. What is the usual speed of two-cycle engines when used for marine work? 2. Why can four-cycle engines be operated more rapidly?

Ans.—1. Two-cycle engines up to 6 degrees stroke usually run from 300 to 400 revolutions per minute. At higher speed they do not seem to develop a great deal more power, owing, no doubt, many times to low crank case compression, improperly designed and proportioned ports, inertia of the explosive mixture, etc. 2. Four-cycle engine valves operate but once to every other stroke, giving more time to open and close. Some two-cycle engines, using an inlet port opened and closed by the piston, show very much better speed results than the older type with check valve controlled inlet.

J. W. B., Babylon, L. I.—Which is the safer to operate, a two-cycle two-cylinder engine, or a two-cylinder four-cycle?

Ans.—If your two-cycle engine is started by turning the flywheel entirely over, there would be very little difference. If, however, you start it by rocking the flywheel back and forth, you are liable to get an explosion in the after cylinder and get hurt. Probably more people have been hurt by the "starting" pin than any other part of gasolene engines.

Numerous Entries for the Ocean Race.

LAST week in an editorial we urged American yachtsmen to enter their yachts in the trans-Atlantic race for the cup offered by the German Emperor. We are now able to announce that eight entries are assured, and of that number all but one will positively start.

The first entry was that of an English vessel, Valhalla, owned by the Earl of Crawford. The second entry was Apache, another large square-rigged auxiliary owned by Mr. Edward Randolph, New York Y. C. Utowana, another auxiliary owned by Mr. Allison Armour, was the third entry, while Ailsa, the English-built yawl owned by Mr. Henry S. Redmond, was the fourth.

The most gratifying news of all is that Mr. Wilson Marshall's three-masted auxiliary schooner will be among the starters. There has been some doubt that Atlantic would be a participant. Now that it can be definitely stated that she will make the passage, it ought to have a beneficial effect on other owners.

The other boats that may be included in the list of starters are: Schooner Endymion, owned by Mr. George Lauder, Jr., and the schooner Thistle, owned by Mr. Robert E. Tod.

Mr. C. Oliver Iselin is very anxious to start Constitution, and it is considered quite probable that she may be numbered among the contestants. If she makes the trip it will be under a ketch rig. The last named vessel is perhaps the only doubtful one among the eight. It is to be hoped that her owners will make arrangements for her to start, as it would greatly add to its interest.

From the entries assured, it will be seen the list is a representative one, and that it includes all classes of vessels from the large ocean-going auxiliary down to the modern first-class racer twice a contestant for America's Cup honors.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 7.—At the recent annual meeting of the Beverly Y. C., a committee composed of Messrs. David Rice, J. Lewis Stackpole and R. W. Emmons 2d, was appointed to make recommendations for revising the restricted classes of the club and also to draw up restrictions for a new 15ft. class. This committee has worked quickly and has submitted recommendations which will be acted upon at a special meeting to be held in the committee room, 322 Exchange building, Monday, January 16.

In the recommendations submitted, the committee has retained the three regular restricted classes and added the 15ft. restricted class as required. In the old classes such changes have been made as have been found necessary to eliminate the possibility of freak design, and the recommendations are in line with changes that have already been made in the classes of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. It is not, perhaps, surprising to note that there is much reluctance on the part of the yachtsmen racing in Massachusetts Bay and in Buzzard's Bay to adopt the proposed new uniform rating rule for classes which have been in existence for many years. It has been the custom in both places to race the yachts on water-line length alone, all of the competitors being built to the limits of the classes, in none of which time allowance has been given. At the same time well defined scantling restrictions have been laid down for the purpose of producing substantial yachts. With all of this the yachtsmen have been satisfied; but the tendency of producing yachts of extreme dimensions and form has caused the majority of yachtsmen in both places to look about for a remedy for the evil. The committee of the Beverly Y. C. suggests the direct limiting of over all length, together with other restrictions for measuring to maintain good form, and this has been done with the active classes in Massachusetts Bay.

The committee of the Beverly Y. C. starts out at once by saying that square-ended, snub-nosed, hollow or square-sided bow or stern, on vertical cross-section, metal or hollow fins, leeboards, metal deadwoods, double rudders or double centerboards, hollow spars, double planking or balance rudders will not be allowed. All boats in the four classes shall be provided with water-tight cockpits with scuppers draining outboard, or water-tight bulkheads, or tanks sufficiently large to float the boat when full of water.

The measurer shall be furnished with a copy of the plans from which the sails were made, and at the same time there shall be furnished an elevation of the boat showing to scale the proposed lengths of overhang at both ends, and a vertical cross-section of the bow at a point one half the distance between the extreme L. W. L. forward and the extreme bow. The extreme beam on this section shall not exceed 36 per cent. in class B, and 40 per cent. in classes C, D and H of the greatest L.W.L. beam of the boat. The girth of the underbody at this section shall not exceed the number of inches represented by the sum of the beam, plus the depth of the hull measured from top of covering board at the rail, plus 3in. in classes B, C, D, and plus 2in. in class H, measured at this section. Horizontal sections forward of L.W.L. must not be concave. Extreme L.W.L. beam, draft and weight of ballast must be furnished club inspector. The deck line at point of girth measurement shall not run at an angle greater than 30 degrees with the center line of the boat.

It is specified that in class B, the largest class, of 25ft. waterline, the cabin shall be fitted at each end with a bulkhead not less than three-quarters of an inch thick; transoms on each side; three lockers, one of which shall be for dishes; one folding berth forward and stand for stove. The 21-footers and the 18-footers are obliged to have cabin houses. The 15-footers must be decked for more than 50 per cent. of the total length. The following is a table giving the principal restrictions for the four classes as recommended by the committee:

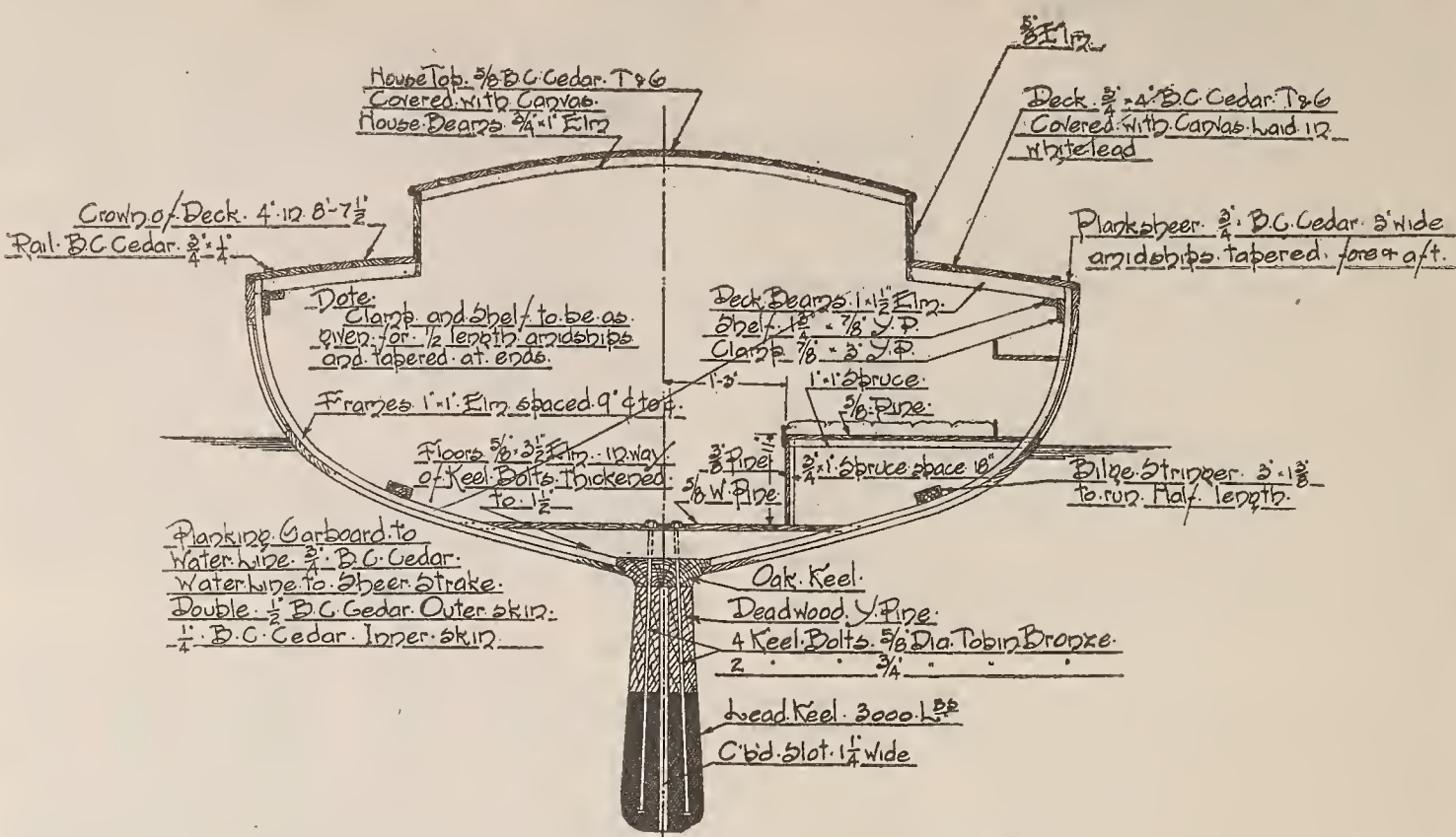
	Class B.	Class C.	Class D.	Class H.
Extreme L.W.L. fully equipped, without crew.....	25ft.	21ft.	18ft.	15ft.
Extreme over all not to exceed.....	43ft.	36ft.	31ft.	26ft.
L.W.L. beam minimum for centerboards.....	9ft.	7ft. 9in.	6ft. 9in.	5ft. 8in.
L.W.L. beam minimum for keels.....	8ft.	7ft.	6ft. 3in.	5ft. 4in.
Maximum forward or aft overhang.....	9ft. 6in.	8ft.	7ft.	6ft.
Minimum freeboard.....	24in.	20in.	18in.	16in.
Minimum freeboard of the section on which girth is measured at.....	34in.	28in.	24in.	21in.
Minimum draft of keel in keel and centerboard boats.....	3ft. 6in.	3ft.	2ft. 6in.	2ft. 3in.
Minimum draft of keel and centerboard boats.....	4ft. 6in.	4ft.	3ft. 6in.	3ft.
Maximum draft of keel for keel boats.....	6ft.	6ft.	5ft.	4ft.
Minimum ballast for centerboard boats.....	4,500 lbs.	3,000 lbs.	1,500 lbs.	1,000 lbs.
Minimum ballast for keel boats.....	5,000 lbs.	3,500 lbs.	1,800 lbs.	1,200 lbs.
Minimum length of bottom of keel.....	6ft.	5ft.	4ft.	3ft.
Total area of working sail.....	900ft.	600ft.	450ft.	360ft.
Proportion of mainsail to forestay sail.....	80 per c't.	80 per c't.	80 per c't.	80 per c't.

The table continues, giving scantling restrictions, equipment, crew, etc., for each of the four classes. In its announcement the committee recommends that all boats that have sailed in any of the club's races, or that are being built under the rules of 1904, and which may pass the club inspector, may race in the class that they are now entered, unless changed so that they may measure out of the class, and that the one-design Herreshoff 18-footers and the Herreshoff and Burgess one-design 15-footers, as now built and rigged, may sail in the restricted 18ft. and 15ft. classes.

At the annual meeting of the South Boston Y. C., held in the club house last Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected: Com., F. W. Rauskolb; Vice-Com., George M. Hannan; Rear-Com., William G. Doyle, Sec'y, P. J. McMahan; Treas., W. H. French; Meas., F. H. Borden; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. B. Reed; Trustees three years, W. F. Cogan and Walter Shaw; Regatta Committee—J. H. Brewer, H. S. Haines, J. J. Harland, William Hennessey and J. F. Trotman; House Committee—A. K. Brown, J. D. Coughlin, F. W. Falvey, H. F. Flynn and H. T. McArdle. The annual ball of the club will be held in Paul Revere Hall Tuesday, February 7.

At the annual meeting of the Lynn Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., Preston W. Johnson; Vice-Com., Fred. A. Mank; Sec'y, F. L. Ingalls; Treas., W. A. Estes; Directors—Edward Connor, John P. Lydon, William Redlon and James Reed; Regatta Committee—L. S. Coffin, J. A. Clough, Fred. W. Ford, John P. Lydon, William H. Lydon; Membership Committee—F. L. Ingalls, James Spratt and P. C. Saunders.

The Augusta Y. C. has been organized at Augusta, Me., with the following officers: Com., A. M. Goddard; Vice-



LARCHMONT Y. C. ONE-DESIGN CLASS—MIDSHIP SECTION.
Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Built by B. Frank Wood.

Com., J. E. Packard; Sec'y, Edward L. Ripley; Treas., Walter L. Fifield; Meas., Frank W. Roberts; Directors—A. M. Goddard, J. E. Packard, L. L. Wellman, A. W. Nichols and William H. Smith. The club starts with sixteen charter members.

Mr. F. F. Brewster's new 90ft. schooner is being plated at Lawley's. At the same shops an 87ft. naphtha yacht is receiving the cabin work. A 22-footer is planked. Four of the Cohasset one-design 17-footers have been completed. Work has commenced on an 18-footer designed by Crowninshield for Mr. George H. Wightman, of the Boston Y. C. A 60ft. steam yacht, designed by Mr. Arthur Binney, has been laid down.

Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page are at work on the lines of a 45ft. cruising launch for Mr. M. T. Bowditch, a 32ft. cabin launch for Mr. G. Brown, a 40ft. cabin launch for Mr. Sumner Robinson, a 30ft. speed launch for Mr. Lewis Clarke, of Philadelphia, a 40ft. cabin launch for Mr. O'Brien, of New York, and a 30ft. launch for Mr. W. H. Brown, of Pittsburg.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

One-Design Class for Larchmont Y. C.

THE plans for the one-design boats for the members of the Larchmont Y. C., which we are able to publish this week through the courtesy of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, show a boat almost identical with the famous Tartan, ex-Lamai.

While the boats were designed for class racing, the architects also planned the boats to fit the regular race-about class, so that the owners are sure of good racing. Several boats have already been ordered, and they are now taking shape at Wood's yard at City Island. They are excellent craft, and are being put together in a superior manner. The planking is single below the water-line and double above, this latter being done in order to secure an absolute smooth topside. The contract price, exclusive of sails, is \$1,500, which is a low figure for a modern boat of this type. The selection of a sailmaker rests with the owner. The spars will be hollow, and they will be furnished by the Frazer Hollow Spar and Boat Company, of Greenport, L. I.

No firm of designers has had greater success in this size and type of boat than Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and with the construction in the hands of that skilled mechanic, Mr. B. Frank Wood, a class of fast and serviceable racing boats is assured.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	Over all	35ft. 6in.
	L.W.L.	21ft.
Overhang—	Forward	8ft.
	Aft	6ft. 6in.
Breadth—	Extreme	8ft. 8in.
	L.W.L.	7ft. 9in.
Draft—	To rabbet	1ft. 6in.
	Extreme	4ft.
	Board down	6ft. 6in.
Freeboard—	Forward	2ft. 3in.
	Least	1ft. 7in.
	Aft	1ft. 8in.
Sail area		600 sq. ft.

SLOOP ECLIPSE SOLD.—Mr. C. Pemberton, Jr., of Philadelphia, has purchased the sloop Eclipse from Messrs. Collins Brothers, of Keyport, N. J., through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman.

Canoeing.

Red Dragon C. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 7.—Editor Forest and Stream. At the annual election of officers held by the Red Dragon Canoe Club, of Philadelphia, at Hotel Hanover, on Friday evening, January 6, the following were chosen for 1905: Com., Clifton T. Mitchell; Vice-Com., W. Chapin Thompson; Purser, W. H. Logan, Jr.; Quartermaster, Harry Blumner; Correspondent, W. K. Park; Meas., M. D. Wilt; Fleet Surgeon, F. O. Gross, M.D.; House Committee—A. D. Shaw, C. A. Sparmaker, A. L. Belfield, Theodore Quasebart; Trustee to serve three years, Fred. W. Noyes.

The annual mess was indefinitely postponed owing to the tragic death of Commodore John C. Maclister, who accidentally shot himself on the night of January 3 while looking for burglars at the club house at Wissinoming. Mr. Maclister was an active canoeist and prominent in all of the affairs of the club, and was much loved by all of his fellow members, also very popular with all who knew or came in contact with him. He has taken part in many canoe meets along the Delaware River, and won numerous prizes, and has also participated in the annual meets of the American Canoe Association. His sad and sudden ending has cast a deep gloom over the members of the club.

W. K. PARK, Correspondent.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership in the Central Division of the American Canoe Association: Robert W. Gallagher, of Buffalo; G. H. H. Hills, of Buffalo; J. H. L. Gallagher, of Palmyra, N. Y.

FREDERIC G. MATHER, Treasurer.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

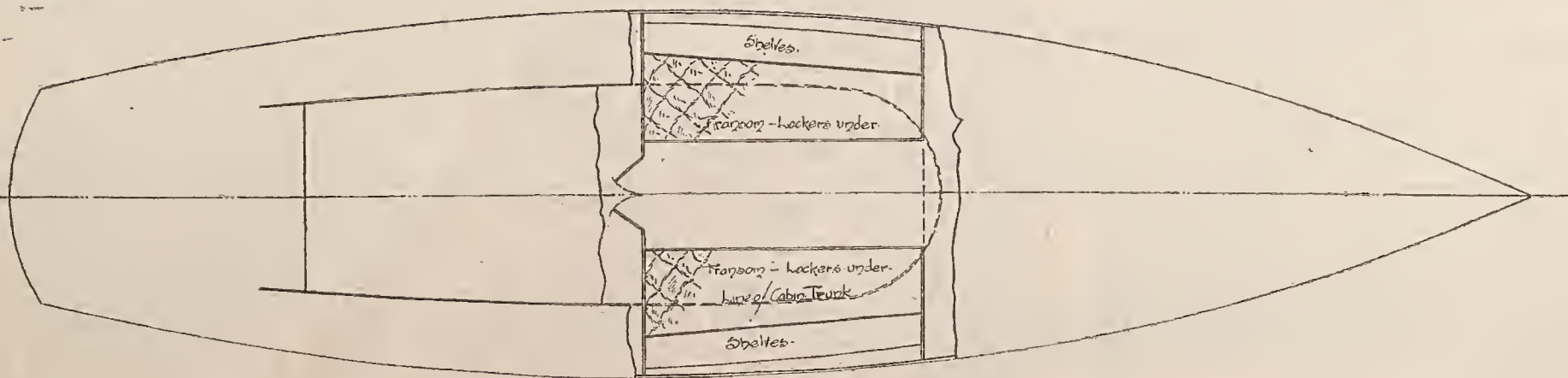
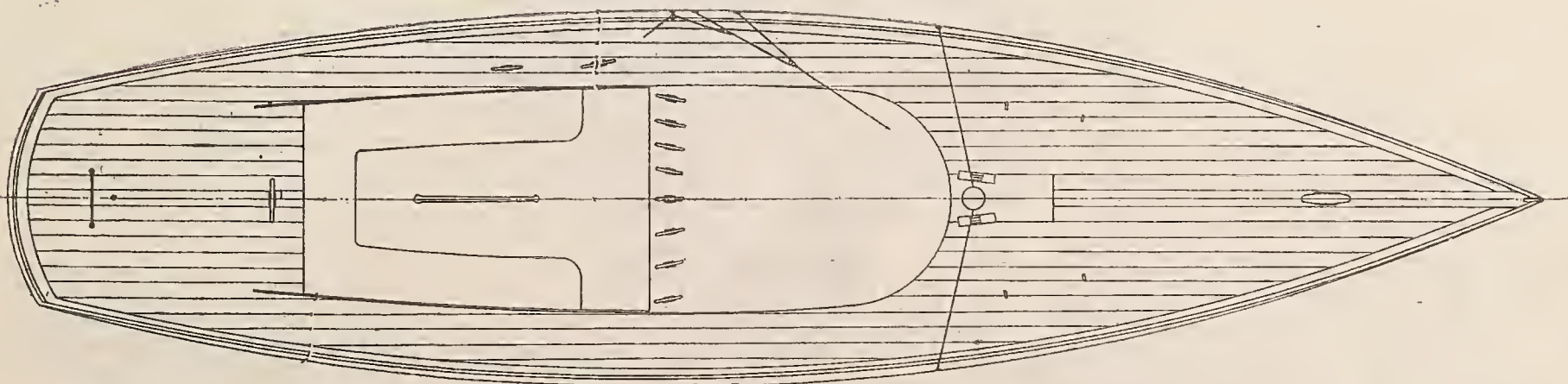
COBWEB Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the Cobweb Y. C., held at the club house foot of 152d street, North River, on Saturday evening, January 5, the following officers were elected: Com., A. N. Rose; Vice-Com., J. H. W. Fleming; Fleet Captain, William Riley; Recording Sec'y, D. Manson; Financial Sec'y, Charles Boughton; Treas., John Homann; Meas., Frederick Gerrus; Steward, Edward Ruquet; Sergeant-at-Arms, Von Wolfersdorff; Fleet Surgeon, John Martin, M.D.; Trustees—C. H. Madden, A. Feldhus, J. Rigney, F. Lambert, E. Walsh and F. Madden.

NEW POWER BOAT CLUB.—We understand that an article on "Power Boat Clubs" which appeared in these columns December 31, 1904, is already bearing fruit. The formation of a club on the plan outlined is practically assured. We are not at liberty to announce its name and location, but they have commodious and convenient quar-

ters in view on Gravesend Bay. We will gladly forward any names sent us by our readers to those who have the matter in hand. Please address such communications to the Yachting Department.

MANHASSET BAY Y. C. OFFICERS.—The annual meeting of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was held at the Hotel Astor on Tuesday evening, January 3. The following officers were elected: Com., Alphonse H. Alker, steam yacht Florence; Vice-Com., Clarkson Cowl, steam yacht Ardea; Rear-Com., R. W. Bainbridge, houseboat Chetolah; Sec'y, Edward M. MacLellan; Treas., M. W. Torrey; Meas., Francis W. Belknap; Trustee class 1907, James L. Laidlaw, and George A. Thayer.

MORRISANIA Y. C. OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of the Morrisania Y. C., held a few days ago, the following officers were elected: Com., George Schroeder; Vice-Com., H. Hassall; Rear-Com., H. Bartram; Treas., F. Derluth; Finan. Sec'y, F. Schroeder; Recording Sec'y, T. Grace; Meas., A. D. Dowrie; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Hagen; Board of Directors—L. Orth and J. H. Tully, two years; House Committee—J. H. Curtiss, W. E. Robinson, N. S. Busby, C. Hendricks, L. Hitchler, W. Hixon, E. F. Bartro, J. Kohn, and J. Custance; Regatta Committee—C. Kirchof; C. Wilmore, Charles Reuterman, E. Delevante, and F. Starke; Membership Committee—J. Berrian, L. Fried, and W. Grady; Nominating Committee—H. Hopper, E. Doerfel, and J. McDermott; Auditing Committee—G. Grace and W. De Forest.



LARCHMONT Y. C. ONE-DESIGN CLASS—OUTBOARD PROFILE, DECK, CABIN AND SAIL PLANS.
Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Built by B. Frank Wood.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Jan. 16-20.—Pittsburg, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Jan. 1. Conditions, 200yds. offhand at the 25-ring target. Nestler was champion for the day, with the fine score of 231. This creates a new record for him, his former one being 229. It is needless to say that he was very much elated at having attained so high a score, as it puts him up among the rest of the record men. Hasenzahl was high on the honor target, with the good score of 71. A special and noteworthy feature of the day's shoot and for the beginning of the new year, was the scoring of 235 points by Mr. Hasenzahl, our old veteran, and whom we familiarly call "Uncle Billy." This creates a new club record for the range and eclipses the late record of 233 by Mr. Gindele by 2 points. His score in detail follows: 22, 24, 23, 21, 24, 24, 23, 25, 24, 25—235.

When it was found that he had 26 points over in eight shots, interest began to center on him, and the result of his next two shots was watched with eagerness, as it had every appearance of a new record in sight. His ninth shot was 24, this giving him 30 points to the good, and then came the final effort. A 32 would tie the record and a 24 would beat. He stepped up again, but finding himself unsteady, he laid down his rifle and, after taking a breath, tried it again and, not being able to pull when he wanted to, he once more dropped his rifle, saying at the same time: "I won't shoot that shot; I will fire it in the ground first," which action he did and, loading up once more, he again faced the target, and after a brief interval of sighting, crack! went his rifle and "there it is," says he. And sure enough up came the spotter in the center followed by the red flag, indicating a 25, and then, whoopee! Payne seized him around the waist with one arm and with the other hand fondly seized him by the beard and waltzed him round and round, while giving vent to his feelings. Then followed the congratulations of all present. In his second score, previous to this one, he had 33 points over in nine shots, and when he fired his tenth, he called a 25; but a 15 at 9 o'clock was shown, which was wholly unaccountable to him, as he declared positively that he was "standing right in the middle" when he pulled the trigger, and the only thing he could account for it was that his spectacles were not properly adjusted, thus causing a distorted vision. Had he got the 25, he would have scored 238 and come within 3 points of the world's record of 241. However, he is well content with his 235. The scores:

Nestler	231	213	213	213	208
Hasenzahl	228	220	220	218	215
Odell	224	212	212	212	209
Payne	218	217	217	216	213
Roberts	215	210	208	207	207
Hofer	214	204	204	204	198
Freitag	203	187	185	180	179

National Board of Rifle Practice.

THE National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice has issued the following:

"Washington is probably more interested in the passage of the bill now before Congress, making appropriations for civilian rifle practice, than any other city in the country, owing to the fact that there is reason to believe that the first model range to be constructed under the provisions of the bill will be located in the District of Columbia or nearby. A rifle range conveys the idea primarily of a large tract of land with extensive rifle butts, and with either the hills or sea as a background to provide for stray bullets. To locate such a range in the District of Columbia would probably be an impossibility, because of the large outlay which would be required for the acquiring of a suitable tract of land, to say nothing of the alarm which might be felt because of the possibility of stray bullets. It is not believed, however, that it will be necessary in order to construct such a model range, for the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice to build a range on the order of those at Creedmoor, Fort Riley and Sea Girt, N. J., as considerable success has been attained with what are known as 'safety rifle ranges.' These are much in vogue in Europe, and one has recently been constructed at the Presidio in California, and the results obtained are said to be very satisfactory. In brief, the safest rifle range consists of an oblong space several hundred yards in length, inclosed with heavy brick or stone walls. One end is reserved for the marksmen and the other for the targets. Between the two are a number of partitions constructed of iron, with openings so arranged, that the marksman sees nothing before him except the target. Should his gun be so aimed that the bullet will not strike a target, it must be caught by one of the intersecting iron partitions, so there is no chance whatever for a bullet to leave the gallery between the marksman and target. Behind the target is a heavy backstop, which prevents the bullets from passing out into the open country. By means of rests and tables, the marksman can shoot either in a kneeling or prone position, or standing.

"Of course reduced charges are used, and practice can be had for all ordinary purposes, the same as at 500, 600 and 1,000yds. on 200 or 300-yard 'safety ranges.' In Europe these ranges are built in towns and villages, and no reports of accidents resulting therefrom have been received. One of the objects in constructing such a range in or near Washington would be that the members of Congress might have an opportunity of inspecting the same at any time, and to see how rifle practice is conducted."

Harlem Independent Corps.

SCORES follow for the practice shoot at headquarters, 159 W. 23d Street, New York, Jan. 6: H. Koch, 228, 241; A. Fegert, 230, 231; G. Thomas, 224, 218; H. Behrman, 218, 215; J. H. Blumenberg, 208, 223; S. Bauman, 221, 208; Dr. A. Muller, 214, 214; L. Lewinson, 212, 216; A. Fenninge, 210, 215; C. Wolf, 209, 202; A. Miller, 198, 212; L. Rokohl, 215, 190; W. Mensch, 204, 195; A. Olsen, 200, 195; F. Koch, 190, 191; A. Monatsberger, 199, 177; E. Miehling, 171, 200; W. Hans, 186, 178; F. Horn, 177, 182; P. Zugner, 190, 166; E. Hilker, 147, 192; C. P. Hopf, 187, 150; E. Modersohn, 122, 191; L. Schoewunel, 138, 172; J. Frey, 143, 120; F. Lanzer, 87, 76.

Bullseye target: W. Mensch, 63½ degree; A. Fegert, 39; L. Rokohl, 79; A. Fenninge, 93; Dr. A. Muller, 93½; W. Hans, 94½; J. H. Blumenberg, 127; E. Modersohn 128; F. Horn 145; G. Thomas, 150; A. Miller, 148; C. Wolf, 180; E. Hilker, 231; L. Lewison, 253.

Providence, (R. I.) Revolver Club.

Four of the rifle teams put in a good evening's work at the practice shoot Jan. 5, and the following scores were made:

Twenty-five yards practice on German ring target:					
Albert B. Coulters	243	235	240	231	238
S. K. Luther	238	232
L. A. Jordan	238	222	227
W. Bert Gardiner	231	225	225	226	...

If we can get three more men worked in shape for the coming match with the Portland team, our first experience in an indoor telegraph rifle match should be encouraging. The time is short, however, and we may have to ask a limit of five men for the team, as we want to shoot the match anyway.

The revolver division had an off night; too much rifle talk, enthusiasm over the sketch shown of the proposed snug shooting house for the coming season and zero weather in the hall made the six-shooters inclined to "buck" like the traditional broncho, and bullet holes to seek other lodging places than the coveted ten ring.

Twenty yards revolver practice on Standard American target: Arno Arvus, 80, 81, 77; A. C. Hurlburt, 78; Major Wm. F. Eddy, 66; D. P. Craig, 61.

Preble County Rifle Club, Eaton, O.

THE following scores were made in the December medal shoot at Eaton, O. G. O. Chrismer won the medal with 44 out of a possible 48. Twenty-eight members took part:

December medal shoot, 4 shots, 100yds., offhand, open sights, center counts 12; possible 48:

G. O. Chrismer	11	9	12	12	44	C. Tice	9	12	12	5	38
D. M. Swihart	11	10	10	12	43	T. E. Moran	8	9	10	11	38
Jos. Achey	11	12	11	9	43	Chas. Glaze	7	11	9	9	36
Silas Lee	9	10	12	12	43	F. M. Murray	11	10	7	9	37
Omer Parker	11	12	10	9	42	E. Spiliter	12	8	8	7	35
G. W. Izor	10	10	11	11	42	Jacob Leshner	9	11	5	10	35
C. J. Chrismer	10	10	12	10	42	A. N. Clemmer	11	12	3	8	34
J. Johnson	9	12	11	12	42	R. L. Glander	12	5	6	10	33
C. C. Pittman	9	12	12	9	42	T. N. Leach	2	11	8	11	32
Jos. Poos	12	12	11	5	40	Chas. Matthews	12	7	7	5	31
Ed. Vance	7	11	11	17	40	L. C. Reynolds	5	6	8	11	30
Moses Pence	11	7	11	10	39	J. W. Longman	6	7	7	7	27
R. Tice	9	10	10	10	39	G. W. Chrismer	2	4	7	8	21
Tony Price	12	11	7	8	38	L. Bruner	7	9	3	2	21

BONASA.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

THE practice shoot of Jan. 4 brought eighteen members together in competition for high scores. Gus Zimmerman, 242, 236; D. Scharninghausen, 233, 240; H. D. Muller, 237, 235; C. Gerken, 234, 238; C. Ottman, 226, 240; G. Schillinghausen, 230, 231; J. von der Leith, 224, 236; B. Eusner, 222, 229; H. Graveman, 220, 223; H. Brummer, 220, 221; G. Dettloff, 225, 215; F. Bauman, 216, 231; W. J. Daniels, 224, 213; H. A. Ficke, Jr., 226, 208; H. von der Leith, 217, 211; H. Roffman, 206, 205; J. Eisinger, 209, 190; D. Wuehrman, 205, 177.

Bullseye target: G. Dettloff, 33 degree; H. Roffman, 50; C. Gerken, 62½; H. von der Leith, 65½; J. von der Leith, 86; H. Brummer, 87; Gus Zimmerman, 97; C. Ottman, 103; H. A. Ficke, Jr., 125½; D. Scharninghausen, 125½; H. D. Muller, 174; W. J. Daniels, 198; H. Graveman, 216; B. Eusner, 222; J. Eisinger, 234; F. Bauman, 238.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

OWING to the additional rush of business brought on by the holidays, only three men met in competition for high scores at the regular practice shoot on Jan. 5: J. Facklamm, 235, 236; J. Metzger, 226, 226; A. Wiltz, 203, 207.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE following scores were recorded Jan. 3: L. C. Buss, 1227; C. Zettler, Jr., 1224; A. Hubalck, 1216; G. Schlicht, 1212; O. Smith, 1195; C. G. Zettler, 1195; B. Zettler, 1174.

Italian Rifle Club.

JAN. 2.—The following scores were made on the Zettler ranges: Bianchi, 244; Muzio, 235; Reali, 234; De Felice, 230; Raimondi, 227.

Rifle Notes.

The Shooting Times of recent date, publishes the following: "We learn that the War Office has under consideration a proposal for trying a plan of rifle shooting with both eyes open, as is the manner with a game gun, which is to be put to practical test next year. A distant object being seen more distinctly when looked at with both eyes than with one, it has been suggested that the difficulties attending the use of both eyes can be overcome by the provision of a small shield, called the 'shooting director,' which will hide the foresight of the rifle from the left eye, the result being that the firer uses his right eye only to align the sights, but both to look at his target."

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Jan. 17-20.—Hamilton, Can., Gun Club live-bird tournament. J. Hunter, Sec'y.
Jan. 20.—Middleton, N. Y.—All-day shoot of Mullerite Gun Club, on grounds of the Orange County Gun Club. Albert A. Schoverling and O. H. Brown, Mgrs.
Jan. 25.—Freeport, L. I., Gun Club first annual tournament.
Jan. 23-28.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap tournament. C. F. Gilstrap, Mgr.
Feb. 6-9.—Houston, Tex.—Sen's Grand Southern Handicap. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.
Feb. 11.—Phillipsburg, N. J., Opposite Easton, Pa.—Alert Gun Club first annual tournament. Ed. F. Markley, Mgr.
Feb. 22.—Batavia, Ill., Gun Club tournament. Henry Hendrickson, Mgr.
Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. V. Wallburg, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's eighth annual tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
Feb. 15-16.—Detroit, Mich.—Jacob Klein's tournament on Rusch House grounds, under auspices of Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association.
March 20-25.—Kansas City, Mo.—Dickey Bird Gun Club six-day tournament.
May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenstager, Sec'y.
May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.

May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
June 8-9.—Daltan, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Dickey Bird Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., announces a six-day tournament, from March 20 to 25, inclusive.

The Secretary, Mr. V. Wallburg, informs us that the Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a tournament on Feb. 22.

Mr. F. C. Willis, Treasurer, informs us that the Freeport, L. I., Gun Club will hold their first annual tournament on Jan. 25.

Mr. Geo. W. Mains, Secretary, informs us that the Enterprise Gun Club, of McKeesport, Pa., have fixed upon May 30 for the date of their next tournament.

The Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, of Port Washington, L. I., are about ready to start trapshooting. The grounds will soon be completely equipped with traps, etc.

At Pen Argyl, Pa., on Jan. 6, in a match at 25 live birds, \$100 a side, Mr. T. W. Morfey defeated Mr. W. Hauseman by a score of 25 to 21. Mr. Morfey, according to the score, was in his usual good form.

Mr. E. J. Loughlin, Secretary, announces that the Riverside Gun Club of Utica, N. Y., has fixed upon Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, as the date for their eighth annual midwinter target tournament.

Mr. John Parker, famous as an expert in all tournament matters, writes us that the programme of the three-day tournament, to be held at Detroit, Mich., Feb. 15-17, is now being prepared, and will be ready for distribution in the near future.

On the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club at Wissinoming, Pa., last Saturday, in the special championship contest of the S. S. White Gun Club, Mr. J. S. Clair was first with 89 out of 100, an excellent performance. There were nineteen contestants in the event.

Mr. Geo. L. Carter, Lincoln, Neb., writes us as follows: "Please announce the dates of the twenty-ninth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association at Hastings, Neb., May 9, 10, 11 and 12. G. A. Mann, Hastings, is president and Geo. L. Carter, Lincoln, is acting secretary."

A correspondent writes us interesting information, as follows: "Mr. Jacob Pleiss won first high average at the shoot of the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, Pa., by breaking 90 out of 100 targets. Edward Morlsey won second, breaking 87 out of 100. The day was dark and the shooting was over a magatrap."

The Secretary-Manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, writes us as follows: "Kindly announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Grand American Handicap target tournament will be held during the third or fourth week of June. We hope to be able to publish the exact dates within the next week or ten days. The Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Menominee, Mich., July 12 and 13, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club."

The Houston Grand Southern Handicap, Alf. Gardiner, manager, has set Feb. 7, 8 and 9 as dates. On each day there are eleven events, each at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$15 added save to the first event. Handicaps 14 to 20yds. Rose system, 5, 3, 2 and 1. Guns and shells shipped to C. L. and T. Bering, Houston, Tex., will be delivered free on the grounds. For programme high averages, first, Houston Post trophy; second, third and fourth, \$25, \$15 and \$10.

Following is the programme issued by the Boston Gun Club: Shooting dates: Jan. 25; Feb. 1, 8, 15; March 1, 8, 22, 29; April 5, 12, 26; May 3, 10. Spring prize handicap series for 1905 of Boston Gun Club, at Wellington, Mass. List of prizes: Winchester repeating take-down shotgun, traveling bag, Stevens pocket rifle, J. C. Hand trap, subscription to Sporting Life, marble safety hunting ax, set of Elliott ear drum protectors, set of anti-rust wicks. Conditions: entrance free, open to all shooters; distance handicap; seven best scores out of the fourteen to count; score each day to consist of 30 unknown from Leggett trap. All shooting under B. G. C. rules. Practice afforded before and after match. Targets, 1½ cent each.

The indications are that the annual tournament of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association, to be held Feb. 15-16, on the Rusch House grounds, will be a success in every particular. The managers are Messrs. Jack Parker, of Detroit, and Fred S. Foster, of Lansing. On the first day, there will be six 20-target events and two at 25 targets. Medals of value will be awarded to the highest performers. On the second day the Grand Sportsman's Handicap, 25 birds, \$25 entrance, \$150 added, will be the event. Besides the cash prize, the winner will have the Gillman & Barnes trophy, emblematic of the International live-bird championship. The famous shooters, Messrs. W. R. Crosby, Fred Gilbert, J. A. R. Elliott, John S. Boa, C. M. Powers, R. O. Heikes, are reported to have signified their purpose to attend.

A correspondent sends us the following, which is self-explanatory: "The McKeesport Gun Club, at its annual meeting for the election of officers and arranging a schedule of shoots, elected

these officers to serve during the ensuing year: President, William Leveite; Vice-President, Daniel Webber; Secretary, L. W. Cannon; Treasurer, Daniel Hardy; Captain, Daniel K. Irwin. The schedule of shoots decided upon for the season of 1905 is as follows: Opening shoot, Wednesday, Feb. 22; on Tuesday, May 30, the second annual merchandise shoot will take place; July 4, merchandise and optional sweepstake; Labor Day, second annual tournament. There will also be two gold medals to be contested for during the season. The conditions to govern the first are as follows: There to be six shoots, the first to be held the first Saturday in April, the person winning the largest number of times to be declared the winner; the person winning the first contest to have possession of medal, and to defend the same at the next shoot. On and after Feb. 22 there will be regular shoots held each Saturday, beginning at 3 o'clock, weather permitting."

The programme of the fourth annual Sunny South Handicap, to be held at Brenham, Tex., Jan. 23-28, can be obtained on application to the Manager, Mr. Alf. Gardiner, Brenham. On the first day there are two events; one at 8 birds, \$5, 30yds., four moneys; one at 12 birds, \$8; both events high guns. Miss-and-outs will also be shot. Second day: 8 birds, \$5, high guns; the Sunny South Handicap, 25 birds, \$20, handicaps, 26 to 32yds., four moneys, class shooting. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a handsome silver cup, valued at \$100. Entries to this event must be made by Jan. 15, accompanied by a \$5 forfeit. Penalty entries after the fifteenth and up to the end of the second round, \$5 extra. Handicap Committee: Messrs. T. A. Marshall, W. R. Crosby, L. I. Wade, F. K. Sterrett, Geo. W. Bancroft, Geo. Tucker and M. E. Atchison. Fourth day: Houston Chronicle challenge trophy, emblematic of the amateur target championship of the Southern States; and preliminary handicap, 100 targets, \$7.50 entrance, \$50 added. Fifth day: five 20-target events, \$2 entrance, \$100 added; handicaps, 14 to 20yds., five moneys. Last day, eleven 20-target events, \$2 entrance, \$10 or \$15 added in nine events. High averages, \$25, \$15 and \$10. Targets, 2 1/2 cents. Send guns, shells, etc., to Alf Gardiner.

BERNARD WATERS.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Dec. 31.—There was active competition at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day. A novel event was that between the Russians and the Japs.

Table with columns: Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. Names: Vanderveer, Lott, Marshall, Palmer, Lockwood, Southworth, Brigham.

Match, 25 targets, handicap: Palmer, Brigham, Lott, Grinnell, Marshall, Lockwood, Vanderveer, Bedford, L C Hopkins, Bennett, Damron.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Southworth, Palmer, Brigham, Lott, Grinnell, Marshall, Lockwood, Vanderveer, Bedford, L C Hopkins.

Shoot-off, same conditions: L C Hopkins, Vanderveer.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Southworth, Palmer, Brigham, Lott, Grinnell, Marshall, Lockwood, Vanderveer, Bedford, L C Hopkins, Damron.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Hopkins, Damron.

Shoot for December cup, 25 targets: Vanderveer, Bennett, Lockwood, Bedford, L C Hopkins, Damron.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Southworth, Palmer, Brigham, Lott, Grinnell, Marshall, Lockwood, Vanderveer, Bedford, L C Hopkins, Damron.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Vanderveer, Grinnell.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Vanderveer, Grinnell.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Southworth, Palmer, Brigham, Lott, Grinnell, Marshall, Hegeman, L C Hopkins, Grinnell, Stake, Damron, Vanderveer.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Southworth, Palmer, Brigham, Hegeman, Stake, Lockwood, L C Hopkins, Grinnell.

Team shoot, 15 targets: Japs, Russians, Lottowski, Southernwhiski, Bedfordwollsky, Grinnelalwaysgrimsky, Hopkinsgitapsky, Damrottewsky.

Jan. 7.—The first win on the January cup was scored by three—Mr. W. C. Damron, Dr. F. C. Raynor and Dr. H. L. O'Brien. Two-man team matches were a feature of the competition. Scores:

Event, 15 targets: Southworth, Brigham, Marshall, Stephenson, Bedford, Hickling, Damron, Raynor, Kenyon, Hoff, Lott, Vanderveer, Palmer, Lockwood, McConville.

Trophy event, 15 targets: Southworth, Brigham, Marshall, Stephenson, Bedford, Hickling, Damron, Raynor, Kenyon, Hoff, Lott, Vanderveer, Palmer, Lockwood, McConville, Grinnell.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Raynor 14, Kenyon 10.

Trophy event, 15 targets: Southworth, Brigham, Marshall, Stephenson, Bedford, Hickling, Damron, Raynor, Kenyon, Hoff, Lott, Vanderveer, Palmer, Lockwood, McConville, Grinnell.

Trophy event, 15 targets: Southworth, Brigham, Marshall, Stephenson, Bedford, Hickling, Damron, Raynor, Kenyon, Hoff, Lott, Vanderveer, Palmer, Lockwood, McConville, Grinnell.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Brigham 9, Raynor 13, Grinnell 11. Monthly cup shoot, 25 targets: Southworth, Brigham, Marshall, Stephenson, Bedford, Palmer, Lott, Vanderveer, Grinnell, McConville, Lockwood, Kenyon, Damron, Raynor, Hoff, O'Brien.

Two-man team match, 23 targets: Marshall, Southworth, Lott, Vanderveer, Brigham, Palmer, Bedford, Grinnell, Kenyon, Lockwood, Hoff, O'Brien.

Riverside Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 26.—The Christmas Day tournament of the Riverside Gun Club was well attended. Eight events, each at 10 targets, were shot.

The match to qualify for the gold medal, representing the city championship was the chief feature, resulting in George E. Newton become its present holder. The second high guns who qualified were Ed. Smith, William Maine, S. J. Cann and Bert Biddlecome.

The winners of the prizes were Chas. Turk, Bert Biddlecome, J. De Bee, D. Loughlin, George Newton, C. Teller, Charles Deechle and John Watts.

Table with columns: Name, Score 1-10. Names include: Watts, E Loughlin, Gangloff, Smith, De Bee, Newton, C Teller, Schultze, Biddlecome, Turk, D Loughlin, M Teller, Deechie, B Sabine, Hemmenway, Marks, Fleck, Porter, Youngs, Frasier, Maine, H Wells, Kaley, Cook, Cann, Jackson, Williamson, William Jay, Marshall, Eddy, Stevens, Wilson.

Jan. 2.—In the different events forty-three shooters took part at the New Year's Day shoot. About 350 spectators were present, of whom many were from central New York. The rain and fog made the shooting unpleasant, but the competitors faced the traps for about six hours and made excellent scores, despite the weather.

Five more men qualified in the gold medal championship contest, as follows: W. L. Race, Prof. E. B. Fleck, M. S. Teller, Charles Turk and George Kaley. The date for shooting off the final for this trophy will be announced later.

The winners of the merchandise prizes under the handicap rules were: George E. Newton, C. Teller, B. G. Lawrence, W. L. Race, Bert Sabine, M. Teller and Bert Biddlecome. The results in the programme events were as follows:

Events: Targets, Gangloff, E Loughlin, Lawrence, Wells, C Teller, D Loughlin, B Sabine, Newton, Race, Deechie, Infalible, Porter, Mott, Kraus, Ballistite, Biddlecome, M Teller, P Schultz, Watts, Weaver, A Davis. Events: Targets, Wilson, Golden, S Walling, A Walling, Hemmingway, Cook, Fleck, R Fuller, Werner, Cluett, Kaley, Dooley, L D Davis, S J Cann, Williamson, Lewis, Turk, Ben Schultz, Crossman, Patterson, Fairchilds.

Meadow Springs Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 7.—Mr. G. Gothard was high man in the club handicap by scoring 23 with his allowance added. J. Coyle, scratch, broke 20, which was in fact the high score.

Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. Names: Gothard, Jackson, Chandler, Depew, W Hansell, Coyle, Mann, Christ, Bush, Hall, Pepper, Heathcote, Murdock, Franklin, E Dill, H Dill, Gerhard, Frank, Mardin, Buckwalter, Chadbourne, Martin, Henry.

The open sweepstakes events were scored as follows:

First event, 10 targets: Murdock 8, Depew 8, Chadbourne 7, Gerhard 6, W. Hensell 6, E. Dill 5, Bush 5, Shaw 5, Mann 4, Martin 3.

Second event, 10 targets: Hall 8, Buckwalter 8, Franklin 7, Gothard 7, Bush 5, Heathcote 5, Chadbourne 5, Christ 4, Gerhard 3, Depew 3.

Third event, 10 targets: Hall 9, Murdock 8, Bush 8, Buckwalter 7, W. Hansell 6, Chandler 5, Franklin 5, Heathcote 5, Mardin 5.

Fourth event, 15 targets: Coyle 11, W. Hansell 10, Hamil 10, Bush 9, Buckwalter 8, Murdock 8, Heathcote 8, Jackson 8, E. Dill 5, Gerhard 5.

Ossining Gun Club.

THE Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club will hold an open shoot on Monday, Feb. 13. The programme will be as follows: Ten events; nine at 15, one at 25 targets; entrance \$1.30 and \$2. Totals, 160 targets, \$13.70 entrance.

Event No. 7, while a regular sweep, will decide a ten-man team match between Poughkeepsie and Ossining. We are assured of a big shoot. Two traps. Lunch and shells for sale. Rose system. High professional average, \$5. First and second amateur high averages, \$5 and \$3; \$2 and trophy to man making high score on winning team. Shooting commences at 10:30 A. M. sharp. Contestants may shoot for targets only at 2 cents each. All shooters must enter for entire programme, they being privileged to withdraw at any time.

Ossining is thirty miles from New York city on N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. For further particulars address C. G. Blandford, captain.

Trap at Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 2.—Four events were shot at Point Breeze to-day. A summary follows:

New Year's Handicap, miss-and-out, live birds, handicap rise, \$2 entrance: Brandt 10, Brown 10, Murphy 9, Wingate 9, Cowan 4, Aiman 3, Stone 3, Cummings 3, Felix 3, French 2, Jones 1. Re-entry, Felix 2.

Miss-and-out sweepstake, live birds, \$2 entrance: Aiman 6, Felix 6, Murphy 6, Wingate 6, Cowan 3, Brandt 0, Brown 0, Jones 0. Re-entry, Brandt 0.

Miss-and-out sweepstake, live birds, handicap rise, \$2 entrance: Johnson 5, Cowan 5, Felix 5, Brown 4, Cowan 4, Brandt 4, Aiman 3, Cummings 2, Shettsline 2, Murphy 2, Jones 1, Cowan re-entered.

Miss-and-out sweepstake, live birds, handicap rise, \$2 entrance: Cowan 6, Felix 6, French 5, Jones 2, Shettsline 1. Re-entry, French 1.

Knapp-Parsons.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 3.—The match shoot between Fred A. Knapp and Frank J. Parsons, which caused considerable interest among trapshooters in this vicinity, took place at the New Year's Day shoot of the Infallible Gun Club, and Parsons won by 2 birds, the final score being 19 to 17 out of 25.

The day was dark and gloomy, and a high wind made the flight of the targets very erratic. The only conditions in the above match was that Parsons shoot from the 20yd. mark, while Knapp was to shoot from the 16yd. mark. After the match, Knapp asked for and was given another chance to redeem himself, at a date to be decided upon later.

The contest for the Kirkover cup was decided, and Bryan won it with 23 out of 25, with Hines, Parsons and Hall close up with 21 each.

Team Championship Series.

A SERIES of team competitions will be held on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, at Wellington, commencing Jan. 14, and continuing every other Saturday until the championship is decided. Conditions: The teams shall consist of five men, and each man will shoot at 50 targets (25 known angles, 25 unknown angles), to complete the team score of 250 targets. The team winning three competitions shall be declared champion, and presented with suitable trophy so inscribed.

Any team of five men belonging to a regularly organized club within the State of Massachusetts is eligible.

Shooting will commence on arrival of 12:42 train from Boston. O. R. DICKEY, Mgr

Trap at Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA Jan. 7.—Fine weather favored the shooters who were gathered at the Point Breeze Race Track to contest in the weekly shoot.

Miss-and-out sweepstake, live birds, handicap rise, \$2 entrance: F. Coleman 3, Groves 3, Poulson 3, Silver 3, Stahley 3, McCoy 2, E. Coleman 2, Aiman 1, Thatcher 1, Murphy 1, Fisher 1, Shettsline 1, Catchell 1. Re-entry: Aiman 1, Fisher 1.

Prize shoot, 10 live birds, handicap rise, optional sweepstake, \$3 entrance: E. Coleman 9, Murphy 9, F. Coleman 8, Felix 8, Craig 8, McCoy 8, Silver 8, Fisher 7, Cowan 7, Bell 7, A. Edwards 7, Aiman 6, Kirk 5, Groves 5, Poulson 4, Shettsline 4.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Jan. 2.—The opening shoot of the season given by the Keystone Shooting League had a 25-bird handicap for the main event. Messrs. I. W. Budd and W. Harrison tied on 24. The scores:

Table with columns: Name, Score. Names include: Jones, Frank, Harvey, Shaw, George, Harrison, Budd, Coleman, Campbell.

Hillside Gun Club.

CHESTNUT HILL, Pa., Jan. 7.—The club gold medal was won by Mr. P. Laurent. Maurice Bisbing won the Laurent trophy. The scores and handicaps follow: P. Laurent (12) 51, M. Bisbing (9) 46, W. Aiman (11) 46, A. Caie (12) 43, C. Larson (11) 42, S. Curry (0) 38, R. Bisbing (5) 36, M. Martin (5) 21.

Charles Larson and William Aiman shot a match at 10 sets of doubles, and Larson beat Aiman by one break, with a score of 17 to 16.

Morfeys-Houseman.

PEN ARGYL, Pa.—A match was shot on Jan. 6 on the grounds of the Mountain View Gun Club, between Messrs. T. W. Morfeys and W. Houseman. The conditions were 25 live birds, \$100 a side. Scores:

Table with columns: Name, Score. Names: T W Morfeys, W Houseman.

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IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

UNDER date of Jan. 5 the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club has issued a circular letter to its members, as follows: "One of our members is now having made, from special design, a very handsome gold medal, to be shot for by members during the months of January, February and March. Conditions governing the contest are enclosed herewith. "Be sure to qualify on some Saturday during this month; the sooner the better."

The conditions of the contest are as follows: During January and February a special event will be arranged for qualifying to shoot in match. There shall be two classes, A class and B class. A class to be made up of scratch men; B class of the balance of our members. A class must make a consecutive run of 7 within the boundaries of a specified 25-target event. This class shall have four chances at 25 targets to qualify for the February contest, and they can have the privilege of shooting at 25, 50, 75 or 100 targets at any of our Saturday shoots in January, but before doing so they must notify the secretary of such intention, and place their initials before their respective names on the score sheet.

B class to be governed by the same conditions as Class A except they shall be entitled to shoot at 200 birds. During February the same conditions apply to Class A and B that qualified in January, except that 10 targets must be broken consecutively. Those that have qualified in Classes A and B under the above conditions shall shoot during March as follows: A class to shoot at 25 targets on the same plan that was used in January and February. B class shall be entitled to shoot at 200 targets, with the privilege of selecting four of their best scores of 25 targets each. The largest number of targets broken by any one individual in these two classes be declared the winner on Saturday, March 25.

Walter T. Wallace, President. Charles W. Kendall, Field Captain. Edward Winslow, Secretary.

Jan. 7.—Handicaps apply only in event No. 4. The weather conditions were not at all favorable to high scores to-day. Mr. Sim Glover was the guest of the club to-day and, considering the high wind, made a remarkable score. Beyond qualifying in the preliminary rounds for the gold medal presented by one of the members and a little practice, no regular events were run off. Scores:

Table with 7 columns (Events 1-7) and rows for various shooters including E Winslow, Sim Glover, P H Cockefair, C W Kendall, H F Holloway, T S Crane, C H Hartshorn, S C Wheeler, and E Robinson. Includes signature of EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 2.—Seven events were shot. Four of these were for merchandise prizes; the remainder were for turkeys and chickens. The scores of the merchandise events follow:

Event 1, 15 targets; first prize, orange bowl; second, lily bowl: Cole 12, Grant 15, F. W. M. 10, Herbert 13, Jules 14, Huber 11, C. Maddock 12, W. H. M. 11, Crawford 9, E. Hope 14. First prize won by Grant; second by Hope.

Event 2, 15 targets; first prize, orange bowl; second, lily bowl: Cole 3, Grant 11, F. W. M. 10, Herbert 5, Jules 9, Huber 13, C Maddock 11, W. H. M. 13, George 13, Crawford 12, Jules 12, W. H. M. 10, F. W. M. 10, Hope 13, Mulford 12, Cole 13, Herbert 12, Grant 11, Swader 10, Huber 13, George 14, Charley 3, Hope 11, Swader 11. First prize won by G. Sinclair; second by L. Emanns.

Event 3, 20 targets; first prize, berry set; second, orange bowl; third, lily bowl: Cole 16, Grant 15, W. H. M. 14, Herbert 15, Jules 14, Huber 18, F. W. M. 13, George 15, Crawford 14, Swader 13, Jules 17, W. H. M. 15, F. W. M. 16, Hope 17, Mulford 12, Klockner 15, Grant 16, Huber 17, Coles 12, Athenholt 14, Huber 15, George 15, Mulford 16, Hope 17, Swader 15. First prize won by Huber; second, Emanns; third, Mulford.

Event 4, 25 targets; first prize, punch bowl and mugs; second, lily bowl: Cole 22, Grant 21, F. W. M. 10, Herbert 18, Jules 21, Huber 22, Taylor 21, W. H. M. 16, George 19, Crawford 17, Jules 17, W. H. M. 18, F. W. M. 17, Hope 21, Mulford 19, Herbert 25, Athenholt 14, Huber 18, Taylor 17, Mulford 17. First prize won by Herbert; second by Cole.

Pleasure Gun Club.

Englewood, N. J., Jan. 2.—The Pleasure Gun Club made the following scores to-day:

Table with 7 columns (Events 1-7) and rows for shooters: Miloy, F West, Townsend, Raynor, Short, W West, Frahm, Morris, J West, Bogert, S Westervelt, C J Westervelt, and E Haring.

No. 8 was a handicap event for the Mullerite trophy, which was won by W. W. Westervelt.

Table with 7 columns (Events 1-7) and rows for shooters: Miloy, Haring, J West, Frahm, F West, W West, C A Byert, and C J Westervelt. Includes signature of C. J. WESTERVELT, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Jan. 7.—Event No. 6, handicap trophy cup shoot, won by Mr. F. Vosselman for the third time. It takes five wins to secure cup.

Table with 6 columns (Events 1-6) and rows for shooters: Morrison, Richter, Truax, Vosselman, Eickhoff, Hearne, Jap, Leasenfeld, and James R. Merrill, Sec'y.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 2.—The annual New Year's Day shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, held to-day on their grounds at Arlington, was a big success, despite the unfavorable weather conditions. Thirty-eight men competed, thirty-one of whom shot the whole programme. Two traps were used, from which 4,720 targets were thrown, 3,593 being broken by the shooters. The trade was represented as follows: Messrs. F. E. Butler, Geo. R. Ginn, J. W. Briggs, H. E. Winans, Sim Glover, T. E. Doremus and H. S. Welles. High average went to Sim Glover, Staples capturing second, while Jap and Capt. Traver tied for third place. Welles was second among the professionals, and Butler third. Events No. 4 and 8 were merchandise events, the Ossining-Poughkeepsie team match also being shot off in event No. 8. A cold, drizzling rain, attended by a fog, made the day decidedly uncomfortable and conditions hard for good shooting. Scores follow:

Table with 8 columns (Events 1-8) and rows for shooters: Welles, Jap, Staples, Dykeman, Butler, Adams, Sanders, Rhodes, Traver, Doremus, Tompkins, Sheldon, Perkins, Snyder, Hicks, Tallman, Ferguson, Hofman, Du Bois, Crozier, Valentine, Feigenspan, Brandreth, Bedell, McConnell, Coleman, Glover, Dr. Shaw, Hendricks, Dr. Becker, Carpenter, Van, Winans, Cassidy, I. Hicks, Krebs, Briggs, Bissing. Includes Team match scores and signature of EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Notes.

Everything went along as regularly as clock work, and much favorable comment was heard from all sides.

H. W. Bissing proved an efficient man in the office, and to him is much credit due for the general success of the shoot.

Tompkins and Hendricks "did the trick" in the team match—25 straight—and under hard conditions, too.

President Adriance, suffering from neuralgia and in no condition to shoot, was present, and gave valuable assistance in scoring, etc.

Sim Glover won high average honors, and made an unfinished run of 60 straight as well.

Harry Valentine was not in his usual good form—better luck next time, Harry.

The Brandreth cup must be won three times to own—Poughkeepsie 2, Ossining 1, to date. The next match will, no doubt, be a "hot one."

Capt. Traver did excellent shooting, considering that he was the busiest man outside the office.

The new grounds, overlooking "Fair Vassar," were made to order, judging from the comment heard.

Sec'y Du Bois was unable to reach the grounds until the afternoon, from which time he gave valuable aid in looking after things generally.

A spring tournament is being talked of, and the date will be announced early enough to give the "disappointed ones" a chance to make all arrangements to attend.

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

By order of the president, George N. Thomas, a special meeting is called on Jan. 18, at 1 o'clock P. M., at Achtel-Stettens rooms, 842 Broad street, Newark. The list of clubs composing the Association is as follows: Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City; Orange Gun Club, Brunswick Gun Club of New Brunswick, Hackettstown Gun Club, South Side Gun Club of Newark, East Side Gun Club of Newark, Freehold Gun Club, Midway Gun Club of Matawan, Brookfield Game and Fish Association of Bloomfield, Cannibal Gun Club, of Trenton, Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club of Rutherford (now merged into the Union Gun Club), Rahway Gun Club. Individual member, E. A. W. Everett, Pompton Lakes.

Business of importance demands attention, and clubs whose delegates are unable to be present in person are requested to forward proxies to President George N. Thomas, 1100 Chestnut avenue, Trenton, or W. R. Hobart, acting secretary, 440 Summer avenue, Newark, so that a quorum will be assured.

Other clubs and individuals not in the above list are invited to be present.

Christiana Atglen Gun Club.

ATGLEN, Pa., Jan. 2.—Following are the scores of the Christiana Atglen Gun Club shoot, held here to-day:

Table with 15 columns (Events 1-15) and rows for shooters: Squires, Benner, Tonnley, Jelb, Wilson, J Williams, I Williams, Lawrence, McGinnis, Fields, Baldwin, Rice, Pennock. Includes signature of LLOYD R. LEWIS, Sec'y.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 2.—The trapshooters turned out in great force to compete at the New Year's Day shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club. Shooting continued till darkness intervened and made sighting the targets a matter of guesswork. The club officers, Messrs. F. W. and H. W. Bergen, president and secretary, respectively, and Mr. H. W. Dryer, were generous hosts, and extended courteous attention to all present. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, famous trapshooter and expert, had the intricate task of manager.

The grounds are situated conveniently for shooters. The transportation line passes within a few steps of the club house.

The weather was not of the kind which promotes high scores. The light was heavy, and in the latter part of the afternoon a drizzling rain fell.

The programme consisted of 170 targets, 120 of which were in 15-target sweepstakes. Those who preferred, could shoot for targets only at the rate of 15 for 25 cents. Paid experts shot for targets only. The main event was at 50 targets, distance handicap, 16 to 21yds. rise, for twelve merchandise prizes of value to shooters. Entrance \$2.50, including targets. Highest score, first choice; second high or ties, next choice, and so on until all the prizes are distributed in this event. Handicaps by Harry Bergen, Capt. Dreyer and the manager. The scores were as follows:

Schorty (20yds.) 40, Reynolds (19) 40, Suydam (19) 38, J. Voorhis (18) 39, Hoffmeyer (18) 36, Marcy (17) 41, McKane (17) 33, Cottrell (17) 38, Waters (17) 31, Montanus (17) 32, Keim (16) 33, Hames (16) 28, Cooper (16) 41, Kurzell (16) 6, Hitchcock (16) 34, Mchrman (16) 20, Whitley (16) 26, O'Brien (16) 36, Blake (16) 29, G. Remsen (18) 35, Snyder (16) 44, Dr. Goubaud (16) 28, Carolan (16) 25, S. Short (16) 25, T. Short (16) 31, Kelly (16) 41.

The sweepstake events follow. Several were extra events:

Table with 14 columns (Events 1-14) and rows for shooters: Schorty, Keim, Cottrell, Marcy, Hawes, Dryer, Voorhis, Reynolds, W Cottrell, F Schoverling, Suydam, W Ryder, McKane, Williamson, Griffith, Cooper, Thier, Montanus, Kurzell, O'Brien, Whitley, Birquist, Pfander, Carolan, Hoffmeyer, J Voorhis, G Remsen, Waters, Konwenhoyer, D Goubaud, Schneider, Blake.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Jan. 2.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of this city, held a New Year's Day shoot at its grounds to-day, with 27 guns out, and under fair weather conditions, except that the wind was rather variable.

A team of five men representing the Fairmont Gun Club, attended, and during the day shot a 25-target race with the team of the Recreation Club, the latter winning by a score of 94 to 85.

Mr. Wiedebusch, of the Fairmont team, was high gun for the day, shooting through the entire programme.

During the day a "loving cup," donated by the officers of the club, for individual high score at 10 targets, was shot for and won by Mr. Lilly, of Fairmont, after a spirited shoot-off of a straight score tie with Mr. Dawson, Mr. Lilly winning on his eleventh bird.

After the shooting was over, at dark, the members of the club and their guests, repaired to Stine's Café, where all "broke straight" on roast suckling pig, with the customary trimmings, only leaving the tables in time to catch the late train to their homes. The scores:

Table with 4 columns (Shot at, Broke) and rows for shooters: Wiedebusch, Lilly, J F Phillips, Colpitts, Fitch, Jacobs, Donigan, Price, C R Phillips, Nichols, J R Miller, L D Phillips, J C Long, White. Includes Team race scores for Recreation Team and Fairmont Team.

Fulford Memorial Fund.

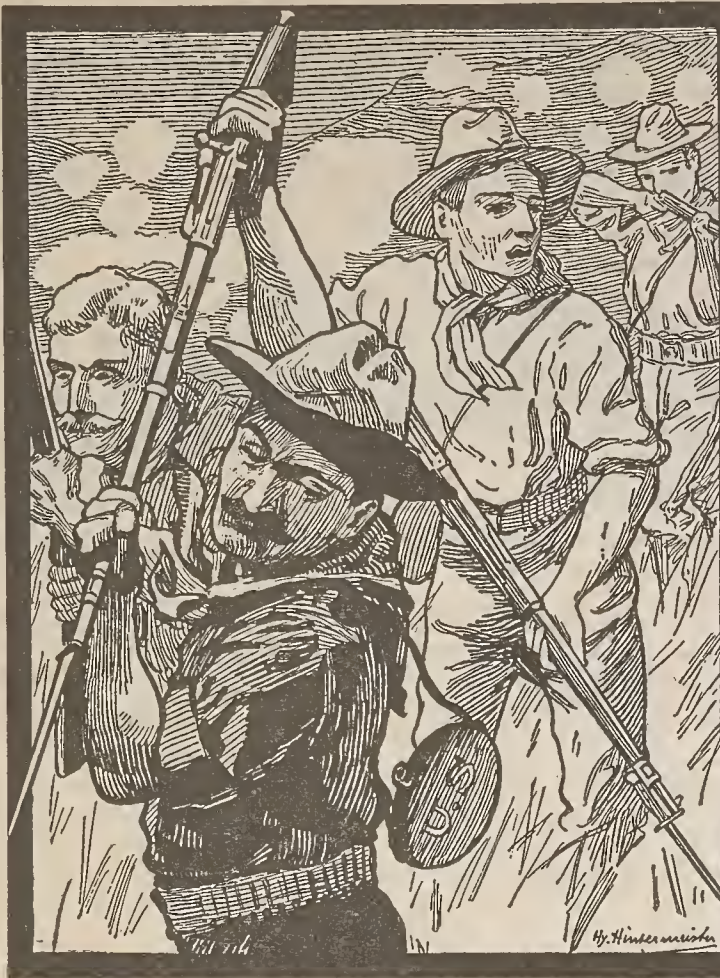
UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 6.—The gun club here held a shoot Jan. 2, which was largely attended. All the money received from one event, in which a prize was offered by the club, was donated to the Fulford Memorial Fund, which shows that poor Ed. was fully appreciated in his home town.

Now, I know that there are many of his friends who have failed to contribute to the fund now being raised for the erection of a monument to his memory by the sportsmen of America. This is probably an oversight on their part, so I wish to call attention to the fact that no money will be received after Feb. 1. So send in your mite, no matter how small.

For a while the names of all who have contributed will be published, the amounts given will not be mentioned.

Remit to J. T. Skelly, duPont Powder Co., Wilmington, Del. All who attend the New York shoot at Utica in June will have a chance to see a monument over the remains of E. D. Fulford that will be a credit to us all.

FRANK E. BUTLER. All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.



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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

The following scores in the cash prize series were made on Jan. 1 by those who were unable to be present the previous day: H. Sunderbruch (17) 43, Ward (17) 42, Faran (21) 39, Dick (20) 39, A. Sunderbruch (20) 36.

This first week of the new year has been a busy one at the club grounds, and almost every day has seen many shooters present. The reason for this was the presence in the city of the traveling representatives of the Peters Cartridge Co., who put in all their spare time smashing targets, a sport with which most of them are familiar.

Table with 11 columns (1-11) and 2 columns (Shot, Broke). Lists names and scores for various shooters.

*Shot at 24yds. in Nos. 4 and 7.

The New Year's shoot was held on Jan. 2 and was poorly attended, owing to the disagreeable weather. The day was cold and cloudy, with rain in the afternoon. Only eleven men took part in the programme, which consisted of eight events at 25, two at 20 and two at 15, a total of 270 targets, and no one shot through.

Table with 11 columns (1-11) and 2 columns (Shot, Broke). Lists names and scores for various shooters.

*Shot from 24yds. in event No. 3.

On Jan. 4 there were twenty-six shooters present, most of them being Peters men, and the sport consisted of a team-match with thirteen men on a side, the captains being H. N. Kirby and Neaf Apgar. Each man shot at 50 targets, and Kirby's team won with a score of 524 to 481.

Table with 4 columns: Kirby's Team, Apgar's Team, and scores. Lists names and scores for team members.

Annual Reunion.

The Peters Cartridge Co. held its annual reunion of representatives this week, and on Friday, Jan. 6, entertained them at the gun club grounds. Among those present were the follow-

ing: Maurice Kaufman, L. J. Wade, J. P. Flournoy, Jr., Wallace R. Miller, David Elliott, J. W. Osborne, J. W. Hightower, Louis T. Spinks, W. W. Porter, Paul R. Litzke, B. O. Seymour, H. W. Cadwallader, L. H. Reid, F. B. Chamberlain, Geo. E. Bartlett, A. H. Hardy, Frank L. Carter, John T. Rowntree, L. M. Knouse, Mr. Wishon, Chas. G. Grubb, Wm. M. Locke, Joe C. Garland, Gilbert M. Wheeler, Geo. R. Benjamin, E. H. Storr, H. B. Lemcke, T. H. Keller, Jr., Neaf Apgar, H. N. Kirby, Jas. E. Reid, A. C. Thoms, Chas. A. Young.

A number of the club members were also on hand, among them Barker, Don Minto, Pohlar, Block and Williams.

The day was chilly and cloudy, and the ground covered with snow, but there was no wind and the light was good, so that the shooting conditions were excellent, and some good work was done.

Several preliminary events were shot, the team match between sides chosen by H. N. Kirby and Dave Elliott being started at 12 o'clock, and lasting until 3 o'clock. Twenty-five hundred targets were thrown, an average of 14 targets a minute--not a bad record.

The dinner, a la Gambell, was served at 1 o'clock, and, as usual, was a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone and Mr. Meek, of the Wizard of Oz Company, were present as guests of Mr. Gambell. Mr. Stone takes the part of the Scarecrow, and if he acts the character as well as he shoots, it's all right. Mr. Meek enjoys the sport, but is a new hand at the game. Charlie Young was hit in the eye by a piece of lead from a rifle bullet, when Capt. Bartlett was shooting at iron washers, and was quite seriously injured.

The fancy shooting was witnessed by a large crowd, and the skill of the performers well applauded.

Capt. Bartlett opened the show with a short descriptive talk on the goods manufactured by the company, and then gave an exhibition of rifle shooting, making many difficult shots. He was followed by Frank Carter, who did some pretty stunts with a .22 rifle. Capt. Hardy ended the exhibition, doing some very fine shooting with shotgun and .22 rifle. He also displayed great skill in the use of the revolver, and wound up by making the letters P. C. Co. and an Indian's head on cards, using a .22 rifle instead of a pencil. Preliminary events:

Apgar shot at 50, broke 45; J. E. Reid 50, 41; George 50, 42; Frohlinger 50, 39; Cadwallader 50, 42; Brown 50, 30; Porter 75, 51; Moore 25, 21; Knouse 50, 40; Seymour 50, 41; Young 50, 45; Stewart 50, 21; Orr 50, 21; Thoms 75, 46; Lindsley 50, 37; Kirby 50, 44; Hardy 50, 38; See 50, 43; Peters 50, 41; Elliott 25, 22; Storr 25, 23; Wheeler 25, 23; Spinks 50, 44; Garland 25, 19; Moore 25, 20; L. H. Reid 50, 41; Lemcke 50, 40; Richmond 50, 42; Wade 50, 47; Hightower 75, 71; Osborne 25, 18; Benjamin 25, 8; H. Keller 25, 20; Kaufman 25, 17; Meyers 25, 20; Barker 25, 18; Conway 25, 16.

Table with 2 columns: Kirby's Team, Elliott's Team. Lists names and scores for team members.

Saturday, Jan. 7, the regular club shooting day, was cold and windy, and snow fell thickly nearly all day. The attendance was not up to expectations, a number of the Peters boys would have been out if it had been pleasant, but the weather kept them away. Two 50-target races were shot. Cadwallader and Randall tied for high gun in the first on 46, and Randall took high gun in the second on 45.

The club will hold its banquet on Jan. 26. H. M. Norris is chairman of the committee.

Gambell has returned from his Southern trip in good shape. Had a fine time, good shooting and sport generally; but he doesn't like Osterfeldt's way of looking after the commissary department. Col. West, H. Osterfeldt and E. Barker have been appointed a committee to select members of the tournament committee. Supt. Gambell's son Lutie has been sick the past week, but is improving. C. W. Phellis was at the grounds on

Friday. He left for home on the 6th, and will be at the Detroit tournament in February. The day's scores follow:

First 50 target race: Cadwallader 46, Randall 46, Don Minto 45, Gambell 42, Kirby 42, Harig 41, Peters 39, Trimble 38, Dennison 38, Williams 36, Falk 32, Maynard 31, Litzke 26.

Second 50-target race, 16yds.: Randall 45, Cadwallader 43, Williams 42, Harig 42, Kirby 41, Gambell 37, Peters 36, Maynard 28, Lytle 26.

Greenville (O.) Gun Club.

The annual meeting of the Greenville, O., Gun Club was held on Dec. 30. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, B. G. Eidson; Vice-President, M. W. Westerfield; Secretary, H. A. McCaughey; Treasurer, E. R. Fouts; Captain, W. F. Baker. The club decided to hold a spring tournament on May 9 and 10, for amateurs, open to all, manufacturers' agents and professionals to shoot for targets only. The usual summer contest will begin in March and close in August. This will be run on similar lines to the one of last year, which created so much interest among the members.

The club is in a better condition in every respect than it has ever been. They have good grounds, shooting shed, store house and a commodious club house. There are two sets of traps and trap houses; one arranged for distance handicap shooting. The financial condition is satisfactory, over \$100 in the treasury and no debts.

Dayton (O.) Gun Club.

The Dayton Gun Club will hold its first annual meeting at the Phillips House on the 12th. After the reports of various committees have been read, officers will be elected, and then a banquet will be served, at which County Recorder John L. Theobald will be toastmaster. The committee in charge consists of O. M. Bailey, C. H. Cord and J. A. Kirby.

Whiting (Ind.) Gun Club.

Whiting, Ind., Jan. 3.—There is now and then some live-bird shooting in the State of Indiana, and when it comes to an up-to-date gun club with an eye to business, such as holding a holiday shoot that would draw the Chicago shooters, then you will find the Whiting club with that "eye."

Jan. 2 being the legal holiday, there were some twenty-four guns in the rack at the shoot held under the above-mentioned management at the Wolf Lake club house. Everything was found to be in readiness, with birds and traps in order.

The weather was very bad, and none but a pigeon shooter would venture out. The management only erred in their judgment of the weather, and did not provide enough birds, as the programme was not completed through lack of same.

The wind blew strong, and the snow drifted furiously directly across the traps, and it was almost an impossibility to get a bird down in bounds. Mr. Young shot very well for a "young" man, and lost but one out of the nine events, though in the first event he was well to the bad. He also went straight in the next event, as did Deal and Jones. Mr. Deal got in late, but yet made the equal score to that of Mr. Young, viz., 10 straight.

After two birds had been shot on the next event, the supply gave out, and the target trap was put into use. It threw targets fast and high, so that the scores will look poor in print.

In the first event Willard got 14, and was high; in the second it was Vietmeyer who led the gang with a straight, which was "going some," as other good shots got about half of them. It was too cold and windy to continue the shoot, and it was declared off at about 3 P. M.

The attendance was good. Lem Willard, L. Kumpfer, Geo. Eck, J. S. Young, John Eck, M. J. Sanderson, L. D. Bolton, M. J. Morehouse, C. Sweder, A. A. Winesburg, N. Pauley, W. C. Deal, F. W. Myrick, H. W. Vietmeyer, Fred Lord and Chris. Keck were the Chicago boys present, with also the addition of the U. M. C. Co. Tramp; A. L. Ready and W. J. Henry, Valparaiso, Ind.; W. Vater, G. W. Jones, R. Fowler, Hammond, Ind., and a number of spectators.

The club have good grounds, situated directly on the car lines, easy of access from all parts of Chicago and the suburban towns. The scores are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Event No. 1, 6 birds, \$2 entrance; Event No. 2, 9 birds, entrance \$3. Lists names and scores for various shooters.

Event No. 3, 6 targets, entrance \$2:	
Willard	02220-4
Young	12120-5
Vietmeyer	22222-6
Myrick	20010-2
Williams	20002-3
Frederick	10021-4
Sanderson	00121-4
Morehouse	20202-3
Eck	021201-4
Winesburg	002211-4
Reading	002010-2
Bolton	220122-5
Webber	011202-4
Pauley	120200-3
Humpfer	100200-2
Deal	222222-6
J Eck	000120-2
Jones	112212-6

Events 4 and 5, 15 targets, \$1 entrance: Young 10, 10; Vietmeyer 9, 15; Winesburg 9, 8; Pauley 1; G. Eck 8, 11; Fowler 7, 7; Deal 12, 8; Willard 14, 10; Morehouse 10; Frederick 5, 10; Henry 2, 2; Jones 8, 6; Reading 5; J. Eck 3; Williams 6, 7; Humpfer 8, 13; C. Vater 9, 8; Goosedale 10; Levery 4; Bolton 9; Keck 10.

At Milwaukee.

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 3.—The programme of the South Side Gun Club, on Jan. 2, was three live-bird and seven target events. In the 10 live birds, it was T. M. Drought who went straight, with F. Gunther. Others were: Jack 7, M. Fusser 7, E. Gumz 8, Dr. A. Gropper 8, James Bush 7, C. W. Mott 4, Fred Dreyfuss 6, Schubring 8, F. Gunther 10, Schoenbrodt 5, W. J. Gunther 6, Ed Crosby 7, Harry Reed 7, Jas. Drought 8, E. W. Burges 3, J. V. Dering 8. The target scores were:

Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15
Jas Bush	12	14	13	13	13	15
E W Burgess	11	5	12
C W Mott	13	12	15	14
Dr A Gropper	12	10
Jack	12	10	13	10	14	13
M Fesser	13	10	10
T M Drought	14	11	11
J T Drought	13	12
F Dreyfuss	14	12	14	11	12	14
E Crosby	5	12	9
Henry	13	12	11
Gunther	12	12	..

In Other Places.

THERE was an all-day shoot held by the Milan Rock Gun Club, of Milan, Ill., on Saturday last. The best marksmen were awarded money prizes, and now and then a turkey was sandwiched in just to enliven the occasion and break the monotony. A large crowd was present, and all seemed glad to meet again during the holidays.

The turkey shoot held at Madison, Ind., on Friday last was a great success, and the procession that wended its way home after the shoot was a wonder to behold. Mr. Hillabold, who handles the money belonging to the city, carried off one turkey and all the ducks, and yet it was Wm. Heeks who made the best average for the whole day.

In a communication received from Shelbyville, Ind., it was stated that there would be a shoot held by the Milroy Gun Club on Friday, to which everybody was invited.

The scores of those who shot through the entire programme at the Recreation Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., which consisted of 70 targets were as follows: Rice 62, McMeans 56, Hull 58, Ducommun 47, Doolittle 57, Burns 58, Frank 54, Kramer 56, Carter 42, Saffold 45, Toby 42, Hogan 52. Burns won the first, Rice the second, McMeans the third, and Hull the fourth in the poultry events. There was rare sport for the northern Ohio boys so long as the poultry held out.

On Jan. 2 there was a big shooting tournament held by the Irish Progressive Gun Club, of Denver, Colo., for the benefit of its members and their friends. The list of entries was very large, and many valuable prizes were hung up. Every indication pointed to a grand success, although the delayed mails did not permit of giving the detailed scores herewith.

A meagre report is just at hand which states that on Tuesday last there was a shoot at Houghton, Mich., in which the Hancock, Calumet and Houghton clubs were represented. The Peters medal was won by Fred Funky, of Hancock, while J. H. Rice won the president's medal. As there were fifteen present, the sport was reported excellent.

Flying rifle targets, bluerocks for shotgun events, all in the presence of a handicap committee, was the "go" at Lincoln, Neb., on Tuesday. It was the preliminary for a silver cup contest.

At Capron, Ill., on Tuesday there was held the third contest for the Hunter Arms Co. badge. The day was wet and disagreeable, and many of those eligible were kept away. Dr. Herbert, of Popular Grove, won, but only by beating out L. Munn in the shoot-off of the tie. It was exciting, as both made a 25 straight, and the winner won with one only on the last five. There will be another contest soon. It seems from the scores made that after a shooter has been moved back from the 16yd. mark that his chances for a win "go glimmering."

The Newark, O., Gun Club won the Phellis trophy in a competition at the Dayton club's grounds last Thursday, in which the Cincinnati and the Dayton clubs were competitors.

The secretary of the gun club at Martins Ferry, O., sends the information that on Monday afternoon, although the weather was unfavorable, most of the members and a number of spectators were out to see the contest for the prizes to be awarded the various classes. Charles Updegraff with 77 out of the 100 was awarded the prize donated by the Peters Cartridge Company. In Class B, it was Thomas L. Williams who won with 39 out of 50, with it

going a handsome watch presented by John Mader. Then in the Class C event a watch chain was the present that fell to the lot of George Roupe.

If the following report is correct there is something for the game warden to investigate at Dayton, O.: "Three of the wild turkeys trapped in Auglaize county for the Dayton Gun Club shoot escaped and took flight for the big woods. There are sixty more in the coops."

The Eaton, O., Gun Club held a shoot on Friday, and as the prizes were poultry, suitable to the holidays, there was an exciting time for all present.

In the Goshen, O., Gun Club's annual shoot, held Saturday, the honors were equally divided between Edward and Peter Leever.

The Sandusky, O., Gun Club will hold a special meeting on Saturday evening. Business of importance will come up, and the programme for future shoots will be arranged.

The members of the Menominee, Mich., Gun Club were all requested to meet on Saturday evening to discuss the next State meeting.

A postponed meeting of the Ishpeming, Mich., Gun Club will be held this Saturday evening at their club rooms.

So far north as Green Bay, Wis., the gun club boys engage in the shooting line as a holiday sport. In their next venture, there will be sides chosen, as the president will appoint two captains for this purpose, and the losing side will pay for a supper, and there will be one pleasant winter evening spent that will have a bearing on the future welfare of the club.

Charlie Budd's town, Des Moines, Ia., has been putting on some new life since the State shoot for next year was awarded to them. Clay bird shooting has been going on all winter. Well, they must be up and doing, as there will be some hustling to get ready for the shoot, which is set for such an early date as March 14. The Hon. Mr. Budd has given out that the programmes would soon be forthcoming. If this is so, it will be something new under the sun, as in the past nearly all State associations issue their programmes at a date so late as to be worthless to those who patronize them with advertising.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 30.—Under difficulties the monthly shoot of the Detroit Live Bird Club was held at the Rusch House grounds on Friday. There was a very cold wind blowing across the traps, and the birds escaped with much regularity. It was more a feast of wit than a killing feature, as all were determined to make the best of the weather, and not worry about the lost birds. There were present such old time, jovial fellows as Joe Marks and Jack Parker, who have for many years been renowned for their good humor when present at tournaments. Jack has not been seen so much at tournaments of late years as formerly, yet he can tell as good stories as of old, and here he had ample opportunity, as the shooting dragged along. Joe Marks was kept busy the while replenishing the fire, and he and Jack surely kept the whole crowd in good humor, and thus they were satisfied with life. When Jack got through with the score and carried out the totals, it was found that Tolsma was the only man who could point the gun straight in the heavy wind. How he did it will remain a mystery to his companions, as in shooting at the 15 live birds Springborn had downed 11, Chapman 12, Ford 9, Mercier 10, Marks 11, Dailie 8, Kittleberger 9, and Morris 11.

Massillon, O., Jan. 2.—The holiday shoot held here was a great success, as there were five squads shot through the day. There was a cold, disagreeable wind to contend with, yet all "stuck to the text," and there were more than 1,500 bluerocks thrown from the new trap, which gave entire satisfaction to all. It was especially gratifying to note the large number of new men who were taking part. They were making such a good showing that all will be encouraged to attend regularly the club shoots. This club lays distinction to being one of the three best clubs in the State. The best scores were made by Meneuz, Koonts, Cabbut, Taggart and Jones; Meneuz breaking 21 and 22 out of strings of 25.

Davenport, Ia., Jan. 5.—The old historic Gun Club, well-known as the Cumberland, of this city, held a meeting on Tuesday evening, it being a special session for the purpose of considering a change in the place of holding their club shoots and tournaments, for which it is famous. The ground adjoining the Schuetzen Park having been sold, it became necessary to make a change. An offer was made by the management in charge of the resort known as Grand Island, in which it was proposed to lease the grounds necessary for shooting purposes for a period of ten years at the nominal sum of \$1 yearly. Besides this, the plan was concurred in by the Davenport & Suburban Railway Company, with a further proposition to erect at the site a suitable club house free of expense to the club. A free discussion with Henry Eggers in the chair, resulted in the change being agreed to. One more shoot will be held at the old park, and then the big shoot that was scheduled for Jan. 15 will be postponed until some time in February, when there will be a grand opening announced, and all the trap shots in the surrounding country will be invited. Even the whole contingent of experts will be welcomed, that the new grounds may be opened with a grand tournament. Davenport has for years been noted for holding a shoot on Feb. 22 each year. They were usually held by the Forrester club, and live birds were the attraction. But live bird shooting will now be "a thing of the past" in Iowa. It would be an easy matter, however, for the Davenport, Rock Island and Moline men to get together and hold a good shoot on Illinois soil.

The attendance at the shoot given on last Thursday by Chas. Dick, of Glenwood, Ia., was very gratifying to the management. The shotgun men from Council Bluffs were present, and a goodly feeling prevailed, as there were turkeys, ducks and geese in abundance.

Mr. R. Tyner won a first prize, a beautiful silver cup, at the clay target shoot held at Connersville, Ind., on Saturday last. The second prize went to Mr. H. Pressler. There will be another shoot Monday afternoon. Scores were various.

Indications still point to a big, if not the largest, tournament of this year to be held at Portland, Ore., during the fair. The president of the Multamah Rod and Gun Club has called a meeting for the purpose of getting the members interested. A committee will wait on those in charge of the sports for the fair, and hope to get a donation of some \$10,000 as prizes. If this is assured, then the Clark-Lewis fair will in that respect eclipse the late World's Fair held at St. Louis.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., has not so froze up as to dampen the ardor of the trap of the Country Gun Club, as a meet was scheduled there for this week. Shooters from other towns were expected.

The best information comes from the West, that many club members were too busy selling goods before Christmas to attend to the annual meeting. Salem, N. D., was reported in this list. This would indicate that trapshooting would be on the increase next year, as good crops and good times increase the amount of trapshooting.

We note with pleasure that Thos. L. Williams, who has made a success with the management of the Valley Gun Club, of Martins Ferry, has been re-elected as president. The other officers are very capable also, as the field captain is John Millard; treasurer, Richard Lynch; corresponding secretary, James Bowman; financial secretary, Chas. H. Williams; trustees, Chas. Updegraff, James Maguire, Winfield Clark, Wm. McIntosh and Roger Joseph.

The Jan. 1 shoot of the Detroit Rusch House Club was postponed until the Jan. 18 meet of the Riverside Gun Club. The wind is cold and fierce by the lake outlet.

Despite cold fingers and dimmed eyesight, there was a large gathering of target "busters" at the Highland Gun Club grounds on Jan. 2. In the events having 10 targets each, there were a few straight scores, Patti being in the lead with four highs.

To the Indians.

WHILE our mutual friend, the late E. D. Fulford, was not an Indian, he might have been if he had applied for election. He was of the metal that makes good Indians, one of the makers and supporters of the game of trapshooting, and the friendly pulse of his great heart included every gentleman whom he had ever met in the pursuit of his favorite sport.

It was these great traits of his character that suggested the idea of a memorial fund to erect a suitable monument to his memory, and feeling that we as a tribe must wish to be among the first in the promotion of so worthy a work, the undersigned some time ago called upon the Brother Chiefs for such individual subscriptions to the Fulford Memorial Fund as each might feel inclined to make. Mr. J. T. Skelly, custodian of this fund, states that fully half of the tribe has already responded, but it is desired to close the list, and thinking that some intending donors may have overlooked the matter, the above is submitted for the earnest consideration of any who may wish to contribute. Yours for the cause.

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High Chief.

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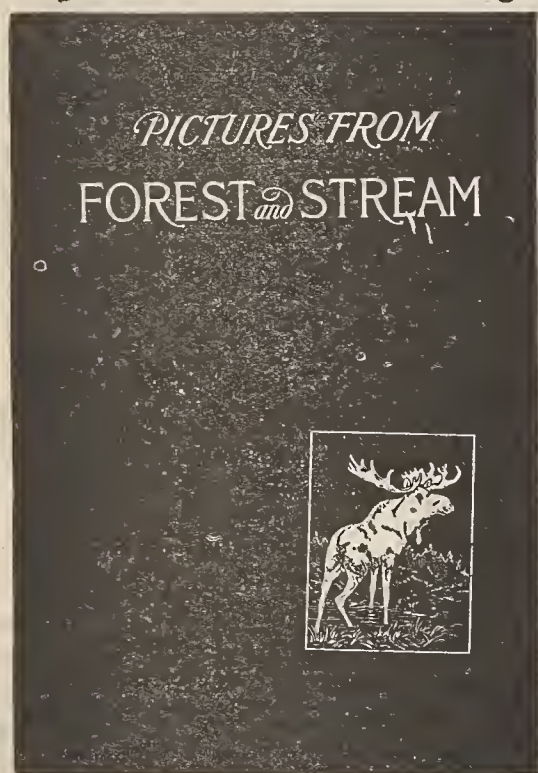
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| 2. The White Flag, - - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" - - - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - J. J. Audubon |
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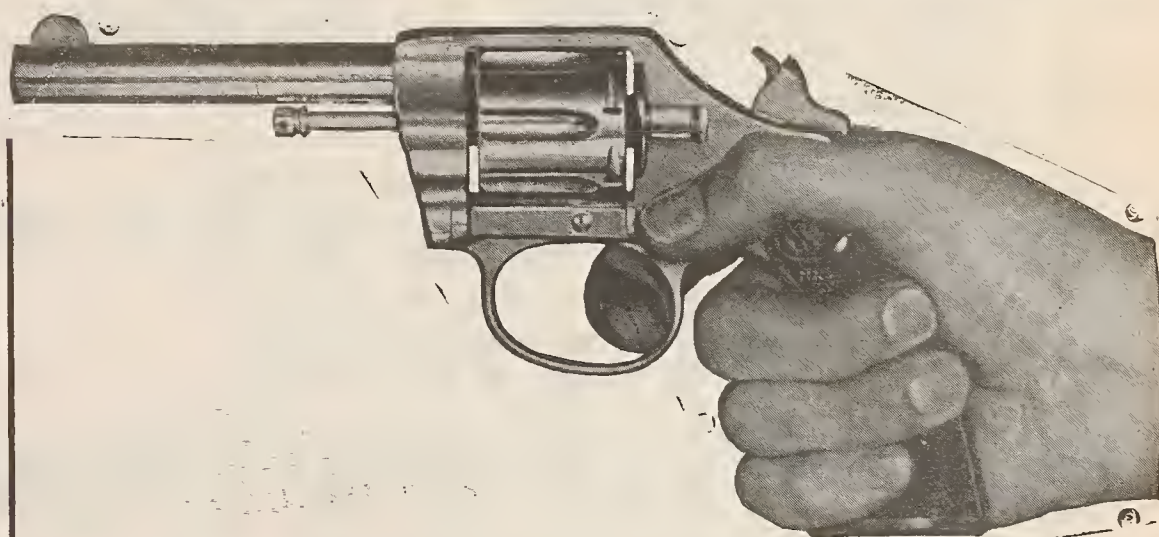
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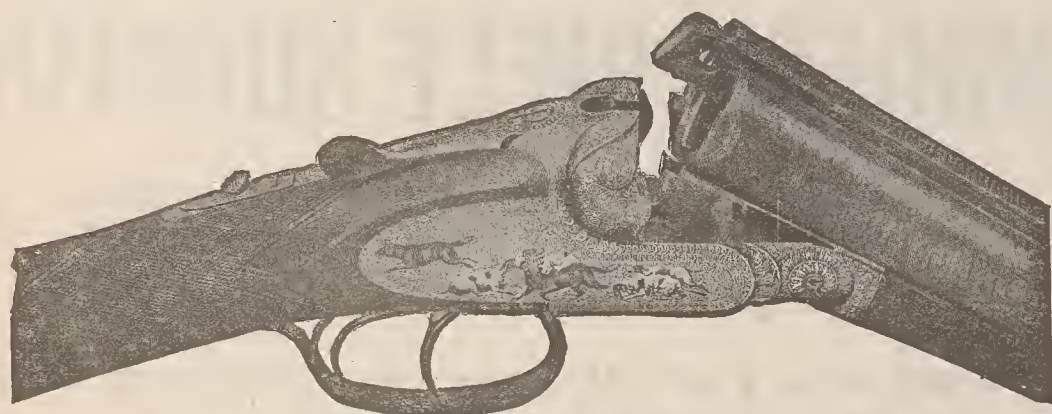
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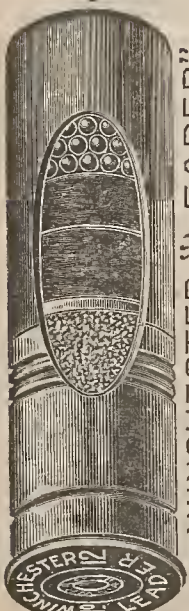
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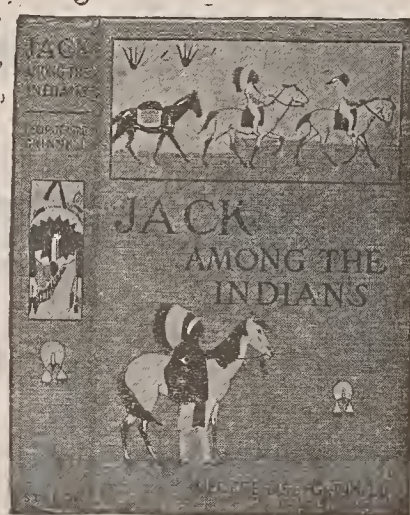
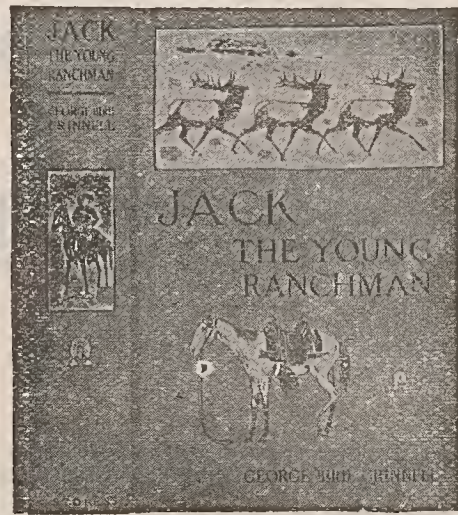
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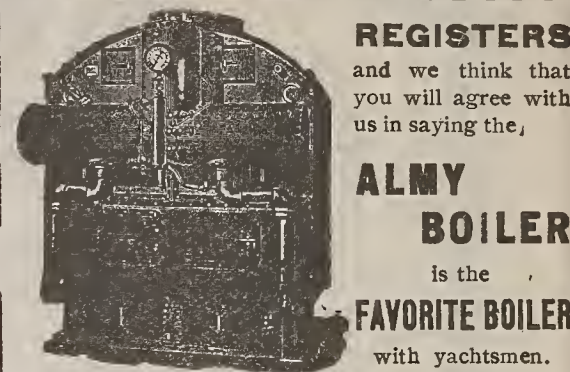
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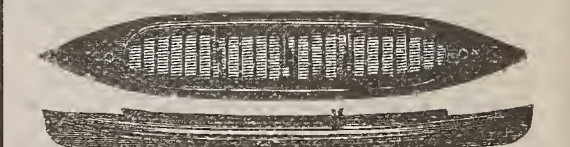
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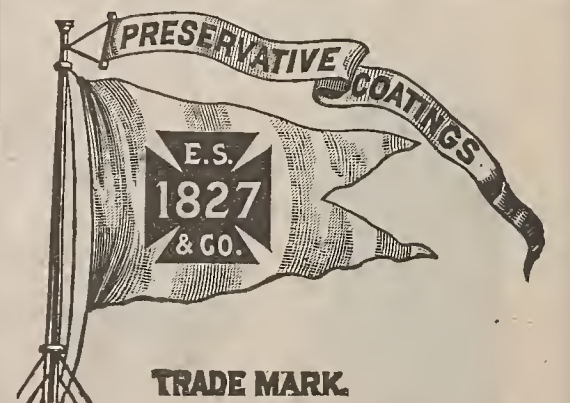
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VOL. LXIV.—No. 3.
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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THE LEWIS AND CLARK CLUB.

THERE has recently been organized, under the above name, at Pittsburg, Pa., a sportsman's club from which much good may be hoped for. As yet only its foundations have been laid, but it is organized on right lines, and may confidently be expected to do good work. Its establishment is gratifying evidence of the continually widening public interest in the preservation of the natural resources of this country.

The club is modeled after the Boone and Crockett Club, which was organized in 1887, whose good work has been evidenced for many years. The objects of the Lewis and Clark Club are (1) geographical research and exploration, (2) protection and preservation of game for purposes of legitimate sport, (3) enforcement of the game laws, (4) encouragement of outdoor life and the study of natural history, (5) collection of such information relative to the haunts of the big game of North America as may be useful to sportsmen. Only big-game hunters who by fair stalking or still-hunting have killed with a rifle two or more head of big game are eligible to membership.

The organizers are the following: Hon. Wm. M. Kennedy, Hon. George Shiras 3d, John M. Phillips, James M. Jarvis, Frank M. Turner, H. Wilfred DuPuy, J. Bissell Speer, Edward J. House, Dr. Cecil C. Jarvis, Fred. B. Hussey, Emil Winter, Frank W. Kennedy, James W. Grove, W. Harry Brown, E. J. Taylor, Philip A. Moore, David P. Black, J. N. Hussey, Dr. C. H. Voigt, S. H. McKee, Francis L. Robbins, Robert F. Phillips, A. W. Pollock, J. T. M. Stonerod, W. K. Shiras, Robert W. Bissell, George E. Painter, J. L. Walsh, George S. Garritt, Ralph Theophilus, Frank T. Brooks, J. Ernest Roth, George N. Monro, Jr.; D. McK. Lloyd, S. W. Childs, Frederick S. Webster. The officers are: President, Wm. M. Kennedy; Vice-Presidents, George S. Garritt, John M. Phillips and W. K. Shiras; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. J. Bissell Speer. The membership of the club is to be limited to 100, of whom 75 shall be Pennsylvanians and 25 non-residents of that State.

Hon. George Shiras 3d is perhaps the most prominent member of the club. He has distinguished himself as a naturalist, but especially as a photographer of wild animals, and during his career as member of Congress has introduced a number of bills whose purpose is the protection of game and generally the preservation of our natural resources. His efforts in the protection of wild-fowl and migratory birds, by placing them in the custody and under the protection of the Federal Government as embodied in what is known as the Shiras Bill, are fresh in the public mind, and he has also brought forward other measures whose purpose is the preservation of the large game in the Yellowstone Park and in the forest reserves.

It is a good sign for this country when men, of whatever walk in life, associate themselves together with the honest purpose of protecting those natural objects which since the settlement of America have been regarded as belonging to whoever should take them without regard to the time or the method of taking. As the years pass we are seeing more and more examples of the growth of a feeling that this action is necessary to the public welfare. Of such associations the Boone and Crockett Club is perhaps the most notable, but the organization recently of the National Audubon Society and of the Lewis and Clark Club on January 14, show how this feeling is growing. We may imagine that while the newest of these associations is organized nominally for purposes of sport, it will, like its older brother just mentioned, find out before long that the protection of big game is a more interesting, as it is a more important, matter than its destruction.

THE OPTIMISM OF SPORTSMEN.

THE felicitous trait of hoping ever that the future will abound with good times, and in memory cherishing only the happy events of the past, is a characteristic of true sportsmen. So enthusiastic is he in his ideals that betimes the imaginary to him becomes the reality.

Practical sportsmanship, besides conferring innumerable physical benefits, is a powerful stimulus to the energies of the mind. By virtue of it men of dormant intellects become pleasingly bright, and men of bright intellects attain the heights of genius. It clears the reasoning faculties of their fogginess, quickens the imagination and beautifies the manner of expression; and all this independently of whether or not there are any apparent physical benefits conferred by it.

And yet this benign phase of sportsmanship is rarely treated seriously, and never treated in the liberal extent which its importance merits. This neglect is a grievous loss. All other of sportsmanship interests have been generally elaborated. Of the pleasures of sportsmanship as they are associated with its practices, speculations and guild sympathies, many hundreds of praiseworthy pages have been published, much to the permanent advantage of the myriad of readers who derived useful instruction and entertainment from them.

Excepting this omission in reference to the mental benefits, the literature of sport is of the highest order. The genius of its authors is second to none. And yet, because of this omission, it may feelingly be said that it fails as a properly balanced literature. The objective ever dominates or overwhelms the subjective. Copious writings are devoted to the pleasures of pursuit, of capture, and of good companionship, while its mental phenomena are ignored or flippantly considered. Indeed, scoffers betimes greedily seize upon the manifestations of the sportsman's mind as lawful subjects for their gibes and jeers. Harm beyond computation is the result of such doings.

By way of illustrating the rapid evolution consequent to practical sportsmanship, let us take, by way of example, an instance which is of common knowledge. Let us take an average man, one who follows methodically his business vocation day after day, in manner as stolid apparently as an old ox. He follows the routine in certain set forms, mind and body conforming to a fixed habit of life. Could a chart of the man's mind, portraying its lines of effort, be constructed for one business day, it would serve as a daily history of his business life.

But let us assume that this narrow, impassive business man goes a-fishing, and that, after a time, he hooks a fish and plays it with skill, more or less. The fish rushes furiously to and fro, its vague form and color blending with the changing lights and shadows of the water. The rod jerkily bends to the fierce struggle of the fish. Other than the lengthening shadows which play about the fish's struggles and the bend of the rod's tip, there are no objects which will serve as a standart by which to determine the fish's length and weight. The revived mind of the angler comes to the rescue. The fish breaks away. According to the lights and shadows and bend of the rod, he was a perfect giant of his kind, be he trout or bass or bullhead. The sluggish mind of the business man is gone, and in its stead is the broader, higher, and more nimble wit of the angler. In place of the former taciturnity there is a pleasing long flow of elegant language. Descriptive powers of the highest orders are developed. The intellectual faculties have had a salutary stimulus which age, misfortune or business never more can dull. The big fish which broke away is not an imaginary fish, nor is the number caught an imaginary number. To him who has fished and lost it is a reality. The mental wings have been found good, and are thus encouraged to longer flights. Warmth is infused into the wealth of imagery, the inventive faculties are matured, the vocabulary is enlarged to correspond to the larger mentality, and thus is the mind permanently benefited.

The sport of shooting afield confers like benefits. The stolid business man who in the daily routine could discover nothing more exciting than the most wearisome of commonplaces, also has his intellect quickened. He will observe that the royally bred blue blood setter, Raméses III., pointed a quail accurately at a distance of 500 yards, which demonstrates the marvelous functional powers of the dog's nose, not to say the marvelous fragrance of the quail.

To bring into notice the benign evolution of the mind consequent to practical sportsmanship, only the mere suggestion is necessary. Each sportsman of his own knowledge will readily contribute numerous specifications of the mind's improvement from practical sportsmanship.

Thus the sportsman acquires a sunny disposition, and always looks hopefully on the bright side of things. Where he once was pessimistic as an average man, he is fragrance of the quail.

This mental phenomenon should be treated with the respect and attention which its importance deserves. It is a matter for profound felicitation inasmuch as it indicates an enlarged mentality and therewith a larger size of hat. But, like the poor, the scoffers we have always with us.

MICHIGAN DUCKS.

AT the meeting of Michigan sportsmen at Detroit last week, the majority of representatives favored the abolition of spring duck shooting, though the members who came from interior counties protested that without spring shooting they would have no ducks whatever. They are entitled to sympathy, but consideration of them must end there. No possible ducking law would suit everybody or give everybody shooting. The rule here as in other interests is that the greatest good to the greatest number must prevail, and if this imposes hardships and deprivations on the minority, the minority must make the best of it. This is the situation in Michigan.

One thing is beyond question: the duck supply of this country is now so disproportionate when compared with the tax upon it by the immense army of shooters, that spring shooting must everywhere be forbidden. We must accept the rule with respect to migratory wildfowl that holds with respect to migratory woodcock. The birds about to nest must be given the immunity we give the birds that are nesting. This is not sentiment. It is hard common sense.

The outlook for the abolition of spring duck shooting by the agency of uniform State laws is an accomplishment extremely remote. The end, however, might be attained speedily and permanently through the agency of the Shiras Bill. It behooves provident shooters everywhere to work for the proposed Federal law on wildfowl.

ROBERT SWAYNE GIFFORD.

GOOD sportsmanship in this country has met with a sad loss in the death, on Sunday last, of Robert Swayne Gifford, the artist.

He was born in Naushon, Mass., December 23, 1840; studied painting in Europe, and afterward opened a studio in Boston; but had lived in New York for nearly forty years. He was eminent as a landscape painter, and has left behind him many canvasses, all of them noteworthy. In 1899 Mr. Gifford accompanied the Harriman Expedition to Alaska, and on that memorable trip made many sketches from which, later, he did many beautiful paintings in oil. He was an untiring worker, and his industry and his determination enabled him to secure many beautiful views, which might have escaped a man who was less earnest.

Standing in the first rank in his profession, Mr. Gifford was also a keen sportsman, and was especially devoted to yachting. He was a good sailorman and enjoyed nothing better than managing a boat or talking on yachting subjects.

Mr. Gifford was a most delightful man, possessing a charm of manner and a kindness of heart which greatly endeared him to all who knew him well. His death carries grief to many a heart.

WHAT an old-time and far-away flavor pervades those buffalo hunting reminiscences of Cabia Blanco. He is writing of a big game animal which is no longer known to the prairies, and of a hunting race which has long since given over its hunting as a means of subsistence, and is slowly learning to live like the white man. We count the story a valuable contribution to the history of the last years of Indian roaming in the Southwest. This account of a buffalo hunt is in reality an intimate study of the Indians and their ways; it is one of those narratives of personal experience which will be consulted by the historian of the times who would write more than dry-as-dust records.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Rondeau.

IN winter days, when tired out,
And weary with the world without,
Before the fire, burning high,
I light my pipe with happy sigh,
And put my business cares to rout.

Though failures oft my efforts flout,
I've other things to think about,
When in my easy chair I lie,
In winter days.

In dreams the streams again I scout,
The foam-flicked pool, the moment's doubt,
The flies, the gleam, the splash, the cry,
The reel, the rush, then high and dry
I land again the lusty trout,
In winter days.

ROBERT THORNE NEWBERRY.

CHICAGO.

The Wind in the Chimney.

HERE in the depths of the country—on the edge of this barren moorland—how still it is at night!

Save the ticking of the clock and the sinking of the ashes in the dying fire, not a sound falls upon the ear. The lamp has burned low, but the light of the brilliant winter moon is streaming through the windows, illuminating the apartment in a ghostly sort of way.

Outside the snow-clad moor is seen stretching away in vague, lonely perspective.

A sense of solitude and isolation falls upon one. This is too much like death is a thought that arises, and a longing for the city—for the hum of life—takes possession of the mind.

But hark! What is that?

It is the wind in the chimney—the brave North Wind—arrived to tell of his adventures!

Ah, this, at least, is a variety. Let us listen.

"With a long-drawn sigh," says Boreas, "I awoke from sleep in my cavern beneath the Pole; then, with a rush and a roar issued forth and careered over the hummock-ice.

"On I sped with such relentless force that the icy cliffs shrieked and wailed as I swept around them.

"I met a polar bear and caught the echo of his growls as he fled before me to shelter.

"Suddenly I came upon a band of musk-oxen who stood snorting for a while, defying me. But I pierced through their thick shield of hair with my arrows, and they, like the bear, turned and fled, bellowing.

"Next I met a flock of ptarmigan. They covered at my approach, thinking I might sweep over them, but I lifted them up with a whirring of wings and drove them like snowflakes before me.

"For a while I dallied and played in an amphitheatre of granite, ice-bound hills, which rumbled as though shaken by an earthquake.

"Then, issuing forth upon a plain like a herd of wild mustangs, I galloped madly for a hundred miles, leaving clouds of snow dust behind me.

"At length I was swerved from my course by a huge rocky promontory. On rounding this I came upon open water, with a sea lion on an ice floe, basking in the sun. I swooped down upon him with the beak and talons of a hundred eagles; he roused himself, shuddered, and then, with a roar, dived beneath the black waters for safety.

"Over the open sea I sallied, agitating its surface till the ice floes moaned and groaned as if in agony.

"When I reached the shore my progress was impeded by towering cliffs hung with icicles. In a fury I dashed the waves against them till they boomed like distant thunder.

"Vaulting over the impeding cliffs, I descended upon a forlorn tundra. Across this I winged my flight like a flock of wild geese, with a creaking, melancholy sound.

"At length I came to the land of the muskogs. Here I lingered a while, keening among the sedge and the willows.

"I met a starving wolf and chased him to his den, howling dismally.

"And then I met a skulking fox, whom I whipped under a rock, where he sat whining.

"From the land of the muskogs on, on to the land of the moose and the elk! There I met scattered bands and sent them paddling softly over the snow to the shelter of the woods.

"And when I reached the latter, what a panic I created among the jays and woodpeckers! How they screamed with fright as they fled hither and thither in search of some protecting thicket! The solitary owl, too, made a hideous complaint.

"But these outcries were as nothing to those of the panther and the lynx. Such was the din they created in the resounding forest that in vain I try to imitate it.

"Out again I rushed upon the surface of a frozen lake, expanding for miles. I swept it clear of snow and left it shimmering in the noonday sun.

"Further, further south—in among the giant trees. O, but I love the big woods! How I leap among the upper branches and play my organ and sing in solemn joy!

"But especially do I love the pines. Among these I am seized with an irresistible desire to rest and sleep. I play myself a lullaby—now like the murmur of a distant

sea upon a beach, and again like a mother's sigh as she watches her sleeping babe."

* * * * *

What more the North Wind said was unheard, for the watcher had succumbed to the influence of the last recital. When he awoke the fire and the lamp had gone out, and the mystery of moonlight and silence pervaded all.

FRANK MOONAN.

A Buffalo Hunt with the Comanches

(Continued from page 27.)

THE only sorrow that these boys seemed to have was the fact that they could not get guns; their fathers and brothers would not let them have theirs lest they broke or lost them. I seldom used mine, as it was a Springfield and I wanted a magazine gun—the Marlin was my favorite—so I let the boys use mine, and one another of them would have it about every day. A boy would get it and half a dozen cartridges, then travel around all afternoon and either bring in a turkey or antelope for every shot he fired or else return me the cartridges. He never fired until sure of hitting, and would crawl on his belly an hour to get close enough to an antelope to almost knock it down before firing at all. I adopted their plan now and made less misses myself. I did not care for the waste of ammunition—I was not paying for it—but I did care for the loss of my game.

We moved camp over to a new site on McClellan Creek, a branch of the North Fork and a favorite camping place for Indians. The Cohallie Comanches, whom we had defeated in 1872, had been in this camp we were now in only a week before we struck them, and the camp they were in when we did strike them was only a few miles from here on the main stream. Next day the chief and I were out and I proposed that we go over there and see if I could find the place again. We hunted for an hour, but could not locate it. We had burned the camp, and it being down in the river bottom, a high river had since washed all traces of it away; but at last I remembered that the chief's lodge had stood up on the edge of the prairie; and hunting it up, I at last could locate the site of the camp. These Indians had been Comanches also, but they had never been on a reservation. They roamed all over western Texas, here coming down to the settlements to raid them every once in a while. We started to round them up in 1869, but only got a few of them then. The next time we got after them was in 1871. Then we ran them across the Staked Plains, but got none of them; and at last in 1872 we found them here, and the troop I then belonged to being sent in on foot, we surprised them, and after half an hour's fight killed about 150 and took 135 of their squaws and children. I stood here on the bank and thought of this fight. It had been the hardest one that any Indians had ever given us up to that time. We had just as hard ones after this, though, when we were sent after Apaches in Arizona. The chief wanted to know what I was thinking about. "About that fight," I told him.

"Yes," he said, "the Comanche can fight. He don't run; the Cheyenne does; but the Comanche is a soldier, he fights; the Cheyenne is a dog, he runs. But the Comanche don't fight you any more. It is not good."

This old rascal was even then studying up a plan to leave the reservation and come out here, and I knew it; but it did not cause me any worry. If I did not want to stay with him I could go and he would furnish me an excuse if I needed it. There would be no danger of these Indians hurting me, I knew that.

A few days after we had come to the new camp we were joined by the first Indians I had seen except our own since we had left the agency. These were the Techis and Wichitas, two large bands who hunted in company. They had been east of us all the time since starting, and had got no buffalo yet, had few rations with them, and were hungry. Our squaws gave them meat, and that evening their two chiefs with our chief and myself took dinner in the chief's lodge, and then held a council. The chief's squaw brought out the big pipe, a large bowl of redstone with a stem two feet long. She filled it and handed it to the chief, who lit it and offered it to me. I waved my hand to the Techis chief, and he, taking the pipe, drew a mouthful of smoke, blew it upward, and then handed it to the Wichita chief, who went through the same performance, then handed it to our chief, who, after he had got his share of it, handed it now to me, and I, taking a pull out of it, then handed it back to him, and he gave it to the squaw, who put it away. Then the Techis chief got on his feet, and drawing his buffalo robe around him, said: "The Techis and the Comanches are friends. If the Comanche wants this country west to hunt in, then the Techis will go north; and if the Comanche want the country north, then the Techis will go west. I have spoken."

Our chief then got up and said: "It is good. There are many buffalo at the west, but there are also many at the north; let the Techis go north, I will go west. I have spoken."

The Wichita chief now had his inning, and he was willing to go north also. Then they looked at me. They want my opinion about it, I thought. Well, I am like the stump speaker who gets up and tells us that he did not expect to be called on to-night and hardly knows what to say, then proceeds to say it for the next hour and a half.

But I can say what I want to say Indian fashion, I guess. I don't often get a chance to say anything in council. I had chances after this, though. I got up, but waited a moment before speaking. It does not do to answer an Indian in council right off the handle; you must study the question first; it is etiquette. Then I said: "I have heard what the chiefs have said. My ears have been open and I have listened. Let the Techis and the Wichitas go to the Wolf Creek country. There is much buffalo there always. Many moons ago I saw them. They come there always. The road is open now to the Techis and Wichitas, and no man shall stop them. I have spoken."

This Wolf Creek country is a square strip of country which at that time belonged nowhere; it lay between Texas and Kansas, and had the Territory on the east of it, while New Mexico was to the west. Some mistake in an old survey had left it out of all of them. It should have been given to Texas, but is a county in Oklahoma now. It was a beautiful country then and had plenty of buffalo. We called it No Man's Land, the Indians calling it the Wolf Creek country. Wolf Creek, a branch of the North Fork of the Canadian, heads here.

The Techis and Wichitas pulled out for the north next morning, and another band of Indians came in the same day. They were the Arapahoes from Fort Reno or the Darlington agency. I knew the chief and his band. In fact, there were very few chiefs doing business in this country that I did not know. The Arapahoes are a kind of first cousins to the Cheyennes, and while not quite as mean as the Cheyennes, still they could stand a good deal of improvement and not be hurt by it either. The Comanches did not like them; neither did I, and there was no love thrown away on the other side. The old chief did not like me, but his not liking me did not cause me any loss of sleep. When he camped here to-day he took particular pains to put his camp almost on top of us. Friendly Indians don't do this. They want to camp by themselves on account of the wood and grass.

"I'll shake up that chief," I told our chief, "if he tries to follow us. I have it in for him. He don't like me, and before many moons he may like me still less."

"He goes after us to the Salt Fork," our chief said, "and I don't want him there."

"You won't get him. I'll fix that."

"But the Arapahoe has many soldiers," the chief told me.

"Yes, I see them. I know the soldiers. They don't say anything. I talk to their little chief and tell him what I want. He says, 'Go ahead; I don't care. I won't stop you.'"

The Arapahoes had an escort of a corporal and half a dozen men. The corporal was a young man not long in the service, or he would not have let this Arapahoe walk all over him, as he seemed to be doing. I found fault with this corporal for letting these Indians camp so near us when they had all western Texas to camp in.

"I can't help it," the corporal said, "You know this chief as well as I do. He does just as he pleases."

"He would not if I had him out, then," I told him. "He would do as I pleased or go home again in a hurry. But I am not trying to instruct you, corporal; I am not supposed to know how."

I had been a non. com. long before this corporal had ever seen the army, and did know how to instruct him, though, and he knew that I did.

"Yes, I know your chief from away back, and he knows me, too, corporal; and if he tries any of his smart tricks here, I am going to straighten him out. I have the crowd here to do it, if you don't interfere."

"I won't, then," he said, "I am tired of him already."

Our chief now wanted to get off as quickly as possible. We had a place on the Salt Fork west of this where we meant to camp for some time; and that chief no doubt had his eye on the same spot. There were few good camps over there. So I told our chief to send a boy around and tell the families to be ready to move early in the morning; and if that Arapahoe tried to follow us, then I would take the boys and the young men and stop him.

We started early next morning, and as soon as the camp had got strung out on the trail the chief sent me all his young men. I had the boys already. I might have called for all hands, but if I did then the chief would come also, and I meant to conduct this campaign myself.

I and my party kept back a mile or two behind the squaws and their train, and in about an hour we saw the Arapahoe chief and his band coming. We had stolen a march on him, but he was now digging out to get into the Salt Fork ahead of us, take the best camp there, then let us take what was left.

I called to my Comanches to "make the line." Had they been cavalry I would have told them to "On right front; into line, gallop, march." But these Comanches formed their line right across the trail, and did not need any assistance from "Upton's Tactics" to help them form it, either. Then each man who had a gun drew it out of the case he carried it in on his saddle, and loading it, threw it across his arm and sat there like a statue. I rode to their front, and as I saw the boys stringing their bows (their bows are always carried in the case unstrung and are strung only when wanted for use), I said, "Let no boy shoot now until I tell him. I'll tell my brothers when to shoot."

I did not draw my carbine, but sat in front of my command and waited. "I am a captain of cavalry at last," I said. "It has been a long time in coming, and is rather

regular, too. My commission has not got here yet. I may get a court-martial instead of a commission, but let it go that."

The Arapahoes were nearly up now, and their chief, seeing us halted here, also halted his outfit, then rode forward alone. I started and met him half way.

"Why does the Arapahoe follow the trail of the Comanche?" I asked him.

"I go to the Salt Fork to hunt. I am not following the Comanche. I don't want him."

"The Salt Fork is there," I said, pointing to the southwest, "let the Arapahoe go that way. That road is open. This one is not open. I have it closed. I say it."

The chief looked at my line of battle, then looked back to see where his corporal and escort were. They were not in sight. They had remained far enough in the rear not to get mixed up in this affair.

"I go that way," he said.

"It is good. That road is wide and no man shall stop you. I say it."

The Arapahoe chief turned his party south, and as soon as I saw that he really meant to go that way, I let him go, and kept on to overtake our band.

We camped that night in the Salt Fork of the Canadian, near its head.

We had overtaken the buffalo again; it seemed that they could not get away from us. There were plenty of them. I have shot them here, stalking them on foot among these sand hills the same as I would hunt deer. When we hunted them mounted, we would get as close to them as possible, going up slowly; then when they had taken the alarm, we would ride after them and run them down; and it took a good pony to run them down, too. When we had got up with the bunch, we would single out the animal we wanted, then ride close in on him and shoot him. I have shot them when my pistol was close enough to burn the hair. The moment the pony saw the flash of the pistol, he would jump sideways and go off. He was afraid of being charged on. It is singular, but it is a fact, that should the man be thrown, the wounded buffalo would pay no attention to him, but continue to follow the pony. We shot them just behind the fore-shoulder; that was the only spot in which they could be hit to be killed.

When I got among these buffalo I got excited, and shot as long as I had a ball in either of my pistols. I never used but one pistol at a time, though, and contented myself with shooting them singly. I have read an account of how men rode into them, then dropping their reins shot right and left, using two pistols. I could not do that. Neither could they. The man who rode in among them that way would stay there. He and his horse would be gored and trampled to death. The writer of such stuff—it had not been written for me, but for boys—probably killed his buffalo in his mind behind a desk in Boston or New York; he never killed them out here on the plains, and he probably had forgotten when giving us—or the boys, rather—this blood-and-thunder narrative, that there were still a few men living who really had killed buffalo, even if they could only kill one at a time.

I shot my first buffalo in 1855, and since then had killed my share of them and a few more besides, and I could hunt them with any Indian chief and kill as many in the same time as he could. The white man who could kill more than one of these old chiefs could does not live now, or if he does, I have never met him. An Indian who had only a bow and arrows could shoot nearly as many as we could. He would ride on the right side of the buffalo, and send an arrow clear through him, so that it could be pulled out on the opposite side. The arrows were tipped with broad iron points, and could only be taken out that way. Each tribe has its arrows marked differently. The mark is in the shape of the blood gutter that runs from the heart toward the feather. If an arrow is lost and a friendly Indian finds it, he always returns it to the chief of the tribe whose mark it bears, and he knows to whom in his tribe this arrow belongs; but if found by an enemy he generally breaks it; though I have had a Cheyenne return a Comanche arrow to me; he might not have given it to the chief, though.

Our bows were made of osage orange, or burdock, as the Texans call it; bois d'arc, the French name for this wood, is where they get the name burdock from. When a piece of this orange wood that would make a bow was found, it was cut; then might be carried for the next six months before being made into a bow. While the men and boys made their own arrows, one man here made all the bows, and some of our men had bows that could hardly be bought from them. They make bows to sell to tourists, but these are only made to sell. They would not use them themselves. I had a bow and its case and a quiver full of arrows that were made for me, and I got to be expert enough to be able to send an arrow just where I wanted it. I gave the bow and arrows to a museum in St. Louis some years after this.

A good many men who had pistols still used the bow and kept the pistol in reserve, on account of their not having much powder for them. Most of their pistols were the old powder and ball Colt's or Remington, while mine were breechloaders; and my cartridges would not fit their pistols. But I often lent one of mine to them, and when I did so an Indian and I would ride down a herd and I would have to do close shooting to not let him beat me. I have given a pistol to a son of the chief's, a boy of about twenty years of age, and have had him get six buffalo in six shots.

When I first joined the band, I saw a fine, heavy-built, milk-white pony in the chief's herd that was never ridden, and I asked the chief why he was not used.

"He can't be ridden," he said, "he throws us off him. He is no good. I will shoot him some day, then we will eat him."

"No, don't shoot him just yet. I'll give him a chance to throw me one of these days. I don't think he can do it, though."

I had been waiting for a good place to ride him, and now had it; so one morning I told the negro boy to rope the pony and bring him in. I put my McClellan saddle and heavy bridle on him, and then the negro thought he could ride him with this saddle. I told him to try. I had kept the rope on the horse's neck, and stood off holding the end of it. The boy mounted, and after the pony had given a few back jumps dismounted over the pony's head. I got a short, round stick and lashed it to the

pommel of the saddle. It is called a bucking stick, and with this on the pony could not throw the boy, the stick holding him on by pressing against his legs. The negro boy got on him again, and the pony tried to buck him off; but every time he did so, I jerked on the rope and shut off his wind. Next the pony tried to lie down and roll him off, but I called the pony's attention to this rope again. The boy now got off and said he would give it up. I led the pony down close to the river bank where the sand was a foot deep, and taking off the rope and stick, mounted him. He tried to buck, but could not; the sand was too deep. Then he started off, and with every jump that he made I gave him a cut with a short riding whip—a quirt it is called. Next he tried to roll, but I had him there also; I had on a pair of gilt spurs such as the officers wear, with sharp rowels. I could cut his sides to pieces with them; so I "gave him the spurs," as our officers tell us to do when the horse goes on a strike and quits. These spurs were something he had not "met with" before, and he concluded that he did not want to lie down to-day. After I had half killed him, I got off him and led him out of the sand. The chief, who was looking on, wanted to know if I was tired.

"No, but the pony is."

"Oh, go on, kill him; he is no good."

"No, you don't kill this pony. I'll ride him or he will kill me."

I led him up to camp, took his saddle off, got a lump of sugar and offered it to him. He looked at it, then at me, then taking the sugar, ate it, and rubbed his nose against my shoulder. He wanted more sugar.

"He likes you now," the chief said, "he won't try to throw you any more."

He never did. I rode him out to the herd, and turning him loose caught a small pony to hunt buffalo on. When I came in in the evening the chief's squaw said: "You have the Comanche language, but no Comanche name, and I have a name for you now."

"What is it, my sister?" I asked.

"Cabia Blanco, White Pony," she told me.

"It is good. I like it." And as Cabia Blanco I was known ever afterwards.

The next morning, going out to the herd, I held up a lump of sugar and my pony came to me and let me mount him. I rode him all this and the following winter. He turned out to be one of the fastest ponies that we had, and a good buffalo pony, but I never used him in hunting if I had a chance to change his saddle to a sorrel pony. I had a superstition that I could not be killed when mounted on a sorrel; and never would ride a horse of any other color in the cavalry. I rode a sorrel for twenty years, ten of them in a bay horse troop, and at one time I had the only sorrel in the troop, the captain allowing me to keep him when he traded off all his off-colored horses for bays.

CABIA BLANCO.

[The Spanish of Cabia Blanco's name is Caballo blanco, white horse, the sound of caballo, horse, being cab-i-o; the "i" being sounded like the English pronoun of the first person.]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Camp Medicine and Surgery.

MR. GEORGE KENNEDY'S request as to filling his medical case to take into camp has excited my interest. It has been my experience during many years of outing that the services of a surgeon are more needed in camp than are those of a physician. The most common accident in my experience has come from the ignorant or careless use of the camp ax or tomahawk. The tenderfoot likes to chop, and frequently the ax glances or fails to hit its mark, and in consequence of this miss a wound more or less serious often results. While I am a sincere admirer of our great leader, Nessmuk, yet I have given up the use of his double-bitted ax because of its danger. The most natural thing is to strike it into a log or into a tree with one of its edges uppermost, and I know of one or two accidents resulting from such a careless disposal of it. If the ax had been of the usual solid head, no accident would have happened.

Drugs are a physician's tools, and what one physician would use might not be used by another one, although they would both achieve the same result. My experience of the past twenty-five years, in camps from Canada to South America, has resulted in fitting up my pocket case as follows:

I advise a liberal supply of surgeon's adhesive plaster, torn into strips two inches wide and three feet long, the quantity to equal about three square feet. This is carefully wrapped in paraffined paper to prevent hardening and to keep it clean. This is the most useful adjunct of the pocket case. It can be used for drawing small cuts together instead of stitches, and for fastening bandages on abrasions and cuts. It can also be used for splints in case of sprains by wrapping the injured part firmly with plenty of the plaster, extending well above and below the injury. This gives support and much comfort. A patch of it will stop a leak in a rubber blanket. It will cover spark holes in the little Nessmuk tent. I have mended my pack with it, and on one occasion it provided a fairly serviceable patch for my camp moccasins. But its most common use is for dressing blisters on the feet. Unless one is hardened to the trail a blister will often appear, causing great discomfort and well-nigh spoiling the whole trip.

One bottle in the case should have a hypodermic syringe with two needles for it, kept immersed in pure alcohol. This prevents the syringe drying up and also keeps it antiseptic. Wrap the points of the needles in a little piece of sheet rubber before putting them in the bottle alongside of the syringe. This will prevent their getting dulled. Another bottle should have several yards of coarse and fine surgeon's silk, with two straight, medium sized surgeon's needles, one curved medium sized, and one small curved surgeon's needles. These should also be kept in the bottle filled with alcohol. These are to be used for sewing cuts and tying arteries if such an emergency should arise. Another bottle should contain tablets of bichloride of mercury to dissolve to make an antiseptic solution of one to one thousand, for sterilizing your hands, tools and wounds. This solution is made much quicker than boiling water, and should be faithfully employed. A solution of permanganate of potash should fill another bottle, for bites of snakes and poisonous in-

sects. Another bottle should contain hypodermic tablets of sulphate of strychnine, to be used hypodermically in case of heart failure due to over-exertion or the effect of snakes, alacrans, tarantulas, etc., which require a hypodermic injection of the permanganate of potash. The strychnine will keep the heart going until the poison is neutralized and inert.

With these surgical necessities there should be an artery forceps and needle-holder combined. I have one three inches long, which, in spite of its size, is a very practical tool. The above will be surgical material enough for any minor surgery that an amateur will be apt to undertake in a camp.

Now for the medical part of the equipment. Have one bottleful of compound cathartic pills for constipation, another bottle with camphor and opium pills for diarrhea. One or two of your bottles should contain soda mints for sour stomach, heartburn, etc., to be taken internally. Dissolved in water they make a soothing application for ivy poisoning and itching and burning eruptions of the skin. One bottle should contain ointment made from benzoated oxide of zinc for a base in which resorcin has been worked in. This is for fly bites, mosquitoes, sand-fleas, and all stings that are not dangerous, but exceedingly uncomfortable. Another bottle might contain dry boracic acid which can be dusted on galls, abscesses and chafes, or it can be dissolved in water and used for sore eyelids. The last bottle should contain tincture of opium to be used internally for pain, and to be combined with the boracic acid solution or with the soda mint solution for sore eyes and for skin eruptions resulting from vegetable poisons. If I was going south, I should take at least an ounce of sulphate of quinine in tablets for malaria. If I was going north of Mason and Dixon's line I should not bother with the quinine.

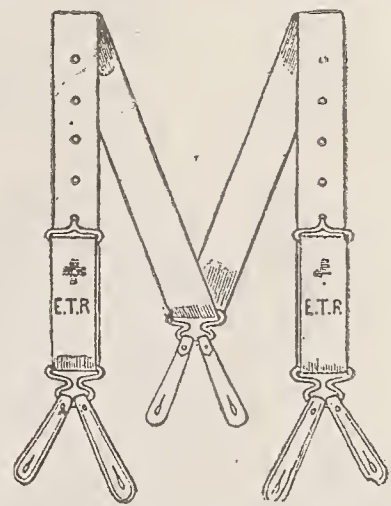
To the best of my recollection the boracic acid is used the least of anything in my case, and the soda mints are used the most. This happens, I think, because of the amount of grease and fried things that one eats in camp, causing sour stomach and heartburn. It might be better to discard this bottle of boracic acid and use the bottle for the soda mints. The bottles should all be plainly labeled, and if possible the screw tops and corks on the bottles containing the poisons should be made different from the others. This will often prevent mistakes. The druggist who fits up Mr. Kennedy's case can label and put the doses as required on the bottles.

I have found this outfit sufficient, and with the addition of a sharp jackknife, a pair of tooth forceps and a catheter, I have practiced medicine when on the trail. I never paid a cent for entertainment at the ranches and the coffee fincas of Southern Mexico and Central America because of my services as a physician and surgeon.

EDWARD FRENCH, M.D.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think that Mr. George Kennedy's suggestion in the current issue of the FOREST AND STREAM about someone writing an article about "The Camp Doctor and His Kit" a very good one. By all means let some physician, who is also a sportsman, write such an article. But far oftener than the camp needs a physician it needs a surgeon. Now, I am neither; but having had more experience with accidents and "first aid" than most men, I venture to make a few remarks.

In the first place, many, if not most, of the fatalities from gunshot wounds—the accidents to which sportsmen are most liable—are due to loss of blood. If the bleeding could be stopped at the time, many deaths in the woods would be averted. Ordinarily all that would be needed is a bandage; but loose bandages are very inconvenient things to carry around, being liable to unroll, to get dirty,



rendering it liable to infect the wound on which it is used, and to be carelessly used for making strings when packing. The Germans (I have never seen one anywhere else) manufacture a bandage which overcomes all these difficulties. I have one before me now, such as I always carry in the woods. It bears the manufacturer's label, "C. Stiefenhofer, Munich," and consists of a bandage 15 cm. (6 inches) wide and 10 m. (33 feet) long, put up in a tin can and soldered hermetically. The can is provided with a key to open it, like an ordinary meat tin. It is about six inches long and two inches in diameter, and weighs about five ounces. Such a bandage can be carried for years in the pocket or camp kit, and is always clean and sterile and ready for immediate use on opening the can. It is large enough for dressing any part of the body, and if too wide can, of course, be made narrower by cutting the roll in two with a sharp knife.

Another very desirable surgical appliance to have in the field is the Esmarch suspender; the invention of Prof. Esmarch, of Kiel, and in use by the German army. The cut I send is clipped from the catalogue of a German sporting goods dealer. As will readily be seen, the elastic is in one piece, so that when removed from the wire loops it makes a band about five feet long. This makes a ligature which is long enough and strong enough to stop the flow in case of a large blood vessel in one of the limbs being cut.

With these two little appliances many lives might be saved which are now sacrificed, and much suffering alleviated. To carry the bandage is very little trouble (I always have one in the game pocket of my shooting coat, and never notice its presence), and to wear the suspenders is none at all. While few sportsmen, outside of the

medical profession, have any surgical skill, with the means at hand we can all give some relief to an unfortunate comrade. In case of a wound on a limb, the bleeding may be stopped by ligating the limb above the wound with the suspender. Then make a compress of several thicknesses of the bandage, apply this to the wound, and bind it on with the rest of the bandage. In case of a wound on the head or body, the ligature, of course, cannot be used, but the use of compress and bandage is the same.

Fractures are not uncommon in the woods, and many a man has been made to suffer untold agonies by being transported over long distances with the broken ends of a bone abrading one another. Now, while few have the skill to set bones properly, anyone can bind sticks (boards are better if available) on the broken member, and thus save unnecessary motion in the fracture. Bind on several splints, at least one on every available side of the limb, putting, in the absence of cotton, a padding of grass between limb and splints.

A compound fracture, where the ends of the bone come through the skin, is an ugly thing to handle; but, after all, we have here only a wound and a fracture together. Put a compress on the wound, bind it up, and then put splints on as if for a simple fracture.

A sprain only needs to be bandaged so that the joint is braced. In case you cannot tell whether there is a sprain or fracture, as is often the case with the wrist and ankles, put splints on as for a fracture.

The bandage I have described is large enough to make any of these dressings. Of course these hints are only meant to give temporary relief during the time the patient is being moved out of the woods. As soon as possible he should be turned over to a skilled surgeon.

Snake bites nearly always occur on a limb, usually on the leg. In case of snake bite, ligate the limb above the wound to keep the poison from getting into the general circulation, open the wound with a knife so that it will bleed freely. If possible, let the patient suck the wound; or if he cannot get at it, let someone else suck it. In case no one has the nerve to do this, a bottle heated and placed with the neck over the wound will cup it. In any case keep your ligature tight around the limb until you think that the poison is out.

LEWIS H. ROSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Kennedy's article on the "Camp Doctor and His Kit" reminds me that this last year was the first occasion I have had to use the one I have carried camping for several seasons—a small pocket affair supplied with various remedies for both internal disorders and external injuries, to which I added the solution of permanganate of potash and hypodermic syringe so necessary in a

snake-infested region such as we have been accustomed to camp in.

One afternoon in the latter part of June, Dave and Maury Patterson and myself started in a light Dayton on a 30-mile drive back into the Alleghenies to explore an unused road over Bear Guard Mountain, with the purpose of ascertaining if it was practicable to reach a certain stretch of river with our full camp equipment. As was necessary in a region so sparsely settled, we carried with us a light miner's tent and camp outfit.

The first night we camped in an open glade on Furnace Run, making a record of pitching camp, feeding horses and getting supper in an hour by the watch. I have read many descriptions of the camp and camp-fire by the gifted contributors to your paper, that in the reading brings to my mind's eye this one night; why it should stand out more prominently than others I do not know. Was it the environment of mighty mountains, the open glade surrounded by unbroken forest, with no noise save the sound of running water in the brook, the eerie hoot of an owl in the timber, or the occasional scream of a wildcat? I have camped under such circumstances many times before and have camped since, yet that one night remains.

I am drifting from a medicine kit to take that exploring trip again. I am sure any of us would rather take one than the other.

On the next day our horses in passing a mountaineer's cabin shied at the body of a copperhead. The owner of the cabin came out and told us of the narrow escape he had had a few minutes before when drawing water from his spring, where the reptile lay coiled, striking at him, and barely missing his hand. Here was almost an opportunity missed for experimenting with our snake-bite remedies and calling into service the Camp Doctor. It would have been infinitely more pleasant to have experimented on this subject, had he been bitten, than to have to make the first essay on one's self.

With some difficulty we reached the point we were after, and as we had tackle with us, put in that afternoon and the next morning fishing. Capon River is an ideal fishing stream, abounding in small-mouth black bass, and combining all the delightful environment usually met with on a trout stream with the pleasure of taking the larger and equally game black bass.

At last we are homeward bound, intending to make a through trip, driving all night, for time is limited. Dusk catches us still in the mountains, miles away from any habitation. Suddenly the silence is broken with screech! screech! screech! "What's that?" "A hot box," answers Dave, and he makes the negro livery helper who was responsible the butt of some very strong language. To jack up the wagon with a sapling, to knock off the nut with a chisel and hatchet (for the wrench would not budge it) was the work of a few moments. To carry

water and cool off the hub and spindle but a few more. Where's the axle grease? That rascally boy failed to put it in. Any lard or butter? The remains of our provisions had been given away. We were up against a long tramp for grease, or could rig up our wagon sledge fashion and walk. In any event a long tramp. But we reckoned without our Camp Doctor, who very unprofessionally waved his kit above his head and produced therefrom a small tube of carbolized vaseline, which greased the wheel, saved us many a foot-sore mile of tramping, and sent us on our homeward way rejoicing.

H. HARDY.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of January 14, Dr. Robert T. Morris gives a brief list of what the camper's medicine chest should contain. I cannot altogether agree with the wisdom of the doctor's choice.

He omits quinine from his list, which even in a healthful northern country may be most useful, especially if any of the party has ever suffered from a severe attack of malaria, as the change of air often brings on a recurrence of the attacks.

For the hypodermic syringe, which is more or less of a luxury, and in inexperienced hands perhaps dangerous, I would substitute a bottle of antiseptic tablets to be dissolved in the boiled water which is to be used for washing open wounds.

Toothache has to my knowledge spoiled many a camping trip, and as a remedy I carry a small bottle of laudanum to be used locally. As regards toothache, I have found the guides much more liable to develop a severe case than the sportsmen, owing to the former's absolute neglect of his teeth.

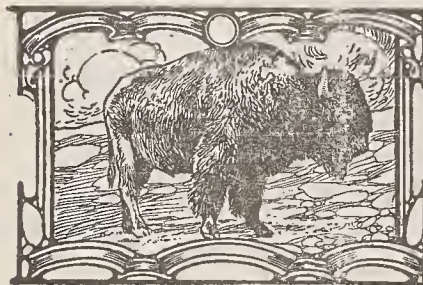
Bandages and dressings the doctor evidently regards as too bulky to be carried with one; but, as it is almost certain for some one to get cut or torn on a long, rough trip, and as it takes some time to make bandages from old clothes, to say nothing of cleansing them, I regard a man as very reckless who neglects to take along a small supply packed in a water-tight tin.

As most of us wear nothing but woollens in camp, I fail to see how any decent bandage could be made at all; but of course the doctor knows more about this than I do.

Ordinary white court plaster would answer in some ways better than rubber plaster, as if the former be placed over an open wound the fluids will drain out through it, while foreign substances are fairly well excluded by it.

The medicine chest with these changes would weigh but a few more ounces than the one Doctor Morris suggests, and would be found, I believe, more practical.

J. E. BULKLEY.



NATURAL HISTORY



Some Bird Names.

(Continued from Vol. LXIII, page 550.)

WE now come to the shrikes or "shriekers." The more popular name "butcher bird" arose from the bird's practice of sticking up upon thorns and in crotches his surplus prey, as a butcher hangs up meat; but the European notion and name "nine killer," based upon the belief that just nine of these victims are destroyed daily, never took root in American nomenclature. The southern and western variety is called "loggerhead"—a word which means having a head like a log, i. e., a blockhead or dolt. I do not know how it came to be applied in this case.

Next follows the great cone-billed family—finches, sparrows, buntings and the like—of which the United States alone possesses almost 200 varieties. These birds are plentiful and familiar with men the world over, and their names go back to the primitive days of all languages. "Finch" is said to be "of unknown history," but I hope to throw some light upon the word. In his "Book of the Beginnings," Gerald Massey has this to say in defense of his derivation of it from *phoenix*: "The phoenix in each shape, whether of the dog, the ape, (Ben, Aan, Fan or An), or the various birds, was a type of return and periodic renewal. We have all these forms of the phoenix in the British Isles. The benen is represented by name in the Irish bunnán, a crane or heron; the Gaelic punnan, a bittern; the fineun (Gaelic), a buzzard; the finniog, an Irish name for the royston crow; and the faing, a raven. Therefore I claim the finch as a phoenix."

The reader may accept this theory or not as he pleases. I myself believe "finch" to be an altered rendering of the sharp clicking notes uttered by these active little birds. The editor of the English adaptation of Bechstein's "Chamber Birds," says that in its migration the chaffinch—

"As brisk, as merry and as loved a bird,
As any in the fields and woodlands heard,

"calls yack! yack! In the expression of joy, fink! fink! When excited by anger, a rapid fink! fink! fink!" Pink, spink, twink, and finch are names commonly heard in Great Britain. Any one of these might make the softer and more lasting word "finch." The fact that its nest, which is carefully concealed, is a dome-shaped, muff-like affair, entered through an obscure opening at the side, has put this bird into the phallic category of Mediæval Europe, whence comes the Italian name *pinzione* (allied to *picus*), which was originally a sound-word, and from which a trifling and customary change would make "finch." I have devoted so much space to what seems to me a very plain case, only because others have neglected, or professed themselves baffled by, the word.

Our American representatives, the goldfinch (yellow color), housefinch (California), and so forth, are obvious; as also are the names of the allied forms—grosbeak, crossbill, redpoll and longspur, the last on account of its in-

ordinately long hind toe, for it has no spur, properly speaking. Linnet is the diminutive of the obsolete *linoce*, and is often applied to our black-winged yellowbird, but it belongs properly in this country only to the Arctic *Egiothus*, which visits us in winter; the word indicates a fondness for flax seed.

The origin of "bunting" is said by the dictionaries to be unknown. It is certainly an ancient denomination. In 1300 Wright wrote in his "Lyric"—

"Ich wold Ich were a threstelcok,
A bunting or a lavercock."

In Sussex "bunt" is a name for a kind of small fagots, and the brush-heaps are the favorite resort of this kind of sparrow, so that "the bird of the fagots" would be a proper enough and easily suggested name, like "brambling" (i. e., bramblebird) for a brother species. The Scotch vary the word into "buntlin," which is not far from bantling. Now bantling is only another form of bairnling, or little child; and the cradle song,

"Bye, baby bunting,
Father's gon' a-hunting,"

shows that such a change has in fact been made, and suggests how the pretty and familiar bird of every lane and field may have got its name out of affectionate regard. Best of all, however, I like the following explanation which came into my mind quite unprompted, but which I am pleased to find given as probable in the Murrays' learned dictionary: Among country people, even now, a short-tailed, stocky chicken is called a "bunt," and has been from time immemorial. The buntings are round and plump compared with most other small song birds, and "buntlin" or "bunting" (a diminutive of "bunt") I believe to have been given in reference to this appearance. One of the British Provincial names of the common English species is bunting-lark.

"Sparrow" can be traced back to the earliest English, and literally means "a flutterer," from its jerky flight. The United States has a host of varied sparrows, but none with remarkable local names except, perhaps, the *Zonotrichia albicollis*, or white-throated species. This sings so sweetly in its Canadian summer home as to be called "nightingale" in Quebec. In Labrador it is simply "chip bird," and in Nova Scotia "poor-Kennedy-bird." Prof. S. Matthew Jones says this commemorates the story of a man named Kennedy who was lost in the forest and heard the bird repeating this condolence. In the White Mountains everybody knows it as "Peabody bird." It is especially numerous in the Peabody Glen, where all the guide books call attention to it as one of the local attractions, and whence, I believe, comes the popular name; but certainly its quavering notes might make those syllables—"p-e-a-body-body"—and certainly did so to the ear of Starr King, who more than once alludes to the bird in this way in his "White Hills." Our familiar "chippy" is the "hairbird" of New England, because there horse-hair is now the principal material in its nest, which is a

familiar object in every village garden. "Rosignol," the French-Canadian name of the song sparrow (and also the Louisiana Creole's name for the mockingbird), is a modification of *rosignor*—Lord of the Rose—the Spanish name of the nightingale; and is given in each case not only in reference to the fine melody, but to the fact that both birds frequently tune up at night.

"Chewink," "joree," "towhee," and so forth, are sound-names of the exclamatory *pipilos*; while "cardinal" (the scarlet Virginia redbird), "indigobird," "lazuli finch," etc., are suggested by the brilliant coats.

Among icterine birds, the "bobolink" is noticeable for a great many local names; part, like "summerseeble" and "bobolink" (fancifully expanded by Bryant into Robert o' Lincoln), derived from its song; another set, like "reedbird" and "ricebird," testifying to haunts and food; a third, such as skunk-blackbird, describing its parti-colored dress; and a fourth, "ortolan" (West Indies), referring to the toothsome quality of its flesh. Ortolan is a term often and always misapplied in this country. It properly belongs to an European finch highly esteemed in Italy for eating, and comes from the Latin *hortus*, a garden. "Oriole" also comes from the Latin, through the French, and refers to the prevailing golden yellow in the plumage of the family. Our Baltimore oriole, or "Baltimore bird," was so named by Linnæus out of compliment to Lord Baltimore because the first specimen came to the naturalist from Maryland and bore in its plumage the heraldic colors, orange and black, of his Lordship's family. "Hangnest," "hangbird" and "firebird" are synonyms which explain themselves. "Grackle" is another Latin name for the birds of the jay sort (which our grackles are not), and was undoubtedly a sound-word at the start.

The raven in many American Indian vocabularies has names directly imitated from its hoarse cry, such as the Creek *kah-kee*; but I believe our English word is from a root meaning to rob or "raven," in allusion to its nest-plundering habit. "Rook"—an English species—may or may not be thus accounted for, but it is a coincidence that "to rook" in thieves' jargon is to cheat, or to steal by cunning, but this may very likely refer to the bird. "Crow," on the contrary, as already mentioned, is a sound-word expressing the croak of its kind; just as "jay," drawlingly uttered, gives the cry of that bird, though etymologists seem to show conclusively that the word really means "gay," and combines in its sense both the gaudy plumage and lively disposition characteristic of the race. "Whiskey-Jack," one of the many aliases of our northern and inquisitive Canada jay, is said to be a corruption of an Indian word *wiskashon*. "Magpie" has a double name; the latter half, *pie*, which is generic (Latin *pica*), seems to come from the same root as several other bird names, the original sense of which was probably "the chirper." This gave rise in Latin to the verb *pipere*, and in Greek to "spizein." "Mag" is short for Margaret, and is given to the bird for the same reason, or no reason, that the street sparrow is called "Jim" in London. One of the

French names for the magpie is "margot," a familiar contraction of Margaret. The French often call the mischievous bird "Jacques," and "jacasser" means to chatter like a magpie. "Jackdaw" is a similar example, as well as "jacquot"—a name for a parakeet kept as a cage bird, and frequently written "jocko" in English. The Indians of the West have many descriptive names for our magpie, and the Californians relate legends about it. The curious relation between *pica* and *picus*, the woodpecker, etc., will be referred to a little further on.

The "flycatchers" constitute a large tribe of small, soft-billed birds living on insects, which they snap up mainly upon the wing. Our species are often distinguished by their notes, as the "pewees," but also by plumage, as the "scissor-tail" of Texas. The title of "kingbird" is a true *nom de plume*, derived from the knightly crest of feathers on its cap; but "tyrant flycatcher" is in reference to the bird's autocratic and pugnacious treatment of all other birds, even the largest. I have seen a kingbird riding gayly on the back of the big hawk he had got tired of ragging at, which recalled to my mind the European stories of *le roitelet*. "Beebird" and "beemartin" disclose this bird's pestilent attacks upon the apiary.

As to the hummingbirds, let me quote a comprehensive note from Wallace's "Tropical Nature," p. 130: "The name we usually give to the birds of this family is derived from the sound of their rapidly moving wings—a sound which is produced by the largest as well as by the smallest member of the group. The Creoles of Guiana similarly call them Bourdons or hummers. The French term *oiseau mouche* refers to their small size, while *colibri* is a native name which has come down from the Carib inhabitants of the West Indies. The Spaniards and Portuguese called them by more poetical names, such as flower-peckers, flowerkissers, myrtlesuckers, while the Mexican and Peruvian names show a still higher appreciation of

their beauties, their meaning being rays of the sun, tresses of the day-star, and other such appellations. Even our modern naturalists, while studying the structure and noting the peculiarities of these living gems, have been so struck by their inimitable beauties that they have endeavored to invent appropriate English names for the more beautiful and remarkable genera. Hence we find in common use such terms as sun-gems, sun-stars, hill-stars, wood-stars, sun-angels, star-throats, comets, coquettes, flame-bearers, sylphs and fairies; together with many others derived from the character of the tail or the crest."

The swifts get their name from their exceedingly rapid flight; and "chimney swallow," for our commonest one, is a misnomer. In England and Ireland they are often called "devilings" and "devil shriekers."

The nocturnal and extraordinary manner and notes of the *Caprimulgida* have loaded them with erroneous epithets. The Latin family name given above is a translation of "goat sucker," which embodies an ancient old world error. "Night-bat" and "night-hawk" are equally wrong, scientifically, for the birds are neither bats nor hawks. "Night-jar" and "bull-bat" refer to the strange booming or tearing sound often emitted in their flight. "Death bird" is a name in the Bahamas, where the negroes attach to the local species the office of foretelling a death by their nocturnal cry, which in our Southern States is translated into "chuck-will's-widow" and "chip-the-red-oak-white-oak." The earliest recorded designation of the "whippoorwill," another species, is "chuwhwewoo" (see Proc. Am. Antiq. Soc., IV., 222), which the Delawares called *wccoalis*, the Iroquois *wish-ton-wish*, the Chipewas *muckawiss*, etc. "Piramadig" (West Indies), "pumpillion" (Cape Cod), and "mosquito hawk," are unusual names for our *Chordeiles popetue*—the last part of which is pure Muscogee. I think night-jars the best general name for the group.

"Woodpecker" needs no explanation. In the Southern States the absurd rendering "peckerwood" obtains, and the giant of the class is called "logcock." "Sapcock" is a designation for certain smaller species, referring to the bird's habit of piercing the outer bark of trees in the spring to get at the bast and the sweet rising sap. "Carpentero" is the good general name of the tribe in Mexico. I have collected twenty-five or thirty local and widely varying appellations of the golden-winged woodpecker, showing how striking and ubiquitous he is. One of these is "yellow-hammer," which at first glance would seem to be simply the yellow-hammerer. But this is the name in Great Britain of several small birds of yellow plumage, and comes directly from the Icelandic *hamr*, an ancient word allied to A. S. *hama*, meaning the skin—especially the skin of a bird flayed off with the feathers and wings attached; a mythical monster living in the North Sea, and having wings on its haunches, was known as *fether-amr*. Thus our "yellow-hammer" is "yellow wings," or at any rate "yellow hide."

The Latin name of the woodpecker—*picus*—opens the way to a large exploration of both classical and Mediæval fancies. It is supposed to be derived from that vague old root whence we get the Sanskrit name of the East Indian cuckoo—*pika*; the European *pie* (or *pica*), and the Latin *spiza*, a kind of sparrow, whence, perhaps, has descended the Italian parent of "finch," as lately discussed. In De Gubernatis's "Zoological Mythology," the whole subject may be found treated at length. The woodpecker was a phallic symbol, personified in King Picus, progenitor of the race. "The Latin legend puts *picus* in connection with *picumnus*, *pilumnus*, the *pilum* and the *pistor*. * * * In the Piedmontese dialect the common name of the phallos is *picin*; in Italian, *pinco* and *pinco* have the same meaning; *pincone* is the chaffinch (in French *pinson*); and *pincone* means a fool." ERNEST INGERSOLL.



GAME BAG AND GUN



It Sometimes Happens So.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of January 7 an article by Spectator relative to "pot-shooting," reminds me of the old story of the French Count who, while a guest of an English nobleman, shot a pheasant as it was about to jump through a hedge. In reply to the polite though rebuking query of his host as to whether he did not always shoot his birds on the wing, he said: "I shoot 'em on ze wing, on ze tail, on ze head—anywheres." In my opinion, this whole controversy boils down to the question of whether the shooter is out for sport or meat. In the last case "pot-shooting" is always justifiable, for it is from this the word comes.

I remember some years ago I went on a shooting trip up in the northeast neck of this county. The old farmer and his son whom I was visiting dropped the farm work for the day and came out to show me the game. The old man had a single muzzleloader of ancient pattern. Gene, the boy, had a 12-bore hammer gun with fore end action; it was loose in every joint, and had not been cleaned for six years. Gene had some shells loaded with three drams of black powder and an ounce of No. 8s, which were safe enough, but he insisted on having some of my heavy smokeless shells—live bird trap loads. I tried to explain that they would be unsafe in his gun, but he thought my interest in his gun was prompted through stinginess, though he didn't say so; and it all ended by his helping himself to a bunch of shells out of my bag, at which time I firmly resolved to take a chance with his father and the muzzleloader.

We started off first for some woodcock down in a little wet piece of alder thicket. It was a likely place, sheltered by a high bank, overgrown with evergreens, at the foot of which was a noisy brook, which, by the way, runs into Croton Lake. Gene took the center of the swamp, his father went on one side and I on the other. The dog—one I had borrowed—knew his business, and picked out Gene as a good one to hunt with, though if his dog sense had given him the capacity of judging guns and ammunition he might have hunted with me a while. Well, the boy had advanced not more than ten feet before two birds got up. Bang! went Gene's gun; and when he picked up the bird the three drams of black powder behind the ounce of No. 8s had picked up Miss Philohela at short range, and a bunch of feathers and skin was all there was left. Well, to cut this part of it short, we went through that little thicket and Gene got seven more shots and killed six birds, never using his second barrel, and the old man over to the left got three shots and dropped two birds, and I never got a shot.

We then worked off to the south after some partridges. We finally got into a swale which the old man said always had partridges in it. There were bunches of silver birches on the side hill and patches of laurel and springs surrounded by thick growths of alder and grasses. I knew there was game there, and Gene, as usual, bucked into the center of the growth, and I took the hillside, while Gene's pop had to take what there was left. Whir-r-bang! with a special accent on the bang from Gene's direction.

"Did you get him?"
"Get him! Yes, but I blew the left barrel clean off my gun."

"Come on out and let's see it," I called.

"No, go on; there are more birds here."

"Did it hurt you, Gene?" inquired the old man from up ahead somewhere.

"No, only blew a piece of my thumb off." [Whir-r-r!] "Look out, Pop!" and the old muzzleloader spoke, and a big cock partridge fell to it.

I had commenced to get a little discouraged, and wondered if I was going to get a shot, when right then happened that which prompted this story. A big cock

partridge—he looked like a turkey to me—jumped or flew into the top of one of the alders ahead of Gene, who was binding up his thumb. He stretched out his neck at the dog, which had chased him up. There was a tree right ahead lining him up. "If he flies, you won't get a shot," my instinct told me. "Whir-r-r!" I called, and had him before he got nicely started.

"Hey, boy!" shouted the old man, "you shot him in the tree!"

"Tree nothing!" I retorted, "didn't you hear him fly?" But it didn't go; so I had to own up. I made good later and got two more out of four shots, while Gene and his pop each missed several comparatively easy shots. This was small wonder, for the boy was shooting a badly bent right barrel, the left having a great hole in it, and his thumb was pretty badly mangled. He got a new gun a few weeks after—one that would shoot nitro powder; but the old man still sticks to his muzzleloader.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

The Shiras Bill.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "A Happy New Year" to FOREST AND STREAM, its writers and readers! "Better late than never," but my eyes have been troubling me, and my poetic muse has deserted me, or if she calls to me, it is in the accents of the old hymn,

"Remark my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving years."

I have put off from day to day sundry comments on the various topics discussed in your columns, until the so-called Shiras Bill has waked me up to add my note of approval of it to those of the other game commissioners, and ex-commissioners, which you have already published, and I wish to do so most emphatically. Had not New Hampshire been so small a portion of the United States, and with so little migratory game, and that so well protected by our local laws, I should have urged some such action on the part of our representatives in Congress long since; and now that it has been taken by Pennsylvania, I hope it may be carried through successfully.

There is no doubt in my mind that the enormous decrease in our supply of migratory wildfowl is due to a large extent to spring shooting, and that the only way to put an end to this is by the enactment of a national law which shall prohibit the shooting of all migratory birds on their way to their breeding grounds in the north, whether that be in our Northern States or in Canada or Alaska, and such prohibitory law should be enforced by every marshal or other law officer of the United States.

It should forbid all shooting of migratory wildfowl from the first of March to the date when such birds begin their return to their winter quarters in the south, whether that be August or October, according to the habits of the species. Plover, with us, begin their return in August, woodcock not until October, and what few ducks and geese we have, later still.

Some of those who are not fully in favor of this bill still haggle over the old bugbear of "State rights," a specter which was pretty thoroughly laid at Appomattox, and which, so far as applied to our game, is a perfect fiction, for three-quarters nearly of our States in number, and more than that in territory, never had any State rights at all, but were carved out of the Territories acquired and owned by the people of the whole Union after that was formed. It is all right to vest in each State the proprietorship, for the benefit of all its people, of such game as is born and bred in the State, and makes it a permanent residence, but all wrong to permit the people of such States to shoot at their will migratory wildfowl which belong equally to the citizens of other parts of the

Union while on their way to their breeding grounds. And I trust that as an act of common justice and equity to the people of the country at large that this bill may pass in some form.

Among other topics which have interested me in your columns the last season have been the notes on irrigation; and while I fully agree with Dr. Ambler that the first step to be taken is the preservation of our forests, I cannot help thinking, with Mr. Jaques, that we must eventually come to some great system of irrigation to utilize large sections of our territory. What might appear to be visionary at first sight will be only a repetition of what nations now extinct did thousands of years ago, and if one will look into Sir Samuel Baker's "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," he will be astonished, if he is not informed on the subject, at his account of the enormous reservoirs or "tanks" which this ancient nation built in forgotten ages, some of them covering from 15 to 25 square miles, with their long canals and conduits running along the hillsides to convey the water to the plains below. So, too, in Egypt, the traveler sees the "Bahr el Yusuf," or Canal of Joseph, which furnishes water to the district of the "Fayoom," and which the natives tell him was built by the Joseph of Scripture, the great Hebrew Prime Minister of one of the Pharaohs!

I am no duck shooter, and do not feel called upon to comment on the ethics of duck shooting; but it amuses me to see a man who does not know enough of wild life to know that the ruffed grouse drums freely all through the autumn months, undertake to criticize John Burroughs, as he did Rudyard Kipling a year ago. Charles Hallock is right on this question, as he always is; and further than this, the grouse does not always drum on a log, for I have both heard and seen him drum on a rock, though I never shot him while so doing. Neither does he strike his wings together behind his back; they would not drum if he did, only rattle. The drum is produced by the compressed air beaten together by his wings and against his inflated breast. He makes no noise flying unless disturbed.

I have spoken of the woodcock going south in October in New Hampshire; and as some persons in the Middle States claim that they go earlier, when they have merely retired to the woods during the moulting season, I wish to note that one of the most successful days among them I ever had was November 1 some forty years ago, when the flight was passing down through New Hampshire.

VON W.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES AND GAME.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I find your letter addressed to our late chairman, Captain J. W. Collins, in reference to the bill introduced by Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d, to give Federal protection to wildfowl. Such a bill seems to the writer to be the sole feasible method of attaining a most highly desirable result. It should receive the active support of all who are sincere in the desire to perpetuate the supply of such birds. While the possible co-operation with the Canadian Government upon a uniform bill along these lines is highly desirable, I do not see that the absence of such an agreement should be any reason why we should not take the initiative in this matter.

GEORGE W. FIELD,
Chairman.

We have no office outside of New York. Address all communications to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Do Foxes Destroy Game Birds?

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The above question is asked in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of January 7.

For some thirty years I have hunted foxes in this county in our New England manner—with dog and gun. My hunting has been almost entirely during the winter months. During the time named I have seen a great many foxes, killed some two hundred, and spent much time tracing the plainly written story of Reynard's nightly wanderings, and I have often wondered what our foxes lived upon. I never killed a thin fox, and many were quite fat. In all of my cruises about after foxes, I do not recall over half a dozen instances where I have found proof of a fox catching and killing a partridge. Some years ago, on a fresh snow, my dog started on a fresh track, and in a few minutes came back to me. I followed up the trail and found the fox holed. He was in there before the dog took the trail. It was an easy place to get him, and I dug him out. When taking off his pelt, I noticed his stomach was very full, and cutting him open, found that he had recently eaten a partridge. Since then I have opened nearly every fox I killed whose stomach seemed full. Usually I found more signs of mice than anything else. Sometimes, late in the fall, I find apples.

Twenty years ago in this section there were considerably more foxes than now, and there were also a great many partridges. I have seen six foxes in a day, and once during three successive days I killed seven. In those days I would often start from twenty to forty partridges when hunting foxes. The birds were packed in bunches frequently from ten to fifteen each, and I would start them from piles of pine tops in comparatively open ground. I also found quite a number buried in the snow when the latter was deep and soft. I frequently saw where foxes had cruised about in such places, but I never saw where I thought a bird had been caught. I have seen where such attempts were made, but as far as I could judge the partridge escaped with the loss of a few feathers. Many times I have tracked foxes through places where partridge tracks were leading in all directions, and the fox seemed to pay no attention to them; and the same with rabbits, although I have seen a few signs of where a fox had caught conies.

One day I killed a fox quite early, and soon had another started. While standing in some scrub oak growth I saw one of our large white rabbits running fast and coming straight toward me. I very seldom shoot at a rabbit, and I watched this one. When within a few feet the rabbit saw me and turned off. I felt that something had started that rabbit, and waited to see. In about a minute along came a fox and I took him in. This fox may have been chasing the rabbit, but as the latter ran five rods to the fox's one, it did not seem to be in any danger.

While foxes may do considerable damage during the spring to partridge nests and very young birds, I have never seen any evidence of such. Frequently while trout fishing on our brooks, I find partridge nests. I recall the finding of two with the old birds on. Both nests were within five feet of cattle paths, and there were numerous signs that foxes traveled those paths and had passed within easy jumping distance of the nests and birds without discovering them.

As there are practically no quail in this section, I cannot say as to what foxes may or may not do toward destroying them. I have mentioned only what I have seen.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Jan. 9.

BARRE, VT.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Some two years ago I took an active part in a discussion on this subject through the columns of a sporting paper. I maintained then, as I do now, that foxes do not destroy the quantity of partridges as has always been claimed. For twenty-five years I have given this question a close study from personal observation, living, as I have, where partridges and foxes are abundant, and a hunter of both. In these years I have dissected the stomachs of more than one hundred foxes, and I am yet to discover a trace of a partridge. It is true, the greater number of the stomachs were dissected during the fall and winter months, and not during the months of incubation when the young are unable to fly; but during this season I am led to believe the fox does little grouse hunting. I have traveled over our hills all winter in pursuit of Reynard in a country where the flushing of fifty partridges a day was no unusual occurrence, and I have never found where a fox captured a partridge in the snow. That there is a scarcity of grouse is a fact, and that, too, in a country where the gun is seldom heard, and where twenty-five years ago they were found in great abundance. I cannot attribute the scarcity to the fox, nor have I yet solved the question why they are on the decrease. When one finds a young covey to-day, it is not the old-time covey of a few years ago.

B. A. EASTMAN.

THE Worcester Telegram says, in commenting on the Massachusetts Association's fox inquiry: "Worcester fox hunters are qualified to tell things about the habits of the fox, which includes the stuff he eats. They are better qualified than bird hunters, as these know nothing of the habits of the fox. They are a unit in the belief that the fox is responsible for the loss of few birds, one of the least important factors in the decreasing number of game birds. They unite in pointing back to a score of years ago, when everybody acknowledges partridges were plentiful. So were foxes, more plentiful than now. Foxes had no depreciable effect on the number of birds. Since that time, the bird hunter has increased many fold. The partridges had decreased many fold.

"Probably no man in Massachusetts is better qualified to speak on the question the association asks than one of its vice-presidents, A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, and Mr. Kinney will tell his confreres a thing or two when he attends the next meeting. Several years ago Mr. Kinney spread broadcast among fox hunters the information that he would pay 25 cents each for every fox stomach brought to him. Mr. Kinney announced that he desired the maws for the purpose of investigating what the fox ate. He secured 85 stomachs, in all times of the hunting season. In four of these maws Mr. Kinney found feathers of four game birds, one partridge, one quail and two woodcock. The feathers were found in foxes which had been killed

in the open hunting season on game birds, which made it plain to Mr. Kinney that these birds had either died from gunshot wounds or were wounded and caught by foxes. Of the large number of foxes killed after the close of the bird season, not one had the feather of a game bird in its maw.

"During the early season, before the frosts, the stomachs contained grasshoppers and mice. Mr. Kinney says the amount of grasshoppers in each stomach astonished him, and shows that the fox does a lot of good for the farmer, for which it is not given credit. After frost and before snow time, frozen apples and dried berries, together with mice and rabbits, formed the food. After snow time considerable meat was found, which appeared like meat from the carcass of a cow or horse. There was a larger amount of rabbit meat than before snow time. In four instances hen feathers were found after snow time, showing that the foxes had come on dead hens, for farmers' hens are usually kept housed after snow time.

"Mr. Kinney said foxes cannot catch game birds. These are too wary. House cats which prowl in the fields are more clever than a fox in catching game birds. Foxes can catch crows, which rise from the ground much more slowly than a game bird. Weasels, mink, skunks and squirrels are more destructive of game birds than foxes. Birds are plentiful where foxes are plentiful, showing that it is not the fox that is responsible for any decrease.

"Hon. Ledyard Bill, president of Worcester Fur Company, who is a thorough sportsman and a believer in the protection of game of all kinds, says:

"My opinion is that the fox is not a great factor in the destruction of game birds. The natural food of the fox is field mice, meadow moles, berries, grasshoppers and young rabbits, with perhaps an occasional game bird that has been wounded or snowbound.

"The fox is no more likely to catch a game bird under ordinary circumstances than is a bird dog, and we all know the dog cannot. The fox has not a tithe of the instinct of a bird dog, either trained or untrained, for catching or pursuing birds.

"In Maine, where the fox is little hunted and yet abounds, the partridge also abounds in great numbers, showing that the fox troubles the king of game birds but little. The chief enemies of the partridge among animals are the skunk and squirrel; among birds, the pigeon hawk and crow.

"A veteran hunter of my acquaintance has made a practical test of this question by having examined the stomachs of nine foxes killed at different periods of the year. In one instance only did the stomach contain feathers, and those were feathers of the common barnyard fowl.

"Many suggestions are being made as to the best methods of protecting the partridge and other game birds. The only practical measure, to my mind, is to cut the open season in halves."

"A. C. White, the veteran fox hunter, whose unvarying success year after year in shooting foxes makes it plain that he understands their habits, when asked on the question, said:

"I have hunted for many years all through the winter, the time when a fox would be most likely to catch partridges if it caught them at all. Partridges burrow under the snow for warmth and protection. In all my travels I have yet to see where a fox has ever caught a partridge. I think anybody who knows anything at all of the habits of foxes, will quickly say that the game birds that foxes catch are few."

"Congressman John R. Thayer, former president of Worcester Fur Company, a fox hunter since boyhood, said:

"I notice that the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is seeking information relative to the propensity of the fox to destroy game birds.

"I have been somewhat of a careful observer of the traits and habits of the fox for the last thirty years and more, and the fox is the only game I hunt. I have interested myself studying its habits and propensities somewhat during that time. With scarcely an exception in all these years, during the months of April and May, I have made excursions to their burrows and retreats out of curiosity and a desire to watch the antics of the young and the care and conduct of the old mother fox.

"One will find, in visiting these burrows in the spring, when the young have grown sufficiently to be out around the burrow, the traces of the food which the fox feeds upon, and almost without exception I have noticed quantities of crow feathers, pieces of woodchuck or groundhog, skins and claws, pieces of snakes, skunks, rabbits and hen feathers; but I have never seen a partridge or quail feather at any burrow in all this time. It is well known that, during the summer months, the fox feeds much upon crickets, grasshoppers, frogs, snakes, woodchucks, skunks and crows, the last of which, by the way, seem to be easily captured by the fox, as a crow cannot rise from the ground as quickly as most other birds.

"The crow is very slow in getting under way, and can be pounced upon and caught before it can get fairly started, the fox is so much quicker in its movements. I presume that after the heavy frosts and snows come, the fox feeds somewhat on partridge and quail, as it also prowls around the farm buildings in search of poultry or anything it can find to eat; but I believe the impression people have that foxes destroy a considerable number of game birds, partridges or quail, in this latitude is entirely erroneous. The partridge is one of the quickest starting birds we have, and they are always on the lookout. I also know that a bird hunter of Worcester county is reported in the papers to have stated some time ago that the way to protect partridges and quails is to stop the fox hunters shooting them in the fall and after the season closed. A more foolish and erroneous statement could not easily be made.

"Our fur company consists of about 150 members, and upon inquiry among them, I am satisfied that but few of the whole number shoot a single game bird in the year, and the few that do hunt birds in season enjoy the hunting of the fox so much better that they devote but little time to bird hunting. To illustrate my view that these 150 men shoot but few birds, and none out of season, I will give my own experience. I have shot but one partridge in ten years, and have shot at but one partridge during that time. I think what is true of myself is true of most fox hunters.

"It is no pleasure to a genuine fox hunter to shoot partridges or quail. We let them severely alone; first, because we do not care to shoot them, and, secondly, we will not jeopardize our chances to get a fox by shooting at anything when the dogs are driving. That has been the experience as related by the members of our club wherever we have gathered, as we do in our hunting season, to talk over the experiences of the hunts.

"If partridges and quail are to become more numerous in Massachusetts than they are now, or have been in the last few years, some means must be taken to stop the professional bird hunter, he who, with his hammerless gun and dog trained to a nicety, goes out and proudly returns at night with eighteen or twenty birds as the result of the day's sport. I have known of two men in Worcester—and there are many others like them—in days gone by who felt that they had a poor day's sport if they did not return with eighteen or twenty birds apiece. That was when partridges were more plentiful than they are now, but they are just as eager now as they were then to slaughter the birds, and would kill just as many if they had the opportunity. One of these men will destroy more birds, in my judgment, than fifty fox hunters will during the season. Then, too, I do not think it is entirely fair for the bird hunters to seek to exterminate the foxes in order that they may have the more birds to slaughter. We who enjoy the chase are just as much entitled to our recreation as the hunters who go out to kill a few game birds for their table, or for the sport, or those pot-hunters, if I might so call them (experienced slaughterers), who go out to load themselves down with game that they may sell it in the markets.

"The prohibition of selling game in the markets, I think, has done away in large measure with the general slaughter of game by expert bird hunters; but still we all know that the law is violated in many ways, and much game finds its way to the markets even with the law opposed to it. I think also that any law placing a bounty on foxes would have no appreciable tendency to increase the number of game birds in Massachusetts. There has been for many years in Rhode Island and Connecticut, a bounty on foxes, and how is it taken advantage of? A few men, if I may call them men, in a county will go, prowling about in the woods, find a fox burrow in the spring of the year, and then with a fox terrier go to the hole, put in the terrier and run out these little foxes, catch them in a bag, and get the bounty of \$1 or \$1.50 apiece. Many of these young foxes would never have lived to maturity if they hadn't been captured, as we all know nature is very prolific in producing young, but in many instances they die in infancy, so to speak. It is well known by the hunters in Worcester county that there is no better place to hunt foxes than in Rhode Island and Connecticut, where this bounty has been on for many years; that is, they have made no substantial diminution of foxes in those States. Then, if a bounty is placed upon foxes, we shall have traps set everywhere, which will catch our dogs and cats and other domestic animals, and poison will be placed where domestic animals will find it and be destroyed.

"Bird hunters should respect the rights of fox hunters, and not attempt to encourage trapping, poisoning and the like, of foxes. We are all sportsmen, only our tastes lead us in different directions, and we ought not to attempt to injure the chances of true sportsmanship of either. Let us all live and let live, and not get into a wrangle among ourselves. I am inclined to think that the law protecting game is about as perfect as it can practically be made, and further tinkering with it will be of little avail to protect the game birds of Massachusetts. To increase the game bird to any considerable extent, the hog hunter must be suppressed."

"Hon. Joseph H. Walker is one of the best qualified sportsmen in Worcester to give an opinion on game questions. Mr. Walker has been a hunter since he was a mere boy, and even though he is seventy-five years old, he still hunts with ardor. The former Congressman hunts birds and foxes in their season. He says:

"There is nothing to be gained in the way of increasing the number of birds by destroying foxes. I do not think foxes hunt birds as one of their foods. Foxes will eat birds, of course, when they come on a dead one or a wounded one, and sometimes they catch game birds. I do not think, however, that they catch any appreciable number.

"It is well known that young partridges and the mother bird do not give any scent when they are disturbed, and scatter and hide. Neither do quail when they light. It is when they run, and it is usually some little period after they light that quail give forth a scent which enables a dog or a fox to trace them.

"I can well illustrate this by an experience which two other men and myself had in hunting quail. We had three as good dogs as I ever knew of. We were in the center of a field where we felt sure the quail were. For over an hour we watched the dogs quartering, but they could not get scent of quail. We decided to leave the field. We had not gone more than three rods when we were enveloped by the largest flock of quail that I have ever seen. We walked on them accidentally. Our dogs could not find them, and foxes would have had the same difficulty.

"In giving an opinion on this question, a bird hunter is not nearly as well qualified as the fox hunter. The bird hunter knows nothing of the habits of a fox. The fox hunter knows the habits of both. When in the woods the bird hunter naturally spends no time in making investigations, being constantly on the go. The fox hunter, on the other hand, may remain for hours at a time in a runway, and has plenty of time in which to investigate what foxes do, what their habits are, and what they feed on. Out of season the fox hunter is making investigations in regard to foxes, so that he may find them when the hunting time comes. He has thus a chance to observe the burrows. I have noticed many burrows during my hunting career, and found remains that tell what the foxes eat. I have seldom seen chicken feathers at the burrows, and never partridge or quail feathers.

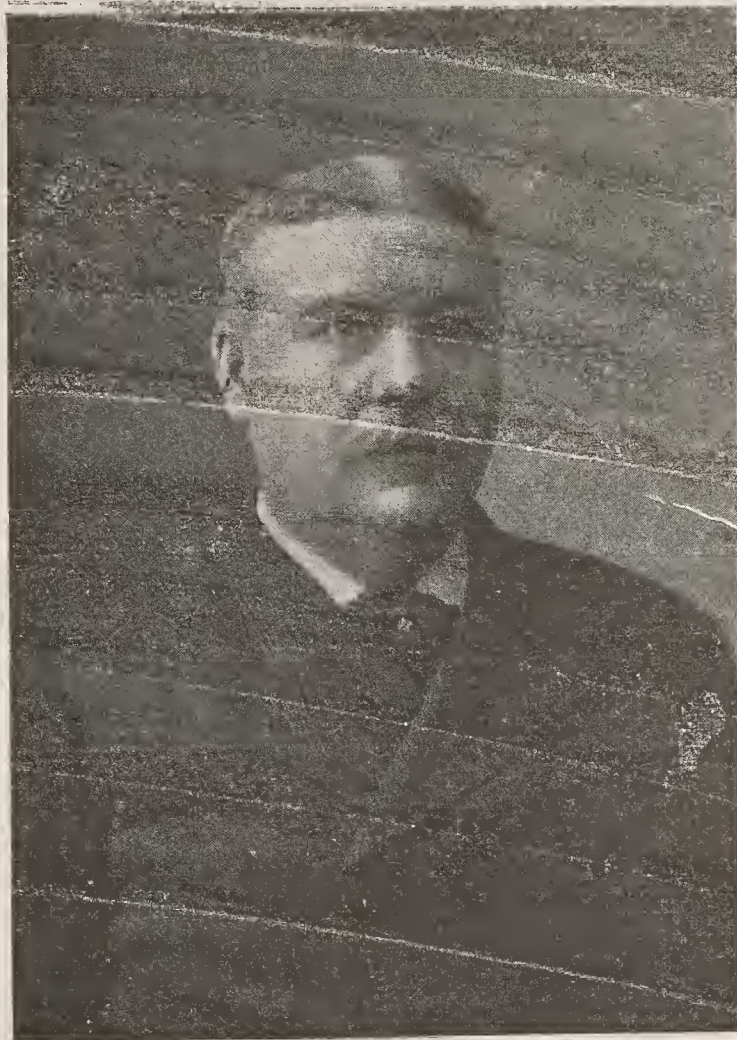
"I'd advise you to get the opinion of Edward T. Whitaker on this question. He is the most careful, painstaking, as well as truthful, hunter I have ever known. He knows about the habits of foxes.

"I've hunted a great deal, and what I've told you is my experience and judgment. It conforms to the experience

Massachusetts Association.

Boston, Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the State Association for the election of officers for 1905 was held at the Copley Square Hotel, Wednesday evening, the 11th inst. The attendance was good, and the names presented by the nominating committee, of which the librarian was chairman, were all elected unanimously. Mr. W. S. Hinman was re-elected president, and most of the members of the old Board of Management are continued. Mr. J. C. Phillips, of Boston and Beverly, who served in 1903 on the Executive Committee, is now one of the vice-presidents. Mr. C. A. Taff, of Whitinsville, elected a vice-president, is a new man on the list, as is also Hon. Wm. A. Morse. Hon. C. M. Bryant comes back to the board after an absence of two years, during which time his duties as Mayor of Quincy have prevented his working actively in the cause of game protection. Three ex-presidents of the association—Messrs. Clark, Wiggin and Reed—will continue to render valuable service as vice-presidents. Five of the up-country clubs are represented in the board by Dr. J. T. Herrick, of Springfield; A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; H. S. Fay, of Marlborough; I. O. Converse, of Fitchburg, and A. C. Sylvester, of North Attleboro.

As your readers have doubtless observed, it has been the policy of the management for the last few years to bring the outlying clubs into close touch with the State organization. This plan has not only been helpful to



W. S. HINMAN.
Pres. Massachusetts Ass'n for the Protection of Fish and Game.

local clubs, but has enabled the sportsmen of the State to present a united front upon matters of legislation. It has also been the means of increasing the membership of the State Association, and in the near future it is confidently expected much greater results in that direction will follow. It is doubtful whether any other State can be named where there is a greater degree of harmony among the various local clubs.

The report of the treasurer showed that the permanent fund had been increased by accrued interest, and that from money received during the year a balance of \$670 remained unexpended. Aside from the ordinary account, \$3,000 had been raised for the purchase of live quail, about \$500 of which had to be returned to the donors on account of inability to obtain birds. After business was transacted, several spoke of the outlook for birds and kindred subjects. Dr. W. C. Woodward said that about Middleboro they were feeding quail and had birds enough, due, in the main, to the systematic feeding last winter. From his remarks it is evident there will be no lack of suitable food for the birds in that vicinity this winter. He suggested that a bounty on foxes in Plymouth county would be a good thing for the birds. One farmer, he said, told him he was feeding "everything—quail, jays, crows and squirrels." They kept one market-hunter away from the covers by hiring him to take care of a bungalow.

Mr. Converse told of a Fitchburg fox hunter who had been out a good deal, but only got two this fall. He also told of two men, one from New York city, who in six days' hunting in southern New Hampshire killed 63 partridges.

Mr. Walter Farmer, of Brookline, and Henry Eager, of Marlboro, related very interesting experiences, and Mr. C. W. Dimick urged the necessity of pushing the work of re-stocking, incidentally commenting on the destruction of birds by foxes. This brought Mr. Kinney to his feet in a masterly defense of what he called a "much abused animal." Saying anything against the fox to Mr. Kinney is like "shaking a red flag to a bull," except that Brother Kinney shows not the least trace of excitement, so sure is he of his ground and so confident of his ability to defend his position.

The meeting was one of unusual interest, the various speakers in their remarks drawing from personal experience. As a committee to arrange for the annual banquet, February 16, the president has appointed Dr. A. R. Brown, Thos. H. Hall, author of "Just One Bite," C. W. Dimick, G. W. Wiggin, B. V. Howe and the secretary. The dinner will be held at the Copley Square Hotel.

The State Commissioners have arranged with the United States Fishing Bureau for a consignment of 5,000,000 perch eggs, two carloads of shad fry, 30,000 landlocked salmon eggs, and 200,000 Colorado trout eggs.

If our Commission can break away from the antiquated custom of planting fry and secure an adequate supply of fingerling or yearling trout, there will be some chance of replenishing the streams. As to the results of shad planting in the Taunton River, the writer is unable to speak from personal investigation, but he does know that the results in North River are very disappointing; due, it is believed, to the contamination of the water by the acid and refuse of a small rubber factory located in the town of Hanover. The people along the stream are desirous of reaping the benefits they were accustomed to derive from an abundance of fish years ago, and they say that if there is no law by which the Commission can effect a remedy of the present state of things, the board should secure such legislation as is needed without delay.

In the town of Sharon is a beautiful lake called Massapoag, and it is reported that about half a million bass and perch are frozen in the ice, killed by experiments made under the direction of the State Board of Health, in order to determine the efficacy of copper sulphate in exterminating algae. Fishermen in the vicinity are a good deal disturbed in view of the consequences.

The New Hampshire Commissioners are still hoping to "pinch" the miscreant who shot a bull elk last summer in South Danbury. Two years ago the managers of Corbin Park presented the State with twelve elk, which were taken to Andover and turned loose on Ragged Mountain. The body of one was found shot last August, and the last week of December, near the same spot, was found the carcass of a bull with 8 points, which apparently was killed about the same time as the other. Commissioner Wentworth offered a reward of \$100 for the apprehension of the guilty party, and is of the opinion that he will soon be able to land his man.

Among the frequenters of the ponds and lakes of the Granite State for winter fishing is heard the voice of mourning and lamentation. From Concord the edict has been promulgated that many of the waters of the State are to be closed for the period of five years. A section to suffer much from this fiat is the Mascoma Valley, a charming stretch of rural beauty. Mascoma and Crystal lakes are in the town of Enfield, and on their shores a community of distinguished summer sojourners has been established. In Mascoma it is said the German carp has been causing havoc to the more desirable fish, which, combined with over-fishing of the lake, has led the Commission to adopt a drastic measure to bring about a better condition of the fishing interests. Other bodies of water where winter fishing is prohibited are Conway, Newfound, Webster, Highland, Ossipee lakes and Pleasant Pond.

CENTRAL.

Brown's Tract Guides.

THE Brown's Tract Guides' Association, one of the most energetic and active of the many organizations in New York State which are interested in the protection of forest, fish and game, held its eighth annual meeting in Boonville on Thursday, January 12. The association has one hundred active members, all of whom are experienced guides, and an associate membership of nearly five hundred. The recent meeting was very largely attended, and the reports presented by the officials were highly encouraging. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Richard Crego; Vice-President, Hon. H. D. Grant; Secretary and Treasurer, A. M. Church; Executive Committee—Garry Riggs, Melville Oley, Ben Sperry, Ira Parsons, Will Burke, Charles H. Smith, Archibald Delmarsh. The following resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas, Vast areas of virgin forest lands in the Adirondacks are being lumbered for the timber each year, practically denuding such land of its timber and foliage and leaving vast quantities of inflammable material upon the ground to the great damage of the adjoining forest lands belonging to the State, and,

"Whereas, The opening up of these dense forest lands to the rays of the sun and warm winds of early spring, causing the rapid increase of the melting snow and the subsequent increase of high water in the streams that flow to the St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers, to the great danger of the destruction of the much valuable property along the banks of those streams and rivers, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this association that it is the imperative duty of the State to take such measures as is within its power to check this increasing danger by the purchase of forest lands in the Adirondacks and to prevent the cutting of any timber on lands belonging to the State in the Adirondack preserve."

Resolutions were also adopted approving of a law requiring non-residents of the State, who do not own property or pay taxes in the forest preserve, to pay a license fee of \$25 before they are permitted to hunt deer in this State; favoring amending the law so as to prohibit any person from killing more than one deer in each year; that the killing of otter be permitted from December to April inclusive.

Secretary A. M. Church presented a very interesting report, which was in part as follows:

"To the Officers and Members of the Brown's Guides' Association—The more a man studies the history of this country, the further he goes back into the lives of the men who were its founders, the more respect and admiration he must have for the men who have been before him. It is impossible to study the lives of the men of colonial times down to the War of the Revolution without becoming filled with admiration for the wonderful foresight and honesty of purpose that characterized all their public acts.

"September 18, 1708—'No person, Christian or Indian, freeman or slave, shall kill or destroy any buck, doe, or fawn, or any sort of deer whatsoever, wild turkeys, partridge or quail, except between the first day of August and the first day of January.'

"This is the exact text of an act passed for the preservation of deer and other game by the Governor, the Council and the General Assembly of the colony of New York in the year 1708—nearly 200 years ago—years before the United States was a nation by itself, when the whole country from Albany to the Mississippi was infinitely more of a wilderness than the remotest nook of the Adirondacks is to-day. And this was not the first act of game protection, for there was a previous enactment in the year 1705. The sale of deer, grouse and quail, fresh

of Nathan Harrington, the veteran with whom I hunted forty years and more."

"Edward T. Whittaker, referred to by former Congressman Walker, when asked as to whether, in his observation, he ever saw anything to indicate that foxes feed to any extent on game birds, said:

"I can tell one incident that came under my personal observation, which is an answer to any claim that foxes are liable to destroy young partridges during the breeding season. I once discovered in the grounds where I have done considerable of my hunting, a partridge setting on a nest within two or three rods of a burrow in which a litter of foxes was being reared. It was near the edge of a clump of bushes, and in going out into the open the foxes would often pass within eight feet of the setting partridge. The litter was raised, and the hen partridge brought out and raised a brood of partridges. I watched the foxes, I kept track of the partridges, and know that they lived into the hunting season, for I hunted them in that same cover.

"Speaking of what foxes eat, I am certain that game birds form an extremely small portion of their food. Foxes feed in the open, as everybody who studies their habits knows. Foxes may lie in the woods, but when they start out to pick up their food, they make straight for the open fields. Partridges do not remain in the open."

"Similar belief is expressed by fox hunters in general. They maintain that sportsmen who credit the fox with destroying game birds have no real proof except the occasional finding of game bird feathers beside a fox track in snow time. Frequenters of the woods who may come on game bird feathers, at once make up their mind that a fox has picked up a partridge. In reality, except when snow is on the ground, they have no right to make such an assertion, as many animals destroy game birds if they have the opportunity.

"The consensus of opinion among fox hunters in Worcester is that the fox is maligned many times without reason or knowledge, and before any attempt is made to interfere with one form of hunting for the benefit of another, the would-be reformers should satisfy themselves that they know what they are driving at."

A Duck Breeding Station.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A movement is now on foot, which has gained impetus by an able article on the subject that appeared in the Washington Post, Sunday, January 1, last, to interest Congress in the matter with a view of purchasing a tract of land on the Potomac River, where wild celery is to be found in large quantities, or elsewhere, to operate a game experimental station or farm along the lines of the work being done by the United States Fish Commission (and as is being done successfully on a small scale now on the Potomac River, in the State of Pennsylvania and elsewhere, where mallard ducks and other game birds are raised); under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, continuing and enlarging the work commenced several years ago, by the passage of the Lacey Act, which authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to take charge of this matter.

The Washington Post says:

"An idea of the disappearance of the canvasback in recent years may be derived from the records from one of the leading western clubs. The annual kill has dropped from about 2,000 to less than 100. Almost as deplorable a decline has occurred on the Atlantic Coast, but steps have been taken to prevent the extermination of the species. By most of the clubs the shooting days have been limited to three per week, and limitations have been fixed on the bags. The trouble now is with the pot-hunters or 'bushwhackers'—men who hunt for the market, and to whom the inducement of \$6 to \$12 per pair is a sufficient offset to all other considerations. It is a matter of profound regret that these men cannot be made to see that the extinction of a species creates a break in nature than can never be filled. The favorite food of the canvasback, which imparts to it the peculiar flavor so highly esteemed by epicures, is, on the Atlantic Coast, the valesneria, an aquatic plant popularly called wild celery, and on the Pacific Coast a bulbous plant called by the Indians wapato, the botanical name of which is *Sagittaria variabilis*. The root is the most palatable part, and the canvasback secures it by diving, but a constant companion—the widgeon—is frequently on hand to snatch away from him the coveted morsel as soon as he comes to the surface."

The plan in brief is this: To interest one or more wealthy sporting men or gun clubs to donate a specified sum of money, say \$30,000, on condition that Congress donates a like sum to purchase a suitable tract of land, equip the plant and take charge of it thereafter, on the same plan or principle that the large poultry or duck farms in the various States are now being operated; to experiment with wild celery culture and other aquatic plants which supply food for the duck family.

The writer knows of an ideal tract of land for this purpose on the Potomac River, near the Chesapeake Bay, where 3,000 acres with a large creek making up into the land can be purchased for \$10 an acre; and later experimental farms could be established in the north and west under the direction of the Department of Agriculture.

R. B. B. CHEW, JR.

Quail Under the Snow Crust.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 11.—Regarding the scarcity of quail, here is a little item of interest to your army of readers. Mr. A. E. Manchester, of Slade's Corner, Dartmouth, Mass., about ten miles from this city, who was tramping the woods near his farm in search of a Christmas tree, found twenty-two frozen quail in the snow. They were all fat and in good condition, and had when found been dead perhaps a week or two, and were all huddled together and were buried in the snow, which had become quite deep and crusted on the top, so that it was impossible for them to get out. This is a case of hard luck—a good sized flock of birds that lived to get by the hunting season, only to be wiped out by a hard winter.

CONSTANT READER.

deer skins and venison was prohibited during the close season, and a penalty of thirty shillings or thirty days in jail was imposed for each violation. These acts were sealed, signed and sent across the Atlantic Ocean to England, where they were pronounced 'good' by the King and returned to become the law of the land. In the year 1771, some persons, as the legislative act calls them, conceived the idea of stocking the Hudson River with salmon, advancing the theory that were they put there young they would come back to the headwaters to spawn, and petitioning the authorities for a law to protect them. The Governor and Legislature passed an act imposing a fine of ten pounds (nearly \$50) for each and every salmon caught and killed in the Hudson River within five years of the date of the act becoming a law. Any person or persons could sue and recover in his own name for violation of this act, and was not asked to notify anyone at the capital city, and run the risk of his notification being intercepted, nor was he asked to send the amount recovered to any officer to be kept a month or two and such part returned as it was thought he or they were entitled to. He just put the money down in his breeches pocket and went out and looked for another victim. Salmon ascend the Hudson River to-day, presumably from this plant, and were it not for dams at Glens Falls and elsewhere would undoubtedly be on the headwaters of that stream in considerable numbers each year. There is no record of the tons of them that have been taken since the passage of this act.

"And so we come down to April 19, 1859, when the Legislature of New York passed an act making the closed season for deer February 1 to August 1. You could hunt deer all through August, September, October, November and December and January. The penalty for violating this act was \$25. In 1862 the deer season was brought down to August, September, October and November. You could hunt deer with dogs during the month of October. You could have venison in possession till the 15th of February. In 1864 a license was required if you were to hunt in Kings, Queens or Suffolk counties, a fee of \$10. In 1867 you must hunt deer only in the months of October, November and December, and have in possession till January 10. Right here began the fight between the pot-hunter and the guide, and in 1868 the open season was put back to August 1, closing December 15. It was about this time that the Brown's Tract guides began to wake up. The last moose had been killed, deer were becoming scarce, panther and wolves plenty. Sportsmen came to the woods more and oftener. The practice of taking a man out to see how many trout he could catch in a day, or how many deer he could kill in a single night began to lose its attractiveness. The extra money received for the big basket of trout caught and thrown away, and the dollar a head for each deer that had been left to rot in the marshes, somehow lost its glimmer, and the halt was called. Winter time they hunted the panther, for whose head was paid a bounty of \$20, and by 1879 they were practically exterminated—forty or more of them having been killed. At this time the open season for deer had been made August 1 to November 30. You could use dogs from August 15 to November 1. No fawns in the spotted coat should be killed, and the Legislature—now that they were all gone—wisely said, no more moose should be killed. Dogs were prohibited in the year 1885, and in 1886 the deer season was made still shorter in response to a demand of the Brown's Tract guides, brought about by the appearance of Pennsylvania pot-hunters, who, driven from their own State by a five years' close season, came to the Adirondacks and killed and hauled them out by the sleighload to market. And the season for hunting was cut to August 15 to November 1, and one person to kill but three deer. Could use dogs from September 1 to October 15.

"In 1888 dogs could be used from September 1 to October 20. In 1889 only two deer could be killed by any one person, and in 1899 we got rid of the dogs forever.

"But now we had, instead of the old corduroy road, a pair of gleaming railway tracks, and instead of Charley Phelps and Frank Barrett and Frank Coonrod and Dan Gookins and "Old Nig" and the buckboard, instead of those things a hundred-ton locomotive and a train of palace cars, and a man has been known to leave New York at 8:10 in the evening and come to Charley Bar-

rett's, at the head of Third Lake, kill his two deer, and leave for home the next day at noon. And now if there was need of the Governor, the Council and the General Assembly, when the whole country was practically a wilderness, to protect the game for a few months of the year, what is the condition now that the wilderness has been narrowed down to a few square miles and the sheltering timber taken from the greater part of that?

"The winter of 1903 and 1904 was unusually severe, and reports came in early in February of the difficulty deer were having in getting food. Everything was buried beneath five feet of snow, and through which they could not go far. Parties of guides were immediately sent out searching for places where deer were wintering and cutting down browse wherever they were found. Nearly every wintering ground furnished its quota of dead deer. Some were found unable to get to their feet. Fatalities seemed to occur oftener during the extreme cold. No browse were cut except where there were signs of deer, and later examinations always showed that they had found and fed from the foliage put within their reach. The guides who could, cheerfully turned out, and some of them made hard trips on snowshoes. Nor was the work confined wholly to guides of the association. Others there were who did 'good service,' some of whom were offered pay, but declined to accept. It has been steadily claimed by the people at Albany up to and including last year, that deer were on the increase because more were carried by the express companies and the kill was greater. No allowance was made for the increase in facilities for shipping, nor for the immense number of hunters compared with previous years. This last season deer were scarce, and there were fewer hunters than the previous year, and as a consequence it is estimated the kill of last season will be much below that of 1903."

At the conclusion of the business meeting, the annual banquet was enjoyed. At the post-prandial session which followed, Hon. Garry A. Willard acted as toastmaster, and delivered an interesting address, as did also Harry V. Radford, Hon. H. D. Grant, Rev. T. F. Jessup, Rev. A. W. Cody, Rev. E. R. Pendergast, Fred. A. White and George O. Bridgeman. W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 11.

Michigan Game Interests.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No doubt you will have an interest in the probable changes in the Michigan game laws to be put through the sitting Legislature, and also will be interested in knowing the sentiment of the sportsmen of Michigan on the question.

There has been a considerable effort made in the past few years to create sentiment in favor of amending the laws relating to wildfowl shooting, as it is felt that the present law does not meet the case fairly. As you know, the game laws of this State impose no license fee on sportsmen from other States who hunt here, and as our neighboring commonwealths, almost without exception, impose a license fee of from \$10 to \$25, this question was also agitated.

As the result of agitation for the amendment of the fish and game laws of the State of Michigan, a mass meeting of the sportsmen of the State was called to meet at the Griswold hotel on Wednesday, January 11. There were present some sixty or seventy sportsmen, and ten or more "market hunters." For the most part the representation was confined to the region bordering on the Detroit and St. Clair rivers, Lakes Erie and Huron, with a very few from the interior of the State. The questions brought before the meeting were:

1. Shall spring wildfowl shooting be done away with?
2. Shall the fall season for duck shooting be lengthened?
3. Should the shooting of quail be prohibited for a term of years?
4. Shall a law be asked for imposing a license fee on resident and non-resident hunters?
5. Should the number of birds to any one bag be limited, and should the total number of birds to any one bag for the season be limited?

These were the main questions discussed, and there seemed to be quite a diversity of opinion as to all of them. This meeting does not, of course, mean that the Legislature will act in accordance with the decision arrived at by a majority of those present, but may be taken as an index of the sentiment of the great body of Michigan sportsmen.

On the first question at issue, the majority favored doing away with spring duck shooting. This was particularly true of those who shoot on or near the Great Lakes. On the contrary, the residents of inland points say that spring shooting is all they have; that the ducks do not come in to the inland waters in the fall, and that therefore they must shoot in the spring or go to the big lakes for their sport in the fall. As there was but a light representation from interior points, it is impossible to say what the majority of sportsmen from the interior would say on the subject, but it is safe to assume they would almost unanimously agree.

As to the second question at issue, it was the unanimous sentiment of the gathering that the fall season should be lengthened. The majority favored opening the season September 15 and closing December 31. As the present season has been exceptionally open, the ducks have remained in the waters of Lake Erie, the Detroit and St. Clair rivers, and in the bays of Lake St. Clair and Lake Huron, and it was stated that thousands of canvasbacks could be seen as late as New Year's Day, while there were also many hundreds of redheads and some mallards still lingering in the open water.

As to the shooting of quail, there did not seem to be much difference of opinion, but that the birds should be given from two to four years' rest from the guns. Some enthusiastic members proposed that contributions be asked from all of the sportsmen of the State for the purchase of breeding stock, claiming that this would be preferable to a close season for any term of years. It is well understood that the quail do not suffer so much from the guns as they do from the severe winters we have had in the past two years. The intense cold and deep snow of 1902-3 and 1903-4 did more to exterminate the quail than all the sportsmen in the country could have done in the same two seasons. It was claimed by many that the weasel, mink, skunk and fox, in a severe winter, destroy more quail and partridge than are killed by hunters during the season. The partridge, being hardier and better able to subsist on scant feed than the quail, have not suffered as have the smaller game bird; in fact, it is stated that the partridge were never more plentiful, and the promise is for grand sport next season with this fine bird.

The question of a gun license was not unanimously agreed to, although the opponents of the measure did not take the open and make their opposition felt. A nominal fee of \$1 for a shotgun for all residents of the State will probably be asked for. Regarding license fee for non-resident hunters, one proposition is to make the license the same as that imposed by the State from which the hunter comes. This will not meet with favor in the Legislature, however. The probable action will be to impose a license fee of \$15 on sportsmen carrying a shotgun, and leave the deer license at \$25, as it now stands. With reference to deer, it is proposed that the limit of three for the season be left stand, but that it be specified that there shall be not less than two bucks to each doe in such a bag. In other words, a man shall not shoot two does in one season.

With reference to limiting the bag, there did not seem to be any well-formed opinion as to what was desired. As a matter of fact, none but the true sportsmen in the gathering were in favor of limiting the bag, and I judge that the number of true sportsmen must have been few, from the manner in which the question was received.

The game warden department is endeavoring to get such a measure incorporated in the new law, and, as outlined at the meeting that night, the proposal is to limit each gun to ten birds—ducks, partridges or quail—for the day's shoot, and to limit the gun to fifty birds for the season. Coupled with the proposal to impose a license on non-resident hunters will also be a provision permitting the shipment of a certain amount of birds out of the State, under rigid restrictions as to such shipment. This, I think, would be a decent thing to do. F. K. G.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



The Log of a Sea Angler.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "ANGLING," "BIG GAME FISHES," ETC.

III.—Hunting the Nurse Shark—Hauled Overboard—Diving for Queen Conchs—The Fan Shell—Pugnacity of Crabs—Stealing from Birds—in a Pipe.

THERE was nothing more delightful in this fishing ground than to go out with the dinghy at sunrise, stand in the bow, grains in hand, one man sculling slowly, the others amidships, and watch the marvelous panorama of the lagoon, gazing down into the splendid vistas. No forest of the land had more beauties than this forest of the sea. Everything was in miniature, and one might compare it to a Japanese garden where everything is dwarfed and the trees stunted, as the leaf coral with branches four feet across, resembled the cedars of Japan, while the bottom was covered with gorgonias of countless hues.

Suddenly, as though cut with a knife, this would end and a clear sandy bottom would be seen through the water box—the home of the great queen conch and others. The water here was about fifteen feet in depth, the sand a perfect gray without the slightest object, sea weed or coral, to break its perfect tone; yet suddenly the field of

the gorgonias would begin again, or perhaps a growth of algae; but there was a belt of this clear bottom about nearly every key.

In drifting along one morning I saw a peculiar mound, apparently a foot across, and recognized the large queen conch (Cassis), a rarity even here. None of the men appeared to be anxious to go down, John said it was "too dogged near the channel for comfort," meaning that he was afraid of sharks. Chief doubted if he could hold his wind that long; while Bob explained that the "Conchs wa'n't good for anything anyhow."

That my men were not divers was evident, so I delegated John to hold the grains and prod any man-eater that came along while the others held the boat directly over the spot, and I stepped over and went down. The water at the surface was warm; at ten feet cool, and at the bottom—perhaps twelve or fifteen feet—decidedly cold by contrast—a delightful series of transitions. So clear was it that for many feet about various objects could be seen, and grasping the conch I turned it quickly to see if it was alive. To my delight I saw the rich red mouth and platform and the animal parts squeezing themselves in; then doubling up and placing my bare feet on the sandy bottom, I shot upward and rose from the sea bearing a rich trophy.

It was a splendid specimen, of perfect shape and color. The shell (Cassis) is sometimes seen cut into cameo, and common, I understand, in the South Pacific, but rare in

Atlantic waters. This experience opened up the delights of diving in these clear waters, and I determined to see the great reef from below as well as above.

In contemplating the marvelous creatures of the sea, one ultimately compares the fishes to the birds, and other marine animals with those of the land, and it does not take long to become convinced that the ocean is even more densely populated than the dry land. The inhabitants here were living on the slopes of a mountain; some near the surface in the zone of coral; some intermediate, others in deep water, while others again live in the open water, soaring continually, like the condor and eagles, always in search of prey.

Presently we came into smooth water ten feet in depth, the bottom covered with a sparse growth of short-leaved coral secreting algae. Here numbers of small conchs were found, and as the water shoaled the ordinary conch appeared in all stages or ages. I dived and brought up one in each hand, sometimes three on one arm. As I neared the bottom I could see them lumbering along with a peculiar hitching motion. The saber like *Lopha* would be thrown out, dug into the sand as an anchor or keedge, and the heavy shell "hitched" at *lateral* it. No color is more beautiful than the broad *lateral* of the huge strombus.

In its delicacy of pink it defies description, and would, doubtless, become a valuable article of jewelry if some means be devised to preserve the color which slowly

fades. These shells were in demand as grouper bait, so I brought them up until weary, and I believe that I could have filled the boat. When the men cut them up a week or ten days later I watched for the famous pink pearls, so valued, but did not find one. The method of opening conch is singular. The tip or back of the shell is cut around with a hatchet, and the immense animal taken out by a screw-like twist.

The charm of drifting over these gardens of the sea, now and then diving down into them, cannot be described. John advised me not to go beyond the length of his grains, yet he could not recall that any one had been attacked.

As the men poled along slowly, I looked for queen conchs, or any rare animal that might afford an excuse to drop over and go down; the floor of the lagoon suddenly shoaled, and Chief called my attention to some jet-black spot coming into view.

"School of nurse sharks takin' a siesta."

I wanted a nurse, and still more to see them asleep, the question of sharks sleeping being a disputed one; so Chief put a piece of sail cloth in the stern rowlock and began to scull noiselessly toward the school. There were ten of them, seemingly, all jet-black, lying in every position, well bunched and not more than two or three feet apart. They were of good size, from seven to eight feet in length, and seemed to have more pliability than most sharks, as in their positions they were bent and twisted. Slowly and carefully Chief sculled until we were within three yards or so of them, then in perfect silence the dinghy drifted over the school. The water was not over eight feet deep, clear as crystal, and I could see the animals as plainly as though among them. Their heads were down or had dropped upon the sand; and that they were asleep there could be no question. Had they been awake they would have darted away at the sight of the strange and menacing figures above them.

I raised the long grains, took a look at the line, then Chief knocked on the gunwale with his oars, awakening the sleepers. Each shark dashed ahead in the direction he was aimed, throwing the sand high into the watery atmosphere, creating a cloud which involved the entire school. I picked out one of the largest and sent the grains into it; then one of those peculiar unexpected things occurred: the line had a twist around the pole, and as I grasped it to jerk it from the socket—still holding the line—the fish rushed violently and jerked me overboard, and my next impression was being dragged under water.

The instinctive impulse is to hold on when fishing, and I obeyed it, and must have been dragged ten feet under water. Chief later said that he thought I had dived after the shark as he saw me shooting along after it, "scaring him to death." But I came up in a few seconds, and by bending back and presenting my chest to the water, I discouraged the shark in a few moments; but when I threw myself on my side, it towed me at a rapid rate, badly demoralized.

It was an excellent and safe opportunity to test the strength and towing capacity of a large nurse shark, so I indulged in the sport, the exciting pastime of shark riding, my men following with the dinghy, shouting instructions, the bent of which were that I must not allow the shark to tow me into deep water. It towed me possibly one hundred yards up and down, and I had the creature well tired out in that time, due to the fact that it was all in shallow water.

If the shark could have reached the channel it could easily have carried me down. It finally swam over a shallow sand spit, where I regained my footing and slowly worked my steed in, with the aid of my men hauling it on the beach. This experience happened several times; that is, some of us were jerked overboard by these sharks; but it should be explained that we were standing on the little forward deck of a light boat. I can commend the sport as "lively" while it lasts.

The nurse, sometimes called the "sleeping shark," from the fact that it is nearly always observed asleep, is a big, harmless creature, almost black or a dark reddish brown, with a small mouth and insignificant teeth. To contemplate one towing me about, its fierce rushes, its savage jerks, its doubling and turning, its frantic dashes to the surface, beating the water with its tail, would have impressed the innocent observer that I was the personification of daredevil courage; but a glance at the mouth of the monster would have despoiled the scene of its dramatic effect. The nurse is a grubber, a coward. I doubt if it has the temerity to attack a big crayfish. The short-spined echinus and tough holothurian, or sea cucumber, are its prey. Of all the animals of the sea, this fish is the best "bluffer." It puts up a splendid fight and looks very dangerous; but the nurse is merely frightened. The shallow lagoon was a pasture, the nurses were a herd of marine cattle asleep, and they returned to about the same spot day after day. I rarely went on a drifting and diving excursion over the reef but they could be seen, always asleep, always running away in a state of frenzied alarm.

As we went ashore and ran the dinghy on to the beach, hundreds of sand crabs ran in every direction—one of the most interesting features of the life of this isolated place. There are three or four kinds of crabs: first the spirit crabs which live in holes along the beach in countless numbers, and which mimic the sand in color; a big red and purple crab which lives in the brush; a big hermit crab, also a brush lover, while its young fill every small shell alongshore. All the large ones are bait of the best quality; but the crabs constitute the sanitary department of the island, and the raids on the birds are a constant source of interest.

Not far from camp I heard a vociferous crying, and on approaching found a noddy's nest being appropriated by crabs. I stood and watched the proceedings. The noddy, a beautiful bird with mild brown eyes of a delicate chocolate color, with white topknot, had brought a flying fish to its young, and all the crabs of the neighborhood were coming unbidden to the feast. There were bands of hermits ranging in size from a pea to others occupying the big pearly trochus shell as large as a top, all laboriously climbing the bay cedar tree. The large ones overran and knocked off the smaller ones, and there was a constant rain of shells from the bush.

As soon as they lost their hold, they would slip into the shell, which would drop, and the crab would immediately make for the tree again. The advantage seemed

held by a large purple land crab which lived beneath a neighboring cactus patch, and several were slowly ascending, crawling over the cowardly hermits and brandishing their war-like claws in a menacing manner. Presently two reached the rude nest, where a number of hermits were stationed. One advanced boldly to the attack, seized the head of the fish, while the young noddy held the tail, screaming and hissing vociferously, at which all the crabs made an advance. In the mêlée the young bird was outrageously robbed, illustrating the fact that the mother bird fished not only for its young, but for the land crabs as well. I recall that Moseley describes the crabs of a Southern Pacific island as stealing the young rabbits from their dens, carrying them off bodily.

The big hermit crabs were interesting pets, and I decided to become better acquainted with them; so I baited a tree with a dead grouper, and in a short time had gathered in a large crop. They came from beneath the roots or leaves of a patch of cactus hard by, and were all sorts and conditions of crabs—large, small, and in all styles of shells robbed and pilfered from some other crab. Never was there such a community as theirs living together, each on the lookout to steal the other's home at the slightest provocation. That a hermit crab could be tamed there was little doubt, and in a short time I had a large one living in a pearly trochus shell that would take a piece of fish from my hand and would sit for an hour looking at me, evidently trying to study out what manner of thing it was that gave it food while the birds fought against it. By heating the (tip) back of the shell—a miserable trick—I obliged the crab to vacate its stolen shell, when its fear, its attempts to conceal its soft body, were laughable.

Bob had a broken clay pipe, and clearing this out I placed it in the box with the crab. In a very short time the latter darted into it and proudly dragged it about. I played the same trick on a marine hermit. Bob, as this crab was named (as he never said anything), became highly civilized, and later made a trip to the north, where he fell a victim to the cold weather.

These crabs were all land hermits, but there were giants in the water. One I found occupying a 5-pound strombus or conch shell, dragging it about with ease, its huge red claws filling the entrance—a menacing operculum.

A Visit to Old Back Creek.

AS THE sun was just peeping over the eastern hills, our team rattled down the lane from Jim Dehaven's house to the old ford on Back Creek. We had left Winchester in the early morning hours that we might reach our destination early, and therefore have a full day before us. Reaching the old camp site we put up the tent. It was a glorious November morning, the cool, bracing air making us step around lively, and we soon had the blue smoke curling up through the trees. Camping once more! How good it was! How familiar the old tent looked there stretched under the shelter of the old sycamore where it had stood so many times before. The water was as clear as crystal. How, in former years, had we longed to see it in this condition; but we can't always have good water when out on these trips. We had come up here to old Back Creek simply to spend a few days camping and fishing and living over the days of years ago. My partner had gone up to Jim's to see if he could get some eggs for breakfast while I was getting a pot of coffee ready. Pretty soon he came back, accompanied by old Jim, with a bucket of fresh eggs and some milk. Right you say! That breakfast tasted better than anything we had had since last we were out.

After breakfast and a good smoke and talking over old times with Jim, we got our fishing traps together and wended our way up through the meadow to Beaver Pond, about a quarter of a mile distant. The sun had gotten up some little distance by this time and was bathing the scene with golden splendor. The air was full of tonic elixir, and we drank in with deep draughts the pure, fresh air and the beauty of the landscape. As we neared the pond we could hear the splash of the bass as the monsters sallied forth in search of whatever they might devour. Our hearts throbbed with anticipation of some good sport, for we knew that in former years we had caught fish here, and why not now? Arrived at one of our favorite points on the pond, we joined our rods together put on a "catty," and went after them. Partner's bait had hardly touched the surface of the water before I heard the whirr of his reel and saw the old-time excitement in his eyes. The fish took a straight shoot right down stream and probably ran thirty feet of line out before he stopped. Off he tore again, but not so far this time. Partner stopped him in his mad rush, and then the fun commenced. Partner was getting excited, and said if he lost that fish he'd go back to camp and mourn the rest of the day. He was playing him for all he was worth, but that fish had the devil in him for sure. He sawed and he zigzagged and threw himself clear out of the water in a vain endeavor to free himself, but partner had him—had him good and fast—and as his struggles grew fainter my friend reeled him in—a monster 5-pounder.

"Ah, Cline!" he said, "that was worth a lifetime." Nothing had been "doing" with my "catty," which was pirouetting around over the bottom of the pond; but presently something scented him from afar, and soon my reel was ringing out to the music of a 17-year locust. I at once forgot about partner's 5-pounder—I only thought of the monster at the end of my line, for he certainly felt heavy. My fish ran probably twenty feet, stopped a few seconds, and struck out again. Now is the time most fishermen will call a halt, and, by the force of habit, I did so, and as usual hooked into something. Now it was my turn to have some fun. My! but it was great. I was once more full of the old excitement that thrills the soul and takes one back to old experiences. My line cut the water like a knife as the fish struggled in vain to break away. I finally wore him out and landed him high and dry and compared him with partner's. He was shy one pound, but he was a beauty, nevertheless. The finny denizens of the depths seemed crazy for the "catties." It was certainly a repetition of one morning years ago when Steiman Snapp and myself, who were camping at the ford, took 37 pounds out of this place. After an hour and a half of some of the best sport I ever experienced, we counted up and had 29 pounds. My! but what a bunch it was.

It was along about 12 o'clock, and we had run out of bait, so concluded to stop fishing and eat our lunch, after which we lighted up our pipes and reminisced of former camping trips. When old "Snappy" and I used to pirouette around here, there could always be seen followers of Izaak along the banks of Back Creek; but nowadays it seems as if the anglers have found new fishing grounds and forsaken the old creek, which, if they only knew, furnishes just as good sport now as it ever did. It was along here that "Snappy" and I were caught in a cloud-burst, and it was an experience that neither of us will ever forget. We were wading just below the pond, and why we never heard the roar of the water coming I could never understand. The wall of water swooped down upon us and carried us down some distance before we really knew what had happened. Then we came to our senses and took in the situation, which didn't appear to be a very pleasant one. We had on very little clothing and no shoes, and as we both could swim we managed to keep on top, pulling for the bank all the time, but it was hard work in that rush of water. We finally reached the bank, and grabbing hold of some bushes held on until we could pull ourselves out. We then raced down through the meadow to camp to pull down the tent should the water get up that high, and we were on the point of doing so when we saw the torrent encroaching upon our camp. But it didn't quite reach us, and we congratulated ourselves upon having escaped with our lives and being high and dry above the flood.

All the members of the old Back Creek camp are married now except yours truly, and I am afraid that as long as I retain a fondness for camping and life in the wilds, the ladies will have to excuse me.

Retracing our steps and looking down over the level meadow to the ford we could see the white canvas through the trees. What sweet recollections the sight of it brought to mind. I could almost imagine I could see my old friend "Snappy" lying flat along the high banks there in the meadow trying to fool the fish with a fly.

What times we used to have down there at camp at night when the boys from the country near-by would come down with their sweethearts and say, "Let's have a dance." We'd light up the old camp torches and repair to the green just over the fence. "Snappy" was excellent on the mandolin and I played the second on the guitar, and when we got warmed up on the "Georgia Camp-Meeting" there was some great swinging of partners in that meadow. But those days are gone, and the pity of it all is we can never live them over again.

After supper Jim Dehaven came down to see us. We could never forget old Jim, especially "Snappy" and myself, for we remembered so well the first time we camped up here. It was our first trip out, and we were youngsters then, and it got mighty lonesome down there in the hollow some nights until Jim would come down and stay awhile, and sometimes stay all night. We talked over experiences of the past until 10 o'clock, when our friend went home, and then we stretched out upon our cots with naught to disturb our slumbers save the monotonous orchestra of the katydids.

The next morning we went down the creek to Ducks' Roost, another favorite camping place of Winchester sportsmen. Charley Brown, now a member of the Shenandoah Rod and Reel Club, has had experiences down there, and says it is one of the best places on Back Creek for bass. Mr. Brown has fished all along this waterway, and has probably caught as big fish as any one who has been over the water. We caught some very nice ones at the Roost, and returned to camp at 1 o'clock in the morning.

When the water was clear you could see the bass very plainly swimming about, and the only way you could catch them was to stretch a line from bank, bait it with live minnows, and then go away and wait. They wouldn't bite if any one was near. After a farewell swim at high banks we returned to camp and pulled down the tent, and after bidding a fond adieu to the scenes of our younger days, we pulled out for old Winchester.

WINCHESTER, Va.

A. T. C.

British Columbia Salmon.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Consul L. Edwin Dudley writes: "The sockeye season on the Fraser River has been the most disappointing ever experienced; only about 80,000 cases (48 pounds each) have been put up in the twenty-three canneries operated. Overfishing and the absence of wise practices in respect to propagation are assigned as the reasons, and it is certain that unless prompt and energetic measures are adopted the industry is doomed. In this connection it is gratifying to report that a conference between the Puget Sound and the Fraser River canners has been held in Vancouver, which, it is earnestly hoped, with the assistance of the governments of the State of Washington and of the United States, will result in joint and energetic action being taken on both sides of the border to avoid so great a calamity.

"At present there are hatcheries in this Province as follows: Operated by the Dominion Government—Bon Accord, New Westminster, capacity 10,000,000 fry; Harrison Lake (building), capacity 25,000,000 fry; Salmon Arm, capacity 20,000,000 fry; Lakelse, capacity 10,000,000 fry. Operated by the Provincial Government—Seaton Lake, capacity 20,000,000 fry. Operated by the British Columbia Packers' Association—Alert Bay, capacity 5,000,000 fry. Three more hatcheries, with a capacity for handling 25,000,000 fry each, have been ordered to be constructed, one on the Skeena, one on Rivers Inlet, and one on the Fraser River. These will probably be installed early in 1905, and will be available for the collection of spawn in the fall of that year. It will thus be seen that provision has already been made for handling 90,000,000 spawn, and that facilities for handling 75,000,000 more are being provided; consequently it only needs the adoption of reasonable and sensible methods for permitting fish to reach the spawning grounds to perpetuate the supply."

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Cuvier Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 12.—The annual meeting of the Cuvier Club of Cincinnati was held January 7, and marked the close of one of the most successful years in the history of the club. Judge Peter F. Swing, acting president, presided. The annual reports of J. W. Lawler, secretary, Charles Drury, custodian, and J. Ryan, game warden, were read. Mr. Drury announced that the club had been offered many rare specimens for their museum. The game warden reported many arrests and convictions for violations of the game laws. Dr. A. B. Heyl, J. J. Faran and Robt. J. Morgan were elected trustees, and, with Judge Peter F. Swing, P. E. Roach, Henry Hanna, J. T. Rouse, George Gerke and E. M. Pattison, constitute the new board. Dr. A. B. Heyl was unanimously elected president. In his speech of acceptance, Dr. Heyl paid a high compliment to Alex. Starbuck, his predecessor, who,

he said, had served the club faithfully for nine years, and had set a high standard of excellence for his successor. Judge P. F. Swing, Henry Hanna and P. E. Roach were elected first, second and third vice-presidents. Over 1,500 members and guests attended the New Year's Day reception of the club on January 2, and enjoyed the hospitalities extended; especially the egg-nogg prepared, as for many years past, by Captain Luther Parker.

BONASA.

New York Legislature.

Special Correspondence Forest and Stream.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 14.—Standing legislative committees on forest, fish and game have been announced for the Senate and the Assembly, as follows:
Senate.—Senators Allds, of Chenango; Armstrong, of Monroe; Warnick, of Montgomery; Cobb, of Jefferson; Riordan and Frawley, of New York.
Assembly Fisheries and Game.—Messrs. Reeve, of Suffolk; F. C.

Wood, of Fulton and Hamilton; Knapp, of Clinton; Stevens, of Rensselaer; C. R. Matthews, of Franklin; Hooper, of Essex; Foster, of Jefferson; Bass, of Otsego; Waddell, of Warren; Bissland, of Sullivan; Caughlan, Rosenstein and Machacek, of New York.

Assembly Public Lands and Forestry.—Messrs. Hanford, of Tioga; Stanley, of New York; Platt, of Steuben; F. C. Wood, of Fulton and Hamilton; Pratt, of Oneida; Rigby, of Westchester; Slocum, of Lewis; Becker, of Monroe; Ellis, of New York; T. F. Matthews, of Kings; Salomon, of New York.

Bills amending the forest, fish and game laws have been introduced in the Legislature, as follows:

By Senator Gardner, amending Section 114 so as to provide that from the first day of May to the first day of October in each year fish shall not be taken by any device other than angling, in Great South Bay and its inlets.

By Assemblyman Gates, prohibiting non-residents hunting for deer without having first provided themselves with a license issued by the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission, at an annual cost of \$25.

By Assemblyman Gates, prohibiting the catching of brook trout for the purpose of selling the same from any waters within the Adirondack or Catskill forest preserves.



YACHTING



LET THE MEASUREMENT RULE STAND.

We publish this week the complete report of the Committee on Measurement appointed by the New York Y. C. This report is accompanied by a very intelligent paper by Mr. Charles Lane Poor, a member of the committee, in which he outlines just what has been accomplished during the past year.

From the first we have supported the rule; not because we believed it ideal, but because it seemed to be the best formula yet devised for the handicapping of racing yachts. There has been some adverse criticism of the rule, and the New York Y. C. has accomplished very much to bring about so general an adoption of it in the face of such opposition. The best evidence that the rule has some merit is the fact that the majority of our foremost clubs have adopted it. Uniformity of measurement was the goal that all wished to attain, and much has been accomplished in that direction. So far the merits of the rule have not been adequately tested in practice, and its value remains a subject of conjecture. They can be proven only by a practical demonstration. The schooner Ingomar is the only vessel of any size that has been built under the rule, and she came from the board of Herreshoff, the real exponent of the formula. Ingomar is a fine all-around boat. Her performances both here and abroad preclude any criticism in so far as her speed is concerned; and in the bad weather experienced while making the ocean passages to and from England, she proved an excellent sea boat.

It is not our purpose at this time to defend the rule, even if it needed a champion, and we are very sure it does not; but now that it has been adopted by so many influential clubs, which were represented by so many capable men at the conferences, the only thing remaining is for the organizations, whether individually or collectively, to let well enough alone, avoid any amendments or changes for a reasonable length of time, say five years, and see what the result will be.

During such a period ample opportunity will be had to demonstrate the value or lack of value of the rule, and no matter what the outcome, progress will certainly be made. The time will not have been lost. If the rule is weak, the results of the next few years will prove it so, and a change can then be made. In any event, a great deal of data and material will be available, which will be of great value in securing a better formula; and certainly layman and scientist will then be more amply equipped for the undertaking. Perhaps the evolution which the sport of yachting is undergoing will bring forth something better in the way of a rule; indeed we hope so. In the meantime we ask the indulgence of all yachtsmen, and we ask them to give the rule a fair test before abandoning it. For the present, let us abide by what has been done. Let the men who believe in the rule build under it and prove its value; and, on the other hand, let those who do not believe in it do likewise, and any weaknesses can then be proved to everyone's satisfaction. This is the only real test, and the only way in which progress can be made.

Rating Rule Modification.

BY CHARLES LANE POOR.

DURING the months of November and December committees from various yacht clubs met in conference at the New York Y. C. The present lack of uniformity in measurement rules has greatly injured racing, and the conference was the outcome of an attempt to harmonize the existing rules. No effort was made to investigate the theoretical relation of speed to the various factors of measurement, nor to deduce a formula for rating from mathematical or mechanical laws. A condition of chaos confronted the members of the conference, and they attempted to bring order out of confusion, and to find a rule of measurement which would be adopted by all clubs. With the conditions as they are, this is all that could be attempted; radical changes are not wanted, uniformity is.

The proposed rule is good, and if adopted by all clubs should produce good racing. It is probably the best method of arbitrarily handicapping boats of various build and design that has yet been considered.

As a basis the Herreshoff formula,

$$R.L. = \frac{1}{5.5} \left(\frac{L \sqrt{S A}}{\sqrt{D}} \right)$$

was adopted. This is a purely arbitrary formula, and has no theoretical relation to speed; but as the result of experience during the past two years this formula was deemed the fairest yet proposed for handicapping and classifying boats of different design and construction. It is the basis of nearly all the measurement rules now in force, and has produced good results.

The methods of measuring L, $\sqrt{S A}$, and D which appear in the formula were the cause of much discussion. The adopted methods are the result of compromise, and, it is to be hoped, successfully harmonize the diverse views.

Method of Measuring L.

The method of measuring length in vogue with the Atlantic Y. C. was adopted. This substitutes a single measurement in place of the mean of two, as in the present New York method; and further, it is claimed, the new method measures as nearly as possible the actual waterline of a modern yacht when heeled over in sailing. The proposed method undoubtedly has the effect of heavily penalizing the scow bow, which was so objectionable a few years ago. In this regard the new length measurement is fully as effective as the Larchmont tax. A comparison of three existing boats of different types will show this clearly. From the designs of the three boats I find:

	Waterline.	Larchmont L.	Proposed L.
(A)	35.00	35.16	33.00
(B)	36.00	39.50	38.00
(C)	41.10	41.90	39.10

(B) is a full bowed boat, (A) is an older boat of more moderate design, and (C) a boat designed and built since the present quarter beam rule went into effect. Allowing for the one foot difference in waterline length, it will be seen from the above figures that (B) relative to (A) takes penalties of

- 3.34 ft. under the Larchmont rule,
- 4.00ft. under the proposed rule.

Again comparing (B) with (C) and allowing for the difference of waterline, we see that (B) relative to (C) is penalized by

- 2.70ft. under the Larchmont rule,
- 4.00ft. under the proposed rule.

Thus the proposed method of measuring length taxes the scow bow even more heavily than does the Larchmont method.

The trouble with the proposed method is that it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to obtain L. directly from the boat. Measurers will be forced to accept designers' drawings from which to calculate L. In this particular the Larchmont method for measuring length is preferable.

Method of Measuring Sail Area.

All methods of measuring sail area are arbitrary, and none of them attempt to measure the actual sail carried by a yacht during a race. Such an attempt would result in endless confusion; each and every sail carried on a yacht would have to be measured and officially marked; and further, in each race, an accurate account would have to be kept of the number of minutes each and every sail was in actual use. All that a rule of measurement can do is to give an approximate idea as to the amount of sail the yacht can carry.

The method adopted was proposed by Mr. Crane. Under it the spars are measured, and from these spar measurements is determined, by simple calculations, a very close approximation to the actual area of the mainsail and topsail. If the gaff be at right angles to the diagonal drawn from the after end of the boom to the topmast head, the Crane formula will give the actual area of the after sails; in every other case the Crane formula gives a result too large. In three sail plans by different designers and of different types of boats, the Crane formula made the areas of the after sails exceed the actual areas by 2½, 5 and 4 per cent. respectively.

A great improvement was made by taking as the area of the headsails, 90 per cent. of the area of the fore-triangle. The headsails (balloon jib excepted) never fill more than 75 to 80 per cent. of the fore-triangle; the balloon jib, which fills the entire triangle, is carried but a small fraction of the time in the average race. Thus when the whole triangle was used in the measurement, the

boat was taxed for sail which she could carry only a small part of the time. The new method will give the designers more freedom in designing the headsails; they will not feel under the necessity of putting on large sails in the attempt to fill up the triangle.

On the whole, the sail area rule gives fully as satisfactory results as any rule that has been tried; it is more simple than the present New York rule, and it has the great advantage that it avoids all complications due to stretching of sails, peaking up of gaff, position of hounds, halliard-blocks carried on pennants, etc.

Limits and Penalties.

The limits on draft and sail area were made dependent upon L., and the penalties for excessive draft and sail area were removed from all existing boats. Boats launched after January 1, 1905, are subject to the penalties and rate at the highest limit of their respective classes. This seems a fair and proper provision; boats designed and built under the old rules take their full rating under the rule, but are not penalized for exceeding certain arbitrary limits, which were not thought of at the time they were designed. This, however, puts a heavy handicap on new boats, and it will take some exceedingly clever designing to win against some of the boats now in existence.

Boats built five or ten years ago should stand very good chances in future races, and it is to be hoped that next season will bring together a number of the old favorites. With new sails and up-to-date rigging, many of the old-timers would undoubtedly win out against the racing freak of the last three or four years.

One of the most important changes is the abolition of time allowance for all new boats. This is an attempt to re-establish the successful class racing of former years.

Proposed Amendments to the Racing Rules.

Proposed amendments as recommended by the Committee on Measurement, consisting of S. Nicholson Kane (Chairman), W. B. Duncan, Jr., Newbury D. Lawton, Oliver E. Cromwell, Charles Lane Poor, H. De B. Parsons, Archibald Rogers, G. A. Cormack (Secretary), in conference with committees from the following yacht clubs: Atlantic Y. C., Larchmont Y. C., Eastern Y. C., Corinthian Y. C. (Marblehead), Corinthian Y. C. (Philadelphia), Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, comprising American Y. C., Bridgeport Y. C., Corinthian Y. C. of Stamford, Harlem Y. C., Hartford Y. C., Hempstead Harbor Y. C., Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., Huguenot Y. C., Huntington Y. C., Indian Harbor Y. C., Knickerbocker Y. C., Manhasset Bay Y. C., New Haven Y. C., New Rochelle Y. C., New York Athletic Club, Northport Y. C., Norwalk Y. C., Park City Y. C., Riverside Y. C., Sachem's Head Y. C., Sea Cliff Y. C., Shelter Island Y. C., Stamford Y. C.

Amend Rule I. of the Racing Rules, entitled "Measurement for Classification and Time Allowance," by striking out all following the headings, "Length" and "Sail Area," page 227, to and including "Topsails," page 233, and substituting therefor the following:

LENGTH.

L. measured on a line parallel with the middle fore-and-aft vertical plane at a distance from it equal to one-quarter of the greatest beam (B) at the load waterline, and one-tenth of this beam (B-10) above the load waterline; and in case there are many notches, jogs, curves or angles at or near the plane of measurement, L. shall be taken on a fair line bridging such notches, curves, jogs or angles.

SAIL AREA.

The measurer shall measure the spars and calculate the sail area in the following manner, and the square root of this area shall be the \sqrt{SA} in the rating formula.

Mainsail and Topsail Sloops, Schooners and Yawls, and Mizzen and Topsail of Three-Masted Schooners.

B.—Length of boom measured from after side of mast to out-board end.

G.—Length of gaff measured from after side of mast to out-board end. (At the option of the owner the outer points of measurement on the boom and gaff may be black bands, beyond the inner edges of which the sail shall not be extended.)

P.—A perpendicular taken along the after side of the mast from the upper side of the sheave of the highest halliard block or sheave on the mast or topmast to the upper side of the boom when resting on the saddle or on the lowest part of the gooseneck; the distance of which point above the fair line of solid bulwarks shall be recorded by the measurer.

In pole-masted yachts which carry the upper halliard block on a pennant, the upper point of measurement shall be the point at which the pennant is fastened to the mast.

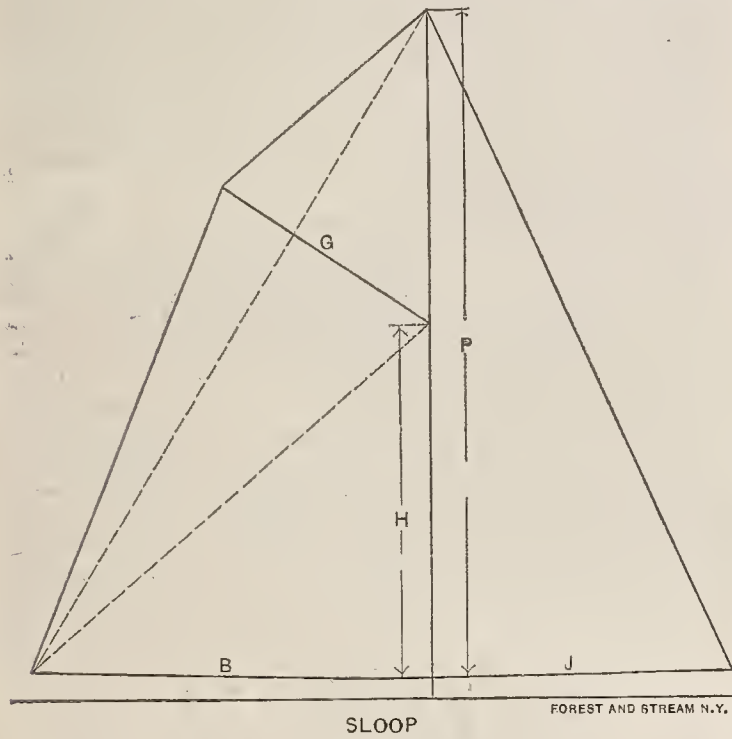
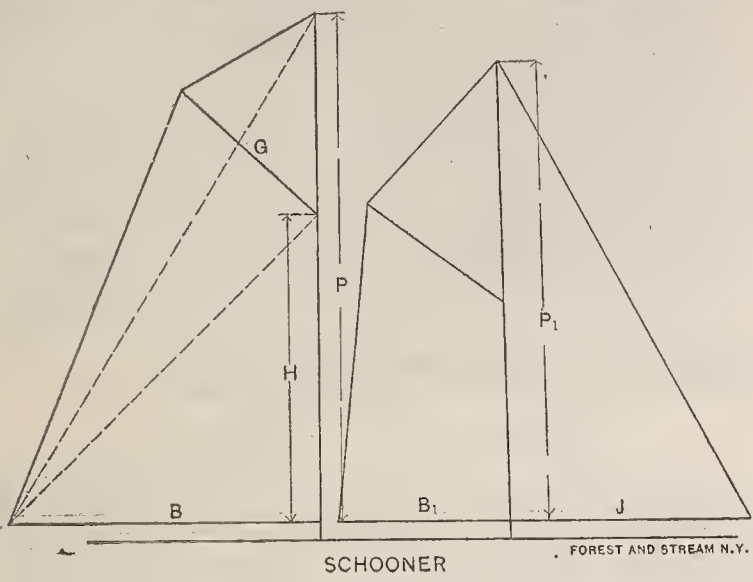
H.—A perpendicular measured along the after side of the mast from the upper side of the boom, when resting on the saddle or on the lowest part of the gooseneck to the lower edge of a black band or other distinctive mark upon the mast, above which mark the throat cringle of the mainsail shall not be hoisted.

The area of the mainsail and topsail in sloops, schooners and yawls, or of the mizzen and topsail in three-masted schooners shall be obtained from the above measurements by multiplying B by H, and G by the square root of the sum of the squares of

B and P, adding the two products together and dividing the result by two.

$$\text{Formula: } \frac{B \times H + G \sqrt{B^2 + P^2}}{2}$$

In pole-masted vessels, not carrying topsails, the area of the mainsail, and in yawls the area of the mizzen, shall be obtained from the above measurements, or from similar measurements on



the mizzenmast and boom, by multiplying B by H, and G by the square root of the sum of the squares of H and B, adding the two products together and dividing the result by 2.

$$\text{Formula: } \frac{B \times H + G \sqrt{B^2 + H^2}}{2}$$

In pole-masted vessels carrying sprit topsails, the area of the mainsail, and in yawls the area of the mizzen, shall be calculated as above for pole-masted vessels, and the area of the sprit topsails added thereto.

Foresails of Two-Masted Schooners and Foresails and Mainsails of Three-Masted Schooners.

B₁.—The length of boom from after side of foremast to the outer end.

P₁.—A perpendicular taken along the after side of the foremast from the upper side of the sheave of the highest halliard block or sheave on the topmast to a point at the same distance above the fair line of solid bulwarks at the foremast, as the lower point of measurement of P is at the mainmast.

The area of the foresail and topsail of schooners shall be obtained from these measurements by multiplying B₁ by P₁ and taking 80 per cent. of the product

$$\text{Formula: } 0.80 (B_1 \times P_1)$$

The area of the mainsail and topsail in three-masted schooners shall be obtained in a similar manner from like measurements made on the mainmast and main boom.

Headsails.

J.—The base J to be measured from the fore side of mast to where the line of the luff of the foremost headsail when extended cuts the bowsprit, other spar, hull, etc., as the case may be.

In yachts of 27ft. rating and over, if the distance from the center fore-and-aft line of the mast to the outer end of the spinnaker boom, when in position, exceeds the distance from the fore side of the mast to the bowsprit end (where cut by the line of the luff of the foremost headsail), the excess shall be added to the base of the fore triangle. In the case of a schooner, the base J shall be measured from the foremast, but if the main or longest spinnaker boom exceeds the before-mentioned distance, the excess shall be added to the base J.

In yachts under 27ft. rating, the spinnaker boom may be 40 per cent. of the length of the base line, measured from the foremost point of measurement on the bowsprit, other spar, or hull, as the case may be, in a straight line to the extreme after point of measurement. Any excess of the spinnaker boom over such 40 per cent. shall be added to the base J.

In sloops, cutters and yawls, the area of the headsails shall be obtained by multiplying J by P, dividing by 2, and taking 90 per cent. of the result.

$$\text{Formula: } \frac{P \times J}{2}$$

In schooners the area of the head sails shall be obtained by multiplying J by P₁, dividing by 2, and taking 90 per cent. of the result.

$$\text{Formula: } \frac{P_1 \times J}{2}$$

TOTAL AREA.

In sloops and cutters the total sail area for purposes of measurement shall be the sum of the area of mainsail and topsail and headsails, as calculated by the above method; in yawls, the sum of the areas of mainsail and topsail, mizzen and topsails and headsails; in schooners, the sum of the areas of mainsail and topsail, foresail and topsail and headsails; in three-masted schooners, the sum of the areas of the mizzen, mainsail, foresail and topsails and headsails.

A spinnaker may have a headstick, or board, not longer than one-twentieth the length of the spinnaker boom, but not a foot, or more than one sheet, or any other contrivance for extending the sail to other than a triangular shape.

In case a yacht shall carry a square sail, or square topsail, or rafee (together or separately) instead of a spinnaker, the actual area of the same shall be computed; and if such area exceed the area of the fore triangle, the excess shall be used in the total area for determining the rating.

In case the area of a club topsail, carried by any yacht, shall exceed 100 per cent. of the area of the working topsail or jib-header, such excess shall be used in computing the total area for determining the rating.

Further amend Rule I, pages 233 and 234, by striking out all under heading of "Limit of L. W. L.," including the headlines, also paragraph (page 234) entitled "Limit of Sail Area," and substituting therefor the following:

LIMITS AND PENALTIES.

One-half of any excess of L.W.L. over 115 per cent. of L shall be added to the rating measurement.

The L.W.L. shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder post, is intersected by the surface of the water when the yacht is afloat in racing trim.

The limit of draft of yachts shall be in feet; 0.15 times the L plus 2.50, and any excess of draft, exclusive of centerboard, as per above formula, shall be multiplied by 3 and added to the rating measurement; this penalty, however, shall not apply to yachts launched prior to Jan. 1, 1905.

Any excess of the square root of sail area over 135 per cent. of L shall be added to the rating measurement; this limit, however, shall not apply to yachts launched prior to Jan. 1, 1905.

Also further amend Rule I, page 234, by adding to paragraph I., headed "Certificates of Measurement," line 5, after the words "the measurer shall personally," the words "measure the spars and," so that when amended the paragraph will read:

"The measurer may accept drawings, dimensions and calculations of any or all specified measurements when certified by the designer; but previous to the filing of a certificate of measurement with the secretary, the measurer shall personally measure the spars and verify the line of flotation, and all dimensions and calculations depending thereon."

Amend Rule II. of the Racing Rules, page 235, by striking out the entire rule and substituting the following:

CLASSIFICATION.

Schooners.

- Class A.—All over 90ft., rating measurement.
- Class B.—Over 75ft., not over 90ft., rating measurement.
- Class C.—Over 64ft., not over 75ft., rating measurement.
- Class D.—Over 55ft., not over 64ft., rating measurement.
- Class E.—55ft. or less, rating measurement.

Sloops and Yawls.

- Class F.—All over 100ft., rating measurement.
- Class G.—Over 82ft., not over 100ft., rating measurement.
- Class H.—Over 68ft., not over 82ft., rating measurement.
- Class J.—Over 57ft., not over 68ft., rating measurement.
- Class K.—Over 48ft., not over 57ft., rating measurement.
- Class L.—Over 40ft., not over 48ft., rating measurement.
- Class M.—Over 33ft., not over 40ft., rating measurement.
- Class N.—Over 27ft., not over 33ft., rating measurement.

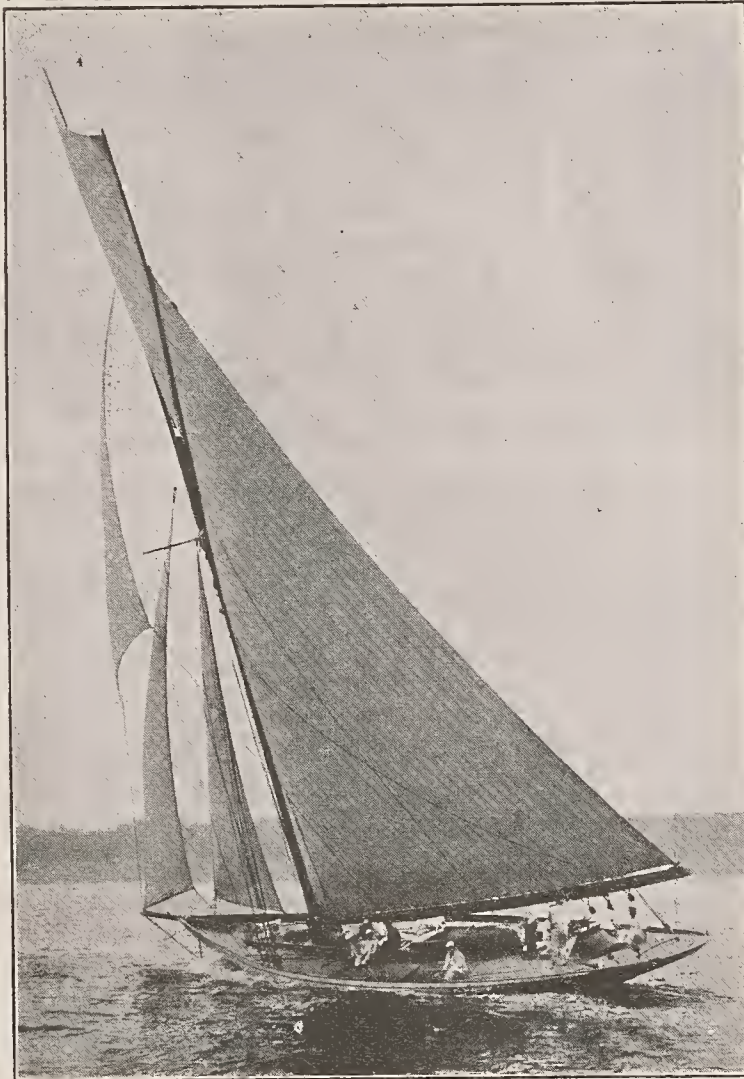
All boats launched after Jan. 1, 1905, shall rate at the highest limit of their classes, except classes A of schooners and F of sloops and yawls.

Amend time allowance table, page 249, by striking out the first and second paragraphs under that heading, and substituting therefor the following:

$$\text{Time equals } 0.7 \frac{3600}{\sqrt{1}} - \frac{3600}{\sqrt{L}}$$

; 3600 representing the number of seconds in an hour, 1 the rating measurement of small yacht and L that of the large one.

Practically the formula is $\frac{2520}{\sqrt{1}} - \frac{2520}{\sqrt{L}}$; seven-tenths of 3600 being 2520.



ISOLDE.

Owned by Rear-Commodore Fred M. Hoyt, Larchmont Y. C.
Photo by James Burton, New York.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at the City Club, W. Forty-fourth street, New York, on the evening of Tuesday, January 10. The following officers and committees were elected: Com., W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., steamer Tarantula; Vice-Com., William J. Matheson, steamer Lavrock; Rear-Com., Frank S. Hastings, ketch Peggy; Sec'y, Francis G. Stewart; Treas., Frederic P. Moore; Meas., C. Sherman Hoyt; Race Committee—Henry H. Landon, Clinton H. Crane, Howard C. Smith, Victor I. Cumnock and Francis G. Stewart; Law Committee—Henry W. De Forest, William G. Low, Jr., and William A. W. Stewart; Committee on Lines and Models—John Hyslop and St. John Smith.

Mr. William K. Vanderbilt succeeds Mr. A. Curtiss James as commodore. Mr. John Hyslop declined to serve again as measurer, and at his request Mr. C. Sherman Hoyt was elected in his place. Mr. Hyslop has served the club as measurer for twenty-two years, and the members, in an effort to show their appreciation of his services, presented him with a loving cup.



OWNER WANTED FOR COMPETITION DRAWINGS.—There remains at this office one set of drawings submitted in the competition for a 40ft. waterline cruiser. These drawings were sent in without the owner's name and address in separate envelope, as was called for in the conditions. If the designer will forward the pseudonym under which he submitted the drawings, as a means of identification, together with his name and address, the drawings will be returned.

New Class Q Boats.

THE greatest amount of activity is being evidenced in the new boats for class Q of the Gravesend Bay Yacht Racing Association. The men belonging to the clubs in this section are now the most active in the East, and the best racing next season will be had on the waters of Gravesend Bay and vicinity.

Class Q boats are not the only ones receiving attention, but the interest in this class is perhaps keener than in the others, principally because the boats are of a popular size and afford fair accommodation and excellent racing at a moderate figure.

Ogeemah, the admirable little boat built in 1903 from designs by that clever amateur, Mr. John R. Brophy, has done much toward the upbuilding of class Q. When Mr. Brophy turned out Ogeemah he endeavored to produce as healthy and substantial a boat as was possible under the new rule. Speed was not the sole factor that entered into the design, but no one was more surprised than the designer himself when this heavy displacement boat turned out to be a remarkably smart all-around performer.

Class Q calls for a boat over 18ft. and not over 22ft. racing measurement. Under the rule it is possible to turn out a roomy and serviceable boat for this class which assures its popularity. The Gravesend Bay clubs were the only organizations to give the rule a trying out in the small classes last season, i. e., boats under 40ft. racing measurement. The success of the boats produced showed that the rule was applicable to small craft, and that one-design classes were not necessary to secure good boats of small size.

Orders for five boats have already been placed. Mr. Henry J. Gielow has been commissioned to design two, and Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, Mr. John R. Brophy, and Mr. Charles D. Mower one each.

One of the boats of Gielow design is for Mr. F. J. Havens, and the other is for Mr. George H. Church.

Mr. Havens' boat is being built at Willard F. Downs' yard, Bay Shore, L. I. She is 33ft. over all, 25ft. 3in. waterline, 7ft. 6in. breadth, 5ft. 6in. draft, and will carry 575 sq. ft. of sail in the mainsail and jib. There will be 4ft. 3in. head room under the cabin house. The construction has been looked to carefully. The keel, stem, and deadwood will be of white oak, the frames of white oak steamed and bent, the clamps, shelf and bilge stringers of yellow pine, and the deck of white pine. The planking will be double, the inner skin being of cedar and the outer of mahogany.

The Milton Point Shipyard, of Rye, N. Y., has the contract for Mr. Church's boat. She is longer over all, shorter on the waterline, and has one inch less breadth than the Havens boat. The draft is the same. She is 34ft. 9in. over all, 24ft. waterline, 7ft. 7in. breadth, and 5ft. 6in. draft. The sail carried is 580 sq. ft. The construction is almost identical with that of the Havens boat. In the Church boat there are air tanks forward and aft of sufficient capacity to keep the boat afloat in case of collision or other accident.

The boat from the board of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane is for Mr. Hendon Chubb, owner of Bagheera. Particulars of this boat are not as yet available.

The new Brophy boat is for Mr. George Reiners, of the Brooklyn Y. C., and she is building at the yard of the Huntington Mfg. Co., at New Rochelle. Her dimensions are as follows: 33ft. 3in. over all, 22ft. waterline, 8ft. 8in. breadth extreme, 8ft. breadth at waterline, 5ft. 2in. draft, and will carry 670 sq. ft. of sail. The head room in the cabin is 4ft. 6in. On the keel there will be 3,200 pounds of lead. The planking is single, the garboards being oak and the balance of Georgia pine. The stem, keel, frames, stern timbers and floors are of white oak. The bilge stringers, clamps and shelves are of Georgia pine.

Mr. Charles D. Mower is now working on the design of a boat for Mr. W. H. Childs, owner of Umbrina and Trouble, one of the earlier class Q boats. Mr. Childs' new boat will also be built by the Huntington Mfg. Co., and will be known as Morc Trouble.

This little facetiousness on Mr. Childs' part recalls the way in which the well known English yachtsman, Captain J. Orr Ewing, named his two small racing boats built from designs by Mr. William Fife, Jr. The first of the two was named Piccolo (a little fife), and the second Andrum (fife and drum).

INTERNATIONAL POWER BOAT AND WATER CARNIVAL AT PALM BEACH.—The first Annual Power Boat and Water Carnival will be held at Lake Worth, Palm Beach, Florida, February 1-4. The meet will be held under the auspices of the Palm Beach Power Boat Association. The list of events follows:

Feb. 1—Free-for-all day—No handicap.

1. 2:30 P. M.—High speed motor boats, 4 miles, for the H. M. Flagler trophy.
2. 3:00 P. M.—For pleasure motor boats, under 12 miles per hour, 4 miles.
3. 3:30 P. M.—Motor boats, manufacturers only, 4 miles, for the Lieut. H. L. Willoughby trophy.
4. 4:00 P. M.—Cabin motor boats, 4 miles, for the "Motor Boat" cup.
5. 4:30 P. M.—Charter motor boats, 4 miles.
6. 5:00 P. M.—High speed motor boats, 8 miles, Royal Poinciana trophy.

Feb. 2—Royal Poinciana and East Coast Cup Day.

7. 2:30 P. M.—High speed boats, 20 miles, for the Howard Gould prize.
8. 3:30 P. M.—Sailing boats and auxiliaries, 4 miles.
9. 4:00 P. M.—Charter rowboat, 1 mile.
10. 4:30 P. M.—Pleasure rowboat, 1 mile.
11. 4:45 P. M.—Fishing boats (sailing).
12. 5:00 P. M.—1 kilo.—High-speed boats, best two in three heats, for the Proctor Smith cup.
13. 8:00 P. M.—Night illuminated parade. Three prizes for best decorations and evolutions.

Feb. 3—Florida's Floral Day.

14. 10:00 A. M.—Endurance race, all motor boats, based on speed, reliability and facility of operation, for "the Breakers" prize.
 15. 11:00 A. M.—All motor boats (under 12 miles), 1 mile dash, best two in three heats, for the W. C. Allison prize.
 16. 2:30 P. M.—High speed boats, 1 mile, best two in three, for the Sir Thomas Dewar prize.
 17. 3:15 P. M.—Motor boats (under 12 miles), 4 miles, American Power Boat Association, handicap, for the Louis S. Clarke trophy.
 18. 4:00 P. M.—Prize flower carnival and parade, for the H. A. Lezier, Jr. prize. Second and third prizes also.
- Feb. 4.—Start of endurance race to Miami, Key West and Havana, with races at all points.
- Full particulars can be had of Mr. W. J. Morgan, 116 Nassau street, New York.

The Swampscott Club.

THE north shore of Massachusetts is the home of the small boat sailor, and there is certainly no place in America where the interest is so general and so keen in the racing and sailing of the moderate sized yacht. Almost every town boasts of a yacht club, and in each case it is a live, thriving institution.

Some places have boats peculiar to that place brought about by natural conditions and restrictions, and this is true of Swampscott, which is pre-eminently the home of the dory.

The dory, as a type, was originally built at Salisbury, Mass., by Hiram Lowell & Son. Mr. Andrew L. Harris, in a lecture before the Swampscott Historical Society, gave some interesting data regarding these craft.

The dory was designed, originally, to meet the requirements of the fishermen of Swampscott, who wanted a light rowboat, strong, seaworthy, and with a bottom sufficiently flat to enable the boat to run in through the surf on to the beach without capsizing. These conditions gave rise to the narrow V-shaped stern, against which seas might break without overturning the craft, the pronounced sheed, the narrow flat bottom and straight, slightly overhanging bow.

The original dories were about 13ft. long, and at one time it was customary to use 13ft. oars, the rower working cross-handed. Since, however, a shorter oar has been generally adopted.

The dory, however, is not confined to alongshore fishing. Not a schooner of all the fishermen hailing from the Atlantic seaports and casting anchor on the Georges or Grand banks but carries its quota of the craft, snugly



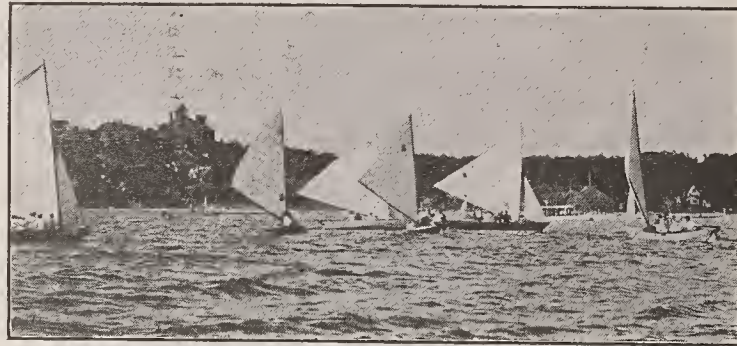
Catspaw—Swampscott Club Dory.
Owned by John J. Blaney.

nested in piles on deck when not in use, for it is a boat that is easily dismantled and set one within the other.

Racing and sailing in dories has been encouraged by the Swampscott Club, which was formed with the idea of fostering this type of craft.

Residents of Swampscott living on the shore and having one of the best sheets of water to be found for boat racing, it was only natural, with so much in common, that a club was formed. The formation of a club was hastened when the time came that interest in the sport languished, for the reason that each season there would be new boats built of a newer design and perhaps larger in some ways, and would consequently be faster, which would mean that owners of the old craft must sell at a great sacrifice and get a new one. After a while it got too

expensive, and the interest died out. In the fall of 1898 forty gentlemen got together, talked the matter over, formed the club, which was incorporated as the Swampscott Club, and decided to build a class of one-design dories to be known as the Swampscott Club dories. The dory type was selected because it could be built and maintained for much less than any other type. Mr. Chas. D. Mower, the well-known designer of some fast small boats, was commissioned to draw plans for a dory to be seaworthy and fast, not to carry ballast except crew. The plans called for the following dimensions: Length on



Swampscott Club Dories Crossing the Starting Line.

bottom, 14ft. 6in.; width, 1ft. 2in.; length over all, 21ft.; extreme beam, 5ft. 8in.; depth, 1ft. 8in. Although never having designed a boat of this type before, he produced one that is the fastest ever built. The sail plan designed by him is a leg-o'-mutton of 19½ sq. yds., jib 3 sq. yds. Mainsail measurements are luff, 19ft. 4in.; foot, 19ft. 4in.; leach, 21ft. 7in.; jib luff, 10ft. 4in.; foot, 6ft. 7in.; leach, 8ft. 6in.

There were seven boats built the first year, viz., Oregon, Barbara, Columbia, P. B., Too Doo, Busy Bee and No. 8. Some very exciting races were held, but no championship was awarded. The next year opened with Busy Bee sold and two new ones added, Lillian and Catspaw. The championship was won by Barbara. The third year Oregon won the championship after some very close racing. The fourth year Oregon, Columbia and Lillian were sold, and two new ones added—Perseus and Oom Paul. Teaser won the championship series and Pointer II. the series called the boat owners' races sailed on Sundays, the prize being contributed by the owners. In 1903 two boats were added, Bugaboo II. and Question, Teaser taking the championship of the club and the boat owners' series. The Annisquam Y. C. entered the field with six boats built the same dimensions as the Swampscott Club's fleet, but designed by Benner, of East Boston. A series of three races was arranged, only one being sailed, with the result that the Swampscott Club boats finished ten minutes before their rivals. The other two races were called off on account of the lateness of the season. The Annisquam Y. C. presented the Swampscott Club with a handsome copper cup with the names of the first five boats and their order of finishing engraved thereon, viz., Catspaw, Teaser, Barbara, Pointer II. and Question.

In 1904 the Bay State Y. C., of Revere, ordered twelve boats built on the Swampscott Club's design, and an association between the three clubs was formed. It is known as the Massachusetts Bay Dory Racing Association. There was a series of six races, two off each club. With an entry list of thirty boats, there was one of the largest classes along the coast, and also one of the most popular. It can also be said that these boats have raced for the last five years every holiday, most every Saturday and Sunday, and have never had to reef.

Returning to the formation of the club and its growth. At the first meeting each member was assessed two dollars, which was understood to be an admission fee, and annual dues were made twelve dollars. That gave the large sum of \$80 to furnish with. Two rooms were then rented and furnished in a modest way, and in 1903 it was necessary to look for larger quarters. On April 1, 1903, a building one hundred and thirty-nine years old known as the Ingalls house, opposite the beach, with a fine ocean view, was leased. It was very much out of repair, and it was understood the club was to make its own repairs and alterations. The first thing done was to remove all partitions on the lower floor, which left a large assembly room with a chimney 8ft. by 8ft. in the center, with two large open fire-places. On the second floor half of the partitions

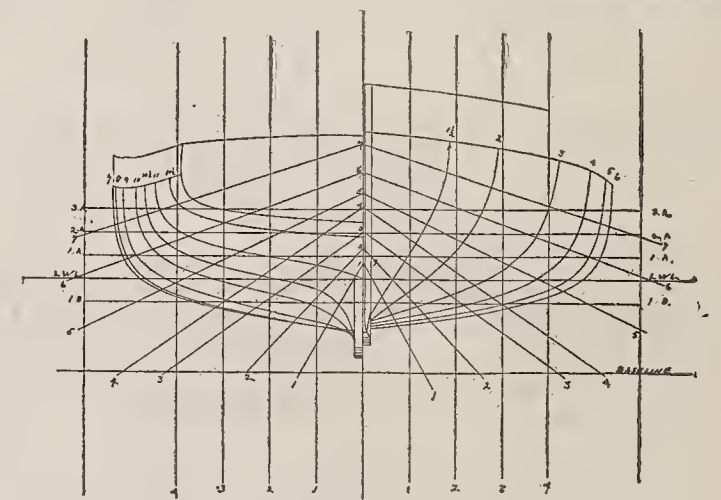
were removed, which made a large card and dining room; the ceiling was also removed in this room, which left the beams 12in. by 12in. from the chimney to the corners, and two to the side; then by sheathing between the rafters and varnishing a very attractive room was made. That left three rooms in front and one in the ell which was finished for the kitchen. Of the front rooms, one was left for the parlor, a small one for an office, and the other for a reading room. All this time the club was growing fast, and when it moved in June there were nearly one hundred members.

One may ask how it was possible to make all these repairs, etc., with just the dues to depend on. Eight hundred dollars in club notes of five dollars each was issued, running four years, bearing interest at 5 per cent. Each quarter twelve or more to be retired with interest; no member was allowed to take more than ten. They were subscribed for as soon as issued, and the last were retired in 1903. The membership numbers one hundred and twenty-five, with a waiting list of eleven; a good sized bank account, and no outstanding bills.

The Houseboat Whileaway.

WHILEAWAY was built for use on the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, and to furnish a summer home for the owner's family and guests, the object being to produce a cruising boat of more than the ordinary comforts as to room and airiness; also to be readily handled, and to have a fair amount of speed and sufficient power to handle her under adverse conditions. The motor is a 20 horsepower Standard, which has given the boat a speed of 8½ to 9 miles per hour, and she has been tried out in the worst blows of the past summer and fall, and the motor has been found ample to do what is required even with all top hamper and awning in place.

The main saloon is forward, and is 12ft. by 14ft., has built-in sideboard, and transoms with drawers convertible into berths, which comfortably sleep four persons. This room is paneled as shown, and is finished in a dark green wax stain and furnished with Mission furniture. The effect is exceedingly pleasing and satisfactory in hot weather. Next comes the owner's stateroom on the starboard side, 7ft. by 14ft.; here the arrangement is for two single beds, a lavatory and ample wardrobe space being provided, and a regulation bureau being secured to bulkhead; space under bed also being used for a steamer trunk, etc., a valance preventing an untidy appearance. Opposite on the port side is a guests' stateroom, with lavatory, wardrobe, and berth, which readily extends to sleep two people. This room, as also the owner's, is finished in white, as also is the furniture. Next is the bathroom with closet and



Sixty-foot Houseboat Whileaway—Body Plan.

shelving. In the after part of the passageway a closet for coats, umbrellas, oilskins, etc., is provided. Here the door leads to the galley, which is roomy and well ventilated, and has all conveniences. From the galley we next step aft into the motor room, which is formed, as shown, with a passage on the port side of motor. The motor is all neatly floored up to, and there is ample room for a couple of cots in a pinch aft of motor, as the reverse clutch and all working parts are under the floor.

A stateroom for crew is on the starboard side, entrance being just forward of flywheel of motor. The captain's stateroom is aft, and opens on to the quarter deck. A large refrigerator is located aft on the port side, and is so arranged that the ice can be put in from the after deck.

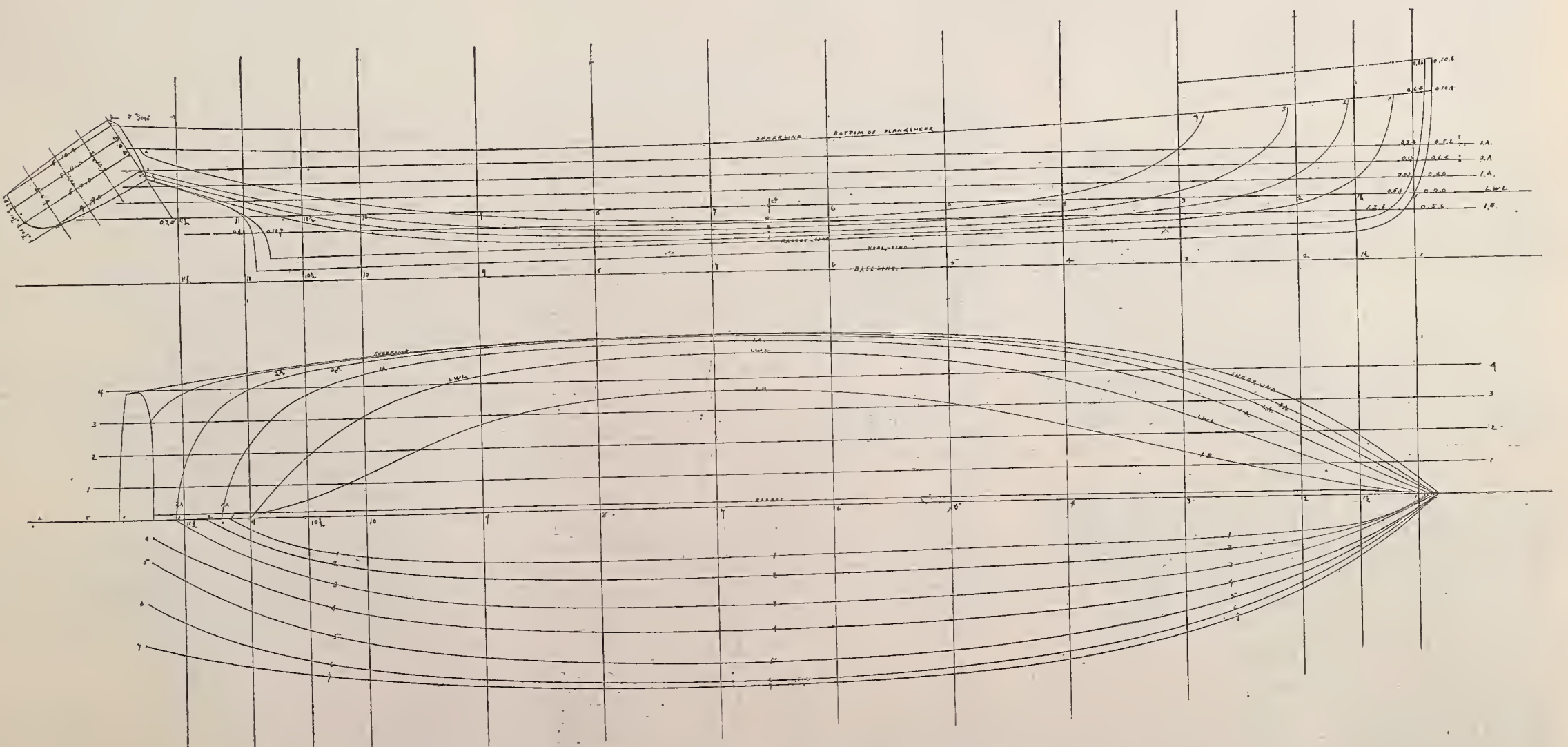
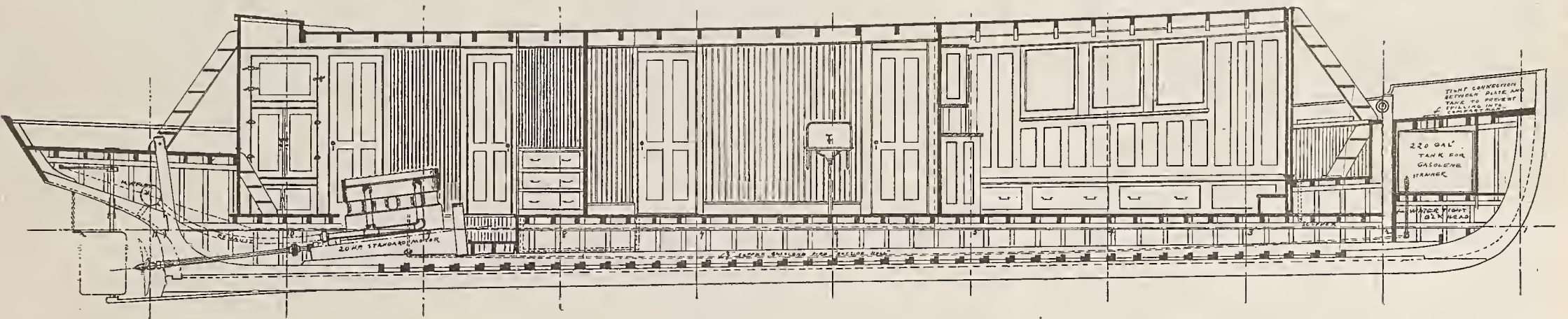
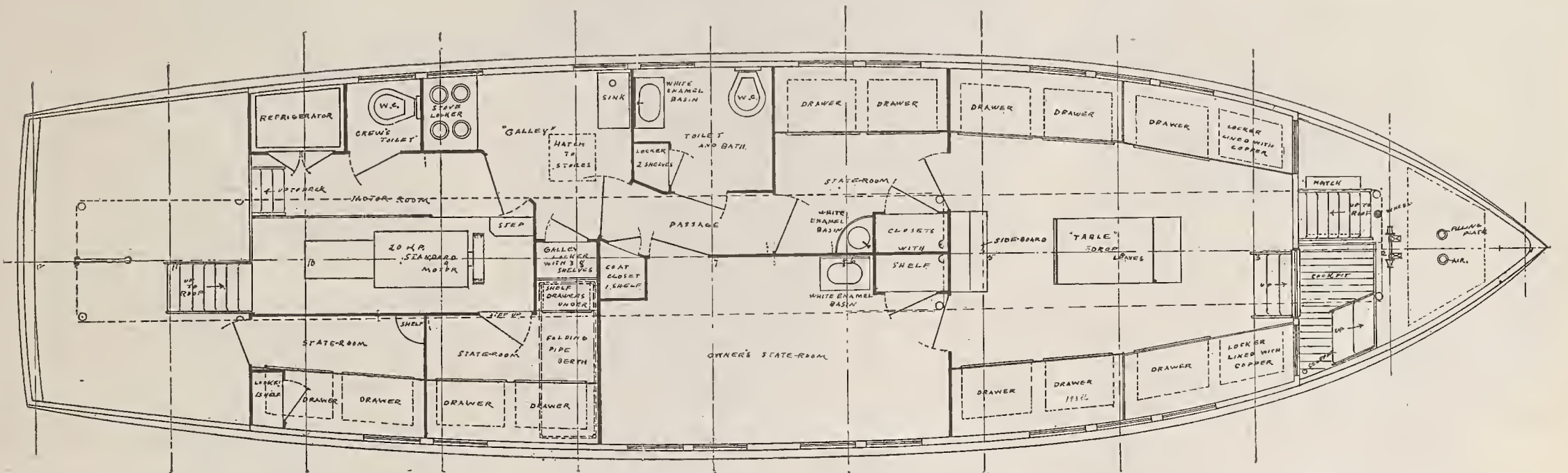
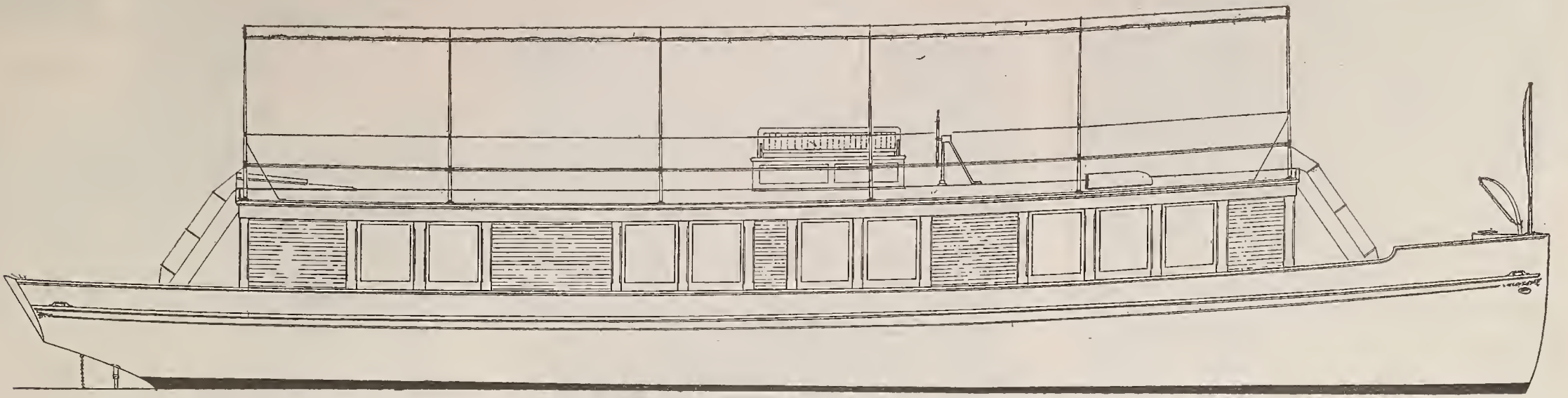
The gasoline tank, with a capacity of 250 gallons, is forward in a water-tight compartment, and the feed pipe runs outside along the keel, thus preventing any leakage inside hull of boat. On the fore deck is a windlass bitts and anchor davit; also an auxiliary steering wheel which unships when not in use. A lever also controls the reverse to motor at this point. This arrangement is for use in locking in canals, when the awning has to be unshipped and deck steering wheel removed to allow passage under fixed bridges.

The entire upper deck is given over to lounging chairs and wicker couches, tables and rugs; the awning being lined with dark blue canvas makes it a very pleasant spot. A tank for water has cushions and a back, making an ever-ready resting place. All the windows and doors are provided with rustless fly screens, which add greatly to the pleasure of a cruise in this vicinity. Many little features of comfort, utility and decoration are embodied in the interior arrangement and furnishings too numerous to mention.

The bulwark was carried up in an unbroken sweep and to the line of the window sill, as it gives a much better proportioned whole, and takes away from that top-heavy appearance so common in houseboats and many other launches. It also gives better freeboard forward, making an abler boat. The guards are of heavy oak shod with galvanized iron, and are of ample width to protect the side of hull in locking or lying at piers. Beam outside of guards is 17ft., the limit for locks on Erie and Champlain canals being 17ft. 6in. The highest point with awning down, 8ft. 8in., the clearance on canals being 11ft. This gives the boat a wide range of cruising waters both north and south, and makes her a desirable craft. The material and workmanship are of the best, although no fancy woods were used. The frame is of oak, planking yellow pine, and house inside and out of cypress; decks



THE OLD INGALLS' HOUSE, NOW THE HOME OF THE SWAMPSCOTT CLUB.



THE SIXTY-FOOT HOUSEBOAT WHILEAWAY—LINES, OUTBOARD AND INBOARD
 Designed by R. M. Haddock for J. Herbert Carpenter.

PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN.

white pine, upper deck covered with canvas and painted. All the galvanized iron work on awning, etc., is painted white, as is the hull and house.

Many pleasant days were spent by the owner and his guests last summer, and the boat seemed to fulfill all expectations as to comfort and seaworthiness.

Whileaway is 60ft. over all, 54ft. waterline, 16ft. breadth, and draft 2ft. 6in. She was designed by Mr. R. M. Haddock, and built at Tarrytown by Julius Peterson for Mr. J. Herbert Carpenter, of Ossining, N. Y.

Yacht Squadron of the West Hampton Country Club.

At meetings of the Regatta Committee of the Yacht Squadron of the West Hampton Country Club, held November 25, 1904, and January 5, 1905, the various recommendations of the conference held October 28, 1904, and the final report of the Committee of Five, dated December 12, 1904, and giving exact form to the changes in the rules, were considered and accepted for this organization, and are as follows:

RULE IV.—CLASSIFICATION.

1. All yachts shall be classified by racing lengths, and shall be divided into classes as follows:

Sloops—Class Q.—All boats in this class shall conform to the restrictions and regulations for competitors for the Seawanhaka challenge cup.

Catboats with overhangs, measured light, less than 25 per cent. of their length over all. Class A, 19 feet and over. Class B, under 19ft.

Catboats with overhangs, measured light, equal to or greater than 25 per cent. of their length over all. Class AA, over 19ft. and not over 21ft. Class BB, 19ft. and under.

2. In the measurement of catboats, one-quarter of the load overhangs (forward and aft) shall be added to the load waterline length in computing the racing length.

3. The racing measurements of yachts in classes AA and BB shall be considered to be the maximum limit of their classes; when these yachts race in one class, each class shall race at its maximum measurement, and the time allowance figured accordingly.

4. The restricted classes shall include only such yachts as have been or shall be built in accordance with the definitions and limitations appended to these rules.

5. Yachts having more than one certified racing measurement shall sail under the largest measurement, unless the Regatta Committee be notified twenty-four hours before the start of the race that the yacht is to sail under a smaller certified measurement.

DEFINITIONS AND LIMITATIONS OF RESTRICTED CLASSES.

Catboat Classes A, B, AA and BB.

The intention of the restrictions in these classes is to produce types of catboats substantially constructed, free from freak features as sharpies, scows, catamarans, double hulls, or other unusual types or any yacht fitted with bilge fins, bilge boards or other similar contrivances.

1. All catboats entitled to enter and race in these classes during the season of 1904 as regulated by the racing rules and restrictions adopted by the Conference of Associated Clubs of 1903, shall be exempt from the requirements of the following scantling restrictions.

2. Scantling Restrictions.—Frames, keel, stem, sternpost and deck beams shall be of oak, or its equivalent in strength. The minimum cross-sectioned area for frames or timbers shall be $1\frac{1}{4}$ square inches for each running foot of boat's length. This required area may be made up of smaller frames spaced closer together, or larger frames further apart; or in combinations of large and small frames with appropriate spacings. The minimum cross-sectional area for deck timbers shall be $1\frac{1}{2}$ square inches to each running foot of boat's length or proportional area. Shelf or clamp strake not less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, or equal area, entire length of boat. Planking not less than $\frac{3}{8}$ inch on the bottom and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch above the load waterline. Deck planking not less than $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, except that an allowance of $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in thickness can be made if canvas covered. The centerboard shall be of wood, but may be weighted not to exceed 30 pounds.

3. The angle of the half-breadth plan of the bow shall not exceed 30 degrees.

4. Catboats shall not be rigged or fitted with back or preventer stays.

5. In Classes AA and BB the light overhang shall not exceed 40 per cent. of the over all measurement, and the forward overhang shall not exceed 50 per cent. of the total overhang measurement, taken light.

The dates for next season are as follows:

Club Regatta—July 15.

Squadron Cruise—July 29.

Association Regatta—August 12.

Ladies' Regatta—August 25.

Open Regatta—September 2.

About June 1 the usual regatta schedule and general orders will be issued giving all further details. The officers elected at the annual meeting are as follows: Com., Walter H. Martin; Vice-Com., Griswold Denison 2d; Rear-Com., Gilbert C. Halstead; Fleet Captain, George P. Sanborn; Meas., William F. Howard.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BENSONHURST Y. C.—On Wednesday evening, January 11, the annual meeting of the Bensonhurst Y. C. was held in Brooklyn. The following officers and committees were elected: Com., A. C. Bellows; Vice-Com., Charles E. Allen; Rear-Com., John B. O'Donoghue; Sec'y, W. W. Roberts; Treas., Clarence H. Clayton; Meas., John R. Brophy; members Board of Directors—Arthur T. Wells, William J. O'Neill and Louis H. Hall; House Committee—Charles H. Hamilton, A. G. Boyd, Carl L. Dingens, John F. Eggert and P. Douglas Knowles; Racing Committee—Alfred D. Mackey, chairman; William H. Childs, Randall C. Birch, George D. Eggert and Richard W. Rummells; Delegates to the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay—Alfred D. Mackey and William H. Childs.

SHACKAMAXON Y. C. OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of the Shackamaxon Y. C., of Philadelphia, the following officers were elected: Com., John Engle; Vice-Com., Marx Scladensky; Financial Sec'y, Frank Barrett; Recording Sec'y, William Zeiber; Treas., William Gaun; Board of Directors—John Engle, William Gaun, William Morse, Charles Schoenleber and George Pfirman.

NEW HOME FOR SHELBURNE Y. C.—The new home of the Shelburne Y. C., of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, was opened to its members on Tuesday evening, January 17. The growth of the organization during the past few years made the erection of a new home and a new boat house necessary. Mr. T. Walter Magee is the secretary, and Mr. Robert G. Herve is commodore.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 16.—Members of the Quincy, Squantum and Wollaston Y. C. have come together for the purpose of maintaining the Cape cat type and racing it for the mutual benefit of the owners of such boats. Last Monday a meeting was held at the office of Vice-Commodore Frank Fessenden Crane, of the Quincy Y. C., and an association was formed, to be known as the Cape Catboat Association, 12 boats being entered at this meeting. All owners of Cape cats have been invited to join the association, for membership in which there will be no fees. All that is necessary is to send the name of the boat with that of the owner to Dr. Dawes, secretary, Neponset, Mass., or to Ralph E. Winslow, measurer, 122 Hancock street, Quincy. All boats to be eligible must be of the cabin type, not less than 20ft. or more than 30ft. over all. Another meeting of the association will be held at Vice-Commodore Crane's office, 4 Chestnut street, Quincy, on Monday evening, January 23. For some time interest in the Cape cat type has been waning in Massachusetts Bay, mainly because of the development of the knockabout type, which most yachtsmen believe to be more easily handled. There still remain many, however, who believe in the Cape cat type, and who enjoy racing and cruising in them just as much as in the days when the cat was the most popular boat in the Bay. These yachtsmen are desirous of preserving the type, and have formed this association for the purpose.

At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, the new uniform rating rule, as proposed by the New York Y. C. was adopted. The following officers were elected: Com., John O. Shaw; Vice-Com., Henry A. Morss; Rear-Com., George P. Hodgdon; Sec'y, Everett Paine; Treas.-Meas., W. B. Stearns; Executive Committee—Frank E. Peabody and W. H. Rothwell; Regatta Committee—Herbert S. Goodwin, L. F. Percival, H. H. Walker, W. L. Carlton and Stephen Bowen; Membership Committee—Percival W. Pope, O. W. Shead, Frederick Estabrook and Charles D. Wainwright; House Committee for three years, Robert C. Morse.

At the annual meeting of the Cohasset Y. C., held last Thursday evening at the Boston Y. C., the following officers were elected—Com., Alanson Bigelow, Jr.; Vice-Com., C. H. Cousins; Sec'y and Treas., G. W. Collier; Executive Committee—L. B. Willcutt, J. A. Bouve, A. A. Lawrence, C. W. Gammons and S. R. Pegram; House Committee—S. M. Ripley, Edward Nichols and G. G. Crocker, Jr.; Regatta Committee—F. J. Moors, W. R. Sears, R. E. Williams, G. S. Tower and H. E. Cousins; Membership Committee—P. J. Bates, R. B. Tower, Odin Towle, S. R. Nichols, H. B. Tower, J. M. Willcutt and S. C. Bates.

The annual dinner of the Quincy Y. C. was held at the Revere House last Thursday evening. The guest of honor was Mr. Sumner H. Foster, vice-president of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, who gave an interesting talk on "Racing in Massachusetts Bay." John T. Cavanagh, one of the cleverest amateur skippers in the Bay, told stories of his racing experiences.

The third of a series of smokers was held at the Wollaston Y. C. last Thursday evening. J. J. Feeley, owner of the sloop Katonah, gave a talk on lighthouses and other aids to navigation along the coast. Dr. Brayton entertained with stereopticon views illustrating the evolutions of types, from the Norsman's galley to the modern racing yacht.

At the annual meeting of the Savin Hill Y. C., held at the Hotel Essex, Thursday evening, the following officers were elected: Com., J. E. Robinson; Vice-Com., F. E. Merrick; Rear-Com., A. L. Kidd; Sec'y, H. T. Washburn; Treas., C. A. J. Smith; Meas., R. N. Burbank; Directors—A. Coombs and J. P. Hawes; Membership Committee—W. R. Bectle, J. A. Will, C. W. Hull, W. S. Harvey, Dr. M. F. Rogers, G. C. Scott and G. R. Horsman.

The following officers have been elected by the Kennebec Y. C.: Com., E. W. Hyde; Vice-Com., F. M. Cook; Sec'y, E. R. Wittekindt; Treas., F. F. Blaisdell; Meas., L. M. Lemont; Directors—A. A. Percy, S. L. Fogg and I. H. Nash; Regatta Committee—S. C. Greene, O. J. Ledyard and W. B. Stevens. Commodore Hyde appointed F. S. McLennan Fleet Captain.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

MEETING OF THE CORINTHIAN Y. C. OF PHILADELPHIA.—The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, January 12, and the following officers were elected: Com., Alexander Van Rensselaer, steam yacht May; Vice-Com., E. Walter Clark, Jr., sloop Irolita; Rear-Com., C. Howard Clark, schooner Savarona; Sec'y, Addison F. Bancroft; Treas., George E. Kirkpatrick; Race Committee—Addison F. Bancroft, Harvey J. Mitchell, Henry S. Jeanes; Committee on Admissions—Alexander Van Rensselaer, Frank H. Rosengarten, Brereton Pratt, George C. Carson, Robert Toland. Nominated by members of the club at large for Committee on Admissions, Dr. Hobart A. Hare. For Trustees to serve for three years—Dr. Hobart A. Hare, Randal Morgan.

PHILADELPHIA Y. C. MEETING.—A regular monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Y. C. was held at the club house at Tincum on Wednesday afternoon, January 11, and the following officers were elected: Com., Abraham L. English; Vice-Com., Phillip H. Johnson; Rear-Com., J. Anderson Roff; Recording Sec'y, Frederick W. Abbott; Financial Sec'y, C. Carroll Cooke; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Frederick Harrison; Harbor Master, Lloyd Titus; Meas., George T. Gwilliams; Board of Trustees—George W. Fite, Alexander Rea, J. William Goode, F. W. Bookhammer, Charles J. Eisenlohr, Robert C. Thompson, William Christy, Sr.; Regatta Committee—Robert Clarkson, C. Carroll Cooke, Frank Matten.

NEW AUXILIARY SCHOONER BUILDING AT CITY ISLAND.—Contract has been signed with Mr. Robert Jacob for an auxiliary schooner to be built for Mr. William T. Collron, of New York. The yacht was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, and is 84ft. over all, 60ft. waterline, 19ft. breadth and 8ft. draft. She will be fitted with a 40 horsepower Craig engine.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

THE three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticize each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasoline or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. = 1 ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. = 1 ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. = 1 ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. = 1 ft.

V. Outboard profile. Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. = 1 ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered; all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his *nom de plume*.

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

THE FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

MEETING OF THE HARLEM Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Harlem Y. C. was held on Saturday evening, January 14, and the following officers were elected: Com., F. J. Muhfeld; Vice-Com., Richard Webber, Jr.; Rear-Com., T. W. Jarchow; Treas., Walter S. Sullivan; Financial Secretary, H. B. McAllister; Recording Sec'y, J. F. Proctor; Fleet Surgeon, T. A. Martin, M.D.; Board of Directors—F. J. Fitch, T. C. Allen and E. J. Martin to serve two years, and J. Surman, H. Merz and A. Black to serve one year; Meas., John Wormer; chairman of Race Committee, Frank McDermott. The committees appointed were as follows: House Committee—F. J. Fitch, T. C. Allen and A. Black; Membership Committee—H. Merz, J. Surman and E. J. Martin; Representatives to Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound—John Wimmer and Frank McDermott.

SEVENTY-FOOTER VIRGINIA BEING REBUILT.—The work of rebuilding the 70-footer Virginia is now going on at Jacob's yard, City Island, under the direction of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Virginia has not been sold, as was reported, and is still owned by Commodore William K. Vanderbilt, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

A NEW HIGH SPEED LAUNCH.—Mr. Robert Jacob is building at his yard at City Island a high speed launch 40ft. over all for a member of the New York Y. C. The boat will be of light construction, and she will be equipped with a powerful motor of French manufacture.

Putting the Power Boat in Commission.

BY A. E. POTTER.

Now that the winter is partly gone, it will soon be time to think of putting the launch or auxiliary boat into shape for next season. There is much to be accomplished, and some of it can be done as soon as the weather is suitable. Everything will need overhauling, so that when the boat is ready for launching there will be no delay in getting into commission.

On the outside of the boat the principal things to be looked after are the rudder, the strainer over the pump suction, stern bearing and propeller wheel.

See that the rudder works freely, that the pintles are not worn; and one thing in particular, see that the tiller is not loose on the rudder head. Next examine the strainer to see that it is not filled with dirt, grass, etc. The propeller wheel should be looked after; if loose, tightened up, and the retaining nut and lock nut, if one is used, carefully examined. Lift the propeller and shaft to see if it or the stern bearing shows excessive wear. If the boat has an outside stuffing-box, take out all the packing and see that the shaft is smooth where it comes in contact with the packing. Put in new packing, using square hemp, which is braided in tallow. Add plenty of graphite and oil or hard grease. If you are unable to get any braided hemp small enough, ravel out some and re-braid it. Do not wind it about the shaft, but put it in in sections that will go just around the shaft. Screw the gland up until you can feel it is snug by moving the propeller wheel back and forth. Do not get it so that it binds, for it will swell as soon as it gets wet. If the engine has an inside stuffing box, do not screw the gland up until after the boat is overboard, and in that case you will not get it too tight.

A good coat of bottom paint put on in March, after the surface has been smoothed with sandpaper, is an excellent protection; or better still, do that in the fall when the boat is laid up. All nail holes should be filled with beeswax, which can be softened in the mouth to the proper consistency. Painting the top sides can be left until just before launching, when another coat of bottom paint should be applied. There are three colors of bottom paint—red, green and brown. The red and green both look better than the brown, but will not last as long.

The tank should be carefully looked after, cleaned out and examined for any chance of leaks. If it is made of galvanized sheet iron or steel, it should be taken out for more careful examination. If you can afford it, replace it with a good hot rolled copper one, with the bottom or side where the gasoline pipe enters reinforced with a piece of copper several inches square, riveted and sweat on the inside before the top is put in place and the tank closed up. The connection for the supply pipe should be a short piece of brass pipe with a regular pipe thread on one end and a valve screwed on it, the other end a long thread. On this long thread a lock nut previously filed bright and tinned on the outside should be screwed up as far as it will go. This pipe should pass through the double metal of the tank and have a lock nut, also brightened and tinned, screwed up snug. In addition these two lock nuts should be soldered carefully both inside and out. You can then be reasonably sure that there will be no leak at the pipe connection of the tank next season or in several seasons to come. If you have a galvanized iron tank, you are never sure of it after the first season. If it rests on pieces of pine it will last longer than if it rests on pieces of green oak. I have known cases where from that cause alone a tank has not survived a single season. Galvanized 30 and 60 gallon house boilers make good tanks, but they need to be examined and tested frequently.

Get all the dirt out of the gasoline pipe, taking it apart at all low spots and pour gasoline through it to wash out sediment and possible dirt. This brings you up to the vaporizer or carburetor. Be careful to use shellac on all gasoline joints. Never use red lead and oil.

Your old batteries having been removed, likewise spark coil, etc., look over the wiring carefully, brighten the contacts at the switch, and if it looks as if it was wet or damp, better renew it, for its extra cost is very little.

If your engine has a reversing wheel, examine it carefully, for they will not run much without loosening. If a reversing gear, look it over carefully, see that it is not rusted and works easily. The dogs may need tightening up, but I would not touch them, except to possibly even up their bearing, until the engine is running and the clutch does not hold. It is not best to have the clutch any tighter than necessary, for it has a strong liability to drag when going astern if too tight.

If the engine is of the two-cycle type, I should by all means advise taking the piston and connecting rod out, especially if there seems to be any lost motion at the connecting rod bearings, and it will be remarkable if there is not. Next see that the bearings through the end plate or plates or where the shaft itself runs are not loose and badly worn. The forward one is the more likely to give trouble. You can tell this quite readily by lifting the fly-wheel to see if there is any play. If it shows to be loose, a new bushing should be provided or the end plate, if of cast iron, should be bushed with bronze, being careful to drill an oil hole through it. End plates and where the base and cylinder separate should be cleaned off carefully and good heavy wrapping paper and shellac used to make the joints tight. The crank case should be cleaned carefully and washed out with kerosene. The fitting of the connecting rod to the crank-pin should be done by someone who knows just how, and one should note whether the connecting rod lower bearing is worn straight across or bell-mouthed. If the latter, it shows conclusively that the shaft and connecting rod are not in line with each other.

Examine the wrist-pin to see if it shows excessive wear. The sides of the piston should be examined to see if they are worn on the top above one end of the wrist-pin hole and on the bottom on the opposite side. Such a condition would show that the hole through the piston was not exactly at right angles. The piston rings should be examined and if stuck into their grooves may have to be renewed. If they are rusted it shows the presence of water in the cylinder at some time, and that should be guarded against carefully in the future. Before replacing the head,

examine the rocker shaft that operates the clapper inside, making contact with the insulated electrode. If it is badly worn, both that and the bushing in which it runs will need renewing, likewise the arm on the outside which operates it. If the engine operates on jump spark or the igniter can be removed from the outside, the head can be replaced. If you have any suspicions that water had ever leaked into the cylinder, look to the top of the cylinder carefully for traces of a leak, a blackening of the metal or iron rust.

For a gasket use a combination of brass wire gauze and long fibre asbestos paper with graphites on one side and a combination of red lead, etc., on the other, which can be purchased from almost any supply house. Just as soon as the engine has run a few minutes, stop it and screw up the nuts holding down the head, for they will be bound to have loosened as soon as the engine warms up.

Look over the pump carefully, replace the checks in the valves, and put new packing in the stuffing-box. See that the eccentric strap on the shaft which operates the pump and igniter is not too loose. Take up lost motion wherever you can. Don't do anything by guess. New mica may be necessary on the insulated electrode, but I should, with an old toothbrush and some gasoline, clean it carefully and see whether or not it looked intact before attempting to renew it. Don't attempt to cut these washers out of sheet mica, for it will prove unsatisfactory and a tedious job. Get the built-up washers from the factory, also an extra set of igniter springs throughout. You may not need them, but their cost is light, and if you should need one and not have it, it would be worth more to you than the cost of an entire new set. Adjust the length of contact and the timing of the spark, and when ready to start the engine, put in the batteries and connect them up. The last thing to be looked after, and one of the most important, is the vaporizer or carburetor. These should be carefully taken apart and tested to see if the needle valves are tight and all small holes are cleared from small particles of dirt or sediment. If the engine has been run a year, the chances are about even that you will need a new vaporizer. The reason for this is that the tendency for all angle check valves is to wear on the sides of the seat in line with the discharge making the opening slightly oblong, and unless this check valve is tight, there will result a considerable loss of gasoline, which will spit back into the boat and become an element of danger.

If the engine is of the four-cycle type, it will usually not be necessary to remove the piston to take up wear of the crank-pin brasses or of the main bearings, as the crank case does not need to be tight. The inlet and exhaust valves should be carefully ground into place. An excellent material for this purpose is the dirt which settles under a grindstone. Be careful that none of it gets into the cylinder. Be sure that the valve stems are not stuck in the guides, that the igniting apparatus works well, the length of contact and timing are correct, and then try your compression. If this is good, oil up wherever oil is needed, fill the oil cups, and if you did not add any oil after cleaning out the crank case, pour in a cupful or so to each cylinder and your engine ought to be in shape for running, and while not just as good as new, sufficiently in shape to have many a fine day's sport, free from either trouble or breakdown.

Queries on Marine Motors.

Q. E. R., Bayonne, N. J.—Is elm ever used in the United States for boat timbers?

Ans.—In a description of some of the launches shown at the Paris Automobile Show, several are mentioned as having elm timbers. Oak is the only thing generally used here, although sometimes hackmatack, red cedar and apple tree throats are used where natural crooks are desired.

H. R. G., Albany, N. Y.—Would you call a consumption of four-fifths of a pint of gasoline per hour per horsepower in a marine gasoline engine too much or too little?

Ans.—The consumption of gasoline in marine gasoline engines rarely is less than one pint per hour per horsepower, all claims to the contrary notwithstanding. Honest horsepower and honest consumption of fuel are both so scarce in automobile and marine engine construction as to be practically non-existent.

B. E. B., New Haven, Conn.—1. Will it cost more or less to install a two-cycle than a four-cycle engine in my boat? 2. Which will probably cost the more for repairs? 3. Will it take more cells of battery for one than the other?

Ans.—1. The cost of installation will not vary a great deal. The engine bed cannot be too heavy, especially for a two-cylinder four-cycle engine. 2. If the engine is properly protected from the elements there will be little difference. If left out and abused, the four-cycle will cost more for repairs. 3. The same number of cells will usually operate both types, but a double cylinder two-cycle engine, operating on an open circuit, will use just twice the amount of battery or electrical energy that a four-cycle will, all other conditions being the same.

H. R. B., Norfolk, Va.—Which are the better to use in planking a boat, brass screws or copper nails?

Ans.—Never use copper nails unless they are riveted over copper burrs. A clinched copper nail is not much better than a raw wire nail. Galvanized boat nails are better than clinched copper nails. You will probably have better results with nails than screws.

SYNDICATE BOAT FOR LIPTON CUP RACES.—Thirty members of the Toledo Y. C. have subscribed \$100 each toward the building and running of a 21-footer which will be built to compete in the races for the Lipton Cup next season. The cup is now held by the Detroit Country Club, and the races will take place off that port.

NEW AUXILIARY CRUISER.—Augustus Dean & Son, of Alexandria, D. C., are now building an auxiliary cruiser for a Mr. Goldsborough, of Washington, D. C. The boat will be used on the Potomac and the Chesapeake. She is 40ft. over all, 14ft. breadth, and of shallow draft. The sail spread will be liberal, and she will be equipped with a gasoline motor.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

PROPOSED MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATION REGULATING NOISY POWER BOAT EXHAUSTS.—Judge Davis, the Democratic Representative from Plymouth, has introduced a bill in the Massachusetts Legislature requiring all power boats using the explosive type of engine to either exhaust under water or use a muffler subject to the approval of the chief of the State police. We have not the context of the proposed act, and do not know whether or not the act is framed to cover installations already made, nor if boats owned in other States would have to be inspected by the State police chief before they could be operated in Massachusetts waters. The proposed law might cause a great deal of needless expense to the owners of power boats in making the necessary changes, which, outside the cost of the muffler itself, would likely be considerable. If the matter is left to the chief of the State police, he can select a style and type that would be cumbersome, expensive, hard to obtain, and practically prohibitive. On the other hand, it is impractical to run the exhaust of a two-cycle engine under water. This cannot be done satisfactorily, and the two-cycle engine manufacturer would be put to a decided disadvantage thereby. The ordinary four-cycle engine, except in certain cases, can be made to exhaust below the surface, but that also is usually quite unsatisfactory. Water in the valve chests and cylinders, and broken cam shafts and valve stems can frequently be traced to water in the exhaust piping.

The two-cycle engine usually makes more noise than the four-cycle from its construction, which it is unnecessary to explain here. Some manufacturers muffle their engines more than others from their better understanding of principles covering their design, while others, were they to muffle their engines to the point reached by others, would be able to get very ordinary to poor results. It is this latter class who would suffer more than the better designed engine manufacturers. There are, we are sorry to say, some who rate their engines higher than others of the same dimensions are rated, and depend upon little muffling to help out overrating. Some manufacturers in the past have furnished two mufflers with their engines, and the owner of the boat would promptly discard at least one, and fortunate would his neighbors be if he were to even use one of them. There are others who put in a tee and valve, and when they wish a little extra speed—particularly from 2 to 5 A. M.—open the valve and gloat over the disturbance they make. If legislation must be had, and there is no other way out of it, let a committee of practical engineers—not necessarily gasoline engine men—investigate carefully what causes unpleasant and noisy exhausts (engines do not all have them), cooperate with the manufacturers, who later, if it proves necessary or expedient, may be forced to furnish with each engine a muffler that will be sufficient to reduce the sound to the least amount consistent with reason, and not prohibitive to the manufacturer. Then force the boat owner to use the muffler furnished. Do not, under any circumstances, allow the powerboat and gasoline engine industry to suffer should one man, be he chief of State police or town clerk, err in his judgment and knowingly or not condemn a gasoline engine installed in a boat, with no power of appeal or chance for redress without recourse to the law, its complications and delays.

If a gasoline engine makes too much noise in its exhaust, in most towns a complaint to the local board of health will usually abate the nuisance.

AMERICAN LAUNCHES AT THE PARIS SALON D'AUTOMOBILE.—There were but three American-built launches on exhibition, and not a single British-built boat. An English correspondent claims that the American-built hulls were shapely enough, and the interior work good, but takes exception to the planking, which, he says, will not "compare for a moment with French or British work." It is also with some complacency that he predicts "that Great Britain will shortly take an assured lead" in the industry of engine and boat building. And this with imports into Great Britain each year of hundreds of American-built gasoline marine engines to one exported to the United States. It certainly looks that way.

THE TRUE SPORTSMAN AND THE POWER GUNNING PUNT.—One of our English exchanges, in glowing accounts, points to the power-driven gunning punt, explaining its possibilities, its location, size, construction of the boat, etc. The laws of several States absolutely and rightfully, too, prohibit the shooting of ducks or other wildfowl from any boat propelled by any means other than oars. Even in at least one State the "sneakbox" is prohibited. But with no restraining law, the question that arises in our minds is, would a true sportsman shoot a duck or any other wild water fowl from a power boat, steamboat or even sailboat?

HUDSON RIVER YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—Representatives of the prominent yacht clubs located on the Hudson River will meet at Newburgh some time this month for the purpose of forming the Hudson River Yachting Association. The following clubs have signified their desire to join an association: Tappan Y. C., Yonkers Y. C., Poughkeepsie Y. C., and the Newburgh Canoe and Boat Association. The object of the association will be to promote inter-club racing and cruising, and to bring about closer social relations between the organizations interested. Arrangements will be made for two regattas during the season of 1905, one at Nyack and the other at Newburgh or Poughkeepsie.

MOTORBOATS ON THE CANALS OF VENICE.—Former U. S. Consul Bliss, who was stationed at Venice, and is now at St. Petersburg, says in a letter to the Department of Commerce that the power boat can be made to supersede the ancient and antiquated gondolas on the Venetian canals. Yankee manufacturers will not be slow to grasp the situation, judging from activity following previous consular correspondence, especially with reference to Central and South America. Wonder if the regulation now in force that all gondolas shall be painted black will apply to power boats?

YACHT AND MARINE ENGINE BUILDERS AT THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW.—There are at least four exhibitors at the automobile show in whom the yachting public is especially interested. Smith & Mabley, Inc., have a good exhibit. They show one of their Simplex engines, four-cylinder, mounted on a chassis. The especial features of the equipment are lightness, strength and ball-bearing transmission. The secondary current is commutated, necessitating but a single coil. The Lozier Motor Company has a complete car, of the usual four-cylinder vertical construction. We sincerely hope that they will not abandon the marine field for land vessels. The car makes a good appearance, and judging from the quality of work turned out by them heretofore, it is an "honest" production. F. W. Ofeldt & Sons show their new blue flame kerosene oil burner with a new blue flame pilot light which is always left burning, and can be arranged to keep up steam when the car is standing. They have not yet made any attempts in the explosive engine field. Their boiler is too well known to be any more than mentioned, but some slight improvements in adapting it to steam automobile use are noticed. The Gas Engine & Power Company, and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated, have on exhibition for the first time their new "Speedway" car. The mechanism shows careful attention to detail, in keeping with their previous productions and customs. One feature will be appreciated by owners and chauffeurs. This is the absence of the sprag, which at best was hardly to be depended upon, and the substitution of a pawl on the drive shaft to lock the driving gear in its forward motion from going backward. A very short transmission case—only 12in. over all—bevel drive, direct on high speed, four speeds ahead and one back, and double ignition, are also noticeable points, and features to be appreciated.

NEW SEABURY AUTOBOAT FOR GEORGE W. CHILDS DREXEL.—With a guaranteed speed of 26 statute miles, the new "Speedway" launch now building at Morris Heights ought to be able to "show her heels" to a good many high speed launches this summer. With 12 cylinders 6½in. by 8in. there should be sufficient power. Length over all is 62ft.; extreme beam, 5ft. 9in. The additional cockpit, or three all told, is something of an innovation. This will put the helmsman away from the engineer and get the weight further aft. The collapsible spray hoods will effectually protect the engines from water in a sea, or when running at express speed.

RECENT SALES.—The following sales have been made through Mr. Frank Bowne Jones' agency: 46-footer Sayonara, owned by Mr. John Hubbard, sold to Mr. E. J. Randolph; knockabout Gowan, ex-Annawon, owned by Mr. F. W. Bemis, to Mr. F. W. Robertson; sloop Gladys, owned by Mr. Henry Pearce, Jr., to Mr. E. S. Reiss. Sayonara's rig will be changed to that of a yawl, and the work will be done at Jacob's yard, City Island, under direction of Mr. Morgan Barney, who is associated with Mr. Frank Bowne Jones.

MARIQUITA CHANGES HANDS.—Messrs. Macconell & Cool have effected the following sales: The 46-footer Mariquita, owned by Mr. R. Kersey, Jr., to Mr. Nellis M. Crouse; the launch Ethel B. to Mr. Walter Blackburn; the launch Spark to Mr. E. C. Worrell; the launch Bradford to Mr. O. Shubert; the launch Fourstep to Mr. H. A. Johnson, and the yawl Olivia to Mr. C. H. Phillips.

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE AND AUTOBOAT RACE MEET.—The first annual automobile and autoboat race meet will be held at Havana, Cuba, Feb. 9-12, and the events will be under the auspices of the International Automobile Racing Association, of Cuba. The autoboat races will be held on February 10 in Havana Harbor. There will be four contests as follows: 1-mile race, 5-mile race, 10-mile race and 20-mile race. The American representative is Mr. W. J. Morgan, of 116 Nassau street, New York, and full particulars may be had from him.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INDIAN HARBOR Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was held at the club house at Greenwich on Wednesday evening, January 11. The officers and members of committees elected follow: Com., George Lauder, Jr., schooner Endymion; Vice-Com., Edward Shearson, schooner Quickstep; Rear-Com., Seymour J. Hyde, cutter Kahma; Sec'y, Lorenzo D. Armstrong; Treas., Richard Outwater; Meas., Morgan Barney; Directors, term expiring 1906, Henry F. Tiedemann; term expiring 1907, Francis H. Page; terms expiring 1908, Edward Shearson, Charles B. Geddes; Regatta Committee—H. Wilmer Hanan, chairman; Thomas J. McCahill, Jr., Charles E. Simms, Charles F. Kirby, Charles P. Geddes.

HORSESHOE HARBOR Y. C. MEETING.—At the annual meeting of the Horseshoe Y. C., held at the Holland House, New York, on Wednesday evening, January 11, the following officers were elected: Com., William Marble; Vice-Com., Lester H. Riley; Sec'y, William Stuart Allen; Treas., L. A. Winship; Trustee, William Haigh.

"We hear it frequently asserted that if persons will impress the thought firmly upon their minds and continue thinking about it until they have fallen asleep, that they desire to awake at a certain hour in the morning, that they will do so without fail." Dr. Joseph L. Boehm tells me, "but how many people have tried this method of insuring a prompt awakening at a given hour in the morning, only to find their rest throughout the night disturbed and uneasy? I'll venture to say that they are many, and some few of such cases have come under my personal observation, which prompts me to speak of the matter. The brain will usually respond to the will and awaken one in the morning near the desired hour under any circumstances, but to prevent the broken, uneasy sleep the adoption of a very simple device is necessary. The last thing before getting into bed take a watch or clock and turn the hand to the hour at which one wishes to rise, and gaze at this just long enough to fix the hour firmly on the retentive memory. Then, if no other absorbing thoughts intervene between that and the moment

one is locked in slumber, the night's rest will be easy and unbroken, and promptly at the hour in the morning, as a rule, one will find one's self released from sleep and wide awake. There is no need to keep thinking of the hour continually for a number of minutes, no need to repeat it over and over in the mind; all this makes the brain uneasy and results in the disturbed slumber. Simply look at the watch or clock as I have indicated and the influence of mind over matter will be clearly demonstrated in the morning. Try it some night and observe how smoothly this psychological fact works.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

New Books Received.

Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, editor of our contemporary, the Rudder, has added another valuable little work to his "Rudder On" series. The new book is entitled "Hints to Young Yacht Skippers," and deals at length on the various things which all boat sailers, both young and old, should know. It is illustrated by Mr. Warren Sheppard, and contains 122 pages of interesting and instructive matter. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.

The demand for a book treating with the design of yachts has prompted the well-known naval architect, Mr. Norman L. Skene, S. B., to put on the market a valuable book, "Elements of Yacht Design." This book, as Mr. Skene says in his introduction, "is intended to be a concise and practical presentation of the processes involved in designing a modern yacht." In the book there are nearly 100 pages of matter and plates. The first chapter opens with a general discussion, and this is followed by Methods of Calculation, Displacement, Lateral Plane, Design, Stability, Ballast, Sail Plan, Construction; and the Appendix includes many tables, etc. In the book, Mr. Skene displays a wide theoretical knowledge of the subject to which he has given so much study. The book is well printed on heavy paper in bold type, and bound in cloth, costs \$2.

To the student of naval architecture, "The Naval Constructor," by G. Simpson, M. I. N. A., is an almost indispensable handbook. A copy of this beautifully gotten up work has just been received at this office, and a perusal shows it to be the most complete and valuable treatise of its character to be found anywhere. In the 600 pages of this book is contained a vast amount of information and data. Mr. Simpson says in the preface: "This handbook has been prepared with the object of supplying a ready reference for those engaged in the design, construction or maintenance of ships—such a work as should give, simply and concisely, information on most of the points usually dealt with in the theory and practice of marine architecture, and in addition, much that is new and original. Under the latter heading should be included the chapter on Design, and many of the tables of standardized fittings, details, etc.

"The freeboard tables have been explained and their application simplified by working out examples embracing the various types to which freeboards are assigned, including the modern shelter decker, for which rules have recently been issued. * * * It has been the author's aim to eliminate all obsolete matter and antiquated data, and to bring the book right in line with present-day requirements."

Mr. Simpson has made the subject of naval architecture a life study, and the results of his wide practical and theoretical experience, both in England and America, are incorporated in "The Naval Constructor."

As a marine draughtsman, Mr. Simpson is without a peer, and the drawings of his, which we have had the good fortune to reproduce in these columns, have caused much favorable comment.

Mr. Simpson is fully versed in every branch of his profession, and this work may be accepted as standard.

We cannot speak too highly of "The Naval Constructor," and we strongly recommend that every man in the least interested in the design and construction of yachts, warships or merchant vessels, or the building of engines, should purchase a copy.

"The Naval Constructor" is splendidly printed on high grade paper, and is handsomely bound in green seal leather. The book is of a convenient pocket size, 4¼ by 6½ inches, so that it may be readily carried about. The illustrations are many, and they are reproduced from finely executed drawings. The whole is indexed so thoroughly that the book is made doubly valuable as a reference work, and a time saver. The price is \$5 net.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., Dryden House, 43 Gerrard street, London, are the publishers, and the D. Van Nostrand Co. are the New York agents.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

National Board.

The National Board of Rifle Practice has issued the following: "Field Marshall Earl Roberts has sounded a timely warning in advocating military training for the youth of England," said an officer of high rank in the United States Army, to-day; "and his words are largely applicable to the United States. He does not believe in compulsory military service, but insists that Great Britain should have a large reserve force, of partially trained men. He advocates that it is the duty of the State to see that every able-bodied man in England, no matter to what grade of society he may belong, undergoes some kind of military training in youth sufficient to enable him to shoot straight and carry out simple orders if ever his services are required for national defense.

"Military officers agree that in this country it is not necessary that every citizen should have military training, because of the much larger population and the less likelihood of invasion or foreign wars in which land battles would play a conspicuous part, but it is extremely desirable that as many of the male citizens of the United States as possible should understand the working of the regular army rifle, and be more or less familiar with its employment. To this end it is sought to make service in the militia as attractive as possible, with a view of enlisting in that service young men in civil life, and giving to them all the training, both in rifle practice and in drilling, maneuvering, camping, etc., for which they could spare the time from their ordinary business pursuits. But there are many able-bodied men who would be called upon to serve the country in time of war who are prevented by various reasons, either of a personal or business character, from joining the militia and being subject to the regulations thereof, and it is considered very necessary for the future welfare of this country that these men should at least be trained in rifle practice. This can be done by the formation of rifle clubs, which would give to the members a working knowledge of the government arm, and train them to shoot at distances of from 200 to 1,000 yards. What Earl Roberts says about learning to shoot straight has been said by every English military authority since the experience of the English troops in the Boer war, when the inferior numbers of the Boers were able to hold so long in check the superior forces of the English because every man and boy in the Boer army knew his rifle and was proficient in its use. Since then England has been making great efforts to increase the interest in rifle practice. William Waldorf Astor has contributed \$50,000, and other private citizens amounts in proportion. The King of England annually gives \$5,000, and the National Rifle Association of Great Britain is doing everything it can to enlist the financial support of wealthy citizens and the active interest of available material for soldiers, especially among the youth and boys at the school and college.

"The National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, which was directed by Congress to draw up a plan to encourage rifle practice in this country under the supervision of the Secretary of War, has formulated such a plan, and Senator Proctor and Representative Hull, the Chairman of the Senate and House Committees on Military Affairs, have introduced a bill to enable the board to carry out the plan. It is the object of the National Board, supported by the War Department, to establish suitable outdoor ranges at various places throughout the country for the use of the army, navy, militia and citizen rifle clubs, and to construct indoor shooting galleries in armories and schools which will be available for the use of such citizens as desire to qualify, and it is earnestly hoped that the bill now before Congress will be passed at this session."

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

At the bi-monthly practice shoot of the above society, the following scores were recorded. Eighty men faced the butts in the race for high scores: N. C. L. Beverstein 207, 221; H. Beckman 220, 232; J. Bradley 205, 224; W. J. Behrens 190, 205; C. J. Brinkama 203, 222; J. C. Brinkama 209, 189; Adolf Beckman 197, 214; G. N. Bohlken 184, 207; C. Boesch 153, 169; J. C. Bonn 222, 237; F. W. Diercks 212, 223; H. Decker 187, 202; W. Dahl 213, 211; M. V. Dwingelo 206, 218; D. Dede 195, 211, A. Evers 214, 203; F. Facompre 233, 227; J. Facklamm 226, 230; G. H. Fixsen 198, 210; W. F. Grell 231, 213; F. Gobber 191, 189; H. Gobber 217, 219; Dr. C. Grosch 225, 224; R. Gute 243, 244; Capt. J. H. Hainhorst 219, 221; H. C. Hainhorst 219, 220; H. Haase 223, 216; H. Hoenisch 218, 219; H. Hesse 222, 190; P. Heidelberger 219, 227; N. W. Haaren 168, 184; L. C. Hagenah 220, 229; J. N. Herrmann 203, 220; J. Jantzen 224, 203; N. Jantzen 193, 188; H. Kahrs 207, 209; C. Konig 213, 201; J. H. Kroeger 221, 213; H. Koster 217, 204; F. Laukenau 208, 215; A. Lederhaus 158, 198; H. Leopold 207, 220; A. W. Lemcke 225, 216; G. Ludwig 238, 241; Von der Leith 213, 208; C. Mann 221, 223; J. H. Meyer 209, 226; H. D. Meyer 228, 219; C. Meyer 232, 233; H. Martens 204, 206; H. Meyn 208, 222; H. B. Michaelsen 227, 229; H. Nordbruch 208, 213; H. Offermann 194, 194; G. W. Offermann 213, 214; R. Ohms 205, 213; P. Prange 188, 192; J. Paradies 206, 213; D. Peper 225, 227; C. Roffmann 225, 212; F. von Ronn 213, 233; H. Quaal 207, 209; F. Schulz 209, 207; W. Schults 220, 206; W. Schaefer 191, 217; C. Schmitz 219, 223; O. Schwanemann 236, 235; J. N. F. Seibs 231, 234; C. Sievers 228, 231; Capt. J. G. Tholke 216, 214; G. Thomas 232, 222; M. J. Theu 212, 202; G. J. Voss 214, 222; G. H. Wehrenberg 214, 212; B. Zettler 239, 242; H. Lohden 202, 212; A. Sibbers 208, 210; N. Ubrieh 146, 154; Ch. Plump 212, 213.

Bullseye target: H. Meyn 35½, J. G. Tholke 40½, R. Ohms 46½, H. Gobber 43½, Dr. Chas. Grosch 51½, Chas. Plump 54, D. Dede 62½, F. Gobber 64, J. H. Hermann 65½, C. Meyer 66, J. N. F. Seibs 72½, Geo. Ludwig 76, F. Ehlen 78.

Providence, (R. I.) Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Our annual meeting was held Jan. 12, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Albert B. Coulters; Vice-President, William Almy; Secretary-Treasurer, Arthur C. Hurlburt. Executive Committee: Albert B. Coulters, Arthur C. Hurlburt, William Bosworth, L. A. Jordan, Major Wm. F. Eddy. Range Committee: W. Bert Gardiner, Wm. T. Bullard, Arno Argus.

A neat medal was adopted for 1905 qualification. The challenge of the Myles Standish Rifle Club for a telegraph rifle match was accepted, and the date set for the 21st. Terms are five-man teams, German ring target, 25yds. range, each team shooting on its home range, and totals exchanged by telegraph. No restrictions on rifle, sights, etc. The Portland Club offered to bar four of their best shots, but it was voted to waive this privilege, and allow them to select any five men they chose.

This is our first experience in a telegraph rifle match, and it may be a sad one when up against a proposition like the Portland men; but we prefer to shoot and take our chances of defeat and run the risk of criticism rather than keep out of sight.

HURLBURT, Sec'y.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

FIFTEEN members assembled at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, Jan. 12, in competition for high scores. Particular interest centered in the race between Capt. Zimmerman, R. Gute and Geo. Ludwig for the honor of first place. Capt. Zimmerman finally won out by a margin of 3 points. Scores follow: Gus Zimmerman 244, 247; R. Gute 244, 244; Geo. Ludwig 243, 245; Lambert Schmidt 243, 242; A. Begerow 242, 241; F. Liegibel 238, 239; L. C. Hamerstein, Jr., 233, 235; Wm. Soll 233, 232; J. Facklamm 228, 232; J. Schmid 230, 230; F. A. Young 226, 227; J. Bittschier 229, 224; H. J. Behrens 207, 217; F. C. Halbe 206, 206; E. Gartner 206, 206.

Zettler Rifle Club.

At headquarters, Tuesday, Jan. 10, the following scores were recorded:

One hundred shots: A. Hubalek 2423, L. P. Hansen 2413, A. Begerow 2344, F. J. Herpers 2316.

Fifty shots: C. Zettler, Jr., 1207, H. Fenwirth 1194, H. C. Zettler 1182, L. Maurer 1181, B. Zettler 1165.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Jan. 20.—Middleton, N. Y.—All-day shoot of Mullerite Gun Club, on grounds of the Orange County Gun Club. Albert A. Schoverling and O. H. Brown, Mgrs.
Jan. 25.—Freeport, L. I., Gun Club first annual tournament.
Jan. 23-28.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor Tex.—Central Texas Handicap tournament. C. F. Gilstrap, Mgr.
Feb. 6-9.—Houston, Tex.—Sen's Grand Southern Handicap. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.
Feb. 11.—Phillipsburg, N. J., Opposite Easton, Pa.—Alert Gun Club first annual tournament. Ed. F. Markley, Mgr.
Feb. 13.—Concord, S. I.—All-day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Feb. 18.—Newark, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Feb. 22.—Batavia, Ill., Gun Club tournament. Henry Hendrickson, Mgr.
Feb. 22.—Concord, S. I.—All-day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. V. Wallburg, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's eighth annual tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

Feb. 15-16.—Detroit, Mich.—Jacob Klein's tournament on Rusch House grounds, under auspices of Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association.
March 20-25.—Kansas City, Mo.—Dickey Bird Gun Club six-day tournament.
April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club. Chas. C. Needham, Sec'y.
April 14.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenstager, Sec'y.
May 9-12.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Anolstan Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
May 31-June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The South Framingham, Mass., Gun Club has claimed July 4 as the date for its second annual team shoot.

The Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club, through its Secretary, Mr. C. L. Kites, claims April 19 as the date of its spring tournament.

The Secretary, Mr. A. A. Schoverling, writes us that the Richmond Gun Club, of Concord, S. I., will hold all-day shoots on Feb. 13 and 22.

On Saturday of this week the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club will commence the series for the trophy of 1905. It is a sterling silver loving cup, to cost over \$60.

A live-bird shoot is announced for Jan. 26, at Easton, Pa., consisting of three events, one at 5 birds, \$3; one at 20 birds, \$15; winner to receive \$20 in gold, and a miss-and-out, \$2 entrance.

The Secretary-Manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, announces that "the Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament will be held at Indianapolis, Ind., June 27, 28, 29 and 30, on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club."

Three teams contested in the five-man team championship race at Wellington, Mass., on Jan. 14. The conditions were 50 targets, 25 known and 25 unknown angles. The scores were: Birch Brook Gun Club 190, Watertown Gun Club 182, Lowell Rod and Gun Club 180.

Capt. C. G. Blandford, of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, writes us concerning the club's 100-target misses-as-kills handicap, to be shot on Jan. 28: "The prize is a repeating shotgun. Members should note that entries for this event must be made before the first squad shoots. Competition begins at 2 o'clock."

As per a communication from the Secretary-Manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, published elsewhere in our trap columns, it will be noted that Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. Edward Banks were elected to honorary membership in the Interstate Association, in recognition of services rendered during the many years they were representing the E. C. & Schultze Co.

The Secretary-Manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa., announces officially tournaments as follows: "The Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Augusta, Ga., April 5 and 6, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club; also to give one at Albert Lea, Minn., Aug. 2, 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club."

In the series of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League, shot in the vicinity of Philadelphia last Saturday, there were contests as follows: Meadow Springs defeated Highland, 182 to 179; Clearview defeated North Camden, 190 to 170; Narberth defeated S. S. White Gun Club, 136 to 132; Hill Rod and Gun Club defeated Hillside, 149 to 147; Florists defeated Media, 190 to 183.

The programme of the Mullerite Gun Club shoot, to be held at Middletown, N. Y., Jan. 20, provides four events, one at 10, two at 20, and one at 100 targets; entrance \$1, \$2 and \$5. The latter event is shot in four strings of 25, and has eight merchandise prizes. Shooting begins at 10 o'clock. This club also announces a shoot to be held on Feb. 18 at Newark, N. J.

The Secretary, Mr. F. K. Stelle, sent to us the following communication: "On Jan. 21, at 2 P. M., the Bound Brook, N. J. Gun Club will hold an afternoon shoot. The programme consists of five or six events; one for a silver loving cup, another for some merchandise, one for a gold scarfpin, one for a medal, one a sweepstake, and one for club members for three cups. All visitors are welcome. First-class shells for sale at club house."

The Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association announces an all-day target shoot, to be held on Jan. 28, beginning at 10 o'clock. The events will be 15 targets, from two sets of traps. Four prizes will be shot for, as follows: Parker hammerless gun, L. C. Smith hammerless gun, decorated toilet set, decorated umbrella stand. Lunch served on grounds. A deadmark shoot for poultry will be an event also. There will be a 200-target special prize for professionals.

The Freeport, L. I., Gun Club, at their forthcoming tournament will offer several merchandise prizes. Three were donated by Mr. Geo. A. Barker; as follows: A silver loving cup, an oak gun cabinet, a copper shell box. The club house will be enlarged to twice its size, so that the accommodations will correspond accordingly. Mr. F. C. Willis, the Treasurer, informs us that the conditions governing the competition for these prizes will be explained on the day of the shoot, Jan. 25.

A correspondent informs us that a meeting of the Delaware Trapshooters' League was held at the cafe of A. L. Ainscow, Wilmington, Del., Jan. 12. Dates and places were selected for holding the two tournaments during the year. The spring tournament will be held at the grounds of the Wilmington Club on April 14, while the fall tournament will be held at the grounds of the Dover Club on Oct. 12. The clubs represented at the meeting last night were Wawaset, Claymont, Dover, Wilmington, Blue Ball, and Middletown. In the absence of the President, Dr. W. E. Barnard, Mr. James J. Skelly presided.

The Freeport, L. I., Gun Club has issued the programme for its first annual midwinter tournament, Jan. 25. It prefaces it with a cordial greeting and invitation to the friends of the club, the trapshooters throughout the country, to attend. Twelve events are provided, two at 10, the remainder at 15 targets, \$1, and \$1.30 entrance; totals, 170 targets, \$15 entrance. Shooting begins at 9:30. Targets, 2 cents, Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. Three average moneys. A fund of 25 per cent. from target receipts will be divided 40 per cent. to high professional, 40 per cent. to high amateur and 20 per cent. to low amateur. Ship guns and shells to the Treasurer, Mr. F. C. Willis. The President is Mr. T. B. Rider; Vice-President, F. E. Gildersleeve; A. D. Lott, Secretary; W. C. Ansel, Captain.

A keenly contested two-man team race was held at Wilmington, Del., on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, on Jan. 12. Messrs. Edward Banks and James T. Skelly were in friendly contest arrayed against Messrs. Wm. M. Foord and Luther J. Squier. All are men of high renown, inasmuch as they cause the scorer to wear straight seams in the score board because of the successiveness of 1s which the scorer, event after event, scores repeatedly in the same places. The weather conditions were unfavorable. Messrs. Banks and Skelly won by a score of 162 to 160. Mr. Foord scored 90 and was high man. Considering the weather conditions 90 was a high class performance, yet there are some shooters who would be pleased to make an equal score in weather which had all the balmy delights of a June morning. However, it may be accepted as a demonstrated fact that the martial spirit of the defeated team will not be pacified till a return match is arranged.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Peters Cartridge Co. Salesmen Reunion.

THE value of personal intercourse in business affairs was never more clearly demonstrated than by the annual reunion of the salesmen of the Peters Cartridge Company, which was held at Cincinnati, Jan. 2-7. These representatives came from every section of the country and constitute a body of highly intelligent, progressive men, experts alike on the subject of ammunition and in the science of salesmanship. They are, of course, almost continually in correspondence with the office of the company, an altogether satisfactory means of communication ordinarily, but a week of intimate association with each other and with those who control their movements, supplies a generous stock of information and inspiration for the year's work.

The men began to arrive on Saturday, Dec. 31, but the formal programme started with the morning of Jan. 2. Conferences concerning the work of individual salesmen were held during that day, and at 6 o'clock the annual roll call and supper took place at the Business Men's Club. Every man answered to the call of his name, with the exception of Mr. Wallace R. Miller, who, to the regret of all, was detained at his home in Austin, Tex., owing to a recent attack of typhoid fever. It is needless to say that he was often spoken of during the week, and that there was general gratification at the reports of his convalescence.

Tuesday was occupied with conferences, and at 2 P. M., the president of the company, Mr. O. E. Peters, addressed the men concerning the results achieved in the year 1904, and giving general instructions with regard to the work of 1905. Tuesday evening at 6:30, the salesmen and officers of the company met at a smoker, where various phases of the business were discussed for the benefit of all concerned, until quite a late hour.

On Wednesday evening the salesmen, together with a number of representatives from the jobbing trade, were the guests of the company at a theatre party. The attraction was the spectacular play "The Wizard of Oz," which proved delightfully entertaining.

As is the custom at these reunions, one day, Thursday, was devoted to a trip to the factories, located at King's Mills, O., some twenty-five miles north of Cincinnati. The party divided into small groups and visited the various departments, one after the other, finding at each point many interesting processes to delight the heart of the ammunition expert. The additions and extensions to the factories were carefully noted, and in the testing gallery demonstrations were made. An old-fashioned country dinner was served, at 1 o'clock, and after an hour or two spent at the traps, the party returned to Cincinnati in time for the annual banquet at 6:30. This proved to be a most enjoyable affair, and, in fact, the climax of the entire week. The tables were most artistically arranged, and appropriate music was furnished by an instrumental quartet. The menu was as follows:

Table with menu items: Blue Points, Olives, Cream of Celery, Broiled Spanish Mackerel, Maitre D'Hotel, Pommes Julienne, Punch Romaine, Filet Mignon, Chasseur, Petits Pois, Lettuce and Tomato, Tutti Frutti, Roquefort and Brie, Demi Tasse, Crackers.

After the coffee Mr. O. E. Peters, acting as toastmaster, made a brief but most happy address, and then introduced Mr. G. M. Peters, who although called upon without preparation, made a speech so earnest and eloquent, so impressive in its definition of the company's policy and high ideals, that all present were moved to the point of enthusiasm and the applause which followed his final words lasted some minutes. Then followed addresses by Mr. Keplinger, the vice-president; Mr. McKibben, secretary; Mr. Tuttle, treasurer; Mr. Keller, of the New York office; Mr. George King, of the manufacturing department; Mr. Maurice Kaufman, speaking on behalf of the salesmen, as well as some very kind expressions from the jobbing representatives present. Mr. O. E. Peters at 11 o'clock announced that he had hoped to hear from

many more of those at the board, but adjournment was necessary on account of the lateness of the hour.

Friday the men assembled at the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club for some practice shooting and a team race. It was the intention to make up a race between the fat men and the lean men, but that plan had to be abandoned, owing to the fact that a majority of the shooters were found to be in the fat men's class. However, two teams were chosen by Captain Dave Elliott and Captain Harry Kirby, twenty-five men each, the race being at 50 targets. Some very good shooting was done, although it must be said, owing to the good-natured but persistent bantering, some very poor records were also developed. At the end of the race, it was found that Captain Kirby's team led the Dave Elliott team by a score of 991 to 897, but everybody had a good time, and there were no regrets. Friday evening and Saturday were used to finish up individual conferences and give final instructions for the immediate future, and the men dispersed to their various territories Saturday, very well satisfied with the week's experience.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Jan. 7.—The regular club shoot of the South End Gun Club, of this city, which was shot to-day, was won by W. W. Essig, with a score of 24 out of 25 targets. The scores follow:

Club shoot, 25 targets: Miles 20, Ball 19, Matz 20, Yost 22, Eshelman 16, Farr 19, Gerhart 22, Shultz 20, Henry 14, Essick 24, Smith 18, Melcher 19.

Lebanon, Pa., Jan. 5.—Frank C. Wright defeated Capt. Fred Ehrhorn, of the Keystone Gun Club, in a live-bird shoot by killing 17 out of 20 birds, while Ehrhorn killed 16. Capt. George S. Trafford defeated William H. Bollman by killing 10 straight, Bollman missing two of his quota.

West Chester, Pa., Jan. 3.—The target shoot held on the grounds of the West Chester Gun Club, with a silver tea set and tray as first prize in the 50-target event, the big event of the shoot, was well attended. The scores follow: Register 43, Lee 41, Bennett 39, Eachus 37, H. Beebe 35, Ferguson 35, Cardwell 34, Gill 32, Haines 32, Dale 30, D. Beebe 27.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Jan. 9.—Richard Lovell, the local crack shot, and Elijah Ashton, of Green Ridge, have been matched to shoot a live-bird match on Jan. 21, at Stuartsville, for \$75.

Bloomsburg, Pa., Jan. 5.—An interesting sweepstake in which three were tied for first honors, was held by Berwick sportsmen yesterday afternoon. Five birds were shot at by each contestant, the conditions being 28yds. rise and 50yds. boundary. The scores: Davis 4, Miller 4, Bombo 4, Henry 3, Schweppenhiser 2.

A match shoot for a purse, between Ban Henry and C. W. Freas was won by Henry, who killed 7 straight, Freas missing his seventh bird.

Ambler, Pa., Jan. 7.—The Ambler Gun Club held its annual handicap live-bird shoot at this place this morning, when creditable scores were made. Interstate rules governed the two events shot off, which resulted in the following scores:

Ten-bird event: Detoc 10, Meehan 5, Achuff 8, Reed 7, Claymer 6, Bray 5.

Second event, 10 live birds: Detoc 9, Meehan 8, Achuff 8, Bramble 7, Claymer 7, Bray 6, Meyers 5.

Hamburg, Pa., Jan. 7.—The annual shoot of the Pirate Chief Gun Club was held to-day on their grounds here. All previous records were broken, despite the misty condition of the weather. H. and J. Confer broke 84 and 82 targets respectively, out of a possible 100. The scores:

Table with columns: Events, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, Broke. Rows include H Confer, Kalbach, C Confer, Soutley, J Confer, F Confer, Heiss, Bailor, Balthausen, Buck, C Heckman, Moyer, Lenhart, R Heckman.

Flourtown, Pa., Jan. 5.—The live-bird shoot for a purse of \$100 in gold, held on the Flourtown Gun Club grounds this afternoon, was a largely attended affair. The entries included well-known wing shots from Philadelphia and nearby points. Cloverdale, of Chestnut Hill, shot high gun for the day, killing 16 birds straight. The best scores follow:

Ten-bird handicap shoot: Cloverdale 10, Detoc 9, Clymer 8, Green 7, Dull 7, Achuff, Shilling, Rotsell, Gate and Winkle 5 each.

Sweepstake, miss-and-out: Dull 8, Green 8, Winkle 8, Cloverdale 6, Detoc 5, Dull 4, Donohue 4.

Five-Man Team Championship.

BOSTON, Jan. 14.—The first competition for the five-man team championship cup was held on grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, at Wellington, Mass., this afternoon. There were twenty-seven shooters, who took part in the different events.

The first leg for the cup was won by the Birch Brook Gun Club. Following are the team scores, 25 known and 25 unknown angles:

Table with columns: Birch Brook Gun Club, Watertown Gun Club. Rows include Kirkwood, Straw, Rowe, Bell, Frank, Climax, Dean, Edwards.

Lowell Rod and Gun Club. Rule 8 14 3 12-37, Currier 6 11 5 11-33-180.

Table with columns: Other events: Targets, 10, 15, 10, 15, 10, 15, 10, 15. Rows include Griffith, Rule, Foster, Kirkwood, Frank, Dean, Chase, Straw, Climax, Edwards, Currier, Morse, Roy, Rowe, Bell, Peabody, Jordan, Burns, Eaton, Gokey, Philbrook, Woodruff, Remick, Bartlett, Powers, Stewart, Hinckley.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—A few of the Peters Cartridge Company's boys were in town this week, and of course put in a part of their time at the club. A team match at 100 targets was shot the first of the week, the Kirby team winning by a score of 416 to 401.

Table with 2 columns: Team (Gambell's Team, Kirby's Team) and Targets (20, 20, 20, 20). Lists scores for various shooters like Gambell, Storr, Hardy, French, Davies, Kirby, Wheeler, Seymour, Don Minto, and Carter.

Saturday, Jan. 14, was a typical winter day, clear and cold. The attendance was not quite up to the mark, only fourteen taking part in the cash prize event, and five of these not shooting in competition.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets, distance handicap: Harig (18) 46, *Trimble (16) 46, Hesser (16) 45, *Gambell (16) 44, *Don Minto (16) 42, *Le Compte (16) 42, Bullerdick (18) 41, Pohlar (18) 38, Pfeiffer (17) 38, H. Sunderbruch (19) 36, Peters (18) 36, *Carter (16) 36, Falk (17) 35, Williams (18) 34.

Match at 25 targets, four high men out: Gambell 22, Peters 23, Harig 22, Le Compte 22, Hardy 21, Hesser 20, Carter 20, Bullerdick 16.

Match, 50 targets, four high men out: Harig 47, Bullerdick 45, Hardy 45, Le Compte 43, Gambell 42, Carter 40, Williams 36, Hesser 35, Peters 35.

Match, 25 targets, three high men out: Gambell 23, Harig 23, Le Compte 22, Hardy 21, Peters 20, Hesser 18.

Dayton Gun Club Annual Meeting.

The Dayton, O., Gun Club held its first annual meeting at the Phillips House on the evening of Jan. 12, and almost every member of the club was in attendance.

At the close of the business session a banquet was served to the members and guests. Messrs. C. O. Le Compte and Ralph Trimble, trade representatives, were guests of honor, and both responded happily when called upon informally for toasts.

In Other Places.

The Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club shoot, which began on Tuesday last promised to be the best of its kind ever held on the soil of the mother country.

The Linden, Ia., Gun Club will hold a tournament Jan. 24 and 25. It is reported that C. W. Budd, H. R. Patterson, F. S. Whitney and D. Y. French, all of Des Moines, Ia., will be present.

It has been given out by the Downs, Ia., Gun Club that on Jan. 26 and 27 its members will entertain all visitors who are shotgun enthusiasts with a gathering at the target grounds.

There is little of the "cold-bloodedness" connected with the Coldbrook Gun Club, as on last Wednesday evening a large number met at the home of Mrs. Pearl, at Monmouth, Ill., and sat down to a three-course dinner.

Thirteen crack men took part in a shoot at Broadhead, Wis., last Monday. Though the wind was strong and facing the shooters, the scores were good.

Shooting is on the increase at Johnstown, O., as twenty-seven shooters in attendance are a "whole lot."

Business of importance was scheduled for the meeting of the Cumberland Gun Club, of Davenport, Ia., for their Tuesday evening meeting.

The annual meeting of the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., was held in this week, Wednesday, at which officers were to be elected—particulars in next issue.

A shoot was announced for Friday of this week at Worthington, Minn. Results later.

Robert Dye, Roy Harris and Frank McKeon, of Clive, Ia., were the committee in charge of the late shoot held by the gun club.

The shooters in Illinois, Indiana and other Central States should take note that in many of the towns in Wisconsin, Michigan and Canada, the gun clubs hold their regular weekly shoots during the winter.

Those well-known Buckeye shooters, Heikes, Rike and Wray, took part in a turkey shoot last Saturday, held out in the adjoining township, and report has it that Heikes had turkeys "to burn."

Reports at the annual Pentwater, Mich., shoot were: C. F. Lewis 174, Henry Reed 172, M. D. Girard 164, S. T. Collins 149, Elmer Stanhope 145, Bert Jeffries 138, W. J. Sloan 135, Ely Lewis 130, Matt Sloan 124, A. F. Wickham 118.

That the Cleveland, O., Gun Club will have a prosperous year is

assured when it starts off the first shoot of ten with \$250 in prizes for high and low guns. A full attendance is desired, as to be a participant in the prize distribution a shooter must have participated in seven of the ten shoots scheduled.

A bit of news from Sulphur Hill, Ind., relates that the Geneva Gun Club held a shooting match last Saturday, and many good scores were made, but the item was minus the scores.

George Mosen, of Sandy Run, Pa., won the first prize at the shoot held at Hazelton, Pa., on last Monday.

There is no doubt shooting at many gun club grounds 'way out in Kansas that is unknown to the outside world caused by the backwardness of those interested to furnish reports for the sporting press. Here is a new one, though. Last Thursday, the Cullison, Kan., target "busters" entertained the Pratt "boys" with a target shoot.

The Northwestern shooters, especially the experts, are busy with preparations for their trip to Texas, where the three big shoots are to be held.

Hutchinson, Kan., Jan. 9.—The first shoot for the 1905 season was held here yesterday at the park. There will be something doing all the year, as a fine loving cup is up. On this day it was O. H. Guy who was able to "guy" the others, as his 41 out of 50 was the topmost score.

The Linden, Ia., Gun Club tournament will be a handicap, from 10 to 20yds. There will be events open to all. On the second day will occur the Guthrie-Dallas county championship.

Mr. Lewis Dodge, of Monroe, Wis., wishes it understood by the Western shooters that there will be a pigeon shoot on the club grounds on Feb. 22.

George O. Harriss, secretary of the South Dakota Sportsmen's Association, is out with the claim that the next State tournament will be held at Vermillion on May 31, and June 1 and 2.

G. A. Mann, of Hastings, Neb., writes that the twenty-ninth annual meeting and the tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will be held May 9, 10, 11 and 12.

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Meadow Springs—Highland.

ON the grounds of the Meadow Springs Gun Club, Jan. 14, Meadow Springs defeated the Highland Gun Club by a score of 182 to 179. A cold, stiff wind was a severe weather condition against the shooters.

Table with 2 columns: Meadow Springs and Highland. Lists scores for shooters like G. Smith, Franklin, Roberts, Bush, Henry, Depew, Murdock, Hansell, Hall, Coyle, A. Ballentine, T. Ballentine, Everett, Johnson, Lutz, Denham, Meehan, Pinkerton, M. Wentz, Dalton.

Table with 2 columns: Meadow Springs and Highland. Lists scores for shooters like Christ, Watson, Hall, *Elliott, Heathcote, Lee, Martin, Chandler, Coyle, Mardin, Sintz, Henry, *Ringgold, Warner, *Elliott, *Visitors.

Clearview—North Camden.

ON the grounds of the North Camden Gun Club, Jan. 14, the Clearview team was victorious over the Camden team by a score of 190 to 170. The cold weather impaired the competition.

Table with 2 columns: North Camden and Clearview. Lists scores for shooters like Tilton, Stratton, Ray, Fleming, Sharp, Pratt, Cavallier, Wicks, Garrigues, Silver, Ludwig, Dyer, Daveson, Charlton, Springer, Downs, Huber, Fisher, Edwards, Sibole.

Sweepstakes were shot as follows: Event No. 1, 25 targets: Pratt 23, Reifsnnyder 13, Buckwalter 24, Springer 17, Daveson 20, Silver 18. Event No. 2, 15 targets: Sibole 13, Daveson 14, Bilhartz 11, Fisher 10, J. Edwards 9, Huber 11.

Narberth—S. S. White.

ON the Belmont track the Narberth Gun Club team defeated the S. S. White Gun Club team by a score of 136 to 132.

The open sweepstake events were at 10 targets, and scored as follows:

First event: Barker 7, Henderson 6, Fontaine 6, Brenizer 6, Beyer 4, Dr. Cotting 4, Parry 4, Hand 3, Hinkson 3, Harris 3, Dill 1.

Second event: Newcomb 9, Sharp 8, Brenizer 7, Hawkins 8, Cantrell 6, Davis 6, Halberstadt 5, Dillon 5, Hinkson 4, Alker 3.

Third event: Newcomb 8, Hand 8, Dr. Cotting 8, Henderson 8, Hawkins 7, Humphries 6, Stahr 6, Beyer 5, Ott 4, Dill 3, Fontaine 3.

Fourth event: Hawkins 9, Halberstadt 8, Duffield 7, Beecher 7, Alker 7, Dillon 6, Fontaine 5, Hand 5, Appleton 5, Ott 4.

Fifth event: Hawkins 10, Henderson 9, Beecher 7, Dr. Cotting 7, Hinkson 6, Brenizer 6, Heite 5, Janes 4, Burgess 4, Cantrell 4, Jackson 2.

Hill Rod and Gun Club—Hill'sides.

The Hill Rod and Gun Club defeated the Hillside Gun Club at Hill Crest, 149 to 147.

Table with 2 columns: Hillside and Hill Rod and Gun Club. Lists scores for shooters like Larent, Haywood, M. Bisbing, Parson, R. Bisbing, Lawson, Clark, Aiman, *Hillside, *Hillside, *Hillside, *Hillside.

Florists—Media.

At Media, Pa., Jan. 14, the Florists' Gun Club defeated the Media Gun Club by a score of 190 to 183. The scores in detail follows:

Table with 2 columns: Florists' and Media. Lists scores for shooters like Bell, Guernsey, Shields, Shaw, Anderson, Landis, E. Coleman, Huttonbock, Sanford, F. Coleman, Copple, Lee, Evans, Smedley, Pennington, Little, Williamson, Howard, Bennett, Powell.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., Jan. 14.—Event 9 was for a silver trophy, and it was won by Mr. C. E. Eickhoff.

Table with 2 columns: Events and Targets. Lists scores for shooters like Eickhoff, Vosselman, Morrison, Gussell, Addis, Fisher, Geyer, Bachrack, Cpeland, Sherman.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Jan. 14.—Nine men shot through some six events to-day. In the gold medal event, Messrs. Babcock, Batten, Winslow and Moffatt qualified by breaking 7 straight in a certain specified 25.

Table with 2 columns: Events and Targets. Lists scores for shooters like P. Cockeair, W. T. Wallace, C. Babcock, Geo. Batten, W. I. Soverel, C. W. Kendall, E. Winslow, J. W. Glaister, F. W. Moffett.

Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O.—Great preparations are being made by the members of the Cleveland Gun Club for target shooting next season. The membership for the past season has shown a wonderful increase, ninety-five new members being added to the rolls, so that now there are 225 members.

The club held a banquet at the Euclid Hotel, Jan. 10, at which fully fifty members of the organization were present. Plans for improving the club, to make it more attractive for the members were discussed, and an effort will now be made to increase the membership to 300.

It was shown that the club has one of the finest shooting parks in the country, forty acres being acquired for the sport, representing, with the equipment, an investment of \$12,000.

After an elaborate banquet, officers were chosen, as follows: F. G. Hogen, President; W. C. Talmage, Vice-President; A. M. Allyn, Secretary; S. C. Payne, Treasurer; F. H. Wallace, Financial Secretary and Manager; C. E. Doolittle, Captain. F. W. Judd and R. C. Hopkins were elected to the Board of Directors.

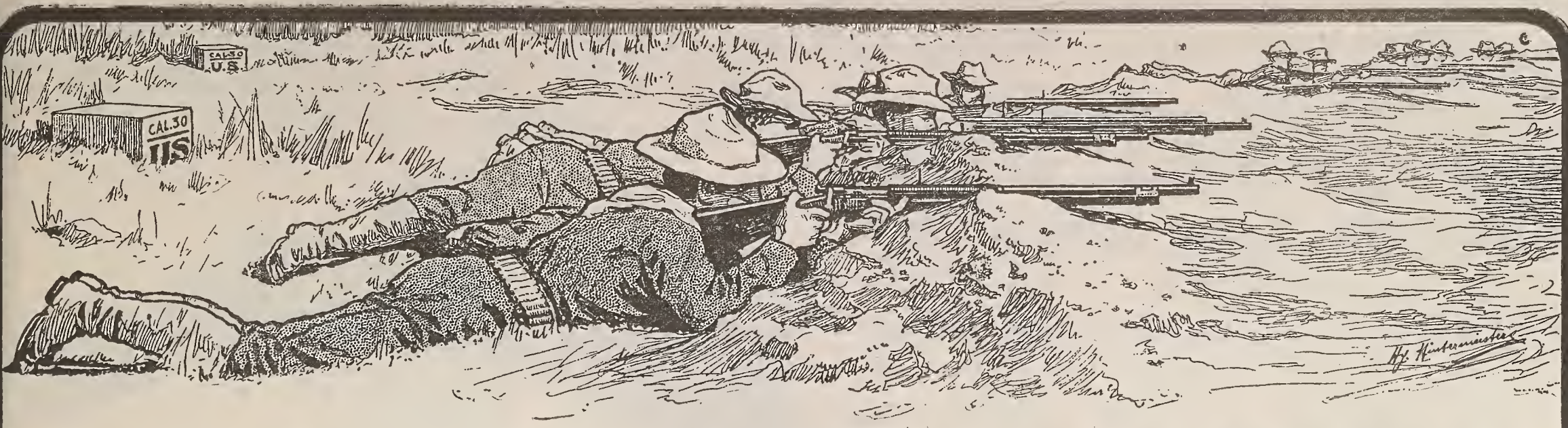
President Hogen acted as toastmaster, and toasts were responded to by City Engineer W. J. Carter, who is a member of the Recreation Club, and Messrs. Beers and O'Dell, other guests of the club, besides Paul North, of the Ohio Fish and Game Commission, and several others.

A team of ten men will go to Akron next month to defend the trophy, which has been twice won by Cleveland. Should Cleveland win again, the trophy will become the property of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Skelly and Banks—Squier and Foord.

WILMINGTON, Del.—In a two-man team race, Messrs. J. T. Skelly and Edward Banks against Messrs. W. M. Foord and Luther J. Squier, on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, on Jan. 12, Messrs. Banks and Skelly were victorious by two targets. The team scores were 162 to 160.

Table with 2 columns: Skelly and Banks, Squier and Foord. Lists scores for shooters like Banks, Skelly, Squier, Foord.



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ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

THE handicaps which will govern the eighty-six shooters of the Crescent Athletic Club during January, follow:

Table with columns: Targets, T. T. P., and names of shooters like E Banks, A M Boucher, H M Brigham, etc.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 14.—For the January cup, a handicap event, Mr. O. C. Grinnell scored a win. He was high man alone with a score of 23.

Table for trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap, with columns: Hdp. Brk. Tot'l., and names like Grinnell, Jr., Damron, Lockwood, etc.

Shoot-off, same conditions: O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 15, W. C. Damron 12.

Table for trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap, with columns: Hdp. Brk. Tot'l., and names like Grinnell, Jr., Damron, Lockwood, etc.

Table for trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap, with columns: Hdp. Brk. Tot'l., and names like Vanderveer, Grinnell, Jr., Palmer, etc.

Table for shoot for January cup, 25 targets, handicap, with columns: Hdp. Brk. Tot'l., and names like Grinnell, Jr., Palmer, Vanderveer, etc.

Table for team shoot, 25 targets, handicap, with columns: Hdp. Brk. Tot'l., and names like Southworth, Marshall, Bedford, etc.

Table for trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap, with columns: Hdp. Brk. Tot'l., and names like Palmer, Marshall, Damron, etc.

Table for trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap, with columns: Hdp. Brk. Tot'l., and names like Palmer, Marshall, Stephenson, etc.

Table for trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap, with columns: Hdp. Brk. Tot'l., and names like Marshall, Stephenson, Palmer, Jr., etc.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

Bergen Beach, Brooklyn.—The shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club, held on Jan. 10, was well attended. The last event was shot in the twilight.

Table for Bergen Beach Gun Club with columns: Events, Targets, and names like Schorty, Cottrell, Schoverling, etc.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 8.—A little extra shoot was held on the club grounds to-day. Besides a series of ten clay-bird events, a match at 50 targets each was arranged between Scott and Connors.

Table for Ossining Gun Club with columns: Events, Targets, and names like W Scott, Mack, J Keenan, etc.

Jan. 14.—To-day was the regular bi-monthly shoot of this club. Quite a number of the boys came out for practice preparatory to the big 100-bird, misses as kills handicap.

Table for Ossining Gun Club with columns: Events, Targets, and names like W Scott, A L Harris, J Hyland, etc.

Messrs. Hyland and Donald shot for targets only. C. G. B.

Money—Banks.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 14.—Editor Forest and Stream: Kindly state in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that Capt. A. W. Money, of Oakland, N. J., and Mr. Edward Banks, of Wilmington, Del., have both been unanimously elected to honorary membership in the Interstate Association in recognition of the services they rendered it during the many years they were representing the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd., in the Association.

Amackassin Gun Club.

YONKERS, N. Y.—The Amackassin Heights Gun Club, of Yonkers, held its initial tournament, Jan. 2. It was well attended considering the weather.

The club was greatly assisted by Jack Fanning, who acted as referee and handicapper, and was very helpful to the club to make a success of its first shoot.

No. 10 was a handicap, and handicaps apply to that event only. The high average for professionals was won by Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, 167 out of 200.

Table for Amackassin Gun Club with columns: Events, Targets, and names like T Phillips, Dr Berlew, W J Johnson, etc.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Under the caption "A Runaway Race," the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., calls attention to Sporting Life's Trapshooters' Review for 1904, wherein is shown that out of twenty-nine shooters who made 90 per cent. or better, each shooting 3,000 shots or more, seventeen shot Winchester factory loaded shells.

The calendar for 1905, issued by the Peters Cartridge Company, has proved so popular with sportsmen and dealers all over the country, and the demand for them has been so great, that the supply has already been exhausted.

The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., will send, without charge, their 1905 calendar to applicants. It is entitled "A Great Shot," concerning which, the company states, it "tells a story that any lover of the woods will understand, and enjoy developing the details of from his own experience."

The Calendar for 1905, issued by the Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Fitchburg, Mass., is a production of exceptional interest to sportsmen and home defenders, besides having special artistic merits. It portrays two revolvers, one of holster, the other of pocket size, supported by nails on rough boarding, while a corduroy hunting coat hanging alongside, suggests an owner who keeps these shapely and useful weapons for practical rather than ornamental purposes.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Trapshooters in the Field.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since leaving the fringing-line as a professional shot, the last annual tournament and pow-pow of the Scatter Shoot Tribe which was held at West Baden during the summer just past, having marked my departure from the ranks, separation from the gang and the entering upon my duties as salesman. I have had a number of letters from the boys asking as to how I was progressing, weather or not I ever had any fun, etc.; and as these letters are entirely too numerous to reply to in detail, I have thought to crave your indulgence and use your columns to communicate once more with the "bunch," let 'em know that I was glad to hear from them and that the life of a salesman for a gun and ammunition company, while traveling in the South and West, can be, and is a very pleasant one, especially in the game season and if you know the right people. One little shooting trip in particular stands out in my memory as one long to be retained and treasured and, thinking the boys might want to hear it, will give it to you here.

While calling upon my trade in Little Rock I was spending a very pleasant hour with Mr. John H. Martin, and was introduced to Mr. William B. Payne, of Beebranch, in Van Buren county. Now this same William B. Payne is some punkins as a sportsman, and he must have some friends in his county, as he has just been elected as a Representative to the next general Assembly of the State of Arkansas. This of itself is not surprising, but when you know that brother Payne is a Republican and was the only man on that ticket elected to office in his county and is one of the four from that party holding seats in the next Legislature at Little Rock, why, that's different.

It chanced that Brother Payne happened to mention the killing of a 22-pound gobbler in my hearing, and I can only describe my feelings at hearing this news, when I say I felt about like Tom Marshall and Fred Gilbert did out at Kansas City once, when Charlie Stevens dealt them each a royal flush.—that is, before the hands were showed down, and by which comparison I mean that I felt some glad. I may say, too, that I felt, when Mr. Payne invited me out to help him kill another, a great deal better than either Tom or Fred, when the smoke cleared and they found the hands were a tie. It is needless to say that brother Payne's invitation was accepted before he had a chance to get away from it, and upon the following Thursday, which, by the way, was Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24 last, I set out on my journey, a drive of about thirty-eight miles, and alone across a country I never knew was there. However, Mr. Payne had given me ample instructions, and at about 5 o'clock P. M., I drove up to his door. I think, privately, he was somewhat surprised, as knowing your Uncle Jim to be a tenderfoot, he thought the thirty-eight miles would bluff me. But the chance of getting a shot at America's greatest game-bird and, I believe, wildest game, made that thirty-eight miles appear to me like a walk around the block. I was quartered with Brother Jones, of the Jones House at Beebranch, and Brother Jones sure knows how to take care of a sportsman and his horse, etc. As my time was limited to two days, in which to hunt, Mr. Payne was down early the following morning, Friday, and we set out in my buggy for the Cataran Creek Bottoms, where he had been having some sport with the turkeys, and which locality he thought most favorable for me to get a shot in the limited time at my disposal.

The morning was exceedingly dry and the atmosphere full of smoke from forest fires raging in North Arkansas at that time, and, in consequence, at 8 o'clock, when we left the main road and drove out through some black-jack timber along a little used road to reach Cataran Creek, objects were not easily distinguished at distances to exceed 100 to 150 yards. We had hardly gotten well away from the road and out into the timber, when Mr. Payne suddenly grabbed the lines and, speaking cautiously, said: "I think I see something out there in the oaks." He stopped, then drove along for a few feet, stopped and drove along again, all the while intently looking off to our right, and finally stopped and got out of the buggy to see better, but finally said, "I guess it was only a squirrel on the ground; but I thought I saw a turkey sneak along through the trees." The light was so uncertain that it was impossible to say just what it was. While lighting a cigar, Mr. Payne suggested that I hand him a .32-20 rifle that I had in the buggy, as he wanted to try a shot before we got to the hunting grounds, and, if he could shoot it, he would use it instead of his shotgun. I neglected to say that about 100yds. to our right was a bare tree lap, which was the only obstruction, aside from the fog, to a clear view of the open woods. Mr. Payne took a piece of paper from his pocket, walked down into the woods about 60 to 65yds. and fastened it upon a tree. Upon his return I handed him the .32. All this time we had been at this particular spot, I should think some seven or eight minutes. Mr. Payne drew a bead on this piece of paper, and at the crack of the rifle out from that bare tree-lap jumped about as pretty a specimen of a wild turkey gobbler as one would want to see. Imagine, boys, how your Uncle Jim felt after driving thirty-eight miles to get a shot at a turkey, and, before the hunt was started, here was a "beaut" skirting around him at about 75 to 80yds. distant, while my gun

was reposing safely in its case in the bottom of the buggy, as we had two miles yet to go before reaching the hunting grounds.

I have a friend who was once on his way to a pigeon shoot, and stopped over at a hotel in one of the large cities of the country. Following morning he carefully packed every pair of his trousers in his trunk and sent them to the depot without having taken the precaution to put on one pair or even to reserve one pair for that meritorious purpose. That's how I felt, "ye scoffers." There was no word I could think of at that particular time to fit the occasion. Brother Payne was in the meantime busily getting another cartridge into the rifle and took a running shot at this Mr. Turkey, distant about 100 to 125yds., and going so fast that he looked more like a boa constrictor than he did a turkey. At this Mr. Gobbler rose and sailed majestically off over the treetops toward Scroggins Creek Bottoms, about three-quarters of a mile to our left. Brother Payne recited a few measured sentences not often heard in meeting, and we wended our way to the Cataran Creek. This is how I didn't kill the lone gobbler; but I did kill him a little later in the day, and in doing so I was some gratified.

Going down to the creek bottom, to begin our hunt, Mr. Payne gave me a little history of this lone gobbler, which he well knew, and also a careful description of the country and how we would try to circumvent him. After carefully staking our steed and putting our belongings into the trees out of reach of the range cattle and razor-back hogs, the real hunt began. The forenoon was spent in a still-hunt, covering a portion of the Cataran Creek Bottoms below or to our southeast, also a careful return along Scroggins Creek, where it appeared that our lone gobbler had gone. While on this hunt, Mr. Payne gave a very slight exhibition of what he can do in the way of seductive calling for wild turkeys, but did a very little of this, as he knew this Mr. Gobbler of old and knew that he was just as liable to burn the other way when called as to come toward the caller.

Upon reaching Cataran Creek again and without having gotten a glimpse of our quarry, after which Brother Payne enjoyed a cigar, while your humble servant "made much medicine, according to the custom of the tribe of Okobojis," and laid plans for the taking of Mr. Gobbler's scalp.

It was agreed that the tenacity that this turkey had exhibited in running around us that morning, and in flying to our left when shot at, instead of going away down to our right, as he should have done, according to all the laws of wild things, especially as the dense timber along the Cataran Creek lay nearest in that direction, had, to a certain extent, tipped his hand. In other words, there was some reason why he insisted upon going in a certain direction in spite of his scare at us and, as Mr. Payne knew of a cornfield yet unharvested that lay just on the east bank of Cataran Creek about a mile above us and almost due east of the point where we had flushed Mr. Gobbler, it was decided that this cornfield was his object.

Knowing the country as he did his own dooryard, Brother Payne soon had me at the west edge of this cornfield, on the east side of Cataran Creek and right opposite where a little dry run opened up a gap in the mountain, which lay on the opposite bank.

Here Brother Payne said: "Now, Jim, this looks like the place Mr. Gobbler would just about cross over the east side of that mountain to get to the field, and if you will climb up that little dry run, I will go about a quarter of a mile further north, climb the mountain, and we will hunt back across it, taking the remainder of the afternoon to hunt about a half-mile and will keep our respective distances. If I mistake not, you will meet that fellow coming across. Of this I am certain, for we did not find him in Scroggins Bottoms."

Slowly I climbed the mountain, keeping on the bare stones and, upon reaching the top, there lay the unmistakable signs of a cyclone having several years before uprooted all the tall timber, which lay in a tangled mass over the entire level top of the mountain. I also encountered a large, fat and saucy fox-squirrel, who ran up a stunted oak and defied me to pot him. As I was hunting turkey, I maintained my rule to let all smaller game pass unnoticed, which was a good thing. Proceeding slowly and with great care toward a fallen tree, against the upturned roots of which I had decided to take a stand for a while, I must have consumed not less than fifteen minutes in going 100yds. All this time Mr. Gobbler was concealed in a tree-lap about 40yds to my left and about the same distance from the top of the bluff which I had climbed. It's a cinch that he saw me the minute the top of my head showed over the mountain, and if he had run away I would never have seen him, on account of the tangled timber. Evidently the cornfield had such an attraction for him that he decided to let your Uncle walk out of gun shot on past him, and then he would sail off that mountain, like Jim Elliott going after a straight. However, he must have underestimated my distance, on account of the length of time I consumed in going toward my fallen tree, for I was just about 100yds. from the edge of the bluff when, "flop! flop!" I heard him get up behind me. I wheeled just in time to see what looked to me like the largest bird I had ever seen just skimming the top of some scrub oaks, going faster than Old Charlie Budd, says Frank Parmelee did when the jack rabbit got in his way, and he looked

a quarter of a mile away. It was a long shot and a desperate chance; but I had not driven thirty-eight miles for this chance to point wrong, so, as Tom Marshall would say, I threw something into that Mr. Turkey's system, where it would do the most good, and down he came with a crash, like Hugh Clark raising the pot on a pair of aces.

Thinking I might have by chance run into a flock, I got another shell into the right barrel, having reserved the left, else, as Fred Gilbert would say, would have knocked a little fine dust off his back with the second as he came down. Waiting about ten seconds, which seemed a week, for something to run or fly, and, as nothing showed up, I hollered. And when I say that I hollered, there are some of you who know just what that sounds like. There is a gentleman sportsman, Mr. J. Quincy Ward, of Paris, Ky., by gad, suh! who once essayed to yell a fox hunters' carol against your Uncle Jim. He quit on the second round, and I will say, that had J. Quincy been listening, he probably would have heard the yell I cut loose on this occasion. It was sure some copious. Brother Payne soon hove in sight, coming through the bushes like a buck, and the first thing he said was, "What's the matter, have you shot yourself?" Funny, how ridiculous things will come up under various circumstances, and I replied: "No; I have killed that gobbler, and if Ernie Tripp was here he could tell you a funny story."

When Brother Payne asked me why I had not gone to my prey, I told him that it was because I could not believe I had killed that turkey at the distance, and I wanted his word to prove it to me, so I had not moved out of my tracks since pulling the trigger. Upon going to the spot where he had fallen, we found him stone dead, and, I believe, he was dead before he struck the ground. The distance was 71yds., and an ounce and a quarter of double Bs ahead of three and one-half drams powder (smokeless) had doubled him up like a rag at that distance. He was the most beautiful bird I have ever seen anywhere, had a beard 14½ inches in length, which, with his spurs, showed him to be not less than three years old, and he weighed on the scales 21½ pounds. Brother Payne dragged him out of the tree-lap and fairly gloated over the prize. I have at various times in my trapshooting career, when in that unusual form that an "in and outer" will get occasionally, won some honors and much of the plaudits of the audience that always accompany a good win at the traps; but I cannot now recall a moment in my career that gave me the pride that accompanied the killing of the lone gobbler of Pine Tree Mountain.

Having driven so far for only a shot, and that shot having been successful, I was ready to go home, and declared to Brother Payne, that I was satisfied. I shouldered the gobbler, while he carried the guns, and when we left them at a native's house on the other side of the mountain, while we went after our rig, the lady native said: "We know that tukky. He has been about here for two years, and in the spring there is a hen tukky with him, but atah that he goes always alone."

The drive of thirty-eight miles back to the railroad was with the lightest of spirits, as I had accomplished what I went after and, further than this, I had added one more sportsman nobleman to my list of friends, the Hon. W. B. Payne, of Van Buren county, Ark. With kindest regards to all the bunch and promising—if Mr. Editor lets you see this—to regale you with a story of my good friend, Judge N. M. Williams, of the Indian Territory, and his one-eyed dog Stag, I am,

Yours truly,

J. L. HEAD.

Analostan Gun Club.

The annual meeting of the Analostan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., was held Jan. 12, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Burrige Wilson; Vice-President, Chas. S. Wilson; Treasurer, John Coleman; Secretary, Miles Taylor; Field Captain, Louis F. C. Heintz; Trustees, M. D. Hogen, W. R. Baker and W. H. Hunter.

The club decided to hold a two days' tournament on May 30 and 31. Two hundred dollars in added money will be given, and in addition to the \$200, \$15 will be given to first and second high averages, \$10 to the first and \$5 to the second.

The money will be divided on the percentage plan in 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., and the events will be shot under the sliding handicap system.

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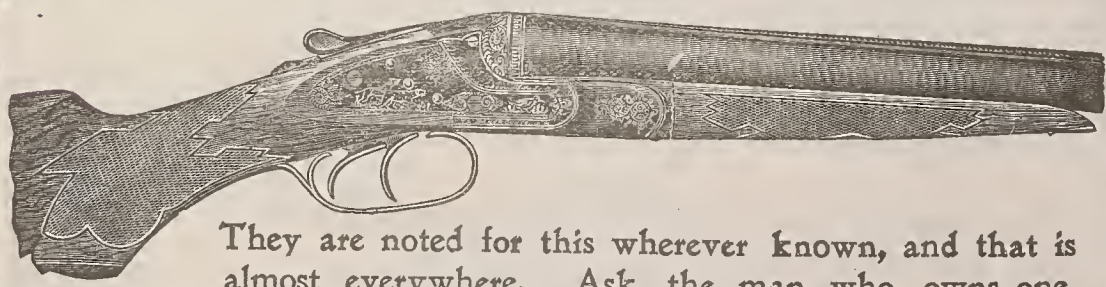
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Similar tours will be run Feb. 14 and 28. For tickets, itineraries, and other information apply to ticket agents, or to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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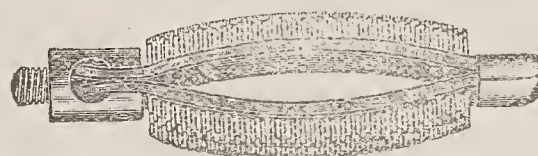
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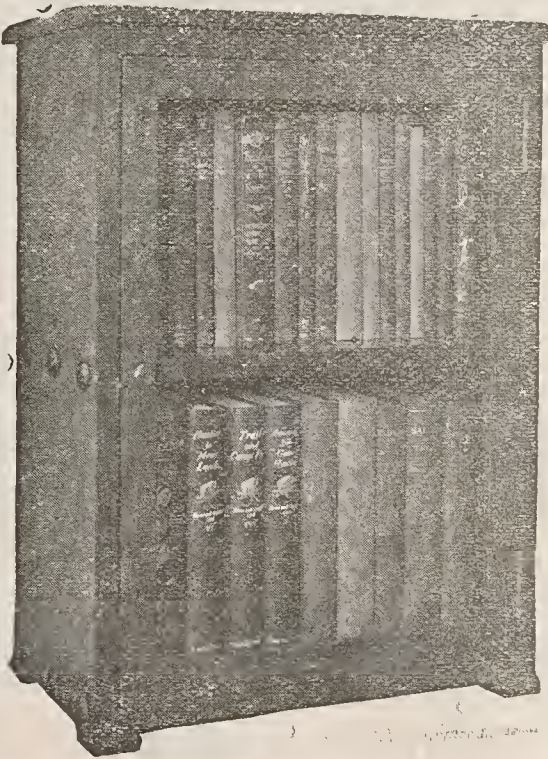
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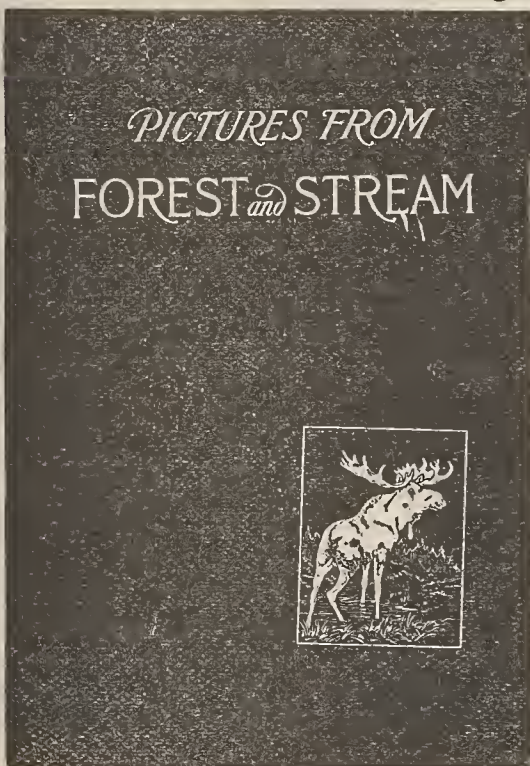


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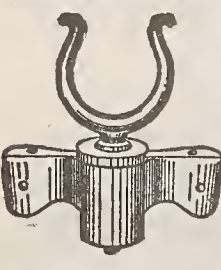
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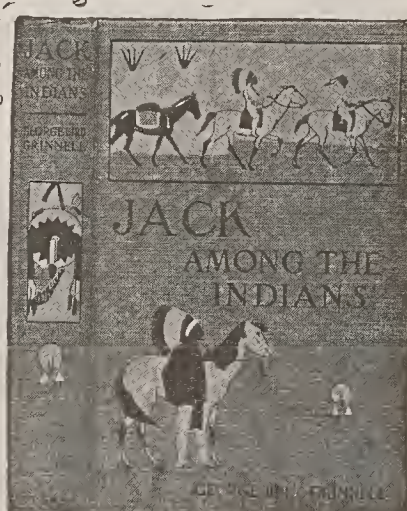
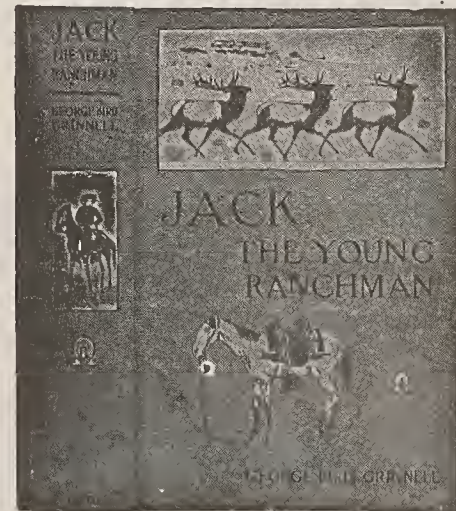
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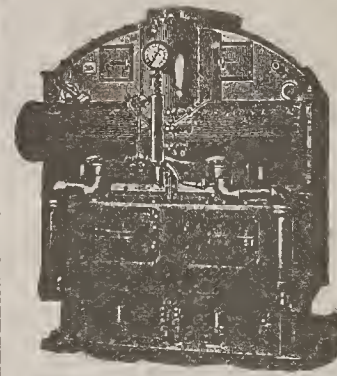
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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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A NEED OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE act setting apart the Yellowstone National Park was passed in 1872, but little public interest was manifested in that great reservation for several years after. All the time, however, people from different parts of the country were visiting it, and gradually it came to be known. About this time it occurred to certain money-making people and politicians in the East and the West that here was a large tract of country which some time would be of great public interest. Would it not be a good thing, they asked themselves, to get hold of this tract, to make some arrangement now, before it was known, by which it could be controlled by one group of men for ten or twenty years, or even for a longer period. The law permitted the Secretary of the Interior to lease certain limited tracts of country, and to do pretty much anything else.

Although the Yellowstone Park was thus in charge of the Secretary, neither he nor any of his subordinates knew much about it. There were a few printed reports, but the Park was a long way off, and absolutely inaccessible except by wagon or on horseback. In fact, only a little earlier, there was no wagon road into the Park except one from Virginia City, Montana, and travel through it was practically on horseback with pack mules.

The group of men who thought that it would be a good thing to secure control of the National Park went about the work very quietly and judiciously, and offered to the Secretary of the Interior a number of harmless looking contracts and leases, some of which were signed. Even as long ago as that, however, there were other people who had seen the marvelous possibilities of the National Park, and were watching it closely, and when they learned of the harmless contracts and leases, they scrutinized them with such care as to discover that they were not so harmless as they seemed. A strong effort was made to have the leases canceled or modified, and this was done.

From that time on for a good many years there was a perpetual struggle between two parties, one of which wanted the Park used for its own benefit and the other wanted the Park used for the public's benefit. Sometimes it was a question of hotels, sometimes of establishing a cattle ranch within its boundaries, sometimes of running a railroad through it. It was a long and tiresome fight, but the friends of the Park "stayed with it," as the term is, and at last tired out the people who were trying to grab the Park for their own benefit, and now for some years there has been no effort to steal this part of the public's property. It may be doubted if ever again such an effort will be made.

In its early history the Yellowstone Park for years suffered from lack of satisfactory appropriations and the curse of politics; but at length details from the regular army were stationed there, and an era of proper protection began. From Captain Moses Harris twenty years ago to Major John Pitcher to-day, there has been a steady improvement in conditions in the Park. Each officer detailed there has had the benefit of the experience of his predecessor, and it may truthfully be said that never has the Park been so well cared for as it is to-day. This gratifying state of things is of course a high tribute to the army, and shows that men of the highest class have been selected for a task which is both difficult and delicate.

In Major Pitcher's recent report on conditions there, is a reference to the necessity of feeding the game. This must be done, for as the wild animals increase, the food supply for each individual must decrease, and although in ordinary seasons when the grass is good and the snow is light, there is still ample grazing for all these animals, a winter may soon come of deep snows, of crusts and of hard spring storms, which will sweep away thousands on

thousands of elk, deer and antelope, and will destroy in a month the results of all the thought, time and money that have been devoted to the preservation of game here. Major Pitcher should be given funds sufficient to enable him to irrigate certain extensive flats on the Yellowstone River and its tributaries on which could be grown crops of hay to be harvested and held against some season of deep snows and bitter cold, when food will be greatly needed. These river valleys will grow thousands of tons of alfalfa or timothy, and are close to water, but ditches must be dug and crops sown and harvested, and for this work money is needed. The extraordinary success of the small alfalfa fields near Gardiner in attracting the antelope is an object lesson which shows what can be done in this matter. It is to be hoped that Congress and the Interior Department will unite in furnishing the needed funds to the Superintendent of the Park. All that is required is the money to make a start. Major Pitcher will do the rest.

CURRITUCK DUCK SHOOTING.

FROM time immemorial the great lagoons and broad waters lying between the fringe of the outer beach and the mainland along the southern Atlantic Coast have been a resort for wildfowl, and when the winter frost has sealed up the northernmost of these, the Great South Bay, the fowl pass on southward to Chesapeake Bay, Currituck Sound, and other open waters where food is abundant. To such wintering grounds the fowl are followed by the gunners, who ply their trade all winter long, slaying great numbers of ducks, geese and swan. The number of the birds varies somewhat; but if some shooting seasons are poor, others are extremely good; and since the abolition of spring shooting in many States and Provinces, the fowl seem to be almost holding their own.

Of these winter homes for wildfowl, Currituck Sound is the most famous, perhaps for no better reason than that it has been frequented by gunners of the Northern States since a time long preceding the Civil War. Each year many thousands of birds are killed, chiefly by the local gunners, who in large measure derive their living through the winter from the fowl which they capture, but also a great many by visiting sportsmen—club members and persons who go to various resorts kept by natives and secure good shooting. There are still multitudes of birds in Currituck Sound, and each year the geese and swans seem to grow more numerous. Nevertheless the constant gunning, extended over many years and over many months of each year, is slowly teaching the birds wisdom, instilling in them suspicion of the decoys to which they once flew so unsuspectingly, and generally causing them to act in such a manner that they are each year more difficult to secure.

There have been seasons when the battery and the bush blind have almost driven the ducks out of Currituck Sound. From Back Bay, Va., southward over much of this water, batteries and bush blinds, each with a large stand of decoys, are scattered at frequent intervals. A great flock of canvasbacks, starting on its flight north or south, descends to alight among these decoys, loses two or three of its members, and flies on, to stoop to another bunch of decoys, and to be shot at again. This may continue for a distance of twenty or thirty miles, and the ultimate result must be to teach the birds to suspect all decoys and hence avoid them. Besides, the tenders of the batteries are always moving about, putting on the wing bunches of birds that may be sitting on the water, in the hope that they may go to the decoys.

A wise move recently made in Currituck Sound has been to set aside an area where batteries should not be used, and where it should be unlawful to disturb the birds on the water for the purpose of making them go to decoys. It is understood that at the present session of the Legislature Messrs. S. M. Beasley and Mr. Owens, the Senator and Representative from Currituck county, purpose to introduce a bill extending this area, so that it shall include all of Currituck Sound south of an east and west line drawn through the north end of Church's Island, to an east and west line drawn through Hog Quarter Landing. Within these limits no batteries are to be used, and it is forbidden to row, sail or propel any boat for the purpose of disturbing ducks sitting on the water. Such a law, if enforced, would measurably turn

the waters indicated into a refuge for the birds, and would give the residents of Currituck county who gun there much better shooting than they have at present. It is to be hoped that this bill will pass.

It is a matter of regret, alike to visiting gunners and those who make their living by following the Sound, that the efforts at wildfowl protection by the Audubon Society of North Carolina have not been more successful. The organization and machinery of the Audubon Society seem excellent, but it has failed in the choice of efficient wardens to patrol the Sound. From north of Knott's Island south to the end of Currituck Sound there is general complaint of violation of the game laws and inefficiency of wardens. Night shooting is common at many points in the Sound, as is also shooting on lay days—not a violation of the law, unless done over decoys.

We believe that the Audubon Society will before long take steps to improve present conditions.

In this season when game eaten at hotels, clubs and private tables must almost everywhere be an illicit luxury, a common item of news is the report of a seizure of cold storage game. The papers the other day told of a St. Paul raid under the conduct of Executive Agent Sam. F. Fullerton, in which nearly 900 grouse were discovered and confiscated. They were in the possession of a St. Paul dealer with whom the game and fish commissioners have had much trouble in the past, and this seizure is very gratifying, because it means that they have been successful when they had to deal with an offender who is described as one of the smoothest men and the hardest to catch they have had to do with for years. The fines which may be imposed are in the neighborhood of \$10,000. A similar case of activity is reported from Springfield, Mass., where six deputies of the State Game and Fish Commission the other day raided a refrigerating plant and seized thirty-seven partridges and five woodcock. The raid was made under the new Massachusetts law which allows the deputies to search places of business where it is suspected that game may be kept illegally, and in this instance the action was prompted by complaints made by local sportsmen. The case was conducted for the prosecution by Ex-Commissioner E. H. Lathrop. Other seizures of illicit game have been made in Worcester and other Massachusetts towns, demonstrating that the new search law is giving just the results that were hoped for when the Commissioners asked for it last winter.

THAT is a peculiar situation in New Hampshire where the people of the southern counties have for several years been protecting deer that the range might once again be stocked as in the old days; and now that they have established a deer supply they are in a quandary as to what they shall do with them. If the protection shall be continued, the deer, already numerous, will come to be a depredating nuisance. If an open season shall be provided, the hunting country, which is also a settled district, will be invaded by hunters whose shooting will be a menace to human beings; and under existing conditions it would be folly to allow men to go into the woods with high power rifles where the danger to people passing on the roads or working in the fields at home is so great. In short, New Hampshire has undertaken to establish deer hunting in a region which is not adapted to the sport. The practical solution of the perplexing problem which confronts the game authorities will be awaited with interest.

THE Minnesota Historical Society honored itself not less than Mr. Nathaniel P. Langford, of St. Paul, the other day when it elected him to the Presidency. Mr. Langford, who takes the chair made vacant by the death of the late Judge Greenleaf Clark, has lived forty years in the West, and has been a life member of the Minnesota Historical Society for twenty years and long its first vice-president. He has deserved well of his fellow citizens in many ways, but we may well believe that the proudest title that he bears is that of father of the Yellowstone Park. As one of its very earliest explorers, its practical founder, and its first superintendent, he has for nearly thirty-five years felt the keenest interest in that grand national possession; and it must have been a great satisfaction to him during the past autumn again to visit the Park and to see it in the perfection of its prime.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXVII.

Samuel Parker.

In the year 1838 there was published in Ithaca, N. Y., by the author, the "Journal of an Exploring Tour Beyond the Rocky Mountains, Under the Direction of the A. B. C. F. M., Performed in the Years 1835, '36 and '37; Containing a Description of the Geography, Geology, Climate and Productions; and the Number, Manners and Customs of the Natives. With a Map of Oregon Territory." By Rev. Samuel Parker, A.M.

As may be imagined from this title, Mr. Parker was a missionary whose business in setting out into the wild West was to spread the Gospel. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions sent him out to ascertain by personal observation the condition and character of the Indian nations and tribes, and the opportunities for introducing the Gospel and civilization among them. He writes in a more or less ponderous style, and his mind is dominated, as is natural, by the missionary idea, often to such an extent that his volume at times even has something of the flavor of some of the volumes of the Jesuit Relations.

At St. Louis Mr. Parker met Dr. Marcus Whitman, appointed by the American Board to be his associate in his western explorations, and here the two missionaries waited for a time until the caravan which they were to accompany should be ready to start.

Dr. Whitman's name is so closely connected with the securing of Oregon Territory by the United States that it is hardly necessary to speak of him at any length.

Before leaving Liberty, Mo., the steamer on which they were traveling broke down, and it was necessary to proceed overland, and they reached Fort Leavenworth early in May. During the journey Parker met with a number of men who, at various times, had had close intercourse with the Wichitas or Pawnees, Picts, Comanches, Navajos and Apaches; and from all these individuals he heard stories which made him think well of these wild and distant tribes, and of their adaptability to Christianity and to civilized pursuits. He was observant, too, of the local Indians, Iowas, Sioux and Foxes, and was favorably impressed by all.

After reaching Council Bluffs there was a long wait before the caravan set out on its western journey. Much is said of the Indians inhabiting this region, Yanktons, Omahas, Poncas, and the more distant Mandans; and some hints are given as to the mode of life of these tribes. The party traveled up the Platte, meeting the usual difficulties and discouragements attendant on the stormy weather in summer. Much of the time they were drenched to the skin. Occasionally a storm of hail would come, which scattered their animals, and much time was devoted to gathering them again. Traveling westward, the Messrs. Campbell and Sublette, with a few men, were met returning from the Black Hills. The rich bottom land of the Platte, over which they were traveling, greatly impressed the missionary, who prophesied concerning it as follows: "No country could be more inviting to the farmer, with only one exception—the want of woodland. The latitude is sufficiently high to be healthy; and as the climate grows warmer as we travel west, until we approach the snow-topped mountains, there is a degree of mildness not experienced east of the Alleghany Mountains. The time will come, and probably is not far distant, when this country will be covered with a dense population. The earth was created for the habitation of man, and for a theatre on which God will manifest his perfections in his moral government among his moral creatures, and therefore the earth, according to divine prediction, shall be given to the people of God. Although infidels may sneer, and scoffers mock, yet God will accomplish His designs and fulfill every promise contained in His Word. Then this amazing extent of most fertile land will not continue to be the wandering ground of a few thousand Indians, with only a very few acres under cultivation; nor will millions of tons of grass grow up to rot upon the ground, or to be burned up with the fire enkindled to sweep over the prairie, to disincumber it of its spontaneous burden. The herds of buffalo which once fattened upon these meadows are gone; and the deer which once cropped the grass have disappeared; and the antelopes have fled away; and shall solitude reign here till the end of time? No; here shall be heard the din of business, and the church-going bell shall sound far and wide."

Before long the travelers reached the Loups Fork, which they crossed; and here they met a number of Pawnee Indians, who treated them with great courtesy and kindness, and invited them to feast with them. Reference is made here to Messrs. Dunbar and Allis, and of the missionary work that they were doing among the Pawnees.

From the Pawnee country the party kept on up the Platte, through the open country. Here, it seems, those Indians most feared were the Arickaras, not the Sioux and Cheyennes, as was the case thirty years later. At this time that tribe was said to have gone far up the south fork of the Platte to avoid the United States dragoons, under command of Col. Dodge, who was pursuing them. As Parker's party went up the north fork of the Plate, he speaks of "their using particular caution to be prepared for an attack of the Arickaras, should any of their war parties be about us. Every man was required to see that his rifle was in good order, and to have a good sup-

ply of powder and balls. We all slept with our clothes on, so that, if called with the sentinels' fire, we might in less than a moment be ready for action."

Here is a word about the animals that they saw next day as they journeyed on:

"Saw, on the 16th, the buffalo in great numbers, and in nearer view than previously. They are less shy than those we first found. They are more majestic than the elk, but less beautiful. The antelopes, some of which we have seen for several days past, are becoming very numerous. They are rightly named, for their speed exceeds any animal I have ever seen. Our hounds can do nothing in giving them the chase; so soon are they left far in the rear, that they do not follow them more than ten or twenty rods before they return, looking ashamed of their defeat. Our hunters occasionally take some of them by coming upon them by stealth. When they are surprised, they start forward a very small space, and then turn, and with high-lifted heads stare for a few seconds at the object which has alarmed them, and then, with a half whistling snuff, bound off, seeming to be as much upon wings as upon feet. They resemble the goat, but are far more beautiful."

Court House Rock, Chimney Rock, and Scott's Bluffs were duly passed. Some very friendly Ogallallahs were met with just before they reached the Laramie River. Their camp that night was close to the fort. Here took place one of the days of revelry and carousing which are so frequently noted in these old books as occurring periodically. There were dances by the Indians, and other celebrations. Keeping on up the Platte, they passed Independence Rock on the 7th, and reached the Sweetwater. The weather was now growing colder, and ice often made during the night.

On reaching Green River they came to the rendezvous of the American Fur Company. Who was in command Parker does not tell us; but that various well-known persons were present is certain. For example, "While we continued in this place, Dr. Whitman was called to perform some very important surgical operations; he extracted an iron arrow three inches long from the back of Captain Bridger, which he had received in a skirmish three years before with the Blackfeet Indians. It was a difficult operation, in consequence of the arrow being hooked at the point by striking a large bone, and a cartilaginous substance had grown around it. The Doctor pursued the operation with great self-possession and perseverance, and Captain Bridger manifested equal firmness. The Indians looked on while the operation was proceeding with countenances indicating wonder, and when they saw the arrow, expressed their astonishment in a manner peculiar to themselves. The skill of Doctor Whitman undoubtedly made upon them a favorable impression. He also took another arrow from under the shoulder of one of the hunters which had been there two years and a half."

Here Parker consulted the Flatheads and Nez Percés, asking them if they would be willing to receive a minister of the Gospel. They needed no persuasion, but were agreed to have him come to them, and so cordial was their response, that it seemed best that Dr. Whitman should return with the caravan, enlist some more workers, and return the next year with another caravan, to establish a mission among these people. Dr. Whitman at first was unwilling to leave his fellow missionary to go on alone, but finally did so.

During another day of drunkenness a fight took place at the rendezvous. "A hunter, who goes technically by the name of the great bully of the mountains, mounted his horse with a loaded rifle, and challenged any Frenchman, American, Spaniard or Dutchman to fight him in single combat. Kit Carson, an American, told him if he wished to die, he would accept the challenge. Shunar defied him. C. mounted his horse, and with a loaded pistol rushed into close contact, and both almost at the same instant fired. C.'s ball entered S.'s hand, came out at the wrist, and passed through the arm above the elbow. S.'s ball passed over the head of C., and while he went for another pistol, Shunar begged that his life might be spared."

Parker had arranged to travel on with the Flatheads. The chief of these gave him a young man as an assistant, and Parker secured a voyageur who understood English and Nez Percé. Parker and his Indian friends started, August 21, in company with Bridger, whose way led in the same direction as theirs. Bridger had about fifty men. They followed up the stream to Jackson's Hole, and encamped on a small stream which the author says is one of the upper branches of the Columbia River. He says something about the difficulties of travel and the narrow passages which it was necessary to traverse, and which he calls "kenyans." This term is found more or less frequently in these old books by persons who seem to have written it down only from hearing the word spoken. Near Jackson's Hole he climbed one of the high mountains, and was greatly impressed by what he saw. One day while traveling through the mountains "a number of buffalo, which were pursued by our Indians, came rushing down the side of the mountain through the midst of our company. One ran over a horse, on the back of which was a child, and threw the child far down the descent, but it providentially was not materially injured. Another ran over a packed horse and wounded it deeply in the shoulders."

Mr. Parker evidently enjoyed the companionship of the Indians, whom he seems to have regarded with most pleasant feelings. He says: "The Indians are very kind to each other, and if one meets with any disaster, the

others will wait and assist him. Their horses often turn their packs, and run, plunge and kick, until they free themselves from their burdens. Yesterday a horse turned his saddle under him upon which a child was fastened, and started to run, but those near hovered at once around with their horses so as to inclose the one to which the child was attached, and it was extricated without hurt. When I saw the condition of the child, I had no expectation that it could be saved alive."

A little later, still speaking of the children, he says of the Indians: "They are so well supplied with horses that every man, woman and child are mounted on horseback, and all they have is packed upon horses. Small children, not more than three years old, are mounted alone, and generally upon colts. They are lashed upon the saddle to keep them from falling, and especially when they go asleep, which they often do when they become fatigued. Then they recline upon the horse's shoulders; and when they awake, they lay hold of their whip, which is fastened to the wrist of their right hand, and apply it smartly to their horses; and it is astonishing to see how these little creatures will guide and run them. Children which are still younger are put into an encasement made with a board at the back, and a wicker-work around the other parts, covered with cloth inside and without, or more generally with dressed skins; and they are carried upon the mother's back, or suspended from a high nob upon the fore part of their saddles."

Still moving westward, early in September they met a band of Nez Percés. They came to Parker's camp about the middle of the day, "the principal chief marching in front with his aid, carrying an American flag by his side. They all sung a march, while a few beat a sort of drum. As they drew near, they displayed columns, and made quite an imposing appearance. The women and children followed in the rear."

The next day's diary is devoted almost entirely to an account of missionary work, in which the author gives an extract of the various sermons that he preached to the Indians, who received his teachings with great patience and interest. By this time the party was out of provisions, and all were getting hungry, but no game was seen. However, on September 9, buffalo were seen, and preparations were made to chase them. All the best hunters chose their swiftest horses, and seeing that their arms were in good order, made ready for the run; while Parker did what he could by lifting up "my heart in prayer to God, that He would give them judgment, skill and success. They advanced toward the herd of buffalo with great caution, lest they should frighten them before they should make a near approach; and also to reserve the power of their horses for the chase when it should be necessary to bring it into full requisition. When the buffalo took the alarm and fled, the rush was made, each Indian selecting for himself a cow with which he happened to come into the nearest contact. All were in swift motion scouring the valley; a cloud of dust began to arise, firing of guns and shooting of arrows followed in close succession; soon here and there buffalo were seen prostrated, and the women, who followed close in the rear, began the work of securing the valuable acquisition, and the men were away again in pursuit of the fleeing herd. Those in the chase when as near as two rods shoot and wheel, expecting the wounded animal to turn upon them. The horses appeared to understand the way to avoid danger. As soon as the wounded animal flies again, the chase is renewed, and such is the alternate wheeling and chasing until the buffalo sinks beneath its wounds. They obtained between fifty and sixty, which was a signal mercy."

Not long after the Nez Percés and Flatheads left them, wishing to remain in the buffalo range to secure their winter's meat. Before going away, however, they presented Parker with twenty tongues and a large quantity of dried meat. About a hundred and fifty of the Indians kept on down Salmon River with the missionaries; and not long afterward they had a tremendous Indian scare, supposing that they were about to be attacked by the Blackfeet. A little investigation, however, showed that what had been seen were buffalo, and not Blackfeet, and food again became plenty in the camp. Parker appears to have been a man of considerable attainments. He remarks upon the geology of the region he passes through; enumerates the birds and mammals which he sees, and has much to say about the habits and characteristics of the Indians; and interspersed through all are frequent references to the Deity, His wishes and purposes as interpreted by the missionary, together with earnest aspirations for the spread of the Gospel among the red people.

Walla Walla was reached early in October, and there, at the post of the Hudson's Bay Company, Parker was received by Mr. Pambrun with great hospitality. For this the guest was very grateful, and he says many good words concerning the kindly people and the company which they represented; words which are not only good, but true.

After a day or two of rest at Walla Walla, the missionary started down the river in a canoe with three Walla Walla Indians, and before long stopped at a camp of Cayuse Indians, with whom, however, he was unable to communicate. He noticed that all along the river as he passed the Indians, though of different tribes, seemed to be on good terms with one another, a condition which was inevitable from the fact that all these Indians drew their support from the river, to which they resorted for salmon, and coming there for provisions, could not have afforded to fight, even had they wished to,

At the Dalles, Parker met Captain Wyeth, from Boston, with whom, it will be remembered, Townsend and Nuttall had journeyed westward the year before. A little above the Cascades he met the first Chenooks, which he denominates "the only real Flatheads and Nez Percés, or pierced noses, I have found. They flatten their heads and pierce their noses. The flattening of their heads is not so great a deformity as is generally supposed. From a little above the eyes to the apex or crown of the head there is a depression, but not generally in adult persons very noticeable. The piercing of the nose is more of a deformity, and is done by inserting two small tapering white shells, about two inches long, somewhat in the shape of a thorn, through the lower part of the cartilaginous division of the nose." While following the trail along the river, he came to a pleasant rise of ground, upon which were several houses of a forsaken village, which were both larger and far better than any he had hitherto seen in any Indian country. They were about sixty feet long and thirty-five wide, the frame work very well constructed, and covered with split planks and cedar bark. These houses thus greatly resemble those seen in recent times on the coast of portions of British Columbia. The next day Mr. Parker reached Fort Vancouver, the Hudson's Bay post, where Dr. J. McLaughlin, a chief factor of the company, received him very kindly. From here Parker went on down the river, and reached the brig May Dacre, of Boston, belonging to the Wyeth Company. Here he met Dr. Townsend, and before long they set sail down the river, and reached Astoria, the far-famed New York of the West.

After more or less journeying about, Parker returned to Fort Vancouver, where he was invited to spend the winter. He devotes much of his time to a description of the country and its people, and recounts many of the incidents which Townsend gives in his volumes. He has something to say about the fur trade, as carried on by the Hudson's Bay Company, and often speaks of Dr. McLaughlin, as well as of Duncan Finlayson, Esq., who was so well known long afterward in Victoria, V. I., until his death there. Parker goes at great length into the condition of the Indian women, and his misstatements about this—of course unintentional—have been quoted for many years, and are still believed by many persons.

The last half of the Rev. Mr. Parker's book is devoted to a description of the animals, fish and plants of Oregon, remarks about its geology, and quite an extensive description of the natives, with a meteorological table, and a vocabulary of several Indian tribes. He speaks of a dark day in August, 1831, which some have thought must have been caused by smoke from an eruption of a volcano. The day was nearly as dark as night, except a little red lurid appearance in the sky, and lighted candles were necessary through the day. The air was filled with smoke, ashes and leaves; the last scorched, while the ashes were like wood ashes. Yet no fire was known to be in any part of the region. After the atmosphere became clear, it was thought that the pure white snow of Mt. St. Helens was discolored.

The Indians of the country beyond the Continental Divide through which Parker passed, he divides into those of the plains, which live in the upper country from the falls of the Columbia to the Rocky Mountains, and those of the lower country, between the shores of the Pacific and the falls of the Columbia River. He observes that the first of these divisions are remarkable for their cleanliness; that they are well supplied with horses, which are very cheap, a good horse selling for not more than enough to purchase a blanket or a few small articles of merchandise. As to their habits, he declares that the Indians of the plains are not lazy, as they are commonly supposed to be, for he rarely saw any of those Indians without their being engaged in some object of pursuit. To him, the Indians appeared as they since have to others—not especially different from other people. They have the same natural propensities, and the same social affections. "They are cheerful and often gay, sociable, kind and affectionate; and anxious to receive instruction in whatever may conduce to their happiness here or hereafter." They have but few manufactures, and those are the most plain and simple.

Concerning their manufactures, while Parker has much to say of them, he tells us nothing that has not long been known.

He calls attention, however, to the fact that these Indians have no wars among themselves, and appear averse to all wars, not entering into battle except in self-defense. Their only enemies are the Blackfoot Indians, whose country is along the east border of the Rocky Mountains, and who are constantly roaming about in parties on both sides of the mountains in quest of plunder. When the Indians on the west side meet with these war parties they endeavor to avoid an encounter, but if compelled to fight, show a firm, undaunted, unconquerable spirit, and rush upon their enemies with the greatest impetuosity. When an enemy is discovered, every horse is driven into camp, and the women take charge of them, while every man seizes his weapons, mounts his horse, and waits, firm and undismayed, to see if hostilities must ensue. Very frequently when the Blackfeet see white men with the Nez Percés and Flatheads, they decline battle, even though they themselves may be far superior in numbers, for they know that the white man can furnish a large supply of ammunition on such occasions. The Nez Percé or Flathead chief will accept the pipe, explaining as he does so that he knows the Blackfeet mean war, although they pretend peace.

The Indians were great gamblers, especially at running horses and in foot races. Drunkenness was as yet a vice strange to these Indians, but Parker predicted that it would come to them so soon as it was possible to transport liquor to them. He describes the method of doctoring by a medicine man, and the practice of the sudatory or sweat bath. All this is of the plains Indians.

Those of the lower country are of less attractive type than the others. They do not dress as well, nor with as good taste. As their subsistence depends almost entirely on fish, they are less well clad, for they have not the same opportunity to obtain skins as those of the buffalo country. Liquor had been brought into the lower country, and the Indians were slaves to it.

These Indians believe in the immortality of the soul, and that in the future state we shall have the same wants as in this life. Thus, in 1829, the wife of an influential

chief of the Chenooks, near Cape Disappointment, killed two female slaves, which should attend her child to the world of spirits, and especially should row her canoe to the Happy Hunting Ground in the south.

He speaks of pipes made of black slate, at the mouth of Queen Charlotte's Island, which the Indians carve with remarkable skill.

As the wealth of the upper Indians is estimated in their horses, so those of the lower country count their property by the number of their wives, slaves and canoes. Special attention is called to the excellent canoes which they make, and also to the baskets woven so closely as to hold water, and to be used for pails. Of course they were also used as pots in which to cook fish and mush.

After having spent the winter on the Columbia, Parker set out in May to revisit the Nez Percés. He reached them in a short time, and, as it happened, came to a village just as a little child was being buried. The Indians had prepared a cross to be set up at the grave, very likely having been taught to do so by some Iroquois Indians, of whom there were not a few trapping in the country; and here appears the bigotry of the missionary of that, and of indeed later days as well, for Parker says: "But as I viewed a cross of wood made by men's hands, of no avail to benefit either the dead or the living, and far more likely to operate as a salve to a guilty conscience, or a stepping stone to idolatry, than to be understood in its spiritual sense to refer to the crucifixion of our sins, I took this, which the Indians had prepared, and broke it to pieces. I then told them we place a stone at the head and foot of the grave only to mark the place; and without a murmur they cheerfully acquiesced, and adopted our custom."

Parker appears to have regarded the Nez Percé Indians as especially adapted to conversion, and laments that he is unable to speak their language, and thus to communicate with them directly. Parker was an active and conscientious person, and evidently wished to see all he could of the country to which he had been sent. He set out from the Nez Percés for the Colville country, meeting Spokanes, Cayuses, Cœur D'Alenes, and a number of other small tribes. Returning, he was unable to get transportation down the Columbia River, and was obliged to take horses for Fort Okanagan. The journey was long and very dry, and the party suffered more or less from thirst. At Fort Okanagan he took a boat to run down the river 400 miles to Walla Walla, which he reached in safety. Toward the end of June he took ship for the Sandwich Islands, and in December, 1836, sailed on board the Phoenix for his home in the East. After a stormy passage he reached New London, May 18, and five days later, after two years and two months of absence, and journeyings which covered 28,000 miles, arrived at his home at Ithaca, N. Y.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

A Buffalo Hunt with the Comanches

(Continued from page 47.)

OUR squaws were beginning to put the finishing touches on a few of the robes. Most of them would only be stretched, scraped and dried now, then left to be tanned after the Indians had got back home; but an old squaw that the chief had to help his squaw now went to work on a large robe off a young bull that I had shot myself, and after tanning it began to paint it. They use a bone instrument, and after marking out the figure, rub the lines with this bone, then rub in the paint. The chief had a robe which bore his coat-of-arms that he would not take \$50 for, though at that time good robes could be bought for \$5, though they would not be painted. The old squaw asked me if the eagle was not my coat-of-arms.

"Yes," I told her. "But it is the coat-of-arms of all white men, and I have another one of my own."

She wanted to see it. I had it engraved on my watch-chain, and showed it to her. "Oh, yes, I savey," she told me. "It is the antelope," and she got it on the robe. Then going out to the herd examined my horse for his brand. He had "H-4, U. S." the troop letter, the regiment number, and United States for his coat-of-arms. The squaw got this on the robe, too. Then the chief offered it to me.

"No," I said, "I cannot take this. It is too much money. You sell it to the agent. It will pay \$25 on your bill." Had I that robe now it would be worth almost any amount I might ask for it. I had often to smile at my coat of arms.*

The old chief was about sixty years of age; he did not know how old he was, but he was as spry as a man of half his age. He had the marks of at least twenty wounds on different parts of his body; each of these wounds had a tattoo mark alongside of it, and each wound had a history. One had been given him by a Cheyenne he had caught stealing his ponies; then he had shot the Cheyenne; and so on for each of these other marks.

His squaw was about thirty years old. She was the sister of the chief of the other band of Pena-teth-kas, and her father had been a chief, and she never failed to let it be known that she was the daughter of a chief and the wife of another one. She was one of the best looking squaws I had ever seen. We had another one here who I thought was still better looking; but I took care not to tell the chief's squaw so, or else the other one would have been given many a snub for it; for until they get to be old (and then they don't care) all the squaws want to be thought good looking.

They address their women as "my sister" until she gets old; then she is "my mother." I knew that; but after I could talk to the squaws in Comanche, I would often address a young squaw as "my mother," only to be told that I knew better than that—she was still my sister. While the squaws generally dress in a slip (it can't be called a dress) made of four or five yards of calico, the chief's squaw never wore anything but fine

*I have one, though. It is a wild goat's head and neck above an earl's baton, with the motto below it. My old grandfather used to show it to me about once a week, and tell me that it was his, and would be mine some day. I was the eldest son of his oldest son, he said. The only use I see made of it nowadays, though, is to furnish a trade-mark for Brooks' spool cotton thread. The old fellow would do some tall cussing were he alive now to see it.

woolen cloth called strong cloth, and she had half a dozen dresses made of it. She rode a man's Mexican saddle that was covered with silver, and she had more silver jewelry than she could find room for.

I often wondered how these squaws could stand the winter weather here. It is not cold, of course; nothing such as it is further north; but their only clothing was this thin dress, a pair of moccasins with buckskin legs that came above the knee and were tied there, and a blanket doubled and tied around their waist, if they were working, and if not (and it was not often that they were not), then half the blanket would be drawn up about their shoulders, but never over their heads.

The chief's squaw was one of the cleanest women about her cooking that I have ever seen. If she were cooking or baking and stopped to bring in wood for her fire or cover a pack, she would not touch the food again before she had washed her hands. No white man need fear eating any part of his peck of dirt in anything that she cooked. They bake the bread before each meal, using baking powder, and making the bread in flat cakes, then baking it in a frying-pan; and some of the best bread I have ever eaten has been that baked by these squaws. Sometimes they boiled the meat; but generally, if it was fresh, they fried it; and a standing dish with us three times a day, if not ate so often, was the white fat off the buffalo, dried and eaten raw. I got to like it in time, and could eat my share. They made the coffee very strong, and the squaw will put a lot of sugar in each man's tin cup before handing it to him; but if a white man is present, she will offer him the sugar to put in himself. I knew their custom, and the first time she offered me the sugar, I told her to put it in the coffee herself—that her hands were clean. That pleased her.

The camp was on a river bank with a high prairie around it, and the wolves would come on this prairie and sit here howling all night long. It would be no use to try to shoot them; but the chief had two one-ounce bottles of strychnine in his packs—he had almost everything in these packs—and getting the strychnine, I put out bait for the wolves. I would put it out in the evening, then next morning I and the boys would put in all forenoon hunting up our dead wolves and skinning them. We generally found them close to water; they would get a dose of my poison, then hunt up the nearest water, drink and die. We took about 150 of their skins, which the squaws cured for us, and we got a dollar in trade for each of them when on our way home the following spring.

When we had been in this camp about three weeks the buffalo left us again, and we followed them. Two days' march from here going directly west brought us to a creek that was not down on my map, although this map was an official one printed by the War Department; but I explored this creek now to its source, then put it on my map.

Just west of us now was New Mexico. I knew about where the boundary line was. Our cavalry under General Mackenzie had done a good deal of exploring in this country, but most of it south of this, and had corrected the map. These maps needed some correcting, too, for when I was a small boy I had been shown the Great American Desert on the map, and had been told all about it, and a good deal more; and a few years after, while still a boy, I had crossed this desert, or a part of it, at least, and found it to be no desert at all, but a level plain covered with buffalo grass and buffalo.

The chief said that now he was as far west as he meant to go; the buffalo were here; they could not get away from us it seemed, and although we might drive them still further west, the Mexican hunters who were west of us would send them east to us again. These Mexicans were hunting buffalo under white men for their hides, the chief told me. Nothing could take place in this country and this chief not know it. I used to think that I could follow a trail, and I could; but I was like a schoolboy learning his letters alongside of this chief. When out with him I was still learning something every day. Nothing escaped his notice; if a blade of grass was turned the wrong way, he would see why before he went further.

When we had been a few days in camp here, I concluded to go on a hunt of my own further west. I took two boys about fourteen years old, one of them my pet boy, the Antelope, without whom I never went anywhere, and the other was named the Crow. I took some bread, coffee, sugar and salt, and leaving my gun in camp, borrowed a Winchester from the chief. I wanted a magazine gun, and there were Winchesters in camp. The boys could not get arms, so they had only bows and arrows. I took the white pony to ride. I had been riding him every day now, and had made a pet of him. I could dismount and walk off and he would follow me all day if I wanted him to.

Going directly west, when a few miles from camp we ran into a big herd of buffalo, and getting behind them, started them toward camp for our men to get, then kept on again. I wanted a deer or antelope, but found none. Then late in the afternoon we scared up a flock of prairie chickens, and the boys got a number of them, using their bows and arrows. I could not do any shooting here. I was not as good a shot as the men I found in books. I did not find them anywhere else, for the reason that they are not to be found outside of these boys' books. I could not cut off a chicken's head with a Winchester, and did not want to waste my cartridges anyhow; I might need them for more dangerous game than prairie chickens.

We camped at a small pond on the open prairie, there being no timber in sight. I did not like to camp here, for from the looks of the clouds I thought we might have a storm before next morning; but this was the best we could do; so staking our ponies out on grass, we cooked the chickens, then lay down on our saddle blankets—an Indian boy on each side of me. We needed no camp guard here; nothing could get near us and these boys not know it.

Just before sunrise next morning that norther that I had been looking for came up and brought a snowstorm with it. So getting our saddles on we started to look for timber, and at ten o'clock a blue streak away across the prairie told me I had found it, or would find it when I got that far.

The snow was still falling, but not heavy, and just on

this side of that timber, when crossing a draw—a dry watercourse—we scared up a band of antelope that had been lying down in here to get out of the storm. Jumping off the pony, I turned the Winchester loose, and two of the antelope dropped. We let them lie here, then kept on to the timber, which we found to be down in a small cañon. There was good grass and water down there, and the cañon ran east and west; that sheltered us from the wind. As soon as we had our ponies tied out, I and the Antelope went after our game, while the Crow, who was cook for the expedition, started a fire and got his coffee on in quart tin cups. We brought in the antelope, then leaving the boy to dress them, I put up a shelter out of pine boughs and saddle blankets to keep the snow off us. Between now and next morning the three of us had about finished one antelope, and the boys had started in on the other. I managed to get all I needed at dinner and supper, but the boys put in the first part of the night half the time making and smoking cigarettes and the rest of the time broiling steaks and ribs; then they went to bed—or I thought they did—but they were up several times between then and morning cooking more meat and eating it.

An Indian can eat all day if he has it, then go a week without eating anything and not growl unless he thinks that you have something of which he is not getting his share. I was not Indian enough yet, nor never got to be Indian enough, to want to eat more than three times a day.

It had cleared off next morning, and after breakfast the boys started off after more antelope, while I took the gun and went up along the cañon to hunt turkeys or anything large enough for a .44 ball, but saw nothing, and after a while came back to camp to wait for the boys to come in. I wanted to leave now since the weather had got warm again. I had hardly sat down when I heard a shot fired off on the prairie, and a moment after my boys came tumbling down the bank here so badly scared that they could not speak.

I asked them no questions, but taking up the carbine pumped a load into the chamber, then got it to my shoulder and pointed up the hill, just as a white man rode forward.

"Halt!" I told him. "Up with your hands—quick, now!"

He pulled up his horse, and his hands went up quick enough for me even; he seemed not to be able to get them up quick enough or high enough to suit himself, though his gun lay across his legs as he sat in the saddle, but mine was in my hands here pointed at him.

The Antelope had got over his scare now, and the first thing he did was to reach and take one of my pistols and throw up the hammer; the next thing would be a ball sent into that man there. He never knew how near death he was.

"Wait," I told the boy, "I'll tell you when to shoot."

The Crow took the other pistol. I heard his hammer go up, but knew he would not fire until I told him. These pistols were now where I wanted them. If there were any more shooting to be done here, these boys could and would do their share of it.

The man's hands began to drop.

"Keep those hands up, sir, or I'll send a ball into you!" I told him.

"Why, I don't want to hurt you, partner. I would be a fool to fire at you now."

"Well, I won't take your word for it. Have you got anyone along with you?"

"Yes, sir, I have two Mexicans. They have stopped back here, I reckon," and he was about to look back, when I said, "Keep your head this way and call them."

He did so, and both came in sight now, their hands up also. Had they been white men their guns would probably have been up, but a Mexican never does anything until he is told, then does it wrong, if possible.

"Is that all of your party?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, this is all. Now can't I get my hands down? We ain't dangerous."

"Not now you are not. There is a little difference between shooting at two boys who have no arms and three of us who have and know how to use them. Yes, put your hands down and come in. I only wanted to be sure that you did no more shooting."

They led their horses down, and the white man said: "I had not the least idea that there were any white men but myself in the country."

"It is a good thing for you that there was, or else there would be no white man alive here now. Had there been a party of the tribe these boys belong to here instead of me, they would have killed you so quick you would never have known who did it. What was your idea in fring at these boys, anyhow?"

"Why, I shot a mile above their heads. I would not shoot a boy, of course, even if he is an Indian."

"Then never do a trick like that again. If I had said, 'Shoot!' a few minutes ago, that boy would have sent a ball through you in a hurry."

"Yes, I reckon he would—that is, if he could hit me. I was afraid he might be fool enough to try."

"Don't worry about his not hitting you. He would hit you, and hit you where you live, too."

The boys still had the pistols; they would not put them up now until I told them to do it, and the Antelope kept eyeing this man. He at least understood part or all of what was said, as I had been teaching him English.

"Put the pistols away now," I told them in Comanche, "the war is over." They laughed and returned the pistols.

"Can you talk their lingo?" the man asked.

"A little, enough to make myself understood, and these boys both understand English." I thought I would tell him so, as then he might be careful about what he said. These boys might meet him some time again when there was no white man with them, and they have long memories. He took the hint, and I heard no more about Indians.

I got out the tobacco now and we made cigarettes; the boys had no more shucks for wrappers they told me, so I got them a bunch from these Mexicans. This man told me that he had a large party of Mexicans west of this killing buffalo. He used lances, he said. I had heard that they did, but had never seen them used, and told him that a Colt was good enough for me.

He wanted us to go home with him and visit his camp. I should have liked to have done so, but he was too far

out of my road. I meant to go south from here, and not any further west. I had told the chief before leaving that I might be gone a week, and did not want to stay longer lest he should be uneasy and send out to hunt for us.

There was a lieutenant of ours with half a troop of cavalry out here somewhere, and I asked this man if he knew where this camp was. Yes, he did, but it was a long distance south of this. He could direct me, though, if I wanted to see him.

I did not want to see him. In fact, he would be about the last man out here that I would care to see; for I had not been sent out here to go prowling all over New Mexico with two young Indians, but to stay in that Indian camp and keep them out of mischief. There was no danger of their getting into any or I should not have left them; but it would be of no use for me to tell him so, and he would waste some of his valuable time and some of mine in telling me what I had been sent here for. It would all be wasted, though. I did not want any more orders, and wanted to know where he probably was so that I could steer clear of him.

We got our saddles on now, and all left here, keeping each other company for a few miles; then these men turned north, while we kept on toward the southwest.

CABIA BLANCO.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Growing Wild Turkeys.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

AND why not? One man's recreation is in studying the haunts and habits of the chickadee, the swan, the black bear or field mice; of another the chief delight is in angling for black bass, sea trout, pike or sunfish; his neighbor takes stock in nothing but canoes, paddles, creeks, rapids and rivers; and those four gunners coming up the road hunt respectively quail, deer, rabbits and turkeys. And no man knows better than this last-named nimrod what a keen eye, quick ear, power of mimicry and tireless legs are good for. And more than this, no man knows better how to keep a cool nerve under a hard strain if we may except the deer hunter and his brother hunter who goes out for sheep, elk or moose. Then why not turkeys?

Thousands of acres of farm and forest land in all the New England, Middle, Southern and Central Mississippi States would make veritable paradises for wild turkeys if they were once stocked with these noble birds. And the amount of good sport that might be had in a few years by a little effort upon the part of the populace can only be imagined.

But just here is the most serious obstacle in the work of stocking a section of country with turkeys. It is practically impossible to restrain people from killing them at every opportunity, in season and out, Sunday, Monday and every other day, old or young, either or both sexes and by any means, legitimately or diabolically, day or night, lean or fat. The people simply go mad after them, and the only compensation the propagators have is in the thought that perhaps some of the reckless gunners will surely pepper each other with No. 4 shot.

In the winter of 1888 four pairs of fine wild turkeys wandered into the woody hills back of our home. They were part of a large flock we had grown from birds obtained in the mountains of Central Pennsylvania. They became nervous at my young brothers' style of catching them—namely, by picking out the birds wanted and shooting their heads off—and betook themselves to the woods. The next season these birds made a brave fight for existence, and succeeded in reaching September over forty strong, and this in spite of the fact that one man accidentally found one nest of nine eggs which he hatched at home, of course; another fellow shot and killed a hen brooding a flock of poults a week or two old, and other equally atrocious raids.

It was a sight worth seeing! Somewhere on those chestnut ridges, basking in the warm sunlight that glistened between the trees that made the resting birds look like a dozen, a score, yes, two dozen figures in purple and green gold, these noble birds reclined upon the brown leaves and dreamed of old pastures teeming with grasshoppers, chestnut trees from which the brown nuts rustled like rain, wild grapes loaded with purple fruit, and here and there a field of buckwheat and corn from which a small tribute would occasionally be exacted! Yes, they were beautiful, those wild fellows, ten to twelve pounds for hens, and thirteen to eighteen pounds for gobblers, and as fleet of foot and strong of wing as the wind itself.

But their halcyon days were of short duration, for all the guns within a radius of ten miles were soon in pursuit of them, and ceased only when but a straggling, widely scattered remnant was left.

This taught us the folly of trying to stock a locality with these birds under ordinary conditions. But something might be done if the work were taken up by a club with some means back of it. In fact, I believe I could stock a large preserve or a section of farming country at small cost comparatively.

The exclusive right to shoot over all the territory in question would be obtained of the owners and tenants. The actual tenants of each farm might be permitted to quietly take one or two turkeys each year, one for Thanksgiving, another for Christmas, after the flocks had once got a good foothold. Compensation for actual damage done crop of corn and buckwheat (they would injure no others) should be made where it amounted to more than the value of two turkeys allowed each tenant, and a liberal reward for apprehending illegal killing and trespassing. This would, I think, insure the faithful service of all dwelling on the stocked grounds.

To a certain extent the turkeys would get beyond any ordinary preserve, and would fall victims to hunters; but they would never be decimated, for they soon learn where safety lies. Again, they may be raised and stocked upon forest land where there are few inhabitants, and these can usually be paid to protect the turkeys, thus insuring large flocks and good hunting.

Well, don't imagine that you are going to have any serious trouble getting your game home when you have your preserve stocked and go out after the birds some fine September or October morning. You will see where they have been feeding beneath the acorn and chestnut

trees; you will probably hear them calling at a distance in the forest, and may see a number hastily disappearing in the shadowy distance; and you get a crack at a fine old gobbler that you have warily called to a point almost outside the range of your rifle (for it is small caliber), and to your delight may see flutter his last at your feet. And again you may bring in three or four from one day's hunt, while your less fortunate comrade may hunt four days and bring in nothing but his tired frame. But you have enough for both, and the central roast will compensate for the vain tramping over the hills.

GEORGE ENTY.

TEMPLETON, Pa.

Death of Old Non Comprend.

JOE FRANCIS told it to me in this way, when we were at supper at Rippogonus:

"One fall I was guiding Frank Hinkley; Louie Nicholas was guiding another sport. We were near the mouth of Alligash. Frank said, 'Joe, do you speak French?'"

"I don't know a word of French, but I said 'Yes.'"

"Well," says Frank, "I want you to go down to the St. John's with me this afternoon to get some milk and butter and eggs."

"I told him to get Nicholas, as I knew he spoke French; but he must have me; so I thought I could work it. I asked Nicholas in Indian what milk, butter and eggs were in French, and I kept saying over the words till I thought I knew them. Well, when we came to the first house, Frank says, 'Joe, let us stop here.'"

"When I tried to remember the words I found I had forgotten them all. There were a lot of children out doors, and I says, 'Frank, you don't want to stop here. This is a school house. Don't you see the children?' I was in hopes I might get time to remember, but Frank would go in. Well, when we got in there were over a dozen children. They had no ladder, but there were pins driven into the corner posts, and the children were running upstairs just like mice. Frank says, 'Joe, fire away your French.'"

"I asked the woman in Indian. She says, 'Non comprend.' Frank says, 'What does she say?' I says, 'She says there is an old peddler named Non Comprend who comes round every week and buys all the milk, butter and eggs. He has just been round.' Frank says, 'Then we will try the next house.'"

"I asked the next woman in Indian. She says, 'Non comprend.' I says, 'There, Frank; didn't you hear her say Non Comprend? I tell you, Frank, it is no use; that old Non Comprend has just been and bought up all the milk and eggs and butter there is.' Frank says, 'I don't believe you can speak French.' I told him I could, but no one could get any milk and butter and eggs when they were all bought up."

"Well, next day we were paddling down the St. John, and where the road came close to the river there was a funeral. I saw a boy on the bank, and I says, 'Boy, whose funeral is this?' It was a French boy, and he says, 'Non comprend.' I says, 'There, Frank, do you hear that? He says it is old Non Comprend's funeral.' 'Never was so glad in my life that old Non Comprend is dead. Now we can get all the milk and butter and eggs we want.'"

M. HARDY.

In Appreciation of Cabia Blanco.

I've been reading your work, C. B., from the smallest jotting upward, and if I've skipped any it was because I didn't see it. I know something about those old buffalo bows, with their dark brown matting of sinew glued on the back, and the dirty old rag wrapped around the middle, the back as wide as a shovel to a small boy's hands. I had one once, with a sheaf of flint-headed arrows, now full thirty years ago; but I could as easily use a crowbar as that bow! The arrows were another matter, and gave me cause to love a long bow from that day till now. Incidentally, an enemy might say I could use one, on a pinch; but why not? 'Tis a warrior's trade.

But I'm truly glad for that translation of your name! Taken with probable age, possible youthful hirsute characteristics, and a wild shot at impossible Spanish, I'd figured it out as "Tow-head" in my mind. That was my name some forty years ago; but I was perfectly ready to give it up if you had a prior claim. How! Give us plenty more.

J. P. T.

BOSTON, Mass.

Medicine in Camp.

CHICAGO, Jan. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I noticed Mr. George Kennedy's inquiry about medicines to be taken in camp. I am an old-time camper; have camped all over the Northwest, often a hundred miles from the railroad. Some years ago one of our eminent physicians here, Dr. Gustav Fütterer, a fine sportsman, whose office is in the Venetian building, presented me with a small medicine case which I have carried ever since, and which, in my estimation, cannot be improved upon. It is about 8 inches long, 5 inches wide, and 2½ inches thick. It contains about thirty small glass tubes filled with condensed tablets; has forceps, a lancet, hypodermic syringe, plasters, surgeons' needles, and a printed list of contents and how and when to use same. I always carry the little case on my trips, and it has proven of great value in many instances.

If you wish to see it, or if any of your readers wish to have one made like it, I shall be only too glad to express you the small case and its contents. Besides the case, I always carry two rolls of bandages, one narrow and one wide, and a small package of antiseptic cotton.

E. LIPKAU.

"Next time you're in the armory," said the captain of G Company, proudly, "take a look at our room. We've had it repainted and refurbished throughout." "I saw it," replied the major, "and really, sir, your room is better than your company."—Philadelphia Ledger.

First Young Highwayman (in dark and deserted street)—"Say, Chimmie, is dey any danger in bein' out late at night like dis?" Second Highwayman—"Naw! O' course dey ain't. Why, we is d' real dangers!"—Life.



NATURAL HISTORY



National Park Game.

From the annual report of Major John Pitcher, U. S. A., Supt. Game.

The past winter was an exceedingly favorable one for all game in the Park, except the wild herd of buffalo. There is danger that this herd may become extinct in the course of time, and our new herd was started none too soon. As stated in previous reports, the remnant of the wild herd is located on the head of Pelican Creek. This is an exceedingly unfavorable country for them to winter in, for in that section the snowfall is very heavy, and the only way that they can keep alive is by grazing on the few places kept open by the hot springs. This herd could be driven out of that locality and possibly a few of them caught up, but it is more than likely that the greater part of them would be killed in the attempt. Instead of attempting to catch up the old ones, men are sent out each spring for the purpose of capturing the young calves, which are brought in to this place, raised by a domestic cow, and then turned out in the inclosure with the tame herd. The capture and transportation of these animals to a point where they can be cared for is an exceedingly difficult and somewhat dangerous matter, for at the season when it is necessary to make the attempt, the men have to travel on snowshoes, and the snow is usually in wretched condition for such work.

Last summer a lot of hay was cut and stacked up for these buffalo at what was supposed to be the most convenient point for them, but when the scouts went out there in the spring this stack was so deeply covered with snow that they were unable to find it. Up to the present time three calves have been caught up from the wild herd and placed with the new or tame herd. Two of these are males and one is a female.

If for any reason the wild herd should abandon their present range on the head of Pelican Creek and should move down to the lower country where they formerly lived, the chances of their survival would be greatly increased, and they might become the progenitors of a considerable wild herd. The increase in certain semi-domesticated herds justifies a hope that this wild herd may be saved.

The New Buffalo Herd.

The increase in this herd during the past season has been very encouraging. It now consists of thirty-nine animals, and they are all in fine condition. The following table shows the yearly increase in the herd since its establishment, and also gives the number of males and females. The bull which is noted as having died, is the one which was turned out with the wild herd on Pelican Creek. He wandered away from the herd and died on the edge of the lake near the Thumb station. The cow which died broke her leg by stepping into a badger hole while running in the pasture. Every effort was made to save her, but it was impossible to do so.

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Purchased October, 1902.....	3	18	21
Born, spring of 1903.....	2	3	5
Caught spring of 1903.....	2	—	2
Total Oct. 1, 1903.....	7	21	28
Born spring of 1904.....	6	6	12
Caught spring of 1904.....	..	1	1
Total	13	28	41
Died spring and summer, 1904.....	1	1	2
Total Oct. 1, 1904.....	12	27	39

Antelope.

The herd of antelope which winters on the northern slope of Mount Everts and near the town of Gardiner is doing exceedingly well, and seems to be increasing in numbers. About 1,150 were seen and counted last winter by both the scouts and members of the detachment now permanently located at the new station near the gate at Gardiner. As all stock has been kept off this range during the past year, or ever since the fence near Gardiner has been completed, the grass or winter feed for these animals should be in better shape than it has been for a number of years, and unless a very deep snow falls in the late spring, they will certainly do well this winter. A few have already discovered the new alfalfa field that has been started this year in front of the town of Gardiner. While this field, which is about 50 acres in extent, will not yield much of a crop of hay this season, next year it should produce a crop of from 100 to 200 tons, which will be sufficient to carry the antelope through the winter, no matter how severe it may be.

Deer.

The blacktail or mule deer are also undoubtedly increasing in numbers, and are becoming more tame and fearless each year. One hundred and twenty were counted on the parade ground of Fort Yellowstone one day last winter, and this is considerably more than have ever been seen at any time in the past.

Mountain Sheep.

The band of mountain sheep which winters on Mount Everts was fed quite liberally last spring, and therefore passed through the winter in good shape. A few have been seen during the past summer in the vicinity of their feeding corral, but as yet we have been unable to determine the increase in this band. A new band of about 100 was seen last winter near the northwestern corner of the park. Where they came from or where they spent the past summer no one at present knows, but we are in hopes that they have taken up their permanent residence within the limits of the Park. If this band is still in the Park it will be located within the next month or so.

Bear.

There seems to be about the same number of bear in the Park as we had last year, and, as they can be seen at any time about the various hotels, they still continue to be a great source of interest to the tourists, and give but little trouble, except where people fail to obey the few simple rules concerning them. One man, an employe of the hotel at the lake, was slightly injured by a bear during the past summer, but from the best information that I could get, I believe that this man got simply what he deserved for his violation of the rules and regulations, and that his punishment by the bear was a good lesson for others.

In almost every case where a bear has become unruly or troublesome it has been due to the fact that he has been fed and petted by some misguided individual. This is a mistaken kindness, as sooner or later it usually results in the death of the bear, for whenever it is reported that they have become troublesome or dangerous, a scout is sent out to investigate the matter, and if he finds the facts to be as stated, he quietly executes the offender.

Mountain Lion, Lynx and Coyotes.

With the increase of horned game in the Park, a corresponding increase has taken place in the carnivora. Mountain lions or panthers, formerly not abundant, are now quite common, though rarely seen. They prey chiefly, perhaps, upon the elk, but are known to be very destructive also to deer and mountain sheep. Deer and elk are so abundant that the number killed by the panthers could perhaps be spared; but the case is very different with the mountain sheep, which, on account of their small numbers, should be carefully protected.

It therefore seemed necessary to destroy the panthers, and a pack of hounds has been procured which last winter rendered good service and enabled our game warden and scouts to kill fifteen of these animals.

The mountain sheep which winter near the Mammoth Hot Springs range chiefly on Mount Everts, and this is therefore a favorite winter hunting ground for the panthers. After each fresh snow during the winter hunters with dogs are sent around Mount Everts, and if a panther has visited it the hounds take up the fresh trail and usually bring the animal to bay, when the hunters coming up shoot it. Usually the lions take to the trees, but last winter one was driven into an abandoned shaft sunk years ago by coal prospectors. Here he drove off the dogs, but traps were set just within the entrance, which was then stopped up, and the next day the animal was found in the trap and killed.

The Canada lynx and bay lynx are not abundant, and owing to their habits are seldom seen. They prey chiefly on birds and small mammals, and probably seldom attack the large game, though now and then they may kill a chance calf elk or fawn. The injury that they do is trifling, and no measures have been taken for their destruction.

It is the general impression that coyotes are protected in the Park, but this is far from true, for it is a well-known fact that they are very destructive to the young game of all kinds, and we therefore use every means to get rid of them. The game warden, scouts, and certain good shots among the soldiers are directed to kill them whenever the opportunity is offered. They are also destroyed by the use of traps and poison, and during the past winter between 75 and 100 of these animals were killed.

Feed for Large Game.

Owing to the limited winter range for all large game, both within the boundary of the Park and in the surrounding country, it is only a question of time when it will become absolutely necessary to provide feed for this game during at least a portion of the winter. There are a number of places in the Park, particularly along the Yellowstone and Lamar rivers, near the northern border of the Park and in the midst of the chief winter range of the large game, where a large quantity of alfalfa and hay could be raised at a comparatively small cost. As I have already stated, we have experimented in a small way in feeding the mountain sheep, deer and antelope in the vicinity of the Mammoth Hot Springs, and the marked improvement in the condition and increase in the number of these animals seem to warrant carrying this experiment to a much greater extent.

It will probably never be necessary to feed any of our game during the entire winter, but I am of the opinion that in the future it should be treated in about the same way that the cattlemen handle their range stock; in other words, in case of a very bad winter or a spring, when the snow falls very deep and a crust forms over it, we should have a number of haystacks scattered about the range, so that the greater part of the game could be fed just a sufficient amount to carry them over the dangerous period, which in most cases would not continue for more than a week or two.

During the time that I have been in the Park the winters have been particularly favorable for the large game, and only a small percentage have died of starvation at any time; but this is not to continue indefinitely, and in the near future we are liable to lose a large amount of game if the precaution suggested above is not taken.

Fish and Fish Hatchery.

DURING the past summer the United States Fish Commission has constructed a small frame building at the West Thumb of the Yellowstone Lake, for the purpose of eyeing the eggs of the black-spotted trout. This station has heretofore been in charge of the superintendent of the hatchery at Spearfish, South Dakota, but on account of the distance and inconvenient railroad communication between this point and Spearfish, it would seem much better to place the station in the Park under

the care of the superintendent of the hatchery at Bozeman, Montana.

It was the intention of Mr. Booth, the superintendent of the Spearfish station, to place quite a large plant of eastern brook and Loch Leven trout in the Park this spring; but owing to a flood or cloudburst at his station, which interfered with his plans, only 21,000 brook trout could be shipped. This shipment, however, was very acceptable, and these young trout were all planted in Willow Creek, the stream where they were most needed.

Snaileries.

THE rearing of snails as a food-product is by no means a new industry, and it is to-day carried on in various European countries, especially in France and Italy. Many species are regarded as edible, but the large white snail (*Helix pomatia*) seems to be the snail that is generally preferred. The Romans reared this species in enormous quantities in gardens or inclosures, banked or surrounded with ashes and sawdust, so that the snails could not get out, feeding them on bran and sodden wine. These snaileries are said by Pliny to have been invented by Fulvius Herpinus some time before the civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey; and from another Latin author, Varro, we learn all about snail stews and how to make them. It is from the Roman period that snails as delicacies have descended to us. According to Varro, the Romans also grew their snails so large that the shells of some would hold ten quarts!

Besides rearing these wonderful snails in *cochlearia*, they also drew supplies from Capri, Sicily, and the Balearic Isles, as we learn that from these places came the snails that were most prized in the Roman market. The Romans further acclimatized this gasteropod, and spread their taste for it, in all the provinces they conquered, Gaul or France retaining the taste to this day.

The *Helix pomatia* is in England an introduced and not a native snail, and is called the Roman snail, because it is generally supposed to have been brought here by the Romans, though tradition has it that it was first introduced by monks into Cambridgeshire, and also that it was introduced into Surrey—where it is known as the Italian snail—by one of the Countesses of Arundel. The *Helix pomatia*, however, whether introduced or not, is now found from Finland to Lombardy.

All edible snails are nocturnal hermaphrodites, and belong to a family which are distinguished into three groups—sea, fresh-water and land snails. Our interest at present lies with the last named. Besides *Helix pomatia*, the other snails that are used as food are *Helix aspersa* (the common garden snail), and *Helix nemoralis* (the wood snail). In the United States edible snails are frequently to be seen exposed for sale; but they are not raised in that country, and those on sale have been shipped to America alive from Europe. In Vienna, again, during Lent there is a large snail market, the snails coming in barrels from Swabia. The great center for the consumption of snails, however, is Paris and some of the French provinces. There is, indeed, a very large trade in this commodity in France, the large white snail being in special demand in Paris, while the garden and wood snails are in common use among poorer consumers in all parts of France. Snails are a recognized dish in French menus, and the *maitre d'hôtel* can serve you snails à la *Cettoise*, or *Marsellaise*, or *Parisienne*, or *Bourguignonne*, or *Bordelaise*, all being excellent ways of disguising the snail. For example, *Bordelaise* is simply a combination of snails, red wine, butter and garlic. Frenchmen also take snails medicinally for phthisis and catarrhal troubles, preference being given to preparations made from or with raw and uncooked snails. Under the name *hélécine*, a powder is also sold in France which is said to have absorbed the juice of the snail.

It must be confessed that snails by themselves make a very insipid dish, but this is relieved by the strong condiments that are generally used; yet owing to their glutinous nature, snails still remain a difficult morsel to digest—that is, if the condiments used do not excite the secretion of gastric juice. They should generally be consumed immediately after they are gathered, after having been purged of all noxious vegetable substances that they may contain. Instances of poisoning have been known to occur when the snails were picked off henbane, belladonna, and other plants of like nature; but accidents of this kind are avoided when snails so gathered are first subjected, as is the usual custom, to a lengthened period of fasting before being used.

The production of snails in France is now not equal to the demand, and large quantities are yearly imported from Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. During the Paris Exhibition of 1900 there was such a scarcity of snails in the Paris markets that at one time prices rose as high as fifty-five francs per thousand. In the wholesale trade in snails in Paris from sixty to eighty millions of snails are received yearly.

In this snail market there are two seasons, called respectively *coureurs* and *bouchés*. In the first period, which extends from April 15 to the end of May, *gros blanc* sells at from eight to ten francs per thousand, and *petit gris* from two to three francs. The second period is divided into two: the first, called *voilés*, extends from September 1 to October 15, the price for *gros blanc* ranging from twelve to fourteen francs, and for *petit gris* about four francs; the second is the *bouchés* proper, extending from October 15 to April, and in it prices average about eight francs for *gros blanc* and five francs for *petit gris* per thousand.

The snails that are sold in the period of *bouchés* have generally been kept in snaileries, where at the first frost they inter themselves about ten to fifteen centimeters deep, and secrete a slime, which, mixed with the earth, forms a cement. The snails sold during the *voilés* period

are those which have not been placed in preserves after being picked up, but have been simply shut up in pens, where, through want of nourishment or from unnatural conditions, they have only formed at the entrance to the shell a simple veil of slime.

Snails, as has already been noted, are nocturnal in their habits, moving about and eating during the night, especially so during the rains of spring. In the period known as *coureurs* they are gathered on dewy mornings or after heavy showers; consequently when there is a wet spring enormous quantities come to hand in the markets of Paris. It may be added that they are "moist goods" to handle, and therefore become easily heated, and deteriorate in three or four days. It is during this season that they are sold in the streets of Paris from small carts. The snails that are despatched to the Halles Centrales are packed in cases, baskets, or sacks containing from five hundred to two thousand each, the cases being pierced with holes for aeration. With respect to the snails that come to hand in the *voilés* and *bouchés* periods, these are generally sold by private contract to grocers, pork-butchers, wine-sellers, and restaurant-keepers, who prepare them and sell them to consumers.

The collecting of the snails is carried on in the provinces all day long by men, women and children, who with iron hooks search for them at the foot of thorn hedges and under ivy, and in winter in old walls. If lucky, a good searcher will collect from one thousand to fifteen hundred snails. These are paid for according to their weight, about a thousand snails averaging ten kilograms, and the payment varies with the prices current in the Paris market, but it usually ranges from twenty to forty centimes per kilo. This work, therefore, cannot be said to be well paid. The result of allowing children to collect them has been that they pick up and bring in snails that are unsalable, and as these are thrown away, broken, or in other ways made useless, the snail-population of the country, through the loss of immature young, is rapidly decreasing.

Generally the slack time in the snail market is during May and June, when the collectors endeavor to restrict their collections so as to place more on the market in August and September. In some cases, instead of being sent to market the snails gathered are held in reserve by being kept in snail preserves or gardens. The size of these snaileries vary greatly, according to the number of

snails they are intended to stock. In these pens are a number of shelters about two meters long and one meter broad, and each of them looks like a wooden roof laid on a bed of soil having a slight slant. They are so placed that round about each of them food for the snails may be grown, and every morning the keeper has to pick up and replace the snails that have wandered about during the night in search of food.

Snail gathering and preserving does not seem to be at all profitable, and curiously enough we now find many French authorities expressing the opinion that snails, as an edible commodity, trade a good deal on their ancient fame. It is possible that snails will some day be a lost or exceedingly rare commodity so far as French cooks and gourmards are concerned. Undoubtedly the edible snail is getting very rare in certain parts of France, and it is possible that there may come a period when a few edible snails will be kept and exhibited at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris as unique specimens of an animal which through man's gastronomic voracity has disappeared. The loss will not be felt in England.—Chambers's Journal.

Tom, Turkey and Fox.

A good fox story was told me last season by old friend Tom, a well-known hunter in Ticonderoga, which I will try to relate in his original and simple way:

"One day I was coming down the hill leading to the upper part of Weedville, when I saw a big red fox walking slowly along closely followed by a great turkey gobbler that would have weighed about twenty pounds. Knowing that the bird belonged to a neighbor's flock on the next farm, I quickly stepped into some brush by the side of the road and got the old muzzleloader shotgun ready for business. The two looked so comical that I had hard work to keep from shouting, but I succeeded, and again peered forth, and what do you think? I saw that fox turn about and kill that turkey in a second. He then looked sort of sorrowful around and lay down and watched the struggling bird. He then got up and went over and took a good sniff at his game, when I let him have it for all I was worth. He hardly moved from his tracks, and I afterward sold his skin for three dollars. I walked up the hill with my prize and sent word to the neighbor that a fox had killed his gobbler, and for him to come down and get him. Do you know that

old chap always had it in for me that I had shot his turkey, and said that they found a shot or two in his carcass when they dressed it. Well, perhaps they did. The fox was pretty close to the bird, and I was a good ten rods away when I shot."

I have seen a fox annoy turkeys in a meadow, when they would form in battle array, with the old ones outside and the young inside the circle, at the same time making loud cries and showing fighting spirit in abundance. I never waited to see the outcome of Reynard's tactics for fear of missing a good shot; but I am sure that in the case referred to by my friend, the fox persuaded the old gobbler that he was afraid of him, and cut him out of the flock to make the killing the easier for himself. Then he would not have to carry the bird so far to eat his share.

PETER FLINT.

Panthers in Pennsylvania?

READERS of Mr. Samuel N. Rhoads's extremely interesting volume on the "Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey" will recall frequent mention of the observations of Mr. Seth Nelson, an old hunter and trapper, with whom Mr. Rhoads made many excursions and had frequent correspondence.

From his studies of Pennsylvania fauna, Mr. Rhoads concluded that the panther is extinct, and so declares. Recently he received from Mr. Nelson a letter which in substance is as follows:

"Jan. 10, 1905—Mr. S. N. Rhoads: Dear Sir—I just read in the National Sportsman of a man killing a panther near Port Jervis, N. Y., measuring eight feet one inch. A hunter at Eaglesmere, Pa., saw that animal and two panthers were seen near Eaglesmere this fall. One panther was killed at Meadix Run this fall measuring eleven feet. Two bear hunters in Cameron county, about ten or eleven miles from where you and I were trapping and hunting, got after a very large panther with two bear dogs. They treed the panther twice, and then the panther licked the dogs, so they would not look after it any more. The hunters saw the panther jump off the tree, but could not get a sure shot at him. Meadix Run is in Elk county. I killed five bears and two deer this fall and one wildcat near my camp.

SETH NELSON."

KEATING, Clinton Co., Pa.



GAME BAG AND GUN



In Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Jan. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game, last evening, George M. Poland, Esq., of Wakefield, was chosen chairman to succeed Mr. H. A. Estabrook, of Fitchburg, who desired to be relieved of the duties. Mr. Poland is House chairman of the legislative committee on Probate and Chancery, to which has been referred a bill to prohibit the killing of game by use of the automatic gun. The committee passed a vote indorsing the measure, and a similar vote was passed later in the evening by the Board of Management of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The Central Committee also passed a resolution giving its hearty indorsement of the Shiras bill for the protection of wild-fowl now before Congress. The committee and the board voted to support the bill presented by the Board of Agriculture, which calls for an appropriation of \$3,000 for the publishing of a pamphlet on birds and their uses to the farmer. The purpose of this publication is to stimulate the study of the farmers' feathered friends, and disseminate information concerning their habits and the importance of their care and protection.

Mr. E. Howe Forbush, State ornithologist, last year prepared a valuable monograph on the destruction of birds in Massachusetts in 1903, which was published by the Board of Agriculture, his data being derived chiefly from reports of a large number of observers in various sections of the State. In regard to quail, he expressed the opinion, based on the reports sent in, that 95 per cent. of them died from cold and starvation during the winter.

At the meeting of the board, the standing committees on publication, legislation, enforcement of laws, etc., were appointed, and Hon. C. M. Bryant, of Quincy, spoke forcibly in favor of a bill which he will introduce in the Legislature providing for the payment of a bounty on foxes. He stated that the Blue Hills Reservation was a great breeding place for them, and that they are increasing very rapidly there and making their way out into the surrounding country, causing destruction to bird life and great loss to the farmers and poultry raisers. His poultry farm and yards are in the infested neighborhood, and he states that he had offered \$5 bounty to anyone who would bring him the carcass of a fox killed on his premises. It being late in the evening when the matter was brought up, and several members having staterel for trains, it was thought best to defer action to another meeting, which will be held soon. With Mr. Kinney and Salem D. Charles on one side, and Col. Dimick and Mayor Bryant on the other, there would seem to be a chance for a very pretty forensic discussion on the fox bounty question.

Our Springfield friends and some others are urging a hunters' license, and have secured the introduction of a bill establishing a fee of \$1 for the privilege of hunting. The attitude of the Central Committee is not unfavorable to the bill, and it voted to lend its support, but several members are doubtful whether it is quite time for such legislation. The bill provides that unnaturalized residents shall pay a fee of \$10. Another bill before the Legislature removes the limit of length (10½ inches)

on lobsters imported from the British Provinces.

There will doubtless be the usual annual crop of bills on fish and game matters, which often number forty or more, and present a great variety of opinions. It is not unlikely that a close season of one or more years on upland game birds will be called for; but while there is no doubt our quail are scarce, the weight of testimony in reference to the woodcock and ruffed grouse proves conclusively that they have been fairly plentiful, and the shooting of those birds has been as good as the average of the last three or four years. There are exceptional localities where most of the cover has been removed and birds have been scarce. As a whole, I believe sportsmen would prefer to put out money for restocking with quail rather than be deprived of the opportunity for shooting even for one year. There are those who look upon a close season for three or four years as necessary to regaining our quail. It seems to the writer that such a step is unnecessary, provided the work of restocking is pushed vigorously, and the birds we have are provided with adequate food.

Mr. E. Harold Baynes is eagerly pursuing his work for saving the buffalo. On Wednesday evening a start was made in the rooms of the Natural History Society toward forming an organization for that purpose. In his lecture before the society he used about 100 lantern slides, and told of the reckless slaughter by which these animals had been almost annihilated. He enumerated the remaining herds—that of the Government in Yellowstone Park, the Corbin herd, a few small ones owned by private individuals, and a mythical (?) one in Canada. He read letters from prominent men, including President Roosevelt, showing the widespread interest in the subject. A committee was appointed to take the necessary steps for organizing and holding future meetings.

The Sportsmen's Protective Association of Eastern Massachusetts held its second meet for a fox and rabbit hunt to-day. The usual quiet of North Reading Square was broken at an early hour by the gathering of members, about seventy in number. The committee for the day included M. E. S. Clemans, Wakefield; John Baxter, B. Frank Goodwin, Reading; Dr. E. A. Merrill, Somerville, and J. Allen Eames, of West Reading. A little after 8 o'clock A. M. the party divided into sections and started for the north part of the town. The hard surface of the snow proved somewhat of a handicap to the twenty or more dogs. When the hunters rounded up, however, at the town hall about 4 P. M., there were spoils to the extent of two foxes and seven rabbits. J. Allen Eames secured one of the foxes, a young lad the other, and Messrs. J. Baxter, D. T. Strange and Justin Curtis bagged the rabbits. Several foxes were seen, but too far away to warrant a shot. The members enjoyed the tramp greatly, and when gathered at the well-laden tables in the town hall rehearsed to each other the experiences of the day.

Large additions were made to the membership list, which has already more than 100 names. The club has an invitation to join the Middleton Fur Club in a fox hunt on the 22d of February, and most of the members have signified their acceptance.

The events of to-day continue late into the night, as your readers will understand when informed that "King

Megantic" has rallied his cohorts at the Somerset for the annual banquet. This is the one occasion of the year when men gather from half a dozen different States just for a jolly good time. Last year the feast was at Delmonico's, and from all reports everybody had enough. No questions of very serious import are expected to come up for consideration on these occasions, although Commissioner Carleton is allowed to draw the lines over the members in a mild and agreeable manner. This evening Dr. George H. Payne, vice-president of the club, occupied the seat of honor and introduced Mr. Wm. L. Quimby, of Boston, as toastmaster. In marched four stalwart men to the tune of the "Torpedo and the Whale," with a large fish from which, when cleft by a villainous-looking bolo, there emerged a tiny Miss—Olga Clark—who presented the chairman a bunch of roses. A telegram from President Richards, of New York, was read, also one from President Roosevelt which set the boys wild. After Commissioner Carleton had depicted in glowing colors the beauties of the application of the license law, he was given three cheers and a "Bengal" and made an honorary member. A telegram from Grover Cleveland was read by the toastmaster and received with vociferous applause. Gen. Charles W. Bartlett, Rev. Fr. J. E. Choquette, Cure of Megantic; Rev. George A. Crawford, Chaplain U. S. N.; Samuel M. Child, Esq., all spoke in a vein that suited the occasion. The speaking was interspersed with the singing of the songs which form an important part of the programme on such occasions. The Harvard Quartette's rendering of the "Old Kentucky Home" raised a vociferous call for repetition, which was given with telling effect. There were about 200 at the tables.

Mr. Rollin Jones, with half a dozen boon companions, has gone to his camp on Winnipiseogee for winter fishing.

CENTRAL.

Talk About Old Arms.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with interest the remarks of Mr. George Bird Grinnell on the subject of the early use of the Colt's revolver and repeating rifle. I presume the question of the date of introduction of these weapons can readily be cleared up by referring it to the Colt's Arms Company.

My impressions of the matter may be erroneous, as they refer back to the period of my early youth. I remember when a boy reading a book by Captain Mayne Reed, I think "The Scalp Hunters," a book written for boys, in which the Colt's revolver is introduced as a new device to astonish the Indians. I believe the period covered by the story was the early fifties.

Early in 1861, one of the newly organized Confederate companies was armed with the Colt's repeating rifle, until then unheard of by me. It was said that these rifles were ineffective because more than one of the chambers were discharged when the piece was fired.

During the Civil War—1861-1865—repeating and breechloading rifles were regarded as novelties; only a few were in use, I believe, and were not held in much esteem. When in the trenches around Atlanta in 1864, the "Confeds" were occasionally aroused at night by rapid firing from the Federal lines, with the expectation of a night attack, when some soldier would remark,

"Oh, it's nothing but those d—d little bullets," and all would resume their slumbers. These "little bullets," from some sort of repeating rifle, were held in contempt. It was a long time before the writer overcame this early prejudice against "little bullets" as contrasted with the large Minnie bullet, whose voice was so familiar along the "firing line" in those days.

I have in my possession two breechloading carbines that are new so far as use is concerned, sent to me several years ago by a gentleman in Chicago, who had in the course of trade, I believe, acquired a considerable number of them. They were sent to me as curious examples of the earlier efforts to manufacture effective breechloading weapons. These carbines have on them the following inscriptions: (1) "Burnside Patent, Model of 1864. No. 18967." (2) "Gallager's Patent, July 17, 1860. Manufactured by Richardson & Overman, Philadelphia. No. 12624."

From the numbers inscribed on them, the manufacture of these carbines must have been carried to a considerable extent; and yet they appear to be rather impracticable for actual service. They are provided with the common musket hammer and nipple for percussion caps. In one a breech block is tilted up at the forward end with a chamber into which the cartridge was to be inserted backwards. The other tilts up the breech of the barrel for thrusting a cartridge in by a forward movement. In either case it would seem difficult to insert a paper cartridge and bring the charge into proper relations with the cap after closing the breech. Both are actuated by a trigger guard lever.

During the latter part of the Civil War, and possibly earlier, a few of the Federal cavalry were armed with Spencer carbines that carried six or seven cartridges in a magazine in the stock. These, I believe, were the most effective breechloading or repeating rifles of that period.

The above are some of the reflections that led me to question the introduction of the Colt's revolvers, and especially the repeating rifles, as early as 1839.

COAHOMA.

CONCERNING the dates in question, the Colt's Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company writes as follows:

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 30, 1904.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your favor of the 29th inst., referring to the Colt revolvers used by the Texas Rangers, would state that in 1836 the Texas pistol, caliber .34, was introduced. This was immediately followed by the Walker pistol, caliber .44, named after a Texas Ranger, which was considerably heavier than the first model. This last pistol was principally used by the Texas Rangers. In 1836 and 1837 the first Colt revolving rifles were placed on the market, caliber .42. A limited number of these rifles was made prior to 1842, later changes were made in the model and large numbers were manufactured. We trust that this information will meet your requirements. COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO., L. C. GROVER, President.

A New Hampshire Deer Quandary

THE Fish and Game Commissioners and the shooting fraternity are up against a peculiar case—namely, what are we to do with the deer? Comparatively few years since, when deer were introduced to the lower counties, sportsmen favored the plan, also the protection at all times. The deer evidently were pleased with their new grounds and have increased considerably. For some reason they hang around quite near our cities and villages, and are frequently seen on the lines of our steam and electric car routes.

In a recent letter from a well-known fox hunter living in Wilton, the writer says: "This town is overrun with deer. Recently a herd of nine and another of eleven were seen just on the outskirts of this village."

In the recent report of our Fish and Game Commission is the following: "The deer question in southern New Hampshire is becoming a serious one. They have increased rapidly, and are found within easy rifle range of our largest cities. The question now being considered is, What are we to do with them? An open season is suggested. There are certain objections to such a move." The Commissioners' report further says: "If the time comes when an open season is made to hunt deer in the lower counties, there can be no question that many people will be killed, for with the high power rifles now in use, it is impossible to tell where a bullet will stop."

I will give my reasons why I think we would be better off were there no deer in the State south of Plymouth, and I am sure a majority of our sportsmen agree with me. I am content to hunt birds and nothing larger than a fox in this section. When I want deer, I go north, where there are suitable places to hunt them.

There are many law-abiding sportsmen in our lower counties who like to hunt foxes, coons and rabbits. They own valuable dogs and take pains that they hunt only such animals. It is very discouraging when one gets a promising young fox hound, which shows every indication of being just what is wanted, to have this youngster jump a deer (as he is liable to any day). Where one such dog may take no notice of a deer, many of them will, and after once chasing one is very likely to repeat it. Owing to the presence of our deer, it is now difficult to buy a good fox hound at a reasonable price; that is, one that will not chase deer. I have been trying for some time to get such a dog; have seen several and written to owners of others. My first question would be, "Will the dog chase deer, and has he ever done so?" The usual answer is, "He has chased them once or twice, but he got a good licking and may not do it again." This once or twice settled the question as to my buying.

An objection to an open deer season in this and similar localities would be as follows: There are too many houses, too many roads with people traveling on them, too many domestic cattle in the pastures, to make it safe to turn loose a lot of rattle-headed would-be deer killers. Even up in our north country, where there are miles of woods, and where there is an open season, the careful deer hunter has to be over-careful; not that he will shoot someone by mistake, but that someone may shoot him.

I recently saw an illustration in a daily paper as follows:

"Guide—Here, you blank blank city idiot, what are you shooting at me for?"

"Sportsman—My dear sir, I am awfully sorry I took you for a bear. I don't see how I shot so badly as to miss you."

It has been suggested that in case of an open season the deer hunter be restricted to a shotgun and buckshot. This would be a pretty poor outfit for still-hunting deer. Where one was killed, a number would be more or less wounded. The object of an open season seems to be to reduce the number of deer. If such a season is deemed best, I think December the time. The ground is usually covered with snow, there is less travel on our roads, and cattle are housed; also it is much easier to see a deer on snow and to know it is a deer, and one which is wounded can be followed. We wanted the deer (or thought we did). Now we have them, we don't want them, and do not know how to get rid of them.

When the law protecting deer at all times was passed, there was also one prohibiting dogs from chasing them, and it gave any one the right to kill any dog so doing. Owners of valuable hunting dogs are protesting against this law, and have good reason to. Anyone who dislikes dogs or who may have some personal grudge against the owner of one, can, out of pure cussedness, shoot a dog, and if it is brought home to him, swear the dog was after deer; and if it happens on bare ground, and the owner is not near-by, he will have trouble to prove otherwise.

I am sure that the majority of sportsmen acknowledge that a sheep or deer-chasing dog should be killed; but they want reliable evidence that the dog deserves it. We think it high time this promiscuous dog killing were ended.

We have a law which says that all dogs must be licensed, and must wear collars with owner's name, address and license number plainly marked thereon. There are certain scallawag dogs which wander about at will night or day. While their owners probably have paid a dog license, these dogs seldom wear a collar, and are hard to identify. Such dogs usually are ready to get into mischief, and take special delight in enticing well behaved, stay-at-home dogs to join them in their wanderings. I think it would be well to double the price of the present dog license, and to place and enforce a good big penalty for letting a dog loose without a proper collar. Compel these shiftless owners to look after their dogs and there will be less complaint of damage to deer or sheep.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Jan. 18.

The Shiras Bill.

STATE OF OHIO

FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your inquiry under date of December 9, 1904, received. A Federal game law to protect migratory birds should be welcomed and earnestly supported by all persons, and especially sportsmen.

Efforts made in our State to prevent the killing of migratory birds in the spring resulted in adding fifteen days to the open season.

The best informed advocates of no protection to migratory birds do not claim that it is in the interest of protection; they claim the privilege to join others in the alarming and injudicious destruction of them. Those who are most interested in having good shooting, and who are best prepared to enjoy it, favor a closed season in the spring while the birds are migrating to the breeding grounds, and for this reason do not avail themselves of the spring shooting permitted by our present laws.

In this State, for selfish motives, one locality is arrayed against another, and the whole against all other States, permitting the wholesale killing of migratory birds during the winter and spring. For this reason we have failed to pass the necessary protective law, and must look to Federal protection or expect future destruction of wildfowl. With very best wishes for your success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

J. C. PORTERFIELD, Chief Warden.

United Effort.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We all of us are familiar enough with the importance of organization. We know that the blow of a 100-pound hammer carries more force than one hundred blows by a 1-pound hammer. We know that a regiment of trained soldiers can do more than the same number of men fighting individually; that to accomplish any work men must get together and all push at the same time and in the same direction, under proper guidance. But how seldom do we act on this knowledge.

I am led to this reflection by reading your editorial in FOREST AND STREAM of January 21 on the organization of the Lewis and Clark Club. As you say, "It is a good sign for this country when men of whatever walk in life associate themselves together with the honest purpose of protecting those natural objects which since the settlement of America have been regarded as belonging to whoever should take them without regard to the time or the method of taking."

For a good many years past there have been sportsmen's clubs, many of them devoted merely to recreation, many others with the ostensible object of doing some good for their fellow men, or for those who are to come after them. There have even been State associations of sportsmen and national associations of sportsmen; but the interest felt in the subject of game and fish protection has never been strong enough to induce these men to get together and to work earnestly for the benefit of all. If it had not been for the splendid work and leadership given by FOREST AND STREAM, little would have been accomplished in the last twenty years. In that time there has been a great advance, but it must be acknowledged that this is due largely to you and to your leadership.

In the editorial to which I referred, you speak very justly of the good work done by the Boone and Crockett Club. Not only has this association stood in the front rank for the protection of our natural resources and done splendid work with legislators both of State and of

National Government, but it has also spread the doctrines which it advocates among the people at large by means of the beautiful and interesting volumes that it has published from time to time. Take for example its last book, "American Big Game in Its Haunts." Only one who has read the volume, and who is to some extent acquainted with the large game of America, can appreciate how broad a field this book covers, and how full it is of interest to sportsmen and to naturalists and to game protectors. Mr. Kidder's chapters on his Alaska hunting open a new world to the ordinary stay-at-home sportsman, and unconsciously reveal an amount of pluck and endurance on the part of the author which must excite the admiration of those who themselves have not penetrated the real wilds. President Roosevelt's account of the Yellowstone Park and his visit there a year ago last spring is one of the most delightful chapters that I have ever read, and should teach each one of us a lesson.

Now, the Boone and Crockett Club, I believe, is limited to one hundred members, and of that one hundred we may assume that a large majority are not very active. Probably the real work of that club is done by a small number of men, yet their accomplishments have been great, as is shown by their record printed in the volumes which the club have published.

For the newly organized Lewis and Clark Club there should be a work quite as important as that done by the Boone and Crockett. What this work may prove to be, it is of course impossible to point out now; but if the club is in earnest, it will find its work. Is it not possible for these two clubs to work together, uniting with them other associations, if there are any, in whom they have confidence? It is conceivable that a committee of half a dozen men representing such clubs as these, backed by the influence of their several organizations, might carry a weight with legislators and others which would be overwhelming.

The growth of interest in the protection of natural things is most gratifying, and when we see men of intelligence and education feeling an enthusiasm for these matters, it seems as if a protest ought to be made against the waste of energy involved in mere individual effort. The same amount of vigor and push in combination will surely accomplish greater things.

I venture to submit these views to you, to the members of the Boone and Crockett and the Lewis and Clark clubs, and to sportsmen generally.

OUTSIDER.

On the Missouri River Sandbars.

ABOUT fifteen years ago I hunted wild geese on the sandbars of the Missouri River one winter when the weather was favorable for them; that is to say, when it was neither too cold for them to find open water and food, or too warm for them to tarry in that region. It was then no difficult thing to dig a hole in the smooth surface of a sandbar so that one could stoop down until his head was below the level, and going to one of these places before daylight, or toward evening, one's chances of getting a brace of honkers as they passed over from the wheatfields were good, while if he took with him a rifle he was reasonably certain of a shot if the geese happened to alight out of range of the scatter gun. I have seen geese so numerous in that region that flock after flock would come in from the wheat fields and stop on the bars to rest until there would be thousands of them in sight, they generally selecting some low, flat bar 300 to 500 yards from willows, drift or cover of any sort, and with their sentinels on guard, rest and feed on the wild smartweed for hours, during which time the sportsman could only be patient and hope that some other fellow would happen along to stir the geese up and possibly give him the shot he coveted. As my favorite weapon was the rifle, and I often accompanied a young man who, it seemed to me, could hit a goose with his 10-bore shot at marvelously long range, by hiding in holes or "rack heaps" several hundred yards apart, our bag was not always an empty one at nightfall.

A few weeks ago I visited these same sandbars on which in former years it was a rare occurrence to pass a day without a shot. The river was almost as low as it was during the winter of 1883-4, when I first trod the bars, but not only did I see nothing larger than a crow, but there were no indications to be found, in a tramp of some fifteen miles, that any geese had been "using" any of the most favorable spots since the last rainfall, some time previously. In a journey of upward of 100 miles by train which followed the shores continuously, only two small bunches of geese were seen, at total of about fifteen individuals. No ducks at all were seen, although it was not too cold for them.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

A Foxhound's Voice Over the Telephone.

FOR some time I have been trying to get a foxhound of the right sort. I wanted a small, well-built dog with a clear, rather light voice; a good starter and stayer, and one which would not chase deer. I heard of several dogs, and had some on trial which did not suit. I have two now which, as far as look and size go, seem just what I want. They are about of a size, well marked black, white and tan. The dog is under three years, and nine foxes are said to have been killed with him this season. The bitch is nearly twice the age of the dog, and said to be a good one. Both are claimed to be deer proof. I have had these dogs for several days, and it is provoking that there has been no chance to try them. I am ready to go out and so are the dogs, and I am quite sure I could find a fox track in a few minutes. Our last snowfall measured over twenty inches of very soft, light snow. A fox can paddle along in such snow, but a dog cannot. Both of mine sink so deep that only their heads show. Yesterday a neighbor who is interested in all kinds of hunting, called me up on the telephone. Both dogs were in my house at the time, and seemed to understand that I was talking to a fox hunter. My neighbor asked, "How do you like the dogs—have they good voices?" I said, "You can hear one of them." I held the receiver near the bitch and spoke to her and she let out a few hoots. My neighbor called out, "That one has a good voice; I can hear her plainly."

I have a large megaphone which I made of tin. It is over fifty inches in length and twenty inches diameter at open end. Some two or three miles south of my house

there is a large tract of high hills. I frequently hear foxhounds (sometimes at night) running on those hills. By using my megaphone as a receiver, holding the small end to my ear, I can hear those dogs plainly when a long distance away. I would suggest to the Massachusetts fox hunting clubs that a big megaphone made of light metal (metal is much better than cardboard) would be a good thing to take along when they have their field trials when they are using some of those flyers of southern breeding who are claimed to be able to catch our New England foxes (I don't recall hearing of any instance where they did). The megaphone would be handy to yell at the dogs, also to use as a receiver when the dogs were out of reach of ordinary ears.

Up here we do not want our fox dogs to try to catch our foxes (at least I do not). The southern fox hunters may condemn our manner of killing foxes. It will not cause us to change. We do not drive deer with dogs as they do. When we hunt deer still-hunting is the rule, and it is a rule which is enforced. A dog running our deer stands more chances of getting killed than does the deer.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

C. M. STARK.

Skunk Trapping.

SAYRE, PA.—The reference to the above industry published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of January 7, calls to mind the fact that one need not necessarily invest in vast landed estates or remove to remote corners of the earth to capture the intrepid polecat. A neighbor living across the street from the writer, in the center of a town of 6,000 inhabitants, has within the year trapped and killed nine skunks, and he is convinced that the industry is not on the decline.

When a boy, living on the bleak hillside south of Ithaca, N. Y., the writer and an uncle conceived the idea of extensively engaging in the skunk trapping business, and to that end a supply of steel-traps was bought and a line of them run out over a likely circuit of country. The morning following, the writer found himself confined to bed threatened with an attack of pneumonia, a circumstance which compelled the uncle to go over the line of traps; a duty he performed, I am convinced, with great heroism, inasmuch as he was compelled to club one perfume-laden member of the fur-bearing tribe to an untimely death. The daring feat of skinning the husky beast then ensued,

during which operation the brave relative acquired sufficient odor to create a riot at the family dinner several hours later.

It was only after the interment of the clothes worn at the first "husking bee" indulged in by the senior member of the newly chartered trapping firm, and overmuch bathing practiced for many weeks, that final traces of the unstudied contact with the fetid outlaw of all creation were eliminated, and life on the wind-swept farm, with its wonderful outlook across to the sunset hills, again assumed its normal functions.

Perhaps it is needless to add the trapping enterprise, by virtue of this first untoward circumstance, was strangled in its infancy, and its promoters immediately and with great cheerfulness turned their attention to more congenial and less odoriferous occupations.

M. CHILL.

All communications for *FOREST AND STREAM* must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



The Log of a Sea Angler.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "ANGLING," "BIG GAME FISHES," ETC.

IV.—Dodging a Sawfish—Dangerous Game—A Hard Fight—Sawfish and Thermometers—Collecting Eggs—Vast Quantities—A Disappearing Spider—The Cast-Net for Mulletts—Old Bones in a Keg—Tattooed by *Physalia*—Attendant Fish *Nomeus*.

My guide once blew out the flambeau in a cave three miles under ground to give me a clear idea of what absolute darkness meant. I realized on East Key at night what solitude was. It was hot, nearly 90 degrees at midnight, and lying on the sand just out of the brush watching for a green turtle it was absolutely silent. The wind had gone down, the stars blazed like electric lights in the sky, and constellations were seen that are strangers to northern eyes. I could see ghostly spirit crabs wandering over the strand; see lights on the surface of the sea where some luminous animals wandered. Then the wind would begin to rise, the water along the sand giving out a low sweet melody, a tinkling sound, and then a dim, far-away roar gradually comes down the wind telling of the sea breaking on the reef to the windward. A gull came in from the sea with a weird cry; a heavy crash sounded where some big fish jumped, and the wind began to moan and sough through the bush, the gulls taking to the air to see what was abroad.

The stars disappeared one by one, an inky-black cloud shut in the night, and with a roar of mighty sounds a hurricane-like squall burst upon the island. The bushes were beaten to the ground, hundreds of birds were sent whizzing through the air, clouds of water whipped the face, and the sands rose like spectres and were whirled over the water. Pandemonium was let loose, the spirits of the deep were invoked and played havoc; then as suddenly it passed on; the stars came out, and the normal state of affairs came again.

We are cooled off; the mercury has dropped five degrees, and Bob is making coffee. It has been my good fortune to see storms and squalls of all kinds, but nowhere do they come and go with such marvelous rapidity as in this portion of the world.

It is not everywhere that one can see a bird lay an egg on the wing. I have been almost struck by such missiles several times; and in walking, when the entire bird population is on the wing, one must keep a weather eye out. The birds have begun to hatch, and one of the mysteries is how a mother bird can tell her own in such a swarm. I crawled to-day under and into the bush, and filled a water bucket with eggs without moving from a space five by five feet.

In reaching a lane in the bush I found a remarkable spider, as large as my thumb, yellow and black, perched on a big stout web that completely closed the way. As I rose up to examine it, the spider began to swing to and fro, and in a few seconds fairly disappeared before my eyes from the rapidity of the motion. I stood and watched it a moment or two, when the rapidity of its swing gradually subsided, and it came to a standstill. A more clever defense it would be difficult to imagine; and that a spider-loving bird would be completely deceived was very evident.

Bob and I took the dinghy one morning and sculled out over the reef, while John waded alongshore with cast-net slung over his shoulder with an eye out for mulletts. He was a strange figure, tall and lank. Bob said they had once used him as a jury mast on a ship that was dismantled down by Trinidad. Suddenly he stopped, swung the net to the left, then to the right, and launched it in a broad circle over a school of mulletts which were presently shaken out on to the sands. Mullett of the right size with roe is a delicious dish. The dinghy had gone out near the channel, and we were moving slowly along near the heads when I saw a long gray object passing directly across our path. It looked like a shark, but a moment later I made out a long snout, and saw the perfect outline of the largest sawfish I had ever sighted. It paid no attention to the dinghy, and wishing to take its saw, I drove the grains into it.

Have you ever seen a swordfish leap? It is the clumsiest of all motions, a slow rising and dropping back, a lift without the forward motion; and this jump of the sawfish was almost identical. The whole fish came out of the water a foot or more, and the ugly saw swung around in search of the enemy as the fish dropped back with a splash, sending the spray flying over us. I had

about fifty feet of light line on the spear; the fish jerked that overboard so quickly that I had just time to drop on my back, brace and hold to the piece of wood the line was fast to, when the shock came. Bob said later that he heard my arms crack, and in truth I only held on by a miracle while the boat got under way; then I slipped the wood crosswise under the seat, and Bob steered with his oar.

The fish, maddened by the sudden attack, ran straight inshore, dragging the bow down, making a menacing wave of foam ahead of us; then, on nearing the beach, turned so suddenly that the dinghy partly filled, and sped away up the long white sandy beach, from which John waved his straw sombrero and cheered. There was nothing to do but to tire out the fish, and after enjoying the run a while, I put over a pair of oars and tried to stop it, forcing the fish to swim in a circle while we climbed to windward on the turns and displayed our agility.

The water was not over four feet deep, and the sawfish took us nearly around the island before it began to weaken; then the dinghy, being a third full of water, proved too much of a pull, and I took the line and in half an hour had the boat over the sawfish.

The grains had struck just over the gills where the neck ought to be; in a good place for towing, but as I tried to lift it, out came the big saw, and we dropped into the bottom of the dinghy, while the toothed saber struck the gunwale a slashing blow, breaking off several teeth. A cut from such a weapon would, Bob said, leave a man full of holes, and the quickness with which the fish sent the weapon around to right and left was amazing. Three times it literally swept the deck, ramming its teeth into the soft cedar of the boat, breaking several, suggestive of the damage it might do.

It was essentially a "down bridge" performance, and no jackies dodged shells quicker than did we drop when that ivory-toothed saw cleaver came whirling across the boat, while the sawfish, partly held by myself, seemed to stand on its tail. Bob finally got the end of the line and literally lassoed it, and with a jerk hauled the saw down to the rail, placing the big fish *hors du combat*, as helpless as a turtle on its back.

The sawfish has certain claims on the angling fraternity as a game fish; at least by another name it is a game fish, but by some it is classed with the sharks, and looked upon as vermin. I have had as hard and gamy a play with the sawfish on a rod as some tarpon have given me, and the struggle this fish gave me on the grains established its reputation with me at least as a game, not to say dangerous, animal.

In swordfish fishing, one is liable to be spitted, and a friend told me he was twice rammed by one he had hooked, and forced to cut away the line; but the swordfish hacks you with a bludgeon filled with ivory nails. We now made the fish fast by its saw, and towed it in, and when the other men came along, hauled it up—a splendid specimen weighing at least 500 pounds, a strange combination of ray and shark, with a four-foot sword, the sides armed with stout ivory teeth an inch in length—a savage and dangerous weapon.

The body of the sawfish is wide, the side or pectoral fins giving it the appearance of a ray, making it a conspicuous object against the bottom. The sawfish is in demand for a singular purpose. The big saw is mounted as a base for thermometers, and all the specimens the men caught were sold for this purpose to a little German in Kew West who collected strange flotsam of the sea.

The sun was so hot that I determined to return to camp, and had hardly started—Chief bearing the trophy and John his net and mulletts—when I tripped and fell, and found myself waist-deep in a big hoghead, having landed on a human skeleton, crushing in the jaw and lower part of the skull. The men professed complete ignorance, although they have been here twenty years. There was nothing about it to tell the story, no vestige of clothing, and the supposition was that some sailor had died and been buried in the cask in default of a coffin.

These islands back in the forties or early fifties were the resort of pirates and freebooters; the harbor affording an excellent retreat for vessels which, did they know the reef, could slip in through the narrow channels and easily throw an enemy off the track.

The heat on this and other keys at midday in the last part of June was sometimes unbearable. A thick nebulous caloric wave rose from the white sand and distorted every object. Masses of old timbers, pieces of wreckage, man-o'-war birds roosting—all took on gigantic

shapes in this heat mirage. There was no getting to windward, as there was no wind, and the thing to do was to go in swimming every half hour, five minutes in the sun being sufficient to dry my linen, trousers and shirt, and create an appetite for another swim.

It was during one of these cooling swims that I tested the stinging powers of the Portuguese man-o'-war (*Physalia*). These beautiful fairy ships were common everywhere; the shore was lined with their dried balloons that exploded as I trod upon them, and the lagoon was the field of action for myriads. In swimming on my side, I ran over one, the mass of tentacles, which extended away about fifteen feet, covering my abdomen and legs with a purple, virulent mass. The impact came like an electric shock, and I had barely power to get to my feet and stagger inshore; and I was told by Bob that I had had "a close call." The mass was cut or scraped off with a razor, then covered with sweet oil while I was dosed with whiskey. Singularly enough, while the burning was excruciating, the most serious symptom was loss of breath; doubtless the action of the heart was affected. For a year or more the flesh was covered with the fanciful markings, and I could have passed a creditable examination as the tattooed man. Some French naturalist has made a number of interesting experiments with *Physalia*, killing dogs and cats by internal doses of the tentacles, proving the presence of a virulent poison. I am confident that if I had not had immediate common sense treatment I might not have recovered, and I doubt if off bottom I could have reached shore.

I was on the lookout for these animals when swimming, and saw this one, but did not suppose that its tentacles were extended so far behind. In large individuals the train is sometimes one hundred feet in length. No more beautiful object than *Physalia* can be imagined; a floating bubble four inches long, with a perfect sail that can be elevated or depressed, and depending from its lower surface a mass of vivid blue or purple zooids or tentacles which can be held closely to the body or extended many feet.

They constitute at once the drags, the keel of the fairy ship, and lures as well. I have often watched their action; lowered into a school of sardines they resemble purple worms twisting about a small fish, bites at one, and, as though struck by lightning, turns over dead; it is instantaneous. Bob said, "The sardine never knew what hit him." The moment contact came tens of thousands of lasso cells—animate bombs, capsules loaded with screw-drivers—exploded and struck the fish, piercing it, pouring into the myriad of wounds a purple poison that was as effective as so many electric bolts.

But this is not the strange part of it. I can imagine no more terrifying creature in the sea than this—a living torpedo made up of millions of tubes, death lurking in every one; yet among them, swimming about freely, were from one to half a dozen little fishes (*Nomeus*) that had been endowed by nature with the exact color of the tentacles, a vivid purple. So perfect was the imitation that a "tenderfoot" would never see them. When I lifted a Portuguese man-o'-war by the sail and held the mass of death-dealing darts above the water, the little purple fishes appeared, darting about, terrified at being disturbed by their protector; upon releasing it, they immediately came back and resumed their position beneath it.

I have been told that the *Physalia* devours its attendants; but in hundreds examined, I never found a *Nomeus* in the toils, which of course does not prove that they are immune; but it does show that they know more about it than the sardines. When the *Physalia* is feeding, its fishing line is lowered many feet, and the moment a fish is caught it is hauled in by short jerks and pulls, so that in two or three minutes a two-inch sardine will be hauled ten or twelve feet and surrounded by the tentacles. When the *Physalia* wishes to move, it elevates its beautiful pearl-colored sail tinted with pink, which displays a wind surface of six or even seven square inches, and with its purple drags trailing behind to steady it, sails away over the Gulf with countless hordes of *Porpita* and *Velella* and the purple snail *Ianthina*—all ships of the sea of greatest beauty.

Daisy—"Why, Rose, dear, what have you done to your poodle? The last time I saw him his hair was white."

Rose—"Yes, but it was such a nuisance to keep him washed, you know; so I just had him dyed brown!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dictionary of Angling.

COMPILED BY SHAGANOSS.

ANCHOR.—A mechanical device for sub-aqueous engagement with the alluvial or rocky bottom of lake or river. Fish-hooks are sometimes so employed, but such use is not recommended by the best standard authorities.

ANGLER.—An Enthusiast. See "Bait-Bottle."

ANGLEWORM.—An attractive kind of bait, highly popular with small boys, and sometimes for convenience carried in the mouth. But this practice is open to some objections.

BAIT.—Something for the angler to spit on: usually a worm.

BAIT-BOTTLE.—A dark colored, hollow, vitreous receptacle, preferably of overcoat-pocket size; usually filled with enthusiasm in the morning, and always empty at night.

BITE.—When a black bass grabs a minnow, chaws it to death and spits it out, that counts as a *bite*—but it don't help the score.

BLACK FLY.—An original and malicious back-biter.

BOAT.—A floating, leaky structure of considerable size, intended to be loaded with fish, but generally isn't.

CAMP.—A convenient place in which to forget it's Sunday.

CAMP-FIRE.—A rendezvous for the making up of "scores," and a kind of "Clearing-House" for "Fish Yarns"—q. v.

CLEARING RING.—When you hook fast on to a rocky bottom, reel up taut and run a heavy clearing ring down the taut line. It will push the rocky bottom down away from the hook, and leave the latter free to come up. Seldom known to fail.

CLICK.—A musical attachment to a reel, and about as musical as the bark of a yellow dog.

DOPE.—A filthy, vile and malodorous concoction of castor oil, pennyroyal and tar; chiefly used for fattening black flies, mosquitoes and no-see-ums.

FISH YARN.—A synonym for what soap-makers call "Concentrated Lye."

FLOAT.—An implement used by the lazy to augment their own laziness.

FLY.—A tinsel and feathered delusion, extensively used as a decoration for tree-tops.

FLY-FISHING.—Wading a cold stream, sitting down in it now and then; monkeying a fly along the surface of the water, or hooking it into the neighboring bushes and calling it sport.

GUIDE.—A native who is hired (and well paid) to go along. Presumably he does the hard work, and presumably you capture the game; but sometimes it works out the other way.

GUT.—Two kinds. Some are carried in a tub; some are tied to a line or hook. See "Snell."

HOOK.—"Deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Jer. 17:9.

LANDING NET.—See "Rod."

LEADER.—There are several kinds. The one that breaks is the most common.

LINE.—A high-priced variety of pack-thread, coiled up in measured lengths, frequently rotten, usually tangled, and generally N. G.

MINNOW.—The innocent victim of an angler's brutality.

MOSQUITO.—A somewhat numerous denizen of the circumambient atmosphere, justly celebrated for five virtues:

1. Late to go to bed.
2. Early to get up.
3. A musical note of friendship.
4. A long bill.
5. General cussedness.

NO-SEE-UM.—Six of them would break up the stiffest kind of a poker game.

OVER-RUN.—The chief purpose of a reel is to over-run the line.

PORTAGE.—A place where the angler becomes a pack-mule (or jackass), acquires an assortment of aches and pains not known to Christian Science, and frequently indulges in highly reprehensible acts of profanity.

REEL.—In miniature the crank of a grindstone, the spool of a windlass, the break of a trolley car, the slickness of a bunco-steerer, and the howl of a coffee-mill.

RISE.—When an angler sits down in cold water, he generally rises, and also makes a few remarks "not intended for publication," but which are a sufficient "guarantee of good faith" on his part.

RISE-SHORT.—If, in trying to rise, he loses his balance and goes down again, that is a "rise-short."

ROD.—Any angler who does not know a fishing-rod when he meets one in the woods, is too much of a D. F. to learn anything from a dictionary.

SANDWICH.—Nominally an article of food, chiefly intended to delude the stomach.

SCALES.—There are two kinds:

1. The armor-plate of a fish.
 2. The protection of a liar.
- SCORE.**—A sum-total made up of:
1. Your own game—usually not much.
 2. Your guide's game—a little more.
 3. The game that got away—rather numerous.
 4. Game of imagination—quite abundant.

SINKER.—An article of high specific gravity, sometimes made of lead and sometimes of soggy dough and tough ham. It doesn't make much difference which you swallow.

SNELL.—A short section of the intestinal secretions of a silkworm, tied to a hook, chiefly for the purpose of enhancing its selling price.

SPECKLED BEAUTIES.—A cant phrase once much in vogue, but now used only by idiots and greenies.

SPOON.—"Three of a kind" and a pendant that has the "jim-jams" when in use.

SPORTSMAN.—A man who enjoys hard work with no pay, and prefers the leaky tents of barbarism to the comforts of civilization.

SPORTSMANSHIP.—Trying to get something you don't own without paying for it.

STILL-FISHING.—Sitting motionless, holding a rod, eyeing a float and damning the fish.

STRIKE.—An excellent way to break a rod, especially if you have hooked on to a sunken log, tree-root or rocky bottom. I have tried all three.

Sport with the Steelheads.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 16.—For the past ten days local devotees of rod and spoon have been having some excellent and exciting sport with the big fresh run of steelheads which recently swam in from ocean waters and assumed temporary position in the tidewater pools of Paper Mill Creek, awaiting opportunity for a trip up stream to their spawning grounds. The recent heavy rainfall afforded the opportunity. The banks of the stream were comfortably filled last Friday; the finny travelers fared upward, and the anglers were left to their own devices.

The presence of these kings of the water was discovered ten days since, and while the schools were held back by low water, many good kills were made, several good tackles lost, and some good "yarns" treasured up for future use around camp-fire.

Frank Dolliver landed a 9-pounder, which was enough glory for one afternoon. On Sunday the 8th inst., "Dell" Cooper, J. M. Thomson, James Lynch, "Pop" Carroll, Bert Spring, Joseph Pincus, "Abe" Banker, and Frank Fompi, hearing that the condition of the stream for steelhead angling was about right, repaired thither with proper paraphernalia and high hopes.

Mr. Cooper was the first to "get busy." His antagonist was a big strong fellow, hooked on a spoon. The struggle was long and fierce, the steelhead finally disgorging the spoon. Cooper, nothing daunted, now rigged up with bait, and was soon engaged in a second unsuccessful argument with the same big one. Next Bert Spring went a-prospecting for the doughty giant, and was more careful and more successful than Cooper. After a long and tedious battle, the handsome steelhead was laid on the scales, which stopped at the 10-pound notch. It was a female full of roe.

"Pop" Carroll got into an argument with a 12-pounder, which proved to be a "spent" fish. Another angler, whose name I did not learn, killed an 8-pound "buck" trout near the bridge.

Messrs. Dolliver and Banker explored the "White House" pool last Monday afternoon, and found a-plenty doing. Their two first strikes got well hooked, but that was all. They simply "walked away" with a couple of handsome tackles, and are walking yet, for aught to the contrary known. These two, after repairing their misfortunes, succeeded in annexing a brace of handsome ones, but their next engagements lost them their tackles—Dolliver even breaking a stout rod.

By Tuesday more sports had received the tip, and S. A. Wells, Bert Spring and Clarence Ashlin tried the stream. Most of the trout previously seen in the pools had evidently gone out with the tide; nevertheless Mr. Spring's cup of happiness was filled to the brim when he rolled a 10-pound beauty in the green grass. Mr. Wells' luck was with him, as usual; a 14-pounder came to his gaff. Mr. Ashlin was "left at the post." He had a number of strikes, but failed to set his barb.

Last Thursday the "Dook of Ayden," Chas. Lynn, and his son, John Schloen and Messrs. Gorden and Dougal made the last killings, taking a number of splendid trout. Besides the noteworthy catches mentioned above, a large number of smaller ones were made. Altogether the sport was excellent while it lasted.

The storm of last Friday drove the fishermen home. But a number of the regulars went away with ill-concealed intent to further prospect the stream last Sunday—yesterday—and the early part of this week.

A close season on steelhead will prevail from February 1 to April 1. It is now lawful to catch steelhead in tidewaters only. The law, I am sorry to say, is scantily observed. Many violations are reported to have occurred in Paper Mill Creek above the flow of the tide, where the spearing of trout is the favorite method of capture. This sort of vandalism, I am reliably informed, is of annual recurrence in this section. The fault lies not so much at the threshold of the game protectors as at the lack of State game protection. The Florida game hog seems to have emigrated to California after having almost killed every living thing within the borders of the Land of Flowers.

Russian River at Duncan's is reported to be yet too high for good angling. This is a favorite resort with many anglers. If there is opportunity for any sport before the close season falls, a number of local sportsmen purpose giving the stream a final test. J. D. C.

Fish and Fishing.

THE Court of Appeals of the Province of Quebec, technically called the Court of King's Bench, has given its long-expected decision upon the appeal of the Fraser estate from the judgment of the court below, which latter was favorable to the Government, in the action involving the salmon angling rights in the Moisie River on the north shore of the Lower St. Lawrence. The history of this river and of the litigation in connection therewith is a most interesting one. The Moisie has yielded the largest salmon of the coast, and some of the biggest fishing scores. The property along the banks of the river opposite the famous pools has for many years past belonged to Mr. Alexander Fraser. These riparian rights were supposed to carry with them the rights to the salmon angling, and so valuable have they become in recent years that the sum of \$40,000 was placed upon them. They were acquired some time ago by Mr. Ivers W. Adams, of Boston, who also owns a number of other valuable salmon fishing rights in different parts of Canada. The Provincial Government, however, contested the right of Mr. Adams to the fishing, and leased it to Messrs. Fitch, Boswell and others, of Quebec. Mr. Adams enforced his rights, and the Attorney-General of the Province, being pressed by the lessees, took an action in law to dispossess him, the Superior Court deciding that because the river was, in its opinion, a navigable one, the fishing in it was the property of the Crown. Mr. Adams, in the name of the estate of Mr. Fraser, appealed from this judgment, with the result that it has been unanimously reversed by the full bench of five judges of the Court of King's Bench, and Mr. Adams, or rather the Fraser estate, from whom he looks for the complete title, is confirmed in possession of the fishing rights. It has not yet been decided whether or not the case will be further appealed to the Supreme Court of

the Dominion. The present judgment is not based upon the navigability or otherwise of the river, concerning which the judges differed, stating that they found they could decide the matter unanimously on other grounds, and that the fishing was secured to the owner of the riparian rights by the Crown patent conveying the property. The judgment is a most important one, both to salmon fishermen and to the Government, since it tends to upset what was supposed to have been already definitely settled concerning the jurisprudence affecting riparian rights in both navigable and non-navigable rivers. And it is still a mooted question with the judiciary as well as with the Government and with fishermen as to what constitutes a navigable river in the sense of the law affecting salmon fisheries, since many rivers are necessarily navigable by birch bark canoes which could not be navigated by an ocean steamer, nor even by a schooner or sailboat. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Forbid the Sale of Trout.

J. W. POND, Chief Protector of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, recently returned from an extended trip through the Adirondack region. When asked if the people he met made any reference to legislation affecting fish and game, he replied as follows:

"There seems to be an almost unanimous sentiment against the sale of venison and brook trout taken within this State, and many go so far as to say that if the law cannot apply to the whole State, they sincerely hope that a law will be passed that will apply to all of the Adirondack counties included in the Forest Preserve.

"Personally I believe this would be a move in the right direction, and if such a law could be enacted there would be no further need of legislation for the protection of the deer of the Adirondacks; and surely all fair-minded people must admit that, in view of the expense the State has been put to in the last fifteen or twenty years in propagating and distributing trout—which are the property of the general public and not of any few individuals, as the courts have unanimously declared—it seems too bad that a small number of persons who might be termed "fish pirates" are permitted to whip the streams from the time the trout season opens until it closes, in all kinds of weather and under all circumstances, merely to sell to meat markets in the neighboring villages, the proceeds of the catch supporting them in idleness to the detriment of the majority and better class of people who realize that good trout fishing furnishes healthful recreation, and brings to the Adirondacks a large revenue annually."

Mr. Pond further said: "In past years several persons who persist in fishing for the market have been caught with small gill nets that can be carried in the pocket, and which will span the ordinary trout stream. If the sale of trout could be prohibited, it would certainly put a stop to this illegal mode of fishing, and must result in great good—a fact which cannot be disputed."

Major Pond said he saw a petition which was being freely circulated through three or four of the Adirondack towns asking for legislation of this nature.

Lake Pleasant Landlocked Salmon.

SUSSEX, N. B., Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of December 10, 1904, a letter from Mr. E. T. D. Chambers in re landlocked salmon in Pleasant Lake, near Sussex, N. B., wherein he describes the lake planting of 25,000 salmon fry, the growth of same, and a certain number caught in one day; also, in your issue of December 31 of the same month, a reply from The Old Angler, in which he takes Mr. Chambers to task for using extracts from the reports of Prof. Prince and the managers of several hatching houses, "mere incredible fish stories as truths, and by so doing leads his readers and himself astray."

I beg to state that Mr. Chambers is quite right in what he says in re young salmon in Pleasant Lake; and although The Old Angler writes that he is "familiar with all the lakes around Sussex," I think that Pleasant Lake is not quite clear to him, as it is about ten or twelve miles from Dick's Lake (which I think he refers to), and flows from Big Salmon River and not to it, as he states.

After the salmon fry had been in Pleasant Lake for two years, there were places in it where it seemed impossible to catch anything other than young salmon. The writer, along with other gentlemen, has been compelled to move his boat on account of catching salmon only.

The Old Angler says "he will have to see a salmon ten inches in length taken from the lake before he will believe it." Well, during the coming summer I will try and show him one, as I have caught them twelve and fourteen inches long.

The fifty caught by one rod in one day should read "hooked," as we put all back that are not hooked too badly. The young salmon rise to the fly with a vengeance, and show the trait of what they are by the fight they put up.

The Old Angler says he has "tried to get a specimen of these salmon for the past five years, and so far has not succeeded." This I cannot understand, as the club is composed of gentlemen well known in this town, any of whom would gladly have shown him one or more had his wishes been made known.

In closing, I would like to state that in matters pertaining to fish and fishculture I take off my hat to The Old Angler; but as regards the young salmon in Pleasant Lake, he has been misinformed; and I take this opportunity to invite The Old Angler to Kamp Kill Kare (our club house), where he may have the privilege of fishing the Lake and catching some of these young salmon. JASPER J. DALY,

Managing Director Pleasant Lake Club, Ltd.

A German review contains an article by Bertarelli on a new adulteration of coffee. The roasted beans are plunged in a 5 per cent. solution of borax, and then left to dry. The borax makes them shine, and absorbs water, thus adding to the weight of the coffee. The way to discover this ingenious fraud is to dry the coffee, and if it loses over 4 per cent. of its weight, there has been a fraudulent absorption of water.—London Globe.

The Kennel.

Shooting over Spaniels.

THE spaniel is the only breed of "gun-dog" which has been kept in a very high state of efficiency, so far as appearance and physique are concerned, without any assistance from the richer classes. Spaniel trials are quite a novelty, and spaniel breeding either for shows or performance was until recent days confined to a few enthusiasts, though they got capital results. The Clumber, with its association with the Duke of Newcastle, is one of the few exceptions to the rule that these dogs were not the result of the careful and select breeding of noblemen or great landowners. It is true that they were an indispensable part of the sporting outfit of every estate at the beginning of the last century. In the main they were keepers' dogs, used in rough shooting to get the scarce pheasant of the day for the house. Partridge shooting, not cover shooting, was the "smart" thing from 1750 till 1840, and the grandees devoted nearly all their attention to their famous breeds of pointers. Perfectly broken and bred to a degree of fineness which is the envy of the present day, the pointers of eighty or ninety years ago were really a very artificial product. When times changed, they disappeared, and were it not for enthusiasts like Mr. Arkwright, and for their usefulness on the Scotch moors where driving the grouse is not yet taken up, we should see very few of them. Even as it is, pointers are the rarest breed of "gun-dogs." There are few places in England where they could be said to be either common or easy to purchase.

The cheerful spaniel stands in quite a different position. It has maintained itself locally, among the middle class and among the farmers, in unimpaired efficiency, notwithstanding all the changes and chances of this mortal life, wherever there are thick hedgerows, "shaws" as in Sussex, or furze brakes and rough banks and broken ground. In Ireland that wonderful dog-of-all-work, the red setter, has to some degree taken its place. Yet the Irish water spaniel is still almost the most useful "general" dog that any one can own. Lastly, the merits of the spaniel as a fast and bold retriever are so far recognized that it is very commonly seen both at cover shoots and behind the butts on the grouse moors. Less docile than the retriever, the spaniel has more initiative, as a rule, than the dogs which have had most of the spirit bred or broken out of them by keepers anxious to make "perfect non-slip" retrievers. An old English sportsman connected with the Ministry at The Hague used to vow that he "wouldn't give a damn for a dog that was not ready and willing to assist its master on any possible occasion," a confession of faith intended to cover the excursions and alarms of his own particular retriever, which he expected to course and kill any rabbit he wounded. Without

accepting this view, it may be admitted that the "go" of a retriever spaniel is often a refreshing contrast to the over-timid anxiety of the retriever of the day.

To understand the value of spaniels, it is almost necessary to visit the localities in which they have continued to flourish, and to watch their wonderful courage, dash, and unflagging energy under difficulties of all kinds and descriptions. In Sussex the ordinary type, now known by the name of the county, remained as the principal stand-by for working the great woods and the network of "shaws" or narrow bushy belts of coppice and trees with which that county is covered. It was absolutely the only means of getting the numerous rabbits and rare pheasants in the "shaws" to show themselves or to give a chance of a shot. The Ground Game Act has so depleted the rabbits that these spaniels are already rapidly decreasing in numbers as a local and county dog. On the other hand, there is a demand for the breed all over England, and kennels which are maintained at a high pitch of excellence, such as those of Mr. Campbell Newington at Ticehurst, are a fine nucleus for maintaining the type.

At present the great strongholds of the spaniel are Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. The high banks and the enormous area of the furze-brake, the sloping cliffs, and the broken ground round the moors are full of rabbits, while wild pheasants and woodcock are pretty common, and this ground must be worked by spaniels. The furze is too prickly for terriers. Sturdy as they are, they cannot last out a day like the thick-coated spaniel. The rabbits, too, are so numerous and the cover so much to their liking, that they are not easily killed down, while Devonshire people of all classes like keeping a handsome dog, even though they can only use it occasionally. The result is that the spaniel population of that county probably exceeds the number in any other five. Teams of seven or eight are commonly owned by Devonshire landowners, for at least two couple are needed for a day's shooting on the rough hillsides, and these dogs cannot fairly be used on two consecutive days. Add to this that most farmers, and a good many innkeepers and tradesmen, own one, and the percentage of spaniels to the general canine population can readily be guessed. The writer once went down to Devon dogless, to the outskirts of the parish of Sidbury, a place up the Sid Valley, which has given its name to one of the most irrepressible and persevering races of spaniels on the face of the earth. He was about to shoot some plantations and rough hillsides, and knowing the ease with which the dogs can be obtained, merely sent word to one of two likely people to intimate that he should be glad of "one or two" spaniels near a certain wood at a certain hour next day. Half a dozen were on the scene to start with. The rabbits in the big plantation must have thought that their last hour was come, judging from the energy and the desperate assaults on bramble, brake and bracken made by this, the first division. But these were presently reinforced by volunteer spaniels from the valley, who, hearing shots, sneaked off up the hill, sidled in at convenient corners, and joined in the fray.

Considering the noise, the number and the vigor of the spaniels, not one rabbit should have been left unshot above ground, and a number were shot. But the volunteer spaniels were so irrepressible that as and when they could be caught, they were tied up by bits of rope or any handy ligature to trees, where they rent the air with indignant barks and howls.

Spaniels in those parts are lent and borrowed with great freedom, and a certain number of casualties are expected, especially when the scene of action is the cliffs. Those dogs unused to the ground frequently "go-out over," a euphemism for falling over some hundreds of feet of precipice. A dog jumps over what he thinks is a bank, and alights in the sea 200 feet below. Others get peppered with shot when driving rabbits in the furze. "Dear, dear, I fear that must be Mr. Brown's dog," remarked a careless shooter in the hearing of the writer, as a dog went off home, limping down the hill and howling dismally, from a noted furze-brake. "Never mind, sir, never mind," was the keeper's comforting reply. "He borrowed our old Bess last Christmas and shot 'un dead." These scratch packs are only used for hustling difficult cover, like the cliffs or big furze-brakes. For more regular shooting a pack of four or five, well in hand, give charming sport. These packs are usually composed of several generations. A veteran dog who is the "model" of the rest, a couple of well broken three-year-olds, and two intelligent puppies bustle down the hedgerows, sniff round every furze bush, pry under the brambles, and worm their way among tufts, tussocks, and boulders, all their sterns wagging and all their nostrils widespread, and open in merry chorus after every rabbit started. They do what it is the ambition of every trainer to make them do—they come back when called, even from the hot pursuit of some escaping rabbit. At the end of a cover they hustle up the wild pheasants that have run there and squatted, and in no case do they leave a rod of ground untried throughout the day. Hedgerow shooting with spaniels is excellent sport, especially in a "heavy land" country where there are ditches. Spaniels are adepts at working a ditch, smelling upwards both on the near side and under the stumps and "stubs." They have also an abounding faith, which makes them work hard in the most unpromising places, and ready and eager to take more than their share of work. Their "slap-dash" ways often cause people to credit them with less intelligence than dogs which work more slowly. In reality they are full of resource, and their exploits in retrieving wounded birds are wonderful. A small brown and white spaniel broke its fore leg, which was set in stiff bandages hardened with some preparation. It could only go on three legs, but hopped out after its master with the other dogs when these were taken for a walk. There had been a pheasant shoot, and the little spaniel could not resist slipping off to smell down the side of a small belt. It discovered a winged cock pheasant, dashed after it on three legs, and caught and retrieved it, hopping into the road with the big bird in its mouth!—C. J. Cornish, in County Gentleman.



YACHTING



Bantam's 1903 Cruise.

BY WILLIAM P. MORRISON.

THE morning of the 23d of June, 1903, found me landing from one of the Bath and Boothbay steamers at Southport, Me. The morning was still fine, but it looked as if, as usual, I was to have rain on this the first day—the day when clothes and bed and bedding are to be taken aboard, and, if comfort and health are to be considered, taken aboard dry.

A call at the post-office and the walk around by the draw-bridge consumed twenty minutes; but during the last ten I had had my good little old ship Bantam in sight, and I began to feel that the summer's fun had begun. But first of all must come the before-mentioned busy time of turning things out of trunks and boxes and bundles into the ship's lockers; and this consumed the whole day—between showers. Captain M. always declared, as he helped me get my things out, that I would never get them all stowed; but I always did, and when they were all in their places, one would not know that I had an unusual lot of duffel aboard. I suppose, however, most single-hand cruisers would think that I had; for instance, golf clubs and clothes and fifteen or twenty books. But I calculated to have an outing of ten weeks, and concluded that it was worth a little trouble the first day in order to have the means of enjoying a pleasant change ashore when opportunity offered. "All the comforts of home," mixed in with the necessary roughing it that every single-hander must experience, will not detract from the romance of the cruise, and will add to its pleasures and health-giving qualities. I call myself a single-hander because during most of the ten weeks I am alone, and during the three or four weeks when I have the pleasure of having one friend or another with me, the undivided responsibility of the sailing department usually falls upon me.

Bantam is 27ft. over all, 21ft. 6in. waterline, 8ft breadth, 5ft. draft, and carries about 550 sq. ft. of sail. She has no centerboard, and there is 4ft. 6in. to 4ft. 10in. head room under a low house. The house could easily be 6in. higher and not be higher than most boats of her size. Query, however, whether it is worth while. Six inches more would not give full standing height, and at present there is height enough to enable one to sit erect on transoms which, with the bedding on them, are as high as an ordinary chair; and to stand erect enough to pull one's trousers on or to move about the cabin without being uncomfortably cramped. On the other hand, six inches added to the house would have some effect on

Bantam's windwardly qualities, and certainly would not add to her looks.

The cockpit seats, too, are as high as ordinary chairs. This, to my mind, is one of the most important points about a boat under the item "comfort." Nothing is so tiresome as sitting at the tiller all day perched on the apices of one's hip bones. I speak from the experience of a thin man. Fat sailormen may be able to stand it.

Bantam is rigged as a pole-mast sloop, with two headsails. Her model is rather of the compromise cutter type. Both headsails run on stays, and either can be hoisted or lowered from the cockpit. Halliard and down-haul are spliced together so as to make them one endless piece of running rigging. They were formerly separate, but there was so much halliard in the cockpit when the headsails were up that, after one or two experiences with them catching around cleats, etc., and preventing the sails coming down handily, I cut off about half of each down-haul and spliced the ends to the halliards. The main halliards do not lead aft. The disadvantage of being unable to cast off the main halliards of an uncapsizable boat instantly is so slight that it is counterbalanced by the advantage of having so much rope forward out of the way. For a single-hander, the important thing is to have all the headsail rigging lead aft. One has plenty of time to hoist one's mainsail leisurely before getting the anchor in the morning; and usually plenty of time to lower it in the evening after the hook has taken the bottom. But in coming into port one must be able to handle one's jib and staysail quickly. This is still more important in getting under way. If there is another boat on either side of you and one astern and it is blowing, your little ship can do a lot of "things" after you break the anchor out of the mud, while you haul in three or four fathoms of cable, make it fast, get up a headsail and get way on. And if you anchor in ten fathoms, as it is sometimes convenient to do—for instance, at Castine or at Cliff (Crotch) Island in Casco Bay, it seems an awful long time before you hear the anchor clank against the bobstay. So I have the cable of one of my anchors lead aft. This is the process of getting under way: Hoist the mainsail and coil and stow halliards behind the standing parts; get the cable nearly up and down, then take the bight aft and coil down what I have; then brace feet against the cabin house and break out the anchor; haul up, make fast to cleat on side deck outside the cockpit, get up jib and trim sheets. As soon as she has way on, I get up staysail, and then I have time to coil up the rest of the cable. Of course it is inconvenient to have the cable all over the cockpit, but not nearly so much so as if it

were on the forward deck mixed up with the headsail sheets and down-hauls. The cable spatters up the cockpit, too; but that is soon remedied. On account of this latter objection, however, I find this mode of getting under way is unsatisfactory when there are ladies aboard. As soon as the cable is coiled up and stowed on the cockpit floor, I have time to go forward and fish the anchor. In regard to the headsail halliards, I forgot to say that they lead down the shrouds and through blocks lashed to the chain plates. This keeps them clear of the cleat-rail around the mast. I am aware that some of my wrinkles are unyachty, but a single-hander must needs do as he best can.

Bantam is uncapsizable, having about 3,000 pounds of lead on her keel; but having no pronounced bilge, she heels to the wind rather easily, so that she is slow in a light and uncertain head wind, as under such conditions she is constantly shaking the wind out of her sails. She is best in a strong, free wind. Her fastest long run has been from the red buoy at the mouth of Townsend's Gut, Boothbay, to Camden, via Franklin Light, and south through Herring Gut, a distance of 45 sea miles in 7h. 20m., an average of over 6 knots. This was done before half a gale from the S.W., which of course was free except through Herring Gut, under whole mainsail, but no spinnaker. Under other conditions I do not consider her fast, though perhaps she would do better in charge of a skipper who is more efficient as a speed-getter. But comfortable! Well, I have lived on her an average of ten weeks each year for the last three years—barring getting most of my meals ashore—and I don't see how I could have been more comfortable in a house on land.

Well, all the necessaries were aboard, and that night found me, after a pleasant call on Captain M. and his family, snugly tucked away between Bantam's crisp sheets and warm blankets, and though the rain pattered down upon the deck only three feet above my head, I soon was in dreamland, and knew nothing till daybreak. After taking an observation which did not disclose any favorable promises from the weather man, I crawled back into my warm bed and continued my sleep till 6:30, when I rowed across the Gut for breakfast, to be had at an unostentatious but good little hostelry. You must know that this is Townsend's Gut I am speaking of—the busiest little reach of water in Maine in summer. Mrs. T. saw me coming, and began the manufacture of one of her wonderful omelettes, so that by the time I reached the table it was ready, hot and puffy.

It soon turned to rain, so I spent the day between Captain M.'s shop and Bantam, fixing up little odds and ends and changing the running rigging to suit my own

peculiar whims. The same weather and programme were in order on the 25th; but on June 26 the weather promised better, so immediately after a late breakfast I prepared to work out of the Gut. The wind was still S.E., as it had been, I believe, most of June—a head wind. But Bantam was still moored stem and stern in her winter quarters; so by the time I had cast off the various warps and made them fast to other various warps, so that the other yachts would not go adrift, and had worked into a position where I could get up sail, it was well on to slack high water. So 10:30 found me under way, and a few minutes later I cleared the point at the mouth of the Gut, on the starboard tack, passing inside the red buoy, for there is depth enough at high water. I beat down the eastern side of the bay to get the advantage of the east in the wind, for I notice that when the wind is S.E. it is not true between Mouse Island and Southport, but comes more out of the south. Made the north end of Damiscope in two short tacks and two long ones, after which I eased the sheets and reached down the eastern side of the island, then bore away and ran across the southern end and got a peep into Damiscope Harbor. I've never been in there, and I was not much tempted on this occasion to try to enter; for, though I am told there is plenty of room for a larger boat than Bantam to luff up, it is very narrow, and one must moor to a stone pier on the west side. The weather was too unpropitious to try it alone, for there would be a good chance to scrape a lot of paint off if nothing worse. So I kept on around The Motions. There had been a good swell on, coming down the eastern side, the result of almost a month of easterly weather, but after turning The Motions it was much smoother. Ran up the western side of the bay and anchored behind Mouse for lunch. After lunch ran up the Gut to Capt. M.'s, and, as both his moorings were occupied, anchored for the night. The weather had improved, and it looked like a change for the better.

June 27.—Wind S.W., "bright and fair." Got up sail about 11 A. M. and beat out of the Gut and down the west side and around Burnt Island. Bore away for Boothbay Harbor, where I anchored, and after a lunch on board of scrambled eggs, crackers and coffee, went ashore and spent the afternoon shopping, in anticipation of my friend S. joining me Monday morning. While I was ashore somebody had thrown a handbill into my cabin. It turned out to be the harbor regulations—something new this year (1903). I turned out and took an observation. Found I was lying all right, being to the west of a line drawn from the black buoy off McFarland's Island to the steeple of the Congregational church. This line runs about over the eastern end of the freight house on the Eastern Steamship Company's wharf. The other anchorage in the inner harbor is to the eastward of a line from the westernmost tree on Tumbler Island to a lone spruce tree between the Mctawarmet Hotel and Pierce & Hartung's coal wharf.

June 28 (Sunday).—Had breakfast ashore. Had just returned to Bantam when Capt. M. hailed me and luffed up alongside long enough to hand me a telegram, to deliver which he had kindly sailed over from his place, and to transmit an invitation to dinner from a friend who conducts a summer camp for boys in an ideal spot on Townsend's Gut, just inside the Ink Bottle. Anchored in the cove there that night.

June 29.—Practiced picking up a mooring in the cove with poor success, and made some calls.

June 30.—S. arrived and we sailed around Southport to Boothbay Harbor. Were hailed by a catboat off Lower Mark Island. The skipper wanted something with which to buoy his anchor. He had anchored on the ledge to fish, and could not get it. We happened to have a piece of board, so we sailed close past him and threw it aboard. Got lunch—crackers, figs and port wine—after turning the end of Southport between Cape Island and the Cuckolds.

July 1.—Summer has come. Wind S.W. Were to the northward of Inner Herron Island in the Damariscotta River by noon intending to run into Christmas Cove and eat lunch; but as the wind gave every indication of dying out completely, and S. had to be in Boothbay Harbor that night for important mail, we gave it up and began to work down the west side of Herron against the head flood tide, which, but for our sweep in S.'s hands, would have set us on the reefs. Late in the afternoon the wind freshened enough to get us into Boothbay Harbor.

July 2.—Wind S.W. Ran up the Gut to try Southport for S.'s mail, which had not materialized at Boothbay Harbor. Wind was freshening and getting into the west, and we went through the draw at a satisfactory speed. It takes a pair to open this draw—not a pair of Jacks, but a pair of noises—two blows of the whistle or two toots of your fog-horn; or, if you have no mechanical noise-maker, two yells. Luffed up off the landing and S. took the boat and went ashore while I sailed about the cove. By this time the puffs were coming in heavy from anywhere between west and north, and Bantam got several knockdowns. A launch passed and a lady in it took a snapshot of us—I think when we were pretty well heeled over. If so, I would like to have had one of the photographs, to see what sort of an exhibition Bantam makes of herself when sailing on her rail. I thought it was time to reef, and I was busy at this when S. came aboard, and we were soon under way again for Five Islands. The wind had backed around again to S.W. As we came about off Boston Island it blew very hard for a few seconds, and the port jib sheet parted. I carry both headsails with only one reef in the mainsail. As soon as I had headway, I put her back on the starboard tack, and then slacked sheets and ran up behind Isle of Springs while S. got in the headsails. We anchored in the little cove north of the steamboat landing.

July 3.—The strong wind of yesterday must have started the luff of the mainsail from the bolt-rope. We did not notice it, however, as we raised the sail, so the whole strain of our swigging on the throat halliard came on the edge of the duck, and it tore a little. Uncle Sam still had his grip on S.'s mail, and our programme had been to run over to Southport and get it and then go over to Five Islands. But as I now had a job of sail mending on my hands, S. thought he could row over to Southport and back by the time I had it finished. This proved correct, as I am not an expert with the needle, and the rent was in an awkward place to get at, and it

was almost noon before I had it mended to suit me. We had lunch aboard and then set sail, reefed mainsail and both headsails. The wind was still in strong puffs from the west, mixed with intervals when it was almost calm. After sailing down the Sheepscot some distance below Five Islands, we put back and anchored there for the night.

July 4.—Sailed over to Popham Beach. There was no incident till we reached the mouth of the Kennebec, which we did some time before the ebb had ceased to run. We found we could do nothing against it with the uncertain N.W. to N. wind which was steadily becoming lighter. When, after having worked up to between North and South Sugar Loaf, we drifted almost down to the red spar off north end of Pond Island, we thought it time to quit, so ran over close to the beach on the west side and anchored. After loafing a while, during which I put a new strand in the cable where it had chafed against the bobstay, we had a swim. The water was cold, but the sun and wind were delightfully warm. The wind the last three days had been unusually warm and dry for Maine, almost as if a few parched whiffs from Kansas had strayed our way. By the time lunch was over and cleared away, the current was making up stream, but not till more than an hour after low water. We shook out the reef and got up sail, and now, as a few light zephyrs came off the sea, we made in a few minutes more than twice the distance we had won and lost in an hour in the morning. Anchored near the beach opposite the hotel, between the steamboat wharf and the fort. After stowing the sails, landed on the beach, as there is no floating stage here. In fact, there is no region on the coast of Maine that I know of where the facilities for landing are so good as in the neighbor-



BANTAM.

hood of Boothbay. There are, for instance, floating stages at the Mctawarmet and on the town side, at West Harbor, Mouse Island, Capital Island, Squirrel Island, Murray Hill (head of Linekin's Bay), Cape Harbor, Christmas Cove, Southport Landing, Isle of Springs and Five Islands, and others which the writer does not remember exactly.

July 5.—Light wind from the south. Our objective today was Mackerel Cove, Bailey's Island. About half way between Seguin and Cape Small, while S. was at the tiller, a young land bird, tired of flying, perched itself on my sleeve. I stroked its tail with my hand, but—my usual luck—had no salt handy. It remained a few seconds longer, then winged away again. Had lunch between Cape Small and the Monument, during which we passed Ragged Island, which is said to have been the scene of Kellogg's "Elm Isle" stories, which I used to pore over as a boy. Anchored in Mackerel Cove in five fathoms at 3 P. M. The proprietor of the boat livery here has a floating stage, but he had not put it in commission yet.

July 6.—Rained during the night and part of the forenoon. Under way at 10. Beat down to the Monument, then put helm up and reached between Haskell's Island and Haddock Rock into Broad Sound, and ran up past Green Islands and the pretty little Pound of Tea—on the latter of which a camping party were enjoying an outing—into Freeport River and anchored off the village of South Freeport. It had now cleared up, and was bright and warm. Got supper at Casco Castle and enjoyed the magnificent view from its roof; the flood had made enough to cover the flats, which are the one eyecore in this part of Casco Bay. There is a yacht club at South Freeport, just above the upper wharves. There are steps at the upper wharves where one can land, and a float at the lower wharves; which, however, is not accessible at low water.

July 7.—Went out of Freeport River on the first of the ebb. Almost no wind at any time, and at times flat calm. In a calm and a tide-way Bantam has a tendency to go stern-foremost. If we permitted this procedure, it would take the whole force of the next little whiff to get us pointed on our course again, and then there would be another soft spot, another "tail-turning," and a loss of any advantage there was in the intermittent zephyrs. So we had a sweep over the side, and a few strokes during the soft spots kept up our steerage-way. Between Busting's and Bibber's Islands the wind freshened a little from the south, and we bore up and skirted along the deep west shore of the Goose Islands, and peeped through the romantic looking passage between Upper and Lower Goose, and thought we would like to go through some time at high water. Turned the upper end of Goose and beat down Middle Bay, going within a few feet of little Irony Island, which is certainly well named. The wind worked to the S.W. and freshened to a whole-sail breeze, and we reached our objective point—South Harpswell—in time for lunch, which we took on board. After lunch, landed at the

Merriconeag House float and sought a bathroom, which we found at the Ocean View House, about a mile up the Harpswell Neck. Returned to the Merriconeag and had a most excellent supper there, which we enjoyed to the utmost.

July 8.—Rained during the night and at intervals during the day. S. was to take the night boat from Portland to Boston, so we spent the morning looking for wind enough to take us over to Portland, but it came not; so S. had to fall back on the steamer from South Harpswell.

July 9.—Fine morning. Sailed to Portland, or rather Peak's Island. As the wind was very light and westerly—S.W. to W. by N.—and would have a head tide through Chandler's Cove, after crossing Broad Sound I went outside through Luckse's Sound and crept along the sea side of Long, Peak's and Cushing's. Off White Head the wind freshened materially. Anchored off Forest City Landing. After lunch aboard, went ashore and walked about the island, as I felt rather lonely after S.'s departure.

July 10.—Fog. Took the ferry to Portland and the trolley out beyond Underwood Springs, which are on the north shore of Casco Bay, and back. By this time the fog had cleared off, so got up sail and knocked about the harbor a little. There is a float at the steamer landing.

July 11.—Wind N.N.E. Went off before it, and through the passage between Peak's and Cushing's, intending to return to South Harpswell via the passage between Crotch (Cliff) Island and Jewell's Island, as I had never been through that way. From White Head could just lay my course, close-hauled; but the wind came lighter and lighter, and it finally fell flat calm when up with Crotch Island. After lolling about for twenty minutes, however, it suddenly breezed up dead astern, and bowled me through the passage and into Pott's Harbor in good style. About 4 P. M. a coasting schooner came through Pott's Harbor, and, attempting to go out through the eastern passage, was set on Pott's Point by the tide. She had to stay there four or five hours.

July 12.—Had intended to go out through the eastern passage if the wind should be fair. But the wind was S. and not very strong nor steady, and the worst of the flood had hardly run. So, with the example of the schooner before me, I determined to go round by the Monument. Got under way about 9:30, and passed a big schooner yacht which had gone out ahead of me. Of course she hadn't wind enough; she overtook me again off Haddock Rock, but just as she was about to pass to windward of me, between me and the black buoy, she came about, shaving the buoy pretty close, and easing her sheets, went off to the northward again. The maneuver seemed rather odd, but she certainly made a stirring picture. Cleared the Monument at 10:35, and laid a course of E. by S. for Small Point. The wind was freshening, and by the time Bantam was up with Bald Head Ledge it was all of a whole-sail breeze. I kept on around the south end of Seguin before easing my sheets, then bore up and headed for the Cuckolds. I was now dead before it, as the wind had worked around to S.W. by S. My foresail is laced to a boom, and I tried to boom it out as a makeshift spinnaker, but did not succeed, for the wind and sea were so lively now that Bantam, before the wind, would not spare me from the helm more than a minute at a time. I finally gave it up, and as the foresail then began to slash viciously from one side to the other, I lowered it, and the jib, too, though it was not so obstreperous. Off the Cuckolds it became necessary to gybe or come about, and as it was blowing too hard to gybe with a whole mainsail, considering the risk of breaking something, I raised the jib and came about. Off Tumbler Island the wind was lighter, so I gybed; and again after passing the harbor buoy, and came to anchor once more in Boothbay Harbor at 2:30 P. M.

July 13.—At the post-office found a letter from my friend F., saying he would take passage with me to Camden. This was in response to an open invitation given before leaving home. After wiring an acknowledgment, I got up sail and went around into Townsend's Gut to visit some friends who had come since I had left. Anchored in the cove inside the Ink Bottle.

July 14.—Came out of the Gut at slack high water about half past two in the afternoon. The true wind was S.W., but in the narrows, owing to the back draft from the high banks, this means a foul wind on both tacks. It becomes more and more fair as you cross, but just as you are pointing fairly down the Gut you have to come about.

I had two ladies as passengers. My intention was to take them for a sail, then make for Boothbay Harbor, where I was to meet F. the next morning, and drive them home. But the wind was coming in heavy puffs, and Bantam, sailing pretty well over on her side, and occasionally taking a bucketful of water over the cockpit rail, proved too uncomfortable for them; so after beating far enough down the west side to weather Burnt Island, I put the helm up and crossed over to the east side of the bay. Finding the wind had too much west in it to let me head for Tumbler with boom on port side without sailing by the lee, I came about again to avoid gybing. Anchored at "The Harbor," and drove the ladies home according to programme. On my return was delighted to find that F. had arrived, twelve hours earlier than he had expected. So Bantam's sleeping accommodations were soon once more fully occupied.

July 15.—Wind S. Got under way at 10:30 A. M. After weathering Gangway Ledge off Ocean Point, we had a fair wind, growing stronger and hauling a little to the W. of S. for Port Clyde. Had lunch after coming to anchor there; then rowed about the harbor, landing on a little island, which had a single inhabitant, a lobster fisherman who had built himself a swing to help him while away his lonely idle hours. Then landed in the town, made some purchases, and returned in time to get supper and wash and put away the things before dark.

July 16.—While I washed and put away the breakfast things, F. rowed ashore to make some purchases and get some fresh water. Under way at 10:15 A. M. Were delayed at the last moment by the lacing along the gaff starting. After the bell buoy off Mosquito Island was weathered, we again had a fair wind for Rockland—south, hauling a little to westward, and increasing, so

that as we entered Rockland Harbor we had all we needed with whole-sail. A big sloop, say Coft., overhauled us between the can buoys in Owl's Head Bay, but not so very easily, for we were going at good speed ourselves about that time. Anchored in Rockland Harbor at 2 P. M.

July 17.—Wind E. and light. This was the first indication of a change from the beautiful weather we had been enjoying since June 26. It hauled around to the S., however, before we had reached the breakwater, which we cleared at 10:15. Ran into Camden Harbor at 12 to enable F. to get his mail, and out again at 12:35, past the bell buoy; Turtle Head 2:40. There was a rainstorm hanging over the land between Northport and Belfast. The wind hauled to the S. by E., and we had to trim the sheets flat in order to weather Dice Head. I had been sailing in the upper bay by a chart which had not been corrected since 1900, so mistook a new black buoy off Nautilus Island, which was not marked on the chart, for black spar No. 1, which was obscured against the land. F. insisted it was the wrong buoy; but I, though I had some misgivings on account of its great distance from Dice Head, insisted it was the right one. Suddenly my eye caught a streak of black on the port quarter, and there, to my mortification and also relief, was the real black spar No. 1 about two hundred yards away. The day had been bright and sunny till we turned Turtle Head, but now the rain overtook us. It was only a few drops, however, and was over by the time we came to anchor in Smith's Cove. "Duded up" and went ashore, and after walking down to the Dome of the Rock, returned on board and got supper. Had to put the mosquito netting across the companion way before we had finished.

July 18.—One of the most beautiful mornings I have ever seen. It was high water, and the sun shone brightly on the entrancing little town across the Bagaduce. I know of no village on the coast that puts forth a more homogeneous and charmingly consistent front than Castine, as it terraces back from the harbor front to Ft. George. After breakfast, F. had an ambition to go ashore and sit on a rock under a tree while he applied the Bristol brick to the knives, and while I busied myself about the boatswain's department. After getting some water at the well of an empty summer cottage, we got under way about ten and sailed over to the town, where I lay to while F. went ashore and did some errands. After a reach across to Turtle Head and a thrash to windward down the western bay, ending up with a little more than a whole-sail wind, we came to anchor in Gilkey Harbor—Ames' Cove, to be more precise.

July 19.—Wind easterly; rain. As we only intended to run over to Camden, and it was snug and comfortable in bed and cold and cheerless outside, we stayed abed late. Got off under full sail about a quarter of eleven. It was not blowing hard enough to suggest a reef with a free wind. Glanced at the clock in the cabin when up with Minot's Ledge buoy. It was between 10:55 and 11. By this time it began to blow much harder, and if the wind had not been free I would have put in a reef. By the time we had cleared the Ensign it was blowing pretty near a gale. We could not see the Camden side, so laid our course W.½S. for the bell buoy. It was now blowing a full gale, and when we sighted the buoy we realized that we were making some speed. We passed it at 11:35, having run the five miles in 37 or 38 minutes. We came to anchor a couple of minutes later, dropping both anchors. I keep the second anchor at the bow, too, with cable bent and coiled around the bits, so that after casting off a stop or two it is all ready to let go. Furling the jib was a wet job, seeing that Bantam was putting her bowsprit under with every heave; but when that was done, the outside work was over, and we retired to the cabin and indulged in a change of clothes. We spent most of the afternoon in the cabin, only going on deck occasionally to tend to the cables, and later to put F. ashore, for this was the end of his cruise. I then returned, and after a good supper retired early and slept soundly, notwithstanding the motion.

July 19-August 13.—Remained in Camden Harbor, taking friends out for a sail occasionally. But Bantam is not well adapted to accommodate a party, for her cockpit is small.

August 14.—Sailed for Boothbay Harbor. The wind was W., coming in strong puffs, so put in one reef, as would be close-hauled in Mussel Ridge Channel. Though the wind was shifty, Bantam managed to get through Owl's Head Bay without tacking—now pointing west and again south. The wind came light after passing Ash Island, and I thought of shaking out the reef. But off Otter Island it came up fresh from the S.W. When up with Whitehead, found I could just lay my course for Tennant's Harbor, so, as I had never been in there, and it was a dead beat for Mosquito Island bell buoy, I decided to make for Tennant's, especially as the chances were that the wind would start in N.W. again in the morning, as it had been doing for the last few days, backing to S.W. After spending a couple of hours ashore at Tennant's Harbor, I returned to Bantam, got my supper and turned in at 8.

August 15.—Turned out at 4:50 A. M., and after getting breakfast and cleaning up, got under way, gliding gently out of the harbor at 6. The wind was light from N.W., but by the time Bantam had cleared the bell off Mosquito it had worked around to the westward enough to prevent laying a course direct for Davis Straits, so headed to the south of Black Rock. I had kept the reef in, as I expected it to do as it had done recently—blow hard during the day; but finally despairing of wind, I shook out the reef and within half an hour after had all I wanted. It was so clear that the houses on Monhegan, six miles away, could easily be distinguished. The new wind was from the S.W., so did not drop anchor in Townsend's Gut till 2:30 P. M.

August 16.—Had a sail in a friend's auxiliary round by the Sheepscot and Cross River, past The Ovens' Mouths, returning by Back River. This trip, practically impossible without power, made me wish I had a power tender. I wouldn't have a motor in the yacht herself; it would take away all interest in cruising for me. I don't know but that a power tender would do so, too; but it certainly would be handy for getting into such re-

mote and beautiful nooks as the Ovens' Mouths. It would perhaps double one's cruising radius.

August 17.—With one reef in, the wind being strong from the W., sailed some members of the "Hope and Faith Association," together with sundry remains of a lawn fete over to "The Harbor."

August 18-22.—Made my headquarters in "The Gut," taking an occasional morning or afternoon sail. On the 19th returning to Bantam about 9 P. M. after a visit ashore, I found her dragging anchor. Carried a line to one of Captain M.'s moorings, and on getting up the anchor found the cable fouled around one of the flukes. On coming to anchor that afternoon a strong puff came up just as I was going to round up into the wind, and I had to snub her with the hook to keep from going ashore. I suppose in dropping back she caught the bight of the cable over the fluke. On the 20th put Bantam out on Captain M.'s blockings to scrub bottom. She was very foul with grass from keel to waterline, and either scupper had a nest of mussels in it. How seasons differ! Last season after a similar cruise, there wasn't a particle of grass on her bottom—just a little fringe on the edge of the lead.

August 23.—My friend B., who is no stranger to Bantam, arrived on the morning boat, and was soon installed in the guest chamber, namely, the port berth. As soon as he had stowed his belongings, we worked out of the Gut with a head wind and favoring tide. As B. had had but a nominal breakfast, we dined at the hotel at Boothbay Harbor, then got up sail and worked down the bay to windward, until, below Squirrel Island, the wind left us. After a half hour it arose again from the same quarter, and we ran up the bay and inspected the new Bath-built cruiser Cleveland, which had come in preparatory to making her trial trip. Anchored in "The Harbor."

August 24.—Under way at 10 A. M. Sailed around to Linekin's Bay, where B. got into the dinghy with the camera while I sailed Bantam back and forth to have her picture taken. Sailed up to Murray Hill and anchored for lunch, after which we rowed ashore and walked over to East Boothbay and visited the shipyards on the Damariscotta.

August 25.—Under way about 10 A. M. I seldom sail before 9, and more often it is after 10 before I get up sail. I find that if one is under way by 10 and in harbor again by 4:30, he usually gets the cream of the day's sailing, and has fewer hard luck calm stories to tell than the other fellow; at least this is so on the Maine coast. Ran into Christmas Cove long enough to have lunch, which, after cooking it below, we ate in the cockpit while drinking in the quiet beauties of this landlocked harbor. On the beat back to Boothbay Harbor, had an unpleasant experience with one of the regular steamers plying these waters. We were standing in on the starboard tack toward Inner Herron Island. I had noticed the steamer about a minute before rounding the northern end of the island, but did not give her a second thought, it never entering my head that she would not give us plenty of room. Having run as near the reefs as I thought prudent, I came about, and there was the steamer almost upon us! I kept on a few seconds to get some headway, at the same time figuring whether the steamer could turn quickly enough to clear us if we kept on. She decided that point by giving three whistles. We gave her the benefit of the doubt by translating this to mean "We can't clear," and not "We won't try to clear." I immediately put Bantam on the starboard tack again, and as soon as she had headway, back on the port tack, for I was as near the rocks as I cared to be, and by this time the steamer had passed.

August 26.—Rain. After breakfast, waited on board till eleven looking for wind. Then gave it up and went ashore and put in the morning at the barber's and the bowling alleys, the rain meanwhile keeping up steadily. The conditions being the same in the afternoon, stayed aboard. B. read some short stories aloud while I listened, and later brewed a hot Scotch—or to speak accurately, a hot Irish.

August 27.—Bright and cheerful again. About 10 A. M. ran out before a light N.E. wind which dropped away to nothing off Tumbler. After a calm which lasted about two minutes, it came up light from the S.W. Beat leisurely down the bay and between Cape Island and The Cuckolds, intending to run into Cape Harbor—the little harbor inclosed about the end of Cape Newagen by Cape and Hunting islands and The Ark. After clearing the reefs making off from Hunting, gybed and ran in for the entrance. I realized I had to hug the Southport shore, and thought I was doing so, as the lobster-pot buoys on that side were only a few feet away. But I soon found that the channel is not nearly as wide as it looks after half flood, and what looks like the middle of the entrance is really the edge of the reefs making out from the north of Hunting Island, for we suddenly felt a bump and a scrape and found ourselves hanging on the said reef. Fortunately the wind was very light, and the tide had still a couple of hours to flow. So we got the anchor over the port quarter, and a friendly fisherman offering to carry it out for us, and the proprietor of a catboat which we saw moored within the harbor helping us heave on the cable, Bantam was off again in short order. After lunch, we left the harbor by the eastern passage, first rowing through it in the dinghy to locate the deep water, for the passage is very narrow. A reef makes out from the Southport shore, overlapping The Ark. This reef and those which fill the southern part of the harbor were under water, and to pass between them we made for a rock off the southern end of The Ark, which we had fixed upon as a mark. As soon as we had passed the grass on the port side, we put the tiller down and turned, almost at right-angles, to the northward through a well-defined passage, and so out into the open bay.

August 28.—B. was forced to take his departure, and I felt the season was growing to a close. After seeing him off, sailed down the bay and around Ram Island. You can anchor between it and Fisherman's or make fast to a buoy there and go ashore and get a fine chowder and cup of coffee at the lighthouse keeper's home.

August 29.—Sailed about the bay, ending by anchoring at Mouse Island. The best anchorage is in the bight on the west shore of the island. The water is rather deep, but there is good holding ground and no kelp ledges. On the north shore of the islands you are apt to lose your

anchor on account of these.

August 30.—Sailed a Sabbath day's journey into "The Gut," and ended the cruise by picking up one of Captain M.'s moorings.

Selecting Marine Gasolene Engines

BY A. E. POTTER.

BETWEEN now and the close of the Motorboat and Sportsmen's Show, which occurs March 9, many of our readers will be called upon to make selections of engines or launches for their own use. There are two classes—those who know what they want, and those who do not.

If a man has owned and run a power boat, he ought to know more about what he wants than if this is to be his first season. If he has had experience in sailing boats he is better fitted to know the requirements in a launch, particularly if to be used for cruising, which is usually the power boat owner's ideal type even if he is unable to stand the cost.

In selecting an engine, there are several important things to be taken into consideration, and these should be carefully weighed in the mind if one would avoid possibility of dissatisfaction, trouble or other contingencies.

The price is no mean question, and is of course first to be considered. If you are not familiar with the two and four-cycle types, study them carefully, find out their difference, the advantages and disadvantages of both types, for they have both. Inquire from owners why they selected as they did, and if they would make a similar selection a second time.

If an agent makes any verbal attempts to sell you an engine, have him in all cases commit to writing just what he claims, so that you may investigate and find whether his claims are indefinite, tending to deceive you, or are bona fide. Carefully study all catalogues, and sift out claims that you find extravagant and on their face unreasonable. If you are unable to understand some claims, write to the manufacturer and have him verify what he says. In other words, put in all your spare time studying up the gasolene engine for your own benefit. Having decided what type you prefer, select the particular make you think best adapted to your needs, and then find out if possible whether or not it is well adapted to your needs or your requirements. It may be necessary to consult someone who will advise you as to its suitability, size, etc. You should be able to decide whether you will use an engine with a reversing gear or reversing wheel, as some cases will not permit of the use of one and will allow the other. It may be convenient and quite essential to use a governor, and there are also cases where a governor would be superfluous.

You should be familiar with both make-and-break and jump spark ignition, and ought to be able to say which you prefer. Some two-cycle engines are of the more modern "three-ported" style, while others use the check valve inlet. Some two-cycle engines have to be "primed" with gasolene when starting, others do not; some will start with the relief cock open or the compression otherwise relieved, and others never; some run in both directions, others do not; some use gear pumps, some centrifugal, and some plunger pumps for water circulation; float feed carburetors may be used in some cases and vaporizers in others; there are removable heads, and heads and cylinders in one piece; there are some built to separate at the base, and others with end bearing plates; hand holes and without; removable igniters, and those that have to be taken out after removing the heads; valves may in some cases be easily removed and ground, and in others it may take a man from the shop several hours. These are all important features, but they are by no means all you should know of the engine before you give an order for it.

You should know the diameter of the cylinders and the length of stroke, as well as the number of revolutions, and compare these with other engines of similar dimensions and rated horsepower. The life of the engine and its probable cost of operation should be considered; likewise probable cost of repairs and new parts. Its value as a second-hand engine after a year or two's careful use should be estimated by comparison with others. You do not know how soon you may want to purchase a larger engine or larger boat, and a second-hand engine, unless it is well made and well known, is not usually a particularly salable article.

One of the most usual defects I have found in engines, and these not necessarily of the cheaper makes, is poor alignment. This is a very hard thing to correct, and unless the engine with respect to its crank shaft, cylinder bore, piston and connecting rod, is absolutely in line, its life is materially shortened, and value correspondingly lessened.

The amount of muffling that the manufacturers supply with their engines varies greatly. In the design of the engine the amount that it will stand without great loss of power may be more in some cases than in others. If you do not care how much noise your engine makes, it does not matter; but rarely have I met a power boat owner but that he had greater respect for an engine if it did not make too much noise.

In the construction of some engines, cheaper material is often used. In some cases it does not materially decrease the value of the product, and in other cases it does. Iron water piping of course will not last so long as brass. Around salt water black iron exhaust piping is usually preferable to galvanized, and it costs less.

Frequently the engine itself, without wheel, shaft, batteries, tools, etc., will be offered at a very low price; but when the necessary extras are added, usually at a padded price, the total exceeds that at which you considered another make too high priced.

It may be that one make of engine has 5 in. cylinders and 5 in. stroke, while another has 4½ in. cylinders and 5½ in. stroke. They both are perhaps listed at the same horsepower, but the piston displacement of the 5 in. by 5 in. is nearly 12½ per cent. more than the 4½ in. by 5½ in. Ordinarily the 5 in. stroke engine would run fully as fast as the 5½ in. stroke, and all other things being equal, either the 5 in. by 5 in. is under or the 4½ in. by 5½ in. is overrated.

The rate of compression is another feature to be looked after. It may be so high that the engine is hard to start,

or it may be likely to cause pre-ignition. It may be so low as to lose valuable power. The crank case compression may be lower than it ought—it cannot be too high.

Lubrication is a very important feature which is liable to be slighted, and a careful study of that important equipment is essential. Some engine manufacturers claim that a wrist pin turning in the piston is preferable to one having a bearing in the upper end of the piston rod. Both have their good and bad points, but no matter which method is employed, it should never be allowed to protrude through the piston sufficient to "score" the wall of the cylinder.

The engine that has its parts easily accessible, is well and carefully designed and built, that is the best adapted to your especial requirements, that will wear the longest and be worth the most second-hand, is a good, safe engine to buy.

The installation must be made safe and the greatest care should be exercised in running it and caring for it for the sake of personal safety and to get the full value out of the engine.

In the matter of guarantees from the manufacturer or salesman, they should be carefully drawn, if at all. If a man buys something that is guaranteed to be as represented, the manufacturer should be willing to reduce the claims to writing. The guaranteed horsepower and consumption should, however, be cautiously drawn, for it is quite easy if one is so disposed to readily reduce the efficiency of an engine, and a manufacturer would be very foolish to guarantee a certain horsepower for any length of time, for there are a great many things that may reduce it for which the manufacturer ought not be responsible; but if an engine is sold and guaranteed to give a certain brake horsepower, it ought to show that on test before being placed in the boat. When the engine is first installed, the owner or operator should carefully time the engine speed, and note it for future comparison. If the engine is rated at 5 horsepower at 375 revolutions per minute, and only shows 300, it can readily be seen that the engine is developing fully 20 per cent. less power than it ought. If after a few weeks' use the speed is reduced, it can also be seen that the engine efficiency is decreasing, and a remedy should be immediately applied; first discovering the cause, which at that time may be very slight, but if left may do incalculable harm.

Engines built this season ought to be of better general construction than ever before. There are some new engines seen this spring for the first time, and the knowledge of the art is so well understood and the necessity of careful machining so well appreciated by gas engine manufacturers of responsibility, that they will be in duty bound to make good any damage resulting from poor material or workmanship; but do not expect them to replace or be responsible for breakage or accidents for which you alone are to be blamed.

In the matter of delivery, hardly a season but that delays of several months beyond the agreed time of delivery occur, and it is but just that delivery should be guaranteed under forfeit, for no power boat owner should be compelled to forego the pleasures of its use for several weeks or months of the season with no redress.

In selecting your engine for next season you have an unenviable assignment at least.

Queries on Marine Motors.

R. J. H., Port Jefferson, N. Y.—Would I improve my ignition by using twenty cells dry battery connected five in series and four in parallel?

Ans.—There seems to be no object in loading your launch with 20 cells dry battery when two sets of 5 each will be found ample, no matter whether using make-and-break or jump spark. If your ignition is properly adjusted, contact is not too long, and spark coil is adapted to the current and engine, five cells will be found sufficient with another set in reserve. In case by any oversight both sets should become weak, they can be connected together in parallel and will do for temporary use.

B. E. J., Jamestown, Va.—How can I increase the speed and power of my launch? I use her for towing occasionally, and do not get results I would like. Engine is double cylinder, 25 H. P.

Ans.—It is hard to diagnose the case with no data from which to work. The proper thing for you to do is first find from the manufacturer whether or not the present speed of the engine can be increased safely and profitably. Increasing the engine speed increases the power up to a certain limit, depending on the type and design of the engine. A change in your propeller is probably necessary. If you will send data we will answer the question more fully later. We would like to know the name of the engine (not for publication, though), the number of revolutions the engine made when new and number now. Would also like to know the size of wheel, diameter, pitch, width of blade, number of blades, and whether true or compound pitch.

B. J. E., Tarrytown, N. Y.—Is there more or less power in kerosene than gasolene?

Ans.—More heat units in one gallon of kerosene and more in one pound of gasolene. The reason for this is that kerosene is heavier than gasolene, having more carbon and less hydrogen.

H. R. S., Sandusky, O.—What difference is there between salt water and fresh water equipment for gasolene engines.

Ans.—Cast iron and steel are sometimes used for power boats in fresh water for propeller wheels, stern bearings and shafts, but not in salt water, on account of the corrosive action of the saline solution. Bronze is the only metal suitable.

THE ORMOND-DAYTONA BEACH FATAL ACCIDENT.—It was with sorrow that the many friends in both power boat and automobile circles of Frank Croker, the well-known owner of XPDNC, learned of his death and that of his chauffeur a few days ago on the Florida beach. Automobile running at such lightning speed is in itself dangerous, much more so than power boating; but the most deplorable part of the affair is that in spite of posted notices and general knowledge of the presence of high speed cars, anyone would knowingly expose himself and others to such deadly peril by his presence on the beach with a motor chair.

British Letter.

THERE has been an animated controversy going on in one of our leading yachting papers for the last two months on the subject of hospitality among yacht clubs to strangers visiting their ports, and the general consensus of opinion appears to be that, although Scotch, Irish and Welsh clubs are almost without exception willing and anxious to admit strangers to their clubs and make them welcome during their visit, the South of England clubs act on precisely the opposite plan, and show strangers the cold shoulder. There have been many letters from owners of yachts who have visited southern ports time after time and laid in their yachts for days together flying the burgees of well known clubs, but no notice has been taken of their presence; and on one or two occasions where owners have gone ashore to inquire whether they could use the club during their stay, they have been met with a curt refusal. One of the worst offenders in this respect appears to be the Fowey Y. C., a body of not much importance nor of very long standing; and although its rear-commodore has been endeavoring to champion its cause, he has not been able to do so with any marked degree of success. The fact is the South of England clubs are more social bodies than yacht racing clubs. Most of them—especially the larger ones—give only one regatta a year, during which every owner of a yacht belonging to a recognized club is welcome to use the club premises and to bring any friends he may have on board with him. The clubs, in fact, keep "open house" at regatta time, but at any other the only way in which a stranger is admitted is through being put up temporarily by a friend (if he happens to have one) who is a member of the club. Of course every club has a perfect right not to allow strangers within its doors, but the fact should be clearly understood. The Fowey Y. C., however, while apparently professing to a custom of inviting visiting yachtsmen to use the premises, does not carry it out in practice.

As regards the larger clubs, they are so essentially social bodies that they can hardly be blamed for being exclusive. Most of their members are not yachtsmen at all, and being far from London they are looked upon in much the same light as county clubs. The question of yacht club hospitality is a very important and far-reaching one. It would be far better for yachting in general if more courtesy were shown to strangers. At the same time, there is much to be said on the other side, and the right of clubs to exclude strangers if they so wish is undoubted, although the use of a little discretion would usually be sufficient to keep out undesirable people.

According to the telegraphic messages received on this side from time to time, the entries for the German Emperor's Ocean Race continue to increase in number. Rumor has it that over fifteen vessels have entered, but the conditions of the match are stated to have been altered, and it is said that two of the old America's Cup defenders are entered. A more recent report includes Ailsa in the list. It seems scarcely credible that such vessels should be allowed to compete in a race which was originally intended for bona fide cruisers, and if such is the case, all interest in the match will be eliminated. Ingomar is a sufficiently awkward competitor for most of the old-fashioned vessels which will take part in the ocean voyage. She is in everything but scantling as much of a racer as most vessels, but the Cup defenders running would be a farce, and it is to be hoped the rumor is not true. Earl Crawford's ship-rigged Valhalla and the handsome auxiliary Utowana are reported among the latest entries; but the information received on this side about the race has been very vague, and probably incorrect. However, there is plenty of time to have all that set right, only it would be more satisfactory to know the actual state of affairs. One thing is certain, and that is the German Emperor will spare no efforts to make the event a success, and to get the boats to go on to Kiel to swell the regatta fleet there.

E. H. KELLY.

Boston Letter.

At the next meeting of the Eastern Y. C., to be held on February 14, Messrs. Henry Howard and Louis M. Clark, special committee on the revision of racing rules, will make the following report:

Boston, Jan. 20, 1905.

To the Eastern Yacht Club:
The report of the special committee on revision of racing rules, with authority to confer with committees from other clubs, is herewith submitted:

Two years ago this club, in conjunction with the New York Y. C., adopted a new rule of measurement based upon length, sail area and displacement. The change came none too soon. Under the old rule the racing of yachts of the size recognized by this club had come to a standstill. The efforts of designers to evade the rule had been so successful that the racing measurement of a yacht was no indication whatever of her actual racing size. Under any rule of measurement a designer, to be successful, is obliged to take the largest possible amount of those elements which are not taxed by the rule and the least possible amount of those elements which are taxed; hence, it follows that a rule which on its face seems to give the designer the freest hand because it taxes the smallest number of elements of speed, in practice bars out everything except one extreme type, and to most people, extremes of any kind are undesirable. The old rule resulted in an extreme type, not only undesirable, but absolutely useless except for racing purposes, and nobody was willing to build under it.

The new rule was adopted after a most careful investigation and consideration, in the course of which the opinions of many leading yacht designers and experts were sought and obtained. These men were unanimously of the opinion that the racing measurement should be a rating measurement, based upon length, sail area and displacement. The formula in the rule adopted was suggested and recommended by Mr. Herreshoff as one which would be difficult to evade, which would tax the element of speed of any given design at approximately their fair value, and which would not tend to produce one type of boat to the exclusion of all others.

That rule has now been under trial for two years, and we are of the opinion that the results have been eminently satisfactory. There are several matters of detail which eventually will have to be modified, but the principle upon which the rule is based seems to be correct. The strongest point brought forward against the rule up to this time has been that it favored the smaller boats; but this objection goes only to the matter of time allowance. Up to two years ago the time allowance table used by the club was figured at 60 per cent. of the theoretical time allowance, which proved to be inadequate. At the time of the adoption of the new rule the actual allowance was increased to 80 per cent. of the theoretical allowance; 80 per cent seemed to be excessive, so that the proposed amendment of 70 per cent. of the theoretical allowance will, we believe, be as satisfactory as any rule of time allowance is likely to be. Time allowance at best is an arbitrary handicap, and under the proposed amendment, rating a new boat at the maximum limit of her class, this unsatisfactory feature of racing will gradually be eliminated.

While the rule of 1903 is, like the rules adopted for the various restricted classes of Massachusetts Bay, based upon the elements of length, it is an improvement on those rules, in that it measures equitably the length which a boat sails on and allows the designer to vary the proportions of length, sail area, and displacement at will—provided he does not exceed a given rating—instead of arbitrarily limiting each element. Restricted classes and one-design classes serve no purpose other than to test the skill of the men who sail the boats—a matter of little interest to others than those concerned.

The ideal rule would measure all the fundamental elements of speed in any given boat, whatever the type, and tax those elements at their true value, leaving to the designer a free hand to use such combination of those elements as to him seems desirable. How near to such a rule is the present one time alone can determine; but after two years' trial, in the course of which yachts of widely different types have competed with each other, it does not appear that any one type is favored to the exclusion of others. The schooner Ingomar, the only large yacht built to race under the rule, has shown herself to be extremely fast, and has twice crossed the Atlantic. She is Mr. Herreshoff's idea of one type that will succeed under the rule, and has demonstrated her speed and seaworthiness; but there is no evidence whatever that she is the only type that can succeed.

Last fall a movement was started in favor of the adoption of a uniform rule of measurement and time allowance for all the yachting organizations of the country. As a result of this movement the rule herewith submitted was agreed upon by committees from the following organizations, and will be recommended to these organizations by their respective committees; there is little doubt of its adoption by all:

New York Y. C., Eastern Y. C., Atlantic Y. C., Larchmont Y. C., Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead, Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. and the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, which includes the following yacht clubs: American, Bridgeport, Corinthian of Stamford, Harlem, Hartford, Hempstead, Horseshoe Harbor, Huguenot, Huntington, Indian Harbor, Knickerbocker, Manhasset Bay, New Haven, New Rochelle, New York Athletic, Northport, Sachem's Head, Sea Cliff, Shelter Island and Stamford.

The proposed rule is a modification of our present rule. The formula is unchanged, but the methods of ascertaining the elements of the formula have been somewhat changed. The material changes are as follows:

First—The quarter beam length will be measured on a plane a given distance above the water, instead of being taken as the mean quarter beam length. The old way of taxing the extreme quarter beam length had a tendency to cut down the freeboard, as of course, the lower the freeboard the shorter the extreme length. This change is a good one, and is in line with a suggestion made by this club two years ago. The distance above the water at which the quarter beam length is to be measured has been determined with the intention of measuring the length which a boat actually uses when heeled to a moderate angle.

Second—The method of obtaining the sail area measurement has been changed in a number of particulars, but the result in measurement will not be materially different from that obtained under the old rule. This change is not considered important.

Third—Limit of draft: The effect of this change is to increase the limit of untaxed draft for a given measurement of length, especially in the larger classes. For example, a boat with an L measurement of 90ft. now is allowed 14.63ft. of untaxed draft; under the proposed rule, she would be allowed 16ft. A boat of 21ft. L measurement is now allowed 5.45ft. of untaxed draft; under the new rule she would be allowed 5.65ft.

In the opinion of your committee, the interests of the club and of yachting in general will be advanced by the adoption of the proposed amendments. The advantages resulting from a uniform rule more than offset any minor defects in the details of the rule, and the larger the number of organizations using a rule, the sooner will such defects be discovered, and the stronger will be the demand for a remedy.

(Signed)

HENRY HOWARD,
LOUIS M. CLARK,

Special Committee on Revision of Racing Rules.

The Paris Motor Launch Congress.

From The Yachtsman.

THE final meeting of the Congress was held on December 24, with Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt in the chair. M. Famechon read his report, composed of the reports of the secretaries of the different sub-sections.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE CONGRESS.

Section I.—Racing.

For 1905 the Congress decides to maintain the rules obtaining at the Monaco meeting. For 1906 and the following years the Congress recommends that racing boats be divided into length classes as heretofore, no restrictions being placed on horsepower. The length to be measured between perpendiculars, excluding rudder and mouldings, unless the rudder form part of the propelling mechanism. After 1906, the boats will be measured according to the metric system, but allowance will be made for boats built in 1905 and preceding years.

For the cruiser classes, the Congress considered that no rating or handicapping formula should be considered that does not encourage the construction of efficient and economical motor, and permit of motors of all systems of working—four-cycle, two-cycle, rotary and turbine—running together in an equitable manner.

The Congress considered that motor makers, hull designers and propeller makers should be left untrammelled as far as possible.

The following rule was therefore adopted:

The rating will be based on the product of length and H. P., divided by weight of boat, or formulated:

$$\text{Rating} = \frac{L \times \text{H.P.}}{\text{Displacement}}$$

Section II.—Touring.

This section deals with the improvement of existing conditions on the French waterways, and the facilitating of inland touring by the publication of guides and charts, etc.

Section III.—Technical Questions.

The Congress recommends: That owners and builders send details of hulls, motors, propellers, etc., to the Technical Committee. The information will be given in order to facilitate the elucidation of technical questions and difficulties.

That all communications of this nature be addressed to the Association Technique Maritime, who will be able to give information to interested persons, who in time will be at liberty to make such information public.

The Congress also recommends that the rating of H. P. launch motors be based upon their consumption at their maximum working output, the thermal properties of the fuel employed being taken into account.

Section IV.

The Congress recommends that builders should endeavor to bring out a type of motor launch suitable for use in the merchant service.

The Government will be asked to facilitate and reduce the formalities necessary to obtain the remission of the tax on liquid fuel in fishing vessels, in order to encourage the use of internal combustion engines.

It was also decided to ask the various railway companies to facilitate the carriage of fishing vessels over 6.5 m. in length.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—The Knickerbocker Y. C. held its annual meeting at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, on Wednesday evening, January 19. The following officers were elected: Com., Walter B. Beam; Vice-Com., G. Edgar Allen; Rear-Com., Frank G. Brown; Treas., George H. Cooper; Sec'y, J. D. Sinkinson; Meas., G. J. Stetz; Fleet Surgeon, G. D. Hamlen, M.D.; Directors—Harry Stephenson, Rodman Sands, F. H. Stelman, L. C. Berrian, O. D. Dike.

STEAM YACHT PARTHENIA CHANGES HANDS.—Commodore Morton F. Plant, Larchmont Y. C., has sold the steam yacht Parthenia to Mr. H. C. Converse, of Boston,

A 21-Foot Bermuda Sloop.

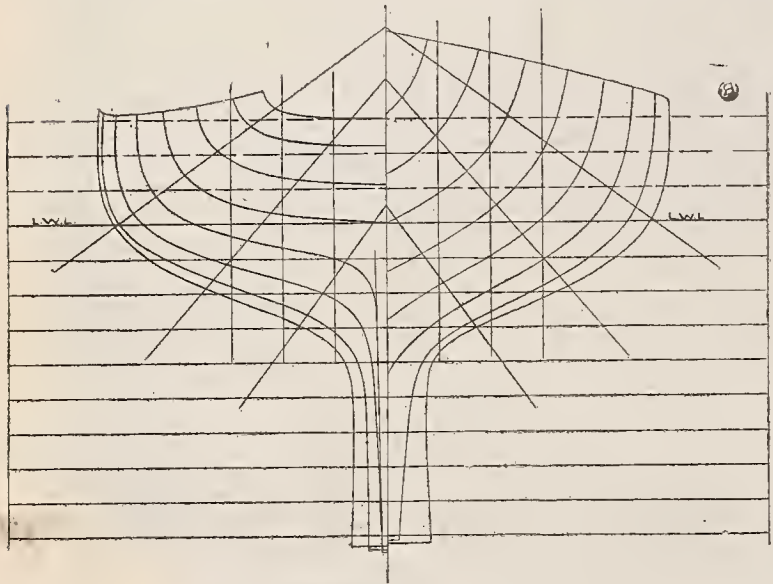
It is seldom that we have the opportunity of reproducing so interesting a boat as the one appearing in these columns this week. The design is from the board of Mr. Fred. M. Hoyt, an associate of Messrs. Gardiner & Cox. Mr. Hoyt designed the boat for himself. The boat will be used at Bermuda, where Mr. Hoyt frequently spends the winter, and she will be built at the yard of the Greenport Basin & Construction Co., at Greenport, L. I. This firm built another boat of this type which Mr. Hoyt has used up to the present time in Bermuda.

A modern boat with all her ballast inside is rather an unusual thing in these days, but in Mr. Hoyt's boat it was necessary to carry the ballast inside, as there are no marine railways or docks at Bermuda except those for 20,000-ton battleships. The only way in which the boat can be cleaned or painted being to remove the ballast and heave her down in the old manner, first one side and then the other.

Owing to the ingenious construction Mr. Hoyt uses, he is able to get the weight well down and have an absolutely tight and sound craft besides. Heavy winds prevail in Bermuda most of the time in winter, and a boat for constant use there must be put together in an unusually strong manner.

As the boat is to be used for day sailing only in Hamilton Harbor and Great Harrington Sound, no effort has been made to get even small cabin accommodations, and there is a large and roomy cockpit amidships.

The sail plan is most unusual, but it has been found to be best adapted to the requirements of sailing in Ber-



21-FOOT BERMUDA SLOOP—BODY PLAN.

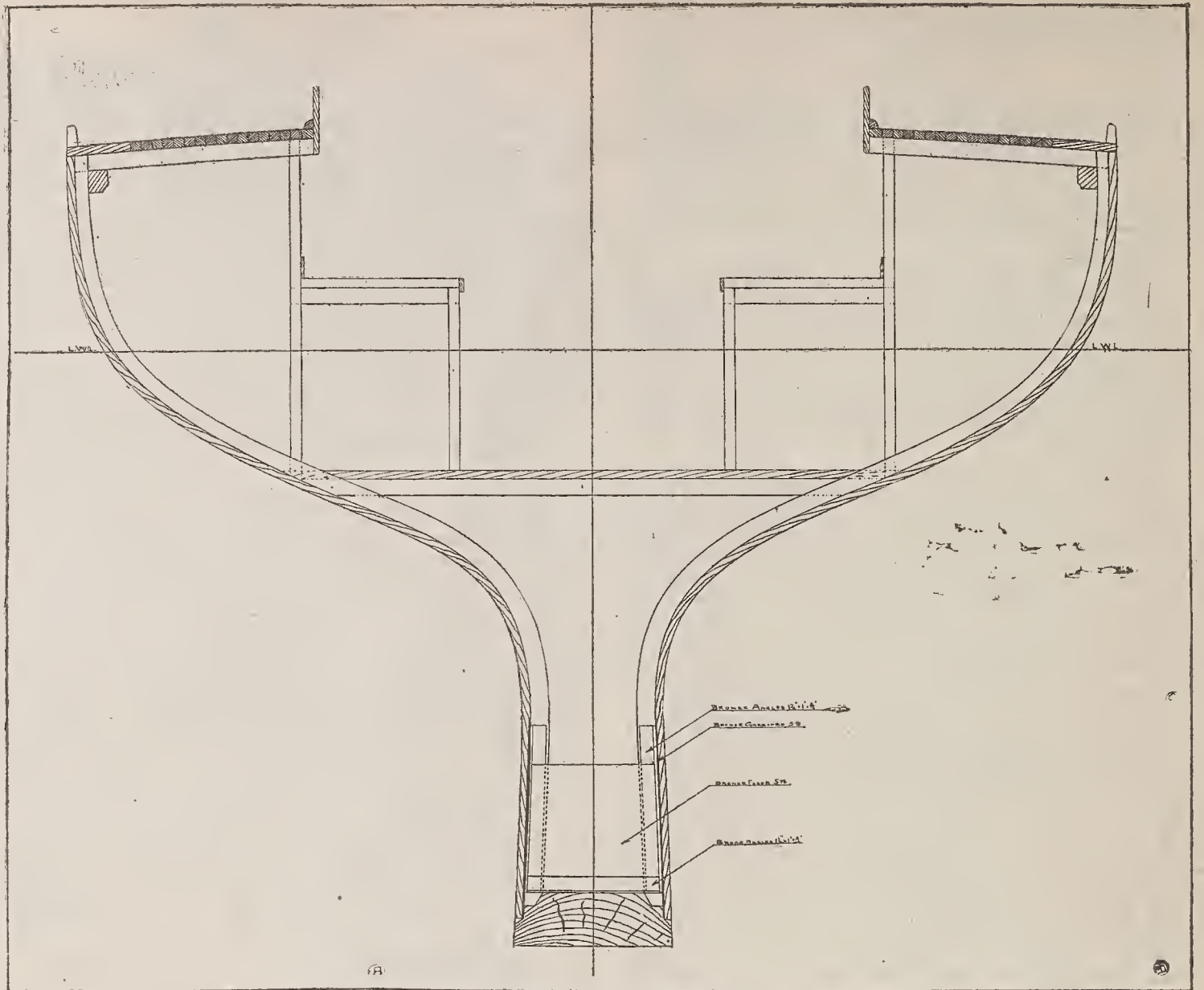
muda, as boats never lay to an anchor or mooring there, but are brought alongside the quays. The great advantage of the Bermuda rig is that one does not have to bring the boat up into the wind in order to get sail in. The mainsail can be taken in without difficulty even when the main sheet is broad off.

The dimensions are as follows:

- Length—
 - Over all 33ft. 6in.
 - L.W.L. 21ft.
- Breadth—
 - Extreme 8ft. 4in.
 - L.W.L. 7ft. 11in.
- Draft—
 - Extreme 4ft. 9in.
- Freeboard—
 - Least 1ft. 7 1/4 in.
- Displacement 3.76 tons.
- C.B. aft fore end L.W.L. 11.41ft.
- C.L.R. aft fore end L.W.L. 12ft.
- C.E. aft fore end L.W.L. 11.67ft.
- Sail area—
 - Mainsail 479 sq. ft.
 - Jib 154 sq. ft.
 - 633 sq. ft.
- Ballast (all inside) 4,160 lbs.

The specifications follow:

- Stem—To be of oak. Sided 4 1/2 in. Stem and sternpost to be secured to keel and bronze garboard by bronze angles.
- Sternpost—To be of oak. Sided 4 in. at head, 2 in. at heel.
- Keel—To be of oak, 5 in. deep, 15 in. wide. Frames to be let into keel as per midship section.
- Rudder—To be of oak.
- Rudder Post—To be of locust, 3 1/2 in. at head, 1 1/2 in. at heel. Rudder to be supported by composition hangers.
- Tiller—To be of locust.
- Frames.—Frames spaced 10 in. on centers. The after side of No. 6 frame is on No. 1 station. Frames amidships from frame No. 13 to frame No. 28, inclusive, excepting frames No. 16 and 27, as shown on drawing, to be of oak, moulded 1 3/4 in. at heels, 1 1/2 in. at heads, sided 1 1/2 in. Frames Nos. 10, 11, 12, 16, 27 moulded the same, sided 2 in. Frames forward of No. 10 and aft of No. 28 to be sided 1 in., moulding to be the same.
- Planking—Garboard to be of oak, 3/4 in. thick. Rest of planking to be of 3/4 in. white cedar, excepting sheer strake, which is to be of 3/4 in. oak. A garboard of 5 lbs. to 6 lbs. Tobin bronze to be worked inside oak garboard, and Tobin bronze angles 1 1/2 in. by 1 by 3-16 inches, and 5 lb. Tobin bronze floors. Bronze angles to be on frames Nos. 17 to 25, inclusive. Bronze floors to be on frames Nos. 17, 21 and 25.
- Covering Board—To be of 3/4 in. mahogany, 6 in. wide amidships, tapered to 4 in. at ends.
- Deck—To be of selected white pine, 3/4 in. thick, laid with curve of boat, blind fastened, caulked, payed and varnished.
- King Plank—To be of mahogany, 3/4 in. thick.
- Bulwark—To be of mahogany, 1 in. at bottom, 3/4 in. at top, rounded on inner edge.
- Stern Piece—To be of mahogany.
- Knees—To be of hackmatack.
- Wooden Floors—To be of oak, as shown, 1 1/2 in. thick, 3 in. deep, excepting under mast, where they are to be 2 in. thick. Floors to be 1 in. thick forward of No. 10 frame and aft of No. 28.
- Mast Step—To be of oak.
- Riding Bitt—To be of oak.
- Diagonal Straps—To be of Tobin bronze, 2 in. by 3-16 in. To be placed as shown on drawing.
- Lead—About 4200 lbs., to be furnished by builder. To be cast in pieces weighing not over 200 lbs. each, in order to fit snugly into well, until lead reaches a point 2 ft. 6 in. from top of keel, after which regulation pigs may be used. Moulded pieces to have holes for inserting hook to lift them from well.
- Shelf.—To be of yellow pine, 2 by 1 1/4 in. at middle, 1 1/4 by 1 1/2 in. at ends. Chamfered on lower inside edge.
- Bilge Clamp—To be of yellow pine, 3 by 1 1/2 in. at middle, reduced to 2 by 1 in. at ends.
- Deck Beams—To be of oak. Moulded 1 1/2 in., sided 1 in. Large beams, where shown, to be moulded 2 1/2 in., sided 2 in.



21-FOOT BERMUDA SLOOP—MIDSHIP SECTION.
Designed by Fred. M. Hoyt. Built by the Greenport Basin & Construction Co.



21-FOOT BERMUDA SLOOP—SAIL PLAN.
Designed by Fred. M. Hoyt. Built by the Greenport Basin & Construction Co.

- Cockpit Coaming—To be of mahogany.
- Interior—To have two bulkheads of yellow pine, with doors and two seats.
- Fastenings—To be copper throughout. Floor and floor plate fastenings to be of bronze. Absolutely no iron fastenings to be used.
- Pump—Boat to have Sands' bilge pump, discharging on deck.
- Deck Fittings—All cleats to be of locust; other fittings to be of bronze.
- Painting—Topsides to be given one coat of priming and two of color. Below L.W.L. to be given one coat of lead and one of anti-fouling paint. All interior to have two coats, excepting seats and bulkheads, which shall have three coats of best spar varnish. All bright work and spars to have three coats of varnish.
- Spars—Mast, boom, bowsprit and spinnaker boom of clear spruce.
- Ironwork—All ironwork necessary for the Bermuda rig of galvanized iron.
- Chainplates—To be of Tobin bronze.

SCHOONER ATLANTIC'S NEW OWNER.—Mr. Charles E. Rector has purchased the old schooner Atlantic from Mr. Wilson Marshall. Mr. Rector had Atlantic under charter last season.

SCHOONER MAYFLOWER CHANGES HANDS.—Mr. E. S. Reiss has purchased the schooner Mayflower from Mr. William A. Gardner, of Boston. The transfer was made through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones. The yacht will be overhauled, and in the future will be used for commercial purposes in and about the West Indies.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

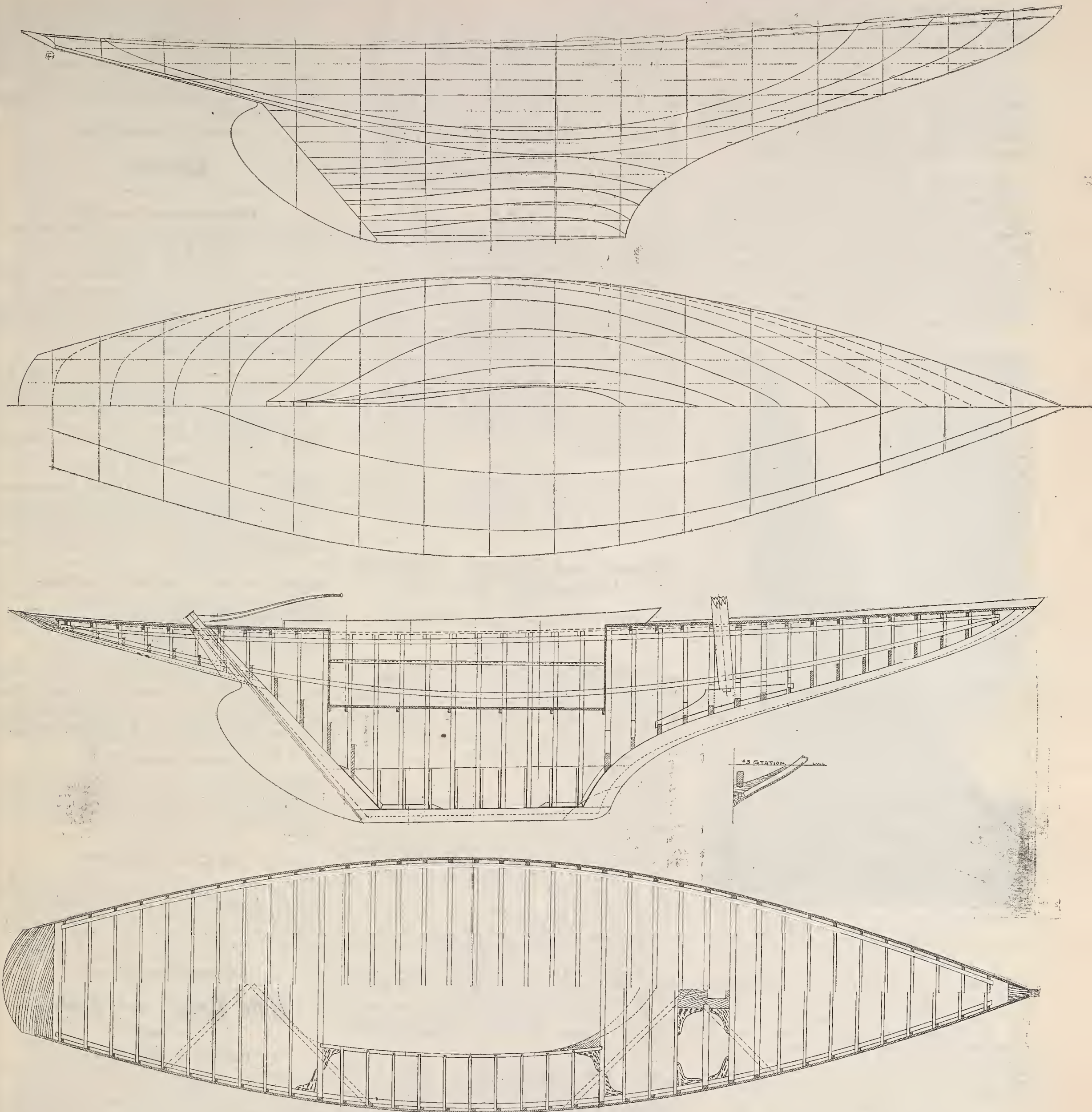
For advertising relating to this department see pages 11 and 111.

PASSING OF THE WHILEAWAY.—The old sloop Whileaway, built in 1881 at Greenport, L. I., has been sold, and will be converted into a fishing craft for parties. Equipment will consist of two 20 horsepower engines built at Mariners' Harbor, Staten Island, by the Motor Engine Company.

POWER BOAT FOR LAKE PLACID.—Mr. George H. McNeely, of the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C., is having a power boat built at Wignall's Yard, Philadelphia, for use on Lake Placid. The boat will be fitted with a 10 horse-power engine.

POWER BOAT BUILDING AT BRIDGEPORT.—Captain Mattison, who built the Ellen S. for a water boat, afterward converting her into a yacht, has contracted for a new yacht with Green Bros., of Bridgeport, Conn., giving Ellen S. in part payment.

THE GREGORY'S MISFORTUNE.—The power yacht Gregory, owned by Mr. Lewis Nixon, which was forced to



21-FOOT BERMUDA SLOOP—LINES AND CONSTRUCTION PLAN.
Designed by Fred. M. Hoyt. Built by the Greenport Basin & Construction Co.

put into Greenport for repairs, will be ready to start across the ocean this week. For some thirty-two hours during the storm which they encountered shortly after leaving Sandy Hook all hands were kept below deck. Only for the loss of the forward hatches, which flooded and disabled one engine, even at that they would have proceeded south toward Charlestown, their first stop. Power equipment of Gregory consists of two six-cylinder 12in. by 14in. gasolene engines of the well-known Standard make. The tankage for a supply of gasolene for the trip, even with stops at Bermuda and the Azores, would necessarily have to be immense. It speaks well for the hull construction that after the three days' gale she should have been able to make Greenport, L. I., under one engine. Reports are that she has shown a speed of 26 miles, and that Gregory will race at Monaco and also compete for the Charley Cup.



TIRING OF HIGH SPEED GASOLENE ENGINES.—One of our English contemporaries, the Yachting World, remarks, "it is therefore interesting to note that practical men are becoming heartily tired of the type in France. Several speakers at the recent Marine Motor Congress pointed out its defects at length, and their remarks appeared to agree with the sense of the meeting." It is universally agreed among American yachtsmen that the development of high speed steam yachts and gasolene power boats is something of a fad, and outside of speed supremacy there is little to be gained. In order to get

the best speed, vast sums have been spent and the end in America, at least, is not yet. The coming season will show some remarkable achievements, and those who pretend to know say that the Standard has still a few miles in reserve. If such is the case, it looks as if she would need her reserve power if she would maintain her prestige. The high speed autoboat has accomplished much for the betterment of the marine engine art, and while its life must necessarily be short, it has fully demonstrated that the excessive weight employed ten years ago can be readily and practically reduced until the happy medium is reached. An engine can be too heavy as well as too light.



LILJEGREN & CLARK DISSOLVE.—Messrs. Liljegren & Clark, the firm of naval architects, marine engineers and yacht brokers, of 45 Broadway, New York, have dissolved partnership, and Mr. Montgomery H. Clark has taken over the business, and will carry it on at the same address.



WANTED—A BETTER KNOWLEDGE OF THE POWER BOAT BY THE POWER BOAT OWNER.—Note the following from The Yachtsman, English:

The Paris Motor Launch Congress has finished its sittings, and in another column will be found a report of the resolutions adopted. The results are valuable, inasmuch as they represent the consensus of international opinion on motor launch questions. All kinds of clubs—both

yacht clubs and automobile clubs—were represented, and the solutions are, in principle, good and sound. The cruiser rating rule, if not perfect, is sensible, and the proposal to measure power by consumption is an acceptance of the only logical method.

The formation of a collection of records and data is an excellent idea, and one that we have often suggested. Progress without knowledge is impossible, and knowledge to be useful must be accessible. At present it is stored away in the minds and data books of manufacturers and owners, and the process of diffusion is slow in the extreme. Some points there are, of course, that represent a man's intellectual capital, and therefore cannot be given out to all the world, but full and free information can be given on many vital points. Such publicity would be for the informant's ultimate benefit rather than for his prejudice.

There is another side of this question. How often is this reticence due to disinclination, and how often to ignorance? We have known cases where designers—strange as it may seem—are ignorant of sundry data of their boats, and where motor makers have no idea whatever of the B.H.P. their motors give out, or what their consumption was.



E. BURTON HART BUYS KESTREL.—The Fife cutter Kestrel has been purchased by Mr. E. Burton Hart from Mr. Henry S. H. Wood through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones. Kestrel was built at Wood's Yard,

City Island, in 1897, and since that time she has been used but little. Kestrel is a fine vessel, and now that she has not been in commission for so long, it is gratifying to know that she has fallen into the hands of so clever an amateur as Mr. E. Burton Hart.

MONACO ENTRIES.—The entries for the Monaco meet this year now number one hundred and three, of which seven are English. The Lozier Motor Co., who were the only American exhibitors at the Paris Salon, have entered the three launches exhibited, and, so far as known, these will be the only American entries.

BAYSIDE Y. C. MEETING.—At the annual meeting of the Bayside Y. C., held at the Hotel Astor, New York, on Friday evening, January 20, the following officers were elected: Com., G. Walter Smith; Vice-Com., G. Howland Leavitt; Rear-Com., W. W. Cole; Treas., Hugh L. Weber; Sec'y, William H. Johns; members of the Board of Governors, to serve for three years, Robert B. Currie and Elmer G. Story.

The annual dinner which followed the meeting was attended by one hundred and thirty members, which is a remarkable showing when the club's total membership is only 154. The Secretary of the club, Mr. William H.

Y. C. next season have been arranged. The course will be from Gravesend Bay to Hampton Roads, and the start will be made on Thursday, June 29. The first prize will be a cup valued at \$500, the money for which will be raised by subscription among the members. Mr. Charles A. Kelley, secretary of the Brooklyn Y. C., and Mr. J. Leon Wood, of the Hampton Roads Y. C., have arranged for the details of the event, and also for a series of races to be held in Hampton Roads after the finish of the outside race between the local and the visiting craft. Three boats are being built for the ocean race; one is for Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, one of the promoters of the contest. This boat will be built by the Huntington Mfg. Co. Mr. L. D. Huntington, of the Huntington Mfg. Co., will build a boat for himself, and Mr. R. D. Floyd, of New York, will have a boat built from designs by Messrs. Small Brothers.

NEW YORK Y. C. MEETING.—The first general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street, New York, on Thursday evening, January 19. The report of the Secretary, Mr. George A. Cormack, showed that there are 566 vessels in the club fleet, whose total tonnage amounts to 67,900. The club now has 2,170 members, and 55 more were elected at the meeting, ten of which were navy members. The Committee on Measurement created some time ago reported, and the modifications and amendments suggested by them were adopted after some discussion. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega, a member of the Model Committee, spoke of the progress that had been made by that body. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the presentation of a fitting gift for ex-Commodore S. Nicholson Kane, who retired this year from the Regatta Committee after serving for fifteen years. The portrait presented to the club of ex-Commodore Gerry by himself was accepted.

COMMODORE BOURNE'S APPOINTMENTS.—Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, New York Y. C., has made the following appointments: Fleet Captain, J. D. J. Kelley, U. S. N.; Fleet Surgeon, J. McG. Woodbury, M.D.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

THE three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticize each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasoline or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, 1/2 in. = 1 ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, 1/2 in. = 1 ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, 1/2 in. = 1 ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, 1/2 in. = 1 ft.

V. Outboard profile. Scale, 1/2 in. = 1 ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered; all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his *nom de plume*.

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

THE FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

Canoëing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.
Executive Committee—J. C. MacLister, U. G. I. Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York; E. M. Underhill, Box 262, Yonkers, N. Y.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Commodore—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg.
Purser—J. C. Milsom, 736 Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Executive Committee—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.; H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—D. S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Rear-Commodore—Wm. W. Crosby, 8 Court St., Woburn, Mass.
Purser—W. S. Stanwood, Wellesley, Mass.
Executive Committee—Wm. J. Ladd, 18 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.; F. W. Notman, Box 2344, Boston, Mass.; O. C. Cunningham, care E. Teel & Co., Medford, Mass.; Edw. B. Stearns, Box 63, Manchester, N. H.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 James St., Montreal, Can.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto, Ont.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minnett, Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Rear-Commodore—Charles J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Purser—George A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I, Section 1, of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership in the A. C. A.: Atlantic Division—Charles F. Daymond, of West Englewood, N. J.; Frank E. Kimble, Ralph B. Lucas, William U. Ale, Louis N. Chevrier and Harvey F. Whitehead, all of Trenton, N. J. Eastern Division—Samuel B. Burnham, of Providence, R. I.
FREDERIC G. MATHER, Treasurer.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Position in Rifle Shooting.

By Walter G. Hudson, M.D., President Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association.

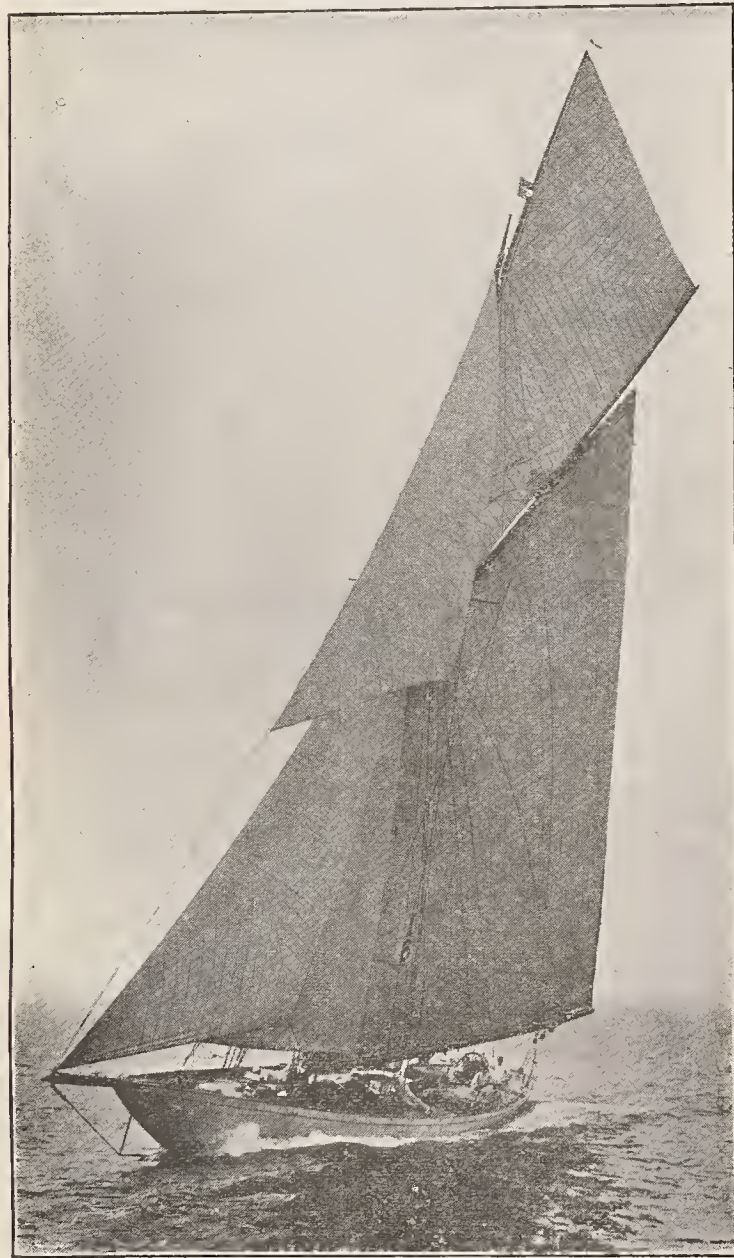
RIFLE shooting is generally practiced in certain prescribed positions, depending on the distance. It is important at the outset to acquire good positions for each range, for faulty ones are easier to learn than to unlearn.

At 200 yards the off-hand or standing position is generally required, both in military and match rifle shooting. It is the most difficult one in which to hold steady, and requires the most practice to become expert in, so far as good holding alone is concerned.

By the off-hand position is meant standing, with neither the gun nor the body resting upon or against any artificial support. But it is not required that the shooter shall adopt the shotgun position, with the left hand fully or partly extended. The physique of some men makes this the easiest position for them, but others can do better work with the left arm close to or against the body, and it is permissible and entirely within the rules for them to shoot in that way if they prefer it.

A little observation when a large number of expert riflemen are competing in some important match, will show numerous modifications of the off-hand position. What is easy and natural for one, might be strained and difficult for another, who in his own position is equally expert. It will also be noticed that some of these positions are more graceful than others. Good scores, however, are not made by dainty posing, but by steady holding. Therefore, having by careful trial of all positions found that in which you can hold the rifle steadiest, even though it is a little less graceful than some other, don't let any one induce you to change it.

Practice with the target or Schuetzen rifle is particularly valuable in acquiring skill in the off-hand position. One who has become even a fair shot with the latter weapon can generally do surprisingly good work with the military rifle at 200 yards. The reason is that the Schuetzen rifleman has trained himself to hold for the center of the bullseye, while the military shooter does not care whether it is the center or the margin, so long as he hits the bull.



ISOLDE.

Owned by Fred M. Hoyt, Rear-Commodore Larchmont Y. C.
Photo by James Burton.

Johns, acted as toastmaster. Mr. Johns made a short address in which he traced the development of the club since its inception, a little over a year ago. When the club was started there were ten members; there are now 154. Arrangements have been made for a new one-design class, and the boats will be designed and built by Mr. Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I. The boats are 24ft. over all, 19ft. waterline, 6ft. breadth, and will carry 385 sq. ft. of sail. Five boats have already been ordered.

TWO LAUNCHES SOLD.—Mr. Stanley M. Seaman has made the following sales: The launch Helen, by Mr. F. W. Carpenter, Southold, N. Y., to Mr. Louis Orgelfinger, Brooklyn, N. Y.; the cruising launch Marion, by Mr. George A. Coles, Middletown, Conn., to Mr. James Taylor, Passaic, N. J. The new owner died soon after the purchase, and the boat is now at Miami, where Mr. Taylor intended using her.

SCHOONER CLYTIE TO BE USED SOUTH.—Mr. Henry C. Ward has sold the schooner Clytie to Mr. E. S. Reiss. The boat is now at the Morse Iron Works, South Brooklyn, where she will be put in shape for use in southern waters.

NEW BOAT BUILDING AT AMITYVILLE.—A small racing boat is being built by Mr. A. Ingles, of Amityville, L. I., for his own use. She is 22ft. over all, 18ft. waterline, 7ft. 6in. breadth and of shallow draft. The boat is of the skip-jack model, and will be entered in all the local events next season.

BOATS FOR DEFENSE OF CANADA'S CUP.—At least three new boats will be built for the defense of the Canada's Cup by members of the Rochester Y. C. The Herreshoff Mfg. Co. will design and build one of the trio; Messrs. Gardner & Cox are working on the design of a second boat, and Mr. C. F. Herreshoff has completed plans for the third boat.

THREE STARTERS FOR BROOKLYN Y. C. OCEAN RACE.—The details of the ocean race to be given by the Brooklyn

There has been a tendency of late years to belittle the importance of the off-hand position chiefly because it is not well adapted to long-range work, and perhaps in some cases because of the amount of practice it necessitates. It has certain prominent advantages, however, which, from a military standpoint, demand that it receive due attention and practice. It is the quickest position to assume, and perhaps used more than any other in the battles of former times. It can be used with comfort upon occasions where the only other alternative would be to sit, kneel or lie down in dirty water or mud; and there are occasions, such as firing from long grass or a very uneven field, where it is the only position from which an enemy could be seen to shoot at. While it is only practiced at 200 yards, it is capable of better work than is generally supposed at much longer distances; for instance, I have seen three bullseyes made in five shots at 100 yards, and a score of 48 out of 50 at 500 yards, shooting in this position at the regulation targets.

Shooting at 300 yards may be regarded as distinctly military, for this distance is not used in any other branch of the sport. The nearest approach to it is the 300-metre distance in vogue among a few of the German and Swiss shooting societies in Europe; but, so far as I can learn, it is not a popular range, and is gradually giving way to those in more general use. But the 300-yard range is important to the military rifleman, for it is here that part of his qualification as marksman is earned.

At 300 yards the sitting and kneeling positions are prescribed in the National Rifle Association rules, although some States permit the use of the prone position at this distance in class practice. The sitting position—though the stout rifleman generally has difficulty when he attempts it—is much steadier than the kneeling position, once it is acquired; but the kneeling position is more easily and quickly taken, and for that reason should be practiced. For the kneeling position the right knee should be about at right angles to the line of fire, and a boot with a strong, thick sole enables the rifleman to adopt what is really a partly sitting position, using his right shoe for a seat. Keep the left foot well forward, so that the left leg and forearm may form a nearly vertical column, which is most suitable for steady support.

The sitting position depends so much on one's physique that more can be learned by studying illustrations or the positions adopted by skillful marksmen, and practicing by snapping the empty rifle in various modifications that feel comfortable to the rifleman, than by any description I can give. I myself am not of stout build, but I never yet have been able to get into a sitting position in which I could work satisfactorily to me; and yet some rifleman take to it as naturally as a duck takes to water. There are not many matches in our annual competitions in which shooting is done at 300 yards, but it should nevertheless be practiced; for lack of familiarity with the necessary positions is liable to result in a most mortifying score at a critical time, as the bullseye is smaller in proportion to the range than at any other distance the rifleman is called upon to shoot.

The prone position is perhaps the most popular and useful of all; certainly so for military rifles. It is permitted at all ranges of 500 yards and over, and the majority of military rifleman use it even at the longest ranges. Therefore, it will well repay the novice to devote considerable time and attention to attaining a good prone position. The body should not lie in a direct line with the target, but the legs should be thrown to the left and stretched comfortably apart; most experienced shots lie at an angle of about 45 degrees with the line of fire. Also keep your rifle and all parts of your body as close to the ground as possible. Hold the rifle firmly with the left hand, which should be as far forward as comfortable, with the sling strap loop slipped two-thirds of the way toward the shoulder from the elbow. On the Krag, the sling should be fastened for the prone position to the rear and middle swivels, and the strap carrying the loop should pass around the forearm just back of the wrist. The length of strap, which it is necessary to let out in order to do this, will vary some in individual cases, and new holes will perhaps have to be cut in the strap for the hook. The average man requires the extremity of the loop for prone shooting to be let out about 23 inches from the middle swivel; but long or stout arms will require greater length. Using the strap is a great help to steadiness in this position, although the novice may not at first appreciate it. It requires some little practice and some adjustment before all the benefits of the sling can be felt. Hold the rifle firmly against the muscles of the shoulder, and not against the collar bone. With the now obsolete .45 caliber, as one became bruised from the recoil, there was strong temptation to "distribute the agony," as one rifleman expressed it, by applying the butt to a different part at each shot. This leads to irregular shooting. With the .30 caliber, the recoil is not severe enough to cause trouble of this kind, and the rifleman should be careful to hold the weapon exactly alike for each shot.

The great point in acquiring a perfect prone position is to find one that is low and comfortable, so that one does not have to shift about continually. Other details which condone to comfort are the finding of a soft spot on which to rest the elbows, avoiding any slippery material like a rubber blanket. A very little slip of the elbow is sufficient to score a clean miss. Equally to be avoided as elbow rests are the rough rope mats in use on some ranges—the elbows will get sore enough at first without rasping them on a rough surface. Then again, much unnecessary reaching and moving about can be avoided if the rifleman will, before lying down, so dispose of his outfit that everything is within easy reach. Try to find an arrangement that is convenient, and then always follow it systematically.

The various back positions are permitted at ranges of 800 yards and over. They are undoubtedly the steadiest of all, and most of the long-range match rifles are shot in that way. The Krag can also be shot in this way, but if used with military sights the rear sight is too far away from the eye for comfort. With target sights, it is all right. A particularly comfortable and steady position for the military rifle is that known as the Texas grip. The old .45 caliber Springfield is well adapted to this position, and in it can be manipulated with an astonishing degree of accuracy and rapidity. The Krag, however, does not fit the Texas grip position so well. Its bolt handle is in the way, and it does not seem to shoot as accurately this way as it does in the prone position—probably because of interference with the flip of the barrel. Nevertheless, some rifleman use this position by preference, even with the Krag. Besides being steadier, it brings the left arm into such a position that it acts as a pillow for the head, relieving all strain upon muscles of the neck, so noticeable in the long-range back position. It also causes the sling strap to take up all of the recoil, transferring it to the thigh, where recoil is unnoticeable.

In searching for a comfortable back position, it is well to acquire the habit of keeping one's toes well out of the line of fire. It may sound absurd, but is nevertheless a fact, that several rifleman have managed to shoot off one or more toes from failure to observe this precaution, and with the shorter weapon now in general use such accidents are more likely to happen.

West Sonora (O.) Rifle Club.

THE following scores were made at the shoot of the West Sonora, O., Rifle Club on Jan. 14, ten members taking part. The matches were all shot at 100yds., offhand, open sights. Target 3in. center counting 1/2, four shots, possible 48. Money prizes. C. W. Matthews was high man for the day, scoring a total of 255 in 24 shots, possible 288. Chalmer Tice second with 253. S. Hoffman third with 247, and R. Tice fourth with 243. The scores:

Match No. 1:
 C W Matthews...12 11 12 10—45 L Bruner10 10 11 10—41
 Chalmer Tice.....11 12 11 11—45 J Piles12 6 11 11—40
 R Tice12 10 12 9—43 S Hoffman11 11 10 3—34
 J McGriff8 12 11 10—41 Clarence Tice9 12 4 8—33
 J Trissel102 8 11—41 L Heina6 12 10 4—32

Shoot-off of tie for first money: C. W. Matthews 12, C. Tice 11. Matthews first, C. Tice second, R. Tice third, J. McGriff fourth.

Match No. 2:
 C W Matthews...12 12 12 8—44 R Tice10 12 10 9—41
 J Piles12 11 10 10—43 J McGriff9 8 10 10—38
 Chalmer Tice ... 9 12 10 11—42 Clarence Tice ... 7 10 11 9—37
 S Hoffman9 12 11 9—41 L Bruner8 2 11 8—29
 L Heina11 7 10 10—38 J Trissel11 0 10 6—27

L. Heina first, C. W. Matthews second, R. Tice third, Clarence Tice fourth.

Match No. 3:
 L Heina10 12 11 12—45 J McGriff.....11 11 7 12—41
 C W Matthews...10 10 12 11—43 Chalmer Tice ...10 7 10 10—37
 R Tice12 11 12 7—42 J Piles11 12 4 9—36
 Clarence Tice.... 8 11 12 11—42 L Bruner12 10 4 9—35
 S Hoffman11 11 11 8—41 J Trissel11 9 4 11—35

L. Heina first, C. W. Matthews second, R. Tice third, Clarence Tice fourth.

Match No. 4:
 S Hoffman12 12 11 12—47 R Tice10 11 10 8—39
 C W Matthews...12 10 10 12—44 Clarence Tice ... 5 11 12—39
 Chalmer Tice ...10 9 10 12—41 J Piles11 12 2 10—35
 J McGriff9 11 10 11—41 J Trissel10 6 8 11—35
 L Heina12 12 6 9—39 L Bruner7 10 5 9—31

S. Hoffman first, C. W. Matthews second, Chalmer Tice third, J. McGriff fourth.

Match No. 5:
 J Piles12 12 11 12—47 R Tice10 9 8 10—37
 Chalmer Tice ...12 12 12 9—45 L Bruner9 8 10 9—36
 L Heina10 11 12 10—43 Clarence Tice ...12 7 10 6—35
 C W Matthews...10 10 12—42 J Trissel3 7 12 11—33
 S Hoffman9 10 10 12—41

J. Piles first, Chalmer Tice second, L. Heina third, C. W. Matthews fourth.

Match No. 6:
 Chalmer Tice ...12 11 12 8—43 C W Matthews...12 4 12 9—37
 S Hoffman10 11 11 11—43 J Trissel10 10 8 9—37
 R Tice10 11 12 8—41 Clarence Tice ... 8 10 7 12—37
 J McGriff12 10 12 4—38 L Bruner9 8 7 10—34
 L Heina9 8 9 12—38 J Piles3 10 7 11—31

Chalmer Tice first, S. Hoffman second, R. Tice third, J. McGriff fourth.

New York Central Corps.

SCORES follow for the monthly practice shoot, held Wednesday evening, Jan. 18, all shooting offhand on the regular 1/4in. ring target: J. Hess 242, 238, G. Viemeister 238, 238, H. D. Muller 235, 240, J. N. F. Seibs 231, 237; D. Scharninghausen 232, 232, F. Rolfs 232, 229, C. Gerken 235, 224; J. von der Leith 223, 234; W. Schillingmann 224, 229; G. Rohde 213, 235; W. Wessel 225, 219; Capt. Ch. Tietjen 212, 222; D. Kuehrmann 221, 210; H. Roffman 214, 216; H. A. Ficke, Jr., 206, 220; A. Ritterhoff 212, 211; H. Brummer 206, 216; F. Baumann 193, 223; G. Dettloff 192, 215; H. von der Leith 195, 211; J. Eisinger 212, 190; J. Witten 89. Bullseye target: J. N. F. Seibs 46 1/2, J. Hess 67, C. Gerken 78 1/2, A. Ritterhoff 89, F. Baumann 97, S. Viemeister 100, D. Scharninghausen 103, W. Schillingmann 105, H. D. Muller 105, H. von der Leith 143, F. Rolfs 150, Capt. C. Tietjen 158, J. Witten 159, H. Brummer 165, W. Wessel 173, J. von der Leith 178, G. Rohde 232, H. A. Ficke, Jr., 270.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Jan. 15. Conditions: 20yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Hasenzahl was declared champion for the day, with the good score of 225. Hofer was high on the honor target with 71 points. The scores:

Hasenzahl225 221 217 215 214
 Fayne225 218 217 215 213
 Hofer223 213 204 200 197
 Roberts218 211 209 206 206
 Colcman199 190 188 186 ...
 Freitag194 194 191 191 190
 Bruns180 168

New York City Corps.

ON Thursday evening, Jan. 20, but four members appeared at headquarters to take part in the regular practice shoot. While but few in number, the competition was keen. Chas. Wagner won out over the veteran Charlie Zettler by a margin of three points on the ring target, while the result was simply reversed on the bullseye target: C. Wagner 241, 242; C. G. Zettler 240, 241; Jos. Keller 238, 237; A. Wilts 188, 200. Bullseye target: C. G. Zettler 35, A. Wiltz 135, C. Wagner 136.

Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps.

ON Friday, Jan. 20, the above society occupied the Zettler ranges in Twenty-third street. E. Karl 236, 230; A. Thiebauth 228, 232; A. Feigert 230, 219; A. Muller 218, 226; G. Thomas 213, 223; A. Fenninge 216, 214; F. Koch 209, 213; W. Mensch 194, 218; P. Zugner 218, 190; J. Fey 199, 181. Bullseye target: A. Thiebauth 87, A. Feigert 89, E. Karl 107, P. Zugner 118, F. Koch 168, A. Muller 260.

Italian Rifle Club.

AT the weekly practice shoot, held Monday, Jan. 16, at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, the following scores were recorded, all shooting offhand on the regular 1/4in. ring target: Minervini 474, Selvaggi 468, De Felice 467, Gallina 464, Burrani 448, Raimondi 440, Mastipaque 428, Cassetti 422, Carbyons 421, De Stefino 402, Bianchi 235, Muzio 224.

Zettler Rifle Club.

SCORES follow for the regular practice shoot Tuesday evening, Jan. 17: A. Hubalek 2453, L. P. Hansen 2421, C. Zettler, Jr., 1211, G. Schlicht 2414, C. G. Zettler 2393, A. Begerow 2364, H. Fenwirth 2359, F. J. Herpers 2347, B. Zettler 1183, George Ludwig 1171, L. Maurer 1165, Geo. J. Bernius 2244.

Providence, (R. I.) Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—We certainly were nicely defeated in our first rifle match on the 21st by the Myles Standish Rifle Club, of Portland; but all things considered, do not feel crestfallen at the result. It was not a surprise, and we are going up against them again, if only to be knocked down, but not quite so hard.

The match was thoroughly enjoyed, all of our men were enthusiastic, and everything passed off smoothly for our first trial. We could only shoot one target at a time, but a match calling for 100 shots gives us a good easy evening's work.

The first shot was fired at 8:13 by Mr. Beach, and the superstitious ones say that the next match will start earlier and with a less unlucky figure showing on the watch.

Arno Argus kept the targets ready, and greatly assisted the men by calling each shot.

The team kept up to its expected average, and with few exceptions, the shots averaged nicely for our class.

Where is the next club that would like a try with us?

For a revolver club we are at present very much interested in indoor rifle shooting, and unless we get defeated too often, this branch bids fair to be more popular than we anticipated.

Scores of teams in rifle match, Miles Standish Rifle Club, of Portland, Me., vs. Providence Revolver Club, shot Jan. 21, 25yds., German ring target. Each team on its home range, five-man teams, 20 shots per man. Signed targets; totals telegraphed at close of match. Each club to select any five men for its team:

Myles Standish Rifle Club Team.
 R H Crosby122 123 121 123—489
 F C Davis.....124 122 121 122—489
 Myles Standish121 124 119 120—484
 E L Cobb, Jr.120 122 120 120—482
 M S Folkins120 121 118 120—479—2423

Providence Revolver Club Team.
 L A Jordan24 24 23 25 24—120
 25 19 20 22 20—106
 23 25 22 25 23—118
 25 25 25 23 23—121—465
 24 24 24 20 22—114
 25 21 24 25 23—118
 19 23 25 21 23—111
 25 24 23 25 24—121—464
 23 23 23 24 23—116
 22 23 23 23 23—114
 21 24 24 23 23—115
 24 20 24 24 24—116—461
 W Bert Gardiner.....24 23 23 23 20—113
 23 22 24 24 21—114
 19 23 22 25 23—112
 23 23 24 24 23—117—456
 C L Beach.....22 21 22 25 20—110
 21 21 24 23 21—110
 24 24 24 21 23—116
 21 22 25 21 22—111—447—2293

Portland team won by.....130
 HURLBURT.

Indoor .22 Caliber Rifle League.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—The annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club, held in this city, Jan. 16 to 20, was conducted at the club's indoor range. The champion contest was won by Mr. Louis P. Ittel, of Pittsburg. The conditions restricted ammunition to .22 cartridges. Any sights were allowable.

In the continuous match Messrs. H. M. Pope and L. P. Ittel tied for first place with scores of 299. Dr. A. A. Stillman was second with 298. The scores of the indoor championship follow: L. P. Ittel 2459, A. A. Stillman 2441, W. A. Tewes 2440, H. M. Pope 2440, C. A. Frank 2435, F. C. Ross 2432, R. Gute 2423, Owen Smith 2421, M. Dorrier 2420, L. C. Buss 2419, E. C. Reed 2418, A. J. Huebner 2413, J. W. Hessian 2412, Peter Paulsen 2408, R. F. Phillips 2403, George Williams 2394, A. F. Landensack 2394, H. M. Thomas 2385, R. R. Bennett 2384, Rodney Pierce 2380.

A meeting of the League was held on the evening of Jan. 18. Officers were elected as follows: President, Henry Sperring; Vice-President, R. R. Bennett; Secretary, Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary, Karl W. Zoeller. All these officers are residents of Pittsburg.

Board of Directors: Henry L. Born and L. P. Ittel, of Pittsburg; William Wylie, Washington, Pa.; H. Mossberger, Wilkinsburg; Frank H. Chandler, Shelburn Falls, Mass.; W. A. Tewes, Jersey City; Owen Smith, Hoboken, and W. B. Jarvis, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Jersey City or Grand Rapids will be the next place in which the championship will be held, but a definite selection is at present in abeyance.

Leever's Powder Mill Blows Up.

GOSHEN, O., Jan. 20.—Special.—Sam Leever's powder mill blew up to-day. Leever was drying a batch of powder in his factory—a 10 by 10 affair—when a spark from the stove dropped in and Sam dropped out, with hair badly singed, but otherwise not seriously damaged. However, the loss on the investment may break his heart. It is "Stransky's patent," and the investment may be summed up as follows: "Formula," 25 cents; material for 10 pounds of powder, 50 cents; building, \$3 (no insurance); total loss, \$3.75. His partner, Frank Holmes, will bear his share of the loss.

Later advices concerning this violent explosion, are to the effect that Stransky powder is composed of chlorate of potash, flour, sugar, etc.—strictly for hand loading.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

SCORES shot in regular practice on the armory range, Providence, R. I., Jan. 19, 1905: S. K. Luther 241, 233, 242; L. A. Jordan 241, 220; A. B. Coulters 231, 237, 236; C. L. Beach 221, 231, 225, 229; W. B. Gardiner 230, 221, 219, 222; W. F. Eddy 224.

Revolver, 20yds., Standard American target: W. F. Eddy 71; Arno Argus 66, 59, 63, 66.

At Portsmouth.—W. Almy: 20yds., 91, 88; 50yds., 89, 88, 89; Bradford Norman, 20yds., 89.

Massachusetts Rifle Club.

GERMAN ring target: J. Busfield 221, A. Neider 210, M. Alden 209. Standard target: C. A. Coombs 85, I. James 81, W. A. Chester 78, F. Carter 75, M. T. Day 74, J. B. Hobbs 73.

Rifle Notes.

There is a movement on foot toward the formation of an up-to-date rifle club in Washington, D. C. All parties interested should communicate with Dr. W. M. Kembal, 1107 G street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- Jan. 28.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association merchandise shoot.
Jan. 31.—Taylor Tex.—Central Texas Handicap tournament.
Feb. 3.—Chester, N. Y., Gun Club all-day shoot.
Feb. 9.—Houston, Tex.—Sen's Grand Southern Handicap.
Feb. 11.—Phillipsburg, N. J., Opposite Easton, Pa.—Alert Gun Club first annual tournament.
Feb. 13.—Concord, S. I.—All-day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club.
Feb. 13.—Rahway, N. J., Gun Club shoot.
Feb. 13.—Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club tournament.
Feb. 15-16.—Allentown, Pa.—Two-day tournament at Duck Farm Hotel.
Feb. 15-16.—Detroit, Mich.—Jacob Klein's tournament on Rausch House grounds, under auspices of Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association.
Feb. 18.—Newark, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club.
Feb. 22.—New Paltz, N. Y.—Mullerite Gun Club all-day shoot.
Feb. 22.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club all-day shoot.
Feb. 22.—Batavia, Ill., Gun Club tournament.
Feb. 22.—Concord, S. I.—All-day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club.
Feb. 22.—Scheneectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament.
Feb. 22.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's eighth annual tournament.
March 20-25.—Kansas City, Mo.—Dickey Bird Gun Club six-day tournament.
April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club.
April 14.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club.
April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament.
May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses.
May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
May 9-12.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament.
May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (incorporated), Can., annual tournament.
May 23-25.—Lincoln, Ill., State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.
May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Analoan Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added.
May 31-June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament.
June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament.
June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money.
July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament.
July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club.
Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club.
Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS

Among the distinguished visitors in New York last week were Col. J. B. Ewing, Mr. J. T. Skelly and Mr. Phil B. Bekeart.

At Holmesburg Junction, Pa., Jan. 21, Mr. Fred Parker was first in an open handicap shoot at 25 birds. He scored 24 out of 25 from the 32yd. mark, the lost bird being dead out.

The Chester, N. Y., Gun Club have arranged to hold an all-day shoot on Feb. 3. The totals of the programme are 150 targets, \$10 entrance. Mr. Hiram B. Tuthill is the President.

The 100-target handicap for club members, to be held by the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club on Saturday of this week, will have a handicap of misses as kills. Shooting will commence at 2 o'clock.

At the Point Breeze Track, Philadelphia, Jan. 21, fifteen participated in a handicap at 10 live birds. Messrs. Aimen, Kirk and Murphy were high with a score of 9 each. The weather was pleasant and the birds were a good lot.

Advance notice has been sent out concerning the tournament to be held under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association, to be held on the Rusch House grounds, Feb. 15-17. For programmes apply to Mr. John Parker, Detroit, or Mr. Fred F. Foster, Lansing, Mich.

A five-man team shoot between Homer and Merchantville, at Merchantville, N. J., Jan 21, was won by the latter with scores as follows: Homer Gun Club—Durant 13, Manes 18, Pew 16, Spooner 12, Hilmick 10; total 69. Merchantville Gun Club—Waltson 16, Morgan 18, Paul 19, Simpson 23, Hill 16; total 92.

A two-man team match has been arranged to take place at the Point Breeze Track, Philadelphia, on Saturday of this week. The principals are Messrs. J. B. McHugh and C. B. Milton, of Wilmington, and Messrs. S. C. Aimen and Fred Murphy, of Philadelphia. Conditions, 30yds., 25 birds each, \$100 a side.

The programme of the shoot announced by the Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club, to be held on Feb. 13, provides thirteen events, one at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, the remainder at 15 targets, \$1 entrance. Class shooting. First high gun, \$3; second, \$2; low gun, \$1. Shooters will be conveyed to and from the grounds free.

Saturday of this week is fixed as the day on which the first shoot of the series for the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club loving cup will be held. The last Saturday of each month during the year will measure the extent of the series.

Mr. Thomas A. Duff, Toronto, writes us as follows: "In your shooting fixtures please insert: May 17, 18, 19, Toronto, Can. The Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (incorporated) annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Secretary, 178 Mill street, Toronto, Can."

Mr. C. L. Straub, of Allentown, Pa., announces a two-day target tournament, at the Duck Farm Hotel, Feb. 15 and 16. There are twelve programme events, each at 15 targets, \$1 entrance. Shooting begins at 10:30. Class shooting. High amateur averages, first and second, \$5 and \$3. Lunch a la Griesemer.

Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, of Baltimore, was the bright, particular star at the shoot of the Meadow Springs, Pa., Gun Club last Saturday, as he blew into vacuity all prior club records of the grounds. He made a run of 50 straight, and scored 94 out of 100. He used a good gun, good ammunition and a good eye, the latter being personal.

The Manager, Mr. A. A. Schoverling, 2 Murray street, New York, writes us that the Mullerite Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on the grounds of the Awosting Gun Club at New Paltz, N. Y., on Feb. 22. Shooting will begin at 10 o'clock. The competition will be sweepstakes, and merchandise prizes will be an added attraction.

The Christiana-Atglen Gun Club announce a shoot to be held on Feb. 22, at Atglen, Pa. The programme has eleven events, of which three are at live birds, respectively, 5 birds, \$2.50; 7 birds, \$3; 10 birds, \$4. The target events are at 10 and 15 targets, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.25 entrance. Class shooting. Lloyd R. Lewis is the Corresponding Secretary.

The committee in charge of the Fulford Memorial Fund are desirous that all who contemplate subscribing to it will do so promptly, as it will be closed on Feb. 1. About \$400 have been subscribed, and about \$100 more are needed to secure such monument as the Committee deems suitable. Subscriptions should be forwarded to Mr. James T. Skelly, Wilmington, Del.

The first event of the handicap series of twelve shoots inaugurated by the Clearview Gun Club, was held at Darby, Pa., on Jan. 21. They are handicap contests, allowances added. There were thirty-one contestants, of whom five were visitors. Each shot at 25 targets, and four tied on a full score, namely, Messrs. D. Sanford, H. M. Sibole, L. R. Huber and J. Colton. In the shoot-off Sibole won with a straight score.

The Secretary, Mr. S. C. Yocum, writes us that the Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club elected officers as follows: U. H. Prichard, President; J. E. Herrold, Vice-President; S. C. Yocum, Secretary; F. G. Seiler, Treasurer; Dr. A. B. Longshore, Captain; Warren Keiser, Vice-Captain; Executive Committee: Harvey Sowers, B. B. Smith, William T. Wray, D. W. Shipman, D. P. Faust. Dates for tournaments were selected as follows: First, June 9; second, July 4. Each programme provides 200 targets, \$10 entrance. Average prizes will be given.

A new order has been created, the title of which is "The Exalted Order of Fulminators," and the correspondence department is in charge of "The Esteemed Head Scribe," Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark. The other officers are: Most Exalted Fulminator, J. W. Osborne, Albany, Ga.; Chief Detonator, Maurice Kaufman, New Orleans; Esteemed Head Mixer, C. G. Grubb, Pittsburg; Keeper of Paraphernalia, G. A. Muenzenmaier, Kings Mills; Musical Mixer, Capt. A. H. Hardy, Lincoln; Chief Artist, B. E. Seymour, Grand Forks; National Word Mixer, W. W. Webber, Ft. Smith.

Last Saturday afternoon a two-man team race was shot on the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, at Wilmington, Del. In the one team were Messrs. J. A. McKelvey and W. M. Foord, each of whom shoots from his northwest shoulder; in the other team were Messrs. Luther J. Squier and James T. Skelly, who shoot from their northeast shoulder. All are valiant men in competition, and ready to do and dare at all times. Each shot at 100 targets, divided into 25s. The scores were: Squier 23, 21, 22, 23; total, 89. Skelly 21, 22, 20, 19; total 82. Foord 21, 20, 19, 24; total 84. McKelvey 16, 19, 19, 22; total 76. Northpaws, 171; Southpaws, 160.

In the Sun the following was recently published: "William P. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, who is stopping at the Holland House, and who is an exhibitor at the automobile show in Madison Square Garden, went to the Tenderloin police station about 10 o'clock last night and reported that a fur coat, made of muskrat skins, which he valued very highly on account of its associations, had been stolen from his booth in the Garden. He told the police that there were about 100 skins in the coat, and that his wife shot every one of the muskrats on a trip which she made with him in an automobile a year ago through Minnesota and South Dakota. His wife, he said, was a crack rifle shot, having won the Grand American Handicap shoot at Oakwood five years ago. She was, he said, the only woman who ever won this shoot. The police promised they would look for the coat, and if they hadn't found it before Mr. Shattuck left New York, that they would notify him in Washington, where he is going to consult with the Secretary of War in regard to a device to enable soldiers to shoot at night just as well as they can in the daytime."

A correspondent writes us that "the first annual spring tournament of the Delaware State Trapshooters' League will be held on the grounds of the Wilmington Gun Club on April 12-13. The first day will be devoted to open sweeps, everybody welcome, manufacturers' representatives, of course, shooting for targets only. The second day's programme will consist of several open sweepstake events, and will also include the State team championship at 50 targets per man, and the individual State championship at 100 targets, these events being shot off in series of 25 targets each, with optional sweeps open to all amateurs, whether residents of the State of Delaware or not. The Wilmington Gun Club may issue in the near future a challenge to any club to shoot a team race under the following conditions: Five-man teams, 50 targets per man, the total weight of the team to be not less than 1,500 pounds avoirdupois. The Wilmington Gun Club can produce such a team, the well-known Harry Hartlove being captain, although he is the baby of the bunch, weighing only 265 pounds." This Pee-Wee team match, on the terms above set forth, would be of special interest in itself, but the members would confer incalculable benefit if they would divulge to the public the menu of their training table.

At Gorgas Station, Pa., Jan. 21, the invitation shoot of the Highland Gun Club was held. Thirty shooters were present, the Florists, Olney Field Club, Highland, Hillside, S. S. White, and other clubs being well represented. Twelve of the sixteen programme events were shot off. A number of valuable merchandise prizes were objects of competition.

The Treasurer's report shows the Crescent Athletic Club to be in an excellent financial condition. It has a surplus of \$166,380.31, which will be applied to the erection of a new town house, which will be built soon at a cost of \$600,000. At the close of last year it had 100 life members, 257 non-resident members, 1,730 resident members, a total of 2,087. By way of showing the sound financial stability of the club, it may be mentioned that it has assets as follows: Bay Ridge property, 264 city lots; buildings, furniture, etc., \$220,000; boat house and boats, \$20,000; Pierpont street property, three city lots, \$105,000; building account, payments on account of new building, \$6,375; furniture and fixtures Clinton street house, \$10,000; stock on hand, \$8,422.47; members' accounts, \$26,094.99; cash on hand, \$6,026.59; total, \$401,919.05. Liabilities: Funded debt, first mortgage Bay Ridge, \$150,000; second mortgage bond subscriptions, \$40,620; old second mortgage bonds called for payment, \$1,300; unpaid bills, \$44,918.74; Christmas fund, \$3,745; surplus fund, \$166,380.31; total, \$401,919.05. The expenses for athletics were: Baseball, \$1,160.26; golf, \$1,601.32; hockey, \$451.15; lacrosse, \$2,240.84; tennis, \$1,665.64. Shooting netted a credit balance of \$478.19, making the total cost of athletics, \$6,641.02. Mr. A. W. Higgins, the able and courteous secretary of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co., is a leading genius of the club, and was elected to important office as a member of the Nominating Committee for 1905.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., Jan. 21.—Event 7 was a handicap for silver cup. It was won by C. Leasenfeld. The scores:

Table with 10 columns (Targets 1-10) and 10 rows of names and scores.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Jan. 21.—Events 1, 2 and 3 were for practice. Events 4 and 5, 50 targets, for a box of fine cigars, was won by Cockefair, with 44 breaks to his credit, Crane being a close second with 43 breaks.

Messrs. Howard and Soverel qualified to-day in the gold medal event.

On next Saturday the monthly competition for the club trophy of 1905, a very handsome sterling silver loving cup, will begin. This will continue during the year, on the last Saturday of every month.

Table with 10 columns (Targets 1-10) and 10 rows of names and scores.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., Jan. 19.—In the contest for the Remsen cup and Dreyer prize, 50 targets, handicap allowance, the actual scores were as follows: Schortemeier (0) 43, Dreyer (20) 29, McKane (12) 41, Tyler (20) 32, Voorhies (10) 34, Montanus (16) 26, Cooper (18) 24, Williamson (16) 29, Allen (38) 18, Gewert (26) 17, Francioli (38) 12, P. Suse (18) 18, A. Cottrell 34, F. Schoverling 36, Dr. Goubeaud (24) 22, Bishop 3, McElroy 2, Carolan (26) 28, Fink 16.

The Remsen cup and Dreyer prize shoot-off was postponed until the next shoot. Schortemeier did not contest for any prize. Dreyer did not contest for his own donation.

Medal shoot-off, 25 targets, won by F. Tyler, as follows: Dreyer (5) 20, Tyler (5) 21, Montanus (4) 19, Allen (9) 15, Francioli (9) 15, Carolan (7) 20.

Event 1, 25 targets: Schorty 22, Cottrell 14, Schoverling 22, Williamson 15, Voorhies 22, McKane 15, Tyler 14, Dreyer 12, Montanus 11, Francioli 6, C. Cooper 17, Tyler 12.

Event 3, 15 targets: Schorty 14, Cooper 12, Montanus 12, Voorhies 10, Dreyer 10, Carolan 8, Tyler 7, Schoverling 12, Cottrell 9, Frank 3, Williamson 10, Voorhies 12, Schorty 12, Montanus 13, Dr. Goubeaud 5.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 21.—While to-day was not the regular bi-monthly club day, some of the boys came up to "shoot one box of shells to keep their hands in," and below find the result—twere ever thus.

A few other little side matches were shot besides these recorded events. Saturday, the 28th inst., is the day set for the big 100 clay-bird handicap for members. The handicaps are to be misses as kills, and they have been carefully apportioned by the Committee, who have tried to make it as equitable as possible. Shooting will start promptly at 2 P. M. Entrance, price of birds. Prize a pump gun; also optional sweeps:

Table with 10 columns (Targets 1-10) and 10 rows of names and scores.

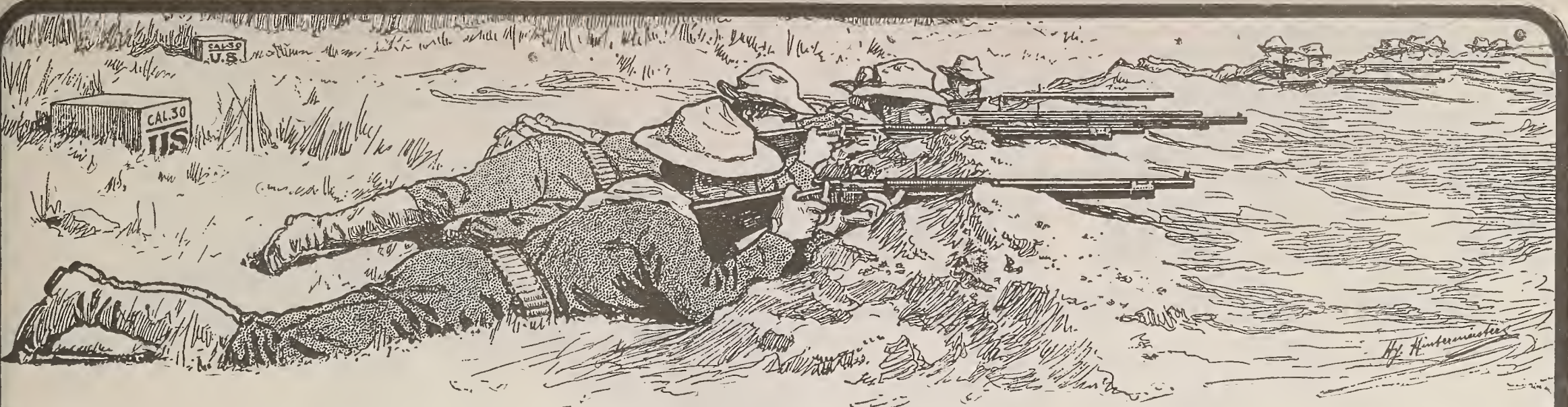
C. G. B.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Jan. 21.—A good lot of birds were trapped and tested the skill of the shooters thoroughly. Mr. F. Parker was placed at the back mark, 32yds., three yards further back than the next furthest mark, 29yds. He scored 24 out of the 25.

The conditions were 25 birds, handicap rise, \$10 entrance, high guns, birds extra; gun as prize to winner:

Table with 10 columns (Targets 1-10) and 10 rows of names and scores.



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WESTERN TRAP.

South Siders Annual Election.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 17.—At the annual meeting of the South Side Gun Club, held at Turner Hall, the following well-known shooters were elected to serve for 1905: President, Dr. Adolph Gropper; Vice-President, Charles W. Mott; Secretary, James T. Drought; Treasurer, Thomas M. Drought; Director, Charles W. Mitchell; Captain, Frank Gunther.

The report made by the treasurer shows the club to have prospered during 1904, and that applications for membership were on file.

There was much interest in the awards for last season. The James Bush cup, a fine silver loving cup for the largest number of scores by a member, was won by Thomas M. Drought, who shot 225 scores of 15 targets each, or a total of 3,375. He also won the twenty best scores, being 294 out of 300, and he was awarded the Chas. F. Pfister medal. The second best score was that of Chas. W. Mott, 278; Gropper and Bush tied and must shoot off, each having 275.

A committee was duly appointed for the purpose of conferring with other Milwaukee clubs, having in view the holding of a large tournament during the summer. It is certain that Milwaukee can hold a large shoot if all the clubs join. Shooters from many States will attend. Mott, Mitchell and Hammersmith are a good trio to push the "good thing" along.

First of the Season.

Des Moines, Ia.—The prospects for the Iowa shoot to be a grand starter for this year are growing bright. If the weather during the middle of March will be on its good behavior, then there will be a very large attendance.

Des Moines is surely the best place in the State to hold the shoot; being in the center, it can easily be reached alike by all. More shooters can and will come to this city than any other that could be selected. This being the capital of the State, there are ample hotel accommodations, and amusements for the evening's entertainments not found elsewhere.

Not only the traveling representatives, but all the amateurs will be glad of the first opportunity of the season to show what they can do after the winter lay-off. Conservative estimates place the attendance at 100. This being Charles Budd's home town, the Western boys will do him proud. Fred Gilbert and Pat Adams will get busy and bring all the shooters from their part of the State.

There is a wonderful difference in size of a crowd at the opening of the year, to what there generally is at the close of the season, and all that now stands out as a prominent factor to defeat the wishes of the great horde of Iowa shooters is the elements. Wind, rain or snow may come, but hope for the best.

In Other Places.

The local sportsmen of La Plata, Mo., are waking up, as the following would indicate: The La Plata Gun Club was organized Saturday, Jan. 14, with charter members, as follows: Julius Enslin, E. M. Gates, W. H. Johnson, T. J. Tate, A. E. Park, G. H. Lyons, J. T. Donighy, Dr. Paul Smith, W. T. Robinson, H. I. Sears, T. L. Rubey, B. G. Lyda, Geo. W. McDavitt, and W. W. Henderson. This organization proposes the enforcement of the game laws and to work for better legislation for the protection of game and fish.

The Freedom Gun Club, of Ottawa, Ill., held a shoot at Harding, on Jan. 17. A special prize was awarded to the one making the best score at 50 targets.

The annual meeting of the Pastime Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., was held Thursday last. Officers elected: Herman Schaeberle, President; James Gordon, Vice-President; Matthew Woolenweber, Secretary; William Buesser, Treasurer; Captain, William Webber; A. Tolsma, J. Cline and C. Weis, Directors. The winners for 1904 are: Tolsma, Class A; Whitmore, Class B; C. Weis, Class C; Hallebour, Class D. The trophy event also was won by Tolsma.

The old officers of the Empire Gun Club, of San Francisco, Cal., were all re-elected for 1905, viz.: President, James P. Sweeney; Vice-President, Dr. George B. Bere; Secretary, B. Hæver; Captain, A. J. Webb; Lieutenant, W. O. Cullum. The club is in excellent financial condition.

The Kentucky Gun Club held their regular shoot on Saturday last, no matter if the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were frozen over. There were two events, 25 targets, and 10 live birds. Members so desiring competed for the trophies without entering the purse events.

The shoot held at St. John, Mich., was as follows: Jud Cox's side: C. D. Wooley, A. F. Ryder, T. Newsome, G. E. Franks,

R. D. Letts, W. J. Strong, Roy Galligan, Roy Carr, E. H. Weston, J. Gardham, Carl Letts, Fred. Kelsey. Capt. Jake Carr: Adrian Wilson, J. H. Sessions, Roy Letts, F. Bennett, M. J. Hooton, J. W. Smith, J. Gubaugh, F. J. Bradley, F. Thomlinson, A. E. Sutfin, John Letts, Jr., and Irwin Smith.

Jan. 23 was the day selected by the Great Bend, Kans., Gun Club for their big shoot. At the election, held last week, the new officers proved to be: B. McMullen, President; L. Beightte, Vice-President; W. T. Seward, Secretary; Ed. Chapman, Treasurer. The prospects are that this club will flourish during the present year.

If the hopes of many of the shooters of Allentown, Pa., are realized, there will be a gun club of some 75 members at that burg during the coming season.

The incorporators of the Mansfield, O., Rod and Gun Club are: J. F. Harrington, H. Lomack, Thos. Miller, James English, Charles W. Moore and others.

The Elgin, Ill., Gun Club are working up to time. A fine prize is up. The shoots will be four in number, with a total of 100 targets. The dates fixed are Jan. 15, Jan. 29, Feb. 12 and Feb. 26. Provision is made whereby a member can shoot two scores one day, should the occasion require it.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Three members of the club were unable to be present on Jan. 14, and shot their scores in the cash prize series, 50 targets, on the 15th, as follows: Dick (20) 41, A. Sunderbruch (21) 34, Ward (19) 34.

The weather on Jan. 21 was very disagreeable, with snow and rain. Only thirteen members took part in the main event at 100 targets. In spite of the bad weather, an unusual number of good scores were made. Randall was high gun with 96, shooting his last string in the dark and breaking straight. Hesser was second with 94. Peters third with 92, and Trimble fourth with 90. Osterfeldt, though not among the high guns, made the run of the day, breaking 42 straight.

It will be good news to the boys to learn that Ackley is once more able to be up and about.

Lutie Gambell is well again, and is able to take active interest in the sport.

The boys are looking forward to a great time at the banquet on the 26th.

Several matches, team races and a few practice events were shot. Gambell shot more in his old form, making a run of 49 straight. The scores:

One hundred target race, 16yds.: Randall 96, Hesser 94, Peters 92, Trimble 90, Don Minto 88, Gambell 86, Pfeiffer 84, Osterfeldt 84, Pohlar 83, Herman 83, Nemo 77, Maynard 75, Harry 61.

Team match, 25 targets: Gambell23 Pohlar23 Pfeiffer21-44 Osterfeldt20-43

Match, 25 targets, low man pays: Gambell 22, Peters 20, Barker 14.

Match, 25 targets, low man pays: Peters 25, Gambell 20, Barker 16, Maynard 16, Burton 13.

Team match, 50 targets: Randall 23 25-48 Peters 23 24-47 Gambell 19 22-41 Barker 21 16-37 42 47 89 44 40 84

BONASA.

Fulford Memorial Fund.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 20.—Since furnishing a list of the subscribers to the Fulford fund up to Dec. 30, on which date I had on hand \$286, additional donations amounting to \$114.50 have been received, and bring up the total to \$400.50.

The committee has received assurances from a number of people that within the next few weeks good round donations will be forwarded, and by Feb. 1 I hope to see the fund attain the \$500 mark.

The donors since last report are as follows: Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club, Wm. T. Spicer, Col. J. T. Anthony, H. H. Stevens, Keystone Gun Club, Lebanon, Pa. (Wm. Bollman, treasurer), J. L. Head, Thos. F. Adkin, H. C. Hirschy, E. C. Griffith, C. G. Grubb, W. M. Locke, J. C. Garland, J. S. French, C. M. Wheeler, J. W. Osborne, G. E. Cook, T. H. Keller, Jr., G. R. Benjamin, Neaf Apgar, E. H. Storr, H. B. Lemcke, Paul R. Litzke, L. I. Wade, Maurice Kaufman, Dave Elliott, H. W. Cadwallader, L. T. Spinks, A. C. Thomas, A. N. Hardy, L. H. Reid, Howard George, Milt Lindsey, J. W. Hightower, Fred Coleman, M. F. Sharp, J. S. Cole, Jr., J. L. D. Morrison, F. D. Alkire, A. W. du Bray, L. B. Fleming, Anton Molle, Elmer E. Shaner. JAS. T. SKELLY.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Jan. 12.—The tournament of the South End Gun Club, of this city, was held to-day on the Island grounds, and was a success. This shoot was held in honor of the club's seventeenth anniversary, and guests were in attendance from different parts of Pennsylvania. In the open sweepstake events Harry Ball, of this city, carried off the high average prize with a score of 165 out of 175 targets, with Frank Gerhard a close second with 162 scored. The scores follow:

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Includes names like Ball, Gerhard, Essick, Eshelman, Miles, Smith, Henry, Matz, Gicker, Farr, Melcher, Schultze, Seibert, Yost, Wilson, Garrett, Chas. Carver, Gile, Barry, J. Ennis, F. Ennis, W. Carver.

Tower City, Pa., Jan. 14.—Two thousand persons here witnessed a shooting match at live birds for a purse of \$200 between Evan Rimmel, of Donaldson, and William Bendigo, of Tower City, which resulted in a tie, each man killing 9 out of 15. Scores: Bendigo110110111100001-9 Kimmel111110000100111-9

South Bethlehem, Pa., Jan. 12.—On snowbound Madden Field the North End Gun Club erected improvised traps to-day and held a live-bird shoot. Fifteen birds were shot at for a club medal. Kline and Saeger were tied for first place, and the shoot-off will take place in a day or two. The individual scores follow: Kline 14, Saeger 14, Boehm 12, R. Marsh 12, Ache 12, Cole 10, Fehr 10.

Lansdale, Pa., Jan. 10.—A very interesting live-bird match shoot was decided on the grounds of the Lansdale Gun Club, between Frank Henry, of this place, and James Walters, of Easton. The shoot was at 50 birds each for a purse of \$50 a side, and attracted many admirers of the sport from this and adjoining counties. The event was close from start to finish, as the contestants proved to be well matched. Henry won out by 2 birds, and another match shoot will likely be the result. The final score showed Henry had killed 41, to Walters' 39 pigeons.

Trappe, Pa., Jan. 9.—The live-bird shoot of the Trappe Gun Club was held on the grounds at this place, this afternoon. Interstate Association rules governed the events, shot off before one of the best attendances of the season. The principal events were the two 20 live-bird races between Albert Geist, of Fagleyville; Edward Emmers, of Royersford, and Charles Knipe, of this place, the two former each killing 47 out of 50 birds. Scores:

First event, 25 birds each, purse \$25: Geist 24, Emmers 23, Knipe 19.

Second event, 25 birds each, purse \$25: Emmers 24, Geist 23, Knipe 19.

Reading, Pa., Jan. 11.—The team shoot held on the Island grounds, this city, between the Eureka Camping Club and the "South End Regulars" resulted in a victory for the latter team by 15 targets. The scores follow:

Team shoot, teams of six men, 25 targets each: South End Regulars—Gerhart (captain) 24, Ball 25, Eshelman 23, Shultz 18, Miles 24, Farr 22; total 136.

Eureka—Essick (captain) 22, Matz 20, Yost 23, Gicker 20, Henry 18, Meleher 18; total 121.

Tamaqua, Pa., Jan. 10.—In the presence of sporting men from all parts of the region, William Fox, of Morea, defeated Michael Hannon, of town, in a shooting match here at live birds, killing 10 to his opponent's 8. The match was for \$200 a side and the gate receipts. Much money was wagered on the result.

Avon, Pa., Jan. 12.—H. A. Blecker, of Richland, to-day won a match at live birds, at the Avon Inn grounds, making a clean score by killing 25 straight. George Diffenbaugh and Thomas Kissinger each killed 18 of their quota.

Robeson, Pa., Jan. 14.—The live pigeon and target shoot to-day at the Robeson House, D. T. Link, proprietor, was well attended. The scores:

First event, 7 birds, Gorge Zeller 6, Kissinger 5, Batdorf 6, Link 1, Rabold 2, Blecker 5, Bensingler 4, Mathew 5, Wise 6.

Second event, 10 targets: Kissinger 10, Bensingler 8, Rabold 2, Link 10.

Flourtown, Pa., Jan. 12.—The best and largest attended live-bird shoot of the season was held by the Flourtown Gun Club at this place, when expert wing shots from Philadelphia, Chestnut Hill and up the Schuylkill Valley were in attendance. The prize was a handsome pony, and was won by Albert P. Geist, the well-known wing shot of Fagleyville. A large number of entries faced the traps, and the best scores follow:

Miss-and-out, 28yds. rise: Geist 17, Harry Jones 16, Edward Rothnell 15, Hoopes 14, William Cloverdals 13, Thomas Smith 13, George Bull 12, Mortimore 12, Peterman 9, Hothersall 9, Inson 9, Bircher 9, Green 7, Trimble 7, Felton 5, Ballentine 5, Emmers 5, Fitzwater 5, Streep 4, Rothinson 4, Everett 4. DUSTER.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Jan. 21.—"Dr. Martin" scored a win on the January cup, with a score of 25 straight, he being one of the club's scratch men. Messrs. Vanderveer and Bedford were close seconds with 24. Scores:

January cup shoot, 25 targets, allowances added:			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.				
Palmer, Jr.	0	23	23	Dr O'Brien	4	15	19
Dr Martin	0	25	25	Damron	7	10	17
Marshall	5	10	15	Bedford, Jr.	1	23	24
Vanderveer	4	20	24	Lockwood	5	13	18

Team shoot, 25 targets:			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.				
Palmer	0	20	20	Lott	1	19	20
Dr. Martin	0	24	24-44	Vanderveer	4	15	19-39
Stephenson	1	22	23				
Hopkins	1	15	16-39				

Event, 15 targets:			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.				
Remsen	0	13	13	Vanderveer	2	10	12
Glover	0	14	14	Lockwood	3	6	9
Bedford	0	12	12	Hopkins	0	13	13
Stephenson	0	11	11	Hopkins	2	8	10
Marshall	3	8	11	Damron	4	7	11

Shoot-off, same conditions: Remsen 13, Hopkins 13.
Shoot-off, same conditions: J. S. Remsen 13, L. C. Hopkins 10.

Event, 15 targets:			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.				
Remsen	0	13	13	Lockwood	2	12	14
Glover	0	12	12	Vanderveer	3	9	12
Bedford	0	12	12	Hopkins	0	13	13
Stephenson	0	13	13	Stake	2	11	13
Marshall	3	7	10	Damron	4	12	15

Event, 15 targets:			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.				
Palmer, Jr.	0	15	15	Stake	2	9	11
Glover	0	12	12	Remsen	0	13	13
Bedford, Jr.	0	10	10	Damron	4	9	13
Stephenson	0	13	13	Lott	0	14	14
Marshall	3	8	11	Vanderveer	2	11	13
Lockwood	3	11	14	O'Brien	2	10	12

Event, 15 targets:			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.				
Remsen	0	12	12	Vanderveer	2	12	14
Glover	0	11	11	Martin	0	13	13
Palmer, Jr.	0	11	11	Hopkins	0	11	11
Stephenson	0	12	12	Lockwood	3	12	15
Bedford, Jr.	0	12	12	O'Brien	2	7	9
Lott	0	12	12	Damron	4	10	14
Marshall	3	8	11				

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.				
Palmer, Jr.	0	13	13	Lockwood	3	12	15
Stephenson	0	14	14	O'Brien	2	6	8
Martin	0	10	10	Damron	4	10	14
Lott	0	14	14	Hopkins	0	10	10

Event, 25 targets:			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.				
Remsen	0	20	20	Vanderveer	4	22	25
Glover	0	22	22	Martin	0	23	23
Palmer, Jr.	0	23	23	Lockwood	5	13	18
Stephenson	1	24	25	McDermott	6	13	19
Bedford, Jr.	1	20	21	Damron	7	15	22
Lott	1	18	19	O'Brien	4	17	21
Marshall	5	10	15	Sykes	4	18	22

Shoot-off, same conditions: F. B. Stephenson 24, H. B. Vanderveer 21.

Experiments with a Choke Bore.

THOSE of our readers who followed the experiments to determine the flight of shot charges which we published about the beginning of last year will no doubt remember that we showed that the passage of the shot through the muzzle of a choked gun reduced its velocity. It seemed reasonable enough at the time to suppose that the motion of a charge of shot through the barrel would be checked in its exit through the constricted muzzle; but the experimental proof of this fact represented an original piece of work. To establish an actual difference of muzzle velocity as between choke and cylinder barrels of identical characteristics, and firing the same charge, was to confirm a very interesting and by no means generally accepted theory concerning the action of the choke in diminishing the dispersion of the pellets. Stated briefly, the theory is that the slight check put upon the motion of the shot when it encounters the choke causes a piling up of the gases behind the wad. These gases rebound backward and check the outflow of the gases during the period when the shot is getting clear of the muzzle. In this way the impact of the blast of gas against the rear of the shot charge just after it leaves the muzzle is diminished, so allowing the shot pellets to travel in a straighter line than if they are more violently pushed about by the outrush of gas.

At the time of making the above-quoted experiments we decided to subject this theory of choke boring to further analysis. An opportunity for so doing recently arose when the Birmingham Small Arms Company forwarded a specimen of their new B. S. A. barrel tubes, in order that it might be subjected to a destruction test for determining the quality of the steel. There is always a feeling of regret at spoiling a fine piece of workmanship, and we can certainly say that the barrel submitted to us represented an exceptionally well executed sample of the company's output. It was perfectly straight, as judged by the trained human eye, and without a mark or ripple along its entire interior surface. In fact, it showed most conclusively that the genuine English barrel tube can be made perfect, as well as cheap. So as to obtain some interesting experimental information from this barrel before destroying it, we decided to carry out with it a series of choke experiments which had been planned out in detail for some time past. The barrel was accordingly fine bored and lapped out to a

diameter of .732in., and the shape of the choke at the muzzle was adjusted on ideal lines. As the barrel tube was made to screw into our experimental action, there was no difficulty about firing it. The chamber was made true in form and dimensions, being .002in. larger than the recognized minimum sizes.

The special object of the series of experiments which were undertaken was to ascertain exactly what influence the choke exerted upon the muzzle velocity of the shot. Incidentally we also decided to ascertain the influence upon pattern and velocity of the distance of the choke from the muzzle of the gun. We accordingly arranged that the choke should be finished off so as to leave 3/4in. of parallel bore between the choke and the muzzle. It is a well-known fact in practical gun-making that the quality of the pattern is to a great extent influenced by the distance of the choke from the muzzle. Our own experience, which covers a great number of experiments, is that the chamber, the cone, and the barrel need no subsequent regulation or adjustment, so long as they are truly fashioned to a proper specification of dimensions. The value of the pattern thrown is mainly influenced by the shape and position of the choke, and it is at this portion of the barrel that the expert borer can produce any needful change in the shooting of the weapon. The finished barrel, when ready for our tests, had a diameter at the muzzle of .713in., .732in. being the diameter of the barrel, and .695in. being the accepted muzzle diameter of a fully choked 12-bore barrel. This diameter of muzzle would be considered half-choke boring, and the patterns should accordingly average about 180 pellets under the usual conditions of test. Previous experience has frequently shown us that the best shooting is obtained when the front cylinder does not exceed 1/2in. in length. We accordingly decided to reduce the 3/4in. length existing in the barrel by progressive steps in the course of the experiments. To avoid altering the interior shape of the barrel by working the choke away from the back, we decided that a more perfect comparative test would be obtained by cutting off pieces from the muzzle, stage by stage. We accordingly made a series of rings at different distances from the muzzle, so that upon cutting away up to the marked places we should have, first, the existing 3/4in. front cylinder, then one of 1/2in. length, following that a 1/4in. front cylinder, and finally one of 1/8in. in length, the next piece removed from the barrel taking away the whole of the choke and converting it into a true cylinder.

With each length of barrel we conducted an exhaustive series of tests, first for pattern, and secondly for velocity. The latter experiments were of an exceedingly complex character, involving the taking of no less than 125 time measurements to the nearest thousandth part of a second, and an account of them must be deferred. For the moment we are content with giving the accompanying table of patterns, showing the shooting of the gun under each of the five conditions above enumerated:

	Choke Patterns.				Cylinder Patterns. Length of front cylinder. (Choke entirely removed).
	3/4in.	1/2in.	1/4in.	1/8in.	
Average	193	207	205	206	127
Percentage of total charge...	63	68	68	68	42
Figure of merit for regularity	11	5	4	4	13

The figures here given represent the number of pellets in a selected 30in. circle, firing at 40yds., with a standard cartridge containing 1 1/2oz. of No. 6 shot. The most remarkable aspect of the records is that such a high range of patterns should be obtained from a barrel with a difference between bore and muzzle of .019in. instead of the .037in., which is usually considered necessary for obtaining full-choke results. With the long front cylinder an average pattern of 193 pellets was obtained, the deviation from shot to shot being small. When, however, the muzzle was reduced so as to come within 1/2in. of the choke the pattern was materially improved, giving an average of 14 more pellets on each reading, and a degree of regularity which we can only regard as phenomenal. The column showing the figure of merit represents the average deviation of each pattern from the average for the series. Like figures of merit in rifles, the smaller they are the greater the merit. When the front cylinder was further reduced to a 1/4in. the patterns remained practically the same, with a fractional improvement in regularity, and a further reduction to 1/8in. similarly produced no effect. The first four columns of results thus show that, with a perfect barrel tube and perfect boring, a choke of .713in. is capable of producing a good average pattern slightly over 200 pellets on the 30in. circle. Such a result is, however, much superior to the accepted behavior of half-choke boring, and we may attribute the high average value of the patterns obtained to the absence of occasional bad shots, whose tendency is naturally to lower the mean figures for the series. After removing the whole of the remaining choke, we obtained a series of cylinder patterns, which must be characterized as remarkably good. For once in a way there was an absence of any low shots, and although the regularity was not by any means equal to that of the choke results, it must still be passed as exceedingly satisfactory. A deviation of thirteen pellets in 127 is markedly inferior to five pellets in 207, but this is quite usual. In the entire series of twenty-five patterns, only two were deleted from the records, as inconsistent with the other figures in the same series.

Speaking of the patterns as a whole, we must say that they were characterized by great evenness of distribution, and a marked absence of any tendency to cluster in some places at the expense of bareness in others. In spite of the high count of the pellets and the consistency of the individual readings to the average for each series, the tendency toward close grouping in the center of the circle was much less noticeable than when shooting with an ordinary fully-choked gun. With the maximum construction of muzzle, the pellets are oftentimes so close at the center of the pattern as to reduce the diameter of the killing circle to something less than 30in. In the series of shots under consideration, the whole 30in. was a true killing circle, the pellets being so well distributed around the inner margin of the inclosed space as to obviate all appearance of a heavily indented center. Although our tests at this time of year are commonly characterized by a velocity lower than 1050ft. per second over the usual 20yds., on the present occasion the average exceeded by a small margin the limit we are in the habit of expecting from a standard cartridge. Using the same barrel, and firing cartridges similar to those employed for the tests of pattern, the average 20yds. velocity of the twenty-five cartridges fired in our velocity experiments was 1062ft. per second. While this excess is immaterial in itself, it at least goes to show that the good patterns recorded were not obtained at the expense of velocity.—London Field.

Springfield (O.) Gun Club.

AFTER a rest of several weeks, the Springfield, O., Gun Club resumed activities on Jan. 14 and held a shoot in which seven members participated. Young headed the list with 110 out of 125 and 88 out of his first 100. Poole was second with 99 out of 125. We are glad to state that Gen. W. Morgan, one of the officers, and a prominent member of the club, who has been ill for some time, has fully recovered, and is once more able to take up his duties. In appreciation of the services rendered by Mrs. Morgan during the past year as score-keeper, the club made her a Christmas present of \$25. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	at. Broke.
Young	24	20	22	22	22	125 110
Poole	21	17	23	18	20	125 99
Kirby	21	22	19	19	100 81
Strong	19	23	18	20	100 80
Foley	21	21	19	18	100 79
Phillips	17	18	..	20	75 55
Thompson	20	17	50 37

Foord and Squier vs. Banks and McKelvey.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 19.—On the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club to-day, a two-man team match was shot, the contestants being Messrs. W. M. Foord and Luther J. Squier against Messrs. Banks and James McKelvey. The former won by a score of 180 to 169. The scores follow:

Foord	22	25	20	25	—92	Banks	20	25	21	22	—87
Squier	22	21	21	24	—88	McKelvey	24	19	18	21	—169

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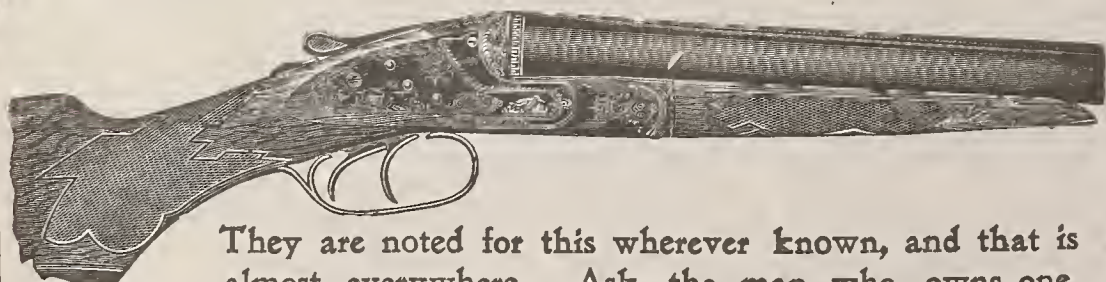
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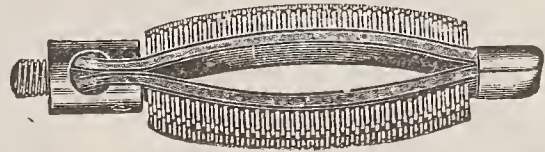
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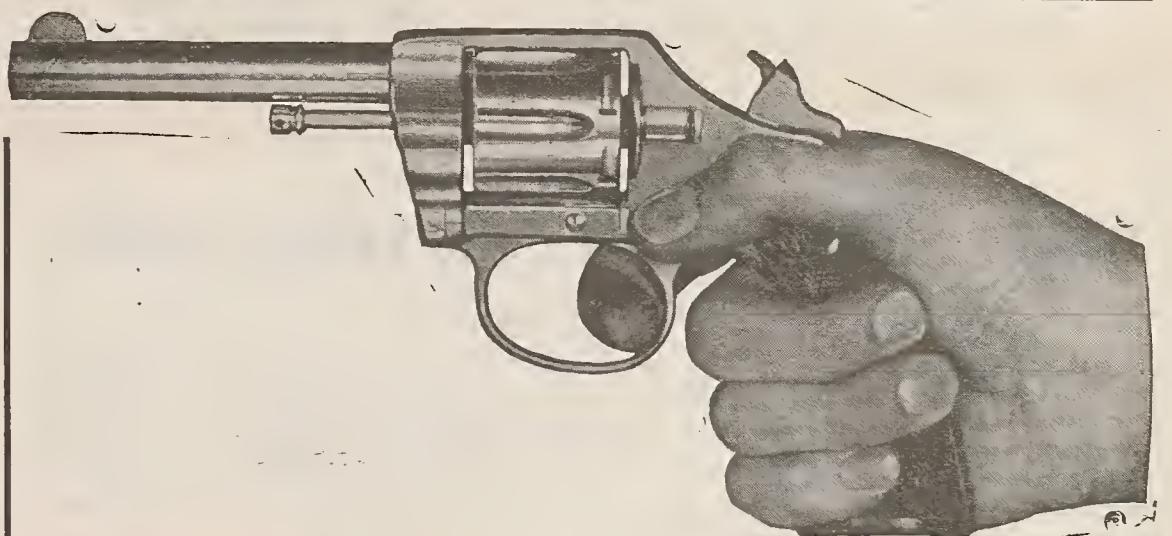
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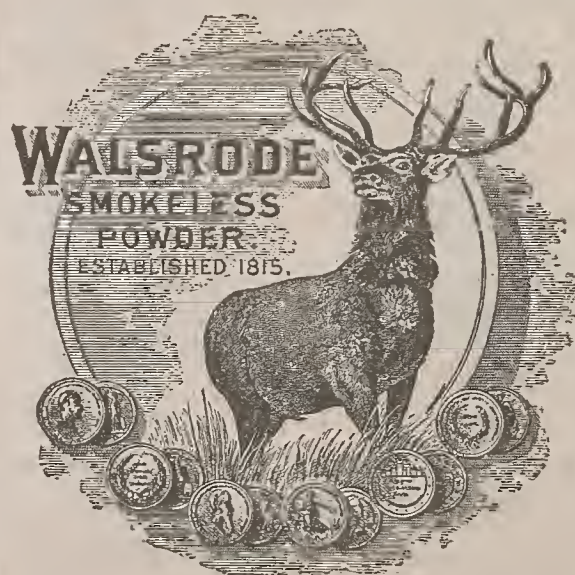
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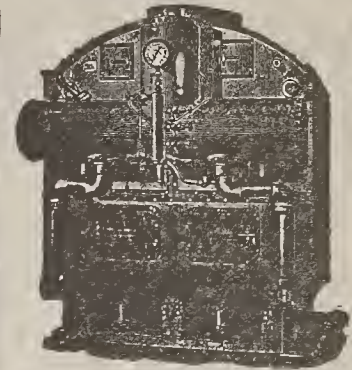
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1905.

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FISHING TRESPASS.

THE notion that one may invade private property for the purpose of exercising an assumed right of fishing in public waters has wide vogue and persistency worthy of a better cause. It has come up in the courts repeatedly, and in the final decision always disastrously. We have recorded numerous decisions on the subject. There was a Vermont case; in 1892 the Legislature adopted a law to the effect that crossing uncultivated lands to reach public waters for the purpose of fishing should not be actionable unless actual damage were shown; but when a case got into court it was held that the law was unconstitutional because, in effect, it was taking private property for private use without the consent of the owner. "The Legislature could as well pass a law," said the court, "that any private property may be crossed against the will of the owner for the purpose of reaching a highway by land, as to pass one that it may thus be crossed for the purpose of reaching public waters for the purpose of taking fish therefrom."

The Swartwood pond case in New Jersey was another one in point. Here the claim was made that the waters had been stocked with landlocked salmon by the State, that in consequence there was public right of fishing, and that an individual, as one of the public, had the right to enter upon the private property of the owner to take the fish. Here again the contention failed to stand judicial scrutiny. The court declared that contention of a right to fish was sustained neither by common law nor by statute. There is in the common law "no general rule authorizing a member of a community, merely as such, to invade private property in order to reach something that is devoted to the public." Nor do the acts relating to fish and game "manifest a legislative intent to legalize what would otherwise be trespass, in pursuit of a private advantage, and if they had manifested such intent, it would be to that extent invalid."

The point has been threshed out in New York, where if there were any statutory justification for fishing trespass, it would be found in the act of the Legislature which provided that all water theretofore stocked by the State or which might thereafter be so stocked should remain open to the public to fish therein. The most recent case nullifying this legislative provision was that of Rockefeller vs. Lamora, which has already been reported in these columns. Lamora claimed the privilege of fishing in certain Adirondack waters owned by Rockefeller, basing his claim upon the contention that the waters had been stocked by the State, and that as a citizen of the State he was justified in trespassing upon the Rockefeller preserve to take the fish. The court pointed out that under the operation of such a law the State Fish Commissioners might enter upon a man's private fisheries without his knowledge and consent, and by depositing in them fish hatched by the State, convert his property to public use, and thus destroy his private rights, which would be taking private property for public use without compensation. "The effect of the law would be a more complete destruction of riparian rights than the declaring of a stream a public highway for the floating of logs without adequate compensation, which the courts have uniformly condemned."

The latest manifestation of the fishing right delusion is reported from Colorado in the case of Hartman vs. Tresise, now in the Supreme Court. The facts as agreed upon by both parties were these:

"1. That the plaintiff is the owner of, is in the possession and enjoyment of, and has properly inclosed with a lawful fence, the land described in the complaint.

"2. That the plaintiff has at all times had, and now has, notices posted forbidding trespassing and fishing on his premises.

"3. That the defendant went upon and into the stream which flowed through said premises, for the purpose of fishing; that he had gone there frequently against the protest and warnings of the plaintiff, given to him personally by the plaintiff, and that he had refused repeatedly to quit fishing in said stream, and declared frequently to said plaintiff that he would fish in said stream whenever he chose to do so.

"4. That the stream in which the defendant Tresise was fishing at said time was a natural stream and was stocked with fish at the expense of the public.

"5. That the defendant Tresise was armed with a re-

volver and was prepared to, and declared his intention to plaintiff to, resist a forcible ejection from said stream by said plaintiff."

It was held by the lower court that the only question to be determined was whether or not a citizen of the State had a right to fish in the natural streams against the wishes and protests of the owner of the land through which the streams flow.

The assumed right as a citizen is found in an article of the constitution of Colorado, which declares the waters of every natural stream, not heretofore appropriated, the property of the public, and the same is dedicated to the use of the people of the State. And, further, upon a provision in the fish act of 1903, which provided that the public should have the right to fish in any stream stocked at public expense, subject to actions in trespass for any damage done property along the bank of any such stream.

We have not space to go into a full consideration of the argument of Mr. Sprigg Shackelford, the plaintiff's attorney, in which is demonstrated the fallacy of the decree of the lower court from which appeal has been taken:

The reasoning of the judge, who rendered the decree, is fatally defective. His major premise is: "The Constitution declares the waters of the natural streams belong to the public, and are dedicated to the use of the people, as hereinafter provided (for domestic, agricultural and manufacturing purposes);" his minor premise is: "The defendant is the people (one of the citizens of the State)," and his conclusion is: "Therefore, the defendant has the right to invade his neighbor's premises, to fish." Could there be a more pronounced case of *non sequitur*?

Of the act of the Legislature in which alleged justification is found for fishing trespass, Mr. Shackelford pertinently says that it is not only obnoxious to the provisions of the State and Federal Constitutions, but vicious in itself, for it is an open invitation to trespass and to violation of rights which have been recognized ever since ownership in land has been recognized by law. We may be confident that the outcome of this fishing trespass case in Colorado will be what the outcome has been elsewhere. When we consider the principles involved, we can anticipate no other conclusion.

CANINE GUARDIANS.

CONCERNING a recent distressing murder which took place in Massachusetts, the Troy Press suggests:

Supposing a lively fox-terrier, with a loud bark and sharp teeth, had been in the house when the assassin called. It would have greatly embarrassed, if not completely thwarted, his hellish work. In such circumstances, killing both a dog and a woman is a much more hazardous undertaking than to kill a woman alone. Indeed, the presumption is that the presence of a dog would have saved Miss Page's life. At such a country home a tramp is likely to call at almost any time, and finding a woman alone, to resort to crime. But every criminal intruder has a wholesome dread of a dog; it will readily risk death in defense of its mistress. The dog beats bolts and bars as a protection, and as a companion is worth more than it costs. Every woman who is left alone much in a house should keep a good dog; it will save her trouble when pestered with tramps or agents, and in a case like the one in question it might save her life.

The fame and utility of the dog as a trusty sentinel and guardian of the domicile, whether in town or wilderness, have been well known to man from time immemorial. By long heredity from his wild ancestors, he retains the character of watchfulness, an essential trait in maintaining the safety and existence of the pack in wild life.

As a guardian he is keen and discriminating. In the daytime he is only passively curious. Friends of the family are approved without a sniff or growl. In the nighttime he is actively hostile to all intruders. Of these few escape his attention. He is a light sleeper, and phenomenally keen of nose and ear. Disturbances so light as to be imperceptible to the household, are easily perceived by him and investigated silently or announced with wild outcry, according as he deems them to be safe or dangerous.

Concerning the reckless classes of criminals and their professional methods, it has been stated many times that those whose specialty has to do with the robbing of houses—the sneak-thief, house-breaker and burglar—have a lively dread of the small, alert, active, plucky terriers. The fox-terrier is particularly disliked, because of his incessant watchfulness, promptness to sound an alarming

outcry of barks, and readiness to pluckily take hold if need be. If pursued, he can escape through a small opening; if he acts as pursuer, he is so small and agile that no man is quick enough to reach him. At all times, whether pursuing or pursued, he is sounding an alarm.

As a guardian of the home, the dog has been tried for centuries and proved to be true and useful. A good one costs but a few dollars, and costs no more to keep than a cur which is worthless. Besides being guardians, they are good companions, and if well bred and typical, they also are an ornamental appendage to a home.

But what a commentary it is upon our social organization that at this stage of the world's history we should be enjoined to resort to the general keeping of dogs, and thus to adopt the expedient of primitive man, to safeguard our homes and persons.

MODERATION.

A COMMON objection urged in criticism or depreciation of the laws which set a limit on the amount of game one may kill in a day or a season, is that they are in practice incapable of enforcement. Unquestionably a weak point in the law is that it has to do with the conduct of the individual when in the field and beyond surveillance. The law may declare that no more than ten birds may be taken in a day; but whether or not the limitation shall be observed in actual practice must of necessity be a matter of individual conscience. The probabilities are that infractions of the law will not come to the knowledge of those whose business it may be to take notice of them.

Nevertheless the influence of the game bag limitation makes for good. It does govern the conduct of many, actually causing them to stop when they have reached the prescribed limit; and in other cases it prevents at least the display of excessive bags and the taking of credit for the making of them. In other words, it exerts a silent influence to create a standard of conduct beyond which men may not pass and make public boast of it. The existence of the limit rule in the law, and the common knowledge that it is there, create a popular sentiment in favor of the restriction it is intended to secure. Men will no longer brag of a big bag of birds when the achievement is illicit. Thus simply to have put the big bag under a ban is to have abolished it from the toleration of the shooter who wishes to conform to the sentiment of the craft and be well thought of by his fellow sportsmen. In sport, quite as truly as in other fields, sentiment is a factor of exceeding power. It will secure much more than can ever be achieved by wardens and courts. There is no question that the growing sentiment is in depreciation of the big bag of game, and in censure of the shooter who boasts of excessive killing.

The duty of every sportsman in these days is to preach and practice the doctrine of moderation.

MINNESOTA LICENSES.

MINNESOTA has discovered that it is one thing to declare by statute that the non-resident sportsman must pay a license for shooting birds, and quite another thing to enforce the law. According to the current report of the Game and Fish Commissioners, hundreds of non-residents invade the State every season and kill birds, and avoid paying license by the simple expedient of declaring themselves residents of Minnesota. To circumvent this abuse, Executive Agent Fullerton proposes a universal shooting license to apply to residents as well as visitors. Then every shooter would be compelled to show a license; if he could not show that of a resident, he would be compelled to take out a non-resident permit. Manifestly this would effectually end the non-resident no license. Again, Mr. Fullerton says, under the proposed system provision would be made for attaching a coupon to each license, thereby allowing the sportsmen to ship their game home. This has been a very vexed question with the Minnesota authorities, because under the law they could not distinguish between the genuine sportsmen and the market-hunter, but had to prevent everybody from shipping. But "if a license law were in force, all that a sportsman would have to do would be to tear off his coupon, attach it to his shipment, and send to his home to be enjoyed by his family, while he remained in the field; and in warm weather this is essential, because game spoils very quickly."



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Buffalo Hunt with the Comanches

(Continued from page 67.)

THE days were warm and pleasant, but the nights were cool. I rode all day in my shirt sleeves, only wearing a coat at night. When away from the post this way, our officers were not particular as to what we wore as long as we kept on at least one piece of the uniform; we had to do that. I had left the post wearing a pair of corduroy trousers, an army blouse and a white hat; but had since thrown off the blouse and put on a canvas hunting coat of the chief's, and wore moccasins instead of boots. Had this lieutenant met me and not known me, the only evidence he could find about me to suspect me of being a soldier would be my saddle and pistol holsters; my field belt even I had made myself. But I had a traveling order. It is given to every man who leaves the post for more than a day or two, and tells who he is, where he is going, what he is going there for, and tells him, lest he should forget it (I would be liable to forget it anyhow), to return without loss of unnecessary time. He is supposed to show this order to anyone asking for it. I would never show mine to anyone except a commissioned officer or a sheriff if I knew him to be one; or if he first showed me his badge or commission. Some of these fellows out on the frontier here were always anxious to see our orders when they met us; they were after the \$30 that are paid for arresting a deserter. To one of them I would refer to my pistol as my traveling order, and generally had to refer to it only once to the same man. I had the sheriff of Parker county, Texas, stop me in the road one day and hand out his commission. I did not know him, but he only wanted me and six men I had with me to act as his posse and help him to arrest a lot of cowboys. He got us as soon as I knew who he was. I was always ready to help civil authorities until Congress told us to step it, and not meddle with civil affairs.

I camped early to-night, as I came to a creek that had good timber on it, and did not know whether the next creek would be five or fifty miles from here, and did not want to make another camp without fire. I left the Crow in camp to watch, and the Antelope and I went to look for more of his namesakes to shoot. We kept up along the creek, looking carefully at both banks of it for a trail of deer or antelope which would be coming here for water, and at last found one only a few hours old. The Antelope got down on his knees and studying it, said: "They were in here this morning."

"Let us go out on the trail and wait until they come in this evening," I said.

After we had watched on this trail for an hour, the boy told me that they were coming. I could just see them away across the prairie. He let them come up to within thirty yards, then fired, and the leader dropped. Then I fired and got one; then let him fire, and it took two shots for him to get another. Then I sent three shots among them. They had got over their panic now, and were beginning to run, and I downed my second one. "Don't fire again," I told the boy, "we have enough. Let the rest go until the next time."

I should have shot but two, only that I wanted the hides for buckskin. The Antelope brought out the ponies, and putting two antelope on each, we returned to camp.

In traveling over this country I had to do just as we do at sea, only I had no sextant to tell me at noon each day just where I was. Now I had to go by dead reckoning, and never knew exactly just where I was. I would mark on the map each night the spot where I thought I was then; next note the direction our main camp was from here; then make up my mind as to where I wanted to go next day; go there after I had marked it in my map, then try to verify by the distance I had traveled to-day and the direction whether I was right or not. There were no mountains, or I could have taken bearings from them, and then be sure that I was right.

While I was at this the boys would watch me closely, then ask, "Where are we now?"

"Here," I would say, pointing to my map.

"And where is the big camp?"

"Over here where this mark is."

"Does the box [the compass] say so?"

"Yes; it tells me where I am and where the big camp is. That mark there on the box points to the big camp to-day. To-morrow it won't; but to-morrow I'll show you which of these marks points to it then."

I kept to the northeast next day. The place I meant to camp at, if I had not made any mistakes, would be thirty miles directly south of our main camp. Before starting to-day I put two venison hams on each saddle to carry with us, as I did not know but what we might strike a poor camp for game.

The creek on which I camped at night had some heavy timber on it, and I thought it would be a good place to find turkeys. The Antelope and I went to look for them, and found a turkey roost, but the turkeys were not at home yet. After dark all three of us went back and found that the turkeys were there. The tree was full of them. It was so dark that we could not see to aim, but could only stand under the tree and shoot straight up. If we shot the lower ones first, then those roosting higher up would sit still and let us shoot until we got all of them; but if we should happen to hit one which was roosting high up and this one on its way down were

to hit one of the others, as it was likely to do, then all would leave; and that is just what happened. I gave the boys each a pistol and kept the rifle myself, and we got under the tree and began firing. A number of turkeys dropped, and at last a big one that must have had a room near the roof got a call, and on its way down knocked another one off its perch, and this one, giving a squawk, lit out, followed by the rest of them. But the big turkey was not through knocking yet; it landed square on the Crow's head and shoulders, knocking him down also.

The Comanche language does not contain a great many curse words; but the English language has a few also, and the Crow getting up now proceeded to make copious extracts from both languages to express his opinion of this turkey, his fathers, his grandfathers, and all the rest of the turkey tribe, while I and the Antelope rolled on the grass yelling and laughing. We hunted up our dead turkeys, and found that we had six.

"Now I don't want many of these turkeys cut up to-night," I told the boys. "We go home to-morrow; let us bring most of them in for the squaws to cook. The Crow can eat the big one which hit him, though; I don't care."

"No, I'll take him home," he said, "but I'll scalp him here." He did this, and then burned the scalp, after doing some more cursing over it. Then they plucked a smaller turkey for our supper.

Next morning I got ready to pull out for home. I had six deer skins and five turkeys to carry on three ponies; but an Indian pony can carry almost any load that is put on him, and generally looks as though you had forgotten him if you don't pile half a ton on his back and climb on top of it yourself.

Late in the afternoon the Crow, who was riding ahead, on coming to a rise in the prairie, pointed ahead and said, "There is campo."

"Yes, the box told me that it was there an hour ago."

I had been gone five days, but no one had come to the camp. Buffalo were getting scarce, but there was no use in our going further west after them. I had been far enough west to see that there were none there, none at least in the country I had been in. They were west of us somewhere; but the Mexicans would sooner or later drive them east to us again. The chief said he would stay here a while longer, then if buffalo did not come he would go home. It would take him a month or more to get home if he were to start now. He had as many robes and as much meat as the ponies he had saddles for could carry. They can carry robes on a pony without a saddle, but don't like to do it. The squaws made the saddles, and I had been handling them for years, but had never seen them made. I did now. They are only two forks, cut out of limbs of trees, with small boards cut out of soft wood to rest on the pony's back. All the tools a squaw has to make them with are her small ax, penknife and butcher knife, and a stout piece of wire to burn holes with. There is not a nail or rivet about the saddle. It is put together with rawhide thongs put on wet, and when they get dry they are nearly as hard as iron.

The chief set the squaws to making saddles and mending broken bridles. Their work on these bridles was rather clumsy; I had made and mended machine belts years ago, and taking a broken bridle rein, I shaved off each end, then lapping them, sewed it with sinews, while the squaws looked on; then they could do it themselves.

What I had been looking for all winter now took place, rations ran out. The chief's squaw cut us down to bread once a day, and soon gave us none at all. There was no more flour. Next the coffee and sugar went. "Well, I can live on deer, turkey and buffalo as long as the Comanche can," I said to the chief.

"Yes you are a Comanche now. I say it. I have given you the Comanche feathers and you wear them. Every Comanche will know when he sees them that you are one; and some day you will come to me; then we will come here and stay. We won't go back any more. It is good. I say it."

"If I think it is as good as the chief seems to think it is," I said to myself, "I may be out here some day with these Comanches, deployed across the prairie here ready to fight the cavalry. I would have one advantage over the chief then, I would know just how this cavalry would go about taking me in; and know how to block the game, and I might know the officer in command, and whether he was fast or slow, and if he were slow, while he was studying up his next move, I might take him in. I have been with a troop of cavalry when it has driven a lot of Indians before it like a flock of sheep, when, if there had been with these Indians a white man who knew just the strength of this troop, and had these Indians been Comanches, he might have swung them into line and have wiped the troop out."

"No," I told the chief, "it is not well. In a few years now the buffalo will be all gone, the white man is killing them off; we see it; and then the Comanche could not live here; he would starve to death. You are a good Indian now, the Great Father knows it, his big chiefs here tell him so. You stay on the reservation. I don't want to see my brothers starve."

More than one Indian war might have been avoided, had there been a white man whom the Indians could trust to tell them to stop at home.

Seven years after this, when this band and a num-

ber of others did go out, I rode into their camp alone, and persuaded him to take his band home again and another that he controlled. My troop was over twenty miles away, and I did not have to fire a shot.

We had about all the robes and meat the ponies could carry. A pony cannot carry much over 180 pounds, and carry it day after day; and while a good mule can only carry 300 pounds, he can drag a thousand. I was studying a plan to give us more transportation, but found that I could not make it work. I did not have the right kind of saddles. I wanted to make travois—they are only a rude kind of horse litter, and are not much used by these southern Indians. I had seen them among the Crows at the north. These Crows are the Comanches of the north, they and the Comanche have many traits in common. The travois is made by lashing two long poles to the saddle, then lacing a rawhide between them; the load goes on the rawhide, and once on it, can be left on, as the poles have to be taken off the saddle each night to get the saddle off.

I made one of these for my packsaddle, and one of the chief's big mules dragged half a ton of robes on it all the way home. (I could not use these travois now though, for they do not use packsaddles in the army, but aparajoes, which resemble a bed sack, only they are made of leather and are stuffed with straw; they beat a packsaddle all hollow though.) The Indian saddles were too light for travois, they would pull all to pieces, I thought.

There was a high "butte," a hill that stands out by itself, on a prairie a few miles south of camp; and a few days after I had come home from New Mexico, I took my mule one morning and went to examine it. I found that the only place where I could get up on it, was on the south side, a mere deer trail. I led my mule up on top and found a flat place covered with tall partly dry grass. I left my mule and walked down to the eastern end of this flat. I wanted to look at the country east of this through the glass to see if there were signs of buffalo being in it; but before doing so I glanced down at the foot of the butte, and just below me saw a flock of about a dozen turkeys that had for a leader one of the largest turkeys I had ever seen. They had not seen me, and were starting to come up here. I ran to my saddle and got my carbine, then coming halfway back lay down just as the big turkey came in sight. And aiming at his breast, I fired, and he tumbled clear to the foot of the hill, the others running back to where they had come from in the bottom.

I led my mule down to where the big one lay and stooped to pick him up. I had no idea but that he was dead; but he got up and ran a hundred yards before I caught and killed him. I had put a .44 ball in at his breast, and it had come out under his wing, and had not killed him. I tied him as high as I could to the cantle of the saddle, and still his head dragged on the ground. I had to cut it off.

Leaving the mule, I went down into the bottom to where I had marked down the other turkeys and shot a smaller one. I tied this to the saddle, also telling the mule that I would load him with turkeys and then walk home. I do not know if that mule quite understood me, but I kept my word only in part. I did not load him with turkeys or anything else, but I did walk home.

I had not tied the mule, as I had never known him to move from the spot I left him in, and he was grazing now quietly. I started after more turkeys, but had not gone one hundred yards, when, hearing a noise behind me, I looked around in time to see the mule leaving on the jump, headed for camp. He needed no compass either to find it. He would go about a hundred yards, then stop to kick at the big turkey, then look to see if I were coming—I was—then go on again. I was mad enough to shoot that mule. The only thing that saved him was the fact that I would have to pay for him if I did, or else "swear him off the papers"—make an affidavit that he had died or had been stolen. I could not do that and did not want to pay \$150 for a dead mule, so I let him go.

He got into camp a long way ahead of me. The boys caught him and took off the saddle and the big turkey; he had managed to lose the small one on his way home, but I sent the boys back on the trail and they found it. The squaws cooked the big one, and then there was only one camp kettle in the band large enough to hold him after he had been cut up. The heart did not go in it either; it was burned lest it should make cowards of us.

CABIA BLANCO.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Senator Spooner yesterday was propounding a conundrum to his colleagues. It was propounded to him the other evening while he was out to dinner. Although a very simple little thing, the Senator, while possessing the keenest legal mind in Congress, had been unable to frame a correct reply. He enjoyed trying it on others.

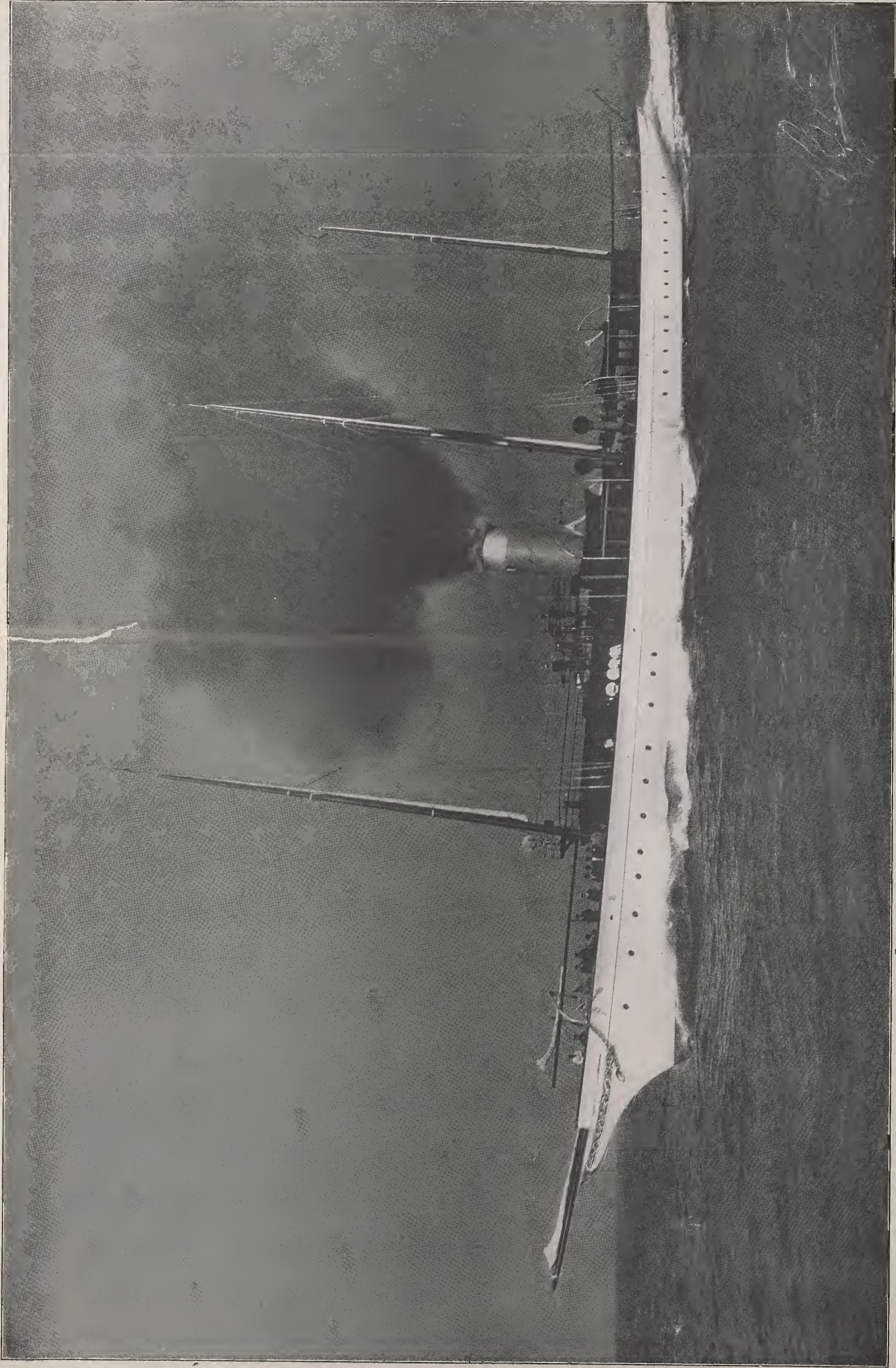
This conundrum was: "Which has more feet—one cat or no cat?"

"I pass it over to you," or something like that, was the almost invariable reply.

"Why, no cat, of course," Mr. Spooner would respond. "One cat has four feet, No cat has five feet."—Washington Post.



IN A GERMAN DEER FOREST.
From "Jagdbilder" von Carl Zimmermann.



'KANA'WHA.
Crossing the finish line and winning the HAUOLI CUP. Designed and built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated. Owned by Mr. H. H. Rogers.
Photograph by James Burton, New York.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

FEW men on the Mississippi know more or have more notions about its phases of life than old man Anderson, with whom I stopped on the sandbar above Helena. He started on the Big River in Iowa, and fished there until the fishing failed. Then he dropped down the river, hunting new waters, until finally, after more than a quarter of a century, he tied up in the Helena Chute, to catch the "mud rooters" of the lower river. A man who succeeds in living twenty-five years in cabin boats on the Mississippi is a wonder. Anderson was such a man, a tall, untiring, hard-working Swede.

His first fishing brought him from \$30 to \$50 a week—all game fish. He carried thousands of pounds of black bass to the market at Burlington, Ia., and at the last couldn't understand why netting should be prohibited. "I had my good times," he said. "I ust to go to market with my fish, and gon back mit two quarts of goot viskey, unt drink it oop in von night. By golly, I vas strong dem days. I could lift dat skiff mit von hand. Now I take two hands to change my oars."

Johns, the Helena fish market man, told me "the old man has just burned his life out." One gathers a notion of what must have been the old man's constitution from the fact that he lived through more than twenty-five years of hardest kind of physical work, and the draining of countless gallons of beer and whisky. He walked erect, big-boned and apparently muscular; but the pace had told. His muscles were wasted away. Malaria had seized upon him relentlessly. The "Arkansaw hunger" gnawed his stomach, and food did not appease it. "Louisiana shakers" had overcome his frame with trembling that made the boat rattle—a second attack would prove fatal. His whole system was a mass of aches and pains. "I guess I have to go to Oregon an' catch salmon," he said. "Dis Arkansaw country dond agree mit me."

Uncle Charlie Robertson said of him, "He's just like a lot of other fishermen. Malaria keeps sapping their strength. They grow weaker day by day without realizing it. Suddenly they drop."

Anderson had a soap box full of ducks and geese which he had killed and packed away in salt. He said it used to be no trouble to get all the meat one wanted along the river. "We ust to salt down beaver in a barrel—ducks, wild torkeys, geese, squirrels, deer meat, too. But der ain't no game any more. I don't know what's de matter." There are quite a number of beaver along the Mississippi to this day, but they are a shy, crafty beast, which refuses to "shine" by firelight, and seldom gets into a trap. They live in the caving banks of the river, and come out on the logs, to breathe and rest. They eat the willow and other browse with which the river keeps them constantly supplied by undermining the banks. There is no need of building dams, nor making runways on the bank. It will be a long while before the last of them is killed.

Anderson's boat was moored to the foot of a mile-long sand and mud bar. The bar, under the impulse of wind and water is gradually working its way down stream, and the foot of it is a bluff reef. "Ven de vater was up I catch a lot off eels in onder dis reef," Anderson said, pointing to the almost perpendicular slope of mud and sand. Just where the boat lay was a wide patch of almost pure yellow sand, ten by twelve rods in size. To reach the upper bar, one must cross a dozen rods of the black, oozing slime, which is "Mississippi mud." This mud came down to the water beside the patch of sand, and on a warm day it was not possible to get away from the boat, save by skiff. I watched the mud thaw out after some freezing nights. The stuff was upheaved by the cold, and some pretty crystals formed over the surface. But when the melting began, the mud quivered and moved like a thing of low life. A few million years from now, scientists will find beds of Mississippi mud rock. On chiseling it out, creatures of these days will be found encased "in marvellous life-like postures"—perhaps a "real man" reaching out through the stuff, his face horribly contorted and his toes reaching down for the hardpan somewhere in the depths.

The river man is in every storm that passes his way. In one or other direction, the wind has a clean sweep, and it is the cabin-boater's first lesson to prepare for cyclones. A flood is nothing, but the wind has no mercy. Anderson was caught on the upper river in a storm one night. He had a 60-foot three-roomed boat. He thought it would ride any kind of storm. That was why he had so large a one. It was moored broadside to the river bank. It was fitted with fine curtains, clean bedding—Anderson was always neat, having been a Baltic sea sailor—plenty of furniture, a few Swedish books, big lamps—a river luxury—a feather bed filled from birds of his own killing, and in fact, everything that he wanted, for \$50 a week would fit and maintain a prodigious single man boat on the river. One night it began to storm. Rain fell, and the wind increased in the snappy fashion of some cyclones. Anderson was in bed, congratulating himself on his safety, when he heard something coming on the far side of the river, a long-drawn roar, and a whole bunch of lightning flashes accompanied the thing. It reached the big cabin boat and turned it over on its side. Anderson had ten or twelve stone jugs of fish oil along one gunwale of the boat. These, the bed and all the other furniture of the boat were thrown to the opposite side. The jugs broke, and the oil spread out on the water that flooded in through windows and door.

"By golly!" Anderson said, "It was a trick getting out of a up-side-down boat mit two doors to go through, and the boat on its side. I tell you I dank I was drowned."

A hundred yards up stream was another cabin boater. He had a little bit of a boat—18 feet long and 6½ wide. "The wave that rolled ahead of the wind" lifted the little boat a dozen feet up on the bank, where the wind did not hurt it. The cabin-boater looked to see what had become of Anderson's boat. He saw the low sunk hulk, and concluded Anderson was drowned, so he went to getting breakfast, and had it well under way, when Anderson walked in on him with only his night clothes on.

Anderson never bought so large a boat again. A small boat, properly built, is handled much more easily and is stronger in proportion. The best river men of the cabin-boat class have tiny craft. "Whisky Williams," "Old Doc White," Anderson, Applegate, and other notable men have boats less than 20 feet long. A heavy frame, and sound lumber insures the occupant against trouble with snags and cyclones, and getting around has no great terrors. The old fisherman chose to tie up on the low sand bar in shallow water. He moored the craft end on to the bank by four lines: one from a timber head in each corner. Heavy stakes, ash preferably, were driven deep into the sand, so that each line had a stake of its own. The two bow stakes were far enough apart to keep the bow from swinging, and far enough ashore to hold the bow pressed against the fending stage plank. The stern lines kept the stern from swinging and helped hold the boat to the bank as well. It was safe in any storm not strong enough to lift the boat out of water. A cabin-boater says that a sandbar is the safest port in a gale, and a caving bank the deadliest.

While I was with Anderson, the water ranged from six to ten feet on the gauge at Helena. It was so low that most of the chutes were dry, and there were no bays in which cabin boats could be sheltered. Anderson always maintained his lonely vigil at the foot of the Helena Bar at such times, although he had only to go down to the transfer dock (railroad ferry) and find plenty of company—Abbey, the Johns, and the transient river people.

"I don't go down der," he said repeatedly. "I tell you I seen boats sunk along dat bluff bank in a south wind! Seven, eight boats at once; an' de folks stan'ing on de bank. Op here you can't sink—you rub de bottom if de water goes down two inches. I rather move de boat every day dan sit on de bank von night in de rain, I tell you!"

The day I reached Anderson's boat, a river tramp was tied in beside him. A strong wind had blown from the north for thirty hours. The tramp used a single stake to hold his 16-foot boat, and that one loosely driven in the sand. In the morning the stake was almost pulled out of the ground. The two extremes of river people were there side by side—Anderson, hard-working, with his four ash stakes, selected and hard driven, and four carefully inspected lines, and the river rat with one splintering willow stake, ratty line and lazy carelessness. And both men were equally subject to malaria and with the same lonely future before them, and probably the same unhappy fate.

There are men on the river too lazy to float with the current. The task of keeping their boat in the current worries them. One of these called "the Bear," never floats in the day time. He casts loose at dusk and then goes to bed. In the morning he looks out to see where he is. If the wind rises, or the water drives him into a caving bank, the Bear must get out and work for life. One cannot guess how many of this kind have been hit by the coal tows and rolled under, to come up "buzzard food."

Anderson was not talkative—he had lived alone too much of his time during recent years; but what he said was to the point. His, "I tell you, I givc dem tough fellers a sharp look when day come along," meant more than another man's most vivid description of river pirates. Two toughs who went by the name of Stout came down the river one time, "killing beef and hogs on the way." Anderson and two others were playing casino when the two Stouts dropped into their landing just below Cairo. It was after dark, and the Stouts hung around till the game broke up, and then one of them followed Anderson on board his boat, though it was midnight. Grant Stout, he said his name was, and he watched the Swede as sharply as Anderson watched him. "I dank he meant somedings," the Swede said. He went away at last, and an hour later Anderson heard a little grinding sound, like a mouse gnawing. Anderson strained his ears, trying to locate the sound, but without avail, for a long time. At last he decided it was astern, and with that he got out of bed, unlatched the door and peered into the darkness. As he looked, he saw a man in a dugout darting away in the gloom, having heard Anderson stirring out. In the morning Anderson found that a link of his \$35 skiff's painter had been filed almost through.

These Stouts one time stole a church bell up on the Ohio. They carried it down to the levee and buried it, then went to a prominent merchant of the town, and told him they had the bell. "We want a couple of dollars to get out of town," they said. "You take the bell and give us the money." The merchant took the bell. A few days later the Stouts went to the merchant again. "You give us twenty-five dollars apiece," said they, "or we'll tell about your deal." They got the \$50 and went away as cabin passengers on a river steamboat. This was the favorite funny story of the Stout boys. One of them was afterward killed for card cheating on a Government job above Cairo.

One objection Anderson had to tying in at Helena was the "tough fellows" who sometimes come down and attempt to rob the cabin-boaters there. The river pirate knows well enough that the lone fisherman on a sandbar is watchful, and would give the bad man short shift, but on the edge of town it is different. The sneak thief can disappear in a moment. Anderson was just below the coal fleet at Helena for a while, and while there men tried to sneak aboard once or twice—one tough fellow especially hanging around with a gang. One day Anderson whiled his time away trying to catch alligator gars. They bit the stoutest line in two, however, and ran away with the largest hooks. Finally Anderson took a piece of pork and hooked it on to a 6-inch hook, tied it to a quarter inch rope and lowered it into the water. Not getting a bite, he took two half hitches around the bulkhead and forgot about it. That night he felt some one step on the boat. Then another, and another time the boat ducked under the weight of some one, and Anderson listened so hard that he heard whispers. Stealthily he rose to his feet, seized his shotgun and threw open the door. The stern was empty. So was the bow, nor was any one in sight. Anderson thought it must be spirits until he recollected the pork-baited gar hook. A 10-foot gar had come

along, and when he bit, it pulled the cabin boat down like the weight of a two-hundred-pound man.

Anderson's faith in dreams was unbounded. "Many a night I saved a big catfish on my line. I dream I have a picce of meat in my fingers and great big snake comes and takes it out. That kind of scares me, and I wake up. Then I jumps up and gets into my skiff and go run my line. Many a big fish I save dot way. I find dem just pulling off de hook when I dream dat way."

"I have many dreams. If I dream of fish jumping all around, den I know high water coming. Just so, too, when I dream of water pouring over a big high falls. I don't need de paper for high water news. My spirit leaves my body—I go way op de river, op de Ohio, op de Mississippi op de Missouri, and see if it rain der. I knowed about de Charleston earthquake. I vas der. I walk along de streets. De houses dey begin to move, long cracks go op an' down in de fronts of de houses, and den de dust fly op an' choke me. I vake op. Two days after dat a man says Charleston was earthquaked. I know dot! Den von night I dream dat two trains come toward one anoder on de same track. De engineer he jumps, but he gets drowned. I dank and dank. Who vas dat engineer? I know den, it was dat big railroad smashup going to de World's Fair. Den I dream about a man way up on a high mountain hanging by his hands, an' slippin' an' slippin'. Five or six men run around—I know den. De President he is over all—on de mountain! The men what run, dey the doctors. So I knew de President he sick or hurt, and he going to fall—he die. So I tell dem. McKinley done just dat. It all goes to show dat a man have a spirit what go away from his body by itself and study op what is doing!"

One of Anderson's lost opportunities, he thought, was his failure to go to a certain stump in the lumber yard of an Iowa mill owner, whose fortune disappeared at his death. Anderson dreamed about the stump, and failed to go to it after the lumberman's death and find the fortune.

The river people have many superstitions, and dream books are important literature of the cabin boats. But dreams are not the only signs read. The most interesting bird story I ever heard was one Anderson told about blue herons.

"One nice warm day, I was in Helena Chute. Dey was a lot of cranes der—wery wise birds, dose cranes is. Pretty soon I seen a crane coming up de chute slow an' easy, but high, like he was going way op nord. Den I see anoder crane comin' down de chute. My! but he was just a comin'. He flap his wings, an' stretched his neck funder ahead dan mos' cranes. Vell, dem cranes dey passed one anoder. De nord von squawk like he was in a hurry. Den dey began to circle round and round, squawking like good fellers. De von from de nord he squawk hard an' short; de odder, he squawk different; so I knowed him. De nord von pretty soon start off south again. De odder von vent on nord, but de nord von yust squawk again hard, and den dey circled roun' some more. Pretty soon dey both started away south like dey was in a hurry. Dat night, woood! De nord vind come sweeping down de river, and in de morning we was froze op. Den hard times come to de cranes. Dey got so lean in a couple weeks dey wouldn't fly from a man. I walked right up to some of dem. I tell you, dat crane out of de nord know what he running from."

On the sandbar one could almost imagine himself on the shores of a sea. A south wind had a clean sweep up the river of over four miles. In the main current the waves were thrown up, yellow capping the surface, but Anderson's boat was in the great eddy along the west bank above Helena. The water was nearly dead, and waves rolled in a foot high, breaking along the sloping beach with a low whir that suggested the sea. Washing against the bluff reef, they undermined the sand and caused it to cave off. It was easy to understand how a man with unlimited time could dwell at such a place. There were drifts of sand that shifted with the wind, and waves of sand and mud that flowed with the current of water. The man with a microscope or telescope finds unlimited opportunity for looking. Anderson's eyes turned often to the window, which he threw open on occasion in order to look at the sky. "I like to watch the water," he said once.

The position on a sloping sandbar required constant watching of the water marks. High water slacked the lines and low water frequently "hung the boat," so that it had to be pricd off. As the water rose, the boat was worked around into a little pocket formed by the reef, and as it fell, the boat must needs be kept moving back toward the point into deeper water. Watching the boat, getting the meals and keeping an eye open for ducks were Anderson's main occupations. He said that when he was alone nights, he played "blind casino"—solitaire. I could not but marvel at the opportunity wasted by the river men. Fancy what a record of the Mississippi the diary of a lone cabin-boater would be! In less than six months on the river I made 300,000 words in notes, scarcely a line of which could be classed as "scientific."

On Dec. 29, I started for town in my skiff. As the bow turned in the main current, I saw a low white spot on the river miles up stream. It was in motion, and somehow the thing looked familiar. Very quickly it took form, and I saw that it was a rag-top boat. Finally my glasses showed the "double hull," or catamaran which Señor Carlos J. San Carlos came from Toronto in. I ran out, and long before I came alongside, I could hear the paddle chucking into the water, steamboat fashion. My hail routed him from under the canvas, and greetings passed. He told how he worked for Sam Cole on the 60-foot cabin boat in Ash Slough, supposing he was getting \$1.25 a day and board. Cole charged him for boat, so that he only cleared \$4 a week. Cole had paid a carpenter \$2.50 a day for doing less work a week than Carlos did in two days—but Carlos was "easy."

"But I don't care!" Carlos said. "I got enough to see me through now—and I'm going clear to Havana now."

He ran on down stream, and thereafter I heard of him at intervals until I reached Vicksburg, when I lost track of the cabin boat people and their kind. A wonder of the cabin boat people is the fact of their homo-

generosity; in spite of the attenuated region which they inhabit, they have few things in common with the bank people. Living miles apart, they nevertheless keep up an acquaintance with one another. One could trace a cabin boat from St. Paul to New Orleans, months after the passage. Cabin-boaters tie in beside their kind for a night, and there is sure to be intercourse between the newcomers and their neighbors, if no more than a hail. A river man sizes up another by his "outfit"—that is, the looks of the boat. A man in a good skiff, with tent and outfit, is received with less caution than one in a 25-foot "ratty" shack, built of drift wood and covered with tar paper. Men like Anderson take in a hundred details at a glance. Nets on the roof in the weather, frayed rope ends, and unselected firewood are a better criterion of a river man than the paint on his cabin boat, however, for the river man is always "swapping," and some of them change their boats every month, as good horse traders change their horses.

Anderson told me one day that he'd put me "on to something. You take the green heads of mallards and you skin them out. You take the skins and have you a vest made. It'll cost you considerable to have a tailor make it, but you go into a restaurant in some of those big cities and there'll be somebody looking at your vest all the time. Then some big merchant or somebody offer you a big price for it—mebbe you make \$40 or \$100 on it." Most of Anderson's tastes, as he expressed them, ran in similar lines.

He liked salted beaver, and the memory of the barrels full which he had put away for winter use came back to him frequently. He mourned, almost daily, the disappearance of game. "I ust to have a hundred ducks and geese salted down," he would exclaim. Again, "I killed seven wild torkeys out of one tree—shoot the inunder von first. Blame dis siflason. The Indians lifed the right kind of vay. I would like to live the vay they did it. The white men bothered them—spoiled the good vay of living."

Considering the way Anderson was living, one could hardly imagine a more primitive life, save that he had to buy his flour and pork instead of raising it, or trapping substitutes. He mourned the old produce boat days. In those times men came down the river in long flat boats, which they loaded down with all sorts of vegetables, for sale at New Orleans and on the sugar plantations of the lower river.

Mrs. Mahna and her son dropped in one day while on the way to Helena from the mouth of the St. Francis—a nine-mile pull, and nine miles against the current. Mrs. Mahna had keen eyes, a remarkable chin, and most decisive manners. One had only to note the stroke she gave her oars to see the sort of a woman she was. The dip and recover of the oar blades spelled "head of the family" if anything ever did. She came in to warm by the fire, and as she wriggled her fingers over the stove she asked if we had seen Whiskey Williams go down with his gasoline launch and little beauty of a cabin boat? We had.

"I thought likely," Mrs. Mahna said. "You know, Anderson, the first time I met up with Whiskey Williams was up the river. I seen him coming down stream with the wind blowing him fit to lift the roof. He kept looking up stream, didn't pay any 'tention to my boat, till, says I, 'Ha, thar! Gwin to tear my boat up?' With that he looks around and grins. 'Throw me a line,' says I, and he done it, and I made him fast and swung him in, but he not paying no 'tention to me till I yelled, 'Say, you gwin to take me with you?' seain' as he was about rootin' out my stakes. He no more'n tied in than three fellers come along down into a blue skiff with a red gunwale, an' then I knowed what was up. 'Sure enough, they was after him for whiskey boating, but they stood off, and went back pretty soon."

"Did he have any whiskey this trip?" Anderson asked. "Naw! He ain't carried any whiskey down below since they ketch'd up with him two years ago and fined him \$300. That like to have made his heart dreen dry. He loads up with medicine now to Memphis, and sells that. Las' time he got fined 'twas \$50 up the way. Whiskey Williams took on so the feller as was judge said, 'Well, gimme a drink of good whiskey an' \$25 an' you can go.' Williams done hit—huee!

"By ginger, me and the ole man an' the boy's gwin to fish up here this spring. That boy's sixteen now—got his own nets. Say, I'm running nine nets myself. They're making all kinds of fun of me. My nets got inch an' a half mesh, an' they say I'm catching minners. Hue-e! I'll minner them, I will. Well, now say, Anderson, what do you say to drappin' down to Old Arkansaw River? They say that tough crowd down there ain't no-wise so bad as it used to be. Old Best—that feller who tried to kill his girl there—married her at las' an' now he's gone up to Rosalie, layin' in a stake, 'lowing to go into a whiskey boat, I hearn say. Well, should he, I 'low he'll be his own bes' customer, he will. Hue-e! but don't he go on his high lonesomes, though!

"Say, you know after Whiskey Williams got shot up that time, I was on to his boat soon's he was out of range—thought mebbe he'd got killed. He was just a prancing around inside. He was just tickled to death. 'Never touched me anywhere—ain't a hole in the cabin!' said he, laughing happy; but I seen something wet running out of one of his closets, an' showed him. He jumped like a cat. 'Busted a bottle!' he shrieked, 'Busted a bottle! Lawse, busted a three-dollar bottle!' said he, tas'in' the juice. Well, sir, how that man took on 'bout them a-busting a bottle of whiskey while shooting him up. My, but he does hold it ag'in them bank folks for shootin' that bottle! He ain't never been there since to sell 'em whiskey, nuther. Well, boy, you got the kinks thawed out of your knuckles? Hain't we better be movin', then? All right, come on. So long, Anderson, see you 'g'in. You think it over—lots better fishin' down the lower river than yereaway. They'll be skiffs down; send word up, an' if you'll go down, we'll all drap down to Old Mouth any day come decent wahmin' weather."

With that Mrs. Mahna popped into her skiff at the stroke oar, and away she went with the boy, lifting the boat through the water like a gasoline. A couple of hours later she returned, and without a pause buckled into the river current, with six miles up stream yet to go, and not minding it a bit. A woman who could tend

twenty-five nets a day in spring fishing and clear from \$20 to \$50 a week doing it, Mrs. Mahna is a type of the "new woman" of the river. "She's a better man than her husband," Anderson said. Some women of her type are known from end to end of the cabin boat waters of the Big River. It is worth noting that river women are scrupulous about marrying their lovers. Many of them have had several husbands—with wedding certificates and either divorce or burial certificates to prove their claim to respectability. It sometimes happens that one helps kill her husband in order that a legal marriage to her new love be possible. I saw one wedding certificate on a cabin boat in which the name of the woman had been scratched out with a lead pencil and another one substituted; but this appears to have been an exception.

I was much interested in Helena, Arkansaw. Daily I went down there after my mail and to get supplies. Sometimes it was convenient to walk around town and look at its streets—a genuine Mississippi River levee town, it had most of its features different from those of "hill villages." It is worth seeing—or Arkansas City, either, which is of the same sort.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Medicine in Camp.

A FEW weeks since some of your readers asked for an article upon how to fill a medical case that had been presented to him, and I have waited for some of my professional brethren to comply. In the last issue a gentleman made some good suggestions relative to the practice of medicine in the woods—suggestions that may be followed with a great deal of profit by the average woods loafer. With the kind permission of the editor, I will attempt to amplify his sketch somewhat, in the hope that what I shall say may be of value to my hunting and fishing colleagues.

By the greater number of causes for the hunter to resort to the healing art will be in the various accidents that may befall one. Here the old saying that "cleanliness is next to godliness" should apply with all the force possible. If a wound of any character is kept absolutely clean, there is very little danger of it giving much trouble. Dirt is the surgeon's abomination. Follow out the first aid suggestions of the U. S. Army and do little else. The first bottle in the case should be filled with antiseptic tablets, known among physicians as Bernay's Tablets. They are made in white and blue; get the blue, as there is less danger of confusing them with other tablets that you may carry in the case. One of these dissolved in a quart of hot water makes the ideal antiseptic solution for all cuts and wounds; and aside from washing thoroughly and binding up in a pad of absorbent cotton saturated in the solution, little else need be done to any incised, punctured or contused wound. Carry a half pound of pure surgeon's cotton, three or more two-inch rolled bandages, and one yard of sterilized corrosive gauze in a bottle. These will make you a full supply of surgical necessities. Be careful to not do too much. Meddlesome interference will work harm. Resort only to simple measures in all cases of surgical nature.

Your correspondent of last week suggested cocaine. Well, cocaine is a good thing in the hands of a surgeon, and a very bad one in the hands of a layman. Still, there is nothing that will allay pain like it, and if you see fit to fill the second bottle with that drug, let me advise you to get it, not in the crystals, but in tablet form. One tablet will, when dissolved in the hypodermic, make a 4 per cent. solution which is strong enough to render anaesthetic and superficial part of the body for a time long enough to perform any simple surgical operation—such as extracting splinters or fish-hooks. Let me caution you to be very careful in its use, however, as certain persons are very susceptible to its action.

Morphine sulphate, $\frac{1}{4}$ grain in tablets, is a very valuable adjunct to the case. The indications for use are commonly known—pain being the most important. I do not approve of the use of the hypodermic by laymen, and would suggest that you use all remedies by the mouth whenever possible. One tablet of morphine by the mouth every two hours will allay pain fully as well as by hypodermic, and with far less risk to you.

In all congestive conditions such as colds, fevers, etc., you will find that three-grain doses of quinine will be invaluable. Therefore, carry some capsules of that drug in the next bottle. I will say this to you, unless you use at least eighteen grains—that is, six three-grain doses in the course of one night—the quinine will do you no good in colds.

The other gentleman spoke of Sun cholera tablets. I have found a preparation called "Chloranodyne," as prepared by Parke, Davis & Co., far superior for conditions of that character to anything that I have ever had occasion to use. Given in fifteen drop doses, it will relieve any choleraic condition that it has ever been my misfortune to meet. I use it on my own person; and you know when a doctor uses a thing himself that it must be all right.

You will do well to take some calomel tablets, say $\frac{1}{4}$ -grain, or else some C. C. pills, which amounts to the same thing. In the beginning of fevers, colds, etc., and in fact all places where the system needs a good overhauling, there is nothing equal to a grain of calomel, given in broken doses.

As a fever eradicator, there is nothing that will take the place of phenacetine, given in five-grain tablets every three hours. The action is to produce profuse sweating, and persons with a weak heart will do well to be cautious.

Certain persons are very apt to find out when they approach the higher altitudes that they are possessed of a heart—something that never occurred to them before. A few granules of digitalin will relieve the feeling of suffocation, and may be the means of saving a life. Therefore it may be well to carry one bottle with digitalin. It is a thing that you will not need, unless there is some heart disease lurking about in your system.

Coughs and colds are a very common ailment, especially during the fall and winter seasons. One of your case bottles supplied with a combination tablet composed of senega, ammon. bromide, tinct. squill, tr. aconite, ex. grindelia, ex. guaiac, and supplied to the drug trade under the title Senega Compound, will be a very valuable thing in the winter coughs.

Lastly, let a stick of silver nitrate be wrapped in blue paper and placed in one of the case bottles. This is the caustic par excellence, and may be applied to poisoned wounds or bites, stings, etc. Cauterize deep, and then stop the action of the drug with common salt.

You will notice that I have said nothing about snake-bite remedies. The reason is this: There is not one case in ten thousand where the common rattlesnake kills a man. I have lived in a snake country all my life, and have never known a full-grown man to die from the bite of a rattlesnake. Children and weak persons do die, but not full grown healthy men. At the same time it is not pleasant to run the risk, and I will tell you what to do. In the first place, there is no medicine that has a bit of influence upon any snake bite. The remedy for the virus of snakes is as yet undiscovered, consequently it would be folly for you to carry a lot of drugs under the assumption that you could cure yourself if bitten. The remedy par excellence is to remove the poison, and no other is of any avail. Wash the wound clean, and make an incision across it down deeper than the fangs of the serpent penetrated, then suck the virus out, washing your mouth out with warm water. Do this several times. Before all, though, when you are first bitten, tie a handkerchief around the limb above the wound and twist a stick into it, making an improvised tourniquet. In half hour loosen the bandage for a short time and allow a little of the poison to flow into the circulation. In this manner you may instil the poison gradually, and the system will take care of it. After having sucked the wound out fully, you may cauterize it well with the caustic. Then, above all things, do not get rattled. Keep cool and you are in very little danger. I have no knowledge of the bites of the southern snakes such as copperheads, moccasins, and cotton-mouths, but see no reason why they should be any worse than rattlesnakes. The sooner people lose their fear of snakes, the simpler the problem of treating their bites will be.

Appendicitis was mentioned by someone. When a doctor does not know what to do in these cases, there is little probability of your being able to do very much. Appendicitis is a matter for the surgeon. If you should have an attack of the disease in the woods, simply do nothing and you will be doing the wise thing. The average case of appendicitis will right itself as far as can be under absolutely no treatment whatever, and every attempt at treating it only renders the matter more complicated. In my own work here in the city, I do not give one dose of medicine. I shoot them into the hospital as soon as possible and proceed to remove the offending organ. I should hardly advise your attempting it, however, while out in the hills.

The natural tendency of persons ill with ordinary complaints is to recover; therefore let your treatment be of the simplest.

In some future article, with the kind permission of the editor, I may try to set down some simple rules for surgical cases that will meet the ordinary requirements.

CHAS. S. MOODY.

SAND POINT, Idaho.

In an Alaska Snow Slide.

IRA F. WOOD, writing from Dawson, Yukon Territory, in a letter which is published in the Elizabethtown (N. Y.) Post, relates:


"We had a little experience in a snow slide Oct. 28. It might interest you. It did me for a few minutes. We killed eight caribou one day. As one wounded one had strayed some distance from the rest, and we were anxious to get the game out of the hills as soon as possible on account of going to the lower country, we decided to haul this one to the foot of the mountain ourselves, to enable the dog driver to get to it more readily.

"The mountains were very steep where we were, some rising almost perpendicular. The ravines were filled with drifted snow, some to a depth that afterward proved surprising. It being so early in the season we thought there was little danger of a snow slide. So we pulled the caribou to the mountain crest and slid it down the mountain side through a ravine. We watched the caribou until it reached the bottom. Then thinking of no danger, we started on a trip that came near being our last. George was the first to start. Sitting on his snowshoes he followed the trail of the caribou and reached the bottom in safety. I waited until George was nearly down, so as not to run into him. Then, placing my snowshoes under me, I followed the course of my companion. I had only got nicely started, when I saw George running for one side of the ravine. As he ran, he said: 'Ira, we are gone.' He nearly made the outer edge of the slide when he was hurled down and passed from my sight almost instantly. At the same moment great seams opened up above and below me and tons and tons of snow broke away with a roar I shall never forget. As it tore down the mountain side with a force irresistible carrying with it its two human occupants for passengers, I expected each moment to be my last, and even now I wonder what power enabled me to keep on top of that heaving, tumbling mass of snow.


"Just before the slide stopped, some distance to my left, I saw George in his struggle for life extend his arms above the snow. So I knew that he still lived. As the slide suddenly stopped I climbed over great cakes of snow that had piled up near me and made my way as quickly as possible to where I last saw George. As I did, I saw him rise slowly to his feet. As he stood there bare-headed on that cold day, half exhausted and suffocated with his struggle between life and death, his first words were: 'Ira, we are lucky to get out of this thing alive. I never expected to see you again.'

"Time will undoubtedly erase from my memory a good many of the adventures I have experienced in this land of snow and ice; but I am under the impression that it will be some time before I entirely forget the incident that came so near being fatal on Oct. 28, 1904."

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NATURAL HISTORY



The Nightingale's Name.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

You will, I am sure, pardon the intrusion upon your catholic columns of one who is but a hunter of words; or after all we have much in common. Let your hunters ring in the kill, let the philologists give it the name, and confusion will be avoided. That some such arrangement is needed will show in your own annals. Take four anglers from the cardinal points of no more than this country; let them essay to talk about the bass, and see how intelligible to one another they can be if they come themselves to common names. Another case: what are partridges, quail, grouse, unless you know the geography of the hunting grounds? But enough of etymology.

I have chuckled to see you under the obsession of "Cibipia;" but that was in itself harmless; it was so rotesque that it would never lead anyone astray. But that a marvelous thing it was! It was not a word, for it was neither Russ nor English. It was rather a snapshot of a Russian word, as such a pictograph as any one of the symbols on the hide in the Dakota winter count. Here, however, is one that from the beauty of its representation might well lead the reader into blind courses. In Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's charming and thoughtful paper in "Bird Names" is the following:

"Rosignol," the French-Canadian name of the song sparrow (and also the Louisiana Creole's name for the mockingbird), is a modification of *rosignor*—Lord of the Rose—the Spanish name of the nightingale; and is given in each case not only in reference to the fine melody, but to the fact that both birds frequently tune up at night."

It is a fancy charged with poetry, this Lord of the Rose; 'tis pity that it does not chime with fact. Yet I hope to show you that the real nightingale name is instinct with quite as much appreciation of the songster.

I do not immediately place the word *rosignor*; it affixes to note that the Spanish name of the nightingale is *ruiseñor*. To follow up the Lord of the Rose suggestion, we note in *señor* a good enough Lord, but the Rose has vanished. Now let us go one step backward toward the origin of the word—let us cross the Pyrenees and find the French *rossignol*. As before, we find some suggestion of Lord, for *signol* might seem reminiscent of the Italian *signor*; and the Rose is also in sight. But cross the Alps for a second backward step, and find the Italian *osignuolo*. Here we lose the Lord suggestion out of the name definitely and permanently; the Rose may seem superficially to persist. Take now the third step—not one of geography, but of time; go back to the classic Latin and find the immediate parent of all these later names in *usciniola*, the caressing diminutive of *luscinia*. The Lord and the Rose together have vanished entirely.

To discover just what *luscinia* meant to those who applied the name to the nightingale, we must take the word to pieces, and go back to the Sanskrit for its roots. It is in the Latin form three words, the last of which, being atrophied into a mere formative sign, we may omit. For the effective elements of the compound we find the two Sanskrit roots *cru* and *kan*.

The latter root, *kan*, represented to the Aryan forefathers the name of a sound of a certain quality, a sense that has endured to our tongue in *chant*, *chanticleer*, *accent*, *incentive*, and many more. It is the sound of ringing, the woodnote wild, the voice of the turtle heard in the land.

The former root, *cru*, it may not be quite so easy to grasp in its bare simplicity. It refers to hearing in some sort; not the mere physical fact of audition, but with a clear connotation that a thing is heard often—heard because it is worthy of the hearing. Some of its descendants are found in *loud*, *clear*, *client*, *glory*, *declare*, *laud*. If you can discover the elemental residual in these varying senses you will have the signification of the root *cru*.

It is no easy task for those untrained in the arts of primitive speech to grasp the relationless barrenness of these crude roots. They exist devoid of all the categories of grammar—they are without voice or number, they are not yet noun or verb. Therefore when we regard *luscinia* as a synthesis of *cru* and *kan*, it will be necessary to supply the idea of interrelation without which our minds fail to comprehend. The two elements are respectively in their last analysis these, hearing-sounding, if we view the sound as in the relation of subject, the sense is "the sound which is heard." If, on the other hand, we incline to regard it as object, we develop the collateral sense of "hark to the sound."

That is to say, our earliest forebears knew a bird whose note was so sweet as to challenge their rude admiration—it made them listen to its carols and trills. It was so distinctively a characteristic of but one bird among all they knew, that it served to identify that bird from its fellows—the bird whose song is listened to. We do not know if this *crukan* bird in Kapilavastu was the nightingale, but it was certainly the sweetest singer of those forests through which the earliest Aryas fought their way down from the snows. In Italy we find *luscinia* attached to the nightingale of Europe (*Luscinia philomela*). But remember this, before it became a name it was a description. Three, four, five millenniums ago there was set into *crukan* a sense so rich that it has endured the attrition of all the ages, and is ready to spring into new vitality when the first opportunity comes. That you will find in the citation from the "Bird Name" paper, for which we cannot thank Mr. Ingersoll too warmly. In Canada *rossignol* is the name of the song sparrow, not because of any slight superficial resemblance to the nightingale, but because of its rank as a songster. In the south the Creole calls his mockingbird *rossignol*, not that there is any resemblance except in that marvelous song.

That, to my way of thinking, is the wonder of the

word, and for it we may unregretfully let pass the dainty fancy of the Rose Lord. It is that countless ages ago a rude race, probably in the depths of neolithic rawness, were able to put such a signification into *crukan* as the name of some bird that when we misapply it—that is, misapply so far as concerns *Luscinia philomela*—we are certain to rightly apply it, just as primitive man made it to be applied, to whatever hitherto unnamed bird of our avifauna there be whose note is most challengingly sweet.

PAROLLES.

Bears, Trout, Foxes, Game.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Official figures are at hand showing that 39 black bears were killed in Essex county during the year 1904. Four of these bears were killed by two men in one day during the late autumn. Pretty good for a county that was to be shunned by bruin after the black bear protective measure went into effect. And by the way, what adjoining county has furnished more than 39 black bears during the year just passed into history?

An old guide residing in the Boquet Valley—a close observer of nature, by the way—informs me that not only scores, but hundreds of minnows, chubs and small trout are being found dead in the small streams which empty into the Boquet River just above New Russia. He says that just after the big thaw a few days since he observed that large numbers of small fish had come up through the air-holes and were swimming around in the overflow. After the second or top ice commenced to form, the fish continued to be active in the water between the two formations of ice. It is his opinion that there is something in the water—a miasma—which is causing the death of the small fish, as they evidently were trying at the time of the recent overflow to get up into better water. He says he has examined many of the dead fish and finds no external marks whatever, and he also says he doesn't believe the loss of fish life was caused by freezing or lack of food. Has anyone a more rational explanation?

I note that some men maintain that they have no knowledge to the effect that foxes do destroy game birds. As one who was born and brought up here in the Adirondacks, I can truthfully say that a fat fox is a rarity in this section. I have trapped and skinned quite a number of red foxes and never yet saw a fat one. Furthermore I must say that the foxes in the Adirondacks do destroy game birds—particularly partridges. Here the foxes catch many partridges in the snow. The foxes also catch partridges during the spring months. In the month of May, 1884, I discovered a fox burrow on the old "Bullard Job," two miles distant from any human habitation. The old mother fox and her young were there, and there was ample evidence of slaughter around the entrance to the burrow. There were pieces of rabbits and partridge bones and feathers galore. I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the fox is the greatest enemy of the partridge to be found in this Adirondack region.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

The Loon's Flight.

HOQUIAM, Wash., Dec. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: About natural history and ways and habits of birds and animals, if a person has observed a trait or condition, or way of doing things that is common to some bird or animal, and has always seen it performed in one particular way, he is justified in concluding that it is never done otherwise. In the December 17 copy of *FOREST AND STREAM*, appeared a very fine article in regard to the loon and its nest, and the patience and perseverance that the writer exercised in securing a chance for photographs. My only excuse for writing this is to correct an erroneous impression that he has got about the loon not being able to take wing from the water without the aid of a strong wind.

I formerly lived in a part of Michigan where there were a great many small ponds or lakes, and many of them had during the summer a pair of loons on them. One of those small lakes was on the place that my father took up under the Homestead Act in '63, and the house was built only a short distance from the lake. It is more than likely that I have more than fifty times seen a loon fly from the water when there was no perceptible wind. It is somewhat difficult, apparently, for them to do so, and a wind is a great help; but they seldom take to flight to escape danger, for their wings hit the water for a hundred yards before they are completely clear of it, and their wings are so small for the weight of their body (which is from 10 to 12 pounds), that in flying from that lake on my father's place, which had tall timber all around, they would circle around three times before they could clear the tops of the trees.

I say seldom take wing to escape danger. Now, a person that has never seen one take to the wing to escape danger might be excused for the belief that they never did so; but I have seen one do so. It was in Charleroi county, Michigan, and the loon was on a small lake through which ran a small stream. Another person and myself were driving some logs down the stream. The lake was so small—probably not more than two acres of surface—and there was no opening up or down the stream, for the tree-tops interlaced above the stream, and the loon was so alarmed at what doubtless appeared to him to be an arrangement to overwhelm him, that he took to flight without any aid from the wind; and in circling around to get above the timber, he came so close to me that I tried to play baseball with him. I struck at him with the

pike-pole and yelled "shoo!" That completed his demoralization, and he dove in the swamp with a crash like a runaway steer. If I had not seen that, I doubtless would always have been under the impression that they never flew to escape danger.

W. A. LINKLETTER.

The Dog and the Bone.

I HAVE sometimes seen a dog bury in the ground a bone for which he did not seem to have any present need. I have always understood that he did this on the principle which actuates a provident man to lay up something "for a rainy day." This may be, though I have never known a dog to dig up the bone afterward; yet some persons tell me they have known him to do this. I should think the dog must be hard pressed by famine that would attempt to gnaw a bone covered with clay and dirt, as this bone must be after being buried in the ground. If the dog hides it away through any such provident forethought as this, it must be the slightest remnant, a mere adumbration of a former instinct of his race. He does not pursue this practice in the steady, methodical way in which an ant or a bee or a squirrel lays up a stock of food against a time of need. With him, it is only a fitful and rare occurrence. His long domestication and the ages through which he has received his food from the hand of his master, have obliterated largely the sense of this necessity from his mind, if he may be supposed to have a mind.

The fox, when he has had the good fortune to capture several fowls at the same time, will, it is said, secrete such as he has no present need for under a bush or behind a log. I remember that in Rowland Robinson's pleasant book, "Sam Lovel's Boy," a young fox is represented as doing this. "He began burying the leg of a lamb in the loose earth, but desisted when he saw that the eyes of all his mates were upon him, then unearthed the half-buried treasure and sought a new hiding place." I do not understand that the wolf has this food-hiding instinct. Gilbert White, of Selborne, says in his quaint way that he had "some acquaintance with a tame brown owl," which, when full, hid, like a dog, what he could not eat.

"The origin of most of our domestic animals," says Darwin, "will probably forever remain vague. But I may here state," he continues, "that, looking to the domestic dogs of the whole world, I have, after a laborious collection of all known facts, come to the conclusion that several wild species of Canidæ have been tamed, and that their blood, in some cases mingled together, flows in the veins of our domestic breeds." He mentions a dog whose great-grandfather was a wolf, and this dog still betrayed its wild ancestry in the fact that it never approached its master in a straight line when called. But which species of the Canidæ from which the dog may have descended has the food-hiding instinct or habit I have nowhere seen stated.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

The Nest of the Chaffinch.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In his article on bird names in your issue of January 12, Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, referring to the nest of the British chaffinch, says:

"The fact that its nest, which is carefully concealed, is a dome-shaped, muff-like affair, entered through an obscure opening in the side," etc.

Is not your contributor mistaken about this? I was familiar with the nest of the chaffinch in my youth, and it certainly is not dome-shaped. In fact, it is perfectly open at the top like a cup. I may state further that it is decidedly the most beautiful bird's nest built in Great Britain, or possibly in any country. Others there are more elaborate or ingenious, but none so beautiful, I think. At any rate, there is none more so. It is woven of fine moss and hairs for the most part. Within it is like a lady's chamber, so soft and silken is it, while without it is rounded with perfect symmetry and studded with silvered lichens. The object of the latter will be apparent when it is stated that the nest is usually found in the fork of a hoary apple tree or hawthorn bush. So well does it harmonize with its surroundings that only the cunning eye of a school boy or professional ornithologist would discover it. I have known persons to whom I pointed it out in my youthful days to tell me again and again that they could see no nest. It is truly a marvel of bird architecture. No doubt the skill of the chaffinch is inherited, and yet it is curious to note (as recorded by Mr. Dixon in his recent work on birds' nests) that a pair of the birds which had been brought to New Zealand from England departed very abruptly in their nest building from the family type. What they built was a hanging structure, not unlike that of the oriole, only open at the top. But perhaps this was a mere freak after all. Birds, as well as men, however, when transported from their native habitat, are sure to change their methods and even their natures to a certain extent. Some are more conservative—more retentive of heredity—than others, but all submit sooner or later to the influence of their new environment.

F. M.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.

Mr. Ryan was in the room with a friend. In the room was an open grate fire, which had died down. Mr. Ryan looked around for something to place on the coals. He found a lump of what he thought was lamp black, and broke off a piece weighing about 2½ pounds and placed it on the live coals. Immediately there was an explosion, which threw them out of their chairs and broke the plate-glass window. Fire spread to papers in the room, but before the firemen arrived, the flames had been extinguished with a few pails of water. The only thing that prevented the place from being destroyed was the fact that this powder had been in the lumber room for ten years, and had lost much of its strength.

—New York World.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Days in Cherry County.—II.

WYMORE, Neb., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I left the Stilson Ranch and started for home in October, 1903, with an invitation and a promise to return in October, 1904, the year in the prospective seemed a long, long time; but it slipped away as all years do, and from the retrospective view it seemed so short that I wonder what became of it. This is another illustration of the difference between a man's foresight and his hindsight.

True to my promise, October 1, 1904, found me on the road between Hyannis on the railroad and the Stilson Ranch nestled in Survey Valley, forty-two miles away.

Will Stilson met me at the railroad and carried part of my luggage to the depot; among other duffle, my kodak, and as he mounted the platform and started for the waiting room door, the bottom fell out of the kodak, and the twelve plates with which I had loaded it for the purpose of getting some pictures on the trip hit the sidewalk and were ruined.

The day was fine, and the long drive behind a fine team through valleys and over hills was delightful. When we arrived at the ranch fence, a few miles from the house, I got out to open the gate, and several grouse got up. They seemed to be sitting all around the team and buggy, and as I had promised, if allowed to come back to that particular ranch, to keep the family supplied with grouse, I took the gun out of its case, put a few shells in my pocket, and again started for the gate, and as the grouse continued to get up, I killed five and threw them in the buggy; and as that seemed enough for all present needs, we finished our journey, arriving at the house at about one o'clock, where we found a good dinner awaiting us.

I received a hearty welcome from all, and as the hay was all up and the fall work about all done, it was soon arranged that nothing should interfere with our hunting for the next week, if we wanted to hunt.

After dinner we spent the most of the afternoon in visiting, until at just sundown the 'Squire and I took our guns and walked through a sunflower patch adjoining the garden, and in a few minutes brought in eleven grouse, the 'Squire remarking that I did better shooting than I did a year before. I think what he said was true, but I attribute it to the fact that I took it more deliberately, and allowed the grouse to get off a little further and gave the shot a chance to scatter out a little more; and I improved so fast in my shooting in two or three days that I hit nearly all my grouse in the left eye. Like Old Jason, "I never could shoot much, but just happened to hit 'em in the left eye."

On Sunday morning, it being forty-two miles to church, we decided to stay at home, and as we discovered that seven or eight hundred of their cattle had broken through the wire fence and come in from the summer range on to the winter range, we at once made our arrangements to put them back where they belonged. What is called the winter range consists of the hay valleys, from which the hay has been cut, and the grass has come up green and tempting, and I did not blame the cattle, although having to put them back would, to an extent, interfere with our plans for the devotional exercises of the day. So while Will went after the horses, the 'Squire and I took an early morning walk through the sunflower patch before mentioned, where the grouse came to feed upon the seed of the sunflower, and enjoyed studying their habits.

When Will arrived with the horses, we each mounted a good one and started with the cattle. It being the Sabbath Day, we took no guns, but allowed four or five of the stag hounds to go with us, and had the pleasure of seeing a couple of fine chases after jack rabbits, the hounds being successful in both cases, although the last race after an old black-tailed jack was the hardest and closest race I ever saw.

By noon we had the cattle back on the range where they belonged, and then we took a ride up the valley to call upon Mr. Tull and invite him to go duck shooting with us one day the following week. Mr. Tull—commonly and lovingly called "Grandpap Tull" by his friends and neighbors—is nearly seventy years old, tall, slim and wiry, and can go up the side of a sandhill like an antelope, and is still a dead shot. He used to hunt for the market, but will not kill a bird unless the law permits it to be done. Some of his friends tell the story on him that in the old market-hunting days he was such a remarkably good shot that when a grouse got up in front of him and recognized him, it would drop as though shot, and wait for him to pick it up. While this story may be simply an allegory or figurative only, I had good reason later on to respect the good judgment of the grouse that dropped without waiting for the charge of shot that was sure to come. After a pleasant visit with Mr. Tull, we rode home, and although it was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived, we found our dinner waiting, hot and steaming.

After dinner we studied the habits of the grouse in the sunflower patch again, and then laid our plans for the week's work. As I did not expect to start for home until the following Sunday, and we could kill all the grouse that I was permitted to take home in a day, all we had to do for a few days was to visit, ride horseback, have a good time, and kill just enough grouse for the table and the lunch basket.

On Monday morning the 'Squire and I took another horseback ride lasting until afternoon. We visited the different ranges and climbed to the highest points of the sandhills to enjoy the view. From one, said to be the highest point in Cherry county, we could see in all directions for twenty miles; Twin Lakes lay to the northeast six or seven miles away, and numerous other lakes in all directions.

After dinner we took a drive in the spring wagon, Will doing the driving; and we did a little grouse shooting, bringing home thirty-three grouse and a couple of jack rabbits to feed to the hounds. It is the rule in the cattle country to shoot every jack rabbit on sight, as they interfere with the hounds in hunting coyotes, because, after chasing two or three jacks, the hounds are unfitted to chase and kill coyotes for that day at least.

While on this little hunt, and while all three were riding, a grouse got up in front of the horses and started for Montana—a way they have when being hunted, and this particular grouse happened to be on the 'Squire's side of the wagon, he shooting right-handed and I left-handed, so he threw up his old Parker and fired and killed the grouse. This is quite a feat when the horses are trotting along over uneven ground, and when the dog next pointed, the 'Squire handed his gun to Will and told him to get out with me, as I was no longer in his class. Will and I got out and had some very nice shooting, but it did not interest the 'Squire—it was too easy for him. But later on while all were riding again, a grouse got up under the horses' feet and whirled around the wagon and started on our back track, and as I was in the back seat, I whirled around, threw my gun to my shoulder and fired in the general direction of the grouse, and just happened to center it and kill it dead, and after that had no trouble in inducing the 'Squire to get out when the actions of the dog indicated grouse.

On Tuesday morning we took a team and wagon and drove to a valley four or five miles away called Rattlesnake Heaven, or Prairie Dog Paradise, after a load of cow chips for fuel. Mr. Stilson and Will each took a long-handled four-tined fork, with which to pick up the chips, and I took their Winchester shotgun, with which to shoot a few prairie dogs to feed to the hounds.

The cow chips are found mostly in prairie dog towns, there being little grass and the ground being almost always smooth and bare, and by ten o'clock the wagon was loaded. By this time the sun had come out warm, and the rattlesnakes began to come out and lie in the sun near the mouth of the burrow in which he had taken up his winter quarters. We killed five snakes and skinned three of them, the other two having to be shot to keep them from getting into the holes, and one of the snakes shot contained a good sized prairie dog. Our experience with the snakes was reported to FOREST AND STREAM shortly after my return from Cherry county in a few notes relating to that subject alone, and the skins of three very beautiful specimens were sent to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

We arrived at home with our load of stove wood about one o'clock, and after dinner and a little rest, we took a drive among the little foothills of one of the great ranges of sandhills, and had some very nice grouse shooting, coming home with thirty-four grouse, notwithstanding some unaccountable misses and accidents of different kinds, which all added zest to our afternoon's sport.

On Wednesday the weather was very cold and stormy, and we did not hunt. We were already overstocked with grouse, and the disagreeable weather did not worry us. We visited, drove to the post-office, got the latest papers and the family mail, and ate three square meals. Our grouse had all been pulled and hung upon the platform of the windmill over night and placed in the cave in the morning, where they would keep well until needed; and if Ah-se-bun, the Indian who ate Fred. Mather out of house and home in the Wisconsin woods, had dropped in on us, we could have given him more than "half plenty."

In the evening Mr. Tull arrived to stay all night and go with us after ducks the next day.

On Thursday morning the weather was still very cold and disagreeable, but we started for the lakes; and when we got too cold for comfort in the spring wagon, we got out and walked, and we walked and rode alternately all day. It was about noon when we arrived at Silver Lake, the most beautiful of the group of lakes that form the headwaters of the North Loup River. It is about a mile across the east end of this lake, and the shore line is as straight as you could shoot an arrow, then it gradually runs to a point at the west end, nearly two miles away, and as it narrowed down the shores were lined with willows and rushes, making it an ideal place to shoot ducks. It was also very deep, clear and full of fish; black bass, croppie and catfish could be plainly seen in the water. The lake was covered with blue-winged teal, the larger ducks not having arrived yet.

Having arrived and made sure that the ducks were there, the first step was to get on the warm side of a haystack near a water tank and open the basket of lunch. Mr. Stilson was not with us at the time, as he had taken a walk around the lake, but I knew the combination, and besides, he should have been there at that critical time. We found the basket to contain the breasts of twelve grouse, lots of bread and butter, pickles, pie and cake—certainly a bountiful supply; but had Mr. Stilson not arrived in the nick of time, in all probability he would have had no dinner, as I have been taught from childhood to improve my opportunities.

After dinner we tried the ducks, but as both my companions got the start of me in a short time, I complained of the cold, and finally prevailed upon them to start for home. Of course they had the advantage of knowing the country, and being used to that kind of ducks, while all was strange to me, and at that time I had not had the advantage of reading the discussions that have been going on lately in FOREST AND STREAM, as to the proper manner of killing a duck, and might have shot one flying or sitting or sleeping, or caught one and kicked it to death—all of which I know now would have been unsportsmanlike, and I have been glad ever since that the weather was so bad. After I got them well started on the way home I got over my hurry, and a walk through the hills

warmed me up, and we had some rare sport with the grouse, and in fact I enjoyed the day as well as any ever put in with the gun. While the weather was bad the company was good, the lunch was fine, and while I could not claim to have killed my share of the game that day, I was pleased and proud of the results; and one thing that I especially enjoyed was listening to my two companions, the best of whose lives had been spent in the wilds of the West, as they told of experiences rare, interesting and ridiculous that they had passed through in years gone by, and through all this, and from what each said to me when the other was not present, I could see the warm friendship and respect that each bore for the other; and knowing them both as I think I do, it does not seem at all strange that such mutual feelings should exist. Both rugged, manly, generous and law-abiding, I ask for no better company under any circumstances.

On Friday morning the weather was fine again, and Mr. Stilson and I took a long drive up the valley to the west. The scenery of the sandhill country is beautiful, the air was pure and balmy, and the ride delightful. At a small house where we stopped for a drink of water we found a woman with five or six children, the husband having been away somewhere at work for more than a month, and the family out of meat; and here we left all our grouse and drove home.

Saturday came all too soon. This was the great day; I was going to the railroad on Sunday, and the fifty grouse that I was permitted to take home with me were yet to be killed. It was to be a final and friendly contest between the 'Squire and myself, and we were both from Missouri and had to be shown. The weather was warm and nice and the grouse would lay well, so we decided that we would not go out until after dinner. If we could not kill fifty grouse in a half day, then I would go home short.

After dinner we drove about five miles to a cornfield. The sandhill corn is only about four feet high, and we could stand in it anywhere and see all over it, but the cover for the birds was not good, and they got up very wild. Each had a good gun, loaded with smokeless powder and No. 6 chilled shot, and two good dogs. It was three o'clock when we got to the cornfield, and the fun soon commenced. We killed our birds at from forty to eighty yards. Just at dusk we met at the further side of the field and counted up. We lacked just one bird of having the required fifty, and there was just one bird difference in our scores. I was satisfied to quit with the forty-nine birds, but the 'Squire told me to drive the team around and he would walk across the field and meet me at the other side. It was too dark for me to shoot, and I naturally reasoned that it would be too dark for him; but I was mistaken, and have always been sorry that I did not insist on his getting in the buggy and allowing me to come home with what we had.

On Sunday the ride from the ranch to the railroad was pleasant and interesting. Will and Mrs. Stilson came with me, leaving the 'Squire at home alone, and I was sorry that I could not stay with him. I arrived at home on Monday night with fifty grouse in fine condition, and distributed them among my friends, and on the first of next October I hope and expect to spend a few days at the hospitable home of the Stilsons in Cherry county.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

A Quail Hunt in Old Virginia.

WE had been counting the months, weeks and days to the opening of the game season in Virginia, and when the long-looked-for day arrived, we felt a sense of relief that the long probation was ended, and that the season was really at hand. In the early morning hours, before the sun had shown its rim over the hills, our party, composed of Lou Jackson and Warren Rice, of Winchester, and Fritz Keidel, of Baltimore, pulled out over the level valley pike to the farm of Mr. John W. Rice, situated near Vancluse, in Frederick county. The radiant light of a perfect November morning was breaking over the landscape when we drove up to the hospitable abode of Mr. Massie, the overseer of the farm. This gentleman soon made his appearance, when we extricated ourselves from a jumble of dogs, guns, etc., and got out. After a good hot breakfast served in good old Virginia style, we got ready for the day's hunt. Starting out, Mr. Massie suggested that we get over into the peach orchard, where he had heard some birds calling the day before. The dogs were already over, and Comet, the English setter of Mr. Rice, had struck the birds. Getting them up, we succeeded in bringing down four. The others scattered, but were gotten up again, and two more fell to our guns. The dogs found birds right along, and there was a continuous fusillade over those old Virginia fields. We called the sport off at 11 o'clock, having secured a fair number, and returned to the house for dinner. We were very enthusiastic over the morning's hunt and reviewed the incidents and excellent shooting of some of our party, while partaking of the well-prepared dinner set forth by Mrs. Massie. After satisfying the inner man, gun-cleaning came next, preparatory to the hunt in the afternoon. This through with, we struck a wheat stubble field, which was overgrown with foxtail four or five feet high, where shooting would be rather difficult. Ned, the Irish setter of Mr. Keidel, found the birds after pirouetting around for some time, and when gotten up they flew into some heavy timber. Count found them here, and four birds were killed. Another flock was gotten up further on, but they were sharp and flew over on posted land. That settled our business with them, but there were other birds than these, and we kept on in search of them. The dogs found several more flocks out in the open, where shooting was not so difficult, and out of these we got what we thought our full share. The sun was nearing

the western hills when we retraced our steps toward the house, and after supper that night, after cleaning our guns, yarn-telling was indulged in until bedtime, when all turned in.

The first one up the next morning rushed to the window to see the weather, and observing a fine sky, shouted, "Get up, boys, it's 6 o'clock and everything is favorable for another good hunt." The balance of us needed no second invitation, and there was a tumbling out of bed and getting into togs ready for breakfast.

The morning meal over, we sallied forth across the fields in search of the birds. Count soon found a covey, and Ned made a pretty back stand. They got up in confusion, but Messrs. Jackson and Rice got a single apiece. Mr. Jackson thought the birds came to the ground again about fifty yards up a fence, but when we reached them they were not to be found, and when the dogs did find them they were probably too yards further on. This time six of them fell to our guns, and the rest of them flew over on to posted land, but as some of our party knew the owner of the farm, we got over. The dogs found two flocks over here, out of which we got ten birds. We were not quite satisfied with our number yet, and strayed further on to the edge of some timber, along which ran an old Virginia rail fence, and right along here Ned found another covey. Six more birds were added to our number, and then we started in the direction of the house. On the way back a couple of rabbits were scared up, one of which we killed.

After supper that night, after lighting our pipes, we gathered around the old-fashioned fire-place, in which the logs cracked and stewed, and recounted the pleasures of our two days' hunt.

The next morning, after bidding our host and hostess good-by, and expressing our appreciation and thanks for their generous hospitality, we drove back to Winchester on our way to Pleasant Level, the county home of Mr. Jackson. Mr. Rice, much to our regret, was detained in the city by law business, so we had to proceed on without him. The weather for our last day's hunt looked rather gloomy in the morning, and it didn't improve much in the afternoon. It was cold and drizzling rain, and our spirits were rather low—I don't mean liquid—and for some time we were undecided whether to go out or stay in. However, we tried it for a while, and I think we wound up the afternoon with four birds and two rabbits.

We were entertained at dinner by Mr. Charles McCain, who lives about five miles from town, and late in the afternoon drove to the home of Mr. Al Rutherford, where we took supper. Mr. Rice came down and joined about 7 o'clock in the evening, and after spending several pleasant hours with Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford and their charming daughters, we started toward Winchester with pleasant thoughts of quail hunt in Old Virginia.

A. T. C.

WINCHESTER, Va.

From the Bayman's Viewpoint.

BLUE POINT, L. I., Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Assuming that the fire-place crowd of FOREST AND STREAM is open to both sides of a question, with your permission will draw my cider barrel up into the glow and join the good-natured group of duck shooters.

If you fellows understand the difference between an occasional gunner and a man who gets a few dollars out of the game, you possibly would see the sport from a different standpoint. The raft of ducks on closer inspection would turn out to be only a bunch. The pair of sleeping black ducks (when you get upon them) would be two pieces of driftwood. The child-like zeal of the \$400 gun owner is an emotion quite different from the calm speculation of the parchment-skinned bayman. Now will you let me say something about spring duck shooting here? Would you believe that last election this measure was made to occupy a prominent position on the platform of all Long Island candidates for political honor? Do you know they have promised to do all they can to repeal the spring duck law? Why? Because it is of very great importance to the people of this section, to the Long Island Railroad and the baymen. That political crest and legislative ping-pong may interfere and with impunity occasion considerable inconvenience and financial loss to a community, is a consideration; and I think, in justice to those who have been your guides, your cooks, your faithful attendants, to those who have got up in the middle of the night to put an extra rug over you as you sit in the little bunk in the little hut on the sand dunes, due at least a fair judgment. Compared with the bayman with the battery, what has the man with the gun to do? The former a living for part of the year, the latter a duck or two.

Did you ever hear of the man who gets a living at the time objecting to shooting duck in the spring? No, well, that's because he understands the true condition. I come to enter into the details would occupy a column or two. Suffice it to say that the thrifty, provident bayman is not going to "cut off his nose to spite his face," while I don't want to cast any reflection on myself, I wish to say that those who know the most about duck shooting conditions on the Great South Bay are those who can least explain or bring their argument before the proper quarter. Those who make the agitation are, to a certain extent, masters of the situation because of clapnet sentiment. They are the class of duck shooters who say you that it is easier to kill a duck on the water than on the wing.

The Plaintiff—The calamity monger.

The Defendant—The quiet, horny-handed man of the plow and the point.

The Jury—The good, kind, what-do-we-care-easy-mark-down-nothing-about-it people of the State of New York. Permit a few questions and facts.

Q. Suppose you had a full year to shoot, have you ever tried the actual number of days it is possible to kill and eat ducks?

Note.—In the season of 1903-4 you could not have taken the months of December, January or February fifty days on the Bay (I say the Bay, assuring you that I am discussing this matter absolutely from a local standpoint), of the millions that hovered around the neighboring sea, because of the ice.

Q. Do you figure on the days when the gull flies low

and the ragged water prevents the rigging of a battery? Q. Do you take into consideration the average hitting qualities of men who shoot at ducks?

Q. Will you say that less ducks assemble on the Bay than in days gone by?

Statement.—There are a hundred dwellings along shore to-day where there was one then. Standing up from the landscape here and there appears the dull red smokestack of many a factory; on the water hundreds of oyster fishers anchor and drift while plying their trade. Puffing tug-boats and snappy little motor craft hurry to and fro—not an ideal setting for the "haunts of the wild."

Q. If there are less ducks on the Bay to-day than in other years, must we attribute the deficiency to the battery and the pump gun?

Statement.—Ducks are wilder while on the Bay to-day, consequently the bags are smaller. Incidentally the man with the \$400 shooting iron howls.

Statement.—Any reliable naturalist will tell you this is not the breeding ground of the ducks. That they mate here to any extent comparable to their vast incalculable numbers will require some proving. That eggs in course of formation have been discovered within a dead bird taken here in the spring may be true, I'll admit. Again the vast proportion, ask of the duck shooters how often they have observed this.

Referring to shooting at ducks on the water, I have seen a box of cartridges used up on one on the water, the same presenting a passable mark every time it was shot at. Had those cartridges been used by the same gunner at birds on the wing at the same distance, I venture to say he would have taken at least twenty out of the twenty-five. Adept generally try to scare up birds alighting within the radius of the decoys.

Here there is no indiscriminate slaughter. No traps are used, nor nets; and there is very little market-shooting. The men prefer to hire their outfit to a sportsman. The bags secured here last season have been a happy, glad old average. To the adept came the spoils. The canvasback hunter paid his money to the bayman, got in the box, missed all that came along, and religiously purchased half a dozen pair to take home, where he put on his smoking jacket and took out his ink-pot and told FOREST AND STREAM that the ducks would have to be protected.

That protection is required for the ducks in these waters will require proving, and the proof must come from those who know facts.

If a regiment of soldiers were afloat on the Bay, each equipped with a first-class battery and the latest lightning-like magazine gun at his side to-morrow, they would take no more ducks with their thousand guns than we did yesterday, forty of us. Ask an old gunner and he will tell you why.

You men who take the train to Albany, see that this measure is (as far as Long Island goes) considered with intelligence. Let us have a fair game. We men of the battery and the point are not without sentiment. You must not be cajoled into believing that ducks are mowed down like blades of grass. Do not imagine we do not appreciate the full import of the word protection. The ducks come and go in other waters further north, where the cold blue waters lap whole continents of ice on which the foot of man has never trod; to-day countless legions of web-footed fowl flap their wings in glorious ignorance of such a thing as a pump gun.

All the ducks don't come to the Great South Bay. There are enough for Jersey, for Connecticut, and then innumerable clouds of them are left for every other State in the Union.

WILL GRAHAM.

Deer Hunting in Wisconsin.

THE DOCTOR is the plague of my life. No sooner has he consumed his last bite of venison than he is ready for the next year's outing. The first thought he utters is as to how deer wintered; the second, where we will locate. Then how many will be in the party, and how long will we stay. These are foundation stones for the building that goes on during the summer months, until by the first of October he has changed to, "Have you heard from S.?" By this time I am getting pretty well worked up, and if prevented from carrying out our plans (which seem to grow just like mushrooms), something more serious would probably happen.

I don't believe I am any more responsible for my love for the camp and the chase than Mother Earth is for the weeds that choke the growing crops. (If the reader can find any philosophy in the illustration he has me.) Don't overlook the fact, though, I said camp as well as chase. Camp sounds less bloodthirsty, and presents altogether a different aspect. A camp may be located near Mr. Kipling's "raw right-angled log-jam" or his "blackened timber," and far removed from anything to chase of consequence; or it may be in the heart of the wilderness, with windfalls alternating with swamp. Again, it may be pitched by the side of a "babbling brook" or brook about which men babble, or on the shore of a lake where in the late fall you fish during midday and freeze at midnight. But give me a camp in a sheltered cove, near the edge of a lake or the outlet to one, with green woods sheltering me, the ground carpeted with pine needles or maple leaves, and—what's the use—where will you find it? If any reader of FOREST AND STREAM knows of such an ideal place in Wisconsin or Minnesota, please drop me a line. The time was I knew such spots; but now blackened stubs and stumps mark the place, briars and weeds cover the camping ground, and you can walk dryshod down the lake's bank to where my birch pole and long line flung the bait eighteen years ago.

As to the chase—that's different. Deer are easily domesticated; so are rabbits, pine squirrels, bears, etc., and if you care only for the chase, you may locate almost anywhere north of the center of Wisconsin, Michigan or Minnesota and not be disappointed. The non-resident hunter will find the railroads that run through or into the game centers his best friends. He will find them ready to grant any reasonable request not inconsistent with the laws governing the handling of game or interstate commerce.

On November 8, at 10:30 P. M., we boarded the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul train at Chicago for Sayner, Vilas county, Wisconsin. I had arranged with Mr. Sayner to haul us out to our last year's camp-site; also to furnish us a table, cook-stove, bale of straw and

kerosene. We were taking two tents, each 16ft. by 12ft., and a sheet-iron box-stove, but we wanted a stove in each tent. There were six of us, and we needed the two tents; therefore why not two stoves? Besides, the Doctor had promised me that if we got a cook-stove for our cook tent, he would bake some biscuits. Now, biscuits are my delight. If there is any one eatable I like better than a soft, cream-colored biscuit, it is six of the same kind with good fresh butter. So a cook-stove we had, and the biscuits later. Our train was nearly two hours late at Sayner and another party had to be taken down to Plum Lake, so it was nearly 3 P. M. when Mr. S. got our nine pieces of baggage loaded and started for our camping ground on Lost Creek, nearly three miles distant. The straw Mr. S. had ordered from somewhere had not arrived, but he brought a long-necked quart bottle filled with oil for our lamp and lantern, and by nightfall we had the sleeping tent up on the exact spot it occupied in November, 1903. We used the same ridge-pole; the same logs protected the bottom of the tent, and the stove sat on the same earthen platform, and blinked at us through the draft-hole as of yore. We had left home at 2:18 P. M. on the 8th, and in spite of three delays of from 30 minutes to two hours each, were now, twenty-six hours later, eating lunch in camp, over 500 miles from home and three miles from the railroad. With some boughs and the extra tent we made a foundation for our beds, and the following morning put up the other tent in front, opened the back end of it and connected the two. Toward evening Mr. S. brought out the cook-stove and a six-foot table, but brought no stove-pipe nor straw. We spent the 10th putting our trunks—most of which had lain out over night—in place, gathering wood, and viewing the country near camp; getting ready, in fact, for the 11th, which was the first day of the open season for deer.

The morning of the 11th, Hedrick got up at 4 o'clock, built a fire, and sat down to wait until time to get breakfast. He did not wait long, however, for Bender don't let daylight find him abed in a hunting camp. Breakfast was eaten by lamp-light, and as soon as we could see, we scattered out in various directions, the net result being a 5-point buck which fell to Spahr's gun. Saturday the 12th Bender and Spahr went out northwest, Hedrick and Journey (our new man) southwest, but at 11 A. M. they began to return to camp without bagging any game. The Doctor and I wrote some letters and did the morning camp work. Then I prepared dinner, consisting of bean soup with a liberal supply of sliced bacon, and a dish of stewed apples, bread, butter and coffee. At 11 I helped myself, then got into my shooting outfit, got the kerosene bottle, and started for Sayner post-office, nearly four miles distant. The wagon road is a snake-like trail around and between hills near our camp, and where it circles the second hill I followed an older track over the top, and was descending the northern side when a good sized buck fawn bounded off to the northeast of me, going nearly straightaway. Now, if there is any target I would rather shoot at than a running deer I have never seen it. It has occurred to me that the shooter who can with the average repeating rifle under conditions that prevail in the deer haunts of to-day, stop every deer he sees, ought to command a high salary as a batter in a crack ball team. For the most scientific twirler can hardly put up a more difficult proposition than deer do for the hunter in the burnt-over land of Wisconsin. I had to shoot down through a number of small trees, and had worked my gun three times when a second deer that had at my first shot sprung from its cover, seemed to offer a better mark, and I turned slightly to the right and threw two balls at it before both were out of sight. Then I took time to get vexed at myself. The boys told me a few moments later that those five shots came thick and fast, and caused them all to jump from the table and grab their guns; nevertheless there was no deer in sight, and all about quiet reigned supreme. Then I counted off one hundred long steps, and found myself about two-thirds of the distance to where the deer were when I fired my first shot. That was sufficient to satisfy me that my judgment was about right when I aimed at the deer, and not over them, as I should have done if they had been 300 yards distant. The ground was extremely dry, but I found the tracks of the first one I saw, and soon came to where one of my bullets had plowed a furrow some two feet long just in front and between the deer's tracks. Evidently I had shot a little low. A few jumps further was a drop of blood, and about fifty yards further on, and on the crest of a little hill, lay a fine buck fawn. He must have fallen about the instant I turned my attention to the second one, which was further to my right, and some forty yards nearer. That second deer was a corker. He was too quick for me, and got away, leaving no sign of being wounded.

The Doctor and Journey came to me, and I asked them to take care of the dead deer and I would jog on toward Sayner. Journey soon called out that he never saw a deer shot like that one. Then he held up the heart and told us the bullet had struck near the navel, gone through the heart and out between the forelegs. That reminded me of a shot I made at a rabbit with the same gun at about forty steps. The ball clipped a portion of one of the rabbit's hindfeet, ripped it open and tossed it over to the left, while its entrails lay on the ground directly under where it was when the ball struck it. It might occur to some reader to keep track of that kerosene bottle, and that thought occurred to the Doctor. My explanation was that when that first white flag went up the bottle was unceremoniously dropped, to be picked up later.

Saturday evening the 12th found us in shipshape. My notes read: "This year we seem to be well supplied with everything needful for a comfortable, jolly time. Now if the deer will just be meek and well mannered, we may bag our quota of game and go home happy." But we had that evening no idea what fate had dished up for us. To read on: "I notice my old friend Hedrick wabbles more and more as these outings come and go, and the stumps are more contrary as I try to draw myself up on them, and when one of us gets into the shintangle he don't go through so nimbly as he did fifteen years ago; but the cool water is just as sweet, the air as bracing, and the bean soup and potatoes with jackets on taste just as good, and we can handle our rifles and shoot just about as straight as before the stiffness came into our knees and cramps into our muscles. As I sit

by the camp stove and he lies near me snoozing, I can't help but think of these things, and one by one I see the camps we have dwelt together in. One over at Witch Lake, Michigan, from which blessed spot we wandered by the hour day and week, has for some years been an oatfield. Our camp a mile below where I now sit, and in which we swapped lies only two years ago, is now cut in twain by a settler's wagon road, and the deer crossing hard by is a deer crossing only in memory. Verily time changes all things. To-day we are and tomorrow we are not, and thus ends my Sabbath reverie."

Sunday night the clouds left us and the stars "twinkled up so high" just as they did in my old school reader, and I stood outside the tent and lived over a few boyhood thoughts. And then I heard the Doctor telling the boys in the tent that he just tried to see how much of this air he could draw into his lungs at one time.

Monday morning was a frosty one. Hedrick took a couple of turns, looking at his watch by the light of a match, then dressed himself, started a fire first in the heating stove, then the cook-stove. By this time Charley was up, and Journay and Spahr followed in regular order. To Doc and I, who demurred, it seemed but a short time until there was a call from the other tent, and we had to hustle to get to the table. It was 4 o'clock when Hedrick got up, and I roasted him considerable for stirring us out to hunt deer just at the hour deer were going to bed. The day was a bright one, and Journay and Spahr each got a couple of snap shots, but failed to bring in any game. I put some venison on to boil and prepared potatoes for frying, and whiled away the forenoon in camp; then after dinner went over the hill back of camp and added to the missing score by sending three bullets after a doe that got away in the brush. Tuesday evening Journay shot a doe at long range, but she turned and came toward him and he had to stop her with a second bullet. He was shooting a .30-30. We carried the doe in after dark and had three deer at the end of four days' hunting, which wasn't bad, considering the dry weather and the number of deer sighted. Wednesday the 16th we drew a blank. Thursday the 17th Hedrick said he would keep camp, and all the rest were to take a hunt east of the big swamp just east from camp. The Doctor went around on the north of the swamp to a crossing on Lost Creek, while the four of us took the wagon road for Lost Lake, then divided up and circled the swamp toward where the Doctor was located. I went to the right near Big St. Germain Lake, then bore off the Lost Lake road, where an old logging road much overgrown with underbrush went north through the heavy timber toward Lost Creek. There was a good bit of sign in this woods, but the brush was thick, the leaves very dry, and woods generally noisy. For these very reasons we were hunting in skirmish line, the other boys being scattered along between me and the big swamp. I stood on a log for a time, then sat quite a while on a large pine stump on a hill, where I could see down through the hazel and other brush; then, thinking the boys had moved on, I got down, crossed a hollow, and was standing on a log on another and lower hill, when Journay got a shot over near the swamp, and, as it turned out, killed a fine large buck fawn. A moment later Spahr's big .42-80 roared, and soon after I heard the quick jumps of a deer, and to my chagrin got a glimpse only of a good sized doe going eastward along the hollow my last vacated perch enabled me to see perfectly. Why had I not stayed on that stump five minutes longer? My circle brought me to the creek below the boys, but I saw Bender and learned that Journay had killed one, so went up to where Doc was blowing his bike whistle. Hedrick had been there with an ax and felled a dead tree across the creek near the spot I bridged last year with my little tomahawk. The Doctor went out and met the boys, and we took turns carrying the deer to camp, and right there is where a hunter pays for the sport of hunting deer. You can't drag a deer on the dry ground and over logs, roots and brush without bruising it and raking the hair off, and exhausting your knees and lungs; and if two men carry it on a pole they will have their shoulders grained and their backs yanked until they feel like laying up for repairs. Then there is the added risk of losing the coupon that the laws of Wisconsin say must be attached to the deer as soon as killed, and if this flimsy paper and cheap muslin coupon is not in good condition when the deer is presented to the transportation company for shipment, the agent may refuse to accept it, and there you are with a deer on your hands and no proof that it is yours or that you have complied with the law in regard to it. For these obvious reasons local game wardens are disposed to take the sensible view that if a non-resident hunter pays for and has a deer hunter's license it is the part of wisdom to so preserve his coupons that they may be in good condition when he turns his game over to the express company, and that it is not necessary that he tie a coupon on each deer "as soon as" it is killed. The State Game Warden likewise sees the point, and is disposed to be reasonable in the matter, the primary principle involved being the protection of game. But there are always some extremely wise people abroad in the land, and a couple of this class were awaiting us at camp, and thereby hangs a tale, but it does not belong to this story. We rested mostly until Friday morning; though I distinctly heard brush breaking in a swamp near our tent some time during the night, and though it might have been our callers of the preceding day, I most knew it was nothing but deer, so went off to sleep again. Friday morning Hedrick started us out in a bunch while he stayed at camp. I had forgotten about the noise I heard in the night, and was tagging along behind the other boys, not over 200 yards from camp, when those in front opened fire. Three or four shots rang out, and then I saw a large buck on a hill, but only for an instant. He was going northwest, and the Doctor and I, being on a ridge while the other three boys were over the ridge, we started to head him off. He had to go at a lively clip if I did not get a shot at him, but when I arrived at a point where I could see down into the wagon road, the buck was nowhere in sight. Then I saw the Doctor stalking, and I enjoyed the situation more than if I had been in his place. He took a step and fired, then advanced toward a thicket with his rifle at "ready," fired once or twice more, a shot from Bender's gun mingling with the confusion. Poor buck! He was sorely pressed and mortally wounded it seems, for he ran down the hill to the southwest and fell dead at Bender's feet. He was

shot in front of the hamstring, twice in the shoulder, and once through the head. Journay said he saw a doe also, but she dodged off to the left around the swamp and got away. While this buck was not more than 400 yards from camp where he lay dead in an old trail, it was necessary to drag him over several logs, over two ridges, and through a hollow or draw, the bottom of which was twenty-five feet lower than the top of the ridges, so broken was the land near camp. We took the buck back to camp, then scattered and hunted, but got no more game that day. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Minnesota Game and Fish.

FROM advance sheets kindly furnished by Sam. F. Fullerton, Executive Agent of the Minnesota Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, we quote the following paragraphs:

Arrests and Convictions.

During the year our wardens made 256 arrests and obtained 214 convictions. The amount of fines collected was \$3,789.10—one fine of \$20,000 being still in litigation; and a jail sentence of 220 days having been served in lieu of paying another \$20,000 fine.

The fines, which go to the different county treasuries, have ranged in amounts from \$1 up to \$20,000. The amount of jail sentences imposed by the different courts was 1,195 days, the sentences running from ten days up to 300 days.

While our wardens at the railroad centers report less game and fish seized this year than last, still a great deal was smuggled into market. We have made several commission men pay dearly for this traffic; but still they will continue to take their chances to a limited extent, the profits being large enough to serve as a temptation.

In this connection our Board wishes to call to your attention, and through you to that of the Legislature, very serious miscarriages of justice. In at least two of the counties of our State, the county attorneys will not do anything to assist in enforcing the game laws if they can possibly avoid it. Also, in a great many cases, the justices of the peace will do nothing. If such a law could be passed, we would recommend that, where conditions of this kind exist, a change of venue may be taken by the State from one county to another. This is the only way that we can see to remedy this evil. We have had the clearest kinds of cases brought for violating the game laws—men who even wanted to plead guilty when arrested—but through the advice of the county attorney or justice, would stand trial and be acquitted. In one county we have withdrawn our wardens altogether, as there is no use in spending money to arrest violators of the law when the authorities will under no circumstances convict. It is a terrible state of affairs to contemplate, when the best element of the county seems powerless at the hands of a class of men like this. The very action of these officials is demoralizing to any community, and will sooner or later reap its own reward in the disregard of all laws.

We have destroyed over 50,000 feet of nets of different make and description, from a 600-foot seine to the small channel hobb net that catches every fish from a minnow up—all first-class agents of fish destruction.

Fishways.

We have caused to be constructed in the different dams during the year thirty fishways. There are still owners of dams who, for one cause and another, have not yet complied with the provision of our law; but the Board has served notice on all that the law must be obeyed, and the man who lives above the dam must have the same rights that the man below has.

Fish Distribution.

We are glad to report a very successful year at our fish hatchery in St. Paul. We spawned 5,000,000 trout eggs, 112,000,000 wall-eyed pike or pike-perch eggs. The bass and croppery we get from the sloughs of the Mississippi River and Lake Pepin, where we employ men to seine for them. We distributed during the year 4,310,000 trout fry, 1,866,000 bass and croppery fry, and 67,000,000 wall-eyed pike fry. We placed these in the different lakes and streams where the most depletion from fishing had taken place.

Restocking with Game.

While artificial propagation of fish can re-stock our lakes, we cannot do the same with game birds and animals. The only solution is suitable places as breeding grounds, and if those are furnished and proper protection given, there will be no question of the result in Minnesota. We are glad that not only the different States, but the Congress of the United States are taking up this matter and setting aside tracts of land, where in the mating season the birds and game animals will not be molested. Hon. George Shiras, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill to have the Federal authorities take charge of the protection of ducks, geese and all aquatic fowl when in their flight in the spring to their breeding grounds in the north. Our Board believes that this is a happy solution of a very vexed question. While States like Minnesota have passed laws against spring shooting, other States still allow it, which nullifies, to a certain extent, our law; but when we have a Federal law making it a crime to interfere in any way with these migratory birds, the practice of spring shooting will be a thing of the past, and men who have advocated this crime against nature will be ashamed to let it be known that they were ever in favor of anything like it, when they note the increase in flights in the fall months when shooting will be allowed.

The Game Supply.

Several friends of game protection have advanced the idea that we ought to have a close season on deer and moose for some time to come. That sentiment is not shared by the Commission, because we believe that under the present law our deer and moose, if saved for the citizens of the State, will increase, and we will have them for all time to come in Minnesota.

Our feathered game, such as prairie chickens, will naturally disappear as civilization advances. The quail

we will always have with us unless destroyed by severe winters with sleet. They are increasing, and are now a far north as Brainerd, and it may not surprise the denizens of Duluth to hear the cheery Bob White whistling in their parks.

Most States in the Union are looking to having the game bag reduced. Minnesota allows three deer, or moose and one caribou in a season. They also allow or hundred ducks, geese or brant, combined, and fifty chickens, partridges or quail combined. We would urgently request that the Legislature pass a law reducing that bag to two deer, one moose and one caribou; twenty-five chickens, grouse or quail, combined, and fifty duck geese or brant, combined, and make it unlawful to have any more in possession at any one time. We believe that that would do away, to a certain extent, with the "game hog" and market-hunter, who, despite the fact that the sale of game is prohibited in Minnesota, will go out and shoot for market.

Hunting Accidents.

The public is becoming aroused because of the death from accidents by careless hunters. While Minnesota has fared well compared with some of our sister States, still the accidents are altogether too numerous; and our Board is of the opinion that a law ought to be passed making a penitentiary offense—manslaughter in the first degree—for one man to kill another in the woods, mistaking him for a deer, and that the defense that such killing was an accident ought not to be considered in the trial. While we do not believe this would stop it altogether, it would help immensely; but as long as we have with us the fellow who will for fun (as he calls it) point a loaded gun at man's head just to see him jump, just so long will we have accidents in the woods when such fellows can demand a license from the County Auditor of his county and until we do something to improve the human race the placing of firearms in the hands of such men will always be a mistake; but we do not know how to stop it. We believe, however, that while a different law ought to be passed, the newspapers throughout the State can do a great deal to keep up the agitation by warning men to be absolutely sure before they shoot that the object they are shooting at is a wild animal.

A Michigan Programme.

MR. W. B. MERSHON, writing in the Saginaw News says:

"The next comment is on the statement that the sportsmen themselves are the most interested; that the general public is not particularly interested in game protection.

"I believe the State of Maine by reason of its game protection draws a bigger revenue from its game and its fish and the tourists that these two things bring their woods and streams than Michigan gets out of sugarbeet crop. The public is interested in game protection, first, because of its food value. It is stated in the papers that this fall 5,000 deer were killed in the upper peninsula. I do not know whether this is correct or not, but as a food product, are not 5,000 cases of venison of any value to the public?"

"Rabbits, partridges and ducks that are killed annually contribute tons to the food products of Michigan.

"You cannot take the fishing interests away from the game interests very well; there are game fish a commercial fish; the same sentiment that takes care of one does the other, and as a food product Michigan fisheries are not to be sneezed at. Thus is the public interested.

Possibly the largest interest the public has is in the natural resources that are so attractive to non-residents who come to Michigan to spend their money because of the fishing, shooting, boating, sailing and outing forest and on stream.

"First, the railroads derive a benefit in bringing strangers here; then the liverymen, hotel keepers, guides the grocerymen, marketmen, vegetable gardeners and farmers, all get their share of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that are annually brought to Michigan by the non-residents. This, of course, is in addition to the large sum spent by the citizens of our State for sport and pastime.

"Now, suppose you exterminate the wild life of the forests, destroy the fishing in the streams, how do you suppose these patrons of our northern summer resorts would continue to come here? So the public and the sportsmen should work hand in hand to perpetuate and not exterminate the game, fish and forests.

"Our fish, under certain conditions, can be reproduced; fish hatcheries can supply depleted streams successfully, but no way yet has been found to increase artificially the supply of ruffed grouse and several other kind of game; therefore, the killing of same must be restricted so it does not exceed the natural supply and increase.

"You cannot kill your cows and have calves in spring," is an old farmer's saying.

"What I should like to see done in the way of game protection, briefly stated, is in line with the following:

"I am not technical on any of the fine points, but should like to see, first, a proper means of enforcing the game laws adopted; the present warden system too political; a non-partisan commission, honorary character, composed of public spirited men, served without a salary, should have the entire enforcement of the game laws in their hands, engage and discharge game wardens at will; pay these deputy wardens about the same as policemen in the city are paid; the money would go farther than it does now and could have more game wardens, men that we serve because of their ability and not because of their political pull. First, I would stop all spring shooting. Next, I would limit the killing of deer to one or two, and not allow deer to be killed unless they wore horns. I would limit the bag of birds that be taken in any one day, any one season, and any hunting trip; I would not be niggardly about the limit make it large enough so the law can be enforced so that public sentiment will support it. Fifteen partridge or quail ought to be enough for the most gamester as a day's bag; twenty-five ducks also would be a good daily limit, etc.

"I would have a non-resident license, \$15 for birds, \$25 for deer, the latter to include both birds and deer; a nominal license, say one or two dollars for residents. This would be so a check could be kept on the non-residents, and it would also furnish a fund for the support of the game wardens' department. I should allow the non-residents to take out of the State a certain amount of game of their own killing, properly tagged and accompanied by them, not a large amount.

"This law could be enforced, but is not enforced at present; it is impossible to. The present good feature, that is, prohibiting the marketing of game, should be continued. I should like to see squirrel protected permanently; closed season for quail, one or two years at the most; that would be ample. Make the penalty of dynamiting fish an extreme one; that the season for shooting rail, plover and snipe open early enough so that some sport could be had, for as the law is now, the birds have all gone south before the law permits any of them to be killed; limit the bag, of course, on all game birds.

"Now, if sportsmen and citizens are in accord in the main with these changes in the game laws, or some other equally protective, would only make their opinions known to their representatives in Lansing, some good would come out of it. There is no use talking, you have got to lessen the number of birds and animals that are being killed now in order to keep up the present supply.

"W. B. MERSHON."

In Indian Territory.

Muskogee Correspondence Kansas City Journal.

THE mercenary hunter and trapper who has been responsible for the extinction of valuable animals and birds in older sections of the United States, is now plying his trade in Indian Territory, in spite of the strict game laws in force.

The Indian Agent has discovered that quail trappers are making a systematic campaign against this class of birds by trapping them and sending them out of the Territory. While waiting for a train at Crowder City the other day, Agent Schoenfelt noticed a commotion in several boxes, and upon investigation found that they were filled with live quail which were billed to Anthony, Kansas. He ordered them released, and at least 3,000 full-grown birds flew away toward the neighboring fields. Last year the agent discovered 5,000 live quail at Paul's Valley, which were about to be shipped to New Zealand to a firm that is trying to establish these birds in that country.

The professional quail trapper is probably the greatest enemy of the true sportsman of Indian Territory. He stretches a large net in the tall grass and then drives the birds along the ground until they are within its reach, when the ends are closed in upon them and they are prisoners in its meshes.

The Indian policemen, through the instructions of the Indian Agent, have been releasing a large number of quail this year which have been caught in this way, and wherever the trappers can be found they are being arrested. In order to make the Indian policemen more vigilant, they are allowed to keep any game that they confiscate which has been killed by hunters. When they confiscate live game it is always released.

One of the great menaces to the game of Indian Territory is the professional trapper of fur-bearing animals, who travels over the country plying his trade at different seasons in the sections of the country where he will get best results. In certain portions of the Blue River thousands of beavers build their dams. These animals are easily trapped, and the professional trapper catches them by the hundreds if allowed to work unhindered. The Indian police are instructed to keep close watch on these streams and to arrest all persons who attempt to trap or kill the beaver.

Indian Territory also has many other fur-bearing animals which would make rich prizes for the trapper if he were allowed to hunt them unrestrained.

The Indian Agent is having his usual trouble with hunters of deer this season. If a man wishes to kill a deer or two for his own use there is no objection. But there are men in the Territory who attempt to make their livelihood by hunting deer and selling them to butchers in and out of the Territory. The great and increasing demand for venison in railroad eating houses and in butcher shops all over this section of the country makes the traffic in venison profitable. The Indian police are instructed to make the rounds of the butcher shops in each town in the Territory at regular intervals and to confiscate any venison or quail that they may find for sale in these places. This is done very frequently in most Territory towns, but seldom becomes known to the general public, as no arrests are made, and the butcher from whom the meat is taken keeps his own counsel.

Royal Elks Killed in Olympics.

STANLEY HOPPER, who was one of the pioneer settlers in the Lake Cushman section of the Olympic Mountains, has achieved his ambition—killed a royal elk.

It was the most magnificent trophy of the chase that has ever come from the wild and scenic wonderland near Mount Skookum, and had accurate measurements been taken at the time of killing, would undoubtedly have been recorded in the notes of W. T. Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Society.

The antlers of a royal elk must have seven points. The specimen secured by Mr. Hopper not only fulfilled the requirements in every detail, but went even further. The antlers were absolutely symmetrical, spreading from the head in beautiful curves with the bone large, round and absolutely free from defects.

On and off for sixteen years Mr. Hopper has been hunting for a king leader of the famous Roosevelt elk. Time and time again he has let lordly bulls pass, because their antlers did not come up to his expectations. On one occasion he followed the leader of a herd three days before bringing him down, but even then he found that the antlers were not quite what he had expected.

"I do not claim," says Mr. Hopper, "that I killed the largest elk that ever came out of the Olympics. It was the largest that I ever saw. Morris Hanson, who was

with me, estimated its weight at 1,000 pounds. I thought it would tip the scales at about 900. Some idea of its size may be gained from the fact that on the morning following the killing two of us were almost on the point of giving up in our efforts to turn the huge body over. Hanson, who is a large and very powerful man, could hardly handle a quarter after it was dressed.

"There were forty elk in the herd. We got track of them in one section of the country back of Mount Skookum and followed them until we came within striking distance. By the aid of my glass I discovered that there were two huge bulls. It was a hard matter to choose between them, but I finally determined which was the larger, and then commenced to work around for the shot. I must have put in at least three hours studying the situation.

"It was a difficult matter to get within range, because the leader was on the farther side of the herd, and I had to work my way around without disturbing the other animals. It was my good fortune, however, to succeed in my undertaking, although there was one time when I thought I had been winded.

"At the first shot I brought the king down, but he was up and away like a locomotive. The entire herd broke for cover; it was a grand sight. Three more running shots and my prize went down on a snow bank. Even then he tried to struggle on, but the end had come.

"A close examination of the antlers showed that there were seven clearly defined points, and what was best of all, both branches were perfect. I was delighted with my success, as I realized that it will not be long before the public is prohibited from hunting Roosevelt elk in the Olympic Mountains.

"During my hunt I saw several other herds, but the bulls were not worth going after. The cows were in good condition, but I did not trouble them. I am having the head and antlers mounted and shall keep them as a memento of the many pleasant days I have spent in the glorious wilds of the Olympics."

One of the big mountains in the group at the first divide is named after Stanley and Roland Hopper. Roland is Stanley's brother and almost as good a hunter. Their father was the first president of the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

Elk hunting in the Olympics is a costly sport, even for one who knows the country. Hopper was on the trail only a few weeks, yet his expenses ran between \$200 and \$300.

PORTUS BAXTER.

Early Use of Colt's Revolver.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The date of early use of the revolver in Texas interests me not a little, as it does another of your correspondents, Coahoma. To him, and to others who may care for information on the subject, I offer a little testimony taken from an out-of-print book entitled, "Three Years Among the Comanches, the Narrative of Nelson Lee, the Texan Ranger, containing a detailed account of his captivity among the Indians, his singular escape through the instrumentality of his watch, and fully illustrating Indian life as it is on the war path and in the camp. Troy, N. Y. W. J. Morrison, Publisher. 1871."

Lee was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., in 1807, enlisted in the army, but did not reach the front in time to take part in the Black Hawk War. He became a sailor, and finally, about 1840, found himself in Texas, where he became one of the Texas Rangers. This is what he has to say about the Rangers and their equipment:

"At the time of my arrival in Texas, the country was in an unsettled state. For a long period of time the system of border warfare had existed between the citizens of Texas and Mexico, growing out of the declaration of independence on the part of the young Republic. Marauding parties from beyond the Rio Grande kept the settlers of western Texas in a state of constant agitation and excitement. Besides these annoyances, the inhabitants of other sections were perpetually on the alert to defend themselves against those savage tribes which roamed over the vast region to the north, and which, not unfrequently, stole down among the settlers, carrying away their property and putting them to death.

"This condition of affairs necessarily resulted in bringing into existence the Texas Rangers, a military order as peculiar as it has become famous. The extensive frontier exposed to hostile inroads, together with the extremely sparse population of the country, rendered any other force of comparatively small avail. The qualifications necessary in a genuine Ranger were not, in many respects, such as are required in the ordinary soldier. Discipline, in the common acceptance of the term, was not regarded as absolutely essential. A fleet horse, an eye that could detect the trail, a power of endurance that defied fatigue, and the faculty of 'looking through the double sights of his rifle with a steady arm,' these distinguished the Ranger rather than any special knowledge of tactics. He was subjected to no 'regulation uniform,' though his usual habiliments were buckskin moccasins and overalls, a roundabout and red shirt, a cap manufactured by his own hands from the skin of the 'coon or wildcat, two or three revolvers and a bowie knife in his belt, and a short rifle on his arm. In this guise, and well mounted, should he measure eighty miles between the rising and setting sun, and then, gathering his blanket around him, lie down to rest upon the prairie grass with his saddle for a pillow, it would not at all occur to him that he had performed an extraordinary day's labor."

Here is something more about the Rangers which I think may be worth reprinting, as the book is scarce:

"There are few readers in this country, I venture to conjecture, whose ears have not become familiar with the name of Jack Hays. It is inseparably connected with the struggle of Texas for independence, and will live in the remembrance of mankind so long as the history of that struggle shall survive. In the imagination of most persons he undoubtedly figures as a rough, bold giant, bewhiskered like a brigand, and wielding the strength of Hercules. On the contrary, at the period of which I write, he was a slim, slight, smooth-faced boy, not over twenty years of age, and looking younger than he was in fact. In his manners he was unassuming in the extreme—a stripling of a few words, whose quiet demeanor stretched quite to the verge of modesty.

Nevertheless it was this youngster whom the tall, huge-framed, brawny-armed campaigners hailed unanimously as their chief and leader when they had assembled together in their uncouth garb on the grand plaza of Bexar. It was a compliment as well deserved as it was unselfishly bestowed; for young as he was, he had already exhibited abundant evidence that, though a lamb in peace, he was a lion in war; and few, indeed, were the settlers from the coast to the mountains of the north, or from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, who had not listened in wonder to his daring, and gloried in his exploits.

"On a previous page I have given the general appearance of a Ranger, and have now nothing further in particular to add in that regard. Perhaps I should have said that if he was more sensitive in one point than another, it was in regard to the condition and qualities of his horse. So well was this feeling understood, and the necessity which created it appreciated, that every animal remarkable for its power and speed was secured by the inhabitants far and wide for the service of the Rangers. It may, therefore, be supposed that they were well provided for in this respect. The horse I rode was a gallant black, clean-limbed, fleet as the wind, and recognized the name of Prince. He was a native of New York, and had been sent to Galveston when a year or two old as a present to Col. Walton, the Mayor of the city. He had more than once almost taken the life of the Colonel's son, and was of such a savage and vicious temper that he determined to get rid of him. He happened to fall into my possession, and for years we lived together, mutually sharing in numerous adventures in the hunt and on the trail, in peace and war, the most intimate of companions. In the course of his experience he came to regard a Mexican or Indian with intense hatred, and in the confusion and shock of battle, with his teeth and heels often rendered as effectual service as the armed rider on his back."

To go back again to revolvers, Lee says on page 34, still about 1840: "Now for the first time we had furnished ourselves with Colt's revolvers—instruments of death destined thereafter to figure prominently in the wild warfare of Texas." From this point all through the book there is frequent mention of revolvers and their use. The little book from which I quoted is well worth reading, as a curious and simple picture of life on the Texas frontier sixty years ago.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Editor Forest and Stream.

When writing an account of how I killed a bear with a Colt's Texas Ranger pistol in 1855, I was told by a man who claimed to know all about it that the first Colt's pistol had not been made so early; and wanting to be sure of it, I wrote to a New York paper to tell me when the first Colt's firearms had been put on the market, and got about the same reply that you did when you wrote to the makers themselves. Colt's pistol was an old one even in 1855.

Those Burnside carbines which Coahoma mentions were all carried by the volunteer cavalry. We called them "pop-guns."

The Spencers which were used on him around Atlanta were all carried by our regiment, the Fourth U. S. Cavalry. No others, so far as I know, had them. They were caliber .50, though; not so small, after all. I may have done some of the shooting that he tells about myself there.

Another of these pop-guns was the Ward-Burton, a bolt gun. We were given it to try in 1869; then it was condemned. Next we got the Remington; it did no better. Then next we tried the Sharps; it was a very good gun, but was soon thrown aside for some reason or other. We got the Springfield carbine next, but it would not carry far enough; so we threw it aside for the Springfield rifle, and in a year or two exchanged the rifle for the Hotchkiss carbine, the best gun of them all. It was another bolt gun, having a magazine in the stock, and with it I have done some of the closest shooting I have ever done with any gun—better even than I could ever do with my favorite gun, the Marlin rifle.

Coahoma mentions the fact that the Colt's repeating rifles had the fault that several of its barrels would be discharged when one of them was fired. The worst arm for that I ever met was the old Remington army pistol. You were never sure when firing it whether one shot or the whole six would go. Generally the six went. Just after the close of the Civil War we had a few of these pistols. (I took good care not to have any of them, though; the Colt's suited me well enough.) While we were on the way to Texas from Georgia we camped a week just above New Orleans at the coal boat landing; and one afternoon a dozen of us were shooting at a mark with pistols just beyond camp. A young trumpeter had one of the Remington pistols, and when it came his turn to fire, three or four of his chambers went off, and taking the pistol he threw it as far as he could into the river in about forty feet of water. It might be supposed that this pistol was lost now; but it was not. The boy found it again. Nothing is ever lost in the army. If you cannot find it anywhere else, you can always find it in the payroll. The boy found it there, and it only cost him \$13 to find it.

I always thought that the thin walls between the chambers were the cause of these shots going off in a bunch, or there may have been small holes in some of the chamber walls. All of these pistols did not act that way.

CABIA BLANCO.

New Hampshire Winter.

DERRY, N. H., Jan. 16.—We are having a good old-fashioned winter here. Partridges are all right, but find tough budding. Two good flocks of quail were left over, but there is no knowing what will become of them by spring. My friend, C. N. Sprague, and I tramped several miles through the snow to-day with our pockets full of grain; we found no signs of them, but we left the grain where we hoped they might find it. A few foxes have been shot. It has not been very good weather for rabbit hunting, so there are plenty of them. We have both kinds, the cony and the large swamp white hare. They run like a fox ahead of the dog, and don't hole like the little conies. A herd of eight deer was seen a few days since up on the English range.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

An Unintentional Pot Shot.

WHILE on the question of pot shots, you might as well put the following on record. Four of us were out rabbiting, with indifferent success. H. got tired of it, and thought he would try to walk up a bunch of quail. He walked along a road dividing a stubble field, and in nearing a bunch of grass alongside of the road, a bunch of birds got up out of the grass; he gave them the first barrel as they rose, but missed; then gave them the second, and saw two drop. One was dead, but the other only wounded. He picked up the dead bird, and, having no dog, ran after the wounded bird and retrieved it. Then he followed up the birds he had marked down in some scrub oak to try for another shot.

About an hour afterward we came along the same place, when S. noticed one of the beagles mouthing a bird in the bunch of grass. The grass was about a foot and a half high, about two yards long and one yard wide. S. shouted to the dog to drop it, and ran toward him. We both got there about the same time, and S. had taken the bird from the dog, saying, "Why, it's a quail." Just then I noticed one at my feet, and said, "Here's another." S. walked on a step and said, "Here's another." Just then W. came along and stopped and said, "Here is another," picking one up at the same time. Well, we picked up four quail in that bunch of grass; the birds were still quite warm, and were all lying on their breasts with wings spread out.

Well, we all wondered how such a thing could have happened. We all had heard H. shoot twice after he'd been gone a short time, but no others. Just then we saw H. coming up the road; when he got to us we asked him if he had fired the two guns a short time before. "Yes," said he. "What at?" asked S. "Quail," said H. Then he explained that as he walked along the road, the bunch of quail got up about sixty feet away, he fired the first barrel, but missed, "as he thought," as they got up out of the grass. Then he gave them the left barrel, knocking down two. "The one was dead, but I had a good run after the other one," he said, "and here they are," taking the two birds out of his game pocket. We then told him about the four we had found, and after a lot of talk and study we concluded that he had shot too low with the first barrel and killed the birds on the ground, and not knowing it, had went right on after the others.

H. has been my shooting partner for the past eighteen years, and we all know him to be a thorough sportsman—one who would not shoot a quail on the ground. I don't know about a duck asleep. Nevertheless I am afraid the name of pot-hunter will stay by him a long while.

G. E. J.

"No Shooting Allowed" Signs.

WHILE the United States is quite generally dotted with signs nailed to posts and to trees and bearing the familiar warning that trespassing and shooting will not be permitted on the premises, there is one place where similar signboards are seen here and there facing highways, and staring the pedestrian in the face are phrases that are marvelous in their wording. I, at least, have seen the like nowhere else. This is in St. Louis county, Missouri, near the limits of the city of that name. The boards bear the phrase, "Keep Out or Get Shot." The first board of this sort that I noticed was one facing the St. Charles Rock Road, a wide thoroughfare that is much traveled, and it struck me as the work of some disagreeable fellow whom small boys had annoyed by stealing apples until he was exasperated, and did not stop to think what the warning implied; but in other walks I saw numerous other signboards bearing the same words.

Whether or not it is within the right of a landowner to post his woods and fields in this odious manner, it is not my purpose to discuss. That such warnings go far toward marring the pleasure of one's walks afield is certain, however. One who is accustomed to go for a long tramp now and then, without gun or dog, and whose wanderings through the woods are harmless to owner or land, is likely to come upon one of these boards suddenly, and the feeling is not a pleasant one as he involuntarily glances here and there, expecting to see a gun poking around a tree trunk. "Keep Out or Get Shot!" And this in free America!

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Eastport Rod and Gun Club.

EASTPORT, N. Y., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Eastport Rod and Gun Club, the following officers were elected: President, George E. Jantzer; Vice-President, Edward Hurbison, Jr.; Secretary, William H. Moeller; Treasurer, A. Schwebke; Board of Trustees—Frederick Ruppert, Phil. P. Zubiller, J. B. Ulrich; Warden, William C. Rogers, of Eastport. This club was organized last February, and is limited to twenty-five members. They have leased an almost continuous strip of farms from Eastport, Speonk, East Moriches and Manor, Long Island, comprising about 6,000 acres. On account of the lateness of organization last year, they found it impossible to purchase game for propagating purposes; but had quite good shooting on quail and rabbits as it was.

This year they have already set out 15 dozen quail, and expect to put out 50 to 100 pair cottontails, provided they can purchase them. They seem to be scarce and hard to get. There were quite a number of grouse last year, and few killed. With a good breeding season, there ought to be good shooting there next fall. Our warden has been feeding 21 coveys with from 6 to 15 birds in each left over from last fall. For a young club they are in a flourishing condition, with a full membership.

G. E. J.

The Deer's Flag.

I would like to refer to another mistaken idea held by everyone that I ever talked with on the subject of shooting deer—and I have talked with more than a hundred. They all think that they know that if a deer is badly wounded it will invariably drop its tail; but I know that there are exceptions to that.

I know of a case of deer reasoning that certainly beats anything that I ever heard anybody else speak of. This

deer was running from me on the big marsh in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, and he had his tail as straight up as a mast in a sailing ship. I shot at him, and that deer put his tail down, apparently to cause me to think that he was shot, but he wasn't; and then he commenced a course of reasoning that from a less confident gunner should have saved his life, for he appeared to be just as well aware of what was happening as I was. His actions indicated that he realized that it took considerable time for a bullet to get to where he was after the gun was fired, and he took steps accordingly—i. e., he did his jumping diagonally when his main course was straight away, and in that manner got 600 yards from me before a bullet caught him. I knew that he was not hit by the first shot or any of the others but the last one, and that struck him in the spinal column about three inches ahead of the root of the tail as he was on the rise, and passed through about sixteen inches of backbone and came out at the sticking place, and if his tail had been up, as it theoretically should have been, it would have been shot off or broken by the bullet. There were no marks of any other bullet having touched him, and under the circumstances I certainly looked him well over, so as to be sure of it.

W. A. LINKLETTER.

North Dakota Game Law.

FROM State Game Warden Clarence A. Hale we have received the following abstract of the new game bill now before the Legislature. The measure was prepared by Warden Hale and a committee of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association, has the indorsement of the Audubon Society, and probably will be enacted by the Legislature:

The new law provides for the division of the State into two districts, as at present, and gives the Governor power to appoint a warden for each district, he to appoint deputies and special deputies as provided by the present law.

The permit system is practically the same as now, resident permits being sold at \$1 each, instead of 75 cents; non-resident permits at \$25 each.

Under the present law 20 per cent. of all fees collected go to the State, into the general fund; 40 per cent. to the regular deputy wardens, 30 per cent. to the district game warden, and 20 per cent. to the county auditor issuing the permits. The new law provides that 10 per cent. shall go to the State, to be credited to a fund, known as the game and fish fund, for each district, 50 per cent. to the regular deputies, 30 per cent. to the district game wardens, and 10 per cent. to the county auditors. The new fund created is to be used for fish and game propagation, paid on recommendation of the district game wardens, sanctioned at all times by the Governor.

The new law gives wardens and deputies more power than the old in the matter of making arrests, and also gives deputies authority to act any place in the district, not confined to the county from which they were appointed, as in the present measure. Driving across fields, off the public highway, with hunting dogs and guns, will be deemed prima facie evidence that those so caught are violating the provisions of the act. The game seasons are the same in the new as the old law, with the exception that the chicken season will close Nov. 1, instead of Oct. 15, thus conforming with the Minnesota law, opening Sept. 1.

The limit of the number of birds that may be shot each day is not changed in the new measure—twenty-five prairie chickens or grouse, not twenty-five each; twenty-five ducks and twenty-five geese is also the daily limit.

The proposed law, in protecting wild and song birds, is much more stringent, this including the destruction of nests and eggs. This portion of the bill has the indorsement of the State Audubon Society. English sparrows, red-winged blackbirds, Brewer's and yellow-headed blackbirds, sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks, and the great horned owl are not included in the protection given to wild and song birds.

Under a tag system hunters will be allowed to retain game killed during the open season longer than five days, following the close of the season, the Minnesota system being adopted in lieu of cards as heretofore.

Non-residents of the State, who have a permit in their possession may take out of the State openly 25 chickens, 35 ducks, 35 geese, 50 plover and 50 jacksnipe, and not to exceed four deer, during the open season for killing the same. The sale of all game is prohibited. Penalty is provided for violations, extending not only to the seller but to the purchaser of game. The provision regarding the regulations to be observed by taxidermists is very stringent, providing that game must be received by them in open season and properly tagged in close season, giving permission to ship specimens out of the State and receive game for mounting from other States. Permission is given, under certain conditions, to take or kill game of any kind for scientific or educational purposes, to be used in this or any other State or country.

By making satisfactory showing to the district wardens, hunters may bring game into this State during the closed season here, having the same tagged upon its arrival.

The use of automatic shotgun is prohibited. This does not mean the magazine gun, or more commonly known as the pump gun.

The minimum penalty for chicken or duck violation is \$25. The old law provided a maximum penalty of \$10. Violation of the deer regulations carries a minimum fine of \$25, and in addition there should be added the sum of \$25, in addition to the costs of prosecution, which shall go to the informer leading to conviction of violations of the deer regulations, provided the informer is not one of the district or regular deputy wardens. The minimum fine for beaver and other violations is fixed at \$100, which are at all times protected. All fines are in addition to costs of prosecution. The spring shooting of ducks and geese, as heretofore, is prohibited by the new measure, and on that account an emergency clause is attached to the new game bill.

Legislation at Albany.

Special Correspondence Forest and Stream.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 28.—Fewer than the usual number of fish and game bills have thus far made their appearance in the Legislature. As a rule, those introduced to date are of local application. The Senate Committee has not acted upon any of the measures in its keeping. The Assembly Committee has reported but one bill favorably—that of Assemblyman Hanford (Int. No. 165), relative to the close season for woodcock and grouse in Tioga county.

The following additional bills have been introduced in the Senate amending the fish and game law:

By Senator Armstrong (Int. No. 132), being a new section, to be known as 20b, to provide that ducks, geese, brant and swan shall not be taken in Monroe county, except on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays of each week from Sept. 15 to Dec. 1, or taken in the night from half an hour after sunset until daylight.

By Senator Cobb (Int. No. 142), amending Section 48, so as to provide that muskallonge less than 20 inches in length shall not be possessed or intentionally taken, and if taken shall, without avoidable injury, be returned immediately to the water where taken.

Additional bills introduced in the Assembly are the following:

By Assemblyman Wainright (Int. No. 293), amending Section 141, relative to close season, so as to make it apply only to fish.

By Assemblyman Cowan (Int. No. 282), amending Section 11a so as to provide that no person shall take more than two black bears in the open season.

By Assemblyman Wade (Int. No. 278), amending Section 12a to provide that the close season for black and gray squirrels in Chautauque county shall be from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive; also, amending Section 279 to provide that the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Chautauque county shall be from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Foster (Int. No. 262) amending Section 48, to provide that muskallonge less than 20 inches in length shall not be possessed or intentionally taken, and if taken, shall be, without avoidable injury, immediately returned to the water where taken.

By Assemblyman Gray (Int. No. 264), amending Section 41 so as to provide that in all waters inhabited by trout, in Dutchess county, the close season shall be from July 15 to March 31, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Gray (Int. No. 263), amending Section 12a to provide that the close season for black and gray squirrels in Dutchess county shall be from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Gray (Int. No. 265), amending Section 259 so as to forbid the taking through the ice with hook and line or tip-ups of bullheads, catfish, eels, perch and sunfish, in the waters of the town of North East, Dutchess county, inhabited by trout.

By Assemblyman Gray (Int. No. 266), amending Section 23a to provide that woodcock shall not be taken in Dutchess county from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive; also, amending Section 26 to provide that grouse shall not be taken in Dutchess county, from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive; also amending Section 27a so as to strike out the provision making the close season for quail and woodcock in Dutchess county from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

Club Constitution.

For the guidance of organizers of sportsmen's clubs, we print this very excellent constitution, with the by-laws, of the Eastport Rod and Gun Club.

Constitution.

ARTICLE I.

Sec. 1. This organization shall be known as the Eastport Rod and Gun Club.

Sec. 2. Its object shall be the preservation and propagation of game and game fish, and for the purpose of hunting and fishing in a sportsmanlike and legitimate manner, owning and leasing property for that purpose.

ARTICLE II.

Sec. 1. The club shall be limited to a membership of twenty-five.

Sec. 2. All members shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws, which shall be construed as an obligation and a pledge of each member to abide by the same, and any amendments thereto, and also by all by-laws, rules and regulations which may exist or be hereafter adopted.

Sec. 3. Proposals for membership shall be made in writing, and signed by the proposing member and applicant, accompanied by the initiation fee.

Sec. 4. The initiation fee shall be \$10.

Sec. 5. The officers of the club shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary and three Trustees.

Sec. 6. Seven members personally present at a regular meeting shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Sec. 7. The annual meeting of the club shall be held on the second Monday in January of each year. The place of meeting shall be determined by the President.

Sec. 8. Special meetings of the club shall be called by the president on the written request of three members.

Sec. 9. Two thirds of the members of this club shall have the power to change the Constitution and By-Laws at any meeting which has been called regularly by the president for such purpose.

Sec. 10. Regular meetings of this club shall be held every three months, on the second Monday of January, April, July and October of each year.

By-Laws.

ARTICLE I.

Officers.

Sec. 1. The President shall preside at all meetings of this club and shall appoint all committee and fill pro tempore any vacancy in any office, and shall have general supervision over the affairs of the Club.

Sec. 2. The Vice-President shall, in the absence of the President, preside at all meetings of the club and perform, in his absence, all the duties of the President.

Sec. 3. The Secretary shall receive all applications for membership; shall receive and turn over to the Treasurer all fees and dues; shall keep suitable books of accounts between himself and the members of the club and the Treasurer thereof.

Sec. 4. The Treasurer shall receive and be accountable for all moneys paid over by the Secretary, or received from other sources; he shall keep suitable books of account and shall pay out funds of the club only on the order of the President and Secretary.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the Trustees to take charge of all the personal effects of the club in the absence of a special committee, to take and have charge of all entertainments, and act as a house committee, and also act as a tribunal for the trial of any member against whom charges have been brought.

ARTICLE II.

Sec. 1. All officers of the club shall be elected in accordance with the corporation laws of the State of New York under which this club is incorporated.

ARTICLE III.

Members.

Sec. 1. An applicant for membership shall be balloted for at a regular meeting; one black ballot shall deny the applicant admission.

Sec. 2. The annual dues for members shall be \$10 per year, payable annually in advance at the regular meeting in January.

Sec. 3. Members shall strictly observe the game laws of this State, and at all times protect the song, insectivorous and other innocent birds not classed as game birds, for the preservation of our forests.

Sec. 4. A member may invite not more than two guests in any open season, to shoot and hunt over the preserves of this club; only one guest permitted to one member in any one week, and such guest must be accompanied by the member so inviting.

A license fee of \$2 per day for each guest must be paid to the secretary of this club by the member responsible for such guest.

Sec. 5. Members and guests must each day record in the books, kept for that purpose, the number of fish caught or game killed by them.

Six quail and six rabbits shall constitute the limit allowed to any one gun on any one day's shoot on club grounds.

No restrictions as to other game allowed by law.

Sec. 6. Members or guests shall replace at once all fences, stone walls, gates and turnstiles which may have been torn down, displaced or broken in hunting or in coming or going through fields or woods.

Sec. 7. Any member or guest bringing a loaded gun into any part of the club house, or who shall load his gun, or shall place any cartridge in the magazine of his gun while in the club house shall pay a fine of \$5.

Sec. 8. Any member in arrears of dues and assessments for one month may be suspended by the order of the President, who shall have full power; but such suspension shall only take effect after due notice has been given in writing to the delinquent member and such notice mailed to his address by registered letter, and a receipt for same is returned.

Sec. 9. Charges may be brought against any member for violations of the constitution and by-laws of the club, or conduct prejudicial to the interest of the club, such charges must be made in writing; the President may suspend such member, pending an investigation of the charges.

Sec. 10. Any member against whom charges may have been preferred as above, shall be furnished with a copy of the charges and shall be heard in his own defense, after not less than ten days' notice, before a committee consisting of the President as Chairman and the three Trustees, and if found guilty of the charges preferred, may be reprimanded, suspended for a specified time, or expelled from the club, as the Trial Committee deems best.

ARTICLE IV.


Wardens.

Sec. 1. The President and Trustees are authorized to appoint one or more wardens each year, whose duties shall be to notify all trespassers on the premises of the acquired or leased preserves of the club; protect the game and report all violations of the game and fish and forestry laws to the proper authorities; and to furnish, if possible, ample evidence of such violations, and co-operate with the State, county or municipal authorities, in every honorable way, in bringing law-breakers to justice.

Sec. 2. The game wardens so appointed shall receive a yearly salary, payable annually on the first day of November of each year, the amount of such salary to be determined at a regular meeting of the club.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Roll Call.
2. Reading of the Minutes of the previous meeting.
3. Payment of Dues.
4. Reports of Committees.
5. Communications.
6. Unfinished business.
7. New business.
8. Reports of the Treasurer and Secretary.
9. Election of Officers.
10. Adjournment.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

The Novitiate's Rainbow.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 22.—To paraphrase a saying of the late E. W. Nye, of New York and Laramie City, "We San Franciscans from the East" are just now in the throes of the regular marked-down holiday sale of rainstorm and hurricane. This is a big country—a large and generous empire in itself. Here one catches the biggest game fishes, kills the biggest bags of game birds, drives coaches through the biggest trees in the world, lodges at the biggest hotels, looks at other worlds through the biggest telescope and finds everything done on a corresponding scale of bigness.

Except the variety of the people, they are big of modesty, big of heart, small of boasting. Instance: My morning paper speaks of this veritable hurricane in its forecast as "slightly cloudy, slight showers, fairly high south-westerly winds." The aforesaid winds have just blown the roof off the elevator shaft of the cliff dwelling (called for politeness' sake apartment house), in which the writer's family have assembled their Lares and Penates; the house rocks from side to side like Pip's wonderful saw-horse in the "Marvelous Land of Oz," and my better-half, only accustomed to the gentle cloudburst of Colorado, ventured to ask Mr. Miller, the quiet-mannered carpenter who undertook to repair damages with tarpaulin and wagon sheets, if "this wasn't just dreadful?"

"Why, no indeed, mum; this ain't nothin' to what we gits sometimes. Most generally we has lightnin' and thunder a-plenty, and the wind blows a hull lot." And he changed the course of a rivulet fast disappearing down his collar with a swipe of his left hand and "swam" back to the roof, where his hammer blows were drowned by the booming of the wind.

But after the storm—sunshine. And such sunshine, too! Perhaps to-morrow the parks and breathing places will be filled with people, gaily caparisoned and smiling of mien; they will trample down the velvety green grass meeting the horizon of one's sight at every point of the compass and waving its myriad tiny blades in welcome to his "Merry Sunship." There is a charm about this "native sunshine" I have found nowhere else. McIlwain, like a June apple, it is, and fills one's mouth with a taste of youth, recalling visions of crabapple blossom and honeysuckle. If the babe of nursery rhyme, who cried for the moon, had opened his lachrymal ducts for the particular brand of solar ray that envelops San Francisco, to my mind there would have been nothing inconsistent in his plea. Myself, I feel like crying for a gleam of sunshine after being shut up in my bedroom four days with a stiff neck and nothing to cheer save the patter of the rain and the howling of the wind, both big with promise of great crops at next harvest-time.

But it was not of this climate, this sunshine, nor this particular "neck of the woods" that I started to write. My confinement caused memory to hark back to one particularly beautiful fall morning in Colorado, Sept. 18 last. All our household goods have either been disposed of at auction, or packed in four big trunks, now resting in the baggage car of the "Overland Limited," and our tickets give us license to ride and ride and ride, till we shall come to the Golden Gate. Our powerful engine quickly gets down to business and soon we're whirling past the orchards and ranches and beet farms of northern Colorado.

Cheyenne, Wyoming, that modern Gretna Green of divorced ones, who want another "hack" at matrimony, is hailed and passed. Our ponderous steed begins now a monotonous thump, thump, thump toward the town where Col. Nye began life "skinning mules" and grinding out humor for the Laramie Boomerang.

It was "gittin' along to'ards dusk" when we "hit the trail" across the Laramie plains, with their wonderful shadings in red-and-yellow brick-dust soils and drab grasses. As we sat back in our varnished car, watching the miles go reeling into the bygone, without seeing any bigger game on the limitless plains than now and then an impudent little prairie dog, standing man-like at his hole with hand across his pretty white breast, making mocking obeisance at the passing train. I recalled an interview of recent date with that veteran engineer and railroad builder, Gen. G. M. Dodge, of Omaha and New York. He had just returned from an inspection tour over the first railroad to cleave the great plains and weld West and East into closer and ever closer bond.

"Railroad building in the late '60s," said the grizzled old path-builder, sunning a gouty foot in his luxurious apartments at the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, "was not like it is now. There was more zest, more risk, more of the wild-and-wooly about it then. Plains swarmed with buffalo and Indians. Uncle Sam's soldiers kept pretty busy killing Injuns, who opposed the building of the railroad, and protecting our men. Every engineer's corps was guarded; so was every grader's camp and every other working department. Without the soldiers my work must have failed. For meat the camp was supplied with buffalo in abundance, and buffalo robes were more common than woolen blankets. The streams were full of trout; no trick at all to take all one wanted for the whole 'mess' after knocking off from work. Coyotes were bold and fearless—for coyotes—and furnished most of the nocturnal music.

"It has been years since I was here; the changes are striking. No Indians—not one. No buffalo. Only a few wallows, I am told, remain to tell the story of his greatness. Coyotes—yes, a few still skulk in the fastnesses, but most of these, too, are gone. And trout—hey, too, would be gone but for the fostering hand of man. However, I am too old for the fly-rod, too old to fear. But there was a time"—and the doughty old

railroad-builder's eyes sparkled youthfully, as though he'd like just one more try at the leaping beauties. It pleased him much, said this old frontiersman, to hear the leading railroad experts of the country had declared recently that, notwithstanding the Union Pacific had literally been built amid a shower of hostile arrows and bullets, yet every engineering problem had been so carefully wrought out that no change was recommended, after the lapse of thirty-five years. Fremont, the great pathfinder, was no more beset in his time than was this later pioneer whose work has made possible the rapid civilization of the far West.

At Wolcott we piled off, rod and suit cases in hand, and sought slumber in a nearby hotel. It's a twenty-four mile ride to Saratoga, but the trip was charmingly negotiated behind a pair of powerful bays who simply walked away with the comfortable four-seated Spalding, into which were stored all necessary camping-out duffel, not forgetting some choice breakfast bacon and eggs to "settle the coffee." I demurred somewhat at "settled" coffee, allowing the "bootleg" variety the proper thing



MR. J. B. CALDWELL'S RECORD AMBER JACK.

for camp; but femininity prevailed and the eggs were not jettisoned. Arrived at Saratoga we decided to call it a day, and Fred Wolfe, hotel man and sportsman's friend, made us comfortable for the night.

Off early Tuesday morning, after an inspiring and sustaining breakfast prepared by Mr. Wolfe, a twenty-mile drive on a gorgeous Colorado day fetched us to the Tilton ranch, situated on the North Platte River flowing from Colorado into Wyoming. Here we "fed" both team and ourselves, and "settled coffee" with real cream lost none of its charm for being made over a wood fire and quaffed from granite cups. So far no trout; the occasional young sage chickens and grouse had escaped our larder simply for lack of a gun. A comfortable half day's ride brought us at sunset to the Big Creek ranch of John Hunter. One may stop here and do well with the pink-bellied rainbows, if he choose, but we pushed on to the ranch of another Hunter, whose surname is "Jack." His home is about three miles from Pinkhamton and the same distance from the mouth of North Platte Cañon. The distances named may be fair subject of criticism. I received them at second hand, pass them over in silence and hope those who follow me will do likewise. Westerners are never niggardly, even in the matter of a few miles—more or less.

"The Platte was just right," said Uncle Jack, a lean and active young-old man who knows not how many head of cattle he owns, and grows richer and richer each year in spite of himself. With a bank account of over \$100,000 Mr. Hunter lives in a style of such surprising simplicity that the modern medium-salaried city man would deem it discomfort to live so. However, Mr. Hunter has lived in style in Chicago; knows what he wants. The exterior of his nondescript log-house gives no intimation of the good cheer within. But once seated on either of the two long wooden benches which parallel the oilcloth-covered dining table in one end of the kitchen, the guest loses himself wondering where all those good things come from. So many campers and "hoboes" pass his way and have despitely used him in one way or another that "Uncle Jack" generally bids them all "begone." But I had

known him previously, had traded him a pair of gum wading boots for a coyote dog, and then lost the dog. That made a difference.

"I'm like Ben Franklin; I pass this way but once, and I want to treat everybody right. But, like President Roosevelt, I'm not going to let anybody treat me wrong if I know it. I've enough to live on and some to leave the boys. I've a most discriminating tooth (he has a whole mouthful of them, white and sound as a dog's), and I like to treat it well. But I'm derved if I am going to wear Tuxedos and English walking coats, when I feel more comfortable in 75-cent overalls." With this picturesque remark, the gaunt old cattle king turned to the subject of the next day's fishing.

"The water was just right," he repeated, and we were to be congratulated in that regular vacation time was now past. "The fish were not kept in a state of perpetual fright," he said, "by the passing of would-be sports up and down the banks."

By the bye, Uncle Jack uses never a fly. But I have yet to see the fly-fisher who can cast further or better or more accurately than he. By this I mean in practical work on the stream, not in tournament. Filling a bucket with live minnows, netted in one of the many shallows on the Platte, the lithe old gentleman gathers his line in his left hand in a score or more of four-foot loops, gently clutches the end of the leader about eighteen inches from the hook, to which the minnow has been previously attached through the thick part of the back, and after a few quick whirrs, releases the leader from between finger and thumb of right hand. Immediately the impaled minnow sails straight up into the air in the intended direction. You hardly see it strike the water, the resultant "drag" is almost imperceptible, and you wonder how in thunder the caster knew to such a nicety just how much line to pay out.

"How do you do it?" I asked.
"Dunno; been doin' it all my life. Practice maybe. Yes, I can cast a fly pretty fairly, thank you, but this way suits me best. I get the biggest trout, and that's what I'm after. Flies is all right for fly-casters, but bait-castin' for me all the time. It takes more science to cast bait successfully, too. Try it." I did, and went back to flies as being easier, though I knew somewhat of bait-casting for black bass in the Shenandoah and Delaware in years past.

Next morning we invaded that portion of the Platte which meanders through a few miles of meadow land owned by our host. This was out of deference to my life comrade, now to make her first killing—maybe. The latter and I had four-ounce lancewoods, very supple and willowy. She decided to use bait. Her host gallantly baited and cast for her into a pool, telling her to "let it stay thar till somethin' takes the bait and runs off a bit with it; then strike him hard."

"What will I strike him with?" asks the Novitiate, looking helpless.

"With your fist," said I, sassily, "you know how."
"With your rod—just so," replied the gentle old angler, illustrating. "Thank you," beamingly to her instructor. "Shet up," defiantly to me.

Quickly rigging up a killing battery, I was soon slashing away in the still waters, reversing methods which lead to success earlier in the season. In these waters, after the crisp September weather sets in, trout forsake the deep holes and lie along the shallow edges. So I waded into deep water, much to the consternation of the Novitiate, who said several things about my being Foolish and Getting a Cold and Dying, but grew Calm when I Assured her my Insurance Premiums were Paid. Casting my flies into the still water alongside the riffles I soon had a strike, returned it, and was in the act of making a "grand stand play" for the benefit of the Novitiate who, I could see out of the corner of my eye, was looking at me in open-mouthed admiration, when she screamed: "Oh, oh, I got one! I got one!" and began dancing about excitedly. Mine was a small trout and I lost no time in beaching him. Hastening to the Novitiate, who was doing all sorts of stunts and working hard to turn a really big one, I offered to relieve her.

"You keep away; don't you dare touch this rod. I landed you, and I guess I'll land this one, too. Just stand there and tell me what to do." So the next few minutes it was:

"Give him line—let him run—reel in, reel in—don't tip your rod so high—there, look out—he jumps—steady, steady—he's got too much line—look out for those brush—reel slowly, slowly—keep playing him—not too fast"—and on through the stages till—"now walk up the beach backward"—was carefully obeyed, and the big fellow also "walked out on dry land."

Not even after it was all over and Mr. Rainbow was kicking in safety in the grass did the Novitiate get "palpitation," or something of that sort. Not she.

"Why, the greedy thing, he took my minnow!" she exclaimed and forthwith began bawling:

"Mr. Hunter, oh, good Mr. Hunter! do please come and cast for me again!" And good Mr. Hunter came and did as he was commanded, looked at the fast dying monarch of the pool, said, "A good four-pounder," and went back to his "knitting" downstream. I returned to my chops and succeeded within an hour in bagging five more nice little fellows, none over two pounds.

Joining the Novitiate I offered to put her catch in my creel, and was surprised to find a second victim alongside her first, both as like as two peas.

"You do that?" I queried.

"Uh, huh!" quoth the Novice.

"Don't believe you; you didn't holler."
"No, Toaten, I couldn't holler; I was too dumfounded." That was convincing. Hallooing to our host that time was up, we wended our way across the newly cut grain stubble to the house, running, first, into a

covey of quail, later into a big bunch of willow grouse. Both were quite tame; they would hardly get out of our road and a good marksman could have bowled over many of them.

The Novitiate's two rainbows weighted 4 and 4½ pounds respectively. She killed her first, the smaller, in less than five minutes under my coaching. The last consumed somewhat more time, as she was alone and feared that too fast work would result in loss. Neither had swallowed the hook, the last dropping off the hook while being "walked up the beach." My catch of six tipped the scale neatly at eight pounds.

"Sorry you didn't do any business, Mr. Hunter," I said, banteringly. "Better take the loan of a few flies; you'll do better next time."

"Don't be too brash, young man. I didn't say I hadn't ketched none," and running his long arm into the regions of his hunting coattail he fetched forth three—every one a mate to the Novitiate's capture. Eleven and one-half pounds was their total.

"Now what about your ginger quills and hare's ears and such like? They are all right for you, sonny; but the old man will stick to his minnows."

I was unable to stay and convince him, for we wanted a day at Wood's Landing on the Big Laramie; time was pressing.

"The boys"—there were several of them—had built a rousing fire near the little rivulet that flows by the doorway of the Hunter home, and "oodles and oodles" of red hot embers and sizzling ashes awaited us. Without disemboweling or scaling our trophies they were wrapped in a coating of mud, cast into a bed of hot ashes, covered with lurid embers, next with hot coals. There they lay and sputtered while we prepared for breakfast. In time the sputtering grew less boisterous, the baked mud cases that encompassed the fish were duly cleft, and peeled off, skin and scales coming away simultaneously. It was a simple thing to run the thin blade of a steel knife in at the gill and deftly turn the point so as not to disturb the ribs. Thus one entire side of the trout was lifted unbroken on to a platter—smoking hot. A similar motion, and the entire bony framework was lifted away from the lower side and cast into the midst of a pack of hungry deer hounds. One lean fellow caught the morsel on the fly with wide open mouth, the others looked disappointed and as though they wished they had been the lucky dog. The latter a moment later probably wished the same thing, for he had swallowed it without knowing how hot his prize was, and demonstrated that dogs can shed tears. If he didn't get indigestion he was surely a wonder. Deftly lifting the other half of the trout on to the platter, our cook gave the other similar treatment. A sauce of hot butter of the Hunter home-brewed brand, hot vinegar, pepper—hot also—salt, sugar, all thoroughly emulsified over the fire, completed that part of the menu. Then there were fresh-laid dropped eggs, light fluffy baking powder biscuits, coffee that crinkled in one's mouth and a hearty "Now, help yourselves, all."

The Novitiate repeatedly counseled me to "be careful of your indigestion." I must have obeyed her for once, for I got away with that meal without turning a hair.

Pinkhamton is an aggregation of cottages known as "Kings," a justly popular stopping place for hunters and fishers. It is close to the Platte—about three miles distant, Colorado lineal measure—and grouse, sage hens, quail (now under three years' protection, I believe) abound. Chasing the coyote also furnishes great sport, if one has a good pack of trained coyote hounds. Uncle Jack Hunter has such a pack; many coyote skins adorn the floors of his home.

Our course now bore us back toward Laramie via the Wood's Landing road, crossing the Big Laramie at the landing of that name. Three years previously I had

visited a rancher friend in this vicinity and had had the sport of my life, on three successive days filling my creel with rainbows ranging from twelve to sixteen inches—big, chunky, fat ones, all. I took all that were coming to me, too, for the reason that back under the eastern foothills were many fish-hungry "can't-get-aways," to whom I had solemnly given promise of a trout dinner—a regular gorge. I was going to keep my word, and did.

We reached our destination late and I persuaded the Novitiate to forego fishing for the evening and help wash dishes. She accepted the suggestion. I soon found my favorite pool. It was 75 to 100 feet wide, several hundred feet long, but not above thigh-deep. A royal coachman, white miller and coachman, all No. 6, comprised my cast. I did not use over twenty feet of line. It grows dark before 8 o'clock at this season, and the darker the better the fishing. One hour's casting in ice-cold water netted twenty-four like those described above. Another charming breakfast, a portion of which consisted of freshly caught fried trout, more zephyr-like biscuits, country butter and Colorado honey, a hearty command to "come again and stay longer," and the Novitiate and the undersigned soon "hit the dusty trail" for Laramie City, whence we set out for Lake Tahoe, the wonderful, to have a try at the big lakers who—but of that we will have more later.

J. D. C.

Fish and Fishing.

The Netting in Missisquoi Bay.

NOTHING decisive is yet known as to the outcome of the interview at Ottawa the other day between American fishery officers and others and the Dominion and Provincial Ministers of Fisheries, Hon. Messrs. Prefontaine and Parent, respecting the netting of Missisquoi Bay. The delegates from both New York and Vermont presented their case very strongly, commenting upon the impropriety, to say the least, of the netters upon one side of the international boundary being permitted to take spawning fish out of waters common to both countries, which are only stocked by the authorities of the other side. Many millions of young fish were being planted in Lake Champlain every year from American hatcheries, and neither New York nor Vermont now permits seining in the spawning season in Missisquoi Bay. The North American Fish and Game Protective Association was represented by Dr. Finnie, of Montreal, vice-president for the Province of Quebec, who strongly supported the contentions of the American delegates. The representatives of the Canadian netters were particularly vigorous in their opposition to the views of the delegation. Among them were the Hon. Mr. McCorkill, Treasurer of the Province of Quebec, and therefore a member of Mr. Parent's cabinet, who represents in the Government the section of country bordering upon Missisquoi Bay; Mr. Meigs, M. P., who represents the county of Missisquoi in the Dominion Parliament, and a Mr. Jamieson, a lawyer retained by the interested parties. These parties rather staggered their opponents by the assertion, which they supported by a quotation from some alleged Government publication, to the effect that the so-called pike-perch which were being planted in Lake Champlain were not the *Stizostedion vitreum* or doré of Canadian waters at all, but simply the yellow perch. It is most remarkable to say the least, where such a statement could have originated, when the last published list of the details of distribution of young fish issued by the United States Commission of Fisheries shows that only 1,700 yellow perch were distributed in all during the year, while the Vermont Fish Commission alone distributed 16,000,000 of the fry and fingerlings of the pike-perch. The dele-

gates from Vermont and New York seemed to be dumb-founded by the announcement, and not only promised to obtain reliable information on the subject immediately, but also to secure orders to stop the planting of the yellow perch at once—that is, if it be true that any are being planted. In the meantime the matter is left in the hands of Hon. Messrs. Prefontaine and Parent, who will shortly hear of more vigorous protests against the netting nuisance from the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, which is meeting this week in St. John, N. B., and will devote much of its attention to this important subject, as it has already done at former meetings.

Why Protective Associations are Needed.

No individual member of the North American Association has worked harder in it for the abolition of the seining in Lake Champlain than its second president, the Hon. John W. Titcomb, now in charge of the Division of Fishculture at Washington. Mr. Titcomb is unable to be present at the meeting of the association this year, but he has written it one of the most striking arguments in support of its work ever uttered or penned. Among other things, Mr. Titcomb says: "I wish it were possible for me to be with you. The association is an influence for creating an appreciation of nature's blessings. When the whole people appreciate the liberality of the agencies which carry on the processes of creation or of being, the problem of the protection of fish and game will be easily solved. Nature's equilibrium, disturbed by civilization, must be aided by both propagation and protection. I sometimes think it would be a good thing if fish and game were exterminated, if only we had a source of supply to draw upon in order to restore nature's equilibrium in this respect. Take, for illustration, the little country of New Zealand, of one million inhabitants. The people there appreciate the advantages of the propagation and protection of fish and game. Through the work of just such societies as the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, the waters of New Zealand have become stocked with fish introduced from Europe and North America, and the country is now an angler's paradise. Englishmen take the long journey to New Zealand purely for the fishing and hunting. Hunting also is the result of introducing game from abroad. I have just had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Donne, who is New Zealand's promoter in the introduction of game, etc. He informed me that in 1882 two hinds and one stag were introduced from England, and that now more than ten thousand deer roam over the islands. Other game has been successfully introduced, and he is now about to take from this country ten elk and as many moose. I do not believe the people of New Zealand require protective associations at present, because they appreciate the blessings which have been brought to them. Nature was so liberal with us at the start that we did not appreciate our blessings, and thus the necessity for associations."

I only wish that the above extract from Mr. Titcomb's letter could be scattered broadcast throughout the land, in the columns of every newspaper in the country.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

A Palm Beach Amber Jack.

THE illustration shows the largest amber jack on record. The fish, weighing 92 pounds, was taken on rod and reel by Mr. J. B. Cauldwell, of New York. The time required to bring the fish to gaff was forty minutes. The record up to this time for amber jack was 84 pounds. The tackle used was supplied by Edward vom Hofe, of New York, and consisted of a star reel equipped with an automatic and adjustable friction drag, greenheart rod 7 feet long, weight 13 ounces; 600 feet No. 24 line, and 9/0 forged hook.



YACHTING



Worn-Out Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

THE question was asked me some time ago as to when I considered a gasolene marine engine worn out and valueless but for junk. The importance of the question at the time did not impress me greatly, but latterly I have been considering the matter carefully, and it appears worthy of attention. Owing to the usual trunked piston construction, there is no take-up for wear due to side thrust in both two and four-cycle engines, and the effectiveness of the engine does not usually decrease until the cylinder walls, piston or rings become so worn as to lose compression. The piston and rings should be made of softer material than the cylinder itself, and if attention is paid to the selection of materials entering into the construction of these wearing parts, with proper lubrication a cylinder should out-wear several sets of rings. If, on the other hand, a piston fits the cylinder too snugly, and no allowance is made for unequal expansion, the piston will bind and cause excessive wear on the walls of the cylinder. Rings are used to prevent the hot gases from passing from the explosion to the compression chamber, if the engine is two-cycle, or the crank case or open air if four-cycle.

While the carburetor has been termed the lungs of the gasolene engine, the piston rings could well be called the nerves. If the rings are in good shape, of the proper material, well designed, properly proportioned, decently well machined, practically fitted, and renewed when they ought to be, the life of the engine will be prolonged. If, on the other hand, the conditions are bad in one or more of the above essentials, gasolene engine "nervous prostration" can be looked for as a result of what could with

propriety be called piston ring malpractice. A gasolene engine is a piece of high-strung machinery.

Snap rings are about the only ones used in gasolene engine work, as they seem to fill the requirements better than any other construction. The material should be close-grained, homogeneous gray cast iron, with good springing qualities. These will be enhanced by molding each ring separately, so that the scale may be left on the inside of the ring. The top and bottom edges may be ground off on a surface grinder, or the ring may be chucked for the purpose and the grinding done on a universal grinding machine. No matter what method is pursued, the width of the ring should be absolutely uniform, and the ring itself should not be distorted. In some cases one side only is ground, then the ring held by an expanding clutch and plate pressing against the under ground edge, until the outside of the ring is turned off, when the front clamp being released, the ring is held by outside jaws and the third side finished. Even should this method be pursued, I always advise that the side which was ground at first have a light chip turned off, so that no ground surface should be exposed with the possibility of its becoming "charged" with emery or any other abrasive substance, and cause excessive wear on the cylinder walls, which should be kept as perfect as possible. For these same reasons I have always heartily disapproved of grinding the pistons. It may never cause any trouble, but there is a possibility of it, and I have always maintained that such chances should never be taken, knowing how easily cast iron may be charged with abrasive material—emery, corundum, powdered oilstone, pumice, or other similar materials.

A ring that is too wide causes not only excessive wear in the cylinder, but shortens the life of and reduces the efficiency of the ring. Too much spring in the ring will produce the same results.

There should be much more spring in the ends of the ring at the point of parting than at the back, consequently the ring is usually made eccentric. The eccentricity is frequently not made as great as it ordinarily would be on account of weakening the ends, causing a liability to breakage, especially if the ends are so constructed as to lap one half the width of the ring. To obviate this danger, it is good practice to have the ring cast not exactly round on the inside, but with a flattened section, increasing the thickness considerably at the point of parting. The cylinder is less liable to be cut by rings that are parted diagonally than where the ends lap by each other; and were it not that a square parted ring, similar to those used in the Westinghouse steam engines, is liable to cut and score the cylinder at its point of parting, this ring would be found every bit as efficient as the more expensive method, and the liability of broken ends and points would be entirely eliminated. These rings should be renewed much oftener than is customary. As they wear, they become more and more open at the ends, and the hot gases passing by the ends of the rings have a deleterious effect on the polished cylinder surfaces.

Marine and automobile engine cylinders do not usually last as long as stationary; for one reason, on account of the different proportions of the length of the connecting rod to the stroke. Where it is essential that the length of the rod should be very short, there is, of course, more side thrust and more wear. In stationary design the connecting rod is rarely less than two and one-half times the stroke with an angularity at its greatest of 9°; while in automobiles and marine engines it is seldom that the length of the connecting rod exceeds twice the stroke, or a maximum angularity of 11° 15', an increase of 25 per cent. in the amount of the side thrust of the shorter over the longer rod.

Leaky cylinders also, in two-cycle engines particu-

larly, render the wrist and crank pin and main shaft bearings subject to excessive wear from the heat of the gases which pass by the rings into the crank case. These have a tendency to burn up the oil and heat the bearings. If the engine is of the two-cycle type, the leaking products of combustion foul the gas so that it is not so explosive, reduce the quantity of each charge by heating and displacing its volume.

There is one cause of scoring of the cylinder which is all too frequent, and that is by the ends of the piston or wrist pin protruding through the hole in the piston. Some pins have their bearings in the piston itself, and others are tight in the piston and have their bearing in the upper end of the connecting rod. No matter which construction is employed, the ends of the pin should never come into contact with the cylinder walls. The pin must be, by some absolutely positive method, kept in place. This seems easy, but some of our best designers have fallen down on this particular feature, and results of this imperfection have frequently proved disastrous. The new designer does not usually appreciate the necessity of care in this respect until he has an opportunity to note the damage resulting from a loose wrist-pin. When re-boring with new piston and rings becomes necessary, or a new cylinder has to be supplied and the expense is realized, he awakens to the fact that the success of a gasolene engine is in careful attention to the little things, kinks, etc., learned by sad experience oftentimes.

A gasolene engine is not worn out until its cylinder is so badly worn or broken that it will not hold compression, and cannot be replaced or re-bored. Pistons and rings, as well as connecting rods, can be cheaply replaced, and in some cases cylinders can be re-bored, but the work should only be done by people who know how, and the cost is sometimes prohibitive.

The matter resolves itself into a careful study into the actions and conditions of the engine's nerves or piston rings; and in buying engines a good deal of money, time and trouble may be saved you by investigating the piston ring end, and the life of your engine may be prolonged by attendance upon, and renewals of, the piston rings when necessary, or sometimes, perhaps, a little before this becomes imperative.

Queries on Marine Motors.

H. B. L., Trenton, N. J.—My engine, the past season, bothered me from pressure, blowing the oil out of the lubricating cup on the cylinder. It would only feed about one-half a cupful before the feed would stop. What caused it, and how can it be remedied?

Ans.—In multi-cylinder engines, even when new, frequently one cylinder will bother the same as you describe, while all the others will feed regularly. The cause is, in your case, undoubtedly due to excessive wear, either of the cylinder or piston rings, or the top ring may be broken. The piston pin may have scored the cylinder, or it may have been caused by too little oil at some time. You may have had water in the cylinder some time, and the upper ring may have become rusted or stuck in the slot. It shows conclusively that the pressure leaks by the top ring and is held by the next one or even the third, and this pressure blows the oil back. Unless the lubricating hole through the cylinder wall, when the piston is on the upper and lower center, is covered by the piston, the lubrication cannot be fully depended upon. This is the reason for the necessity of the piston always being at least one and one-fourth the length of the stroke, unless splash lubrication is employed.

P. E. J., Westerly, R. I.—Why does a right-hand propeller wheel throw the stern of the boat to the starboard when going ahead and to the port when "backing"?

Ans.—The screw propeller exerts more power at the lower part where the water is less disturbed than at the top. In backing, this phenomenon is not so pronounced as when going ahead. The wake of the boat, or the water coming together as it leaves the sides of the boat is responsible in part.

H. B. R., Norfolk, Va.—1. How fast ought a 6in. by 6in. single cylinder two-cycle engine to run? 2. Could I not increase the power by increasing its speed from 300 to 450 r. p. m.?

Ans.—(1) The manufacturer of your engine is the proper one for you to address, for he should know how fast it is safe to run it, at what speed it develops the most power, whether the piston, connecting rod and crank pin is counterbalanced or not. (2) If the speed could be safely increased and the ports are properly proportioned, exhaust piping is ample and there is not too much back pressure on the exhaust, you might increase the power by increasing the speed—but 450 revolutions per minute for the average 6in. x 6in. single-cylinder engine is very high.

J. B. P., East Alburgh, Vt.—My propeller wheel, as measured by the apparatus described in your paper a few weeks ago, is anywhere from 24in. to 31in. pitch. One of the three blades has over 10 per cent. more pitch than the others. Could I not bend that blade to reduce the pitch, or would I get better results by getting a new wheel?

Ans.—You do not give sufficient information to judge of just what is needed; but we hardly think you can bend the blades to make them all uniform. Even were they all alike, the wheel would not give the best results, for the pitch is nothing like true screw.

AMERICAN BOATS IN SOUTH AMERICA.—P. T. Blose, a boat manufacturer of Detroit, Mich., passed through Pittsburg last night to his home, after spending several weeks in South America, where he formerly shipped many boats to be used on the rivers in that country. Mr. Blose stated that in former years the majority of the boats used on the South American rivers were built in this country, many of them being shipped from Pittsburg. He said that of recent years the boat manufacturers of Germany had underbid the American manufacturers, and as a result the Germans were getting the bulk of that trade. The boats are shipped to South America, where they are put together. The machinery for the boats sent from Germany does not equal that sent from this country, according to statements made by Mr. Blose, and he believes that it will be but a few years until the Americans make nearly all the boats used on the rivers in South America.—Pittsburg Times.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 29.—The annual meeting of the Boston Y. C. was held at the Rowe's Wharf club house last Wednesday evening. It was thought that some mention of the new uniform rating rule would be made, and possibly that a proposition would be made to adopt it. Nothing was said about it, however, and it will remain for another meeting to be agitated. It was voted to hold an annual cruise during the season of 1905, and Vice-Commodore E. P. Boynton at once extended an invitation to the members of the club to again become his guests at Five Islands, Me. Last year the fleet of the Boston Y. C. visited Vice-Commodore Boynton at Five Islands, and from the manner in which they enjoyed themselves it is likely that they will be anxious to go again. The fleet was up against the "Down-East" fog proposition last season, but in spite of this the cruise was successful. Mr. William Avery Carcy, who was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer at the meeting, tendered his resignation, and a committee was appointed to wait upon him to see if he could not be induced to alter his decision. If he remains firm, it will be necessary to call a special meeting of the club to fill the position. Mr. Carey was secretary of the Hull club from 1880. He continued the office when the Hull and the Massachusetts Y. C.'s were amalgamated, and has continued with the Boston Y. C. since the amalgamation with the Hull-Massachusetts Club two years ago. The following officers were elected: Com., B. P. Cheney, steam yacht Jule; Vice-Com., E. P. Boynton, schooner Magnolia; Rear-Com., Alfred Douglas, sloop Shigessa; Sec'y-Treas., William Avery Carey; Executive Committee—Foster Hooper, Charles A. French, Charles Hayden and Walter Burgess; Membership Committee—W. C. Lewis, L. B. Goodspeed, Charles H. Cross 2d and Arthur Prince Hawes; Regatta Committee for two years, Sumner H. Foster, C. G. Brown, David A. Weir and George P. Keith.

At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, the following officers were elected: Com., John O. Shaw; Vice-Com., Henry A. Morss; Rear-Com., George P. Hodgdon; Sec'y, Everett Paine; Treas.-Meas., W. B. Stearns; Executive Committee—Frank E. Peabody and W. H. Rothwell; Regatta Committee—Herbert S. Goodwin, L. F. Percival, H. H. Walker, W. L. Carlton and Stephen Bowen; Membership Committee—Percival W. Pope, O. W. Shead, Frederick Estabrook and Charles D. Wainwright; House Committee for three years, Robert C. Morse. It appears to be the sentiment in the club that the new uniform measurement rule should be adopted, and with this in view, a committee was appointed to revise the racing rules. Since the annual meeting, the regatta committee has organized and has announced the following fixtures:

June 10, Saturday—Club race.
June 17, Saturday—Invitation ocean race.
July 1, Saturday—Club race.
July 4, Tuesday—Invitation race.
July 8, Saturday—Club race.
July 22, Saturday—Club race.
July 29, Saturday—Club race.
August 9, Wednesday—Midsummer series.
August 10, Thursday—Midsummer series.
August 11, Friday—Midsummer series.
August 12, Saturday—Invitation race.
August 26, Saturday—Club race.
September 2, Saturday—Club race.
September 4, Monday—Grand handicap.

The new 90ft. schooner for Mr. F. F. Brewster is about half plated in Lawley's west shop. In the east shop an 87ft. twin screw gasolene yacht, designed by Mr. Fred. D. Lawley for Mr. Herbert F. Hanson has been planked and the deck laid, and the cabin work is now going in. A 60ft. gasolene yacht designed by Mr. Arthur Binney is planked. A 22-footer for Mr. C. A. Morss is being finished up inside. This boat will be used in Buzzard's Bay. The 30-footer for Mr. Albert Stone has been finished. She will be called Ursula II. In the boat shop four of the ten 17-footers of the Cohasset one-design class have been finished, and all of the boats have been started. The cabin house is being put on the 35ft. launch for Mr. Francis C. Welch. A 20ft. cat for Mr. Felix Rackerman is planked. A 35-footer, designed by Mr. W. H. Hand, Jr., for Mr. A. R. Meyer, of Kansas City, has been laid down. Mr. Fred. D. Lawley has designed a 35ft. schooner for Mr. C. S. Dennison, to be used in Buzzard's Bay.

The following officers have been elected by the Cottage Park Y. C.: Com., Russell Gardner; Vice-Com., Lemuel C. Moody; Treas., Alfred J. Rogers; Sec'y, Charles C. Ehrman; Directors—Henry J. Wright, Wesley A. Gove, Herbert L. Drew and William M. McMillan; Membership Committee—Horace A. Magee, W. Harry Williams, Timothy A. Atwood, Fred. E. Drew, William P. Morrison, John W. Herbert and William A. Byrne; Regatta Committee—Albert B. Freeman, Frederick C. Hight, Louis E. Noble, Edwin C. Johnson and Roland Bailey.

At the annual meeting of the Winthrop Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., W. D. Allen; Vice-Com., S. C. L. Haskell; Sec'y, Charles G. Bird; Treas., Edgar H. Whitney; Meas., A. S. Richards; Directors—C. A. Heney, C. H. Billings, H. M. Frost and C. A. Rouillard; House Committee—J. P. Feehan, C. W. Gray and A. S. Richards; Regatta Committee—W. A. Garratt, W. T. Milton, G. J. Buchanan, H. L. Pease and Lewis B. McKie; Membership Committee—G. A. Nash, Frank Beckler, J. L. Rankin, W. J. Kelley, F. S. Mason, M. C. Rogers, Albert Partridge, G. W. Roberts and J. J. Devereaux. George J. Buchanan was appointed fleet captain. This is Charles G. Bird's nineteenth election as secretary of the club.

Wilson & Silsby have orders for suits of sails for the following yachts: 25-footer, Dr. Franklin Dexter; 25-footer Babs, E. B. Alford; 21-footer, R. E. Greeg; 18-footer Broncho, Charles Este; 30-footer Ursula II., Albert Stone; 21-footer, F. T. Catlin; 21-footer Jack Rabbit, W. H. Bradbury; 25-footer, A. C. Crawford, Nassau, Bahamas; 18-footer, Huntington Manufacturing Company; schooner Agatha, W. S. Eaton; iceboat, Archibald Rogers; 42ft. schooner, C. E. Gibson; 35-footer Vayer II., Dr. R. H. Hart, Philadelphia; 8 suits for 15-footers, George Lawley; 35ft. yawl, Charles Longstreth, Philadelphia; 30-footer and 15-footer, Burgess &

Packard; 21-footer Tartan, A. H. Pirie; 22-footer, Dr. E. W. Galvan; 22-footer, George Lawley; mainsails for R. H. Post, Porto Rico, and schooner Hoosier, Edgar Harding; No. 2 jib topsail for schooner Chanticleer; George W. Weld; spinnaker for Henry H. Palmer, San Diego, Cal., and set of awnings for steam yacht Narada, Vice-Commodore Henry Walters, New York Y. C.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Kanawha.

ON the 27th of May, 1899, was launched at Morris Heights, on the Harlem River, New York city, a steel yacht which her sponsor, Miss Duncan, christened Kanawha. While much was anticipated in the way of speed, Kanawha gave no disappointment to either owner or builders, for from the preliminary trials the yacht became the talk of the yachting contingent, by reason of its fine appearance and great speed. Indeed, one of the considerations of the contract when the order was given, was that in a run between New York and Sandy Hook the yacht was to beat the time of the then famous flyer, Monmouth. The race occurred on the 31st of July, which resulted in defeat for the Monmouth, and gave to the builders a large bonus over the contract price. Some discussion as to the fitness of Monmouth's condition followed, in consequence of which a second trial of speed was made on September 19, Kanawha covering the distance of twenty-three miles in 57m., and again leaving the competitor far astern. There were frequent brushes during the club cruise that fall, and during the International Cup races between the yacht and Corsair—Felicia Marietta; in fact, the owner of the latter was reported to have challenged for a race, but the contest never came off. After the Monmouth contests there was no real test of Kanawha's speed against a foe worthy of her steel until the summer of 1903, when a race was made between her and Mr. W. B. Leeds' Noma for the Lystrata Cup given by Mr. James Gordon Bennett. Kanawha won by a liberal margin, and was accorded the well-merited title of Queen of the Fleet.

Last summer Mr. F. M. Smith challenged with his fast yacht Hauoli, and the general impression seemed that there was danger of Kanawha's colors being brought down; but while the race was close, she still merited her title at the first, and by the second race became permanent owner of the Bennett Cup.

Kanawha is 227ft. in length over all, 24ft. beam, and draws 10ft. The hull and deck houses are of steel. The propelling plant consists of two triple expansion engines, with cylinders 14, 23¾ and 42 by 27-inch stroke; four water-tube boilers; has ice and electric plants, also one for air cooling. On deck is located dining saloon, chart and smoking room, captain's stateroom, laundry and butler's pantry; also large music roof aft. Below decks aft there are seven staterooms, toilet rooms and baths; also a commodious saloon. The crew's quarters are forward, and comprise four staterooms for junior officers and berthing accommodation for crew of twenty.

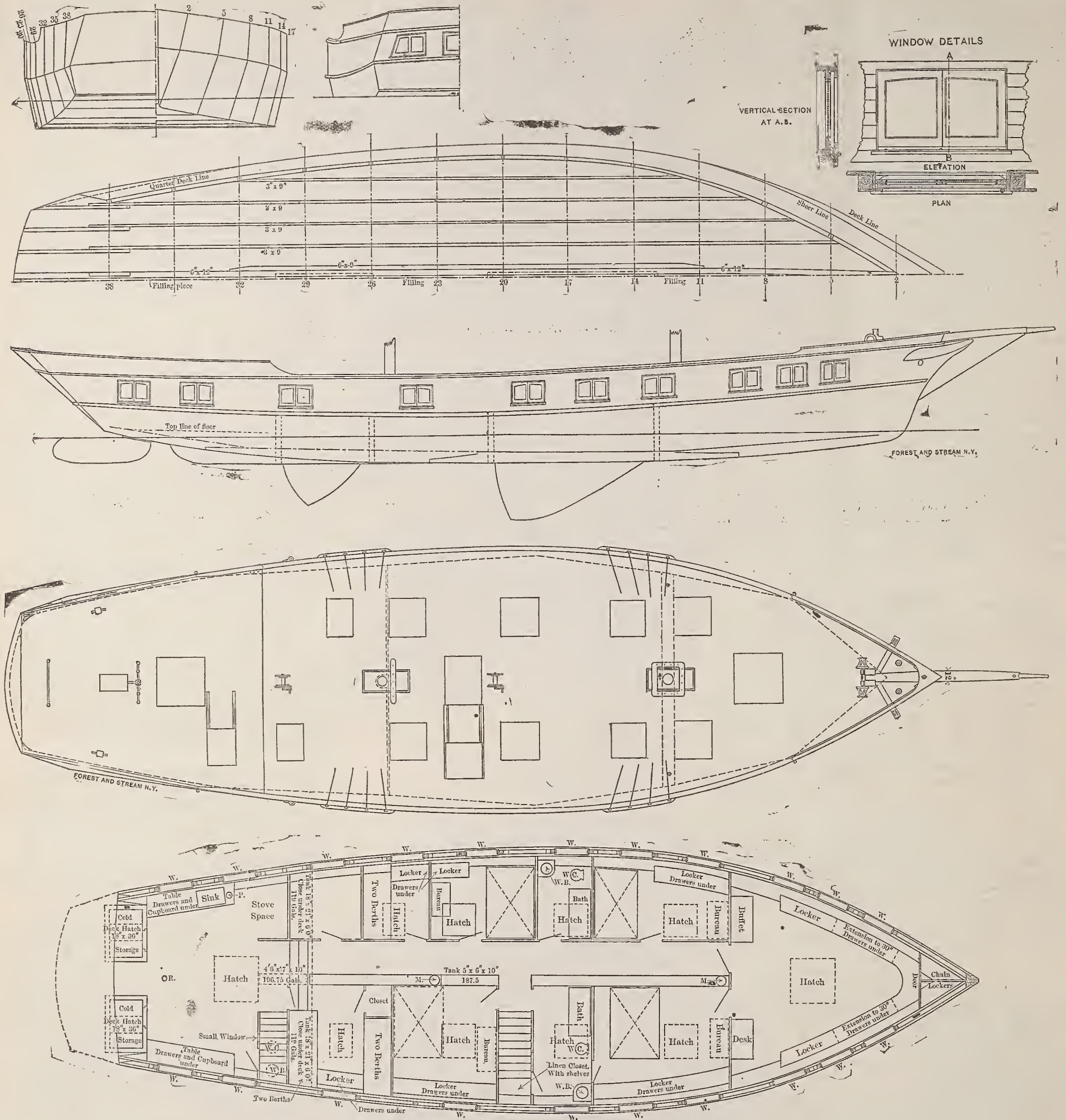
The yacht was built for the late John P. Duncan, Esq., but is now owned by Mr. H. H. Rogers. Her cost was over a quarter of a million dollars. Mr. Charles L. Seabury was designed, and the builders the Gas Engine & Power Company and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated.

Our supplement this week shows Kanawha winning the Lysistrata Cup. The picture was taken as she crossed the line in the lead of Hauoli.

STEAM YACHT TOINETTE SOLD.—Mr. E. E. Smathers has sold his steam yacht Toinette through the agency of Henry J. Gielow to Mr. Thomas A. McIntyre, New York Y. C. Toinette is 175ft. over all, 143ft. waterline, 22.2ft. beam, 11ft. draft, and has a compound engine, steam being supplied by a Scotch boiler. She was designed by W. C. Storey, and built by Ramage & Ferguson, at Leith, Scotland. She has large coal and water-carrying capacity, having been designed for offshore cruising. Her official British tonnage is 341 gross, and 159 net. The official number is 92,028, and the International Code Signal Letters are K, C, W, G. Toinette was originally named Lady Beatrice, and as such went on her maiden trip to Australia. Her second owner was Mr. George Randall, connected with Messrs. Armstrong & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, and he sold her to his brother, Lord Randall. During the ownership of these two gentlemen, cruises were made up the Baltic Sea to Copenhagen, on the Mediterranean and around the British Islands. The yacht was then sold to Mr. E. V. Douglas, of Philadelphia, coming to that city from Greenock, Scotland, via Queenstown and Fayal. The last part of the trip was made in eleven days at a speed of eight knots per hour. Mr. Douglas changed the yacht's name to Aroc and cruised on her one summer to the head of Lake Superior, and the following year to Bar Harbor and other eastern ports. He gave her a complete and thorough overhauling, installing an elaborate system of modern plumbing, and refurbishing her in a sumptuous manner. There was also added the present superstructure, extending about one-third of her length amidships, and a fore-castle head, so that the yacht is to-day one of the roomiest of her size afloat. Mr. McIntyre, the present owner, is an old and experienced yachtsman, having owned among others the stern-wheeled houseboat George D. Purdy, the 55ft. steam launch Stray, the steam yacht Neaira, and the racing sloop Cymbra, and having chartered at one time the schooner yacht Brunhilde.

RACE COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.—At a meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., held a short time ago, the Race Committee for 1905 was appointed. The committee is made up of the following gentlemen: Charles H. Routh, chairman; F. P. Shearwood, Arthur H. Hersey, Charles E. Archibald, Morley Holland, George W. Slaughter, A. August Macdonald, J. H. Hunter, Robert Lucas, George H. H. Eadie, H. Desbarats, J. R. W. Papineau, Andrew S. Forman, H. L. Peiler, George H. Kent, Thornton Davidson and H. R. Crombie.

NEW INLET TO GREAT SOUTH BAY.—The heavy storm that reached its height on January 27 caused such a terrific sea that it cut a new inlet between Great South Bay and the ocean. The new waterway lies just to the westward of the Hemlock life-saving station.



THE SAILING HOUSEBOAT SAVANILLA—LINES, DECK AND CABIN PLANS.
Designed by R. M. Munroe for John Price Wetherill.

Savanilla.

Of all the sailing houseboats, none is more interesting than Savanilla, and the accompanying plans give an excellent idea of her design, construction, rig and interior arrangement.

Savanilla was designed for Mr. John Price Wetherill, of Philadelphia, Pa., by Commodore R. M. Munroe, of Coconut Grove, Florida, and was built in 1903 at Greenwich Piers, New Jersey, by the Greenwich Piers Marine Railway Company.

She was intended for inland cruising in the shallow waters of Florida, and she draws only 2ft. 6in. of water with the centerboards up. The rig is that of a topsail schooner, and has been found to be satisfactory in every respect. Only one change was made in the rig, the substituting of a square topsail for the triangular one shown on the sail plan. Savanilla handles well and has shown a very fair turn of speed. The owner objected to having any motive power in the boat herself, but she is not dependent on her sail power alone, for she has a tender, the 47ft. launch Columbia, which is fitted with a 10 horsepower gasoline motor. Columbia has proven a very useful adjunct to Savanilla, for she is used in many ways. It would be manifestly impossible to sail Savanilla through the narrow inland channels and canals, and Columbia is used to tow the larger boat when such places are encountered. Should the wind fail at any time, Columbia can also tow her back to her moorings. Then again she can go for the mails, get supplies and take the owner and guests back and forth to the mainland. Columbia is sufficiently large, and has enough power to tow Savanilla at good speed against a head wind or tide. All tenders to be of real all-around use should combine the qualities which enter into this boat's design.

Although Savanilla is 70ft. in length, her design is really nothing more than a huge sharpie, adapted to the requirements of a vessel of her size and dimensions. The floor is absolutely flat, while the sides have a little flare until they reach the chime and then continue up in an almost perpendicular line. Commodore Munroe has worked out the design admirably, for the boat is most successful in every respect and presents a very shippy appearance. While intended solely for inland cruising, she has already encountered some very bad weather and acquitted herself remarkably well. On the trip south she went outside from Beaufort to Charleston, very heavy weather being experienced on the run, but she came through without damage. Being flat-bottomed, she pounded considerably in the vicious sea, but other than that she went very comfortably. Heavy wooden frames, fitted with regular port-holes, are substituted for the glass windows when an outside passage is to be made or bad weather is met with, so all danger on that score is eliminated. Savanilla is equipped with a skag aft, and two centerboards, one aft and one amidships—these help her steering qualities and give sufficient lateral plane to turn out to windward in good shape.

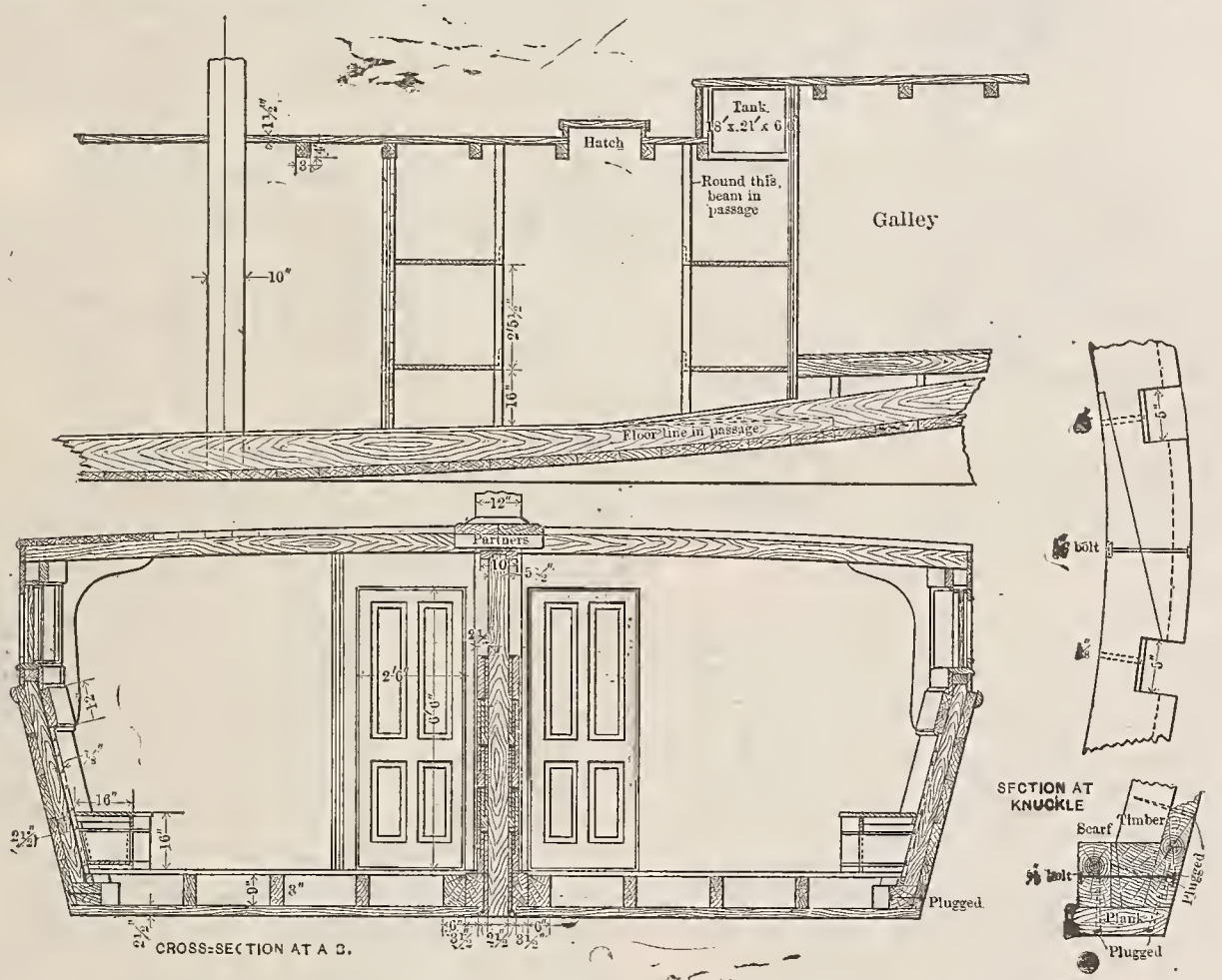
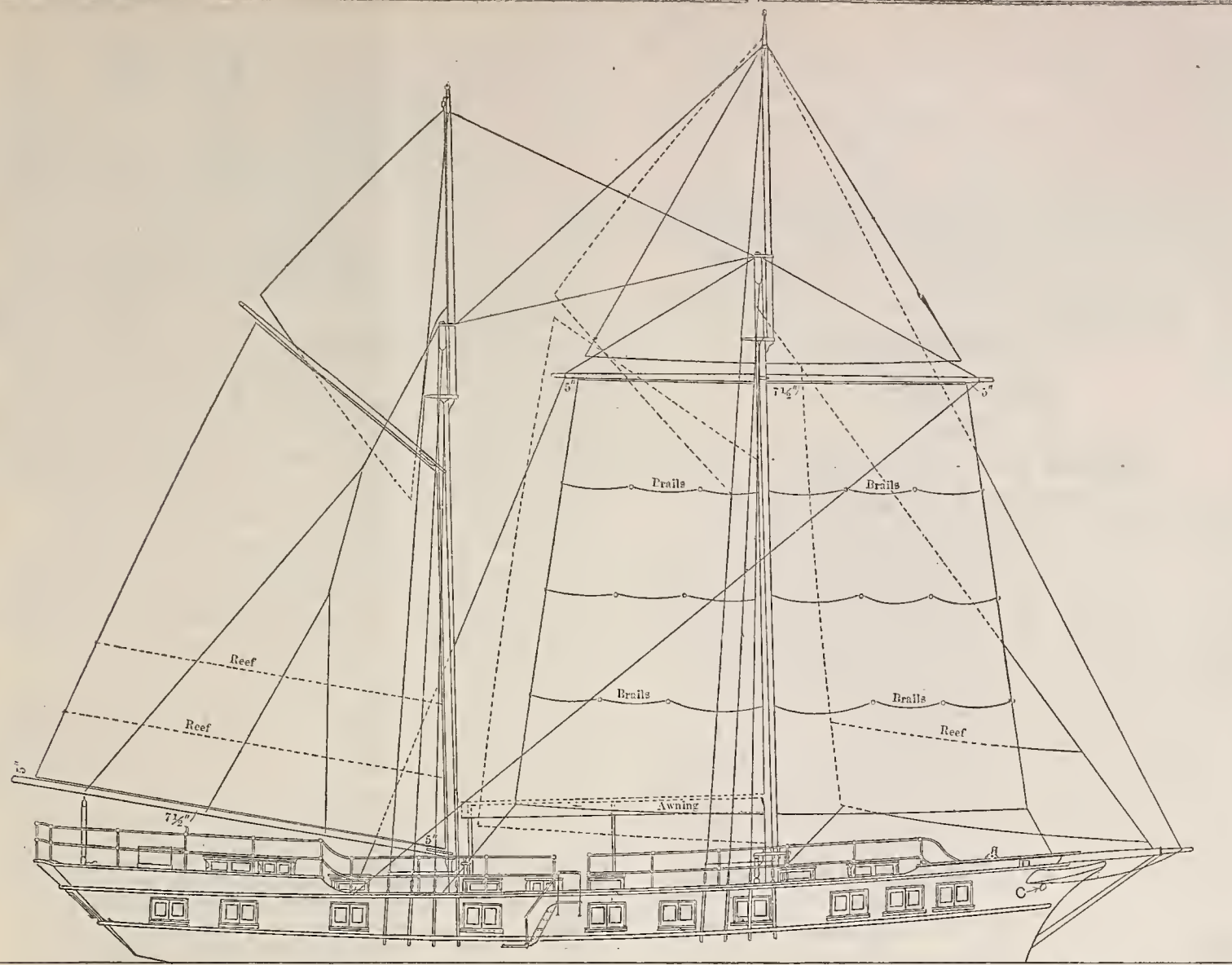
A gangway on the starboard side amidships leads to the main deck. This deck, like the raised poop aft, is cut up by a number of hatches. These hatches are placed over all the important rooms below decks, and were found indispensable in order to ventilate the cabins properly when the boat was used in hot climates. As a matter of fact they have not proved in the least objectionable. On the contrary, they have been found to be useful and convenient lounging places for those on deck.

A companionway close to the gangway leads to a steerage which, in turn, opens into a passageway that

extends almost the entire length of the vessel. The centerboard trunks practically cut the boat in two, in so far as the interior is concerned. A door at the after side of the steerage opens into a stateroom 10ft. square, while opposite is an unusually large and completely fitted bathroom. The stateroom contains a double bed, a bureau, chairs, etc. A lounge runs along the side of the vessel, under which there are lockers. Overhead is a large hatch, and a window affords a pleasant outlook, as well as necessary air. In the bathroom, which measures 5ft. by 10ft. 6in., there is a tub, closet and set marble basin, and a linen locker is located under the companion stairs.

Following the passage forward, one reaches the main cabin, which occupies all the bow of the boat. This room, which is triangular in shape, is 19ft. wide at the after end, and comes almost to a point forward. It is a most attractive apartment, and its location insures the best possible air and view. On each side the hull is pierced by three windows, and under these are wide transoms, which are ordinarily used for sitting or lounging, but, in case of an emergency, can be readily turned into comfortable berths, as they are made to extend. Placed against the after bulkhead on the port side is the buffet, while in the corresponding place on the starboard side is a writing desk. A large dining table and a number of comfortable chairs complete the furniture in the cabin.

Corresponding with the door leading to the passage is another one on the starboard side of the centerboard trunk that gives access to the owner's stateroom, 10ft. by 12ft. This is the largest sleeping cabin on the ship, and is a very completely fitted and well arranged room. Here is also found a double bed, and the usual bureau, lounge, chairs, etc. A door leads directly to the bathroom. Besides the overhead hatch,



THE SAILING HOUSEBOAT SAVANILLA —MIDSHIP SECTION AND SAIL PLAN.
Designed by R. M. Munroe for John Price Wetherill.

there are two windows in this cabin. On the port side of the passage there are two more staterooms, which are separated by a bathroom. The forward room is 7ft. wide by 12ft. long, and like the owner's room opposite, has two windows and is fitted up very much the same, only on a slightly smaller scale, this being necessary, as the cabin was not so large. The bath is 5ft. by 7ft., and has a tub, closet and set basin. The other stateroom is 7ft. by 10ft. and is arranged very much like the others. Aft of this cabin is a smaller room 6ft. by 7ft., which is occupied by the cook and steward. Further aft is another room, 6ft. 6in. by 6ft., for the use of the crew. Here the passageway ends, and three steps lead up to the galley, which occupies all of the after portion of the vessel. The galley is under the raised poop, and the floor level is higher in consequence, yet the same headroom is obtained. The galley is 16ft. long and 17ft. wide. On either side there are two windows, and there are three in the stern, making seven all told. These, together with the overhead hatch, carry off all odors arising from the cooking. The stove is placed on the port side of the galley forward. In the corresponding place on the other side is the crew's companionway, under which is the crew's water closet and wash room. On the port side, placed against the side of the hull, are a table and the sink, opposite on the starboard side is another table with lockers and drawers underneath. In the after part of the galley on either side are two huge refrigerators, in which a large quantity of ice and perishable supplies can be stowed. A door in the forward partition of the galley opens into another room used by the crew. It contains four berths and closets for the men's dunnage. This room is 10ft. square. Water tanks are provided with sufficient fall to enable the water to run in the different tubs and basins without pumping. The total capacity of the tanks is over 620 gallons. Savanilla is 84ft. 6in. over all; 70ft. waterline; 24ft. extreme breadth; 19ft. breadth at waterline; freeboard

forward, 8ft.; freeboard aft, 7ft. 8in.; least freeboard, 5ft. 3in.; draft, with boards up, 2ft. 6in.; draft, with boards down, 7ft. 9in.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

POWER BOAT MOORINGS.—In sheltered coves, bays and harbors the mooring of power boats is comparatively simple, a light anchor or heavy stone attached to a strong rope or a pile driven into the mud will usually suffice; but where boats are to be kept in places raked by storms in rough water, drifting kelp, outside of the danger of swamping, there is a possibility of dragging on to the shore or into crib work, wharf or rocks. If a mooring is selected as convenient, secure a heavy mushroom or an old fishing anchor and cut off one fluke even with the shank, if the water is so shallow that there is a possibility of the boat ever grounding upon it, or to keep the chain from fouling it. Attach by means of a proper shackle a piece of chain of good size about twice or three times the depth of the water at high tide. To a ring or shackle in the other end of the chain attach a good strong rope long enough to allow the chain to lie on bottom and permit the buoy to float easily at all stages of the tide. The upper end of the rope can be attached to the buoy securely near the end and a thimble and eye spliced into the extreme end. Both ends of the rope should be carefully served with canvas and marline to prevent chafing. A good strong snap-hook in the end of a short painter securely attached to a ring-bolt, strong cleat or Samson post on the boat with canvas and marline to protect it where it passes through the chock and where it is ever likely to come in contact with the stem is highly important. There is one essential thing to do, however, at least by August 15 or just after the middle of the season, and that is to renew the rope connecting the chain with the buoy; for there is so much decaying vegetable matter in the water during August that a

rope is likely to rot and become unsafe. If the rope is carefully washed and dried and kept from getting wet while stored, two ropes will easily last two seasons, while a single rope, unless it is carefully dried once or twice, ought not to be depended upon. Relying upon an anchor with accompanying dirt and muss on deck, its liability to foul, trip, etc., is extremely dangerous, and if found necessary to use even temporarily, should be examined every day to see that it is clear. Simple precautions in this way take very little time, and will often save considerable trouble, expense and loss of pleasurable cruises.

THE WEEK-END YACHTSMAN.—The major portion of the yachting fraternity has been dubbed, not in derision, but with all due respect, the week-end yachtsman. He it is who labors diligently during the hot summer days until the Saturday half-holiday permits of his release from business cares and worries, when he hies himself with his family or friends to the mooring place of his boat which may range in size from the uncouth flat-bottomed batteau to the shapely auxiliary sloop or schooner, or the perhaps fine-lined yacht. More likely of late years he has become the proud possessor of a power launch, which with infinite care and pains he has put into commission, equipped with a gasoline engine, remodeling some sailboat, perhaps; and if size and finances will permit he has built a cabin for at least partial shelter, and instead of the occasional run, he is ready for cruising.

What is there about the word that awakens in us all feelings of pleasure, memories of thunder tempests and downpours of rain, hard work, blistered backs, and perhaps raw or half-cooked food? Did you ever see a crowd of this sort get ready to embark that you were not envious of the enjoyment that they foresaw and contemplated? Unless you have been on just such trips, you cannot begin to realize the pleasures to be derived from them. A day and a half finishing up the week's work and on which to begin the following is the ideal, I might truly say, of one-half the laboring people of every seashore city. Independence, democracy, simplicity and good fellowship go hand-in-hand. Care is cast to the winds, new fields for exploration, different scenes, fishing, perhaps wet clothing—but who cares? Early to bed and possibly glad to get up, take a dip and straighten out kinked backs.

The power boat has accomplished what the sailing yacht never could—furnishing, as it does, a means of recreation where the maximum time between the weeks can be put to best account. The average week-end yachtsman of Greater New York needs no hints from his brethren in sister cities as to how to enjoy his outings; give him the means with which to follow his inclinations in that direction.

E. E. LORILLARD TO SERVE ON NEW YORK Y. C.'S RACE COMMITTEE.—Mr. Ernest E. Lorillard has been appointed a member of the New York Y. C. Regatta Committee. Mr. Lorillard will fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Mr. C. L. F. Robinson. The other two members of the committee are Messrs. H. de B. Parsons and Oliver E. Cromwell.

GILBERT'S BAR Y. C. MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Gilbert's Bar Y. C., of Dade county, Florida, was held at the club house early in January and the following officers were elected: Com., H. E. Sewall, of Sewall's Point, Fla.; Vice-Com., Harry Jennings, of Tibbals, Fla.; Sec'y and Treas., C. S. Schuyler, of Jensen, Fla.; Meas., H. W. Bessey, of Stuart, Fla., and Flag Officer, Jerome Twichell, of Sewall's Point, Fla. All correspondence should be addressed to the club at Sewall's Point.

MAYFLOWER AGAIN SOLD.—Mr. E. S. Reiss, who purchased the schooner Mayflower a short time ago, has sold her to Mr. George B. Campbell, through Mr. Frank Bowne Jones' agency.

VIGILANT SOLD.—Mr. F. Lothrop Ames has sold the yawl Vigilant to Mr. Stephen Peabody. Mr. Ames will put the sloop Shark in commission next season, and it is barely possible that she will meet Humma, recently purchased by Mr. R. W. Emmons, and Altair, as the New York Y. C. fleet is to combine with that of the Eastern Y. C., and a long cruise down the Maine coast is planned.

CUTTER GLORIA SOLD.—The Payne-designed cutter Gloria has been sold by Mr. H. E. McLeod, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., to a syndicate of Halifax yachtsmen.

RECENT SALES.—Mr. George E. Bartol, of Philadelphia, has sold his 50ft. auxiliary yawl Arelar through the agency of Macconnell & Cook, to Mr. Charles H. Eagle, secretary of the Atlantic Y. C. The same agency has sold the sloop Banshee for Mr. Henry Dascher to Mr. Parke G. Sedley, of New York; the 50ft. cruising launch, owned by Mr. Bernard W. Duke, of Baltimore, to Professor C. H. Ellard, of Columbia University.

THE FIRST NATIONAL MOTORBOAT EXHIBITION.—Announcement is made that the opening night of the first National Motorboat Exhibition to be given this year in Madison Square Garden, New York city, in conjunction with the Sportsmen's Show, will be made more interesting by the attendance of prominent naval officials, and of commodores of the leading yacht clubs. Gentlemen prominent in water sports have accepted invitations to act as patrons on the opening night, and in their honor the Garden will be gaily decorated with yacht club pennants, which are being received from clubs from all over the country. At the exhibition this year, which opens February 21, certain nights will be assigned to the yacht clubs, and from distant points members have arranged to visit New York on special cars, so that the occasion should be the greatest gathering of yachtsmen that has been known in some years.

At the Garden, in connection with the National Motorboat Exhibition and Sportsmen's Show, will be shown

the very latest things in motorboats. The largest lagoon ever arranged under one roof will be placed in the center of the Garden, where the boats will be shown. More than 800,000 gallons of water will be used, and the course will be twelve laps to the mile, with an island in the center. Of course the usual interesting sports of the Sportsmen's Show, including swimming, canoeing and tub racing, will be in evidence, and the two weeks' affair will have greater attraction than ever. The entire Show will be under the management of J. A. H. Dressel, who has handled the Sportsmen's Show for the past ten years.

HUDSON RIVER YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of the Tappan Zee Y. C., held at Grand View-on-Hudson last September, a committee, consisting of Ex-Commodore Jos. R. Ellicott, Valentine Mott and Edward Cornell, was appointed to take measures to form a yacht racing association among the Hudson River clubs. Representatives of various clubs along the river were invited to meet the committee at a dinner held at the Arena on Saturday evening, January 21, for an informal discussion of the matter. Three clubs sent delegates, the Albany Y. C. being represented by Commodore Rowe, the Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association by Commodore Cantine and three associates, and the Tappan Zee Y. C. by Commodore Sturtevant and seven members.

Steps were taken to form a permanent organization, and with this end in view a committee was appointed, consisting of Ex-Commodore Ellicott, of the Tappan Zee Y. C., chairman, and Mr. Darragh, of the Newburgh Club secretary, to meet at the call of the chair in New York during February.

The object of the association is to encourage yachting of all kinds and to bring the clubs into closer contact by means of inter-club races, cruises and squadron meets. A one-design boat will also be built, as when the clubs come together there is almost no similarity of type. The first boat decided upon is a 21ft. clipper dory from the design of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, several of which are now building. As the association wishes to encourage yachting among the boys and build up a lot of young sailors, a boat of this size will be very serviceable, as it is not too heavy for them to handle. They have been very fortunate in their first design, and consider that it combines more good points in the way of speed, seaworthiness and construction than can be found in any special class of its size adopted by any club.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

THE three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticize each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasoline or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

V. Outboard profile. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered;

all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his *nom de plume*.

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

Canoeing.

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Vaseline for a Leaky Canoe.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. H. Hardy's article in January 21 issue on using vaseline for greasing the wheel of his wagon, reminds me of an incident which happened two summers ago. We were in camp, a party of canoeists, when one complained of his canoe leaking badly somewhere in the stern. He had had to stop and bail her several times while on the way to camp, and did not want to repeat the performance on his way home. He asked me to take a look at her. It had been very warm the week previous, and the planking not being a tight fit, the heat opened up her seams. I got a bottle of vaseline out of my grub box, and taking a liberal quantity rubbed it in well, testing the canoe every now and then to see if the leak was filled. It worked like a charm, and friend John paddled home that evening in a dry canoe. A. C. A., No. 4663.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership to the Eastern Division of the A. C. A.: Benjamin C. Lane and Frank J. Wilson, both of Boston, and both proposed by Edward A. Hatch. New members Central Division—No. 4862, G. H. H. Hills, Buffalo, N. Y.; No. 4863, Robert W. Gallagher, Buffalo, N. Y.; No. 4864, J. H. L. Gallagher, Palmyra, N. Y. New members proposed, Central Division—Evans S. Kellogg, Schenectady, N. Y. Eastern Division—Ralph F. Reynolds, Somerville, Mass.; Samuel B. Burnham, Providence, R. I.

FREDERIC G. MATHER, Treas.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 22.—Greenville, N. J.—American record 100-shot match.
March 1-9.—New York.—Zettler annual gallery tournament.

For Better .22's.

OTTAWA, Jan. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If the subject meets with your approval and is likely to be of interest to any of your readers, I would like to offer a plea for the production of a higher grade of .22cal. bolt-action rifle than is now to be had. The little weapons which have been on the market for the last four or five years have met with a fair share of appreciation not only at the hands of the younger population, but also by sportsmen, who have found a light .22cal. rifle a useful adjunct to a general camp outfit.

I have used one of these little weapons for the last two seasons, and have found it a very convenient article around camp. The action is of the simplest character, of few parts, and its liability to getting out of order, even with very rough usage, is almost nil; and while it cannot be said that it can be made to afford as rapid fire as some of the other breech mechanisms, yet I think that, with some modifications of the present weapons, it could be made sufficiently fast in its action to satisfy the requirements of a large number of sportsmen who want a light serviceable weapon, with mechanism of the simplest character, for small game shooting or target practice.

Now, as to desired improvements, it seems to me that no better guide can be had than that afforded by an examination of the main features of one or other of the larger military or sporting models of the same general type.

Modern arms of this kind are equally serviceable as single-shot or as magazine rifles. Some may contend that a magazine is not necessary in these small weapons, but at the same time it may be pointed out that where one wishes to use the popular long rifle ammunition he is ever at a difficulty from the facility with which these cartridges attach to themselves any dirt with which they may come in contact, and that a magazine of that kind which is used in the 1903 model Savage gets over this difficulty in a very satisfactory manner.

The cocking of the piece is effected by the working of the bolt in the act of loading; and to obviate the danger of premature explosion from carrying a loaded rifle with the hammer cocked, a safety device of some kind is provided; in some cases a half-cocking device is used; in others a locking flange is attached to the bolt, and in still others a trigger safety, actuated by a thumb piece, as in hammerless guns, is used; this latter arrangement is probably the most convenient.

The firing-bolt, or hammer, does not partake of the rotation of the breech-bolt, and while this is not as necessary in the .22 as in rifles of larger bore, it would enable the use of a peep sight attached to the head of the firing-bolt, which, in the estimation of many, is the most convenient way of adapting the peep sight to bolt-action rifles.

The bolt may be conveniently withdrawn from the frame without its being necessary to further dismount the arm; with this provision the shooter is enabled, in case of necessity or otherwise, to get a clear view of the interior of the barrel throughout its length without any delay.

In addition to those enumerated above, there are some other points which should receive careful attention in the production of a higher grade weapon. The screw-heads which disfigure the present models by projecting from beneath the fore-end, should be done away with, and some neater form of barrel fastening adopted; the general design of the stocks might also be modified to suit different requirements; such matters as pistol grips, checking and other variations from any standard which may be adopted, could be classed as extras; a system of detachable barrels might be in favor with some. In short, I think that the manufacturers would be conferring a favor on many sportsmen and at the same time find it advantageous to themselves were they to bring out a weapon in the same degree of completeness as that which characterizes many of the other productions of the day.

ROBT. A. A. JOHNSTON.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular bi-monthly practice shoot of the above society was held at the Zettler ranges, in Twenty-third street, Jan. 27. Although the weather was inclement, the attendance was well up to the average. Seventy-four men lined up for the fray. Scores follow: N. C. L. Beverstein 212, 225; H. Beckmann 218, 206; C. J. Brinckama 214, 240; J. C. Brinkmann 207, 222; A. Beckmann 211, 212; G. N. Bohlken 199, 207; C. Boesch 201, 197; J. C. Bonn 240, 236; Aug. Beckmann 197, 208; F. W. Dierks 218, 238; H. Decker 192, 206; W. Dahl 200, 220; M. V. Dwingelo 185, 206; D. Dede 197, 221; J. F. R. Ernst 170, 181; F. Facompre 225, 230; D. Ficken 194, 201; G. H. Fixsen 204, 212; A. Giebelhaus 199, 219; L. L. Goldstein 179, 203; F. Gobber 181, 204; Dr. C. Grosch 206, 216; R. Gute 241, 244; Capt. J. H. Hainhorst 234, 235; H. C. Hainhorst 227, 224; H. Haase 227, 225; H. Hoensch 208, 207; H. Hesse 203, 192; P. Heidelberg 220, 221; N. W. Haaren 206, 196; L. C. Hagenah 213, 226; J. Jantzen 222, 223; N. Jantzen 167, 165; G. Junge 189, 203; H. Kahrs 199, 202; C. Konig 195, 204; J. H. Kroeger 230, 208; B. Kumm 200, 201; F. Lanckau 213, 212; H. Leopold 190, 221; A. W. Lemcke 227, 222; G. Ludwig 239, 242; J. von der Leith 215, 212; C. Mann 211, 203; J. H. Meyer 228, 224; H. D. Meyer 226, 211; C. Meyer 226, 234; H. Meyn 213, 188; H. B. Michaelsen 226, 221; H. Nordbruch 216, 218; H. Offermann 204, 204; G. W. Offermann 210, 208; R. Ohms 215, 227; C. Plump 215, 221; J. Paradies 206, 219; D. Peper 217, 227; C. Roffmann 197, 229; F. von Ronn 231, 237; F. Schulz 160, 192; W. Schults 230, 213; W. Schaefer 223, 213; C. Schmitz 212, 217; J. N. F. Seibs 233, 236; C. Seivers 228, 232; Capt. J. G. Tholke 215, 223; G. Thomas 212, 233; M. J. Theu 205, 215; G. J. Voss 214, 217; G. H. Wehrenberg 211, 220; J. Willenbrock 224, 230; B. Zettler 233, 229; H. Lohden 210, 223; A. Sibbens 193, 202; W. Ulrich 161, 189; H. Quaal 207, 215.

Bullseye target: J. N. F. Seibs 34, H. Decker 40, J. Paradies 65½, C. Sievers 68, F. W. Dierks 68, J. C. Brinckmann 77, Chris. Konig 77½, R. Gute 83, H. C. Hainhorst 85½, G. W. Ludwig 87.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—We have surely struck the "freezeout" side of the game just now, the defeat of our rifle team being followed by a typical New England blizzard, whose ungentle zephyrs pervaded our shooting hall and caused the few enthusiasts who turned out at the Thursday evening shoot to do most of their good shooting verbally in the boiler room. The rifle squad seemed to be able to hug their .22s tight enough to avoid much loss of accuracy, but the revolver cranks' shivering discouraged good scores, though they had the satisfaction of knowing that one was as good as another.

Mr. F. L. Vaughn was a visitor, and enjoyed a few shots with rifle, pistol and revolver.

The targets shot by the Portland team were on hand and created much interest. The Myles Standish club certainly does things up brown, from the get-up of their targets to the finish of a match.

One of the local militia rifle teams, none other than the winner of the Brigade trophy, has suggested a match with the Krag. They are using a bushing for the .32 S. & W. cartridge, and report good results. With one exception, none of our men have ever shot a Krag rifle, and it looks a little one-sided for the militia team; still, if we can bring about a trial, there are enough men in our organization who would like to try, and we have put it up to the trophy winners to arrange the matter.

Twenty-five yards, German ring target: A. B. Coulter, 239, 235, 236; C. L. Beach, 232, 223; W. B. Gardiner, 221, 228; Maj. Wm. F. Eddy, 220.

Twenty yards, revolver, Standard target: Arno Argus, 73, 72, 65; Wm. F. Eddy, 73, 68; A. C. Hurlburt, 69, 74, 72, 68.

New York Independent Corps.

NEW YORK.—Scores follow for the practice shoot held at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, Jan. 26. The feature of the evening was the contest between George Ludwig and F. Liegibel, for the honor of first place, Ludwig winning out handsomely on his final target: G. Ludwig 244, 245; F. Liegibel 244, 240; A. Begerow 241, 242; F. A. Young 234, 240; B. Eusner 239, 227; J. Schmid 230, 234; H. J. Behrens 227, 213; J. Facklamm 220, 218; E. Gartner 210, 222.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK.—On Tuesday evening, Jan. 24, the following scores were recorded at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street: One hundred shots: L. P. Hansen 243, A. Hubalek 242, A. Begerow 237, H. Fenwirth 235, G. J. Bernius 229, Fifty shots: C. Zettler, Jr., 121, R. Gute 121, H. C. Zettler 119, G. Ludwig 118, C. G. Zettler 118, B. Zettler 117, T. H. Keller 116.

Italian Rifle Club.

At the weekly contest of the above club Minervini led the race, closely followed by Gallina. Scores: Minervini 235, 243; Gallina 236, 240; De Felice 235, 238; Muzio 224, 235; Rossotti 230, 226; Alfiero 220, 234; De Stefano 199, 213; Cassetti 193, 217.

Massachusetts Rifle Club.

LONG range, 100yds.: F. Daniels 48, F. Carter 40, W. Charles 38. Pistol match: C. H. Eastman 87, R. L. Dale 83. Two hundred yards, offhand match: R. L. Dale 228, J. Busfield 223, A. Nieder 219, H. V. Hill 209.

Rifle Notes.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Savage Arms Company, Utica, N. Y., was held on Jan. 25, and the following officers were elected: President, Benj. Adriance; Vice-President, Walter Jerome Green; Secretary and Treasurer, J. De Peyster Lynch.

The Electric Rifle Club, of Scranton, Pa., are desirous of arranging telegraph matches with other clubs on 25yd. range. All communications should be addressed to A. A. Brown, 322 Washington avenue, Scranton, Pa.

We have to report the sad death of Charles Ryan, after a brief illness, from pneumonia. Mr. Ryan was a member of the Zettler Rifle Club. A host of fellow marksmen mourn his loss.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- Feb. 3.—Chester, N. Y., Gun Club all-day shoot. Hiram B. Tuthill, Pres.
Feb. 6-9.—Houston, Tex.—Sen's Grand Southern Handicap. Alf Gardiner, Mgr.
Feb. 11.—Phillipsburg, N. J., Opposite Easton, Pa.—Alert Gun Club first annual tournament. Ed. F. Markley, Mgr.
Feb. 13.—Concord, S. I.—All-day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Feb. 13.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Feb. 13.—Rahway, N. J., Gun Club shoot.
Feb. 13.—Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club tournament. W. H. Myers, Sec'y.
Feb. 15-16.—Allentown, Pa.—Two-day tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. C. L. Straub, Mgr.
Feb. 15-16.—Detroit, Mich.—Jacob Klein's tournament on Rusch House grounds, under auspices of Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association.
Feb. 18.—Newark, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Feb. 22.—New Paltz, N. Y.—Mullerite Gun Club all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association seventeenth annual live-bird tournament. A. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club all-day shoot. Lloyd R. Lewis, Cor. Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Batavia, Ill., Gun Club tournament. Henry Hendrickson, Mgr.
Feb. 22.—Concord, S. I.—All-day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. V. Wallburg, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's eighth annual tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
March 20-25.—Kansas City, Mo.—Dickey Bird Gun Club six-day tournament.
March 28-31.—Kansas City, Mo.—Schmelzer spring tournament. C. J. Schmelzer, Mgr.
April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club. Chas. C. Needham, Sec'y.
April 12-13.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club. H. J. Stidman, Sec'y, Wilmington.
April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenstager, Sec'y.
May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.
May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 178 Mill street, Toronto.
May 23-25.—Lincoln.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Analostan Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
May 31.—June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS

The Secretary, Mr. W. H. Reed, announces that the Dover, Del., Gun Club claims the dates Oct. 11 and 12 for a two-day tournament, open to all amateurs.

The annual tournament of the Freeport, L. I., Gun Club, fixed to be held on Jan. 25, was postponed on account of the blizzard. Feb. 2 has been fixed upon as the date. Shooting begins at 10 o'clock.

Messrs. J. F. Schmelzer & Son Arms Co. write us as follows: "We are pleased to advise you that our usual spring tournament will be held on March 28, 29, 30 and 31. Mr. C. J. Schmelzer is manager."

We are informed by Mr. M. R. Bingham, of Rome, N. Y., that the New York State shoot is fixed to be held June 13 to 16, inclusive, and that Mr. James W. Brown is the secretary. His address is 65 Taylor avenue, Utica, N. Y.

The first win of the five-man State team championship, held at Wellington, Mass., on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, was made by the team of the Watertown Club, defeating the Lowell Rod and Gun Club by a score of 189 to 187, out of a possible 250. The next shoot is arranged for Feb. 11.

The contests in the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League, Jan. 28, resulted as follows: Clearview defeated Highland, 159 to 149; Florists' defeated Narberth, 221 to 186; Meadow Spring defeated Hill Rod and Gun Club, 176 to 172; S. S. White defeated Hillside, 169 to 152.

The Indiana Legislature has a bill under consideration, the purpose of which is the prohibition of live-bird shooting at the traps. Latest advices are to the effect that the bill is in a fair way to become a law, specially so, if each trapshooter waits for the other fellow to oppose it.

Messrs. Knox & Knapp, write us that "the Auburn Gun Club will give a two-day tournament, May 17-18, with added money. Two nice merchandise events, which will have at least three nice hammerless guns in same, etc. Targets included in all entrances at 1 1/2 cent. Programmes out May 1."

Mr. N. P. Leach writes us that "the Montreal Gun Club, of Montreal, Quebec, claim May 25, 26 and 27 as dates for a grand trapshooting tournament. There will be a long list of cash and other prizes. For full particulars address D. J. Kearney, Secretary, 412 St. Paul street, Montreal, Quebec."

The Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association have issued the programme of their seventeenth annual live-bird tournament, to be held on Feb. 22. Shooting commences at 7 o'clock. There are eight target events, a total of 100 targets, \$5 entrance. At 12 M. the individual live-bird trophy contest will begin, open to members of clubs of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. Conditions, 20 birds, \$10 entrance; handicaps 25 to 30yds. Mr. A. H. Roberts is the secretary, Fifth and Camp streets.

Mr. W. M. Foord, of Wilmington, Del., meandered to Trenton, N. J., to attend the shoot of the Trenton Shooting Association, held on Saturday of last week, and returned to his home with the first prize, a Parker hammerless, and third prize, a jardiniere. Mr. L. F. Emann, of Trenton, won second prize, a decorated toilet set. It was a re-entry contest, tickets 60 cents. Six tied for first prize, and the winner was determined by a miss-and-out shoot-off. Foord broke 43 straight to win.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Jan. 28.—Some seven events were run off to-day, seventeen men participating. Messrs. Apgar, Fanning and Schneider, the trade representatives, were present, and did some very nice shooting.

Events 2 and 3, 50 birds, unknown angles, handicap, were to settle who was the winner of the members' silver trophy for January. P. H. Cockfair was high man, with 43 breaks to his credit, plus 4 added, gave him a score of 47.

Event No. 4, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap, prize a box of fine cigars, went to F. W. Moffett, who made a perfect score.

Mr. C. V. V. Gunther qualified in the gold medal event. Next Saturday the February contest for the gold medal will begin.

Table with 7 columns (Events 1-7) and rows for Targets, C Gunther, C Schneider, J Fanning, N Apgar, F W Moffett, C Babcock, P H Cockfair, W T Wallace, E Winslow, Adams, G Boxall, W Kendall, I S Crane, W T Soverel, J W Glaister, Geo Batten, Theo. Badgley.

Handicaps apply only in events 2, 3 and 4. EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewood, N. J., Jan. 28.—Event 7 was a handicap for a silver cup, resulting in a tie between Vosselman and Morrison. In the shoot-off in event 8 Vosselman won. Scores follow:

Table with 9 columns (Events 1-9) and rows for Eickhoff, Vosselman, Morrison, Maysen, Leasenfeld, Dr Richter, G Groning, Jap.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 22.—The Hudson Gun Club held its regular shoot on the above date, and while snow fell in the morn-

ing, it cleared up by noon, and an enjoyable time was had by all present. Some remarkable shooting was done by Mr. Staples, he breaking 70 targets before missing. He finished the day with 5 misses out of 120 shots.

The next shoot takes place on Feb. 5, if we can dig ourselves out; but as we have only missed a few shoots in the last ten years, it looks as though we will be there.

The dates for shooting for the coming year are as follows: Jan. 8, 23; Feb. 5, 19; March 5, 19; April 2, 16, 30; May 14, 28; June 11, 25; July 9, 23; Aug. 6, 20; Sept. 3, 17; Oct. 1, 15, 29; Nov. 12, 26; Dec. 10, 24.

Following are the scores:

Table with two columns of Targets and rows for Pape, Hughes, Cottrell, Staples, Fancher, Cottrell, Jr., O'Brien, Kurzel, J. HUGHES.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 28.—The all-day target shoot of the Trenton Shooting Association was well attended. In the merchandise event, a re-entry contest, there was lively competition. The winners were as follows: Parker hammerless, W. M. Foord, of Wilmington, Del.; L. F. Eman, second prize, a decorated toilet set; third, W. M. Foord, a decorated jardiniere. There were six ties for first prize, each full score of 15 targets.

In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Eman missed his forty-third target, leaving Foord the winner.

There were also six ties for second, and Emann broke 31 straight in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, to win.

Twenty-one tied for third, and Foord won in the shoot-off, miss-and-out on the twenty-first target. Mr. Luther Squier won high average in the professional class.

The Smith gun was not shot for, the required number of entries not filing. The scores in the main event, 15 targets, were as follows:

The 15s: Foord, Emann, Emann, Foord, W. H. Mathews, Jules, Squier.

The 14s: Foord, Scattergun, Squier, Emann, Emann, Foord, Emann.

The 13s: Stutesman, Foord, Emann, Thorn, Mulford, W. H. Mathews, Foord, Squier, Cole, Grant, Foord, Squier, Mathews, Squier, Thorn, Grant, Mathews, F. W. M., Muldoon, W. H. Mathews, Thorn, Squier, Squier, Grant, Wilks, Hope, Hope.

The 12s: Taylor, Emann, Herbert, Emann, Herbert, Squier, Herbert, Thorn, Taylor, Mulford, Grant, Muldoon, Thorn, J. R. T. Mulford, Wilks, Scattergun, Muldoon, Squier, Emann, Muldoon, Mulford, Thorn, Emann, Foord, Squier, W. H. Mathews, W. H. Mathews, Mulford, Wilks.

The 11s: Wilks, Wilks, Mulford, George, McCardle, McCardle, Stutesman, Muldoon, Grant, Emann, J. R. T., Foord, Emann, W. D. Wilson, F. W. M., Wilks, Thorn, F. W. M., Squier, Foord, E. Hart, Grant, Grant.

The 10s: Herbert, Mason, Crawford, Herbert, Wilks, Muldoon, Jules, E. Rank, Grant, Harding, Herbert, McCardle, Scattergun, Cole, Stutesman, Crannage, W. H. Mathews, Squier, F. W. M., W. H. Mathews, Thorn, George, F. W. M., George, Muldoon, W. H. Mathews, Mulford.

The 9s: Wilson, Squier, Thorn, Scattergun, F. W. M., Cole, Thorn, Mulford, Mulford, Scattergun, Thorn, Wilks, Ryan, Cole, W. D. Wilson, Scattergun, Herbert, Jules, McCardle, Grant, Wilks, W. H. Mathews.

The 8s: Cole, Jules, Ryan, Vialkovitch, F. W. M., Frank, Jules, Foord, Cole, Wilks, George, George, F. W. M., Cole, George, Cole.

The 7s: Scattergun, McCardle, McCardle, Snedeker, Crannage, Ryan, Grant, W. H. Mathews, W. H. Mathews, Cole, Jules, Wilks, Grant.

The 6s: Jules, Jules, Thorn, Scattergun, Wilson.

The 5s: Thorn, Crannage, Scattergun.

Rank 4.

North Side Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Jan. 28.—The members of the North Side Gun Club were hosts, and the Jackson Park Gun Club members were guests, at the successful shoot held to-day. Their club house at Riverside, was taxed to its limit of room to shelter the attendance.

Mr. Frank Butler was the only trade representative present, and he was high man of the day.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, though a guest, worked diligently with Capt. Banta and Secretary Terhune, to keep things running smoothly and to make a success of the shoot. Shooting commenced at 2 o'clock, and the visitors arrived at 3 o'clock, the interval of time being devoted to some short events of 10 and 15 targets.

The third event had merchandise prizes, a fishing rod being the award to the highest score.

Since live-bird shooting in New Jersey was prohibited, the trapshooters of Paterson have done very little shooting. They are about to resume at the traps. Before long the Jackson Park Gun Club will be active again.

Several new gun clubs have been organized about Paterson, and the prospect is much better for the sport. An open tournament is contemplated as a trapshooting event at Paterson this year.

The scores follow:

Table with two columns of Events and Targets, and rows for E Planten, J Kryger, J Polhemus, W Banta, C Lewis, C Tidde, B Terhune, I Storms, O Buckner, F Butler, G A Hopper, H Beckert, C Lenone, E Morgan, A Howard, E Van Houten, G Barry, J Powers, T Radcliff, W Miller, F Landis, A Howard, A Voestra, W Clarke, C Kevit, T Radcliffe, E Planten, J Kryger.

Interstate Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 28.—I have been instructed by the President, Mr. Irby Bennett, to advise you that a special meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association will be held Friday, Feb. 10, at 2:30 P. M., in the offices of the Lafin & Rand Powder Company, 99 Cedar street, New York city, to consider matters of importance in connection with the year's work.

A meeting of the Tournament Committee of the Association has been called for 1:30 P. M., the same date and place.

The Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 16, 17 and 18, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

Hamilton Tournament.

HAMILTON, Ont.—The Hamilton Gun Club held a very successful tournament, Jan. 17-21, at Hamilton.

The Grand Canadian Handicap, 20 live birds, \$500 in cash guaranteed, was the main event of the meeting.

The club entertained the visitors at a banquet on the evening of Jan. 17.

On the first day, besides commencing the Grand Canadian Handicap, an event at 10 live birds, \$5 entrance, \$100 guaranteed, moneys divided according to the Rose system, was shot, the scores of which are as follows:

Table listing scores for the Hamilton Tournament on Jan 17-21. Columns include names and scores for various events.

Thirty-five shot through this event, eight dropping out on account of missing.

On the first day there were eight target events on the programme, \$2 entrance, and \$20 added to each, except the first. Surplus was added and moneys were divided Rose system, ratios 5, 4, 3, 2. Handicaps, sliding from 16 to 23yds. The limits were 16yd. man, 19yds.; 17yd. man, 20yds.; 18yd. man, 21yds.; 19yd. man, 22yds.; 20yd. man, 23yds. Scores:

Table listing target event scores for the Hamilton Tournament on Jan 17-21. Columns include names, events, and scores.

Jan. 18, Second Day.

At the close of the second day, the two leaders in the Grand Canadian Handicap were Messrs. H. A. Horning and J. Stewart, who were two of six men who had completed their full score of 20 birds. The others were J. Farmer 17, G. Reid 17, L. Waters 16, R. Barrett 15. The weather conditions were favorable for good scores.

There were a total of forty-nine entries in the Grand Canadian Handicap, five more than those of last year.

The live-bird event of to-day was at 10 birds, \$100 guaranteed, surplus added, \$5 entrance, birds extra; high guns, two moneys for every five entries. The scores follow:

Table listing scores for the Grand Canadian Handicap on Jan 18. Columns include names and scores.

The target events were shot under the same conditions as those of yesterday.

Table listing target event scores for the Hamilton Tournament on Jan 18. Columns include names, events, and scores.

Table listing scores for the Hamilton Tournament on Jan 19. Columns include names and scores.

Jan. 19, Third Day.

The Grand Canadian Handicap was finished about midday, and was won by Mr. A. S. Tolsma, of Detroit, Mich. The conditions were 20 live birds, \$500 guaranteed, \$100 to high gun, Rose system, 5, 4, 3; surplus added; handicaps 26 to 33yds.; \$15 entrance, birds included. Scores:

Table listing scores for the Grand Canadian Handicap on Jan 19. Columns include names and scores.

The following withdrew when shot out of the money: P. Wakefield, Toronto; T. Upton, Hamilton; G. Robbins, B. Brown, W. Root, G. Reid, Dunnville; Geo. Gooch, Toronto; J. Fanning, New York; A. D. Bates, Hamilton.

In the 10-live-bird event, \$5 entrance, \$100 guaranteed, high guns, thirty-one competed. It resulted as follows: C. J. Mitchell 10, H. Scane 10, Simpson 9, Cantelon 9, George Stroud 9, M. Fletcher 9, Daniels 9, McRitchie 9, Mayhew 9, Dr. Wilson 9, H. Burk 8, Root 8, M. Reardon 8, John Stroud 8, Crew 8, P. Wakefield 8, McColl 8, Coffey 8, McMacken 8, Upton 8, A. Brown 8, Phippen 7, Dr. Green 7, F. W. Brown 7, B. McLean 7, Lewis 7, J. A. Spittal 6, G. Reid 6, Dr. Hunt 6, Broderick 5, Alexander withdrew.

The target programme was like that of the preceding days, except that event 5 was a sweepstake with no added money. Scores:

Table listing target event scores for the Hamilton Tournament on Jan 19. Columns include names, events, and scores.

Jan. 20, Fourth Day.

The main event was at 10 live birds, \$5 entrance, high guns. Scores:

Table listing scores for the Grand Canadian Handicap on Jan 20. Columns include names and scores.

The four 10s divided, and each received \$15. The 9s received \$3. A number of miss-and-outs were shot.

All the visiting gun men were loud in their praises of the Hamilton Gun Club officers and the management of the tournament.

Messrs. Geo. W. Burkholder and Harry Graham, who looked after the score sheets and clerical work generally, are deserving of much credit. They did their work well.

Thomas Upton is president of the Hamilton Gun Club; M. E. Fletcher is vice-president; Harry Graham secretary and J. Hunter treasurer.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Jan. 28.—Five events at live birds were shot on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League. All the events were short races, at 10 and 7 birds. The scores:

Table listing scores for the Keystone Shooting League. Columns include names and scores for various events.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Jan. 28.—The January cup was won by Mr. H. M. Brigham, one of the scratch men of the club. He was tied in the shoot to-day by Mr. L. M. Palmer, Jr., also scratch, and Dr. J. J. Keyes. Each scored 23. Mr. Brigham's three scores for January, however, were the highest, as follows: 22, 25, and 23, a total of 70 out of 75, nearly a 91 per cent. performance. The January cup event, 25 targets, handicap allowance, had scores as follows:

Table listing scores for the Crescent Athletic Club January cup event. Columns include names and scores.

For the team cups, two-man teams, 25 targets per man, handicaps added, six teams entered. Messrs. Brigham and Palmer, scratch, tied with Messrs. Southworth and Marshall on 43. In the shoot-off Messrs. Brigham and Palmer won by a score of 45 to 44.

Team shoot, 25 targets:

Table listing scores for the Crescent Athletic Club team shoot. Columns include names and scores.

Shoot-off: Brigham 21, Palmer 22; total 45. Southworth 21, Marshall 23; total 44.

The dates of the club championship contest are March 18 and 25, beginning at 11 o'clock. Each contestant will shoot at 100 targets each day from scratch, a total of 200 targets. This will be a yearly event. The winner will receive a trophy emblematic of the event, and the club will commemorate the championship events with a shield on which will be engraved the names of the champions year by year.

Mr. T. W. Stake has presented a Sauer gun to the club for competition at the weekly shoots of February. The conditions are 50 targets, 25 from each set of traps. The three highest scores win. The members are planning to end the shooting season in April, with a Rhode Island clambake, which will be a scratch event well filled. The scores in the other trophy events were as follows:

Table listing scores for the Crescent Athletic Club trophy events. Columns include names and scores.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Palmer, Jr., 14, Southworth 12.

Table listing scores for the Crescent Athletic Club trophy events. Columns include names and scores.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Stephenson 14, Damron 12.

Table listing scores for the Crescent Athletic Club trophy events. Columns include names and scores.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Southworth 10, Raynor 13.

Table listing scores for the Crescent Athletic Club trophy events. Columns include names and scores.

Table listing scores for the Crescent Athletic Club trophy events. Columns include names and scores.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Southworth 13, Damron 15.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 28.—A "pump gun" was the prize offered in competition at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. The conditions were 100 birds, misses as kills handicap.

Jap broke 78 out of 100, which, with his handicap of 6, gave him a total of 84. Blandford was second with 82.

The targets were thrown hard, and a nasty cold wind made difficult shooting, as the scores will testify.

A large attendance was expected, but as the grounds are isolated on account of a trolley tie-up—or, snow-up, rather—we will consider eleven shooters a fair turnout. Figures after names signify misses as kills handicap:

Table listing scores for the Ossining Gun Club. Columns include names and scores.

Five-Man Team Championship.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 28.—The second shoot for the five-man team State championship was held on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, at Wellington, Mass., this afternoon. Owing to bad weather, only two teams entered. The Watertown won a leg for the cup.

Table listing scores for the Five-Man Team Championship. Columns include names and scores.

Table listing scores for the Five-Man Team Championship. Columns include names and scores.

The next shoot will be held Feb. 11.

AWARDS

First Prize---1887-8

First Prize---1888-9

Special First Prize---1891-2



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Of good books the FOREST AND STREAM has published a great many, some of which are mentioned and partially described in the list given below, while many are told of in the illustrated catalogue which will be sent without charge to anyone who may apply for it.

A good book is something that does not wear out. It gives pleasure the first time it is read, and for years afterward remains a satisfaction to the original purchaser, and a comfort to others who may read it.

The works on shooting, fishing, camping, and wild life in our book list are all of the best.

Men I Have Fished With.

By Fred Mather. 372 pages; 8 portraits. Price, \$2.00.
A series of delightful character sketches. Mr. Mather enjoyed a fishing comradeship with a number of interesting characters, and possessed in an unusual degree the faculty of appreciating and making the most of those with whom he came in contact in his angling experiences.

My Angling Friends.

A Second Series of Men I Have Fished With. By Fred Mather. Cloth. 369 pages, with 13 illustrations. Price, \$2.00.

The second book has all the characteristics of the first—the same insight into human nature, the experience-taught philosophy of life, the kindly humor, and the touch that stirs to deeper feeling and moistens the eye. The interest is sustained throughout, and there is here, too, a quality which has been often remarked of Mr. Mather's writings, his faculty of imparting a vast fund of instruction in natural history and the art of angling without being the least pedantic or assuming to put himself up as an angling instructor.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.

A sketch of plantation life, fishing and camping just after the Civil War; and other tales. By Fred Mather. With portrait of author. Cloth. Price, \$1.50.
Contents: The Natchitoches. At the Lake. A Hospitable Southern Home. A Bear Hunt. Spinning Yarns. "Shuckin' of de cawn." Fishing for Crappies. Shooting in the Berry Patch. Down the Atchafalaya. A Short Cut Home. "Hurry Up Dem Mules." On the Tanyapahoa. Fishing with a Bow and Arrow. On Bistineau Lake. A Gander Pull in Arkansas. An Arkansas Turkey Shoot. Around the Camp-Fire. Catching an Octopus. Some Virginia Men and Fish. Cooking a Trout in Camp.

Uncle Lisha's Shop.

Life in a Corner of Yankee Land. By Rowland E. Robinson. Cloth. Portrait of the author. 187 pages. Price, \$1.25.

The shop itself, the place of business of Uncle Lisha Peggs, bootmaker and repairer, was a sort of sportsman's exchange, where, as one of the fraternity expressed it, the hunters and fishermen of the widely scattered neighborhood used to meet of evenings and dull outdoor days "to swap lies." This is the first volume in the Danvis series; here we are first made acquainted with Uncle Lisha Peggs, Sam Lovel, Huldah Purington, "Antwine," Grantner Hill, and the rest of Mr. Robinson's inimitable group. The "Shop" should be read first, for it is the key to the other books, in which the same characters appear. The rest of the series in order is as follows:

Sam Lovel's Camps.

A Sequel to "Uncle Lisha's Shop." Price, \$1.00.

Danvis Folks.

A Continuation of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps." Price \$1.25.

Uncle Lisha's Outing.

A Sequel to "Danvis Folks." Price, \$1.25.

Hunting Without a Gun

And other papers. By Rowland E. Robinson. With illustrations from drawings by Rachael Robinson. Price \$1.50.
This is a collection of papers on different themes contributed to FOREST AND STREAM and other publications, and now for the first time brought together.

A Danvis Pioneer.

A story of one of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys. By Rowland E. Robinson. Cloth. 214 pages. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Robinson's FOREST AND STREAM serial, "In Pioneer Days" has been published in a volume uniform in style with "Danvis Folks," and those readers who are so fortunate as to possess Mr. Robinson's other books will be glad to add this to the series.

Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales.

With Notes on the Origin, Customs and Character of the Pawnee People. By George Bird Grinnell. Cloth. 417 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$1.75.

Like most Indian tribes, Pawnees are story-tellers. They have a vast fund of folk-tales and traditions, which have been handed down from father to son, and transmitted from generation to generation. Years ago, when the tribe lived in Nebraska, the author of the present volume camped and hunted with them, and joined in their village life. The nights were given up to story-telling, and many of the tales told in the lodge, and by the flickering camp-fire, were carefully translated and written down. When published, they excited great interest.

Blackfoot Lodge Tales.

The Story of a Prairie People. By George Bird Grinnell. Cloth. 300 pages. Price, \$1.75.

Mr. Grinnell has for years been on terms of intimacy with two or three tribes which made up the great confederation known as the Blackfoot Nation, and having the confidence of the bravest and wisest of the old men, he has penetrated deep into the secret history of the tribe.

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The Indians of To-day.

By George Bird Grinnell. Demi-quarto. 185 pages. Many portraits of chiefs. Buckram. Price, \$5.00.

Jack, the Young Ranchman.

Or, A Boy's Adventures in the Rockies. By George Bird Grinnell. Illustrated. Cloth. Price, \$1.25.

Jack Danvers was a young New York boy whose health was not good, and who was sent by his family to spend some months on a Western ranch. This was before the extermination of the buffalo and the wild Indian, and when the cattle business was at its best. On the ranch Jack met with many adventures, learning to ride and shoot, killing antelope, elk, etc., riding a wild horse, and finally returning to New York the proud possessor of a tame wolf.

American Big-Game Hunting.

The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Editors: Theodore Roosevelt and George Bird Grinnell. Illustrated. Cloth. 345 pages. Price, \$2.50.

Hunting in Many Lands.

The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Editors: Theodore Roosevelt and George Bird Grinnell. Vignette. Price, \$2.50.

Trail and Camp-Fire.

The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Editors: George Bird Grinnell and Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. 353 pages. Price, \$2.50.

Like its predecessors, the volume is chiefly devoted to the great game and the outdoor life of Northern America; yet it does not confine itself to any one land, though it is first of all a book about America, its game and its people. The book is printed in uniform style with earlier volumes of the club, on a heavy laid paper, beautifully illustrated and bound in dark red, with a silver stamp.

American Big Game in Its Haunts.

The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club for 1904. George Bird Grinnell, Editor. 490 pages and 46 full-page illustrations. Price \$2.50.

This is the fourth, and by far the largest and handiest of the Club's books. It opens with a sketch of Theodore Roosevelt, founder of the Boone and Crockett Club, and contains an extremely interesting article from his pen descriptive of his visit to the Yellowstone Park in 1903. Other papers are on North American Big Game; Hunting in Alaska; The Kadiac Bear; Moose, Mountain Sheep; Game Refuges, and other big-game topics.

American Duck Shooting.

By George Bird Grinnell. Cloth. 630 pages. With 58 portraits of North American Swans, Geese and Ducks, Plans of Boats and Batteries. Fifty Vignettes in the text and a Chart of the topography of a duck's plumage. Price, \$3.50.

Though a number of books have been written on the fascinating sport of wildfowl shooting, this is the first one to present the subject in anything like adequate form. One of the most interesting and valuable features of the volume is its natural history. In plain, untechnical language, a description is given of every species of swan, goose and duck found in North America, together with a brief account of its life history. With the description is given a careful portrait of each species drawn by Mr. Edwin Sheppard, so well known as the illustrator of many important ornithological works. Thus the volume serves as an illustrated book of reference for the duck shooter, by means of which he may identify the fowl which he secures on his shooting trips.

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Mr. Chas. G. Davis, a well-known builder, has written this book for the benefit of power yachtsmen who wish to build their own craft, or to know whether or not they are being built in a proper and workmanlike manner. The very greatest interest now being felt in power boats, makes this volume fill a niche that has hitherto been empty.

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The extraordinary sale which this volume has had is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence and worth. No better book could be put into the hands of man or boy who is fond of the water and who has some little leaning toward the use of tools. Mr. Stephens's volume is simple, but interesting, leading the amateur boat builder on from point to point until he gives him the whole art of small-boat building. The plans and diagrams are of the utmost assistance.

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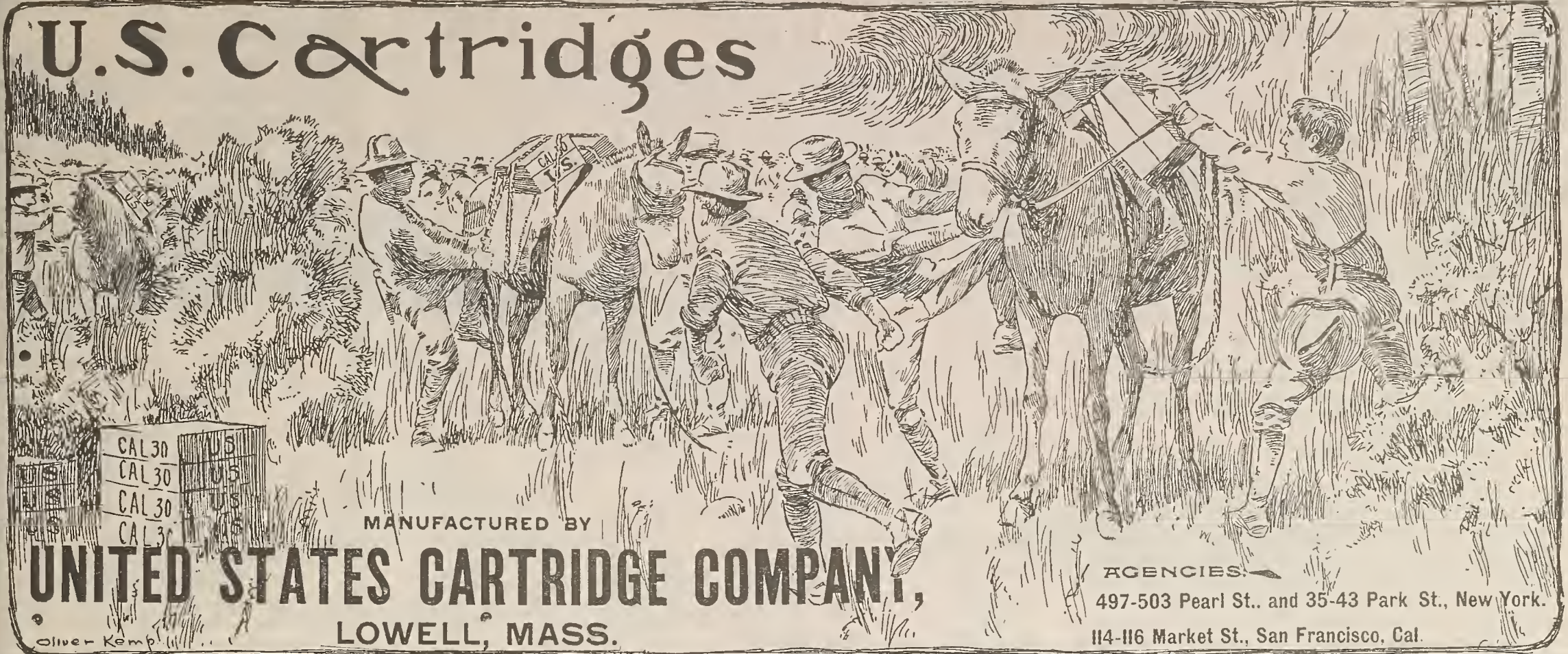
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114-116 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

The attendance on Jan. 28 was very good, sixteen members taking part in the cash prize shoot. Hesser was high gun with 47. Don Minto second with 46. The day was cold, with quite a little wind, and not an ideal one for the sport, nor for high scores. Several team matches were shot and the time until dark so fully taken up that few practice events were run off. Mr. Sweeney, of the Sportsman, St. Louis, was a visitor at the grounds. The last shoot in the cash prize series takes place on Feb. 4, and on Feb. 10, the first in the new prize series will be shot. The day's scores:

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets:

Targets:	15 15 20	Targets:	15 15 20
Hesser, 16	15 15 17-47	Pfeffer, 17	12 9 14-35
Don Minto, 16	15 14 17-46	Williams, 18	12 8 14-34
Roll, 19	12 13 18-43	Maynard, 19	9 12 12-33
Medico, 19	11 14 16-41	Roeh, 16	10 10 12-32
Peters, 17	13 10 17-40	Falk, 17	11 8 11-30
Herman, 18	12 12 15-39	Pohlar, 18	10 8 11-29
Gambell, 16	12 10 16-38	Roanoke, 19	9 7 6-22
Harg, 19	11 10 14-35	Gering, 16	6 6 8-20

Team matches:
No. 1, 25 targets: Medico 20, Williams 21, Hester 19; total 60.
Gambell 21, Herman 19, Peters 19; total 59.
No. 2, 25 targets: Medico 20, Hesser 23, Williams 21; total 64.
Gambell 23, Peters 20, Herman 15; total 58.
No. 3, 50 targets: Gambell 44, Don Minto 44; total 88. Hesser 42, Peters 42; total 84.

Cincinnati Gun Club Annual Dinner.

The club's annual dinner was held on the evening of Jan. 26, at the Stag Café, and Mine Host Joe Coyle prepared a feast which was thoroughly enjoyed, from oysters to black coffee, by all present.

The committee having charge of the affair—Messrs. H. M. Norris, Chairman; Col. R. H. West and Dr. A. B. Heyl—provided a musical and intellectual feast not a whit behind the solid viands served at the table, in point of excellence.

The tables, arranged in the shape of a rectangle, minus one end, were handsomely decorated. Many mounted specimens of game and other birds and several shotguns and rifles were a part of the decorative scheme, and served to remind those present that the gathering was one of sportsmen.

President R. H. West presided, and with him were the other members of the committee. There was a large attendance of members and guests, and those present remarked, with regret, the absence, caused by ill health, of two prominent and active members, Judge Thos. A. Logan, and John B. Mosby.

Col. West proposed a toast to the two absent members, referring to them and their services to the club in a few pleasant words. The toast was drunk standing.

Mr. Norris, the chairman, then introduced Col. Robt. H. West as toastmaster of the evening, in a speech full of humorous allusions, which were appreciated by all. As was to be expected, Col. West's speech of acceptance was witty from beginning to end. Among other things, he said: "This is an occasion which appeals to all of us. There are very few real sportsmen in the Cincinnati Gun Club. I can count them on my fingers, beginning with myself and then my friend Norris. The club has very few good shots. Judge Logan, Norris and myself, with one or two others, have kept the club alive. Recognizing the ability of Mr. Norris, the club elected him chairman of this committee, but I give you my word of honor, gentlemen, that I have done all the work, sent invitations and seen every one personally." Some one at the table asked if he had collected the money. "No; my friend Norris attended to that, and informs me that he has done better than he expected. Last year he got enough to pay for his shooting all summer."

The committee provided an excellent entertainment, the programme consisting of instrumental and vocal music, an exhibition of black art by Mr. G. W. Stock, stories and speeches by members. The quartette consisted of Messrs. Wm. P. Snechter, W. H. Geiger, W. H. Behlendorf and Henry L. Korb. Their selections were all good, and they were generous in the matter of encores. Mr. J. W. Roberts presided at the piano as accompanist.

Mr. R. E. Worth (Maynard) was selected to speak on the subject "Does Practice at the Traps Help in Field Shooting?" and Col. West introduced him as the one best fitted by experience to deal with the question. Mr. Maynard said in part that he had spent the best part of fifty-five years in field sports, and had devoted much time to trapshooting since the clay pigeon was invented by George Ligowsky, and he felt that this practice had made him a better field shot. He considered ignorance and selfishness the twin relics of barbarism, and believes they are eliminated from the makeup of members who adhere strictly to the rules of their gun club.

Those who shoot infrequently in the field are apt to brag if

they secure the most game, and shoot only for the size of the bag. This spirit is not seen at the gun club meets. Members who live up to the spirit and letter of the club rules are made better men and better citizens, and act more kindly to their fellow members. In regard to the artificial part of trapshooting the target starts fast and slows up, while the birds start quickly and fly with accelerating speed, but as the best shots all shoot quickly, this does not count. New members are apt to be careless in handling their guns, and cause other members of the squad they shoot in to feel nervous and drop in their average. This is unintentional, and a short while at the traps teaches them how to handle their guns properly, renders them cool and mindful of their companions' rights and safety, whether in the field or at the traps. The best part of the club is the sociability. When you visit the grounds you meet Col. West and other good shots, and enjoy the meeting.

Mr. Milt. Lindsley spoke on the question "Probability of the 16-gauge Becoming the Standard at the Trap." Mr. Lindsley stated that, personally, he did not believe it ever would, and in a talk of some length gave his reasons for his belief, the principal one being the small killing circle of the 16-gauge. He said that the killing circle of the 16-gauge at 40 yards is 26 inches, of the 12-gauge, 30 inches. The maximum charge for the 16 is 1 ounce of shot; the medium load for the 12-gauge is 1 1/4 ounces, and the latter will drive that charge with less bursting strain than the 16-gauge will drive the 1 ounce.

In introducing Dr. A. B. Heyl, the next speaker, Col. West said that he was the best-known man of the Cincy Gun Club, by reason of his experiences and his researches along all lines of thought. The story he tells to-night he has told and retold so often that every one is tired of hearing it. Dr. Heyl, when he got a chance to speak, said that he would give up the story referred to by the chairman, and in its place tell an anecdote of a colored preacher in Alabama.

Mr. Arthur Gambell spoke as follows on the subject "Various Methods of Throwing Targets":

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: As I have been requested to say my little piece this evening, and as I never wait for a second invitation, I will proceed to give those present a few minutes of torture. Owing to my physical condition, it was considered a much too dangerous undertaking to allow me to kiss the blarney stone. Consequently I am an Irishman without the 'gift of gab.' However, as St. Patrick always takes care of his sons in some manner, to punish me for my lack of wit and ready tongue, he has given me what rightfully belongs to our German friends, 'an unquenchable thirst,' with apologies to the present board. So, as a man who is always thirsty is rarely a good orator, I hope you will pardon any inaccuracies of speech or address. The various manners of throwing targets are quite numerous, and as minor details are not necessary on this occasion, we will 'cut them out,' and just give a general description of modern methods. As to traps, we have several similar to the expert, used entirely by our club; then we have the magazine trap and a large assortment which are similar to the Legget trap—a combination of the expert and magazine. These traps all differ in their flights and angles, so that one who is in the habit of shooting over one kind is at a temporary disadvantage when he is compelled to shoot over another. The methods of throwing targets from these traps are as numerous as clubs, each having their own ideas. Some have several and use any or all of them in one afternoon. Some clubs use men, some boys, some children, some use motors, while some have their members take turns at trapping, as well as all other work connected with shooting. Sometimes the targets are thrown high, sometimes low, sometimes fast and sometimes slow; sometimes hard and sometimes easy; and where you find these conditions existing, it is a safe bet that sometimes they won't go at all. 'Breaking away,' I might say, my first year's experience as superintendent of our club would, I am sure, have driven any one else to the tall timber, if not over the white bridge. I was pleaded with and ordered by Tom, Dick and Harry to throw targets this way, that way and the other way; to pull promptly, slowly or not pull at all; in fact, anything to get the boys 'up in the air'; then when we go away from home and meet these conditions we can remain on 'Mother Earth.' We had squads which were as well mixed as one of Joe Coyle's cocktails; some in the same squad would shoot double, some single, others would shoot about three targets and drop out, and some would bring out one hundred shells and shoot them all up before leaving the firing line. So to bring order out of chaos and save my family the trouble of caring for a crazy man, I took a tape line and monkey wrench, set the traps a certain height and distance. They are the same way to-day, weather only changing the conditions. A great many clubs throw their targets too hard; others much too easy. Either one is a great mistake, as in one instance the members fail to make a creditable score, and in the other they break 'em all—at home. When they go away from home

they are almost ashamed to come back, as from a 95 per center they have tumbled to about 60, and, to use a slang phrase, 'that won't get you anything.' So in both cases they simply quit. The targets at our club are thrown to give the members good practice and general satisfaction, and if you can break targets at the Cincinnati Gun Club grounds, you can hold your own anywhere. A letter received last week from a prominent member of the Cleveland Club, recognized as one of the foremost in the country, stated that in 1904 they threw 92,692 targets. The Cincinnati Club threw 167,000 in 1899; in 1900, 156,000; in 1901, 246,000; in 1902, 299,000; in 1903, 297,000; in 1904, 322,000—and we will raise that some in 1905.

"In conclusion, I wish to say—and I want all present to inform others, a kind of endless chain affair—that in the spring there will be installed a set of expert traps, which will give an unlimited variety of shooting to the members. Five traps will be set level with the ground, five yards apart, and on a straight line, with a high blind or backstop. The many styles of shooting from these traps are too numerous to remark on just now, but what will appeal most to our members is that it will give assured benefit for field work."

Other speakers were Mr. F. C. Tuttle, who gave his views on the subject "Desirable Modifications of the Existing Game Laws"; Mr. Joe Coyle and Mr. Jas. O'Dowd. A song by the quartette concluded the entertainment.

Mr. Wuest moved that a vote of thanks be extended to the committee by the members and guests, and this was passed unanimously. The following sat at tables: R. H. West, H. M. Norris, J. C. Hobart, Robert Wuest, Joe Coyle, M. F. Lindsley, F. C. Tuttle, W. E. Keplinger, Frank See, Henry L. Korb, H. F. Jergens, Jos. E. Block, John W. Coleman, Rudolph Tietig, A. K. Andrews, F. C. Regan, John N. Roberts, Wm. P. Tuechter, Walter H. Geier, Gus Boeh, H. Osterfelt, Chas. Leger, R. T. Sohngen, C. A. Zimmerman, J. A. Schmidt, Jas. C. Norris, Arthur Gambell, Frank Osterfelt, J. L. Strauss, H. Gosney, Ad. R. Roll, D. H. Eaton, W. H. Behlendorf, Jr., Charles Menninger, Jr., Conrad Klein, H. Bumiller, Frank L. Haifner, J. E. Devine, W. R. Randall, Dr. A. B. Heyl, R. C. Anderson, A. C. Dick, Chas. F. Brown, H. C. Hoefinghoff, J. E. Nowton, H. Van Ness, Chas. E. Volk, Dr. J. W. Dennis, Dr. D. G. Stafford, Dan Pohlar, Wm. A. Miller, Louis Pfeiffer, H. S. Rosenthal, P. N. Siefert, Carroll Brookfield

Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O.

The annual meeting and banquet of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O., was held at the Phillips House, on Jan. 26, and was attended by a majority of the members. After the business meeting the balance of the evening was devoted to having a good time.

The officers elected were as follows: President, Gus A. Hodapp; Vice-President, W. C. Oldt; Secretary, Will E. Kette; Assistant Secretary, M. K. Huffman; Treasurer, C. F. Miller; Captain, Geo. C. Rohrer; Trustees: M. K. Huffman, Charles Smyth, Harry Oswald, Phil Hanauer, Horace Lockwood.

After the business meeting an adjournment was taken to the dining room, where the banquet was spread.

William F. Breidenbach acted as toastmaster, and was a decided success in the position. He made very many witty remarks and caused many a hearty laugh. There were no set speeches, the responses being impromptu, those called on being taken by surprise in some cases. Among the speakers were John Schaerf, Charlie Miller, Phil Hanauer, Charlie Barr, Al Fiorini, Harry Oswald, M. Schwind, W. H. Stark and John Theobald.

Messrs. Ralph Trimble and C. O. Le Compte were present as guests of honor, and made happy responses when called upon.

A pleasant feature of the affair was the presentation to John Schaerf—Honest John, his friends call him—of a handsome medal a yard long. It was of leather. On it was burned the inscription, "For regular attendance," and this means a good deal, for John was present at every meeting during the year. In his response to the presentation speech of Toastmaster Breidenbach, John announced that he would wear it every day in the year, with his mind at rest, knowing that it could not be taken from him in one of the weekly shoots of the club, and that he should prize it as highly as though it were made of gold.

The committee consisted of Charlie Miller, Phil Hanauer and Secretary Will E. Kette, and they deserve great credit for the success of the club's first banquet.

In Other Places.

There was a very interesting all-day shooting tournament held at Waterloo, Ind., on Thursday last.

The Alpena, Mich. trapshots do not fail to get busy, and burn some powder during January. Those preparing for the annual banquet are C. W. Edwards, A. W. Brown, D. D. Hanover, R. H. Rayburn, F. N. Potter, H. L. Brood, R. H. Collins, John Beck, F. B. Johnston, I. R. Meyers, Chas. Dust, Geo. Burston,

H. K. Gustin, R. H. Ellsworth, Fred Farman, and Will A. Prince.

At Loudonville, O., the Germany Gun Club is doing well. After constant practice during the past four weeks, the honors at the present writing rest with Emanuel Huffman, who secured the belt at the last practice meeting.

One well-known Chas. W. Budd is busy while roasting his shins by the Iowa corn cob fire, with letters and such head work as may be necessary to make the Iowa State shoot the greatest in that great shooting center. Charlie announces that several handsome shotguns will be offered for competition. It has been several years since Mr. Budd held a State shoot at his home town.

After holding nearly all the Western trophies during the better part of 1904, Mr. Clayton, the Kansas City crack shot, was on last Monday defeated by Wm. Veich, of Fall River, Neb., for the Elliott target trophy. Score at 100 targets: Veich 86, Clayton 75. Clayton will have another try with him on Feb. 14. The match will likely be held at St. Joseph, Mo. Veich was on his best mettle, as he killed 20 straight live birds to Clayton's 19 in a sweep. Others shooting were Dave Elliott and H. Tipton with 16 and Taylor with 15.

After a third trial, Frank Keeler, of the Tobasco Gun Club, was discharged. His offense was that of shooting ducks half an hour after sundown. The jury disagreed, and the defendant was told by the judge to go his way and sin no more.

The Capron, Ill., Gun Club will hold the next contest for the Hunter Arms Co. badge on Feb. 1, instead of the 22d, as previously announced. Mr. A. Vance served notice on all interested.

Jim Head, Ernest Tripp, John Lilly and many other Indiana trapshooters should get very busy, as Senator Beardsley has introduced a bill in the Senate having for its object the prohibition of pigeon shooting at the traps. It also includes doves, whether at the traps only, the informant did not specify.

One of the old-time and businesslike clubs, the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club, of Detroit, Mich., held their meeting on Tuesday night, and Thomas S. McGraw was made President; Judge Durfee, Vice-President; Hamilton Dey, Treasurer, and Bryant Walker, Secretary.

Fred Gilbert and Wm. Crosby are a good team, and they are reported to be now touring the principal cities of Texas, giving exhibitions of smashing clay targets with the shotgun. When last heard from they were getting ready to shoot at Forth Worth.

The big gun shooters are many of them now touring throughout the great State of Texas.

Manager Will Holt, of the Waco, Tex., Gun Club, states that the State shoot will come off at their club grounds during the month of April. Gilbert and Crosby will appear early in Waco in all their glory, and warm up the blood of those who take interest in target shooting.

The Akron, O., Gun Club held its shoot Saturday under some difficulties as to weather, yet some very fair scores were said to have been made. C. F. Haak, now holding the tri-county championship cup, will be challenged by one of the best of the Barbeton Club. This is the cup won at Canton last November by Mr. Flick.

Few of the Illinois gun clubs are as enthusiastic as the Nichol's Park, of Jacksonville, Ill., as it holds shoots weekly, no matter what the weather may be.

This shows how much easier it is to divide money than to split a cow in three equal parts. On Thursday last, in a match at bluerocks, held at Chester, Pa., in which there were thirty contestants shooting for an Alderney cow, George Williamson, George Powell and F. E. Pennington killed straight and tied. The owner gave the option of accepting \$25 cash in lieu of the cow, and the cash was split as the easiest way of a settlement.

In about one week from this writing there will be a tournament under the auspices of the Hill Rod and Gun Club, held at Chester, Pa. Many of America's greatest trapshots are expected. Some enthusiast writes us that between one and two hundred will be in the contest.

The North Allentown, Pa., Gun Club 1905 officers are: President, Arthur Berger; Vice-President, Robert Mullen; Recording Secretary, Harvey Diefenderfer; Financial Secretary, Oland Keiper; Treasurer, John Elinger; Captain, Elmer Meyers. The last monthly contest was not held, owing to high water. The next shoot will be held on Feb. 11.

Notice has been received that a gun and athletic club has been formed at Jeromeville, O.

It was J. A. Jackson, Sr., who outstripped all the boys in the 20-live-bird handicap at Taylor, Tex. He scored 19 without a tie. The second money men were Fred Gilbert, the world's famous shot; William Heer, the champion of Kansas, and Otto Senns, of Houston, Tex., as they had 18 each in the "game bag."

It is reported that the Northwest Gun Club, of Milwaukee, held a shoot to begin at 8 A. M. Now the enthusiasts must have stayed up all night to keep warm and to get out that early these frosty mornings. Let's see, only 12 degrees below.

It must be said of the Highland Gun Club, of Des Moines, Ia., that the members are not lacking in their enthusiasm for the State shoot. That there may be no lack of practice, the club has arranged for prizes to be awarded which will bring the members together at least once per week.

Ye pigeon shooters of Indiana must get their eagle eye on that pigeon bill introduced by Mr. Beardsley, as the minority members of the committee adopted the provisions for the enactment of the bill. There seems to be a decided predilection on the part of the Senators in favor of the measure as introduced.

The members of the Peoria Gun Club met Thursday, and besides shooting a few bluerocks, there was an election of officers, viz.: Walter Smith, President and H. C. Conklin, Secretary.

Patterson was high gun at the last shoot of the Des Moines, Ia., Gun Club, getting the good score of 93 out of 100, while Chas. W. Budd came second. There is an awakening at the Iowa hub, and there will be a number of local men to enter in the State shoot, which opens March 14.

Capt. W. T. B. Wilson was elected as the president of the Atlanta, Ga., Rifle Association, with Col. Clifford L. Anderson Vice-President, and W. T. Spratt Secretary and Treasurer.

For several years the Paducah, Ky., Gun Club has been noted for its activity as tournament promoter. This will appeal to you as an easy matter when you understand that this club has more than one hundred members.

A large number of Kansas trapshots met at Great Bend, Kans., on Jan. 23 and participated in a one-day shoot. The handicap system was used. Shooting at 130 targets, Gano was the best with 115. Others were Downs 112, Arnold 112, Lewis 108, Gruber 107, Ed. O'Brien 106, Gottlieb 105, Nihlo 104, Rankin 103, Dave Elliott 102, McMullen 96, French 81. In the live birds, 10 each, Gano killed 10, Downs 8, Arnold 8, Lewis 10, Gruber 10, O'Brien 8, Gottlieb 8, Nihlo 10, Rankin 8, Elliott 9, McMullen 9, and French 10. Dave Elliott was a trade representative, and Chris. Gottlieb came down with him from Kansas to watch that no harm was done him by the "short grass" people.

At Taylor.

Taylor, Tex., Jan. 21.—The Central Texas Handicap, held here this week, was a drawing card. There are a number of Northern people down here at the present time who will take in all the three big shoots: Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, accompanied by John Burmister; W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill.; H. G. Taylor, Meckling, S. D.; W. H. Heer, Concordia, Kans.; Charley Spencer, St. Louis; Pop Heikes, Dayton, O.; Hood Waters, Baltimore, Md.; H. Anderson, Salina, Kans.

Gilbert and Crosby tied on the targets for the two days, 413 out of 450, both at the 21yd. mark. Taylor next with 399; then Heer 398. H. G. Taylor won the Central Texas Handicap at 100 targets with 95 out of the 100. J. A. Jackson won the live-bird handicap, with 19 out of 20. Robert Conroy, of Austin, Tex., and Bill Crosby tied for the Smith gun on 47 out of 50. The longest runs on targets were those of Gilbert with 72, and Heer with 63.

The first day was devoted to live birds, there being one 20-bird sweep handicap. Scores: Fred Gilbert 18, Wm. Crosby 16, Heikes 16, Chas. Spencer 18, Wm. Heer 18, F. Faurote 17, T. E. Hubby 17, L. I. Wade 17, Hood Waters 17, H. M. Jackson 7, J. A. Jackson 19, Otto Senns 18, J. L. Jones 18; H. G. Taylor 12, Hy. Anderson 15, Jas. Day 18, Ed. Coe 3 (withdrew), W. Miller 17, John Burmister 15, M. Stith 16, M. E. Fosgard 16, B. F. Rowe 16, Chas. Ledbetter 17, John Jackson 14.

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke, Shot at, Broke, Total. Lists scores for various shooters like Gilbert, Crosby, Heikes, etc.

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Clearview—Highland.

GORGAS STATION, Pa., Jan. 28.—The Clearview Gun Club scored a sixth victory in the League series to-day. A strong wind added to the difficulties of shooting. Scores:

Table with columns: Name, Score. Lists scores for Clearview and Highland shooters like Belhartz, Bell, Ellwell, etc.

Florists—Narberth.

Wissinoming, Pa., Jan. 28.—A cold, strong wind was an unpleasant weather condition. The competition was nevertheless keen, and a number of excellent scores were made. Scores:

Table with columns: Name, Score. Lists scores for Florists and Narberth shooters like F. Coleman, Landis, Huttenlock, etc.

Meadow Springs—Hill Rod and Gun Club.

Chester, Pa., Jan. 28.—The League contest between Meadow Spring and Hill Rod and Gun Club was won by the former, the scores being as follows:

Table with columns: Name, Score. Lists scores for Meadow Spring and Hill Rod and Gun Club shooters like Franklin, Hare, Mardin, etc.

S. S. White—Hillside.

Chestnut Hill, Jan. 28.—The League match between the Whites and Hillside was won by the former, the detailed scores being as follows:

Table with columns: Name, Score. Lists scores for S. S. White and Hillside shooters like Harper, Brenizer, Fontaine, etc.

Media—North Camden.

Media, Pa., Jan. 28.—The Media and North Camden teams made some remarkable team scores, as follows:

Table with columns: Name, Score. Lists scores for Media and North Camden shooters like Howard, Smedley, Powell, etc.

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

THE call for the special meeting failed to obtain a quorum on Jan. 18, and under the rules an adjournment was made to Feb. 2 at 8 o'clock P. M. at the same location, 842 Broad street, Newark. Those present at the meeting last week were the first vice-president, the treasurer, the chairman of the executive committee, the acting secretary, E. A. Mahnken and George B. Gaskill, representing the Rahway Gun Club; Asa Whitehead, the South Side Gun Club of Newark and Charles Van Nuis, the Brunswick of New Brunswick. President George N. Thomas, of Trenton, wired that he was too ill to attend.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J.—In spite of the threatening weather on Saturday, Jan. 21, there was a good attendance at the Bound Brook Gun Club shoot. Several visitors from various towns were present and took part in the sport.

In the club event for the three silver loving cups three members tied on 25 for first. This was shot off miss-and-out, Mr. Hooley holding out the longest. The second was won by Mr. A. K. Smith, and third by Dr. Bache.

In the other events some straight scores were made. Mr. Hooley landed a prize in every event except the fourth, which was a handicap event, and the silver cup was won by Dr. Bache, who shot out six others in this event that were tied with him.

Dr. J. B. Pardoe was also a heavy winner. Mr. Reynolds made the straight scores and took first prize in the events.

Other winners were Mr. McDonough, of Orange, and Mr. H. R. of North Branch.

The seventh event was an extra one, and the prize, a box of cigars, was donated by Mr. Du Four. Mr. Reynolds won a lamp. Dr. Pardo won the cigars on 10 straight, and Mr. Hooley won the lamp.

Messrs. Neaf Appar and Hearn were present. The scores are:

Table with columns: Name, Events, Targets, Shot, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters like Reynolds, Dr. Bache, Appar, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Broke, Total. Lists scores for club event handicap for Dr. Bache, Dr. Pardoe, Hooley, etc.

Charlestown Shoot.

CHARLESTOWN, Md., Jan. 25.—The all-day shoot at Charlestown, Md., was notable for some excellent scores. Three Wilmington trapshooters, Messrs. W. M. Foord, J. A. McKelvey and L. J. Squier, tied for second with a score of 92 out of 100. High man was Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, who scored 96 out of 100.

A ten-man team race was an event of special interest. Rising Sun defeated Charlestown by a score of 220 to 205. Each man shot at 25 targets. Scores:

Table with columns: Name, Events, Targets, Shot, Broke. Lists scores for Charlestown Shoot participants like Barnes, Hawkins, Miller, etc.

Team contest, 25 targets per man: Rising Sun—H. L. Worthington 25, J. S. Gifford 22, H. England 23, J. McCush 23, U. Jackson 24, T. Riale 17, H. Alexander 22, Clarence Kirk 23, M. Miller 18, Cecil Kirk 23; total 220.

Charlestown—J. M. Heisler 19, C. A. Stephens 22, J. R. Marr 23, H. E. Richardson 17, H. A. Barnes 22, W. M. Foord 23, H. Hartlove 20, O. B. Lamar 17, J. M. McKelvey 23, E. Dill 19; total 205.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. W. G., Springboro, Pa.—Is the statement true that shotguns of the best makes—7 1/2 to 8 pounds—at the traps will often shoot loose after a season or two of use, and require rifling? Ans. No; but with qualification. The length of time a gun will last depends on the strain to which it is subjected. The modern loads used at the trap are heavy; those used at live birds still heavier. A shooter who uses 150 or 200 cartridges each week through the year is likely to shoot his gun loose in the course of two or three years. If he shoots the same number of live bird charges, he might even shoot his gun loose in a year. On the other hand, the gun, used more moderately, as it is by most trapshooters, should last five, six, seven or more years.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

California.

Thirty-three Days' Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad. THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a special personally-conducted tour through California, to leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, on Feb. 16, by the "Golden Gate Special," composed exclusively of Pullman parlor-smoking, dining, drawing-room sleeping, compartment, and observation cars, returning by March 21. This special train will be run over the entire route. The best hotels will be used where extended stops are made, but the train will be at the constant command of the party. Round-trip tickets covering all necessary expenses, \$375 from all points on Pennsylvania Railroad except Pittsburg, from which point the rate will be \$370. For itineraries and further information apply to ticket agents: C. Studds, Eastern Passenger Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; Hugh Hanson, Jr., Passenger Agent, Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; B. M. Newbold, Passenger Agent Southeastern District, Washington, D. C.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.—Adv.

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Laws as now in force

are given in the *Game Laws in Brief*. The compilation is complete. It covers the country. All is given that one needs know of game seasons, modes of killing, number permitted, transportation, export out of State, non-resident and resident licenses.

The laws are complex and many. The *Brief* states them clearly and concisely.

There is a fund of good stories besides in the *Woodcraft* pages.

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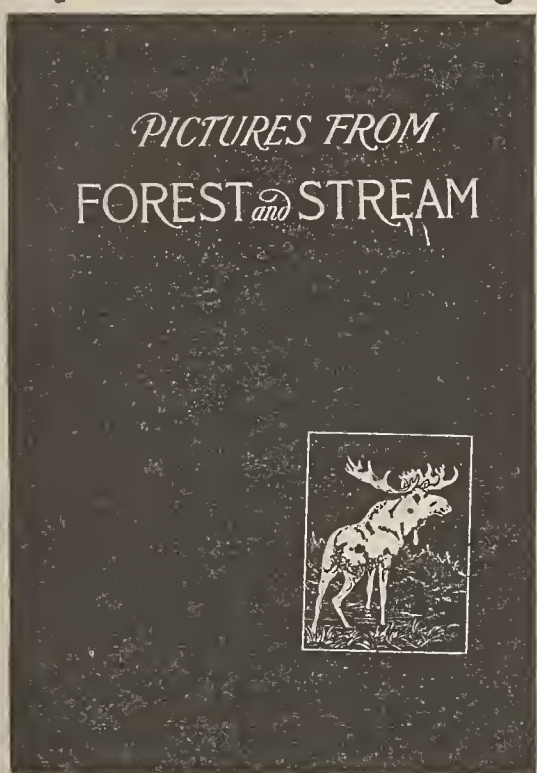
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LIST OF THE PLATES.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 5. "What's That?" (Antelope), - - - Carl Rungius | 21. The American Plover, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 6. The Home of the White Goat.
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North Easter, - - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair
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| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - Carl Rungius |
| 9. Calling the Buffalo—3 The Fall, E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - - E. Osthaus |
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E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer) - - - E. Osthaus |
| 11. Sail, Sea and Sky, Navahoe on the Solent.
Photo by West & Son | 27. Between Casts, - - - W. P. Davison |
| 12. The Trapper's Camp, - - - E. W. Deming | 28. Home of the Bass, - - - W. P. Davison |
| 13. Pearl R. (Setter), - - - E. H. Osthaus | 29. In Boyhood Days, - - - W. P. Davison |
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| 15. The Black Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon | 31. When Food Grows Scarce (Quail), W. P. Davison |
| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), W. P. Davison |

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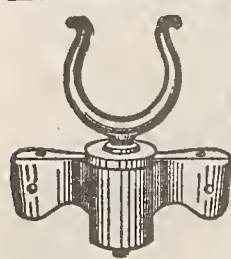
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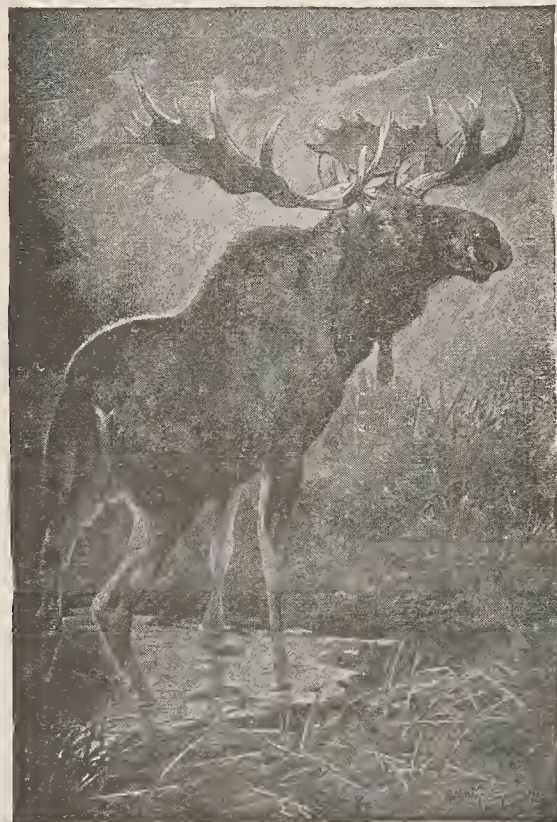
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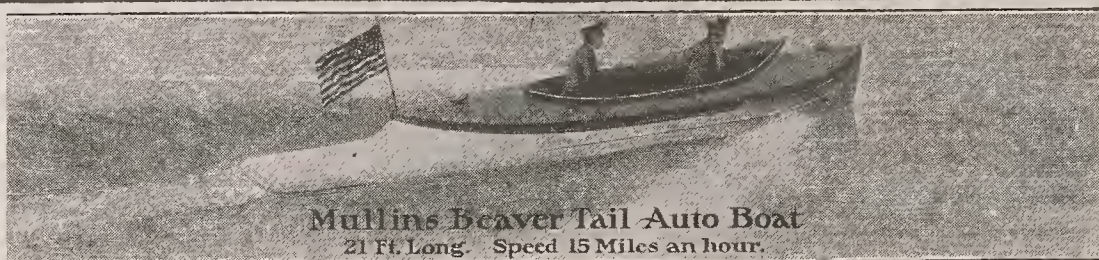


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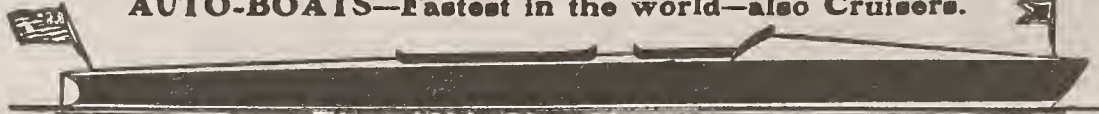
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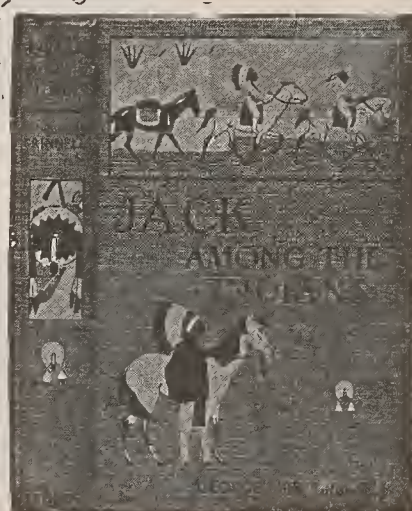
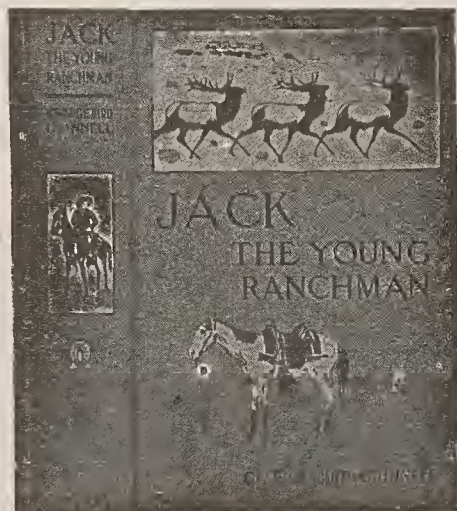
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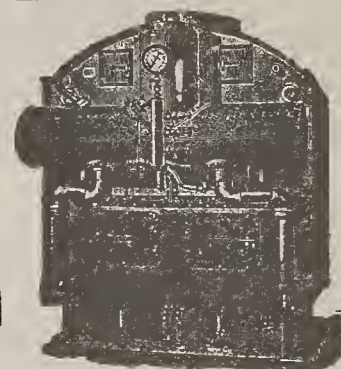
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NETS IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THERE is no promise of an early adjustment of the differences between New York and Vermont on the one side and Canada on the other with respect to the fisheries of Lake Champlain. New York and Vermont prohibit seining in the lake, while Canada permits it. The Federal and State commissions stock the lake, and Canada nets the fish. Strong efforts have been made to induce the Canadian authorities to abolish the netting, but so far nothing has been accomplished. At a conference between representatives of New York and Vermont with Mr. Parent, Minister of Mines, Lands and Fisheries, in Montreal last month, though it was shown beyond controversy that the netting meant the ruin of the lake fisheries, no assurance could be obtained from Minister Parent that Canada would co-operate to drive out the seines. On the contrary, he urged in return that the action of the United States in propagating yellow perch in the lake had been injurious to its fishing interests.

As the matter now stands, Senator Prince, of the New York committee, and Chief Protector Pond express themselves as favoring resort to strong measures unless the Canadian authorities shall show a change of front. If seine fishing is to continue in Canadian waters, the States should refuse longer to stock the lake. Some members of the committee are in favor of going so far as to take off the bar on netting and give full license to seiners on the New York and Vermont sides of the lake. This is heroic treatment which should not be resorted to so long as there remains the slightest hope of persuading the Provincial authorities to join in the abolition of nets. It is said that the question is a political one, the fishermen and their allies holding a very substantial balance of power by their votes, and that action inimical to their personal interest is therefore impossible.

TRANSFER OF FOREST RESERVES.

AFTER efforts extending over several years, the cause of national forest protection has won a substantial victory by the passage of a law transferring the management of the forest reserves from the General Land Office of the Interior Department to the Department of Agriculture. The urgent need of such a measure has long been recognized. The adoption in 1891 of a forest reserve policy, the management of which should be in the General Land Office, introduced to that bureau a number of novel problems which it was not well fitted to handle. It has received help from the United States Geological Survey and from the Bureau of Forestry, but for several years it has been recognized that a change should be made, and that the work of caring for the forest reserves should be transferred to the Department of Agriculture, where the Bureau of Forestry is.

This view was well expressed in the President's last message. He said:

"As I have repeatedly recommended, all of the forest work of the Government should be concentrated in the Department of Agriculture, where the larger part of the work is already done, where practically all of the trained foresters of the Government are employed, where chiefly, in Washington, there is comprehensive first-hand knowledge of the problems of the reserves, acquired on the ground, where all problems relating to growth from the soil are already gathered, and where all the sciences auxiliary to forestry are at hand for prompt and effective co-operation."

Bills providing for such transfer have been introduced in Congress in previous years, but have failed to pass. This year, however, the objections of Congress were overcome, and on February 1 the President signed the bill, which at once became law. It has transferred the

business of the reserves to the Department of Agriculture, where such business and everything relating to it will hereafter be administered. The officials of the Forest Reserve Service in the field and elsewhere—the force numbering about 450 men—are transferred to the Department of Agriculture. What has been known as the Bureau of Forestry will hereafter be called the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture, and Mr. Gifford Pinchot remains its head, with the title of Chief Forester.

Under this branch of the service will now come all the cutting of timber, whether for sale or for free use, permits for grazing live stock, together with any changes of management and methods that the experience of the Forest Bureau recommends. For the present the rules and regulations of the General Land Office will remain in force, but before long we may look for changes and improvements.

The importance of the forest reserves to the industries of the Western States cannot be overestimated. Whether we consider agriculture, stockraising, mining or manufactures, water is the absolute essential, and the chief purpose of the forest reserves is to insure an even and never-failing water supply. The whole United States, but especially the West, is to be congratulated on the change made by the present law, as well as on the fact that Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the man of all Americans who has done most for forestry in America, remains at the head of the Forest Service.

POLICE MARKSMANSHIP.

WITH regular periodicity there appear accounts in the daily papers of the policeman who shoots at a malefactor and kills an innocent dog, or who shoots at a dog and kills an innocent citizen, or who shoots in the air and kills a prattling infant on the doorstep of its home. Perchance there is need, as a humane act, to kill a crippled horse, than which no target is easier to hit, yet the accounts now and then show bungling work, a number of shots being necessary to have the effect of one properly placed, with some peril to the immediate neighborhood from wild shots. There is betimes a pleasing variation in the recountals of such revolver practice on fleeing offenders, inasmuch as all six shots, flying promiscuously around in the city streets, do not hit anything whatever so far as can be discovered. Once in a long while, probably due to the laws which govern even long chances, an offender is hit. It is truly marvelous that in police use of the revolver there is an impartial result in the hitting of men, women, children, horses and dogs.

For all this deplorably inefficient marksmanship there is a good reason, namely, the policemen as a class are unskilled in the use of the revolver. Many of them have never been taught the elementary principles of handling it, much less to shoot it accurately. To turn loose a large body of men, nominally guardians of the public weal, armed with weapons of whose use they are ignorant, would seem to be more of a menace, so far as the use of revolvers is concerned, than a protection.

The following, taken from the columns of the daily press, will show clearly why one thing is shot at and another thing hit by the average New York policeman, who probably is a fair type of the policeman-marksman throughout the United States. Commissioner McAdoo is quoted as saying:

"The reports show that out of 1,500 men who have been at the ranges so far, only nine have qualified as marksmen. That is deplorable. A man who scores 55 out of a possible 75 with three rounds of five shots each at fifteen yards gets the grade of marksman. A man who gets 70 is a sharpshooter. This poor showing exhibits the necessity of beginning at the beginning and teaching the men how to handle and clean their weapons. The situation is worse than I thought it was. Already one man has killed another at the range. It was purely accidental, but certainly ought never to have happened."

Skill with the revolver is acquired only by constant practice. The unskillfulness of the police is in no wise different from that of all novices in the use of firearms. The individual policeman is not to be held responsible for his inefficiency as a marksman. The responsibility rests with the higher officials whose duty it is to attend to the efficiency of the department in all respects. To be

able to shoot accurately is as essential to the police officer as it is to the soldier. If the policemen cannot use their revolvers properly, the question naturally arises then as to why they are armed with them.

GAME FOR CHARITY.

THIS is the season of the year when patients in hospitals, children in orphan asylums, and the dwellers in homes for the aged and indigent are surprised and gratified by having set before them quail on toast, woodcock and other choice tid-bits of game from the markets. In Springfield, Mass., the other day the sick in the hospitals had such a treat at the expense of the Eastern States Refrigerating Company, a local concern upon whose cold storage vaults the game constables had pounced, discovering therein thirty-five woodcock and seven partridges, which were promptly confiscated and turned over to the authorities. The Eastern States people got off cheaply at that. The fine which might have been imposed for the unlawful possession of the entire number of forty-two birds would have amounted at \$20 per bird to \$840. The court, however, appeared to entertain the opinion that such a penalty would have been excessive, and the defendants were therefore permitted to plead guilty to having in possession three birds only, for which the fine amounted to \$60.

In California the same course is followed of donating contraband game to charitable institutions. A current report of the State Board of Fish Commissioners, which records seizures at various times aggregating more than 13,617 pounds of striped bass, 2,400 pounds of salmon, 1,200 pounds of steelheads, 1,290 pounds of sturgeon, 260 abalones and 600 pounds of trout, all taken as evidence against violators of the fish law, also records that there were seized 1,500 California deer hides which were offered for sale or cached awaiting a favorable opportunity for shipment, some in transit as baggage, being packed in trunks, others in dry goods boxes marked "household goods," and consigned to private residence. As the skins could not be eaten by the folk in the old people's homes, they were disposed of to tanners and the proceeds deposited in the game preservation fund.

There did go, however, to the hospitals, orphan asylums and old people's charity homes of San Francisco, among them the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Alms House, and the Protestant and Hebrew and Catholic orphan asylums about 111 dozen of quail, 175 dozen of ducks, 30 dozen doves, and snipe, grouse, pheasant and venison in small lots aggregating large amounts.

THE investigation instituted by the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission to determine the cause of the unusual mortality of Adirondack deer last winter, has resulted in a finding of don't know. We print elsewhere the conclusions of the experts who studied specimens made the subject of autopsies. This is disappointing, inasmuch as until the cause of death shall be determined and demonstrated to be something within the power of man to control, we may not hope to provide a remedy. Aside from this announcement of the futility of the deer inquiry, the report of the State game authorities on the animals of the Adirondacks will be read with sincere satisfaction.

THE Grand Army man and the amateur deer hunter were discussing their favorite themes. Said the G. A. man: "I was in every battle of the Civil War, where the bullets rained, and came through without a scratch. The ratio was about 10,000 bullets to one kill." "Pooh," retorted the deer hunter, "I hunted one day in the woods for deer, and escaped death. The ratio is one bullet to one kill."

THE services of Secretary John D. Whish, of the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission, in providing for the St. Louis Exposition the admirable exhibit of New York fishes, has received merited recognition in the award of a silver medal. The exhibit comprised about 100 specimens which represented all the better known species.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

An Aries Person of the Fire Triplexity.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you pardon a question? Mr. Raymond S. Spears' "Floating Down The Mississippi" for Dec. 17, ends with the following words: "For my host was an Aries Person of the Fire Triplexity."

I feel certain that it is only an error of the types, but perhaps there is something more. At any rate, I should be glad to be made wise.

AN INTERESTED READER.

We perceive that in withholding the further particulars of the Fire Triplexity man we have been guilty of three-fold offending, as to Mr. Spears by whom they were written, the man of whom they were written, and the public for whom they were written. Here, then, is something which will resolve our correspondent's perplexity, and tell him and others what manner of individual one whose sign is of the Fire Triplexity may be. Here is the picture of him as painted by himself and transmitted by Mr. Spears:

"Had any supper? Shoo! I just had mine, and you set right thar, the coffee's hot, the biscuits hot, molasses and jelly and some of that bacon, and—just he'p yo'self. Huch-h! Just listen to that rain—let's see! Where is it that roof leaks—there's one, and there's another one. I 'lowed to fix it, but plumb forgot. I'll just hang them buckets, though, and I can empty them when they gets full, 'lowing I don't forget. My name's J. P. Robertson; yes, sir, Jedediah P. Robertson, born in Kentucky; but it's 'come easy go easy, God send Sunday' down in these parts. Everybody's got lots of money—don't give a cuss. You see I try to lead a good, honest, Christian life, and don't swear much; and so long's the roof keeps most the rain out it's all right till we gets a better one. Hu-e-e-h! but she's raining now.

"Yessir, lots of money in these parts nowadays. You'd ought to have been here a month ago—tents up one side and down t'other of the river—pearlers. Fust they drug the stream with crowsfeet and then they tonged for 'em, and toward the last they got right in with hip boots and feed-forked 'em out. Sixty-two thousand dollars' worth of shells sold right here in the ten miles from L'Anquille to Madison. Willis Starkey—that man right over there—got \$1,700 worth of pearls and shells himself—pearls and slugs and shells. I tell you it was a sight! Enough scalding out going on to keep forty steamboats running. And money! Everybody had it—everybody's got it in these parts. Finest country in the world—when you get used to it. Yessir, bestest, goodest natur'd, handsomest, cleverest you ever did meet. And they're all friends of mine, black and white. Go out here any time, and it's 'Why, how de do, Mr. Robertson,' or 'Uncle Jim,' nothing like having friends and going to church. I goes every time there's preaching.

"When they commences to dig pears here this spring I'm going to load this old boat of mine—'taint so old, built it two years ago, and she'll hold thirty-two tons, and I'll pay \$10 right here on the bank. I'll tow down if I don't have a gasolene in by that time. I used to own a steamboat myself—Tom Scott, belonged to the Big Sandy trade—but Ed. Smith chartered it to carry vegetables down to the Creoles in the Laygoons of Louisiana. That was back in 1874. We went down there to the laygoons, and when we got to the head of the Chaffelli (Atchafalaya) there was a mud bar clean across it, water falling, and we just lathering there wanting to get that cargo into the Creole country. Well, Smith he said, 'I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll go across it,' and I said, 'All right, if you'll pay the damage to the boat if I don't get over.' 'All right,' and he was getting reckless you see, and I didn't care in them days; so I just backed Tom Scott clear 'cross Red River and had the stern wheel just sprinkling the trees on the other side when we started, and the safety valve tied down, and the boat just shivering, and she jumped and we headed for that mud, and everybody ketched hold of something so's he wouldn't get knocked down. I didn't have to, because my legs was all right then. And we hit that mud and went right through, and like to have went clear to the Gulf of Mexico before we could stop the blamed old thing, slicking through that way and onexpectedly in a hurry. But we stopped her, and Ed. Smith guv me the hundred and he sold the hull cargo and had a wad big as your hat, and three or four shot bags full of silver and some gold. And I got a good price for my work, too, you know, for I was born lucky. Yessir, born lucky. A gentleman out here by the name of Mr. Horton—he's postmaster—sent my name with the date of my birth, and so on, and I never suspected nothing. Well, sir, that professor he sent it to just sent what I call a perfect pen picture of me—a fine diagnosis of my life, if I do say it. It's around here somewhere—let's see. Here 'tis in that old pile of papers."

He brought out an envelope and from this took a pink paper, on which was printed, among other things:

"Dear Friend—Your sign is Aries, The Ram. This is the sign of the Fire Triplexity. This is the most favorable sign to be born under, as the Aries usually possess extraordinary characters and are noted for their push, energy and executive ability. As to earnestness they are unequalled—Aries do not recognize opposition, and swing through life overriding all obstacles.

"They make excellent scholars, charming conversationalists—brilliant, witty, charming. They have active minds—can change from one subject to another—and are of great intuitive powers, possessing electro-magnetic power by means of laying on hands. They can amass great wealth and achieve high distinction by paying strict attention to improving their higher nature and making it rule and dominate their lower nature. They love and adore beauty, like order, harmony and luxurious surroundings."

"Yessir," Robertson said, breaking in, "that's just me. I ain't old, no sir. I ain't married. My wife died in '92—good woman, too, and I've been alone ever since except when I've had a housekeeper. I expect to get one before long—just as soon as she can get a divorce, and she's a good girl. Yessir, twenty-six years old and good looking and graceful; only when she was a little girl she fell down stairs and broke her back, and that left a hump, so she can't wear tight-fitting clothes. That's why her husband left her—all the reason in the world. She said so, and now I'm going to take care of her—dress her up and make a lady of her; that's me.

"There never was anything narrow or mean about the Robertsons, no sir. My father was murdered in 1873 by old Jim Shelton, who helped him build the Glade Spring church. They paid my father \$2,000 for the work in cash, and he started for home with it, after paying the money he owed Shelton, Shelton passing the remark that he'd have more of that money. Well, when father was away from there a bit he passed the money over to mother, and when Shelton shot him in the back with a load of buckshot from the bresh, she just hiked out and got away, and Shelton didn't get ary cent of it. Just beat him clean out of it. She seen Shelton, and the sheriff's guard got him, but he escaped from it and started, and then the boys and neighbors took after him, run him 'cross Pike county into Lawrence county from Washington county, and overtook him on Big Plain Creek, him and his wife; and they put fifty-seven bullets into him before he could turn round, and she went back to her relatives, the Troxal family.

I've been engaged in the merchantile business lately, and it seems like the merchantile business just fits my internal disposition. I always was very good at a trade, and in merchantile transactions I have usually always, I might say, kept up my end of the lifting. Of late, however, I have been catching logs for the mill down here, and they do say my logs are the best in the market, for I always tell them if there are any spikes or iron in them, they can cut them out; so I always gets the highest market price for them. Before I got tangled up in the vines at the ferry and had my legs broke, I was a track walker on a great railroad system; but now I have to depend on my own resources for my living, and I run the ferry here at present, but I expect to put in a gasolene engine on this boat now. I have it ordered from the gasolene mortar company at Connecticut, and I believe I shall go down to Red River, engaging in the merchantile business when the weather opens up.

"That cat feeding there is a pretty good one; but I used to have a large one here. One large as four of that one, and more smarter than any other I ever saw. He was a big one—I tell you he was a golly-whopper. He used to go out and catch rabbits and bring them in for me to cook when I wasn't so able to get out around as I am now on account of my legs. One of my neighbors up the river has him now, and positively refused to let me have it.

"Did you ever engage in the detective business? I have been considering the advisability of sending for a detective to look into matters fifteen miles above here. My neighbors are the finest people in the world, but fifteen miles above here there have been some killings that ought to be looked into. Some men when they once gets to killing never know when to stop. Seems like they are mighty careless, and needs a lesson. There was John Luckett, a farmer, who came three years ago from Ohio; and Henry Spurgeon, who came in representing a detective agency, and married John Pattison's daughter; and then William Sackett, a medicine peddler, with his right hand cut off—all friends of mine, pussonel and close—and they got killed on the St. Francis line at Sand Slough, fifteen miles above here. They found Luckett shot through twice, and off the back of his horse and robbed. And Sackett was found in a boat beat to death with an oar, and Henry Spurgeon just up and disappeared, nobody knowed what did become of him; and this was all right around John Mosely's house. Yessir, somebody's getting mighty keerless' bought killing folks; and bein' a law-abiding citizen of these yer parts, I just can't stand it no longer, and I'm going to send for a detective to look into these matters."

And so on, and so on—an endless variety of curious gossip.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Eagle.

He clasps the crag with hookéd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls;
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A Buffalo Hunt with the Comanches

(Continued from page 86.)

THE long evenings here were passed in the chief's lodge holding "talks." I was teaching astronomy, geology, geography and theology now; the theology they lugged in themselves, though, or I should not have touched on it at all.

When out with me the boys would take my compass and turn it around quickly to see the needle fly back, then ask why it did so. I tried to tell them. I might have given them any fool answer and they would have believed it; but I wanted to give them the right one or none at all; and in order to do that I had to tell them that the world was round like a ball, and not flat as they supposed it was; and then tell them about the North Pole and why this needle always pointed to it. Then the boys would tell their fathers what I had told them, and every night I would have as many men and boys as the lodge would hold asking questions about what the white man knew about this, that and the other. They called this holding talks. One night they would want to know about the creation of the world, how long this world had been here, and if there were any other worlds. Another night they wanted to know how many white men there were in all this country.

"How many grains of sand are there on the bank of the river at the Salt Fork?" I asked.

"We do not know, we could not count them, there are so many."

"So it is with the white men. I never could count them. No man can—they are so many. Their houses cover the land everywhere."

"He tells you the truth now," the chief said, "they are many. I have seen them. Their houses stand close together as far as you can see. There is hardly room to walk there; the houses stand everywhere."

Then the chief told us of a visit he had made to the Great Father; it was between 1856 and 1860, as I found by questioning him, for the great father he had seen was President Buchanan. He told them of the big cities he had seen, of the railroads and the ships. He had seen the ships in Baltimore; at least his description of the big city fitted Baltimore. The ships opened up another branch of the subject, and now I had to tell them where the ships went to and what for. I had been all over the South Pacific in a steam whaler, and told them about those islands and their people. Then I told them that these ships which the chief had seen could go east, and by keeping on could come home from the west; and that this was one way we had of telling that the world was round and not flat.

At last early one morning the chief started on his way home. As usual, I left the camp in advance with the boys and we had not gone three miles when we met the buffalo we had been waiting for, but they were coming from the east now, the Indians hunting east of us having driven them west. I sent a boy back on a fast pony to tell the chief, so that he could camp again before he had left the creek. Then getting behind the herd we drove them closer in and began killing them. In less than half an hour the chief and his men were out and at it. We shot them all this day, and the next we took at least 150 more. The greater part of the meat we had to leave here. We could not have carried it if we had stopped to cure it. I told the chief to keep on and shoot down these buffalo and skin them; that was what the white men were doing, and the buffalo belonged to the Indian.

Only a few of us hunted on the second day, the rest of the men and all the boys skinned them, and at dark the prairie was dotted all over with buffalo that had not yet been skinned. We killed fewer of them the second day; there were not so many of them here now. At last the chief told us to stop. He had all the robes he could carry, and was in good humor about it. We had taken altogether this winter between 600 and 700 robes, besides a lot of skins from old bulls; these would be tanned on both sides to make pack covers. The chief had 140 of these, the other families the rest. I must have shot over fifty buffalo myself. I never kept count of them. Part of these went to the chief, the rest to whoever skinned them.

The larger boys skinned the buffalo I shot. Two of them would take off a hide almost as fast as his men could. I could skin them myself for a robe. When I did any skinning my pet boy, the Antelope, who was always wherever I was, helped me. We opened them first just along the backbone, and not under the belly as a butcher would; that would spoil the skin for a robe. The choice parts of the buffalo were the tongue and tenderloin. I always took these, no matter how much else was left. Another part of the buffalo that these and all other Indians ate was the unborn calf cut out of the mother cow that had been killed. I had eaten them with Tonkaway Indians, but did not care for them.

After a few days we made another start and kept on this time, but went ahead very slowly. The grass was poor and our ponies were so heavily loaded that we only made about fifteen miles a day, and traveled only four or five days at a time; then lay over to rest our ponies. New Year's Day, 1876, found us camped on the Salt Fork, and now we would have to follow this river down to about where I had sent the Arapaho chief on our way out. We could not follow the trail we had come in here on; it would be too far between water, and the next place

these camps were too far apart for our heavily loaded ponies to make them in a day. I kept an account of the time by marking off a day each evening in a small almanac that I had in my notebook, and thus knew when Christmas and New Year's came.

The chief's oldest son, Te-ta-too-a-nippa, came in one evening and reported to his father that he had seen a Kiowa to-day who had told him that there was a trader down the country somewhere south of us. Next morning the chief and I started to hunt him up, and found him in camp almost twenty miles below us on the river. He wanted to come up and trade, but when he found out that there was no escort but me with the Indians, he was afraid to come. He said that Stumbling Bear's band of Kiowas had tried to plunder him a few days before this, and they had a big escort. "Yes," I told him, "and they should have had a bigger one or else have been kept at home. They did not plunder anyone when I had them out last spring."

This man was a licensed trader who had a big store on the reservation. I knew him very well. I will call him Jones, because that was not his name; he had a name that is just as common as Jones, though. Jones had a great dread of being "put in the papers," as he called it. I promised not to put him in and won't—under his proper name, at least—even now. He may be living yet, though it is hardly probable; and if he is he would still hate to be "put in the papers," I know.

"Well, Jones," I said, "we are not Kiowas. We are Comanches, and if you don't know the difference, I do, and you know me. You come part of the way up if you don't want to come clear to camp, and I will stay in your camp while we trade and guarantee that not a pound shall be taken out of it until it is paid for. Anything that my Indians steal from you I'll pay for. I won't have much to pay for after I tell them not to plunder you. That chief there would shoot down an Indian that tried to plunder you after he or I had told him not to do it. We are Comanches, not Kiowas."

This conversation was carried on in English, of course, and as the chief did not seem to be paying any attention to us, I did not think he had understood us; but he had, as I found out next day.

The chief now got twenty-five pounds of flour and some coffee and sugar, promising to pay for them next day; he did not, though—he forgot it. Then I got some tobacco, for which Jones would not take pay when I offered the money, and we left.

The trader came up to within a mile of us next day, and we got ready to go down to him. The men and boys and a few of the squaws were sitting on their ponies ready to start when the chief gave the order. Every pony had a load of skins—furs or buffalo robes. Our wolf skins all went; I had given them to the squaws, who had taken care of them.

The chief, mounting his pony, now sang out: "Hear me now, everybody: That trader is afraid we will plunder him. The Kiowas did it. We are Comanches, not Kiowas. Let no man take anything out of that camp until he pays for it. The Cabia Blanco has told that trader that Comanches are not thieves. See that you don't make him a liar. I have spoken."

The trader had five or six large wagons, each drawn by four horses or mules, and all were well loaded. Before he opened up he told me to go to his wagons and help myself, and I did so, taking fifty pounds of flour and coffee, sugar, salt and baking powder, and a lot more tobacco for myself and the boys. What I took would come to at least fifty dollars, Indian prices, but they cost me nothing. The trader depended on me to keep him from being robbed, and I would do it. Then he was anxious also to keep me from "putting him in the papers." I would not put him in them and did not. These traders had been in hot water about that time; their transactions with the Indians had been overhauled. This man had got off scot free, and did not want another inspector after him. That accounted for his dread of the papers.

I sent my stuff to camp by a squaw, then took my seat on top of a wagon where I could see all that took place, and trading began.

They generally only pay 75 cents for a wolf skin, but that would be for skins taken off by the white wolf hunters, who do not take pains either in taking them off or in curing them. I told him that these had been taken off by me and the Indians, and that there were no flaws in them; they must all go in as first grade, and we wanted the dollar for them. He paid the Indians one dollar for each; but had I not been there he would have found a flaw in every one of them—they would have all been "seconds." No white man living could take better care of the skins than the squaws could, and he and I knew it. He would examine each skin, then pay for it, and he could examine and pass three a minute. His checks were felt shotgun wads; each wad represented a dollar. As soon as a man had got his checks he would band them to his squaw; then she, going to the wagons, got what she wanted. His drivers were his salesmen. Every few minutes I would have to act as interpreter for the squaws.

After I had ground out Comanche for a while, the trader said: "You seem to have it all. What is this 'menana' and 'mahenda' that you give these squaws so much?"

"My sister and my mother," I told him.

"How long have you been with them?"

"All winter."

"Well, you can stand them better than I could. Half that time would be enough for me."

"You don't know these Indians, Jones. The white men don't live that could treat me better than these Indians do."

His prices were Indian prices. He sold eight pounds of flour for a dollar, or a pound of coffee or a pound and a half of sugar, or a plug of tobacco—about a quarter of a pound, natural leaf. A squaw's dress pattern of five-cent calico (five yards is a pattern) cost her one dollar; and his prices for paints, beads, bridles, needles, thread, and the hundreds of things that an Indian will buy were on the same scale; but these were exactly the prices he would have charged the Indians at his store, and he had hauled these goods hundreds of miles to get them to us; so I had no fault to find. This trader was one of the fairest that did business here. I knew that long since.

One of his big wagons was loaded with nothing but

flour in one hundred pound square sacks such as are put up for the army and the Indians. Every one of these sacks was marked in letters six inches high, "U. S. I. D."—United States Indian Department. This was flour that had been sent out to feed the Indians, and which some agent had stolen from them and sold. I called his attention to it.

"Yes," he said, "but it has been condemned and sold." "Tell that condemned story to some tenderfoot. I have been out here nearly long enough to know better than swallow it. You and I know about how bad Indian flour would have to be before it was fit to condemn. But that is all right. I am not putting you in the papers, Jones. I am Comanche enough now to 'look the other way' when my friends do wrong. But I guess I have had the man who sold you that flour in the papers already."

There was nothing at all wrong with this flour. We got no better in the army, and we were supposed to get the best, and generally did. I had a squaw wash out one of the muslin sacks and put it carefully away for the agent's benefit; but I never used it. Had any one but Jones sold it, though, I would have tried to get that agent another inspection. I think I had got him one already.

The trader in his stores had some pound packages of tea. The men don't care for it, but the squaws want it. This tea had probably cost him forty cents a pound; he wanted two dollars for it. I asked for a pound and offered him the money. "No," he told me, "help yourself to whatever you see. You are welcome." Then, looking to see that no Indian men were near enough to hear him, he added: "I have some whiskey in the cook wagon for my own use. Go and help yourself."

"No, I don't need any now; and don't let an Indian have a drop. You know what a drunken Indian is as well as I do."

I need not fear their getting it; he was not ready to be plundered or shot yet, he told me.

He had a large lot of cartridges of every caliber that was in use out here, and the Indians wanted them, but he dare not sell them; he carried them to sell to the whites and Mexicans. It was a penal offense to sell an Indian arms or ammunition or to even bring whiskey into the Indian country. Had he been caught with this whiskey, his whole outfit would have been confiscated.

"Well, I can't give you permission to sell them cartridges, Jones, but I want them to have them. They won't shoot me with any of them. You sell them all they want. Don't be afraid of me—I won't see it."

"I can't—you know how strict they are with us now."

"Well, we are nearly out of ammunition, and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes are burning the grass ahead of us. When I overtake them I mean to stop it. If they don't I'll make them, and I want ammunition."

"Then take what you want yourself, and buy what you want for them. I'll take their checks from you; the law does not prevent me from selling you what you want, and I am not supposed to follow you and see what you do with it."

I gathered up a lot of his checks, then, when his drivers were where they could hear me, I said: "Jones, I have a Winchester in camp and want a lot of cartridges for it. Sell me some."

"Yes, of course." Then to one of his men: "Go and give him what Colt's or .45s he wants. Then sell him the Winchester, but be careful and sell none to these Indians."

I took all the Winchester ammunition he had, and then gave it out myself.

One of his wagons was partly loaded with bacon which he meant to throw away, he told me; the Indians did not want it.

"Ours will eat it," I said. "Let the squaws have it. Go to that wagon, my sister," I called out, "and take that bacon, but take nothing else. The trader gives you that bacon—it is his present." In five minutes there was no bacon in the wagon, the chief's squaw standing there to see that each one got her share, and that nothing else was lifted along with the bacon.

Trading was about over now, it was getting late, and the chief told the Indians to go home. "Wait a moment," I told him; then called out, "If any of my brothers have any of this money yet, let them buy something now. This trader will not be here to-morrow, and his money is not good with any other trader."

A lot more of his checks came out, and the Indians did not carry home any gun wads that had cost them a dollar each. All had now left but the chief and I. "The chief has not paid me for that flour he got yesterday. I reckon he forgot it," Jones told me.

"No, he never forgets anything, but he thinks that you have forgotten it. I'll tell him about it and he will pay you."

"No, never mind it. I want to keep on the right side of these chiefs."

"Yes; you keep on the right side of these Comanche chiefs and no Comanche will ever plunder you. If he did he might as well go out and shoot himself."

I was the last to leave, and when bidding Jones good-by I said: "Well, we did not plunder you, did we?"

"No, your crowd is all right. Now I need not look for myself in the papers, need I?"

"No, Jones, I am not putting you in the papers. You are all right. I wish the rest were as fair as you always are, then I need not put anyone in the papers."

I had been in the habit of sending letters to four different eastern papers whenever anything of interest occurred, as an Indian outbreak or the like, and once in a while I would give one or another of these Indian agents a left-handed compliment. I signed my letters Duquesne, after a locality in Pittsburg, Pa., where I had come from, but everyone out here knew who Duquesne was. These papers called me "our special correspondent in the field." I never sent any account of this trip to these papers. It would not probably interest their readers; but some years after this I sent a mere skeleton sketch of it—only a couple of columns—to the FOREST AND STREAM, which published it.

The Kiowas that Jones had said had tried to plunder him were about the meanest gang that we had, and their chief, Stumbling Bear, was, if possible, still meaner than his band. I had been sent from St. Louis up to Sill at my own request the last spring to join the troop I was

now in as a recruit; but I had been in this regiment ten years already, and the general here knew me. My troop was out now, and while waiting to join them here, these Kiowas were sent out on a hunt, and I got permission to go along with their escort. There were a sergeant and twenty men in this escort. Any other band would have got along with five or six men. An escort as large as this should have had at least one corporal. We had none, the general telling the sergeant to use me as his corporal. The first day out the sergeant was thrown by his horse getting his foot into a gopher hole, and both he and his horse were hurt badly. He turned his escort over to me until another sergeant should be sent to relieve me, and went back to Sill. No one came to supersede me, and I took Stumbling Bear and his band out west, got them plenty of buffalo, and did not let them plunder anyone, but had to level my carbines at them one day to convince them that I meant what I said. They had been riding past buffalo all day and did not want them; "they were no good," he said. When late in the afternoon they began to round up a bunch of cattle to drive to camp and kill, I rode up to the chief and told him to drop those cows and go on. He "no saved me." Had I asked him to take a drink of whiskey, he would have saved that quick enough, though.

My escort was back straggling along the trail, and riding back to them I told them to form fours; then came up to where the Indians were at a trot, then called out, "On right front, into line, gallop, marsh!" Then "Halt!" The Indians now got to be interested—something was about to be doing. Next I called out, "Unslung carbines—load at will."

The chief rode up to me now and asked, "You shoot?" He had found his English again. I pretended not to hear him, and said: "Ready, aim!" And the chief and his men, dropping the cattle, almost rode over each other to get away from there. I was going to shoot.

After this I never had to give this chief an order the second time. He always "saved" me the first time.

CABIA BLANCO.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition

Some Features of Special Interest to Sportsmen.

THE St. Louis Exposition is gone—the Sportsmen's Show is coming. Some notes on the former may increase the helpfulness of the latter. The first question regarding any proposed hunting or fishing trip is, "How to get there?" In other words, transportation.

This includes not only route, but means of travel. These were abundant, interesting and instructive at St. Louis. One looked with wonder at the Siamese collection of wooden carts and other vehicles, mainly small and adapted only to light loads. Involuntarily one pitied a people so old among nations, yet using such primitive conveyance. But a few steps caused a revulsion of feeling as one saw another wooden cart having a medium-sized rack of small stakes (like an old-fashioned hayrack for cart or wagon) surmounting it, and a single steer (mounted) between the hills, the whole being labeled, "the only means of transportation, N. W. of St. Paul, prior to 1871." Pity for Siamese gives place to admiration for our hardy pioneers, who, at such cost, redeemed our great northwest and made possible and appropriate such an exposition at St. Louis. Another crude form of transportation was a Brazilian dugout, estimated to be 60ft. long, 4ft. wide, and 2½ft. deep. It was provided with both sails and oars, but was a clumsy looking affair. From all these it was far to the modern Pullman car, yacht, or launch. Much of interest introduced, e. g., there was a great display of early forms of the locomotive. The "De-Witt Clinton," with its train of stage coaches, was there, and, with the others, furnished an almost complete history of locomotive development. From the earliest to the most recent engines was as far a cry as from the primitive cart to the first railway train. Look, for instance, at the new "695" of the Lake Shore Railroad, an engine with three driving wheels, eighty inches high, on each side, and everything else in proportion. Indeed, the machine might well stand as a railway model of symmetry. No trouble about "getting there" where "695" draws the train. She is built for speed. Quite in contrast is the B. & O. "St. Louis," the biggest engine in the world—a compound engine with two sets of cylinders and two sets of drivers, three in a set, on each side, making twelve drivers in all—a monster boiler in size and length, the whole machine, equipped for business, weighing 240 tons, a veritable Jumbo, and, by a reversal of railway ancestry, "the grandfather of them all." Surely, this freighter is able to draw the heaviest loads of game that even Maine can produce. Sometimes it is a question how to get game to the railroad, and strong lumber wagons are needed. For such cases attention is directed to a lumber wagon shown by the Studebaker Co., which expended over 400 days' work and \$2,150 in building it. The box was rosewood, piano-finish, and the rest was in keeping.

Mention should be made of a cross section of the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel under the Hudson, showing the iron tube that rests on steel piles driven to bedrock, and large enough in diameter for the cars to pass through. A beautiful model was also shown of the new passenger station to be erected in Manhattan by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Surely the modern sportsman can now travel with speed and comfort, while aerial navigation, as illustrated at the fair, suggests future possibilities of reaching the remote wilderness that will surpass present methods as much as the high-power rifles of to-day are ahead of the old flintlock muskets, and this leads to the various exhibits of arms.

The Winchester Company made a fine showing of rifles. Several exhibits of shotguns, both of home and foreign make, were seen. In one French collection was a rifle of peculiar construction. It was a double rifle with but one barrel. In this one barrel were two bores—one about .40, the other about .22 caliber—the smaller one underneath the larger. No one was at hand to describe the practical working of the piece, but cer-

tainly in the showcase it looked as though it might do good work.

But by far the most interesting exhibit of firearms was that of the U. S. Cartridge Co., a very complete historical collection from the ancient crossbow gun and the blunderbuss, down through the flintlock period of the Revolution, through the Civil War, and so to the latest productions. Several individual specimens of great historic interest were shown, e. g., John Brown's rifle, Sitting Bull's, and the "Cookson Magazine Gun," said to have been made in 1586.*

The true sportsman, "in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms." (And after all the discussion about sportsmen, "true" and otherwise, does not their knowledge and appreciation of nature afford a higher, better standard of classification than their method of taking game?) Those who think a real sportsman goes into the woods merely to secure game and fish, that he thinks little and cares less for anything else, should recall the Adirondack experiences of Emerson and Alcott, and of the historian, Headley, and his ringing words and true: "I love nature and all things as God made them. * * * I love it, and I know it is better for me than the thronged city, aye, better for soul and body both. * * * I have been astonished at the remarks sometimes made to me on my jaunts in the woods, as if it were almost wicked to cast off the gravity of society, and wander like a child amid the beauty which God has spread out with such a lavish hand over the earth. Why, I should as soon think of feeling reproved for gazing on the midnight heavens, gorgeous with stars, and fearful with its mysterious floating worlds. I believe that every man degenerates without frequent communion with nature. It is one of the open books of God, and more replete with instructions than anything ever penned by man."

Again he says: "Nature and the Bible are in harmony—they both speak our language to the heart." And again, describing his feelings at Indian Pass, a scene of wonderful grandeur and beauty, he says: "How loudly God speaks to the heart, when it lies thus awestruck and subdued in the presence of His works." So it was with keen and not unaccustomed enjoyment one looked upon the varied and beautiful exhibits of wood at St. Louis

The company has lately published an illustrated catalogue fully describing this collection of over 700 pieces.

Entering the Forest, Fish and Game Building, one of the first attractions to catch the eye was the Canadian arch and staircase near the center, built in rustic style and containing over 3,000 varieties of wood, all grown in Canada. There were also fine specimens of lumber—undressed and finished—from various places, notably some highly polished "curly" maple, and other hard woods. The Northwest sent sections of pine and fir seven to nine feet in diameter, and one gigantic pine had been cut into eight logs sixteen feet long, the smallest of which was thirty inches through at the top end. The Washington State Building showed external braces of unspliced fir 110 feet long, and two feet square. The collection of woods from the Philippines was a cause of wonder and admiration. The variety, size and quality elicited much remark. One massive table was finished like mahogany, its top, about 6 feet by 12 feet, being made from a single plank. It impressed one with the value of our newly acquired possessions in the east. From here it was but little distance to the Filipino collection of mounted trophies.

The variety was perhaps greater than in any other collection of the sort, but the specimens were mainly of small game—the deer were like our fawns in size, only the snakes were large. Some python skins were large enough to be unpleasantly suggestive. It is a relief to turn, even now, in thought, from these to the fine collections of trophies of the chase from Minnesota, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Montana. Bear, lion, moose, elk and deer were in abundance, as well as smaller game. Minnesota had a miniature forest, in which the game looked quite life-like. Canada and Alaska also had good showings, the latter many beautiful white bear skins.

The Roosevelt cabin, in which our President once lived "a ranchman," and whence so many hunting trips were made, was a trophy in itself. The Maine building was a gem of its kind, built of logs, in approved size and style, and embellished with a good collection of moose heads, deer heads, bear and other trophies of the hunter's skill. It also showed a large number of the very large brook trout, for which the State is justly famed. The whole exhibit, building and contents, was characteristic, unique and attractive. Not less so were the fair hostesses in charge.

In the Idaho exhibit in the Mining Building was seen a large pair of mountain sheep horns firmly embedded in a tree. They were nine feet from the ground, and the

tree at that point was over two feet in diameter. It is supposed that about 135 years ago the horns were carried down a mountain side by an avalanche of snow and cast upon the young tree which afterward grew about them with the above result.

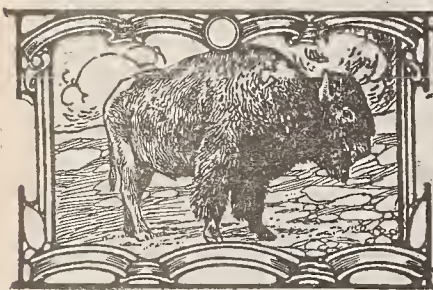
The largest of all the trophies was a sulphur bottom (blue) whale in the U. S. Government Building. It is 78 feet long as mounted separate from the skeleton. This is 75 feet long, and the skull is 19½ feet long in a straight line. It is said this species of whale sometimes attains a length of 89 feet, and is the largest animal now known or extinct.

Of living wild animals the exhibit was meagre and disappointing. The Government bird cage was large, but the collection far inferior to that shown at the New York Zoological Park. Missouri showed live animals, such as panthers, wolves, bear and foxes, and a few ducks and turkeys and other birds, but the collection and the specimens were small.

One felt like going to Hagenbeck's, on the Pike, for relief. These lions, tigers, bears and elephants were "the real thing."

So were the Indians representing the various tribes which once roamed over the territory of Louisiana Purchase. Crow, Navajo, Pawnee and many others were in evidence. Some were making crude pottery, others beautiful rugs, and still others were silversmiths at their trade. In the U. S. Government Indian Schools Buildings were many beautiful specimens of Indian handiwork, and of Indian clerks to sell them. A young Crow, "White Eagle" (English name, Wm. Towns), had on a feather headdress reaching to the floor and a pair of gold bowed spectacles. On being told that the latter did not correspond with the former, he replied, "That is what civilization has done for me." Further conversation elicited the facts that he was well educated and had been a believer in Christ since nine years old.

Contrasting the present condition of the Indians with their past, remembering what their past has been in the development of the great territory of "the purchase," and remembering the part which sportsmen-explorers have had in that development, one appreciates the sentiment inscribed on the U. S. Government Building: "To the pioneers who first braved the unknown, whose deeds developed the vast empire comprised in the Louisiana Purchase, this building is dedicated by a grateful people." JUVENAL.



NATURAL HISTORY



A New Natural History.*

In these days of outdoor life and nature study there is a constantly increasing demand for a popular general natural history, but it has always been a difficult matter to satisfactorily answer any one who asks for such a work. Many natural histories, beautifully illustrated and handsomely gotten up, have been published during the past few years, but very few have been written in such a way as to interest the public. Most of them have fairly bristled with the italics of Latin names, or with technical terms which demand constant reference to a dictionary, so that the average man finds it difficult, or impossible, to comprehend what the learned author no doubt thought he had made extremely simple.

A very excellent natural history has just been written by Mr. Wm. T. Hornaday, well known as the Director of the New York Zoological Society's Park, and published by the Scribners. It is a work which will tend more to a knowledge of and interest in natural history than many much more scientific and pretentious works which appeal only to a limited class of readers.

All human beings are interested in animals, and to most of us from early childhood a visit to the menagerie has seemed one of the most desirable of pleasures. We love to see things that move, and so zoological gardens and aquariums attract people of all ages. Next to seeing animals alive, the best thing is to read about them, especially if what we read is illustrated with good pictures. And for that reason a wide popularity may be predicted for any book that tells the story of animals simply, and pictures them attractively. Such a book is Mr. Hornaday's "American Natural History. A foundation of useful knowledge of the higher animals of North America." It deals with the vertebrates, chiefly those of the new world, though, in discussing the great group of apes, or primates, Mr. Hornaday brings in some old world forms which are nearest to man and are necessary to connect American groups, links which have never existed or which no longer exist on this continent.

Science is knowledge set in order, but the general public—though glib enough in its use of the term science—has little or no zoological knowledge which can be set in order. In an introduction of seven pages Mr. Hornaday gives in the plainest and simplest language a great number of fundamental facts and of definitions of ordinary terms used in zoology, and these terms and their meanings should be learned by every one who purposes to use this book. Besides these definitions, a few words are given on the intelligence of animals, warning people not to believe too much of what they are told by the popular nature writers, pointing out that animals are not civilized human beings, and that the so-called "surgical operations" attributed to birds, and the supposed "schools of the woods" exist only in the imagination of fiction writers. He might also have added that to call the tiger treacherous

is as great a misuse of language as to call the dove gentle. He very truly says that there is no great harm in idealizing animals and making them act from human motives, so long as it is plainly told that the tale is a story—is fiction, but that where these wonderful acts of wild animals are given as facts with motives actually supplied by the author's imagination, that author is doing something that is wholly misleading and wrong.

The plan of the present volume is excellent. Instead of beginning with the lowest vertebrates—the fishes—and working up to the highest, Mr. Hornaday begins with the highest mammals—which to the average person of whatever age are the most familiar, and so the most interesting—and works down to the lowest. He thus starts his readers with something that they enjoy, and leads them along with increasing interest to other things, in which at first they might have felt no interest, but which increasing information leads them to wish to know about.

The body of the book opens with a chapter on the orders of mammals, explained by a chart indicating the relative importance of the different orders. The graphic method here used is effective. Then follows the order of primates, with a startling picture of a gorilla, and two or three capital ones of chimpanzees and orangs. The carnivora, cats, dogs, weasels, and bears, come next with excellent illustrations, with an introduction to each group, giving its chief characteristics, and with a descriptive account of each species telling in simple language the important points about its range, colors and habits.

Next come the seals in three divisions—the eared seals, or sea lions, the seals proper and the walruses. The group is of very great interest and of some commercial importance, and one about which not very much is known to the general public. In the account of the fur seal Mr. Hornaday gives a description by years of the condition of the fur seals of the Pribilof Islands since Alaska passed into the hands of the United States. He shows how by pelagic sealing, in which both mother and young are killed during the breeding season, the vast numbers of inhabitants of these summer homes of the fur seal have been now reduced to less than 200,000. Another species that is constantly growing less in number is the Pacific walrus.

The moles, shrews, bats and rodents follow in that order, and after them comes the great order of hoofed animals, which contains our buffalo, muskox, sheep, deer and many of the other game animals which we have in such plenty in America. To this last group Mr. Hornaday gives much attention.

The whales and porpoises, the sea cows, the edentates, including the armadillos, anteaters and sloths and, finally, the order of diggers, with the marsupials and the monotremes, end the list of the mammalia.

Children and adults alike will rejoice in Mr. Hornaday's pages describing the birds, for they are full of interest and information, and of beautiful illustration. The camera and the best artists have united to furnish the whole volume with pictures that are quite irresistible. Of hardly less interest and usefulness are the parts of the work which speak of the reptiles and am-

phibians and fishes, though, after all, we can hardly expect as much interest to be found in these lower and far less known groups as is taken in the birds and the mammals.

A useful and practical bit of information is given on pages 353 to 355, where the author writes of snake poisons and their treatment and gives much information which, simply and directly told as it is, may well save many a life.

An especially wise step toward ease of reading, and so toward popularity, has been taken in this book; for all the Latin names of the animals, commonly so great a stumbling block to the reader, are printed as foot notes at the bottom of the page. They thus do not occur in the text to interrupt the thought, and yet the reference which each English name carries to the Latin name at the foot of the column enables the seeker after information to look up that Latin name, which is so divided and so accented that it may be pronounced, even though the reader is quite guiltless of any knowledge of Latin.

Very full information is given above about the game animals and birds, and the book should find a place in every sportsman's library. We believe that it will do much good, and it deserves a wide public, among children as well as adults.

The Story of Monarch.

"WYNDGOUL," Cos Cob, Conn., Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose copy of a letter that I recently sent to Allen Kelly without getting reply. Will you oblige me by giving it the same publicity as you did the attack on me. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

"WYNDGOUL," Cos Cob, Conn., Jan. 19.—*My Dear Kelly:* Upon my return from England, after three months' absence, I learn with surprise that someone thinks that in writing the story of Monarch I am trespassing on your claim.

I can scarcely believe that this idea originated with you; in case, however, you have any feeling in the matter, I hope it will disappear when I act on the suggestion of our mutual friend, Dr. Morris, and remind you of one or two important facts.

First, I met Monarch on the 27th of August, 1899, many weeks before I knew you, and at the same time I met Louis Ohnimus, who was in charge of the menagerie at Golden Gate, and from him learned much about the big grizzly. I spent the month of September of that year on a bear hunt around Mount Tallac, in company with Lou Ohnimus and Clark Summerfield, and there gathered many bear incidents. Later, J. S. Mackenzie, Jr., of Bakersfield, supplied others. I had the tale all planned and partly written when first I met you at Los Angeles, October 9, 1899. I then told you I was writing a bear story with Monarch as the basis, and I read you part of my story across the table that night when you and Mrs. Kelly dined with Mrs. Seton and myself at Van Nuy's Hotel. This written part is now before me; it occupies pp. 138 to 160 of my California Journal. You gave me some additional information, and told me I was free to

*The American Natural History: A Foundation of Useful Knowledge of the Higher Animals of North America. By William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park; author of "Two Years in the Jungle," etc. Illustrated by 227 original drawings and 115 photographs; pp. 449. Price, \$3.50.

se it in any way I pleased. There was no evidence then at you had any intention of publishing a book of bear stories. The story of Monarch you then told me was quite different from the one Ohnimus gave me, and I did not use yours. I had my Journal on the table, and while dinner wrote down, with your approval, two incidents, one of the bear and the hunter in the pool, the other of the little bear and the yellow jackets. These you said you could not claim no credit for, as one belonged to Jim Freer, the other to Morgan Clark. They occupy respectively three lines and one page and a half in my Journal, as written in your presence (pp. 172-3).

In 1901 I joined with an Examiner reporter in getting an illustrated article on Monarch. This appeared in April of that year, and was evidently read by you, because two years afterward you wrote to me asking for the use of the drawings with which I had illustrated the article. I acceded to this in a spirit of friendliness, feeling that you believed anybody had the right to tell about Monarch, since he was a real character, not a creature of fiction. Within a year my bear story was announced in Scribner's prospectus. I cannot see that your story and mine have anything in common beyond these main historical outlines, which are as much public property as the story of Rome. You certainly raised no question of exclusive claim to the subject when I read you part of my story at Los Angeles, and I did not get one word, line, incident or suggestion from your book, for my story was written before your book came out, as you can see by comparing dates of copyright, and remembering that manuscript for the Ladies' Home Journal, where my story was first published, is sent in months before publication. And I never saw any article by you, except your book of August, 1903, in which you used my 1901 drawing and letter of June 15, 1903.

Credit is due you for suggesting the two incidents mentioned above, but more credit is due Ohnimus than to any other of the hunters. I expected to give it, but he particularly asked me not to put his name in print, requesting rather that his friend Kelly get all possible credit. This was a puzzle, as I did not then know you, and you did not capture the bear. I thought, however, I had solved it satisfactorily by using your name in a slightly disguised, but recognizable, form throughout. I could not do more as the character was composite.

When the story was in press I tried to reach you for consultation, but had no address. Our mutual friend, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, to whom I put the matter in your absence, was of the opinion that I had done well of you.

If you object to the hunter being so named, of course I will change it in the forthcoming new edition, and give you formal credit for suggesting the two incidents referred to above.

This is the whole matter, and perhaps I do you wrong in believing from newspaper talk that you have announced grievance. I should be sorry to think that our pleasant friendship is endangered by such unnecessary misunderstanding.

If you are in New York in the near future, I hope you will look me up. Yours sincerely,

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

To Allen Kelly, Esq.

DETROIT, Feb. 3.—Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, *Cos Cob, Conn.*: Dear Mr. Seton—Your letter dated Jan. 19, mailed on Jan. 24, to Philadelphia, where I have not lived since August, 1903, remained to New York and finally addressed to Detroit, has reached me, closely followed by a letter from the editor of Shooting and Fishing, inclosing a note from you asking him to publish your letter to me as a reply to what you please to term my "attack" on you.

I was about to mail my reply to you, but your note to Shooting and Fishing puts the matter in a different light, and makes it necessary to amend my letter, a copy of which now goes to Mr. Humphrey.

While it is true that the idea of calling attention to the remarkable similarity of most of the incidents in our book to stories contained in mine did not originate with me, I did not discourage it when it was suggested, because it was obvious that a great deal of my material had been used. Someone—I forget who—called my attention to your story of Monarch in the Home Journal, and pointed out the parallels, and when I read the story I did feel, and do yet, that my work had been treated unfairly. The similarity is in many instances; not only in the two you have mentioned. There are incidents which are not in any sense a part of the history of Monarch, although you have so treated them. For example, the story of the bear that herded sheep in a cañon. No doubt I told you that story in Los Angeles, but it never was printed until I used it in my book as part of the Clubfoot myth. That was my story and no other's, and it was under my copyright before your story was published. Other incidents could be specified, but all that has been done over pretty thoroughly by others, and I do not feel inclined to enter into a detailed discussion of the matter.

My recollection of our interview in Los Angeles is not like yours. I do not remember that you read any part of our story to me; but I do remember that you took copious notes while I told bear stories, and that you volunteered the assurance that you would give credit for what you should use. I do not object at all to your using Monarch and his history, and I assert no exclusive claim to the subject. My criticism is that you have used, as part of what purports to be Monarch's history, many bear stories having no relation to Monarch—stories that I had published before our interview, and some not then published, but published and copyrighted by me before your book appeared.

Concerning your sketch of Monarch, if that is important, let me say that I did not read the story in which it appeared. The clipping of the sketch was sent to me, but I do not see that it matters whether or not I saw the story. My disclaimer of exclusive right to deal with Monarch disposes of that.

It seems to me that even if your story was written before my book came out, the publication of my book under copyright was sufficient notification of my claim to ownership of my own material, and that it would have been better had you made some acknowledgment of the true source of your information in the preface to your book.

You will remember that I wrote to you of my intention to publish the book, some time before it appeared, and offered to send proof sheets to you; that I did send to you a copy of my book in 1903 as soon as it was printed, and that you read it. Perhaps you may not remember that I told you in Los Angeles that I had intended to publish my bear stories in a book in 1894 or 1895, but had postponed publication because Murat Halstead got out a bear book at that time in which he used some of my stories, not only without permission, but in spite of my written objection. Yet those are the facts.

You say you did not use the story of Monarch as I told it to you. That is quite obvious, for your story of the capture of Monarch is not correct in any particular. It is pure fiction, but it is made up almost entirely of stories that I told you, with the exception of a few fantastic features, like the drugging of the bear. I told you that a crack-brained doctor proposed to me to capture the bear by putting atropine in honey, and I laughed at the suggestion.

You must be mistaken in your recollection that I gave credit for an incident to Jim Freer. As I never knew or saw Jim Freer, and never got any story from him, I could not have said what you quote on that point.

I do not see the relevancy of your assertion that I "did not capture the bear." I have told exactly how Monarch was taken, and never have I said that I went out and grabbed him by the tail and took him into camp by main strength. It remains true, however, that the bear was trapped for me, that I took him to San Francisco, named him "Monarch," and turned him over to Mr. Hearst, and that he would not have been caught had I not gone on an expedition for that purpose, built traps and employed men to watch them. The question at issue, however, is not the capture of Monarch, but the manner in which you have made use and misuse of my literary property.

Your suggestion that you give me credit for two incidents in your new edition is impossible. Nor do I think it worth while to change the name of your hunter. The suggestion is more calculated to arouse a feeling of resentment than to allay it; for it carries the inference that you are indebted to me only for two trivial incidents, which is not the fact.

The two books speak for themselves. Most of the incidents in them are essentially the same, and it cannot be alleged with the slightest color of plausibility that I obtained any material from you or from your story.

It is not pleasant to me to have any controversy over this matter, but as Dr. Morris, whom I met but once, and then only by casual introduction across a banquet table, has been tactful enough to start a discussion, it seems necessary to state the facts as they appear to me, and to tell you plainly how I feel, even at the risk of getting our feelings hurt all around. If we cannot arrive at the same understanding of facts, perhaps it will be better to call it a closed incident. Yours very truly,

ALLEN KELLY.

Some Bird Names.

(Continued from page 50.)

"KINGFISHER" comes from the prominent crest, I think, rather than because of any kingly superiority in fishing, as etymologists generally assert. "Cuckoo" is, of course, an imitation of its note; the large, terrestrial species of the Pacific Slope is known as "chaparral cock," "road-runner" and "racer," on account of its habits. "Rain-crow" is another common name for the two American species, from a supposition that their notes foretell a storm; the same is true of the many-named "ani" of the Mexican boundary. Our one parakeet, now nearly extinct, allows me to say that both "parrot" and "parrot-quet" are derived from the French *Pierre*, and given originally as a pet name, just as we would understand what was meant if we read in a story that a "polly" was hanging in a cage in the heroine's room.

As for the owls, their name is simply an expression of howling, the aspirated initial having disappeared, as so easily happens. "Owlet" or howlet is not the diminutive form of this, however, but the French *hulotte*, an owl, having, however, the same derivation.

"Eagle" is the Latin *aquila*, through the French. Our "bald" eagle is not so in fact, but appears to be from the white feathers of the head in contrast with the brown of the rest of the plumage. The "golden" eagle takes its name from the bright yellow at the base of the bill and on the feet, and was the "war" eagle of the Indians, whose feathers could be worn only by men of assured prowess.

The words "hawk" and "falcon" open to us a vista which leads into one of the richest fields of old English, where the once royal sport of falconry has preserved terms elsewhere lost to the language. "Falcon" itself is of course the Latin word *falcis*, in allusion to the sickle-shaped talons. "Hawk" is given as probably "the seizer," and is allied to "have;" "cry havoc" originally meant merely "beware of the hawk." In Europe most of the hawks employed in falconry have particular names, the study of which, and of the terms of this ancient sport, is most interesting. "Osprey" is a corruption of *ossi-fragus*, bonebreaker; and "buzzard" of *buteo*, the Latin name (French *bossard*) of this sluggish kind of falcon. Milton uses "buzzard" to mean a slow-witted, inactive person. "Kite" comes from an antique Teutonic word, the idea of which, apparently, was to express the poisoning or hovering so characteristic of this falcon's graceful flight, and the name of the toy is from the same source. The "vulture" is the creature that tears, like *vulpes*, the fox.

In "pigeon" we find a French form out of the Latin verb *pipere*, to cry *pi-pi*—that is, to chirp. "Dove," however, is descended through Teutonic channels from a root-word meaning to dive; and, curiously enough, the Greek word copied in the Latin *columba* meant the same thing, and originally belonged to sea birds. As the doves returned in flocks across the Mediterranean, resembled gulls in appearance, and nested for the most parts on the cliffs, the confusion was natural. "Turtle" (dove) is the bird that says "tur-tur." "Turkey" (which in French is *coq d'Inde*) refers to its supposed oriental origin; as a matter of fact, however, the turkey is a purely American bird, and was introduced to the old world about 1624

from Mexico, where it had been domesticated by the subjects of Montezuma. It is a curious fact that among the Germans of Pennsylvania the turkey is called "wild Welsh cock"—an interesting survival, no doubt, from the time when anything foreign to the Teuton was "Welsh"—whence Welshmen for native Britons. The "pheasant" is another example of a country name, that of Phasis, whence the bird was brought to Europe.

In regard to "grouse," Prof. Schele de Vere suggests that perhaps it is from grass, which in early English was *gerse*; but Skeat says: "Grouse appears to be a false form, evolved from the old word *grice*, which seems to have been taken as a plural form (cf. *mouse*, *mice*)—O. F. *griesche*, gray, speckled; *perdrix griesche*, the gray partridge. * * * Origin unknown." "Partridge" is, of course, from Latin *Perdix*; but in many parts of this country is wrongly applied to the grouse. Our quail (the bird that crouches or "quails") is nearer a true partridge. Its pet name "Bob White" is both onomatopoeic and a mark of our liking, akin to "Colin," a foreign shortening of Nicholas.

This brings us to the tall wading birds, most of which are either "herons" or "egrets." These two names, though now so dissimilar, were originally one, both coming from the old High German *hiegro*, which Professor Skeat thinks refers to its harsh voice. "Hiegro" became in French *aigre*, of which the diminutive is *aigrette*, our egret; *hiegro* also became in Low Latin *airo*, and (in the tenth century) *airo*, whence the modern French *héron*, our heron. Heronshaw means a young heron, being corrupted from the French *héronceau*, as is proved by the northern [English] form *heronshaw*; but *heronshaw*, meaning a heronry, is a 'shaw' or wood where herons build" (Wharton). "Ibis" is of Coptic descent, and "stork" an Anglo-Saxon appellation allied to "stalk," and referring to its long legs. "Bittern" is probably the disguise of an ancient word (of which the Medieval Latin generic term *Botaurus* is an adaptation) originating in an attempt to express the booming noise made by these marsh birds, which has here given to them such vernacular names as "thunderpump," "stake-driver," "bog-bull," "pumpillion," "plunket," "caulker," and "dunk a doo." Hence *botaurus* was made from *bos taurus*, *taurus* being a term applied by Pliny to a bird that bellows like an ox. In several European languages this idea controls the vernacular names.

The love of field sports which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon race, and the fact that this people, ever since the dawn of history, have been dwellers by the sea, have combined to preserve in Great Britain and among English-speaking sailors and fishermen, a large body of ancient name-words designating the birds of the beaches, salt marshes and open sea. As many of these water fowl are circumpolar in their distribution, and were recognized on this side the Atlantic by the early colonists, they naturally received the same names here, new ones being coined, as a rule, only where the species in question was new or locally peculiar in some way.

Gunners' names are almost legion in number, and are often absurd or confusingly applied; but without trying to sift this confusion, since this is not an essay in ornithology, it will be interesting to examine a few of the more common designations, first of the shore birds, and afterward of the waterfowl.

Such words as "sandpiper" and its diminutive "sanderling," "sand-runner," "beach-bird," "rock-bird," etc., exhibit their beach-loving propensities. The name "knot" belongs among these, since it has been supposed to be short for *canutus*, or King Canute, because, like that foolish monarch, this bird always keeps at the edge of the surf, but is careful to retreat just as far as the waves advance. But there are other theories: one that it was so called because a favorite dish with the king, being given in Drayton's curious poem, "Polybion" (1612), thus:

"The knot that called was Canutus' bird of old,
Of that great King of Danes, his name that still doth hold,
His appetite to please, that far and near was sought,
For him (as some have said) from Denmark hither brought."

Other early authors support this version, but Mr. J. E. Harting, of London, an excellent authority in such matters, brings evidence to show that the word is no doubt the same as our common knot, used in the sense of a cluster (e. g., "Richard III., 3, 1.), in allusion to the habit this species has of going in compact little bunches or knots. It seems probable that this is nearer the truth, and that the story about Canute is one of those *ex-post facto* inventions growing out of an *equivocal* which are so frequent in history as well as in etymology.

In this category also falls the ruff, whose name is usually accredited to the ruffle of feathers around its neck; but as the female is called a reeve, Professor Skeat thinks some different source must be looked to. "Dowitcher" or "dowitcher" can only be guessed at; as dove (which comes from dive, and is a word primitively applied to sea birds) is often pronounced "dow" in England, it is possible that the gray of this snipe's plumage may have suggested some such a name as dove-snipe. "Doughbird" has perhaps the same origin. "Dotterel" means the little sleepy head or doter.

The names "humility" (for *Limosa fedoa*), "wandering tattler," or "sandpiper," and "turnstone," also refer to behavior. "Tell-tale" and "tattler" are applied to various species whose wary eyes are quick to detect the gunner's presence, and to warn the whole region of danger by loud cries. "Stilt," "long shanks," "calico-back," "stint," (stunted), and many others, obviously refer to appearance; one of these is "dunlin" (properly "dunling," the little dun-colored thing; another "brant-bird," or burnt bird, from its charred appearance (cf. brant goose); a third is "avocet," derived by Skeat from the Spanish *avucasta*, coming from the Latin *avis casta*, the pure or chaste bird, in reference to its white plumage; a fourth is "phalarope," meaning in Greek, coat-footed; a fifth "ox-bird" (or "ox-eye" in the United States), in which Mr. Harting finds the Sanskrit root *uksh*, "sprinkled," marking their speckled plumage.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Who's your friend over there?" "He's no friend of mine." "But I just heard you ask him for a loan." "Yes, and he didn't let me have it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Boone and Crockett Club.

Annals

THE annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club was held in Washington on Saturday, February 4. Mr. Arnold Hague entertained the club at his house. Mr. W. Austin Wadsworth presided.

The secretary reported that much work had been accomplished by the club during the year; that they had taken a prominent part in regard to the Alaska game laws, and had also successfully opposed the passage of the repeal of the law prohibiting spring shooting in New York. While the latter is somewhat out of the line of the general work of the club, the club had acted in connection with other organizations in the general interest of the protection of animals. Very satisfactory progress in the cause of game protection has been made during the year. The growth, sentiment and interest in the protection of game is strikingly shown by the replies received from the members of Congress to whom copies of the club book had been sent.

The following officers for the ensuing year have been elected: President, W. Austin Wadsworth, Geneseo, N. Y.; Vice Presidents—Charles Deering, Illinois; Walter B. Devereux, Colorado; Howard Meville Hanna, Ohio; William D. Pickett, Wyoming; Archibald Rogers, New York; Secretary, Madison Grant, 11 Wall street, New York city; Treasurer, C. Grant La Farge, 30 E. 21st street, New York city. Executive Committee—Alden Sampson, Owen Wister, to serve until 1906; Arnold Hague, Winthrop Chanler, to serve until 1907; John Hill Prentice, James Hathaway, to serve until 1908. Editorial Committee—George Bird Grinnell, New York; Theodore Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.

After the meeting of the club, a banquet was held at the New Willard Hotel, at which the following members were present: W. Austin Wadsworth, Madison Grant, Walter H. Brownson, J. Coleman Drayton, Arnold Hague, J. H. Kidder, C. Grant La Farge, Henry May, H. Clay Pierce, Gifford Pinchot, John Rogers, Jr.; Alden Sampson, W. Cary Sanger, M. G. Seckendorff, William Lord Smith, Henry L. Simpson, Hon. John F. Lacey, C. H. Merriam, Major Pitcher, Commandant of Fort Yellowstone, and Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park; Winthrop Chanler, A. P. Proctor, Judge Townsend, John H. Prentice, Senator Newlands. The following guests were also present: Mr. Roosevelt, who was the original founder and the first president of the club; Hon. W. E. Humphreys, Representative from Washington; Hon. Joseph M. Dixon, Representative from Montana; Dr. E. W. Nelson, George Shiras 3d, Charles Sheldon.

Mr. Roosevelt congratulated the club on the noticeable increase in the support that all measures for the protection of the forests and game animals are receiving, and spoke in appreciation of the large part which the club has had in bringing about this state of things.

The event of the evening was an address by one of the members of the club, Mr. William Lord Smith, on tiger shooting in Asia. Mr. Smith has hunted tigers from Corea to Manchuria, China, the Malay Peninsula, Java, India, and finally in Persia, obtaining specimens from each country with the exception of Persia, where the tiger is scarcely a game animal, as it has taken to skulking in caves, and has abandoned the habits which make it dangerous in Eastern Asia. The address was illustrated by a series of lantern slides showing hunting scenes, and was characterized by great modesty on the part of the speaker. Mr. Smith had on exhibition a number of tiger skins and skulls, all of which had fallen to his rifle. The address was one of the most remarkable ever delivered before the club, and excited great interest.

At the annual dinner of the Boone and Crockett Club the guests are invited only by the Executive Committee, and consist solely of men of special distinction in the cause of game protection, or who have achieved some recent and interesting exploits in hunting. A dinner will be held during April, however, when members of the club will be at liberty to bring guests with them.

Following out its plan of endeavoring to interest our legislators and the public in the preservation of the natural resources of the continent—the wild animals and the forests—the Boone and Crockett Club—as above suggested in the report of the secretary—recently sent out to members of Congress and a few other individuals especially interested in the subject, a number of copies of its last publication, "American Big Game In Its Haunts."

The volume is one of about 500 pages, beautifully illustrated. It opens with a sketch of President Roosevelt, the founder of the club, followed by an article from his pen on "Wilderness Reserves," and contains also these chapters: "The Zoology of North American Big Game," Arthur Erwin Brown; "Big-Game Shooting in Alaska," James H. Kidder; "The Kadiak Bear in His Home," W. Lord Smith; "The Mountain Sheep and Its Range," George Bird Grinnell; "Preservation of the Wild Animals of North America," Henry Fairfield Osborn; "Distribution of the Moose," Madison Grant; "The Creating of Game Refuges," Alden Sampson; "The Temiskaming Moose," Paul J. Dashiell; "Two Trophies from India," John H. Prentice.

There are several editorial articles dealing with "Big Game Refuges," "The Forest Reserves of North America," and "Forest Reserves as Game Preserves." The whole makes a work of the greatest interest to sportsmen, naturalists, and those who are merely interested in the economic side of forest preservation.

From the gentlemen to whom the volumes were sent have been received a multitude of notes of acknowledgment, indicating a sincere appreciation of the work of the club as shown in its latest volume, and, what is more important, a hearty interest in this work, and an apparent

wish to co-operate with the club in its efforts to bring about better conditions.

A few extracts from some of these letters of acknowledgment we are permitted to print:

As a sportsman myself, the book will be of great interest to me, and I am in entire sympathy with the splendid work which your club is doing in the protection and preservation of the natural resources of the continent.—WM. P. FRYE.

It has given me a great deal of pleasure to scan its pages, and I shall from time to time have additional pleasure in giving it more careful reading. I live in the land of big game. No State has so varied and ample a supply as Idaho.—W. P. HEPBURN.

I * * * beg to congratulate the club on the good work it is doing.—J. H. GALLINGER.

I assure you of a deep interest in the matter touched upon in your letter, and beg to say that I will gladly support any measures tending to this additional protection and for the creation of additional parks. I consider myself fortunate in the possession of this volume, which I shall take pleasure in reading.—JOS. HOWELL (Utah).

I desire to express to you my appreciation of it, and to assure you of my sincere desire to co-operate in every way possible in the purpose mentioned in your letter. I feel a deep interest in these matters.—GEO. F. BURGESS (Texas).

I am thoroughly in sympathy with the movement, and shall gladly do anything in my power to aid it. My only regret is that my experience in hunting has not yet qualified me for membership in a club which is doing such good work as yours.—J. H. DAVIDSON (Wisconsin).

The publication is one which has aroused my interest, and it will be a pleasure for me to peruse it. In matters of Federal legislation I have been in favor of all measures which had for their object the preservation and propagation of game.—JOHN J. ESCH (Wisconsin).

I am in full sympathy with the aims of your club, and that is an additional reason why I prize the book.—B. S. RODEY.

I am deeply interested in the preservation of forests and of game, and am especially glad to have you call my attention to the articles by President Roosevelt, Professor Osborn and Mr. Sampson.—D. S. ALEXANDER (New York).

I do not know whether it was by design or by accident that you happened to send me this work, but I am very much interested along the line of the work which your club is doing. As you know, I live at Seattle, in a country where there is still some big game, and most of it needs protection, especially the Roosevelt elk in the Olympics.—W. E. HUMPHREY (Washington).

I think you may count upon Congress to act liberally and wisely in the matter of preserving our forests and public parks.—H. S. BOUTELL (Illinois).

You could not have sent me anything more interesting, and I can say to you with enthusiasm that all proposed legislation for the protection of the natural resources of the country and their preservation shall find in me a loyal friend.—ABRAHAM L. BRICK.

You could not have sent me a publication that I would have appreciated more. I have camped eleven seasons in the Rocky Mountains, hunting big game, and I am an enthusiastic sportsman. I enthusiastically favor both State and Federal game protection. I assure you that I will do everything possible in that direction.—BEN F. CALDWELL (Illinois).

I am heartily in sympathy with the object of your club, and I shall take pleasure, when opportunity arises, in furthering the object by proper legislation.—E. Y. WEBB (North Carolina).

I usually succeed in spending a month of each year in the woods myself, and while the time is almost exclusively given to fishing, I am in thorough sympathy with the aims and purposes of your association. I beg to say that if at any time I can in my capacity as a member of Congress promote such purposes, I should be very glad to do so.—J. S. SHERLEY (Kentucky).

I am not only earnestly interested in the preservation of the forests and game of the country, but I am an enthusiastic admirer of the hardy men for whom your unique club is named. The last home and the original burying place of Boone were in Warren county, Missouri, which is in my Congressional district. The Kentucky Legislature promised to erect a monument on the spot where Boone was originally buried in return for the privilege of removing the bones to Kentucky. This promise has never been kept.—CHAMP CLARK (Missouri).

I am heartily in sympathy with the objects of your association, and it will give me pleasure to aid in securing legislation tending to protect and preserve the animals and birds which form a picturesque attractiveness that cannot be spared from the rugged grandeur of our country's wilds.—H. L. MAYNARD (Virginia).

It is late, I fear, for any action to influence the work of the present Congress, but I took pains to introduce the subject at the recent meeting of the State Academy of Science in connection with a paper read at that time, and presented the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Whereas, The destruction of large animals in this country has brought many kinds to the verge of extinction, and promises, unless speedily checked, to ultimately lead to the extermination of all; and

Whereas, Such an outcome would be to the public a serious deprivation by removing natural features of the greatest interest to tourists and pleasure seekers, and of the greatest educational value; to the nation a deplorable waste by the sacrifice of great natural wealth before its value can be calculated, or its possibilities investigated; and to the scientific world at large an irreparable loss; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Nebraska Academy of Sciences, That it does most heartily indorse all measures which may serve to keep the killing of such animals within reasonable bounds and prevent such extermination, including the enactment of laws restricting the killing of them and the setting aside of game and forest preserves under Government control; and further be it

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be furnished for publication to the press of the State, and be also communicated to our representatives in Congress, with the request that they lend all the support in their power to such legislation.

Especially deplorable is in this State the killing of the few remaining antelope and deer and the shooting of eagles.—ROBT. H. WOLCOTT (Nebraska).

The Boone and Crockett Club, if it never did anything else, deserves the thanks of every American citizen for the agitation started setting aside breeding grounds as havens of rest for our big game. That agitation taken up by your club has spread all over the United States; we feel the effects even here in Minnesota, where we have set aside several small tracts of land, where shooting of all kinds is prohibited, and we see the effects in the increase of our big game just from small tracts scattered throughout the State.—SAM F. FULLERTON (Minnesota).

I have always felt that the diminution of sporting with the rod and gun was a loss to the country, a loss in health and happiness, in the pure and beautiful outdoor life. Let us try to preserve it as long as we can. That has been my effort through life, and I am glad that your club is taking up the good work in an earnest way. As the president of the New York Society for the Protection of Game, I can promise you our hearty support.—ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

Heart and soul am I interested in nature and in all efforts to maintain the equilibrium thereof.—E. W. BRACKETT (Massachusetts).

At the last session of Congress I had the pleasure of co-operating in the passage of the bill by which 20,000 acres were added to our State Forest Reserve area in Northern Minnesota. While Governor I succeeded in extending the boundaries of the Itasca Park materially. I also secured a family of beaver for the park from Canada. I hope to see our park and game reserve area extended to at least 100,000 acres in the northern part of our State shortly. I mention these matters only to indicate that you can count on my co-operation in furthering the aims of your club on any and all occasions.—JOHN LIND (Minnesota).

The volume has really much interested me, and I think such publications will be a great help for the protection of our game, as they contribute largely to spread all over the continent the knowledge we ought to have on the importance of protecting our fish and game.—HECTOR CARON (Canada).

The Shiras Bill.

DENVER, Colo., Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my letter of December 16, published in your issue of December 31, in relation to the Shiras migratory bird bill, I stated incidentally that, in my opinion, Congress had no power to extend Federal protection of game over private lands, but could extend such protection over all public lands, as an incident to the control of their occupancy and use, and that this could be effected by regulations in accord with the laws of the States in which such lands lie.

Since writing that letter, and in your issue of the 24th ult., I notice that Representative Lacey, of Iowa, has introduced a bill looking to the designation by the President of a game preserve in the Wichita Forest Reserve in Oklahoma. In this bill not only the idea above indicated is embraced, but it goes further, in that it entirely supersedes the local laws within the limits of the area to be set aside as a game preserve. It is also properly based on the power to control the occupancy and use of the land rather than the right of property in the game, and also confers the power on the "Secretary" of Agriculture to make the rules restricting hunting thereon, and provides the penalty in the law itself, instead of undertaking to authorize the "Department" of Agriculture to make the rules and also prescribe what the penalty for violation shall be, thus avoiding two fatal defects in the Shiras bill.

The committee to whom the Lacey bill was referred not only reported it favorably, but called attention to the fact that the President in a former message asked that such authority be given him as to all the forest reserves in the United States. No general law in this direction has as yet been passed.

Many lawyers have expressed doubts as to the power of Congress to interfere even on public lands with the police power of the States as to game protection. These doubts have arisen from viewing the question on the basis of legislation aimed at game protection alone, and from this view they are unquestionably well founded; but I am quite well satisfied that when this Congressional power is exercised in prescribing merely the conditions under which the public lands may be entered upon for the purpose of hunting (not only game quadrupeds, but birds, migratory, song and insectivorous), it will be a valid exercise of such power, even if one of its effects may be to interfere with the right to hunt as given in State game laws.

The same principle is involved as is involved in the unquestionable right of any owner of land to prohibit others from coming at any time on his land to hunt, while permitting them to enter it for other purposes, and notwithstanding the State laws may give the right to every one to hunt at particular seasons, as such right to hunt confers no right to trespass on another's land for that purpose.

Adirondack Animals.

By courtesy of Mr. John D. Whish, secretary of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, we are permitted to publish from advance sheets the following paragraphs of his report to Commissioner D. C. Middleton:

In presenting the compilation showing the condition of the more important wild animals of the woods, it is a satisfaction to note again the fact that, under the prevailing laws, there is a continuation of conditions satisfactory to the great mass of sportsmen. Recent evidence to this effect was given at the annual meeting of the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association, in December, when the secretary, Mr. W. E. Wolcott, said in his report:

Men who are familiar with the Adirondack region, and have had long experience in deer hunting agree that since jacking and hounding were abolished there has been a marked increase in the number of cervine animals; and that, notwithstanding the fact that the ranks of the hunters have been receiving large accessions annually, there are more deer in the woods now than there were twenty years ago.

There is, however, no question that the hunters had a poor season in the Adirondacks as well as in the Maine woods in 1904. The leaves were late in falling, there was little rain or snow to wet them down or cover them after the trees and brush were bare, and, altogether, natural conditions did not favor good shooting. It is also a fact that many sportsmen were detained from their annual pastime by their interest in the political work of the campaign, and did not spend the usual number of days in the deer forest. Nevertheless the reports of shipments made from various Adirondack points by the American and National Express Companies show that the hunters had fairly good luck in spite of unusual disadvantages. The returns for the past five seasons are as follows:

The Annual Kill.

Year.	Carcasses.	Saddles.	Heads.
1900.....	1,020	89	95
1901.....	1,062	103	121
1902.....	1,354	113	193
1903.....	1,901	145	188
1904.....	1,618	124	152

From this table it appears that those who predicted that the aggregate number of deer killed during the past season would prove to be considerably smaller than the number killed during the open season for several years past were mistaken in their judgment. The figures show that the hunters procured a greater number of deer in 1904 than they did in any previous season except that of 1903, which shows an unusual increase, and which was noted at the time.

Attention is also called to the gratifying results of the investigation made by your order as to the mortality among the deer, the published reports of which were at one time so alarming. Undoubtedly a number of deer died in the Adirondacks and on Long Island last spring, from causes which were not generally understood; but it will be highly satisfactory to sportsmen to know that there was no general epidemic in the forest and that there was no widespread destruction among the herds of deer. The investigation shows that these deaths occurred in well defined localities and from natural causes.

Elk and Moose.

Reports indicate that the number of wild elk in the Adirondacks has increased steadily since the first herd of twenty-two was liberated in June, 1901. The animals are so widely distributed through the Adirondack counties, and have so separated into small bands that it is no longer possible to state accurately their number. It is estimated, however, after making allowance for probable fatalities that there are no less than 200 elk now in the woods. The animals appear to winter well, and the experiment of re-introducing elk into the woods is, no doubt, a success. During the last session of the Legislature an act was passed giving the Commission authority to acquire live elk by gift as well as by purchase. As no appropriation is available, donations of elk to the State would prove highly acceptable, if only for the purpose of infusing new blood into the present herds.

Owing to the lack of an appropriation, it has not been possible to procure additional moose. The friends of the movement to restore this animal to the Adirondacks insist that not enough moose have been purchased and liberated to make the experiment a fair one. They point to the success which has attended the introduction of elk as an evidence of what might be done if sufficient number of moose could be set at liberty.

The Black Bear.

Sportsmen, headed by Mr. H. V. Radford, of New York, last winter secured the passage of an act which gave the black bear legal recognition as a game animal for the first time in the history of the State. Under this law the bear is protected during the months of July, August and September, the time when its pelt is without value. The law also provides for the filing of a report with the commission by each hunter killing a bear, so as to show the place and date and the sex and weight.

The reports received by the commission from the time the law went into effect (May 9) to Dec. 31, are shown in the following summary by counties: Cattaraugus 3, Clinton 5, Delaware 1, Essex 27, Franklin 1, Fulton 4, Greene 18, Hamilton 7, Herkimer 8, Lewis 3, St. Lawrence 6, Ulster 19, Warren 4; total, 106.

The greatest weight record was that of a male bear shot in Cattaraugus county by F. E. Morrison, of Tunesassa. It was 428 pounds. Four other bears reached or exceeded a weight of 400 pounds. Seven were given as weighing between 300 and 400 pounds; nineteen between 200 and 300 pounds, and twenty-eight from 100 to 200 pounds. Seventeen were recorded as weighing less than 100 pounds, three of which were cubs weighing but ten pounds apiece. The weights of thirty of the bears reported killed were not given.

It is not probable that the above records include the entire number of bears killed in the State during the time specified. The Hon. Charles C. Coutant, member of Assembly from Ulster county, declares that fully fifty bears were taken in his county during 1904. If this be true more than one-half were not reported to the commission. While the law enacted by the last Legislature providing for a close season on bruin requires that "Whosoever shall kill or take a black bear shall within sixty days file with the Forest, Fish and Game Commission a record of the date such black bear was killed or taken, the place where killed or taken, together with the sex and approximate weight of said bear," through a technical mistake the penalty of \$25 for failure to so report was dropped out when the act became effective, so that at present the commission is unable to effectually enforce the requirement. It is presumed that the Legislature of 1905 will supply the omission.

In Essex county, where a bounty is paid on bears killed, the Hon. C. C. Whitney, county treasurer, reports that the total number of bounties paid during 1904 was thirty-nine.

Beaver and Otter.

With the appropriation of \$500 made by the last Legislature for the purchase of beaver, which Mr. Radford and other sportsmen hope to restore to the Adirondacks, the commission has been able to purchase three pairs of these interesting animals and an additional male. The beaver were taken to Old Forge late in December, and ordered kept there at the State hatchery through the winter, as it was not deemed advisable to liberate them until spring. The Adirondack guides are taking great interest in this experiment, and it is hoped that in time colonies of beaver will again be found in many parts of the forest.

The last Legislature also enacted a law forbidding the taking of any otter prior to Oct. 1, 1906. This action on behalf of a rare and valuable animal indicates the awakening interest of the people in the more important fur-bearing animals of the State. To preserve, to perpetuate and to restore is every year becoming more and more the wise policy of the State as its citizens come more fully to understand and appreciate the important position which game and forest conservation hold toward the health, happiness and prosperity of the Commonwealth. JOHN D. WHISH, Sec'y.

Four carcasses of dead deer from the Adirondacks were sent to the Bender Hygienic Laboratory at Albany, where they were studied by Richard M. Pearce. The result of the investigation as given by him follows:

Death did not result from an acute bacterial infection as a careful bacteriological examination of each animal was negative. The suggestion in regard to foot-and-mouth disease has not been confirmed. No lesions of tuberculosis existed.

The constant and prominent features are (1) extreme emaciation, and (2) fluke disease of the liver. The first, indicative of malnutrition, points to starvation as the cause of death. Opposed to this, however, we have the knowledge that in each animal, the stomach and intestines contained, respectively, a comparatively large amount of food and faeces. If death was due to starvation, we must assume that the material eaten possessed insufficient nutritive value. It is to be regretted that a more thorough examination of this material was not made. The whole twigs examined appear to be hemlock and spruce.

From the evidence of guides, hunters and others it is evident that fluke disease of the deer is a common, if not constant condition, and that this lesion alone is apparently insufficient to account for death. On the other hand it is possible that this infection with the great degree of blood destruction accompanying it, might in connection with the insufficient food supply of winter, lead to considerable fatality. Histological examination of the liver of each animal shows marked chronic inflammation, while the spleen of each exhibits evidence of extensive blood destruction. I am, therefore, strongly of the opinion that these two factors—poor food supply and fluke disease—are responsible for the death of these animals. In regard to this possibility I wrote to Dr. Chas. Wardell Stiles, Consulting Zoologist of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Washington, D. C., giving him complete data of the situation. In his reply, Dr. Stiles says: "Several outbreaks of liver fluke disease in deer have been reported and, if the infection is severe, I think it very possible that that parasite is responsible for the trouble you are investigating."

I regret that after exhausting every promising method of investigation I cannot come to a more definite conclusion. RICHARD M. PEARCE.

Dr. Ward's Findings.

JUNE 5, 1904.—Hon. DeWitt C. Middleton, Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner: My Dear Sir—To accompany Dr. Pearce's report on the autopsies of four deer which died in the Moose River region, during the past spring, I have been requested by Colonel Fox, the Superintendent of Forests, to add some remarks of a general character.

Almost every spring reports come from some portion of the North Woods that an unusual number of deer have died. These reports spread rapidly, are usually greatly exaggerated as they pass from one reporter to another, and it is very difficult to ascertain the exact truth. In order to get some facts, Colonel Fox and I wrote many letters to actual winter residents in various parts of the Adirondacks and received thirty-nine replies. From these it is perfectly clear that in most localities the deer wintered well, some of the writers estimating the mortality as no greater than usual, and a few as being even less.

On the other hand in the two localities the number of dead this winter appears to be larger than usual. Mr. Elbert Parker, who is in charge of Mr. Robert C. Pruyn's preserve, near Newcomb, Essex county, writes that he has himself found three dead deer on the preserve, and estimates the total deaths this winter at

The distinction between such a prohibition and one involving the protection of game alone, is obvious.

Now, if the President will go one step further than he did in his former message, and request it, or if Congress will take the step without such request, and put not only the forest reserves, but all public lands under similar control and regulations, and require all United States marshals, timber agents and forest officers to enforce the regulations (and see that they do enforce them), it will go far toward solving the question of game protection on all such lands, and will, as stated in my former letter, furnish almost perfect protection to the big game of the West, the great majority of which ranges the entire year on public lands, but on forest reserves only in the summer season.

As to attempted Federal protection of game on private lands, because it may happen to be migratory, as contemplated by the Shiras bill, in my opinion it is clearly an invasion of State rights, no matter how desirable it might be.

That the game within the State, on land or water, although its presence there is transitory, is nevertheless the property of the State in which it for the time being is, has been too long settled by judicial decision to admit of question, and any effort to interfere with this property by Federal legislation based solely on game protection will surely prove nugatory.

I have read all the letters from game wardens and other game protectionists that have appeared in your paper favoring the passage of the Shiras bill, some of them declaring that no sportsman will ever fight it if passed, although of doubtful validity.

The passage of invalid game laws at the instance of enthusiasts in game protection who often leave out of the question, or ignore, the constitutional limitations on legislative power (such as is popularly denominated "one-eyed legislation"), has been one of the greatest obstacles to efficient laws and their rigorous enforcement.

Numerous cases have been prosecuted under such invalid laws, resulting invariably in the defeat of the game authorities and the success of the violators in retaining possession of the game in question, and sometimes in mulcting the prosecutors in heavy damages and costs; the remoter consequences being fear on the part of game wardens generally to prosecute under invalid laws, and corresponding encouragement of violators to continue to transgress all laws.

It is quite true, as stated, that real sportsmen will not fight this bill even if of doubtful validity, but such sportsmen are not law violators.

The meat hunters and game dealers, however, whom game laws are especially intended to restrain, will fight it to the bitter end, and if enacted and found not to be valid, it will fall.

Therefore it seems to me unwise in the extreme to favor the passage of any game law which has nothing but enthusiasm and necessity for its foundation, and the final overthrow of which will result only in weakening the cause of game protection.

Representative Lacey is also the author of the act regulating interstate commerce in game, and is well posted in the legal relations between the States and the United States, and can, no doubt, be induced to formulate and introduce a bill on the lines I have indicated.

As to Federal protection of birds, migratory and otherwise, it is quite probable that it can be lawfully extended to all inland navigable waters and public waters along the coast, by prohibiting shooting thereon (under the guise of enhancing the safety of navigation or something of that kind), except under regulations promulgated by the Secretary of the Department having control of such waters.

D. C. BEAMAN.

**STATE OF NEW JERSEY
FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONERS.**

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am heartily in favor of the movement to place migratory fowl under the protection of the Government. While it may work a hardship in some localities, it is decidedly the best thing to do, and will be the means undoubtedly of preserving the remnant of game that we now have. The difficulty with most States is that the members of the Legislature, in order to please individual constituents, are constantly tampering with the laws and possessing enough political influence to have their measures passed through, and from time to time placed upon the statute book laws in the different States entirely at variance with each other, and absolutely vicious so far as protection goes. Now, with the Government in charge, they would make one uniform rule to go by, and the birds would receive proper protection in every State of the Union. I quite agree with everything stated in your editorial of December 10, and I sincerely trust that all who are interested in the subject will make it their business to advocate the passage of the law. BENJ. P. MORRIS.

Quebec Game Statistics.

AYLMER, East Quebec, Canada, Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following are the numbers of deer, moose and caribou shipped during open season, October and November, 1904, in the counties of Ottawa and Pontiac, as far as reported from stations on the Canadian Pacific Railway, Province of Quebec:

Kipawa, 30 moose; Temiskaming, 22 moose; Grand Piles, from St. Maurice, 3 moose, 1 caribou; Montebello, 74 deer; Pointe-au-Chene, 34 deer; Papineauville, 190 deer; North Nation Mills, 12 deer; Thurso, 8 deer; Buckingham, 35 deer; Hull, 42 deer. Total 391 deer, 55 moose and 1 caribou.
 Labelle Division, C. P. R.—Deer: St. Jovite 22; Mont Tremblant, 15; Annonciation, 13; Labelle, 50; Nominique, 128; total, 228.
 Gatineau Branch, C. P. R.—Deer: Wakefield, 6; North Wakefield, 6; Low, 12; Venosta, 3; Kazabazua, 124; Gracefield, 133; Maniwaki, 9; total, 303 deer; Maniwaki 4 moose.
 Pontiac Branch C. P. R.—Shawville 88 deer; Campbells Bay, 14 deer; Coulonge, 37 deer; Waltham, 4 deer, 3 moose. Total 143 deer, 3 moose.
 Eastern Townships.—Deer: Megantic station, 148; Scotstown, 122; total, 270.
 Total, Deer, 1,220; moose, 63; caribou, 1.
 N. E. CORMIER,
 Provincial Game Warden and Fishery Overseer.

twenty-five to fifty. On a preserve of about 15,000 acres this is certainly a large number. In the same region, near the edge of the burned district, in Township 20, adjoining the Pruyne preserve, Mr. John Anderson, of Newcomb, reports that quite a number of dead deer have been found. Mr. A. J. Chase, also of Newcomb, says that he hears that twelve to fifteen have been found in the Tahawus Club grounds. He expresses the opinion that the mortality has been exaggerated and that we will find that there are plenty next fall. Mr. David Hunter, Tahawus, thinks the condition of deer about medium. He knows of fifteen being winter-killed and thinks that there are probably many more.

As to the rest of Essex county, reports appear to be quite different. Mr. H. G. Alford, of Newman, in the town of North Elba, Essex county, says that reports from the district bounded by Newcomb on the south, Long Lake on the west, Saranac River on the north and Lake Champlain on the east, show that not a single carcass has been found. Since the Pruyne preserve is in the southwest portion of this district, this report is manifestly not literally true, but is probably approximately so for the rest of the region. Mr. B. R. Brewster, also of Newman, says that he has been in the woods himself and does not think that any dead deer have been found in Essex county. Mr. David G. Helms, Long Lake, knows of only two dead deer being found, and thinks that they wintered very well. Mr. John Shandrow, Blue Ridge, Town of North Hudson, Essex county, saw one carcass in February, near Lake Henderson, but thinks that the deer wintered as usual. Hon. George A. Stevens, Lake Placid, Essex county, says that he has been in the woods a great deal this winter, having two lines of sable traps, one fifteen and the other twelve miles long. He saw many signs of living deer, but not a single dead one. He says "the deer have not suffered much in this section. My information is from actual travel in the woods." This evidence is much more reliable than what some one has heard that some one else told his informant.

If the above information is correct, it is clear that most of the deaths in this region were in two preserves, that of the Tahawus Club and Mr. Pruyne's. In this connection it is interesting to note the reports from other preserves. Byron P. Ames, of Ne-ha-sa-ne Park, Dr. Seward Webb's preserve, says "we found thirty dead deer in the park. Much ground was burned over last year and destroyed their food. Six of us went through the woods and lopped down small trees; otherwise many more would have died." Hon. Warren Higley, president of the Adirondack League Club, whose preserve covers 67,000 acres, writes that five dead deer were found in the Little Moose district; and seven in the Bisby district. As to the Honnedaga district, Mr. Nelson and his son, on March 13, 14 and 15, went through the north part of Township 5, Yule Brook, Cobble Stone Creek and headwaters of the Indian River, into Township 8 and back through Township 7 to Forest Lodge, without finding a single dead deer. "There were hundreds wintering in this locality in fine condition, more around Honnedaga Lake than have ever been known before." In two districts of this preserve there appears to have been a considerable mortality; in the third district none at all. In the one watershed the mortality was considerable, on the other practically nothing at all. Mr. E. H. Johnson, superintendent of the Whitney preserve of 59,000 acres, writes that they have found a great many dead deer in this preserve, mostly young ones and old bucks. They seem to have died mostly where they had to eat balsam. They just seem to curl up and freeze to death. We found a number with their ears frozen. "I consider the mortality due entirely to the severe winter." Mr. E. LeBoeuf, of Faust, reports that many died on the Kildare preserve.* Mr. W. Scott Brown, superintendent of the Adirondack Mountain Reserve, Beede's, Essex county, reports only two dead deer found in their preserve. This is the only exception as to the preserves from which we have had reports.

As I understand the matter, your attention was called to this subject this year by the reported great mortality in the Moose River region, a considerable part of which lies in the Adirondack Club preserve, though the waters drain a region some miles to the north of it.

There is no evidence of any unusual mortality in any other part of the Adirondack region. In many regions the number of living deer, in excellent condition, is reported as unusually large.

In conclusion we regret to be forced to admit that we have been unable to satisfactorily account for the unusual mortality in the Moose River region, which, by the way, is not limited to this past winter, but occurred in the winter of 1894-5, and probably in other seasons as well. The snow was deeper than in many other places; but the weather was no colder than elsewhere; flukes are no more common than elsewhere. The stomachs of the deer that we examined were full of food; they did not die of thirst; and there was no infectious disease among them. That there may be some local cause seems possible. It cannot be the air, or the water. It is possible that the food may in some way be improper, and I would suggest that, if the mortality is repeated another year, investigation be directed particularly in this direction.

Undoubtedly the snow was deeper in the Moose River region, where most of the deaths occurred, than in other parts of the Adirondacks, and lasted longer. Senator Douglas informs me that his lumber company, at McKeever, had to spend several thousand dollars more than usual in keeping their lumber roads in proper condition; that it commenced to snow in the latter part of November, and that more or less fell almost every day until March.

The most plausible theory that I have ever heard to connect the mortality of deer with deep snow and protracted severe, cold weather, is that advanced by David Charbonneau, a guide, at Old Forge. He says that after the disappearance of their summer food, the deer are in the habit of subsisting on the roots of the brakes and the "ground hemlock"—a variety of yew; that

this is nutritious food for them; that to get at these two articles of diet, they habitually paw away the snow until it gets too deep; that finally they begin to consume the boughs of the evergreen trees only as a last resort; that the boughs are a poor kind of food, especially poor in heat-producing power; that the deer get along on them in ordinary winters for three or four weeks very well; but that when obliged to subsist on boughs alone for five, or six, or eight weeks of very severe weather, numbers of them succumb not to starvation alone, but to the combined effect of starvation and cold. They may be found frozen to death with their stomachs full of this unnutritious food. This theory would account for the four deer which we examined, and is the only one so far advanced that would.

SAMUEL B. WARD.

Deer Hunting in Wisconsin.

(Concluded from last week.)

Saturday morning the weather was fine, but the ground was dry and noisy. Journey went off north, and Hedrick, Doc and I started southwest down the old railroad bed, leaving Spahr and Bender yet at camp, though Bender was getting ready to cross the creek and go down the wagon road toward Big St. Germain Lake. Hedrick went on to Bass Lake at the west end of the wooded hill, the Doctor climbed up the big hill to the left, while I left the railroad bed and followed an old swamp road to the left of the hill and bordering the creek. As the old road approaches the east side of the hill it is lined with small trees and thicket, the brush standing so thick and rugged as to offer a formidable barrier to any animal as large as a man or deer. Beyond this the timber was cut clean at some time between the months of November, 1902 and 1903, from the top of the hill to the creek. It was one of the finest bunches of young pine I ever saw. Just before I reached this chopping, a large buck jumped across in front of me and stopped behind a clump of small trees and brush, headed toward the hill. I could see his nose and the outline of his back, but hesitated to shoot at either. The second thought was that he would turn and run straight away, keeping the obstruction between us, so I sent a ball into the brush at the chance of hitting him through the body. Now here was a case where I didn't care to be bothered with another deer, for I might have gotten another shot at the buck before he got away; but when I shot there was a ripping noise back and to the left of me, and there, not over twenty-five feet distant, was a doe going at top speed through the thick brush. As she dashed into the old road about fifty feet distant, my finger touched the trigger, but as luck would have it, not hard enough, for she swerved to the right up the road, then turned into the brush on the left. Now or never, I thought, and drew on a small opening only a few inches wide and pulled the trigger, just as her fore parts came in view. She was gone. I turned to run up the hill overlooking the swamp, and then saw my buck make a couple of jumps on the top of the hill, going north toward the Doctor. Knowing I could not make the situation any worse, I hallooed to the Doctor to look out, and ran on as fast as I could. Before I got where I could see what was doing on the hill top, I heard the Doctor shoot three times, and when I got in speaking distance asked him what he shot at. He answered, "A deer." I asked, "Which deer?" He said "A doe." I said, "There is a big buck on the hill east from you." Then the situation was interesting. Bender was standing by the tent looking my way, and I called to him to come up, but he turned and went off across the creek. I had been listening for Hedrick's gun, for the buck could not get through between Doc and I and the lake without going near Hedrick; but presently I saw Hedrick going eastward, and I went up that way also to see what had become of the buck. Then we heard Bender shoot down the road east of the creek, and he told us later that a buck came out of the timber near the creek, and at his shot turned and ran into the timber again. But I am sure it was not my buck, for his tracks led over the south point of the hill, then down to the edge of Bass Lake, and along the shore back of Hedrick as he came up toward the Doctor, then off west after the doe. I trailed him to the wagon road a half mile to the west, and he made squirrel tracks all the way, but I could not follow him further through the undergrowth that covered the hillside. I think I shot him through the body. The Doctor said the doe was wounded, and I had him direct me to where he saw her last. Sure enough, she had slipped and smeared a pole with blood. But she only bled occasionally, and it was the hardest kind of trailing to follow her along an old grass-grown path, zig-zagging, short-circuiting, side-stepping, and all other tricks a wounded deer could resort to. There was very little moisture to cause one track to look fresher than another, and there was scarcely half the time the tracks showed through the weeds, grass, leaves and twigs covering the ground, but we found her. She had left a bloody trail at the foot of the hill, and the Doctor laid no claim to the hide, for the only bullet bark was one at the left of the tail, which angled and lodged in front of the right hip. This showed the direction she was going from me, and something of the speed, for I aimed at her foreparts. For years I have tried to shoot in front of deer that were running broadside, but would forget now and then until too late. I am satisfied that more shots at deer in that position go behind than over them.

The 20th was Sabbath, but while loitering about camp I was tempted to bait a hook and cast it into the pool near camp. I stood around watching the cork float this way and that as it was caught in the ebb and flow, and tiring finally drew the line out of the water. Hedrick had said there were no fish in the pool. He had tried it, so had I, last year and the year before, but only with meat bait, as I was doing now. What was my surprise, when the bait neared the surface, to see a large fish following it. He came on and snapped at the bait as it left the water, then turned on his side, righted himself, and deliberately disappeared. Hedrick and I tried our flip-jacks, but got no bite. Monday I got a dead minnow from a pool back of the tent, where some hunters had been shooting them for bait, and with that I caught a wall-eyed pike that measured 19½ inches by the tape line. The next day Hedrick and the Doctor tried it, and the latter, with a live minnow that he succeeded in netting, caught another pike. These are fine fish, and the two

made a good dinner for our party of six. The weather changed to winter, and the following day I went to Sayner post-office. Mr. S. had gone to the station with the mail and sent back word that a large buck was between the house and station. His sons ran up the road with their guns, but when coming out I saw the buck's tracks in the wagon road. He had simply slipped off to the east and escaped, that was all. On nearing camp saw Bender and Spahr, and learned that two deer had crossed the road a short time before, but none of us saw the deer.

Wednesday Spahr and Journey each shot a rabbit. I had murdered one the day previous in trying to shoot in the swamp near camp with .38 shot shells. They are no good when shot from a rifle. They will do all right to miss with, and they will lead the gun; that's about all.

Thursday, the 24th, there was a light tracking snow. The Doctor stayed in camp. The other boys went west while I crossed the creek and followed the Eagle River road to the east of Big St. Germain Lake. Here I went east, crossing a fresh buck track not far from the lake and climbed the hills. Presently large, damp flakes of snow began to fall, and I climbed up an elevation that gave me a good view and sat down on a log with my back to a blackened stub. Here, then, was Kipling's "blackened timber," but it was not very interesting except by contrast with the "beautiful" which continued to fall in unceasing quantity. The burned-over hills before me resembled in contour huge potatoes with sprout covering their surface, while the stillness, unbroken by voice or flutter of wing, became oppressive. I got up, shook the snow from my shoulders, and sought shelter in the green woods, where I regaled myself with a sandwich of bread, fried mush and bacon, then continued my tramp northward, finally circling toward camp, which I reached about 1 P. M., having covered about ten miles without seeing any game. The bean soup tasted better than any other meal I had eaten in camp, and I lighted a cigar and sat up to the heating stove while the snow turned to rain and rattled on the tent overhead. My note-book reads: "I am sore and tired. My left eye has cold in it, my nose is sore; I have rheumatism in my right arm, and don't feel good generally."

On the 24th there was a light tracking snow, and we did considerable trailing the remainder of the week, but got no game except—yes, except—a couple of rabbits and I doubt if a very large per cent. of the patrons of this paper know how cute these little game birds are. On Saturday I was coming back from a tramp that had extended across Plum Creek or Glen Brook, as it is named, and in the heaviest timber met a rabbit. This is, the rabbit had been going westward and I was going eastward. "Now," I said, "I will just pick that fellow up. He hasn't gone far." So I turned about, although I was tired and a mile and a half from camp, and followed the trail, under fallen trees, around logs, and sometimes over them. Once or twice he had danced a jig or some other figure, and here I had to circle his play ground to find the trail, then follow the long leaps of ten to fifteen feet for a couple of hundred yards again. Finally he passed within thirty feet of a large tree that was blown up by its roots and fallen northeastward. Here the rabbit turned to the northwest, toward two fallen trees that lay with the tops to the east, and just touching the top of the first named tree. The rabbit crawled under the first log, then hopped along between them nearly to the first-named log, then with extra long jump, and lighting with feet all in a bunch, he hiked back southwest to the roots of the first-named tree, and with a long side jump landed on the old root and bunched himself up in as small space as possible on one large root and under another, and about three feet above ground.

When I found him I was about fifteen feet from him and instead of blowing his head off with my .38 rifle, I pulled my little .32 Smith & Wesson revolver, at the crack of which he went off like a streak some thirty steps, jumped up on a small log, then tumbled off dead.

Monday the 28th was a stormy day. I stayed in an "took stock," which showed half a dozen large potatoes about three pounds of meal, two pounds of flour, a mess of bacon, a bit of tea, coffee, butter, five loaves of bread and a little canned goods. Bender came in at 10 A. M. Hedrick about 11. Spahr, Journey and the Doctor, after following a doe all over the green woods east of the big swamp, left her east of Big St. Germain Lake and came to camp at noon, covered with snow and ice. After dinner I went out to Sayner for our mail, and to the station at 4:45 P. M. and interviewed the express messenger on the train as to bringing deer out of the State after November 30. While I was tarrying at Sayner's, the showed me some fine photos, among which was one of maskinongé caught from a small lake some five miles distant. They said this fish weighed 51 pounds when caught. While going out to the station with Mr. Sayner's small boy, he pointed to a small shelter made by leaning poles together in tepee fashion, and told me the startling tale that the buck that I heretofore mentioned had hidden in and been chased out of that lean-to. We passed a tiny school house, and in response to my inquiry, Master Sayner said there were ten pupils now, but after the hunting season there would be about sixteen. I thought of my first school when I was yet eighteen and there were nearly fifty pupils, and there was woods near, and some wild turkeys and foxes. And on Xmas the boys (there were eleven pupils as old as I was) threatened to duck me in a pond if I did not treat them with candy.

By the time we reached the station my gun and clothes were covered with a sheet of ice from frozen rain that fell thick and fast. It was dark before I reached camp, though helped on my way by some settlers driving a good road team to a spring wagon. Daylight came about 7:30 the 29th, and we got ready for business. I went back up the Sayner road to the green woods, and he was tempted by two rabbits that had patted the snow down under the shelter of the jack pine. I found the runway, and after circling the end of one's trail, walking within ten feet of him sitting under the tips of small limbs of a fallen sapling, I saw his dark eye shining by contrast with his nearly white coat and the snow. Of course I got that rabbit; but the other one was lil' Banquo's ghost. When I turned toward camp I did not go far until I found myself in the tracks of two deer that very obligingly were going my way. I had scarce

*Mr. William Boyce, Saranac Inn, writes that Mr. Bedford, superintendent of Mr. Rockefeller's preserves, reports that twenty dead deer have been found on that preserve. He seems to think that more will be found, and has men patrolling their lines.

them out of the heavy timber while following that specter of a rabbit. Where they crossed the wagon road about one-fourth of a mile from camp I left the trail and went to camp.

When Journay came in, he said he had followed the same trail back toward Plum Creek. After dinner I went back and picked up the trail again, hoping the deer had stopped in the heavy timber east of Plum Creek, for it was very cold and stormy. But the deer had turned north toward the railroad and followed the open chopping nearly to Sayner station, then turned east, and I left the trail where it crossed the wagon road, convinced that following deer in the snow is a very poor way to hunt deer. I never had any faith in it, but this was our last day, and it was too cold to stand and watch, so we must either tramp or stay in camp. Now I was at least 2½ miles from camp, and had not tramped less than twelve miles that day. The weather was below the freezing point, and the wind blew strong enough to almost obliterate deer tracks within a half hour in exposed places. I must trudge back to camp and to-morrow pack up. Thirty minutes later I had reached the shelter of the green timber, and from the depressed feeling that accompanied me through the bleak, lonely chopping, my spirits rose with the greeting and my flesh warmed under the influence of the stately young pine trees which formed a perfect barrier to the wintry blasts. The Doctor, moved either by compassion or remembrance of his promise, had a large pan of excellent biscuits for supper, and I felt when I drew up to the table that truly it is an ill wind that blows no good.

The morning of the 30th came like a thief in the night, and I was loth to leave my warm bed, though the hour was late. The Doctor, Snahr, Journay and Hedrick started for a morning hunt, but Bender and I had enough; Charley gave his attention to the kitchen, and soon had some rabbits stewing, while I shook out my bed and beat the ice and snow from the tents, pulled the stakes, and got things as far as possible ready to pack up. The wind had laid, and the sun shone through a film of cloud, so it was not unpleasant work except for the ice that adhered to the bottom of the tents; and by the time the boys came in and we had lunched, I had the tents pretty well dried, and Charley had the kitchen ware assorted and ready for packing. Mr. Sayner came for us with his bobsled, and by 4 P. M. we were at the station awaiting the train. We arrived home at 9:03 P. M. December 1, and have nothing but the kindest feelings for each and every person with whom we came in contact except the two aforesaid gentlemen (?) who visited our camp. Permit me, Mr. Editor, to especially

thank the management of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company and their employes for the universally courteous treatment they have accorded us.
G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Ducks in New York Market.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was interested in an article in your last issue telling of the good work done by the game commissioners in seizing game sold out of season. Personally I neither break game laws nor, fond as I am of wild duck properly cooked, will I even buy game; but although prevented by the Brown law from shooting one duck for my own use, ducks are openly displayed and sold by the butcher stores on Columbus avenue at the present time within one block from where I write. The claim that these ducks are killed south is all rot. This year, for my own personal amusement, I have examined the crops of the following birds: Black duck, broadbill, pintail and teal. Microscopically the contents of birds' crops south of Barnegat, including Currituck and south of there, showed corn, wheat kernels, and a form of green leaf which, from the amount of chlorophyl and the direction of the striæ, I take to be the tops of wild celery. These three things were not in the crops of birds from Long Island which I shot myself. I know where the other birds came from, because they were presents to me from patients who had been shooting on the Chesapeake and Currituck. The corn was probably because they "bait" places in the South. Maryland is quite a wheat country. The neighborhood of the Choptank River raises thousands of bushels shipped to Baltimore by the "bug-eye" fleet.

The result of the matter is that those who support the "lobster palaces" of Broadway, and who would not know a game law if it met them in the street, and could not hit a duck in a year, can get all the ducks they want, while those who respect the law go duckless.

This is too much. One is tempted to take Herford's advice to the Persian kitten and "plead the rumble of an empty tum" for ducks.

HENRY THORP.

The New York Legislature.

Special Correspondence Forest and Stream.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 7.—Amendments to the fish and game law have just been introduced in the Legislature as follows:
By Senator Raines (Int. 247), adding a new section, to be known as Section 43b, so as to provide that trout shall not be sold, exposed for sale or possessed for the purpose of selling from Sept. 1 to April 21 in any year.

By Senator Raines (Int. No. 248), amending Section 23 so as to provide that quail shall not be sold or possessed during the close season, except in the month of December, and possession and sale thereof during December shall be presumptive evidence that they were unlawfully taken by the possessor.

By Senator Raines (Int. No. 249), adding a new section to be known as Section 28a, to provide that woodcock and grouse shall not be sold, exposed for sale or possessed for the purpose of selling from Dec. 6 to Sept. 21, in any year.

By Senator Cordts (Int. No. 271) and Assemblyman Coutant (Int. No. 379), providing that there shall be no open season for wild deer in the county of Sullivan before Sept. 1, 1907.

By Assemblyman Thompson (Int. No. 371), amending Section 30 so as to provide that Wilson, yellowlegs, rail, mudhen, gallinule, curlew, water chicken, jacksnipe, bay-snipe or shore birds, shall not be taken or possessed, in the counties of Niagara, Genesee or Orleans, from May 15 to Sept. 15, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 321), providing a new section, to be known as 15a, so as to prohibit the taking, killing or exposing for sale, any land turtles or tortoises, including the box turtle; also amending Section 16, so as to provide an additional penalty of \$25 for each wild moose or any such wild animal taken or possessed in violation of the law; also a penalty of \$50 for each wild black bear similarly taken; also a penalty of \$100 for each tortoise thus taken, and a penalty of \$10 for each land turtle or tortoise thus taken. Any person failing to file a report with the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the killing or taking of the black bear is liable to a penalty of \$25.

By Assemblyman Leggett (Int. No. 351), a new section, to be known as 20b, providing that bluebills, sawbills, whistlers and sheldrakes shall not be taken on the Niagara River from March 1 to Sept. 15, both inclusive. Nor taken in the night from an hour after sunset until an hour before sunrise.

Assemblyman Standard (Int. No. 362), amending Section 20 so as to provide that wild ducks shall not be taken in the counties of Niagara and Erie, from March 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive, or possessed from March 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive; nor shall ducks, geese, brant and swan be taken in the night from an hour after sunset until an hour before sunrise.

By Senator Davis' (Int. No. 226), the same bill as the Standard bill above.

The Senate Committee on Fish and Game has reported favorably the bill of Senator Cobb (Int. No. 142), amending Section 48 so as to provide that muscallonge less than 20 inches in length shall not be possessed or intentionally taken, and if taken, shall without avoidable injury be returned to the water where taken.

The Assembly has passed the bill of Assemblyman Hanford (Int. No. 165) relative to the close season for woodcock and grouse in Niagara county.

The following bills have been advanced to third reading by the Assembly:

Assemblyman Beebe's (Int. No. 223), regulating the taking of ducks, geese, brant and swan in Monroe county.

Assemblyman Wade's (Int. No. 249), relative to the meshes of nets to be used in Lake Erie.

Assemblyman Wadsworth's (Int. No. 243), relative to the use of set lines in Hemlock Lake.

Assemblyman Foster's (Int. No. 262), limiting the size of muscallonge to be taken.

Assemblyman Wade's (Int. No. 278) relative to the close season for squirrels, grouse, woodcock and quail in Chautauqua county.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.



The Log of a Sea Angler.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "ANGLING," "BIG GAME FISHES," ETC.

V.—Taking a Sailfish.

LAST night I left camp at midnight and walked around the key alone, and I am confident that I know definitely what isolation means.

Deep in the heart of a forest, a stroller may walk out, if his sense of direction is well developed; but on this green-capped coral key the isolation is complete. One may walk, but it is an interminable circle over endless sand that at night has a spectral whiteness, yet strange beauty. The low bush, green during the day, has now a purple hue, and the strange noises of the night come with a crisp distinctness that tells of nerves attuned to a high pitch. The shapes of gold-laden galleons that have been wrcked here rise; the wrecks that have pounded to pieces on the toothed reefs, and the spectral shapes of the sand and various objects stranded in long, irregular windrows, seem exaggerated in the peculiar phosphorescent light that is emitted by the sea that comes piling in on the windward side. The gulls are sleeping; only an occasional wanderer is abroad; its weird cry, intense and strident, bites the very air. As far as the eye can see, the shore line is a mass of ghostly light, while the pounding of the waves has a hollow, insistent booming sound, that adds to the weirdness of the scene.

The previous night I had suggested that we take turns in patrolling the key in search of turtles; but Chief objected at once, and I found, to my astonishment, that none of my companions would walk around the island at night alone. They knew that we were absolutely alone on the key, as we had tramped across the island from every point; yet Long John's excuse was that he "didn't know what he might meet." So I fell to wondering whether this was the lair of the sea serpent, or whether perhaps sirens basked on the golden sands at midnight; but I met none of them, and held to my walk around the north end, leaving the breaking sea behind. The wind was hot, the sand still threw out radiations of heat, and the sea was a blaze of phosphorescence, as I waded along in the shallows.

Suddenly I heard a pouff-pouff, and stopped. A swirl of phosphorescence about thirty feet from the shore told the story of a turtle, and I stood like a statue as it came slowly in. It stopped at the beach five minutes, then deciding that I was a tree, came on, and a few seconds later I sprang upon it. Four or five times I raised it upon its side, and as many times it threw me off with stinging blows; but I finally toppled it over and went swinging down the beach exultant.

Suddenly I made out a figure standing near the brush, then another, then came the resonant voice of Bob, "Whose that?" I did not reply, but kept on.

"Stop, or I'll blow a hole in you," came a tremulous voice; and I stopped.

"Oh, it's you, boss," and the two men came down the beach.

"Who did you think it was?" I asked.

"I'll be dogged if I knew," said Bob, and then I got the story out of them.

"The last time I was over here," said Bob, "we camped out where we are and divided up the turtle watch. Chief went out first, and he hadn't been gone long before back he came and sings out, 'You both there?' and we were. 'Well,' says he—and he hadn't had a drop—I followed a man half around the point; he kept about a hundred yards ahead of me.' We laughed; but Chief said he wouldn't go out again without a gun, and we didn't have any. So John started, and in half an hour he came over the island and said he had met a man on the other side, face to face, and had lost him in the bush.

"Well, boss, we all started out together, and we found there was no boat there, and the next day we walked over every foot of the key and never found a thing or a sign of a soul; so it's kind of unpleasant strollin' over the key alone. The place is haunted, that's a fact."

"That's it," acquiesced Chief. "I made many trips around the key at night, but never encountered the stranger."

When we came over, John had brought two tame pelicans that he had raised from infancy—long-billed, asthmatic, wheezy creatures of bilious mien. They sat on the deck of the Bull Pup, deep in thought when not eating or fishing, and went with us on the daily fishing trips, either alighting on the boat or swimming near us, and wheezing for food, which we tossed them. One morning I found Bob fastening a leather collar about the neck of the birds. This accomplished, he drove them from the sands into the water, where they began to fish. They would rise and fly along twenty feet or so above the surface, and when sighting a school of sardines, turn and plunge downward, head first, with great velocity, opening the large mouth at the impact and endeavoring to fill the net-like pouch. So light is the pelican that it immediately assumes the perpendicular, and whether successful or not invariably wags its short tail and tosses its beak in air, preparatory to swallowing the game.

The tame pelicans did this, but they could not swallow on account of the strap, so gave it up and came ashore, where Bob took the fish. I found I was mistaken in laying the act to laziness, all of which illustrates the fact that circumstantial evidence is not always to be relied upon. Bob merely used the pelicans to catch some special gray snapper bait that was beyond the reach of his cast-net, and the result of an hour's fishing with them was two or three dozen little fishes which he called "hard heads." The Chinese employ loons in a similar manner.

We pulled out this hot day to some coral heads on the edge of the channel, and I tried the gray snapper, which, to my mind, when it can be had at its best, is far ahead of the black bass. The two fishes look very much

alike, but the snapper is the cleanest cut, the gamiest, and on a light rod—and by light I mean a heavy bass rod—is a fish to conjure with, and a 25-pound gray snapper, a few of which I have taken on various parts of the reef, affords splendid sport.

They are usually murdered with big cotton lines, and the fine play of the fish is lost and the sport brutalized. The young on a trout rod afford all the pleasure of this sport, and I was never tired of stocking our well.

On this delectable morning I had caught everything on the piscatorial bill of fare—yellowtail, hogfish, porgy, grunts, and finally hooked a snapper with a bunch of hardheads. In a second he had unreeled one hundred feet of line, and from a short sulk, came bounding upward to turn at the surface and make the circuit of the dinghy at the top of his speed, playing me, not I him, for twenty minutes, and then I purposely broke the line. We did not need him, and to see Chief gaff so beautiful and so gamy a creature was not on my programme. Of all fishes, the gray snapper has, at least to me—the most attractive "face." Its eyes are beautiful, the antipodes of those of the sardines, or the tarpon, black and white marbles which glare at you, fixed and immovable; but the eye of the snapper in the water is a gem, radiant with colors, which give to this fish an expression not found in other fishes.

While I was pretending to mourn the loss of my big snapper, Long John turned and whispered, "Look yander, boss!" I followed the direction of his long bony finger and saw what appeared to be a miniature sail moving slowly along. I knew it at once, though I had never seen the sailfish alive. With a word to Bob, we had the coral hook up and I was standing in the bow, grains in hand, while Long John steered the dinghy after the fish.

It presented a singular appearance; was possibly seven feet in length, its sail-like dorsal and the upper lobe of its tail protruding from the water. The dorsal fin was an enormous affair, nearly as long as the fish, seemingly four feet in height and deeply notched, resembling a huge ribbon fan; and as the sun played upon it, it seemed to glisten and scintillate with many hues. The big fin had a peculiar motion like a fan about to shut up, quivering and trembling. It was moving very slowly, the tail fin working like a screw and wafting it along, a fanciful ship on this glass-like sea, yet the incarnation of power and viciousness I knew full well.

Long John was swearing to himself; he did not approve of the game, but Chief was all excitement; his veins were under pressure all the time with sporting blood; there was no game too fierce, too dangerous, for him. Nearer we crept, and presently I could see the dome-like head of the swordsman, its back looking green against the blue; then the short dagger-like sword; and then I tossed the grains, and into the air literally burst the splendid fish, flinging itself from side to side, giving slashing blows to right and left like the swordman it was.

John backed the dinghy with a rush, and for a few

seconds the fish seemed to go mad, flinging its tail out of water, rolling over and over in a flurry of rage, then suddenly darting away like an arrow from a bow.

I had about fifty feet of line on the grains—sufficient for turtle, but not for game of this kind—so Chief had made fast another rope, and this to the painter none too soon, as the line was jerked out of the dinghy in a marvelous fashion, keeping us jumping to avoid it. The end quickly came, the dinghy being jerked ahead with a force that nearly sent me overboard. Out into the channel we went, back on to the reef again; the fish now dashing into the air, rushing to and fro in a suggestive manner, as though hunting for the cause of the trouble, leaping and plunging, to follow with a rush that carried us half around the island; then, striking a steady pace, the fish headed out to sea. We then took the line, passed it aft and "laid on." How many times I had hauled on big game in this way!—exciting sport, hard work, but here was a game that had it in its power to spit us again and again, and Long John was not backward in expressing his opinion ominously.

"Boss, I'm dogged if I like this yer so'd fishing; he's a reg'lar volador; maybe he's a man-killer, an', Lord! how he's a-pullin'."

At this moment the swordfish was rushing around in a circle about two hundred feet distant, hauling our little dinghy around and over in a manner not particularly pleasant, though Chief had an oar out astern, and was trying to keep her bow to the fish. The swordfish made a complete circle of the boat, and John swore softly to emphasize his view that the fish was hunting for us. So we laid on, the men joining in a quaint chanty, "Blow the man down," as we ran the dinghy up nearer, coiling the slack as we earned it.

The fish continually took us offshore, and here made a fine leap into the air, shaking itself and falling with a crash, to make off in a new direction. Nearer we came.

"Blow the man down!"

We were within thirty feet of the fish, which was bearing down while we laid and held the dinghy to it until it seemed as though she would go under; then "all together!" and she shot ahead. "Once more, lads," and the boat cut the foaming water directly over the fish, and with a rush we had it alongside, beating the water, striking from left to right, rolling over and over, until Chief lassoed the spear, caught it and held on while Long John sent his sharp knife into the white throat and ended the game.

Then we pulled for the key, towing the big fish that soon baited up two or three sharks, which followed up the trail of blood like hounds, only to be beaten off by blows and splashing of the oar. In a short time we had reached the sand and had our fish high on the beach, a splendid specimen of the American sailfish (*Istiophorus*). We had no facilities for securing the skin and tall fin, much to our regret, so cured the head and sword, which made an excellent trophy.

There is a great deal of mystery about the breeding of this swordfish. I frequented this section of the reef winter and summer for five years, and saw many of the sailfishes, but never the young, nor did I ever meet any one who had, and where the fishes spawn, or where they go, is at least to me unknown. Our catch was over seven feet in length, with a remarkable tail, large and powerful, telling the story of its powerful leaps and how made. Chief said there was another—aguja de costa, he called it—that was very rare, but much dreaded. I did not see this great fish, though I hunted for it in deep and shallow water; nor did I succeed in hooking a third and common species, *Tetrapterus imperator*, though more than once we put the grains into specimens and raced with them over the smooth waters of a deep lagoon to the south.

There is a great difference in swordfishes. Xiphias of the North Atlantic is a large and powerful fish, and the records show it to be a dangerous foe, many ships and boats having been injured by it; but it will not take bait, and can only be harpooned. The spearfish not only takes the bait, but is a fine game fish, playing like a tiger and leaping into the air continually, though its leap, which I have often watched, is a clumsy affair, a spring upward not unlike that of the tarpon, a wild, hysterical bound of rage, fear and savage intent, yet unable to turn, the fish falls back bodily upon its belly with a loud crash.

That night after dinner, while we laid on the hot sands watching the clouds change from pink to vermilion, scarlet and other tints that Turner reveled in. John related a weird yarn of his luck with the sloop San Rosalie.

"We were fishin' for red snapper," he said, "on the bank to the south'ard one summer, in the Havana trade. When we filled the well we jest ran over and sold the goods, and was back the next day.

"I reckon we must have rammed into a big so'd fish—they have a way of leapin' on the surface. I was settin' on the rail, fishin', and the smack was hauled up into the wind driftin', but hardly movin', when I see what I thought was a shark fin comin' along cuttin' through the water like a knife. I yelled to the boys to look, and then I see a long, narrer fish like a torpedo—I'll swear it was twenty feet long—then it hit us under the port bow, biff! You may not believe it, boss, but that sloop was head down by the time we got the dinghy overboard, and in twenty minutes she was full, only the air in the well kept her afloat, and we got her into shallow water after a six-hour tow with the two boats, and at ebb tide got at the hole. The fish had struck the head of a rotten plank that had given way, and left a hole in her as big as a man's head.

"When we were gettin' her underway," continued John, who was lying flat on the sands, his red face supported by his long arms, "I saw something thrashing the water, and it turned out to be the so'd fish; so we took it out of him jest for luck. He was swimming in a circle and fighting mad, but I put a pair of grains into him and made him fast and towed most of him in. The sharks got a share, and when we got him on the beach we found that the so'd was broken off, so that his whole doggoned head was splintered. The fish was twelve foot long and must have weighed fifteen hundred pounds; but we didn't weigh him. I never see another like him, and never want to, as when we got the bow of the smack out of water, there was about eight inches

of the so'd rammed into one of the smack's knees; it was in so tight that we jest cut it off."

This large fish must have been the rare *Tetrapterus amplus*, found south of Cuba, of large size.

At daybreak I found the men asleep on the sands that were still warm; they had forgotten the formality of turning in. As I stole down to the beach to reach the warm bath, always ready with its clear sandy bottom, the spit was covered with birds. A flock of flamingoes stood like statues, white and red; roseate spoonbills plumed themselves with spatulalike bills; gray pelicans, laughing gulls, and on a bush hard by a flock of man-of-war birds, by all odds the most graceful flier of bird creation.

I swam down shore near them. Doubtless they thought me some kind of turtle; but as the sun came up out of a bank of vermilion clouds they all went to sea, and as I laid on the beach there began one of those conflicts, illustrating how the other half lives. A laughing gull had alighted on the head of John's pelican just as the latter was about to swallow a fish it had caught, and leaning over snatched it from its mouth and rose aloft with exultant cries, at which a man-of-war bird unlimbered and flew after it; then followed one of the most remarkable contests I have ever witnessed. For twenty minutes the man-of-war bird chased the gull up and down, in and out, dashing at it fiercely, the two constantly rising until they seemed to be lost in the empyrean, then the gull was plundered; it dropped the fish it had filched from the pelican, which fell like a plummet, while the black, red-pouched man-of-war bird followed with a downward rush like a meteor, overtook the falling fish, rose beneath it, caught it deftly in the air, and slowly flew to its perch in the bay cedars to enjoy the thrice-stolen game.

I watched this bold robbery many times, but never knew the pelican to resist or protest when the gull sat on its head or back; nor did I ever see a man-of-war bird fish for itself, though of course it does, but not when it can filch from the laughing gull, the pelican robber, which in turn kidnaps the fishes of the sea.

Age and Angling.

NOWADAYS when the heart is being constantly torn with the woes of the old man—when from day to day he is reported as being shut out of employment in pulpit, school house, counting house and work shop; when great corporations set an arbitrary limit to his usefulness, and even the civil service threatens to fall into line—it is pleasant to reflect that there is an occupation in which the old man still reigns supreme. This occupation is angling.

Considering the matter carefully from the standpoint of an observer, I believe it is not too much to say that the old angler is the most to be envied of all men, and the reasons are not hard to find. Not only does his skill with rod and line remain the same, no matter what his age, but the masterly way in which he outgenerals, outmaneuvers and outshines his youthful rivals is a warning to all to attempt no competition. He is proof against many of the ills that frequently befall old age, being rendered so by the life of exposure he has led. He is always the most companionable of old men, and his fund of humor and stock of stories good and bad make him even more delightful a companion than in his youth; and a certain irresponsibility or vagabondage that goes with the calling adds to his charm. Indeed, few autocrats hold their position in so firm a grasp as does the old angler. That is, if we admit that an angler ever does grow old. His body, of course, will show signs of age. His hair will grow white, his shoulders bowed, his step more slow, his years will string out in an ever-lengthening chain; but whether he ever really grows old—whether, whatever the infirmities of his body, his heart is not always the heart of a boy—whether the day ever comes when a new fishing story ceases to cheer him, when he would not gladly leave his family to care for themselves, don his disreputable fishing garments, and start out if only his strength would permit, is a question that at least admits of discussion.

Why, up the Sock—that blessed region beloved of fishermen—nobody ever dreams of an angler stopping fishing because he is old. They tell of an angler who has been coming up for the trout fishing each spring for ninety years, and who has each year brought along a new rod. The ninety years never seem to occasion much remark. It is the ninety rods that agitate the story tellers.

Neither is infirmity considered a bar, and the experiences of the quick-tempered old judge are still relished. He is said to have kept coming up into this paradise that ensnared his youth—had to, you know, couldn't help it—until at last it took one man on each side to hold him up and one behind to shove him along. Yet even then he vigorously cast the fly, and when a youth of seventy odd ventured to remark on the very few fish he caught, the Judge is said to have shouted maledictions upon him, and to have demanded if he hadn't yet grown old enough to know that a man didn't go a-fishing just to catch the fish.

Still another old chap they tell of who grew rheumatic with advancing years, and who consequently fell a victim to prudence. Not, however, sufficiently to stay at home comfortably and take care of himself. No, indeed, that were too much to ask! But he bought himself an old white horse, and taught it how to wade, and for years it is said this ingenious angler fished each spring from the horse's back with quite the same joy he had felt in his youth, if not with the same luck.

But all of these men were outdone by the angler who couldn't sit up at all, but who had himself bolstered up in the end of a spring wagon. The wagon was then backed into the stream at various favorite spots, and the old man fished to his heart's content over the tailboard.

Now, these men were not old—not one of them. They were boys. Their poor frail bodies had played them false. They had to be propped up and shoved along, bolstered in wagons and mounted on borrowed feet, yet their hearts were not old, and their love for

the sky, the mountain, the clear running water, was just as keen—aye, keener—than it had been when first they tramped the dear familiar paths.

No, they were all of them boys. The very same boys, too, let me say in passing, who years and years before had carried proudly through the streets home to their mothers their first strings of shiners, and who, sitting in the pantry in the dear old home, had related to her the exact manner in which each sunny and chub had been captured. And no one who knows anglers will doubt that these same boys, in just the same manner, with just the same pride and delight, will relate the story of the last fish they ever catch.

Neither do anglers themselves seem to have any idea of age being a barrier to fishing. One young angler whom I know, who is already growing older every day, fully expects to fish until he is an hundred. He expects, he says, to fish for trout until he is eighty, for bass until he is ninety, and to round out the century fishing for catfish. In moments of exaltation he even speaks incoherently of fishing later on over the tailboard of a wagon, as did the old man in the story; and he will do it, unless he dies.

Suppose, however, we admit that age attacks an angler just as it does the rest of mankind, he none the less enjoys a position that largely compensates him for the loss of his youth. Indeed, the old angler comes in time to be a hero in a certain way, and many are the traditions which, of course, are not without some foundation in fact, that fasten themselves to him and enhance his importance. Anyone who has haunted a trout stream knows what I mean. The old man may not, indeed, have the fish all marked and named, so that they answer to his call, as they are said to do, but he does know the secrets of the streams as few others do. That he was always a powerful wader, no one doubts; yet the story that he was able to wade a riffle so stiff that the water ran into his coat collar on the one side yet failed to wet his stockings on the other, or that he habitually waded down the middle of even the swiftest creeks because it was too much trouble to go around by the road, may have to be taken with some discretion, together with other tales of his remarkable endurance and skill, and of his strange influence over the powers of the water. But they are none of them entirely untrue, and all add to the proud position he occupies.

Then, too, no matter what his age, the days are still pleasant ones to him when he can sit in the sun and relate his adventures and listen to those of other anglers, questioning, of course, the truth of every story not his own; when he can criticize every bit of tackle and its unfortunate owner, condemn every new device, and deride unsparingly the unfortunate user of it, point every moral from his sheaf of favorite yarns, scorn every unwelcome advance, knowing full well that his companionship is a prize for which many seek.

In the summer days he still fishes, and frequently routs his youthful rivals completely. In the winter he listens to the tales of the creeks, of the ice, of the logs. The floods yield him interest, and the man with a new story is the joy of his life. Indeed, so well satisfied is the old angler that he envies no one—excepting perhaps Methuselah or the Wandering Jew—and these only because of the unequalled opportunities for fishing their lives afforded. Probably the only real dread he has is of the time when he can no longer tramp around nor sit under the blue sky. Nothing else matters greatly. Sorrow he can bear—has borne in large measure—suffering, privation, disappointment—anything that does not keep him from his land of heart's desire.

Now, whether or not the fact of eternal youth has been proved for the old angler matters not, his enviable old age can not be doubted. For whether he be sitting in the sun, delighting an audience with his comments on modern methods in angling, or mounted on a white horse casting a fly for trout; whether he be propped up in a wagon or shoved and pulled along the bank; whether he be telling his favorite yarn for the thousandth time, or whether he be carrying home only sunfish, there is no time when his age cuts him out; and to the very last he is to be envied above all other old men.

JUSTINA JOHNSON.

Fish Hospital at Vienna.

THE Frankfort (Germany) News states that since the beginning of the winter term a station for research and observation of sick fish has been established at the veterinary high school of Vienna, under the direction of Professor Doctor Fiebiger. Officials of this institution will investigate the biology and pathology of fish. One of the main objects of the researches will be to study whether certain diseases of fish are transmitted to man, and if so to what extent. The scientific diagnosis of the sick fish is affixed to each compartment containing them. Fishes are to be found suffering from smallpox and others from intestinal catarrh. A dolphin was brought to the institute with a disease which was diagnosed as inflammation of the lungs. The director is very reluctant about expressing an opinion with reference to the curability of fish diseases. At any rate instructive observations in the field of comparative therapeutics may be expected.

Florida Fish Killed by Cold.

LEMON CITY, Fla., Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The cold wave of January 26 and 27 which swept over the State of Florida was not only disastrous to vegetation, but killed and rendered helpless many kinds of fish. The tarpon especially were affected by the cold. There were brought to this place between forty and fifty tarpon which had been so benumbed by the cold as to be easily speared by parties who were searching for them. The largest fish was in length 7 feet 1¾ inches, girth 39¾ inches, weight 194 pounds. Several others were nearly this size. Hundreds of small fish of various species were killed outright. Two boys, after being out a short time gathering the fish, brought in 99, mostly crevalle or jack. The tarpon were salted, to be sent to the Key West market, where there is a ready sale for them. So the killing of the fish was not done wantonly.

E. J. BROWN.

Land-Locked *Salmo Salar*.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your issue of January 28, Dr. Daly, of Sussex, N. B., Managing Director of the Pleasant Lake Club, corroborates, from his own knowledge, all the statements made by Mr. Chambers in your issue of December 10 last respecting the fry of *Salmo salar* placed in that lake some six or seven years ago, and confined to it by an arrangement made to prevent the fish from escaping. Dr. Daly's experience seems to have been more extensive than that related by Mr. Chambers, whose one rod caught fifty in a day, all about the same size, some ten inches in length. From the Doctor's letter we learn that he has caught these smolts from twelve to fourteen inches in length, and that he and a companion "were compelled to move their boat on account of catching salmon only."

Since both Mr. Chambers and Dr. Daly vouch for these facts, The Old Angler must not doubt them, and hence he is compelled to reconsider and revise all he thought he knew about salmon and trout acquired from extensive reading and the practical experience of a long life with exceptional facilities for the study. In the interests of science it is much to be regretted that Dr. Daly did not enter somewhat more fully into particulars. As the case stands, there is a lamentable want of data for careful comparison. If confinement in this lake has not essentially changed the nature of the fish, some of them should have attained maturity in the fourth year, and should have spawned at least twice since, if *Salmo salar* is an annual spawner.

From what we know of landlocked salmon in other lakes, we have no reason to think that any essential change has been produced in the last hundred years. The ouananiche of Grand Lake Stream to-day are precisely similar to those caught fifty years ago. If a considerable number of the fry, as Mr. Chambers and Dr. Daly state, escaped their enemies and attained a length from ten to fourteen inches, it is difficult, in the present state of our knowledge, to believe that none attained maturity—say an average of twelve pounds—like their parent fish in the Miramichi. If any considerable number attained this size, it is most extraordinary and wholly unaccountable that, in all these years, no member of the club has ever caught one, and that, so far, the largest Dr. Daly caught has not exceeded fourteen inches in length—say a pound in weight!

We are told this is a scientific age—that "the schoolmaster is abroad," and natural history forms a part of the curriculum of all our high schools. We have been informed by two writers in your columns that the so-called sea trout is a true sea fish that comes into our rivers to feed on salmon ova. By another we have been told that it is identical with the brook trout, but is spawned and brought up in the sea; by still another that it is a "marine type" distinct from the "fluvial type," which last dictum is applauded and indorsed by the genial writer who first made known the wonders of Pleasant Lake, where an instance of transformation is in progress beside which those recorded by Charles Darwin are commonplace. This is vouched for by the manager of the club which controls the water—a club which includes among its members several professional men of high standing, some well-read and skillful anglers, and a number of intelligent, practical men quite capable of appreciating the biological phenomena involved in the statements made by Mr. Chambers and Dr. Daly; and yet no specimens of this transformed fish have reached the natural history museums of Canada or the United States.

While thanking Dr. Daly for his kind offer of the hospitalities of "Kamp Kill Kare," the writer deeply regrets that his age and physical infirmities will prevent him from investigating on the spot the phenomena presented by this unique case. He can only hope that during the coming summer the Doctor himself or some other member of the club will send him specimens of these *Salmo salar* fry which, in seven years, have attained a length of only fourteen inches and a weight of about one pound. If any of your numerous readers can tell of a similar case, he will help the cause of science by making the facts known through your widely-read magazine.

THE OLD ANGLER.

SUSSEX, N. B., Jan. 30.

Under the Gilded Dome.

BOSTON, Feb. 4.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Twenty-nine different bills have been referred to the Legislative Committee on Fish and Game in our State. House bill No. 157 provides for an outlay of \$2,000 for the purpose of collecting statistics in regard to damage to food fish caused by dogfish and other predatory fish; this in view of the fact that a bill for this purpose is now pending in Congress. The money is to be expended under the direction of the State Commissioners on Fish and Game. House bill No. 214 provides for the continuance of the close season on quail on the Island of Nantucket until the first day of March, 1908. House bill No. 251 provides that the open season on quail be the months of November and December instead of October and November as at present. It has been the contention of sportsmen generally that after the leaves have fallen the birds should not be slaughtered, and that to continue the open season into December would be very unwise. Bristol county has been persistent in its desire to make December an open month. House bill No. 252 prohibits the shooting of wild ducks "from a boat, raft or other structure in any pond owned by the State or any fresh-water pond," and to allow their shooting only from the shore "in the county of Dukes county." This bill is the outgrowth of occurrences described by your correspondent some weeks ago, when a State officer slaughtered many ducks in a manner contrary to the customs of the natives, and to what they regard as an unwritten law of the county.

House bill No. 287 is designed to repeal the provision which gives deputies the right of search in enforcing the laws against short lobsters. It originates from the North Shore, which has always been conspicuous for violations of the lobster laws. House bill No. 288 provides for a license fee of \$10 to be paid by "every unnaturalized foreign-born person" before beginning to hunt in this Commonwealth. One-half the money so paid is to go to the town and the other half to the Commissioners, to be used

by them for the enforcement of fish and game laws. House bill No. 289 is designed to fix the length of trout that may be legally caught in the county of Berkshire at five inches; in all other counties, six inches. The question of the length of trout that may be caught in the four western counties, like Hamlet's ghost, "will never down."

House bill No. 336 originates with the Springfield Sportsmen's Club, and is sure to have strong support and perhaps equally strong opposition. It provides for a license fee of one dollar for citizens of the State and of ten dollars for "unnaturalized persons." One-half the money derived from the sale of licenses is to be used by the Commissioners for "the employment of game wardens for the enforcement of laws for protection of birds and game, and one-half for the importation and liberation of quail," but 10 per cent. of the same in any year may be transferred from one class to the other. The bill, however, exempts persons hunting on farm land owned or leased and occupied by them and any member of the owner's family "acting with his authority and consent." This last provision leaves a wide opening in the bill. Another provision limits the bag of ruffed grouse to five in one day. Section 9 puts a limit of three years, unless sooner repealed. From interviews with many hunters, the writer is of the opinion that there is a growing sentiment in favor of some such enactment and some express doubt whether it will ever be possible without such a law to put a stop to the indiscriminate slaughter of every species of bird by the horde of foreigners which swarm in all our manufacturing centres. Others think such a law will antagonize the farmers and lead them to post their lands much more extensively than they do now. The hearing on this measure is sure to bring together a large number of men with diverse opinions. Last winter a similar bill met with no favor from the committee.

Representative Charles S. Davis, of Salem, is sponsor for a bill which ranks as a curiosity, not only in its provisions, but in phraseology. It embodies the chimerical plan, which has been broached before of regulating the size of lobsters caught by the distance between the slats of the pot. It does away with all measurements of lobsters.

It seems, to the writer, that the purpose of the bill could be accomplished in a much more direct way, by simply expunging every statute for protection of lobsters. Possibly that might be the quickest way to convince lobster-fishermen that they cannot "have the cake and eat it, too." We shall be interested to see what the hearing on the bill will develop.

Our fishermen friends in Franklin, Hampshire and Hampden counties have in a bill to fix the length of trout that may legally be caught in those counties and Berkshire at five inches. To outsiders it appears they have a good reason for desiring that they be put in the same class with Berkshire. Perhaps some time they will all agree to be classed with the rest of the State and agree to a six-inch limit.

House bill No. 441, by Salem D. Charles, provides for a fine of \$50 for the owner of a dog found chasing a deer, "with the knowledge and consent of the owner or keeper," and authorizes the killing of the dog under such circumstances by any person.

Mr. J. A. Cook asks for legislation to prohibit the taking of fish by nets and seines or any movable device in certain waters of Cape Cod Bay and Nantucket and Vineyard Sounds.

House bill No. 560 is to prohibit the running at large of female dogs. When Mayor Bryant's bill (Senate No. 143) is heard, the largest committee room in the State house is liable to be too small to accommodate all who will desire to be heard for or against the fox. I will try to keep your readers informed of the result of hearings.

CENTRAL.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

A Fly-Book Revery.

A wild northeast gale is blowing and the snow, in dense masses and in fleecy clouds, is fleeing across the fields and pastures, bidding fair to pile up drifts which will fill the roads and obstruct travel in all directions. The sky is of a leaden darkness, and so furiously are the clouds of snow driving along, the entire horizon is shut out, the view from my study window being circumscribed to a very few rods.

The northern sides of the pines and the buildings nearby are so densely covered with the fleecy mantle they seem almost like grotesque creations of snow, and the windows are completely hidden from view. How the wind howls as it rushes by the house! It seems impatient at being shut out from the warmth within. Not a sign of life is visible, even the sea gulls and crows seeking protected hiding places from the blast. Yesterday a small flock of those hardy little sprites, the blue snowbirds or juncos, were flitting about the dooryard, busily engaged in seeking for the seeds of weeds and grasses which were left uncovered by the snow; but not one is visible to-day, and probably they departed during the night for a more genial clime, where snow drifts and ice and cold and piercing winds are unknown. Plucky little mites they ordinarily are, and, like the chickadee or black-cap titmouse, they often brave the intensest cold; but many there are which mount high in the air when a storm like this is approaching and wing their way to the sunny South.

Huge rollers from the mighty Atlantic are rushing and crashing up the long, shelving beach a few rods from where I sit by the cheerful fire of the king of grate coals, that from the "Old Sydney Mines," and with a thundering roar dash upon the rocks and boulders with tremendous force. The surface of the ocean has lost its cerulean hue, and is of a leaden gray and white, and has a cold and hungry look.

This is winter—frigid, storm-bearing, relentless winter—the season which has the fewest attractions and enjoyments for those who are obliged to endure its rigors. It is true, it has charms for the hunter; to him who has the vigor, strength and endurance to follow the mighty moose or restless caribou over the snow-covered barrens or through the dim vistas of the forest, to him it is a

season replete with exhilaration and keen enjoyment; but to the angler its long and weary months are blank ones in his existence. The glorious rivers and streams whose meanderings he follows in the halcyon days of summer in quest of the royal salmon or the beautiful and gamy trout, are sealed with ice; and where a few short months ago were pools upon whose surface he cast the delicate feathered lure, nothing is visible but drifts of snow and huge masses of particles of ice which have accumulated below the rapid water that still comes down from the mountains many miles away. But if he is debarred by the inclemencies of the season from visiting those dearly loved streams, he still has the blessed privilege of enjoying in retrospect the pleasures that on them have been vouchsafed him.

On such a day as this when I am storm-bound, as it were, my thoughts, like those of my other brothers of the angle, revert to the many thrilling encounters I have had with the denizens of the water, and instinctively I remove from the tackle cases my fly-books filled with the beautiful feathered lures which have in the past given me such perfect enjoyment, and examine them one by one and smooth their delicate fibers as tenderly and softly as does the loving mother stroke the golden tresses of her darling.

To the uninitiated the contents of an angler's books seem but a collection of more or less gaudy imitations in feathers, wool and tinsel, of moths, butterflies and other insects. As imitations they are really impossibilities when viewed in such a way, for most of them resemble nothing that ever possessed life and motion; but to him who has acquired a knowledge of the peculiarities each fly has when drawn through the water, they are not weighed and valued as artificial insects, but are to him delicate, even exquisite, pieces of handiwork especially adapted as lures for the capture of certain species of fish in different waters, and even in different conditions of water.

Fishing with the fly has been a rulling passion with me for many years, and I have, in consequence, a large and varied collection which has been gathered from many sources on both sides of the Atlantic. These flies have been arranged systematically in different books, according to the variety of fish for which they are intended. Thus in one or two books are nothing but salmon flies; beautiful creations they are, and wonderfully perfect in texture and workmanship. In another book are trout flies, and the variety of these and the delicate manipulation displayed in their construction are as great, if they do not exceed, even those that were bestowed upon the others. In another book are flies especially intended for the gamy black bass and the maskinongé; most of these latter are large and rather gaudy affairs, such as no angler would ever think of offering to a trout or salmon, and in still another book is a collection of faded, tattered wrecks of flies, each of which has its history and brings to memory incidents that have transpired and struggles with gamy antagonists in the long ago, and causes the eye to brighten, the nerves to tingle and the hand to grasp impulsively, as if the fingers clutched the rod, whose supple form is bent in a great circle by the struggles of a splendid fish that has been hooked. Most anglers discard those frayed and torn creations, but I have saved mine as scrupulously and almost as tenderly as does the lover treasure the letters of his sweetheart, or the mother the toys and trinkets which delighted her daughter when she was but a child; and I sometimes feel that my collection of broken, bedraggled flies is of as high value to me, if not higher, than is that of all the rest.

The Tomah-Jo Fly.

Among these defaced and broken lures are three or four of one of my favorite flies, the "Tomah-Jo," which was named in honor of, and probably was first put together by an Indian guide who lived in a little Indian settlement near Princeton on the lower of the Schoodic chain of lakes.

Tomah Jo was well known to anglers who visited the Grand Lake stream in the long ago in quest of the landlocked salmon, or, as it was called in those days, the "white trout" and the "Schoodic trout," and the old fellow was as expert with the fly-rod as with the paddle and setting pole. This fly, which is now a great favorite among anglers who follow the ouananiche and other so-called landlocks, is tied with a yellow and white floss body; wound quite hard around it is a narrow strip of silver tinsel. The tail is composed of a number of fibres from the crest of the Chinese golden pheasant; the hackle, which is rather full, is red and yellow, and the wings, which are somewhat large in size, are made of the beautiful striated feathers, with their black and white bars, from the ruff of the wood or summer duck. The first of these that I will speak of here is so badly torn by the sharp teeth of sea trout, that it is almost unrecognizable. I had used it on that beautiful and picturesque river, the Jacquet, which empties into the Bay des Chaleurs, a few miles from Dalhousie, and it proved a taking lure, for I succeeded in landing two salmon with it, much to the astonishment of my guides, Hiram and William Miller, to whom it was an absolute novelty. I had for a long time been casting on two or three of the best pools with the usual varieties and changes of flies without succeeding in stirring a fin; we knew that salmon must be lying in them, but they seemed to have been educated and disdained to accept my offerings.

Having on many occasion proved that the Tomah-Jo was a grand lure among the landlocks, and, believing I could do no worse than I then was doing, I affixed one to my casting line and threw it out, and this in opposition to the advice of the Miller brothers, who declared it was too large and light-colored for those waters. As a rule, experienced guides are good advisers in the matter of choice of flies, but they dislike innovations and they are, moreover, not infallible; but when I rose my first salmon and hooked and landed him, their excited congratulations knew no bounds.

"Really, sir!" exclaimed Hiram, removing the fly from the salmon's mouth and smoothing the ruffled feathers carefully, examining its make-up critically at the same time. "I never saw its like before!"

"Nor I," added William. "'Tis a beautiful fly, surely, but the last one I would pick for a salmon."

After my second fish was landed with that fly, the delicate wings were broken and torn, and I relegated

it to the compartment in my book in which I kept flies for use among the sea trout, whose sharp teeth soon make tatters of the fly they are allowed to take. I used the Tomah-Jo subsequently for salmon on the Miramichi and Nepisiquit rivers, and it always proved successful. Of course, I had them tied in different sizes to meet the requirements of different conditions and stages of the water; the wings, when dry, seem to be over long, and, light-colored as they are, they would hardly seem adapted to any but deep, dark pools. But after they have been cast two or three times, the feathers of the wings lose much of their stiffness, and shortly the fly, when drawn beneath the surface, has much of the appearance of a small sand-eel, and at times one would almost believe it is a capelin when in motion. Without at all resembling the ordinary silver-doctor, it has qualities, when being moved, that remind one of that killing lure, and I have often imagined that it was taken for a minnow rather than for a presentment of an insect.

I have a half dozen or more of mutilated ones, each of which has landed at least one salmon and no end of sea trout, and several others show the hard usage they have received from the ouananiche and the landlocks. Of the former, one is tagged as having landed four of the first named fish in fifteen minutes on the Ashuapmouchouan River, which empties into Lake St. John, P. Q., near the village of St. Felicie. None of these ouananiche was over two pounds in weight and, as I was using my heavy salmon rod, they were quickly brought to the landing net, more quickly, in fact, than would as many fresh run grilse; with lighter tackle the record would, no doubt, be quite different.

I have stated that the Tomah Jo originated in the fertile brain of an old Indian guide of the Schoodic Lakes. The genesis of the fly is given by my old friend, Charles W. Stevens, in his charming little book, "Fly Fishing," as follows:

"I turn to my work. Does the brown son of the forest do likewise? No; he has discovered my fly-book by my side; a satisfied grunt attracts my attention; I look behind me, and see the work of Sarah McBride's delicate fingers passing under the examination of his critical eye.

"Those good flies, Mr. Stevens—McBride?"

"Yes, Sarah's."

"Sarah, she make good fly; that fly made like one I sent you; salmon take that fly, sure."

"Undoubtedly, Tomah, she made these from your sample."

Yes, this fly is, and always was, a taking lure on Grand Lake stream. It is true that those landlocks are not, as a rule, at all fastidious, for it hardly ever happens that they will not rise to almost any feathered lure that may be cast to them, but there are times when they are not particularly voracious, and it is then they invariably rise to the Tomah-Jo.

The changes through which that river has passed are somewhat peculiar. A half century ago the gamy little salmon were so abundant in its pools that they seemed absolutely numberless, and the veriest "fish-hog" could satisfy himself without diminishing the myriads which filled the stream. When the great tannery was erected on the river, the fish abandoned the stream almost entirely, and for a number of years very few passed beyond the dam at the outlet of Grand Lake. But with the destruction of the tannery and the subsequent restoration of the river to its normal condition, the fish once more began to appear in the pools, and they are now, as I am informed by one of my correspondents, almost as numerous as they were in the '60s, and they average considerably larger in size than did those fish.

Those who are familiar with the great prices that are paid for angling privileges on salmon rivers will, no doubt, be surprised when I state, that about forty years ago the whole of Grand Lake stream, with its contiguous shores, was offered to a gentleman of

Boston, the late lamented Prouty, whose memory is very dear to old-time anglers, for a ridiculously small sum, a few hundred dollars. Mr. Prouty, who was a lover of the landlocks, endeavored to induce some of his friends to unite with him in purchasing the river, but was forced to abandon the project for the reason that, as angling privileges were everywhere free and abundant, no one thought it worth his while to spend money in buying a river.

If Grand Lake stream were now on the market, I venture to say that one would have no difficulty in obtaining subscriptions of many thousands of dollars for it.

The Kennel.

A Fox and Rabbit Hunt.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual fox hunt of the Sportsman's Protective Association of Eastern Massachusetts, held at Wilmington, Mass., Dec. 15, last, met with such favor, that the Association voted at a subsequent meeting to hold a combination fox and rabbit hunt, and to that end a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. M. E. S. Clemons, John Baxter, J. Allen Eames, B. F. Goodwin and Dr. A. E. Merrill, to take the matter in charge. This committee arranged for the hunt at North Reading, Mass., Saturday, Jan. 21. The town hall was secured as headquarters, where members and friends, to the number of sixty-four, congregated at 8:15 A. M., and at 8:30 A. M., a photograph was taken by Mr. Geo. R. King, of Boston, after which the party separated and started for the hunting grounds in two sections. The first section, J. Allen Eames in charge, with three dogs, headed for the northwest part of the town in the vicinity of Martin's Pond. The second section Frank Black in charge, with eight dogs, selected the northeast part of the town.

The day was an ideal one for this season of the year, and the party had hardly got into the woods before the chase was on in earnest, and excitement ran high the entire day. Remus, owned by Fred Skinner, of Lynnfield Centre, was in his usual good form, and jumped two foxes within a few feet of each other and drove them in almost a direct line to J. Allen Eames, who killed No. 1 and badly wounded No. 2, but he made his escape. The second fox killed was by J. D. Montgomery, of Lynn, and the third by Percy R. Bridgett, of Boston; a fourth was wounded by Justin Curtis, but, like the second one, made good his escape. The foxhounds outnumbered the beagles many times, but those who followed the beagles, reported some royal good sport. Seven rabbits were bagged; one by Justin Curtis; one by John Haggerty; one by Geo. Baxter; one by T. E. Webb, and three by James Baxter.

At 4 o'clock the hunt was called off, and all returned to headquarters, where a tempting spread was in waiting, served by caterer C. H. Curtis, of Wakefield. Mr. Geo. R. King, the photographer, was evidently not idle during the day—although he did not take part in the hunt—as he had on exhibition at the banquet a picture of the party which he had taken in the morning. Among those who took part in the hunt were:

M. E. S. Clemons, E. H. Ives, Dr. A. S. Lamb, H. E. Blake, G. B. Beaudrey, R. S. Burgess, Arthur S. Abbott, Jas. E. Boutwell, J. A. Long, W. J. Ballou, John J. Connell, John Geary, Geo. E. Gill, Chas. E. Taylor, E. W. Coombs, A. J. Amart, H. E. Wentworth, G. E. Martin, J. Allen Eames, L. G. Durkee, Wm. McLeod, Geo. N. B. Lord, Calvin Penny, C. L. Ford, John A. Roberts, F. K. Black, L. Black, Chas. R. White, R. F. Loring, W. S. Kinsley, T. R. Sheehan, John Haggerty, Fred Skinner, N. F. Ives, M. F. Emilio, W. R. Wheeler, E. Seebis, Leonard Chapman, P. W.

McIntire, Dr. W. M. Parker, Chas. R. Forsythe, M. F. Holt, G. N. Poland, Ed. Danahey, F. H. Hackett, Arthur Bliss, Jr., James Baxter, D. T. Strange, Geo. F. Baxter, Thomas E. Webb, J. Hugh Smith, Albert McIntire, A. P. Joll, Wm. H. Jones, J. D. Montgomery, Daniel W. Eaton, L. A. Penney, Justin Curtis, Dr. Chas. Henderson, A. Chandler Manning.

After the dinner, the party broke up, all agreeing that they had spent one of the pleasantest days of the season. An invitation was received from the Middleton Fur Club to join them Feb. 22 in a fox hunt, to be held at Middleton, Mass.

The Sportsman's Protective Association of Eastern Massachusetts, while in its infancy—being organized June 23 last—has a membership of 161. A fund is now being raised by the Association to be used for the purchase of quail, to be liberated the coming spring, and any person who is interested in the propagation and protection of quail and who wish to contribute to this fund, are requested to send their subscriptions to the secretary, Vinton W. Mason, 1290 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. The objects for which this association stands should commend itself to, and receive the support of every sportsman in this section. Every bevy of quail known to members of this association are being cared for this winter—a step fully as important as restocking.

V. W. M.

Dog and Fish Bones.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "The Novitiate's Rainbow," published in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 4, afforded me unlimited delight in its perusal—up to the point where I read the following portrayal of an act of barbarism, which would have been degrading even to untutored savages:

"It was a simple thing to run the thin blade of a steel knife in at the gill and deftly turn the point, so as not to disturb the ribs. Thus one entire side of the trout was lifted unbroken on to a platter—smoking hot. A similar motion, and the entire bony framework was lifted away from the lower side and cast into the midst of a pack of hungry deer hounds. One lean fellow caught the morsel on the fly with wide open mouth, the others looked disappointed and as though they wished they had been the lucky dog. The latter a moment later probably wished the same thing, for he had swallowed it without knowing how hot his prize was, and demonstrated that dogs can shed tears. If he didn't get indigestion, he was surely a wonder." What a pleasure! What a pain!

How any man, particularly one who claims to be a sportsman, could find it in his heart to perpetrate such an act of wanton cruelty on a dumb and helpless companion, is impossible to conceive and condone.

The dog's life was endangered, first of all, with the fish bones, even if they were cold; to throw them smoking hot to a dog was an act which, I am sure, for wanton, barbarous cruelty is unknown to the genuine barbarian.

HUMANITY.

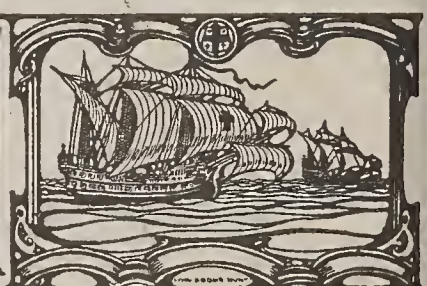
A Good Dog Done to Death.

DERRY, N. H., Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Chas. A. Sprague, one of your subscribers and a friend to game and good dogs, met with a loss that a sportsman most keenly feels. His only dog, a pointer right in its prime, most thoroughly trained and a dog of unusual talent, was shot to death by a native, who has more guns than good sense. The dog wandered from home. The dog was shot probably by mistake by some one who thought it was a dog that had killed his sheep. But he takes the New Hampshire loop hole to save his neck by claiming the dog was "chasing a deer." This is most improbable, but who can prove that it was not? There is no redress under such a law, and it should be wiped from the statute book, as suggested by Mr. Stark.

J. W. B.



YACHTING



An "Escapade."

Log of the Yawl Escape.

BY GEORGE MATTHEWS.

"SAFE around the Cape" was the message that came from Provincetown, and it meant that my friends had made good their very welcome offer to take the yawl Escape, of New York, over the shoals and deliver her to her owner "somewhere to the eastward" that he might get a good start for one of his periodic voyages to the Maine coast.

The fast express that night carried the "Old Man" and his 17-year old son "Dodo" to Boston, and about noon on the 6th of July, 1904, they were welcomed aboard Escape by Emil, the sailing master, who declared the sail around Cape Cod was the finest run the boat had ever made.

Log.

July 7.—All hands called at 5:30 A. M., and vessel under way at 6:30, with a light and baffling wind, which continued all day. Fog shut down occasionally, but land was made out near Gloucester just before night shut down. Light airs off the land kept us drifting about until 2:30 A. M., when we managed to sneak in behind the breakwater and drop anchor. It was a very tiresome day's sail.

July 8.—The morning came in hazy, with only a light air fanning out of the east. The sleepy crew got up sail, and at 10:30, there being a little more breeze, we started out.

Skirting close along shore, by Eastern Point, with the beautiful hills back of Norman's Woe astern, and Thatcher's Island with its two tall towers ahead, we had our first sample of the rocky and picturesque stretch of coast that reaches from Cape Ann away to Labrador. We passed close by the bold rocks of Thatcher's Island, and Dodo took a snap-shot with the kodak.

Afternoon.—It is now clear, and a brisk little breeze bowling us along toward the Isle of Shoals. Around us fish are jumping, and Dodo has just landed two with the bluefish tackle. A fisherman in a dory tells us they are pollock, which is strange, as I did not know that pollock would bite at a troll. They are about two pounds each, and we shall have fish for dinner. A beautiful big yawl has been chasing us all day, and is now passing beyond our view out at sea. We think that she must be Vigilant.

Evening.—As the afternoon wore away, and it came time to hunt a harbor, we consulted the chart and decided to try Little Harbor, a landlocked little port at the entrance to the larger but unsatisfactory anchorage of Portsmouth.

The entrance to Little Harbor is a narrow passage between breakwaters, but we were spared all difficulties by following in a couple of local boats, which were returning with sailing parties. We had to slack off sheets and zig-zag in to avoid passing our guides, who finally pointed out the best anchorage to us and then went on their way up to the head of the harbor.

This is one of the sweetest little places imaginable, perfectly sheltered, the water just deep enough, and the only sign of civilization a beautiful big hotel quite

a way back from the water, among the trees, but near enough for us to hear the music and enjoy the brilliant illumination. We set our collapsible lobster pot, baited with some of the pollock, and, after enjoying the lovely evening a while, turned in.

July 9.—Another perfect day, with a light S. breeze. No lobsters in the pot. Got under way at 8:45, and stood up the shore, Vigilant following out of Portsmouth and soon passing us.

Caught another pollock. A grand breeze sprung up this afternoon, and we were off the lights of Portland by dark, and anchored off the yacht club house by 7:30.

July 10, Sunday.—Went ashore and found Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show just unloading from its train. The Indians, Cossacks, Japs and cowboys looked as though they had had a hard night's trip. We wandered about the quiet town and tried to get our soda water and provisions—sent from New York—from the steamer wharf, but, having no bill of lading, the agent would not give them up. He finally agreed to deliver to-morrow, if we sent yacht's boat as a sort of identification. Mate Struthers, with two large grips, arrived via S. S. North Star, of the Maine S. S. Co., at 3 P. M., and was welcomed with enthusiasm. The warmth of the old man's greeting was, no doubt, somewhat influenced by his catching sight of a suspicious bulge on one of the grips, which his experienced eye diagnosed as "good spirits."

Afternoon and evening spent in exchanging congratulations, enjoying Emil's good dinner, and promising ourselves that the traces of fog would disappear with the rising of the morrow's sun.

July 11.—7 A. M., barometer 29.32; wind light from S. Fog outside, but clear in the harbor. All hands ashore for provisions, ice, etc. Zuzu, as Dodo has been rechristened by the mate, got a hair cut. Found the agent more inclined to be agreeable this morning, and soon had our stuff aboard, stowed neatly away, and the harbor littered with the boxes, excelsior, and all manner of rubbish.

At 12:30 P. M., the mate compounded two of his famous bounce cocktails, and the weather looked brighter. Sail up at 3 P. M., and brave start made; but at the mouth of the harbor a bank of fog rolled over us, and we could not see a length ahead. Turned tail and ran back to harbor, but soon got up fresh courage and tried again, this time being followed out by a fine white yawl with ladies aboard.

Now we could see our way fairly well, until about halfway to Chandler's Cove, on the north side of Long Island in Casco Bay, when the fog shut down thick again. Blundered along by compass, with a light breeze, and strained our eyes trying to find the buoys marking the entrance to Chandler's Cove. Suddenly sighted land ahead, within a hundred feet or so, and then gently bumped on a rock. Mate, who is sometimes a trifle sarcastic, wanted to know if this was what the old man meant by "touching at all the prominent places along the coast."

Where were we at? Retraced our course a ways and then stood south to make the shore of Long Island, believing ourselves too far north. Suddenly sighted land close aboard again, and altered our course to run along shore to the east. It was very still, and it was most disconcerting to hear voices, birds chirping, and all sorts of shore noises on all sides of us and apparently within a few yards. About this time we heard a commotion off to port, and, without seeing a thing, could hear the white yawl bump on the same place that had caught us, go about, lower a boat and take out an anchor.

We felt our way along until we sighted the dim outlines of a dock, and, deciding that we were well in



ESCAPE.

the Cove, dropped anchor at 5:30 and tidied up for the night. Were kept busy banging the dishpan to warn off the island steamboats that came poking around in the fog looking for the dock. Fine dinner of steak and asparagus, and a merry evening.

July 12.—Still enveloped in fog. 8 A. M.—All hands piped to breakfast. Barometer 29.28. Breakfast finished, it being still foggy with light air stirring, all hands rowed ashore for a stroll and later hunted up the white yawl, which was still anchored just outside the cove, and proved to be Stalwart, of New York, Captain had plucked a beautiful nosegay of wild flowers, but was too bashful to present them to the lady on the yawl.

12 noon.—Fog lifting. Went ashore again and dug a painful of soft clams. Not liking our anchorage, it being in the steamboat track, we hoisted jib and moved to the easterly end of the cove. Set lobster pot, having caught a fine mess of flounders, some of which we used for lobster bait. At lunch to-day Emil brought on a find lot of broiled lobster, but no one could guess where he got them.

July 13.—Still foggy. No lobsters in the pot. About 11 A. M., clearing; got under way. Stood out by Mark Island. Nice breeze in the afternoon—S. A good sized swell gave a very pleasant roll to the yacht. Lunched on some of the mysterious lobsters. Capt. Thompson declares he caught them by smearing the anchor cable with Durkee's salad dressing, whereupon they came right aboard.

5 P. M.—Wind lightening. Sailing up the New Meadows River toward our favorite old anchorage, the Basin, and at 6 P. M., we passed through the narrows and were soon anchored safe and sound. It is hard to believe that this is a salt-water harbor, so like an inland lake are its landlocked placid waters, and its ragged wooded shores.

The only signs of life are the one or two distant farms. Dodo dropped something on deck, and we were startled by the sharp double report from the shore. Upon raising a shout, we got back a wonderful series of echoes, two vociferous and angry, and then a mocking distant and deliberate retort. It is a weird, lonesome, beautiful place.

7 P. M.—Dinner, and a right good one. Wind N.W. and strong; the sky clear and starlit. All retired early, even our night-hawk, the first mate.

July 14.—A glorious morning; wind N.W., and sky almost cloudless. Breakfasted late, as we have decided to lay over a day and give the yacht a coat of varnish—anything is sufficient excuse for lingering in this tranquil paradise.

As soon as Emil got to work with his brush, we

deserted the ship and took to the boat for a row around the shores, right in the shadow of the trees. Then ashore for a leg-stretch and a lunch on the rocks, of steamed clams, etc.

The yacht looks fine in her fresh varnish—we are almost afraid to go aboard in our muddy boots.

July 15.—All hands on deck at 5 A. M., in order to get through the gut before the turn of the tide. No wind. Struthers, at the oars, towed us part way, when we stuck on a shoal. Vigorous work with the spinnaker pole got us off, and we drifted and towed until well clear of the entrance.

Drifted about until noon, when a light S. breeze came up, and rounded Cape Small about 1:15 P. M. The breeze improved as the day wore on, and we made Booth Bay about 3:30 P. M. A water-boat came alongside and we filled the tanks. Cabin boy, Zuzu, and mate, Struthers, went ashore for the mail and a stroll—provisioned up.

July 16.—Under way by 8:45 A. M., with a nice strong S. breeze. Soon passed Pemaquid, boosted along by a heavy following roll, then ran through the passages past Marshal's Point and laid a straight course for Whitehead. Off that point we were becalmed for a while and rolled badly in a nasty seaway, with the tide running strong out of Mussel Ridge Channel. Finally got around and, the breeze freshening, made Rockland by 6 P. M.

All the way from Whitehead we were chased by the sloop Rosland, of Boston. Both yachts used spinnakers, and it was a very pretty race, but we beat her in by a good margin.

Zuzu got out the phonograph and discoursed sweet music, which seemed to be enjoyed by the crew of the



THE OLD MAN AND EMIL.

U. S. Revenue service boat, Algonquin, which is anchored close beside us. After dinner, cards and reading made the evening pass pleasantly.

July 17.—Took it easy in the morning, and got under way after lunch. Light S. W. wind. Steered general N.E. course for Egmoggin Reach. The wind fell flat off Spruce Head, and we sought an anchorage in a cove off north shore of Pickering's Island, at 4 P. M., where we were immediately attacked by swarms of mosquitoes. We drove them out the companion and shut every thing tight, then smoked at full pressure until they were all dead or discouraged. Dominoes and solitaire after dinner. Being forced to open the hatches for air, we were again assaulted by the enemy, and it was impossible to sleep.

We now know where not to anchor the next time we are in this neighborhood, especially if the wind is from the S.

July 18.—Flounders (caught yesterday in Rockland) for breakfast. Under way at 11 A. M.—still worried by the mosquitoes. Wind S., and a beautiful day. By noon we entered Egmoggin Reach, and the wind shifted to the S.E. Had a glorious sail through the beautiful reach and arrived off Bear Island about 4 P. M.

Captain and mate ashore for exploration, and, after circumnavigating Little Bear Island, it was decided to be the very prettiest of all the lovely islands of Maine.

6:30 P. M.—First mate busy catching our breakfast (flounders), but, wearying of small fry, he has baited a large hook for big game.

7 P. M.—Dinner served, but rudely interrupted by frantic jerks at the fish line. Hauled in and found the disturbance chargeable to a big skate. Resumed dinner, but had to haul in a skate between every six bites.

Set the lobster pot, baited with skate, and went to bed, leaving the world shrouded in fog.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YAWL COLUMBINE SOLD.—The yawl Columbine has been sold by Mr. Chas. M. Gould, New York Y. C., through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York, to Mr. Geo. Taylor, Jr., Huntington, N. Y. She is 45ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth, 5ft. 6in. draft; designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield and built 1899 at Quincy, Mass.

Conditions Governing Brooklyn Y. C. Ocean Challenge Cup.

THE following are the conditions governing the Brooklyn Y. C.'s Ocean Challenge Cup. The race for 1905 will be from New York to Hampton Roads, and the start will be made on Thursday, June 29:

The Brooklyn Y. C., offering a perpetual challenge cup, to be known as the Brooklyn Y. C. Ocean Challenge Cup, donated by the Brooklyn Y. C., designed to encourage the building and sailing of small seaworthy yachts, to make popular the art of navigating or cruising upon deep water, and to develop a love of true seamanship in the amateur sailor, hereby sets forth the terms and conditions under which this cup can be challenged and raced for:

ARTICLE I.

Any organized yacht club in good standing, of any country, shall have the right to challenge for this cup and sail for it, provided the challenge be made in accordance with the spirit, terms and conditions of this instrument.

ARTICLE II.

The cup shall be raced for by vessels propelled by sails only. Boats to compete shall not exceed in their greatest length 40ft. Such measurements to be taken from the fore side of the stem to the afterside of the sternboard or transom. The boats must be yachts built and used for cruising, and must conform to the following requirements:

To be of a seaworthy type, substantially built, strongly rigged and properly ballasted, with closed cabins and water-tight cockpits. They must have a specified headroom over a specified number of square feet of cabin floor, as follows:

Length Over All.	Headroom.	Cabin Floor.
25 to 28ft.	4ft. 10in.	16 sq. ft.
28 to 32ft.	5ft. 2in.	24 sq. ft.
32 to 36ft.	5ft. 6in.	30 sq. ft.
36 to 40ft.	5ft. 10in.	34 sq. ft.

This measurement for headroom shall be taken from the underside of the deck or cabin-top beams to the topside of the floor boarding, this latter to be laid over and not between the frames. The square feet of floor space to be found by taking the length and breadth of the floor space over which the specified headroom exists, and not to include space taken up by the bunks, transoms or lockers, but to include space occupied by centerboard trunk or table.

Boats must carry a complete cruising outfit of anchors (2), cables or chain (2), compasses (2), lights, lead-line, charts, etc. Stores sufficient for ten days must be carried.

Lower sails must be those carried by the boat when cruising; no restrictions as to light sails.

A dinghy or tender of not less than 8ft. must be carried. The combined length of the fore and aft overhangs shall not exceed 40 per cent. of the boat's over all measurement.



THE MATE.

Boats with bulb keels, metal fins, or balanced rudders are barred.

ARTICLE III.

Races shall be sailed under the rules of the challenged club, except as regards the rule for measurement for computing the time allowance. This measurement to ascertain the racing length shall be taken as follows: The distance between the toreside of the stem and the afterside of the sternboard or transom is the racing length. If any portion of the boat's hull projects beyond stem and stern such portion shall be included in the measurement. The time allowance shall be 8s. per foot per mile without allowance for rig.

ARTICLE IV.

The race shall be managed by the regular regatta committee of the club holding the cup, but there shall also be chosen three judges, to whom shall be referred all questions in dispute or protest, and upon which they shall sit and give decision. These judges shall be selected in this way: One from the challenged club; one from the challenging club, and a third to be chosen by the two, but this third person must not be a member of any club having a yacht entered in the race. The decision of these judges shall be final.

ARTICLE V.

The crew of a competing yacht shall not exceed six persons, five of whom must be amateurs. The master or skipper of the vessel must be a member of the club under whose flag the yacht is entered. One paid hand may be carried as cook or steward, but such paid hand must do no work on deck or engage in handling, navigating or piloting the yacht. No paid pilot or navigator may be carried or be employed in any capacity aboard a competing vessel. An amateur is one who does not "follow the sea" as a means of livelihood, or who has never accepted remuneration for sailing or serving on a yacht.

Inside cabin must be ceiled, have permanent transoms or bunks, lockers and a regular place for stove and ice-box. The water tank must be fixed, and be of capacity to hold sufficient supply for ten days.

ARTICLE VI.

The master of each competing yacht shall file with the committee twelve hours before the start, a list giving the names and occupations of his crew, and shall certify to their being amateurs.

ARTICLE VII.

The club holding the cup shall be open to a challenge at any time, but the races shall only be sailed between June 1 and Sept. 1, and there shall not be more than one race during one season. All challenges must be in writing and be delivered to the challenged club not less than thirty days before the date chosen for the starting of the race.

ARTICLE VIII.

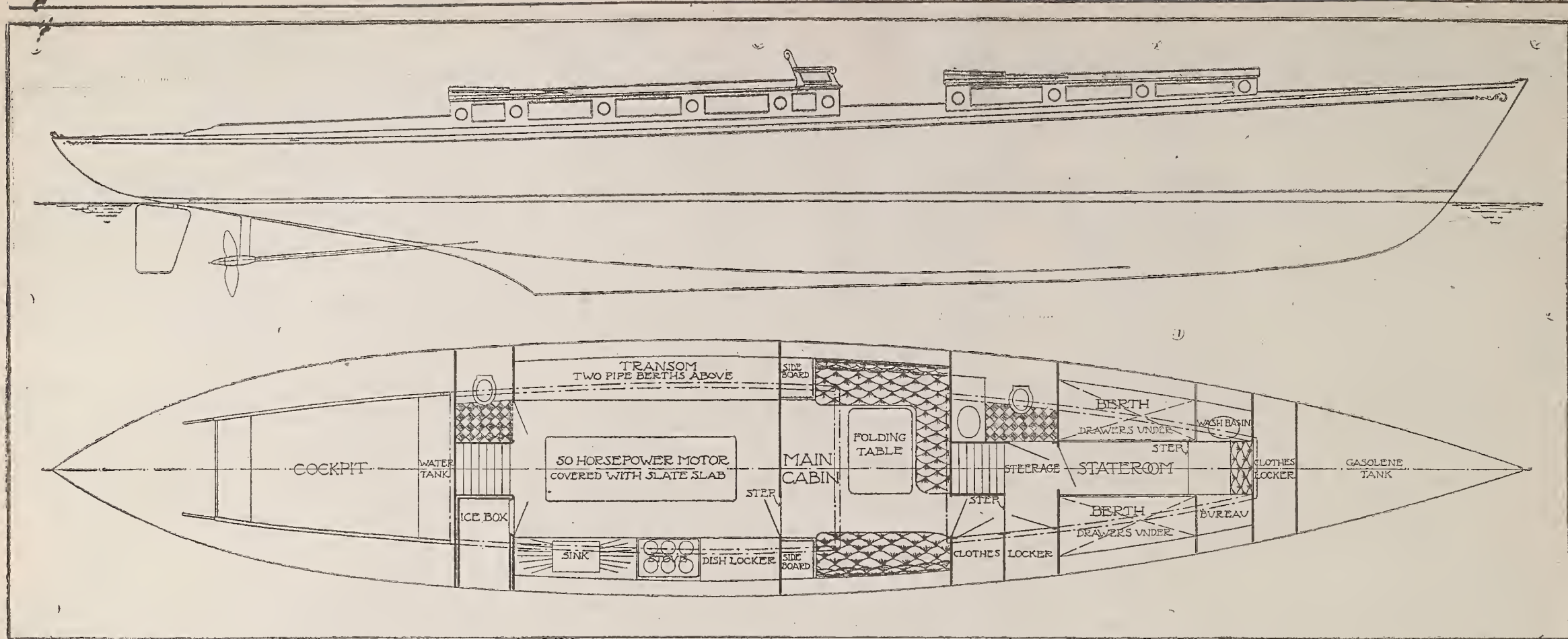
The course shall be upon the open ocean, clear of all headlands, except that the start and finish may be made in a port, bay, sound or harbor, and shall be not less than 250 nautical miles or more than 500 nautical miles in length. It shall be a straightaway course or passage from port to port, either the starting or finishing line must be off the anchorage of the Brooklyn Y. C., New York Harbor. The course for race shall be determined by the club holding the cup.

ARTICLE IX.

After the challenge of the challenging club has been accepted by the club holding the cup, any other organized yacht club may enter a yacht or yachts for the race, upon its officers agreeing to observe and maintain the terms and conditions of this instrument. Any of the clubs may be represented by one or more yachts.

ARTICLE X.

In case the club holding the cup within nine months dating from the first day of January following the last race does not receive a challenge and hold a race for the cup it shall be re-



OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN OF PROPOSED SIXTY-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING LAUNCH.

Designed for John R. Buchan, N. Y. Y. C., by Albert B. Hunt.

turned to the custody of the Brooklyn Y. C., and the unchallenged club shall forfeit all claims to its possession. If the club having custody of the cup shall be dissolved or cease to exist the cup shall revert to the Brooklyn Y. C., and in both cases be again offered by that club for competition under the terms and conditions of this instrument.

ARTICLE XI.

If deemed desirable, the terms of this instrument may be altered or modified by the Brooklyn Y. C., when the cup is in its possession, and when in the possession of another club by mutual agreement between the Brooklyn Y. C. and the club holding the cup. But such alterations or modifications shall not be made during the time a challenge is in action, unless all challengers consent to the change.

ARTICLE XII.

The challenged club, or the committee appointed by it to manage the race, shall have the power to reject the entry of any yacht in whose design, construction or equipping is shown an inclination to evade the terms of Article II, either in sub-or spirit.

CHARLES A. KELLY, Sec'y,
21 Park Row, New York.

REGATTA COMMITTEE.

A 60-foot Cruising Launch.

The plans for the 60ft. waterline cruising launch, published herewith, were prepared for Mr. John R. Buchan, of the New York Y. C., by Mr. Albert B. Hunt. The boat is intended solely for cruising, and in working out her design nothing has been sacrificed that would in any way detract from her comfort or sea-going qualities. The ends have been carried out sufficiently to give her buoyancy forward, and to prevent settling aft while running. The freeboard is liberal, but in no way excessive, and the weights have been kept low.

The deck houses are low, and there is a 2ft. waterway all around. The space between the two houses will be used as a general lounging place, and the boat will be handled from that point. An awning will extend from the forward end of the first house to the after end of the cockpit. This will afford shade for those on deck and keep the direct rays of the sun from beating on the top of the houses and making the quarters below unbearable.

The cabin arrangement was adapted from a scheme which was laid out by Mr. Eugene Lentillon for a smaller boat. The companionway leads to the steerage, on the port side of which is the toilet room. This room is lighted by a large window and ventilated by two port holes. On the starboard side of the steerage are two large clothes lockers, while oilers, etc., can be placed under the companion stairs. Two port holes also open into the steerage. The owner's room occupies the forward end of the boat. It is a large well-lighted and well-ventilated cabin, with wide berths on either side. Forward of the berths on the port side is a set wash basin, while opposite is a bureau. Between the two is a transom, and behind this is a large clothes locker. The gasolene tank is placed forward of the clothes locker and is separated from it by a watertight steel bulkhead.

The main cabin is aft of the steerage. It is 8ft. 6in. long and runs the full width of the boat. The transoms are wide and are available for use as berths if necessary. On each side at the after end of the cabin there is a sideboard. The after house extends partly over the main saloon, giving thereby additional headroom and ventilation.

The galley, motor room and crew's quarters are all in one. The floor of the engine room is higher than that of the cabin, so a step up is necessary. The galley is located on the starboard side of the engine room, and all the fittings have been arranged in order to simplify and facilitate the steward's work as much as possible. The motor is covered with a slate slab, which will be used as a table.

On the port side is a transom, over which are pipe berths. Two are called for, but four could be placed there without crowding. The crew's toilet room is on the port side aft.

At the after end of the house two deck beams are to be carried across, in order to add to the boat's stiffness. Under this space will be placed a large fresh-water tank.

The cockpit is 8ft. long in the clear, and it is intended that chairs should be provided, although there is a seat at the after end.

It is estimated that a 50-horsepower engine would give the boat a speed of 10 miles an hour for ordinary

running. The fuel capacity would give her a wide cruising radius at this speed.

Two boats will be carried on davits, a dinghy and a gig. It is planned to run the boat with three men—a captain, engineer and steward. She is 70ft. over all, 60ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 4 ft. draft. The freeboard forward is 4ft. 11in. and 3ft. aft.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Feb. 6.—It has been announced that the high-speed automobile boat, which Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has been commissioned to design for a Boston automobile enthusiast, whose name is, for the present, withheld, is to be equipped with a Winton motor of 150 horsepower. This motor will have twelve cylinders. No estimate of the speed expected has been given out yet, but if the boat is not a flyer, somebody will be disappointed. She will be built by Messrs. Stearns & McKay at Marblehead, and it is needless to say that her construction will be as light as possible. She is limited to 40ft. in length and her beam will probably be about 4ft., although the plans have not yet been completed. The same designer has orders for a cruising yawl for a Boston yachtsman, to be used at Marblehead; a large raceabout for Mr. William J. Curtis, of Summit, N. J., to be used in Penobscot Bay; a class Q boat, for a member of the Atlantic Y. C.; and a 16ft. knockabout for Mr. A. R. Gooderham, of Toronto.

Messrs. Small Bros. have designed a 30ft. waterline auxiliary yawl for Dr. A. Hamilton Smith, of Rochester, N. Y. This yacht will probably be built in the east. They also have orders for a 37ft. speed launch for Mr. Hutchinson, of Douglastown, Can.; a 28ft. launch for Mr. E. J. Bryan, of Wyandotte, Mich.; a 33ft. launch for Mr. Hunter Wickler, of McHenry, Ill., and a 32ft. launch for Mr. Richard Hutchinson, of Boston.

The motorboat race committee of the Eastern Y. C. has issued rules for a restricted motorboat class. The object of these restrictions is to encourage a racing class of launches which shall combine speed, safety, comfort and durability, in which racing will be close enough to make good sport.

No boat shall be allowed to compete in this class without a certificate of inspection from the measurer, and no boat containing any features of design or construction which the measurer may deem unsafe shall be given a certificate.

The length shall not exceed 32ft. over all, including the propeller, but not including the rudder stock.

The maximum load waterline beam should be not less than 4ft. 2in., measured with the equipment and 300 pounds dead weight on board, placed substantially amidships, and fuel tanks empty.

The horsepower shall be measured by the area of cylinders alone. The total cylinder area of four-cycle engines shall be 82.52 sq. in. (this would be four cylinders 5 1/4 in. diameter); or a total cylinder area of 61.89 sq. in. for two-cycle engines. The above areas may be exceeded by not more than 2 per cent.

The boat shall be equipped with reversing gear or reversible propeller satisfactory to the measurer.

Each boat shall be equipped when racing with the following articles: One anchor weighing not less than 25 pounds; cable not less than 1 1/2 in. in circumference, nor less than 30 fathoms in length; bilge pump; one pair of oars at least 8ft. long and rowlocks; one serviceable life preserver for each person on board; sidelights and headlight, as required by law; one foghorn; one spirit compass.

There shall be at least 15 cu. ft. of air space contained in watertight compartment or compartments, exclusive of gasolene tank.

Total weight, exclusive of above equipment, 300 pounds dead weight and fuel tanks empty, shall be not less than 1,800 pounds. Nothing shall be removed when racing which has been included in the boat as weighed.

Boats must be measured at least once during the calendar year and remeasured as often as may be deemed necessary, owing to changes or alterations to hull or motor.

The motorboat race committee of the Eastern Y. C. consists of Henry Howard, chairman; S. W. Sleeper, W. B. Stearns, A. Appleton Packard and William Wallace.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Knickerbocker Y. C. Powerboat Race.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. POWER BOAT RACE.—The following are the rules governing the Knickerbocker Y. C.'s Power Boat Race from New York to Marblehead, Mass., July 22:

First prize, a \$250 cup, presented by the Rudder Publishing Company. Second prize, a \$100 cup, presented by the Knickerbocker Y. C.

The Knickerbocker Y. C. will also present a souvenir cup to the owner of each launch that finishes within twenty-four hours of the first boat.

The officers of the Eastern Y. C. have placed at the service of the participating launch owners their anchorage, landing and house at Marblehead, and will arrange a series of power boat races, to take place on the days following the arrival of the racers, to which the visiting craft are invited to enter.

The race is for cruising boats, not exceeding the greatest length of 40ft. This measurement to be taken on deck, and to include projecting ends, either at bow or stern.

A cruising boat is one that is built for and is used for cruises: George J. Stelz, measurer, of the Knickerbocker Y. C.; canvas covered. Cabin must be water-tight and capable of resisting a sea; must contain sleeping, cooking and general living accommodations for crew.

Propelling power to be a motor or engine, operated by gasolene or kerosene. The motor to be of the explosive type. Crew to consist of not less than four persons; one of these may be a paid hand. No paid navigators or pilots allowed.

Boats must carry fuel in fixed tank or tanks, and not in cans. Amount of fuel optional; drinking water and stores sufficient for five days; two anchors and rode, side lights, life preservers, compass, charts, lead line, etc.

Rating and allowance will be calculated under the rules of the American Power Boat Association.

Course—From off College Point, Long Island, through East River, Long Island and Block Island, vineyard and Nantucket sounds, around Monomoy, up Cape Cod, and across Boston Bay to Marblehead; distance 280 nautical miles.

All boats must be measured and rated before starting. No unrated boat will be allowed to start, and entries must be made in writing with rating, before noon on July 1. A full description of the boat should be sent with the entry. All entries will be accepted subject to an inspection by the committee.

No protest covering eligibility will be accepted unless made in writing twenty-four hours before the start.

The committee reserve the right to reject any entry, if in their judgment the boat is not a bona fide seaworthy cruising craft. The following have been appointed inspectors, and have the committee's authority to inspect and pass upon the eligibility of ing. Must have stationary cabin house, not standing roof or J. H. McIntosh, measurer of the Columbia Y. C., and E. W. Graef.

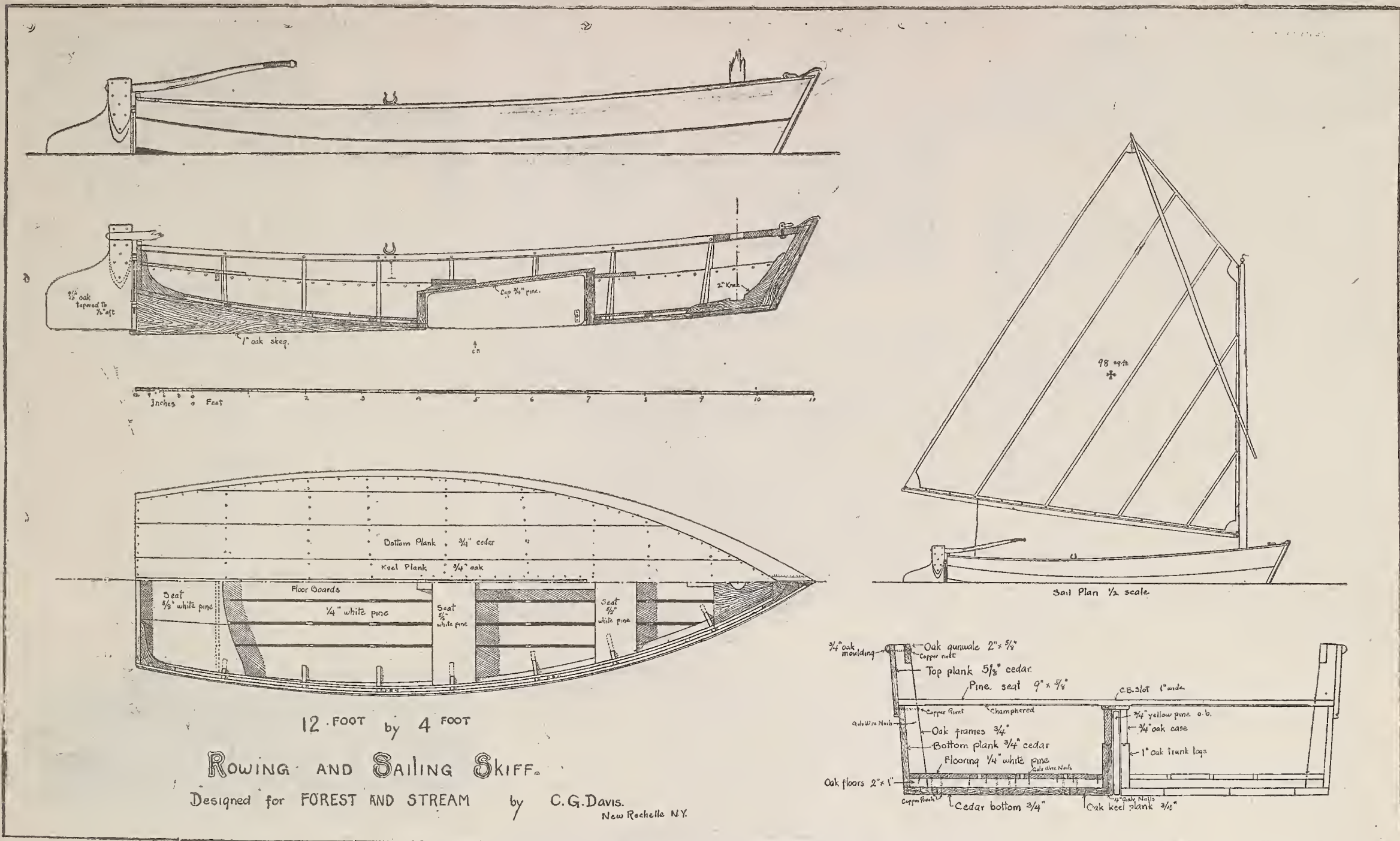
Upon an owner notifying the committee that he desires to have his craft inspected and rated, an inspector will be sent to examine and report upon the boat. Plans of boats designed to be built for the race can be submitted to the committee for their approval.

Applications for entry blanks and information should be made to J. O. Sankin, secretary Knickerbocker Y. C., P. O. Box 1700; J. H. McIntosh, 32 Broadway, and E. W. Graef, 9 Murray street, New York city.

RIVERSIDE Y. C. OFFICERS.—On Friday evening, February 3, the annual meeting of the Riverside Y. C. was held at the Hotel Astor. The following officers were elected: Com., Alfred R. Starr; Vice-Com., George J. Bascom; Rear-Com., Herbert T. Hand; Sec'y, John G. Porter; Treas., George T. Higgons; Meas., T. E. Ferris; Trustees for term ending February, 1908, C. T. Pierce and Frederick Beltz; Trustees for unexpired term ending February, 1907, T. A. Liebler; Regatta Committee—C. P. Tower, C. T. Pierce and T. E. Ferris; Membership Committee—George E. Marks, W. J. B. Mills and George T. Higgons; Entertainment Committee—Frederick Beltz, Jr., George T. Higgons and T. A. Liebler; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. H. Tyson, and Chaplains, the Rev. George C. Houghton, D.D., and the Rev. Charles W. Boylston.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C. ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the New Rochelle Y. C. was held at Shanley's on Saturday evening, February 4, and the following officers were elected: Com., F. H. Waldorf; Vice-Com., E. M. Gill; Rear-Com., Frank Maier; Sec'y, C. A. Marshland; Treas., D. Edmund Dealey; Meas., Robert N. Bavier; Regatta Committee—G. P. Granberry, J. D. Sparkman, E. B. Wright, J. C. Connolly and H. W. Lloyd; Law Committee—J. F. Lambden and E. A. Scott; Trustees, class of 1908, George E. Edwards, A. S. Cross and C. M. Fletcher.

RIDGEMONT AND KATHERINA SOLD.—The steam yacht Ridgemont has been sold through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones by Mr. David C. Whitney, of Detroit, to Mr. Lewis Herzog, New York Y. C. Ridgemont is a steel boat 98ft. over all, and was built in 1903. Mr. Herzog will use the yacht for cruising on the Maine coast. Mr. Jones has also sold for Mr. A. Homer Skinner, of Fall River, his auxiliary yawl Katherina to a member of the Larchmont Y. C.



COMPLETE PLANS OF A TWELVE-FOOT ROWING AND SAILING SKIFF.
Designed by Charles G. Davis for FOREST AND STREAM.

A Rowing and Sailing Skiff.

It is not strange that there should be a wide diversity of opinion among yachtsmen as to the type of dinghy best adapted for general use. Almost every man has pronounced ideas on the subject usually because he needs a boat to fill certain requirements. Where one man will recommend a round-bottom boat, another will advise a flat-bottom skiff. As a matter of fact, there are good boats of both kinds that answer their requirements perfectly.

It is not so much a question of type as it is of model. Most of us have had experience with the cranky boat that slews and slides in every direction when being towed even in smooth water, and is quite impossible when it is rough. The stern of this boat usually rears up when one steps in the bow and either capsizes or careens sufficiently to nearly fill with water. Then there is the boat that is so low in the water that it is impossible to row without hitting one's knees at each stroke or clear the wave crests. A very frequent trouble with rowboats is the impossibility to keep them from sheering wildly, even when the man on the oars exerts an equal pressure on each. These are common faults, and many others might be mentioned.

The dinghy question always has been, and probably always will be, under dispute. In publishing the plans of a 12ft. skiff this week we do not say that we have found the perfect boat that will suit everybody. This would be impossible. But in the preparation of this design Mr. Charles G. Davis has avoided all the faults usually found in such craft, and the result is a capital little boat that will tow straight, row well with two or three on board and will also handle under sail fairly well. She will serve for a general all-round row and sail boat, or she would make an excellent little tender for a moderate-sized cruising or racing boat.

The construction is as simple and the plans have been made so carefully, that any man or boy with a fair knowledge of the use of tools could build such a boat without any difficulty. For the benefit of those who wish to buy a boat of this type and size we have secured an estimate from the Huntington Mfg. Co., of New Rochelle. This firm is prepared to build a boat from this design of oak and cedar, varnished, complete in every particular, for \$55.

THE FLORIDA POWER BOAT RACES.—Outside of the remarkable showing made by Mr. W. Gould Brokaw's 40-footer Challenger, equipped with a 125 horsepower Smith & Mabley engine, interest has for the most part been purely local. M. A. D. Proctor Smith has had the handling of Challenger. The record of 1m. 21s. for one kilometer and one mile in 2m. 11 2-5s. will stand for some time to come. The former is something like one second faster per mile than the latter, and is better than 27½ miles per hour. On Friday, however, from scratch with a turn, she did 8 miles in world's record time of 16m. 33s., better than 29 miles per hour. In a trial against time made February 4, Challenger did a mile in 2m. 4s. The events closed with a power boat parade of some forty or more electric and gasoline-propelled launches, auxiliary yachts and houseboats.

The sad accident resulting in the death of Frank Croker had a dampening effect on the sport, and the expected trials of XPDNC and Challenger would have been well worth seeing. As it was, Challenger had things pretty much her own way. XPDNC was not unloaded from the car.

Power Boat Racing

BY A. E. POTTER.

THE racing of power boats needs careful attention to several fundamental principles, in order to get satisfactory results, and not cause unpleasantness in the club or among different organizations. The American Power Boat Association has promulgated a set of rules, which, so far as they go, have proved fairly satisfactory. The American Power Boat Association pays, of course, more attention to high speed or auto-boats, which are frequently built to compass certain rules by which they hope to get some slight advantage, than to the cruiser class, which, in France, is made to include launches of all kinds not racers. They limit the length, amount of freeboard, beam and piston displacement. This manifestly favors the two-cycle engine manufacturer in being able to get more power out of his engine at lower speed, and again, unless his engine is properly designed, one is unable to run it at such high speed as the other man with the four-cycle.

In England the Marine Motor Association figures horsepower from fuel consumption. This favors the four-cycle engine. The American Power Boat Association, in figuring the horsepower, takes into consideration the speed of the engine, and this can also be changed about, so that advantage can be taken of some loophole perhaps.

The remedy for the existing evils in classifications is not so apparent, but it may come to the one-design class in power boats, even as it has in sailing craft. Limits of length, breadth and power seem to be about the only means of proper classification. For instance, a boat 24ft. long 4ft. 8in. wide could have a range of power that would put her into a certain class from length and beam, and then into several sub-classes, following the substitution of one engine for another from 3 to 16 horsepower, if that is the agreed upon limit of power allowed in that class, and there should be a limit.

Boats built for heavy and rough water, can hardly be classed with light low-powered launches, and in such contests endurance is more essential frequently than temporary efficiency.

The projected power boat race by the Knickerbocker Y. C. for cruisers is an excellent idea, and I sincerely hope that the event may prove sufficiently attractive to tempt many entries. It is for a popular class of boats; length is restricted to 40ft., and each competing boat must be a bona fide cruising launch, propelled by either a kerosene or gasoline explosive engine, and have ample living accommodations for at least four people. These are wise conditions, and I trust that we shall have many more similar trials before the close of the season.

In England and France many more racing events for power boats have been booked than here, but with the natural resources of the typical American yacht club, boat races can be conceived, advertised and run, and almost before the daily papers can describe the boats entering and the course, the contest is on and over.

If power boat racing in the next year or two becomes as popular as it now promises, rules and regulations will not be made to govern the contestants, but the boats will be built, as they should be—to conform to the provisions of the rules and conditions in force.

Installation Control.

From English Yachtsman.

THE Bureau Veritas has now published its long-expected recommendations for the use of internal combustion engines in launches. For petrol and alcohol motors they recommend that:

The tanks be in copper of substantial gauge, joints being rivetted and soldered. Perforated partitions to be placed inside to prevent a heavy volume of liquid washing about and straining the tank.

The tanks to be placed in a special compartment completely isolated from the motor room and the rest of the boat. This compartment to be as far forward as practicable, the after part being closed in by a suitable bulkhead. The tank to be of the same volume and shape as the compartment surrounding it, thus leaving little room for the accumulation of inflammable vapor. Should the tank not equal the compartment in height it should be raised upon a tight flooring.

In wooden boats the compartment should be lined with lead or copper sheets, and a drain-pipe fitted that any leakage of petrol may drain out. In metal hulls, a petrol tight floor should be fitted to the tank compartment, also to be fitted with a drain. Certain makers arrange that the space around the tank can be flooded with water if necessary; this is a practice to be recommended, but is not necessary if the tank and its compartment are carefully fitted up.

The tank must be securely held down, so that the filling and emptying pipes are not strained by vibration or pitching.

The walls of the tank must be strengthened at the points of junction of the filling and emptying pipes.

The filling pipe must lead up through the deck, and the emptying pipe through the bulkhead, suitable provision being made for keeping the compartment petrol-tight.

The pipe leading to the carburetor must be of annealed copper, preferably in one length. If several lengths be used they must be brazed, not soldered together, the joints to carburetor and tank must be ground cone joints. Two cocks must be placed on this pipe, one at the tank, and one at the carburetor inlet.

Certain makers, chiefly abroad, pass the feed pipe outside the hull; this appears superfluous; the pipe may lead inside perfectly well, provided that no electric wires, insulated or not, are in contact with it.

A metal box or tray, fitted with a drain pipe, should be fitted under the carburetor; thus it can be emptied when necessary for cleaning or inspection.

The usual precautions must be taken in fitting the circulating water inlets and outlets.

The exhaust pipe should be in copper or iron, and not less in diameter than the exhaust port on the motor. All joints must be packed with asbestos.

It is advisable that part or all of the circulating water be sent either directly down, or through a water jacket surrounding the exhaust pipe. In any case care must be taken that the pipe does not become dangerously hot, more especially in wooden boats.

The use of water-jacketed silencers is recommended. Should the motor be in an inclosed space, means must be provided for efficient ventilation.

Electric ignition should invariably be used, and no external sparks should be allowed, in case any inflammable vapors be present. This is especially important in boats where two motors are fitted, and where one might need

examination when under way. (Accident to La Parisienne last year.)

The electric wiring must be carefully insulated; the wires must be inclosed in lead piping or insulated with a material unaffected by damp. Wires should never be placed in proximity to the petrol piping. Accumulators should be fitted in an easily accessible and well ventilated compartment.

If electric lighting is installed on board, the Veritas wiring rules should be followed.

When paraffin or other heavy oils are used, such strict precautions need not be taken; the tanks need not be in a special compartment, and, if the motor is not inclosed, tube ignition may be used. If petrol, benzol or alcohol be necessary for starting up a heavy oil motor, the containing tank must be placed outside the motor compartment and fitted with two cocks, one at the tank and one at the carburetor inlet.

The Bureau Veritas has emitted these rules rather as recommendations than a series of hard-and-fast regulations; at the same time it is obvious that if insurance is to be effected in France, these recommendations will have to be carried out, and their general adoption by makers is merely a matter of time.

In our opinion, it is high time that Lloyd's took up the question of regulating the installation of motors in launches. There is room for a series of rules which would form the criterion of launch engineering, and provided that the rules are sound. "Built to Lloyd's rules" would be an excellent guarantee.

[On November 26, 1904, we published an article on the installation of marine gasolene engines. It is pleasing to note that the Bureau Veritas has taken the matter up and published their recommendations. Lloyd's, as soon as its importance is realized, will in all probability formulate requirements, and some day regulations may be in force in America looking entirely to the safety of operator and others who may be exposed to danger resulting from faulty or improper engine installation.]

Queries on Marine Motors.

H. H. R., St. Louis, Mo.—I thought to improve the circulation in my two-cycle engine by substituting a rotary gear for the plunger pump with which it was equipped. It ran very satisfactorily until I ran the boat backward at the warf one day for some time, and as a result had to have cylinder rebored, new pistons and rings. Do you know of a pump of this sort that will run in either direction?

Ans.—As four-cycle engines nearly always are built to run in the same direction, gear pumps can be used with them to good advantage, but a two-cycle engine that can be run in either direction, unless it is equipped with a system of check valves, and piped so that the suction may become the discharge, may give you trouble.

M. O. B., Bath, Me.—Which do you consider the better for gasolene engine bearings, bronze or Babbitt metal (?)

Ans.—Removable bronze bushings can be renewed much more readily than Babbitt metal, and can be put in place much more surely than Babbitt can be poured, unless one has facilities for the purpose—same as in the shop where the engine is built. We do not know of any manufacturer at present using for the lower half of his bearing a removable bronze with Babbitted cap; but it seems as if the plan was a good one. Whether bronze is better than Babbitt, we are unwilling to say, as there is a great difference of opinion, as there is in bronze and Babbitt themselves.

J. H. B., Washington, N. C.—What ought it to cost to rebore my two-cycle engine cylinder where the pin scored it badly so that I cannot get compression, or keep the oil from blowing out of the cups?

Ans.—The manufacturer of your engine will probably give you a better price than you can get it done elsewhere, as they are fitted up for it. It is a job that every machinist cannot be trusted to do, as there may not be sufficient metal left, and it will necessitate new piston and rings. The simple matter of getting the hole for the wrist pin exactly at right angles to the sides of the piston is not so simple when you come to try and do it.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

THE NATIONAL MOTORBOAT EXHIBITION.—Not to be outdone by any foreign country, the management of the first National Motorboat Exhibition, which will open in Madison Square Garden, New York city, on February 21 in conjunction with the Sportsmen's Show, has arranged to have the big affair opened by either President Roosevelt or his personal representative. Word to this effect was received yesterday by Manager Dressel, and in case President Roosevelt himself cannot be on hand, the Hon. Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, is expected to honor the Association by opening their first exhibition.

Never before, outside of Naval functions, has there been anything which will compare with the demonstration at this opening, as, aside from the naval officials, there will be present commodores of all the leading yacht clubs in the United States.

The largest indoor lagoon ever known in this country will occupy the center of the Garden, and motorboats will whirl around the twelve-lap course, while spectators view them from outside, and from the island in the center, which will be reached by rustic bridges from the mainland. The Sportsmen's Show has ever been a favored event in the Garden, and with its guides, trappers, water sports, combined with the motorboats, the eleventh exhibition should surpass all former ones. The Show interests the lover of outdoor sports, whether he be a hunter, fisherman, canoeist, yachtsman or motorboat enthusiast.

POWER BOAT INSTALLATION.—Our esteemed English contemporary, Yachtsmen, is publishing a series of articles on installation in power launches. It is a subject worthy of careful thought, and anything that we can learn to make power boating any safer or pleasanter does not come amiss. We have never heard of any electric welded tanks having been used for the purpose here, and were facilities convenient for the operation they would

indeed make good tanks. In a recent issue it was predicted that Lloyds would soon take up the matter, and note the following:

"Although marine motors are only a few years old, Lloyds have already recognized the necessity for drawing up a set of rules to regulate their installation in boats. A committee may, we understand, be shortly appointed to go thoroughly into the matter. This should tend to simplify the insurance of motor craft, which has to be done nowadays in a rather happy-go-lucky style. Lloyds are, after all, the only proper and fitting body to take up the question; the Board of Trade can only interfere when the launch is a public conveyance. A uniform standard would be an inestimable boon and would form a standard for the makers to work to and a guarantee for the buyer, always provided that the rules are sound."

EXHIBITS AT THE MOTOR BOAT AND SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.—The Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co. will show the 32ft. high speed yacht tender built for Com. F. G. Bourne, steam yacht Delaware, with guaranteed speed of 18 miles, a description of which we gave in these columns several weeks since; a 33ft. by 7ft. family launch with a 12 horsepower, four cylinder Speedway gasolene engine, with speed of 10 miles; a 21ft. standard naphtha launch, and two and four-cycle engines from 3 to 70 horsepower.

Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, Muskegon, Mich., will have a 21ft. semi-speed boat with an 8 horsepower double cylinder two-cycle engine, an 18ft. standard launch with a 3 horsepower single two-cycle engine, and an entirely new type 12 horsepower double cylinder four-cycle engine. They will show an assortment of hunting canoes and Racine boats.

Lunkenheimer Company, of Cincinnati, O., will show detail of every power boat device they manufacture, vaporizers, lubricators, valves, etc., and will have several working models.

Lozier Motor Company's exhibit will consist of a 21ft. standard launch with a 3 horsepower two-cycle engine, and a 31ft. semi-speed launch with 25 horsepower new design four cylinder four-cycle engine. They will also show a new 40 horsepower four-cycle and a full line of two-cycle engines from 3 to 10 horsepower.

Newbury & Dunham, of Kingsbridge, will show 23ft. by 4ft. launch with 7 horsepower double cylinder two-cycle engine built by the Western Launch & Engine Works. Boat will be finished bright all over. They will have on exhibition an eight cylinder, 1,000 revolutions per minute, 100 horsepower four-cycle engine of the same make weighing 1,500 pounds, a 12 horsepower double cylinder heavy service engine, also several sizes two-cycle engines.

Palmer Bros., Mianus, Conn., will confine their exhibit entirely to engines of both the two and four-cycle type. Their 1905 model three-ported two-cycle engines will be shown multiple and single cylinder, using jump spark ignition. Their four-cycle line will also show some modern ideas.

The Williams-Whittelsey Company, successors to the Standard Boat Company, Steinway, N. Y., will show a mahogany launch built for former police inspector Alex. S. Williams; also a high speed launch with either a Standard or French-made engine of 25 or more horsepower. The hull construction for which Mr. E. Newton Whittelsey received a patent a short time ago will be shown, and as this method was employed in the autoboat Standard, it will be of interest.

Smith & Mabley will show duplicates of the engines used in Vingt-et-un and Challenger, as well as a 33ft. mahogany launch with 30 horsepower Simplex engine and speed of 17 miles.

James Craig, Jr., of New York, will have the Onontio's engine on exhibition; also several different sizes of engines, parts, etc.

CHICAGO Y. C. MAKES PLANS FOR ITS ANNUAL RACE TO MACKINAC.—The marked success of the race to Mackinac last year has resulted in the decision of the Yacht Owners' Association of the Chicago Y. C. to promote a similar race this year, and at their meeting on Thursday they definitely determined upon the event and the date for the same. The yachts will leave here on Saturday, July 29, at two P. M., and on approximately the same date another fleet of boats will leave Port Huron for the same objective point—Mackinac Island. The Detroit yachtsmen have been in correspondence with the Chicago Y. C., and promise a considerable fleet of sailing yachts from Toledo, Cleveland and Detroit, which will be accompanied by a number of steam yachts, the idea being to have a big regatta when the boats all meet at Mackinac. The distance is three hundred and thirty-three miles, and compares very favorably with the large cruising races which are so popular on the eastern seaboard. It has been decided to make the race an open event and invite all the other yacht clubs on Lake Michigan to participate. A handsome prize will be given for each of the different classes; there will also be a time prize, as was the case last year. It is hardly to be expected that the record time of 37h. 40m., which was made by the winning boat last August, will be duplicated. It will be recalled that on that occasion the wind was extremely favorable and all the boats carried spinnakers practically the whole distance. Vencedor beat Vanenna with a narrow margin of 4m. 40s., which result stands unparalleled in the history of long distance races.

Preparations have now been made for the annual dinner of the Chicago Y. C., which will be held some time this month.

A number of new boats are being spoken of, and all indications point to a most successful season.

MOUNT HOPE Y. C. OFFICERS.—The Mount Hope Y. C., of Fall River, has elected the following officers: Com., Roger Brooks; Vice-Com., William Slade; Recording Sec'y, Michael F. Gallagher; Treas., George Hindle; Directors—Roger Brooks, Samuel Oldham, Stephen Harrington, D. F. Keefe and Frank Milliken.

RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING CRUISERS IN THE MONACO RACES.—The Lozier Motor Company has en-

tered three boats they had at the Paris Salon D'Automobile in the Monaco races, the 32ft. cruiser Usona II., the 21ft. open launch Bascom, and 25ft. standing roof launch Newport. Through their courtesy we are enabled to give a summary of the Monaco rules and conditions.

The first class of cruisers or pleasure launches includes boats up to 6.5m.; the second 6.5m. to 8m.; third, 8m. to 12m.; and fourth, 12m. to 18m. In each series there is a limit to the horsepower which is obtained from cylinder volume, or as we would express it, piston displacement, which is found by multiplying the area of the piston by the stroke and that by the number of cylinders. This limit for the first class is 2.5 liters, 3.75 liters for the second, 7.5 liters for the third, and 15. liters for the fourth. The height of freeboard and passenger capacity are both considered in defining a pleasure boat. For boats without deck or only partially decked over the coefficient for safety of navigation will be the height of freeboard at greatest beam, and the number of passengers to be carried must be one less than the length of the boat in meters, each fractional part counting as one meter. For all boats in the first class there is a minimum of four passengers. The available space for each passenger is 45 cm. minimum, and as long as the required space is provided 70 kilos ballast may be used in lieu of each passenger. The freeboard when boat is loaded and gasolene is aboard must be at least .2m. plus .03 the length of the hull, exclusive of coaming or other artifice. The minimum beam allowed is .60m. plus one-eighth the length of the hull. The diameter of the cylinders will be measured by means of a micrometer to one-tenth of a millimeter, equivalent to slightly less than .004 inch.

[One meter is 39.37in., and the lengths given here being metric can be readily reduced to feet and inches. A liter is a cubic centimeter or 61.016 cubic inch.—Ed.]

The W. H. Mullins Co., of Salem, O., have added to their output a line of stamped steel motor boats, guaranteed to be non-leakable and unsinkable. This firm will have boats that will suit



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

all classes of buyers, from a 16-foot torpedo stern model, fitted with 1½ h. p. Mullins reversible engine, at \$135, to their beaver tail auto racing boat, as shown in the accompanying cut.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. East, Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.
Executive Committee—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York; E. M. Underhill, Box 262, Yonkers, N. Y.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Commodore—Frank C. Demuler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg.
Purser—J. C. Milson, 136 Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Executive Committee—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.; H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—D. S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Rear-Commodore—Wm. W. Crosby, 8 Court St., Woburn, Mass.
Purser—William E. Stanwood, Wellesley, Mass.
Executive Committee—Wm. J. Ladd, 18 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.; F. W. Notman, Box 2344, Boston, Mass.; O. C. Cunningham, care E. Teel & Co., Medford, Mass.; Edw. B. Stearns, Box 63, Manchester, N. H.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 James St., Montreal, Can.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto, Ont.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Charles J. Steadman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—George Q. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I, Section 1, of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Atlantic Division Annual Dinner.

THE following letter has been sent out to members of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A. by Messrs. W. A. Holcombe, H. C. Allen, W. B. Maddock and C. W. Stark, who compose the committee on arrangements:

Annually for several years, this division of the A. C. A. has held an informal dinner early in the year, to enable its members and their friends to spend an evening in good fellowship, as well as to discuss the possibilities of the sport and make plans for the coming season.

This year the dinner will be held at the Hotel Sterling, Trenton, N. J., Saturday evening, Feb. 18, at 7 o'clock.

As Trenton, situated about the center of the division, and its membership, is easily reached by the best of train service, the committee earnestly desire that you make an effort to be present; also to induce some other member or friend with whom you are in close touch to accompany you, an enjoyable time being assured beforehand.

All planning to attend should send two dollars to Charles W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery street, Trenton, N. J., as soon as possible.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW members elected: Eastern Division.—4865 Samuel B. Burnham, Providence, R. I.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- Feb. 11.—Phillipsburg, N. J., Opposite Easton, Pa.—Alert Gun Club first annual tournament. Ed. F. Markley, Mgr.

The Bradford, Pa., Gun Club contemplate the holding of an all-day shoot on Feb. 22.

Feb. 18 has been fixed upon as the date for the Crescent Athletic Club return match with Yale. It will be held on the Bay Ridge, L. I., grounds.

Mr. F. K. Stelle, Secretary, writes us as follows: "In connection with the shoot of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 18, the club will give a shoot at which all are welcome.

The freight yards of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., at Newark, N. J., are being enlarged, and will take in the grounds of the Forester Gun Club.

On Thursday of last week, at Pinehurst, N. C., there was a close contest, the leaders who tied being Messrs. C. E. Lockwood, of New York, and C. A. Taft, of Whitingsville, Mass.

The Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club has issued the programme of its eighth annual tournament, to be held on Feb. 22. Eight events are offered, of which seven are at 15 targets and one at 20 targets.

The Newark Sunday News states that "in an exhibition shoot yesterday (Feb. 4) afternoon on the grounds of the Smith Gun Club, this city, Frank E. Butler, the well-known marksman, and husband of Annie Oakley, smashed 98 targets out of a possible 100.

Mr. Will K. Park, the able trap editor of Sporting Life, Philadelphia, discusses the impending pigeon bill as follows: "Those who indulge in pigeon shooting from the traps in this State should awaken to the fact that their sport is in danger.

The programme of the second Grand Sportsmen's Handicap at targets and live birds, \$250 in cash added, to be held under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association, Feb. 15, 16 and 17, on the Rusch House grounds, provides target shooting on the first day and live-bird shooting on the two remaining days.

BERNARD WATERS.

At Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 4.—At the Point Breeze race track two sweepstakes and two miss-and-outs were shot. The scores: Handicap, 10 live birds, \$3 entrance, high guns:

Bradford Gun Club.

BRADFORD, Pa.—The regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Bradford Gun Club was held Feb. 4, at the traps at Clarkdale. Cold weather deterred many.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE weather on Feb. 4 was milder than during the first part of the week, and the attendance was good in consequence. Sixteen members took part in the last shoot of the cash prize series.

The advocates of the pump gun tried conclusions with the users of double barrels to-day, and the latter came out winners by a score of 218 to 202.

Three prizes in Class C were not qualified for, and the board of directors decided to give them to the last three men in Class B who would otherwise be shut out, thus distributing all the money.

The first shoot for the trophy donated by the Peters Cartridge Co. will be held on Friday, Feb. 10. This is a race at 50 targets, shot in strings of two 15s and a 20, instead of at 100 targets.

At a meeting of the board of directors the following tournament committee was appointed: Col. R. H. West, E. B. Barker, Arthur Gambell, C. Dreih, L. Squier and Stanley Rhoads.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets, distance handicap:

Table with 2 columns of names and scores. Includes names like Gambell, Dreih, Pohl, Minto, Peters, Herman, Faran, Hesser, Bullerdick, etc.

Ten best scores of winners in the different classes of the cash prize series follow. First line gives distance in each shoot; second line, score:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Divided into Class A, Class B, and Class C. Includes names like Faran, Peters, Maynard, Medico, A Sunderbruch, Williams, Dick, Harig, Roll, Block, Poklar, Ward, Bleh, Herman, H Sunderbruch, Bullerdick, Falk, Pfeiffer.

Match, pump guns, vs. double barrels, 50 targets: Double Barrel, Pumps. Includes names like Gambell, Don Minto, Herman, Hesser, Peters.

Match, 25 targets, two high men out: Peters 23, Dreih 22, Faran 21, Harig 20, Barker 19.

South Side Gun Club.

Milwaukee, Wis.—At a meeting of the South Side Gun Club, held last Monday, there was a very active campaign of trapshooting mapped out, to which the officers have pledged themselves toward carrying on a movement that will keep the best of gentlemanly sports alive in this city during this year.

This well established club has been one of the foremost of its kind in the State, and is destined to remain so for all time. Owning, as it does, its own ground, it has heretofore been opposed to a union of all the Milwaukee gun clubs.

The medal and prize committee may be depended upon to hang up attractive trophies for this year's competition. With Alderman Becker at the head, the committee is: Dr. Adolph Gropper, Chas. F. Pfister, Henry F. Seefeld, Emil O. Hoffman, Thomas J. Fleming and H. Hammersmith.

This committee will select the medals and arrange for the trophies, and will arrange the rules for competition, and that will include the handicaps. The following are the tournament dates: Feb. 22, May 30, July 4, Nov. 23, Dec. 31, and Jan. 1, 1906, one day being devoted to live birds.

The president's medal, worth \$50, has been donated by Adolph Grapper, and the rules have been agreed to, viz.: Shall be shot for monthly; the average of the five best scores to each shooter to decide the monthly winner; if a shooter wins twice in succession, he will be handicapped one yard; at the close of the year the one having won the greatest number of times shall be declared the winner; all scores to be made at 15 targets, and to be shot on regular shooting days.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS

Mr. Jacob Pleiss, Secretary, writes us that "the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, Pa., will hold an all-day tournament on April 22.

The following scores were made at the shoot held here Sunday, each being a 15-target event:

Grapper.....	14 13 13 13 14	Leidel.....	10 11 9 10 8
C W Mitchell....	10 10 11 12 10	J E Bush.....	13 12 11 12 11
T N Drought.....	13 12 10 .. .	C W Mitchell, Jr.	7 10 9 .. .
N C Williver.....	9 10 8 10 9	Black.....	11 13 13 10 11
I T Drought.....	12 13 .. .	A Hammersmith..	12 14 10 9 13
Woodward.....	10 9 8 9 ..	J C Clark.....	12 9 10 11 ..
L Stoergel.....	12 10 12 14 12		

Denver Trophy.

Chiowa, Neb., Jan. 30.—Since the Denver Post trophy was won by a Nebraska shot, it has been the "bone of contention," and many shoots have been held in connection therewith. As all who score a win will be entitled to a try for the trophy in the final disposition of same, which will be had some time this year, accounts no doubt for so many challenges for the trophy.

Mr. C. E. Williams was the "fellow" who thought he could beat Mr. L. E. Reed, the man who won it from Billy Clayton, the noted Kansas City gun handler. But he did not reckon with the weather man, and the very cold weather, together with the sun reflecting on the hard, frozen snow, caused him to make the low score of 70 out of the 100.

The committee, selected from the three States, Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska, placed Mr. Williams at 17yds. and Mr. Reed at 19, so that it is possible that Mr. Reed was really doing fine execution when he made 80 out of his 100. W. A. Waddington, of Beatrice, was the Nebraska man in charge of the trophy shoot.

You must realize that the Nebraska men have the shooting fever in their blood, for there were many of them present, and they unpacked their guns and went at it in good fashion. A total of 350 shots were fired, and Maxwell, the one-armed man, made 281, Reed 249, Beach 265, Townsend 264, Bray 251. Others shooting who did not complete the programme were Mann, Rhoda, Williams, Evans, Van Buren, Thorpe, Waddington, Harley, Bigler, Guthrie, Cameron, Domier, Schrenhost and Leiler.

In Other Places.

It is reported that 500 live birds will be used by the San Jose, Ill., Gun Club for their coming tournament. It is supposed that some crank will be coming out with an anti-pigeon shoot bill before the Illinois Legislature is much older.

The Jaysville Gun Club, of Dayton, O., held a shoot on the Cox Farm last Thursday.

Any resident of Montgomery county, Ohio, can participate in the clay-bird championship. It is shot at 50 targets, with distance handicap.

The Union City Gun Club, of Greenville, O., gave a banquet to its members last Thursday evening. There were several invited guests, and a good time was reported.

We learn that J. S. Reelhorn is one of the crack shots in the Kickersville, O., Gun Club.

When Feb. 22 rolls around there will be held a tournament at Vincennes, Ind. This will be the fourth annual tournament of the Jefferson County Gun Club. There will be two events, one at 10, the other at 25 live birds. A trophy valued at \$35 will go to the winner of the latter event.

There was another shoot for the Denver Post trophy, at Chiowa, Neb., Jan. 25. C. E. Williams, of Home, Colo., attempted to beat L. E. Reed. The match was at 100 targets. The storm that swept the country delayed mails and prevented the scores arriving in time for this issue.

The shoot between Dr. Grapper and James E. Bush, of the Milwaukee South Side Gun Club, was postponed by mutual agreement until some future time. The regular weekly shoot was held on Sunday. There were four events, each of 15 targets, in which T. M. Drought, J. E. Bush and C. W. Mott went straight. These and other scores were good, as there were zero conditions, with a snow-covered ground.

And now comes the Owosso Gun Club, of Owosso, Mich., through the secretary, with a statement that a tournament will be held May 18 and 19. With a purse of \$200 hung up, the contest will be open to all amateurs.

Shall the spring duck shoot in the springtime? is now the question that arises among some of the Western shooters.

There was a large delegation of shooters who journeyed from Waco, Tex., to Brenham for the shoot held there under Alf Gardiner's management.

F. G. Hogan, president of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club, with John Ashley and Mathew Andrews, are now touring the southern part of Georgia on a hunting trip. The quail will be the object of their search.

The very cold weather has chilled the ardor of some of the shooters on the Illinois prairies, and the report has reached us that at the last meeting of the Nicholas Park Gun Club only one event was shot, when an adjournment was made to the club house for a thaw out. When the thawing out process had been completed, the cry was homeward.

It would be a renewal of the old times should Freeport, Ill., shooters consume a carload of targets during 1905. This may not occur, but the club is flourishing out there, and as prizes are offered, there will be an incentive for regular attendance, as they are holding shoots on Fridays.

H. B. Williams, James Porter and E. P. Shepherd are the incorporators of the Calumet Gun Club, of Chicago.

The Berea, O., Gun Club will in the near future have a contest at the traps with the Recreation Gun Club, of Newburg, as their challenge has been accepted.

Members of the Mansfield, O., Gun Club had a novel experience last week. They invited their friends out to witness a fox chase. It is said that there were some two thousand people at the club house to witness the start.

While April showers are warming up the Northern country, there will be something doing on the Gulf coast, as the League of Trapshooters will hold a tournament at the City Park Gun Club grounds, New Orleans, April 16, 17 and 18. There will be \$350 added money, and the indications are for a great gathering of shooters from all along the coast line. Biloxi, Pascagoula, Mobile, Pensacola, Chef Menteur, Hattiesburgh, Laurel and Meridian will each have representatives of their clubs present to contest for the team and the individual prizes.

The Spring Lake Rod and Gun Club, of Streator, Ill., gave a supper last Tuesday. The members were a jolly lot, and they were entertained with rare musical talent.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., has held their annual meeting, and has elected officers for 1905 as follows: President, J. Hocker; Secretary, J. H. Galston; Treasurer, J. Repp; Captain, A. J. Whitmore; Assistant Captain, J. Stark.

The Sturgeon Gun Club, of Sturgeon, Mo., has formulated plans for pushing trapshooting through this year. Already plans are laid for a tournament to be held June 22, which will be the annual tournament. These are the new men at head of affairs, viz.: J. H. Wiscott, President; Dr. A. R. McComas, Vice-President; Chas. Harris, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Cleveland, O., Gun Club held its regular tournament last Tuesday. Shooting at 50 targets each, the results follow: Class A—North 42, Snow 38. Class B—Brugge 39, King 38. Class C—Kramer 44, Doolittle 43, Stillson 39, Hull 39, Freeman 35, Saffold 25, Bob 33, Hopkins 31. Class D—Wallace 41, Burns 41, Hopkins 40, Mack 38, Frank 33, Toby 33, Herbert 30, and Drake 23.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., starts out for this year with money in the treasury, and a good attendance of shooters is promised for the future.

They take Dave Elliott for his big brother Jim out in the "short grass" country" along the Arkansas valley. A local paper refers to Dave as the former U. S. champion shot.

Another Schmelzer trophy has been heard from. This time it was at Great Bend, Kans., where on Friday last, at 25 targets, the scores were: Lewis 23, Roesler 18, Cornelius 18, Logan 16, Niblo 16.

At the last shoot held by the Lorraine, Kans., Gun Club, the scores were low, but the charm of shooting was there. At 12 targets Herman Janssen made 9, J. Hopkins 2, John Janssen 6, W. Melchert 5, Geo. Zarn 9, A. Matoush 12.

It is well that members of gun clubs should look to the social features of their organization. Some of the clubs in central Illinois are looking after this feature, and its results are beneficial. The last banquet reported was that of the Arcola Club, and nothing but bad weather dampened their flow of good spirits.

The Denver Post trophy is still held by L. E. Reed, of Chiowa, Neb., as he defeated O. E. Williams by 10 targets.

Many of the northern Illinois excellent trap shots will turn their attention to Batavia, Ill., as the best place to spend Washington's Birthday. The shoot there should draw well, as there are some fellows there to run affairs, and it can be reached from all the surrounding towns, including Chicago, by trolley cars.

Harry Kirby, the well-known trade representative, was present at a shoot held by the Rosewood Gun Club at Springfield, O., and proved the honor winner with a score of 80 out of 90 targets shot at.

Last Thursday was the meeting day for the Kendallville, Ind., Gun Club, when scores thus were recorded: P. G. Klinkenberg out of 75 targets shot at, broke 53; Joc Weber 46 per cent.; R. P. Bruck 52 per cent.; the last-named was on the 18 mark most of the time.

The following statement will be news to many, since this week there will be a big shoot held at Houston, Tex. It seems that local shooters are discussing a proposition to establish a new gun club. This one to take the place of the old one, which has apparently passed from its former usefulness. There has been much trouble in the past to secure suitable grounds where shoots could be held successfully. The old Bonrig club became objectionable to the people living in the neighborhood, and it was declared a nuisance. The Highland was then secured, and it was very unpopular on account of being an unhandy location. There was bad street car service and the background was dark, and thus very much to be condemned. The prospect now is that the new men will arrange for a park which meets with all the requirements, and that there will be regular shoots held in Houston.

There was a meeting of the Plainview, Minn., Gun Club last week, at which the club decided to hold the next tournament May 23. The newly elected officers are: G. R. Hall, President; J. W. McCarty, Vice-President; A. J. Fricke, Secretary; F. T. Dickerman, Treasurer; John Mills, Captain.

There was an election last week at the Pomona, Cal., Gun Club, the result being that Dr. E. Henderson is now President; J. T. Nugent, Vice-President; J. A. Gallup, Secretary; C. G. George, Treasurer. If all goes well the club will hold a series of shoots.

Yes, sure, there will be something doing when the date rolls around for the Ohio State shoot. Just you watch the smoke that will arise when the Canton boys send the first to the firing line.

Out at Novo, Colo., the target shooters are busy, though their scores would indicate room for much improvement. At 25 targets C. W. Hart scored 6, Ed. Bailey 11, C. McFadden 15, E. Ziegler 12, W. Hart 13, E. Kiplinger 8, E. E. Miller 12, C. Swope 4, D. Phillips 8.

Mexia, Tex., reports a shoot wherein Carter and Foster, of Gresbeck, were beaten by one target by Dick Johnson and Hardy Story, of that city.

Something doing in the shooting line at Fisher, Ill., where out of 25, Theo. Williams scored 23 and Henderson 22 to Aric the same.

At Alma, Wis., there was a live-bird shoot. At 9 each there was a tie on 6 between W. H. Palmer and Dr. Geo. Kempter.

Few are the Legislatures that have met this winter but have had their attention called to live-bird shooting by the introduction of a bill to stop it. Shooters in Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania and other States must wake up ere it be too late.

There are some stayers at Ivesdale, Ill., as on Tuesday last there were three shooters out at the traps, and out of 30 live birds each Styan killed all his birds but one—two were carried out by the wind. Scores: Styan 27, Hubbard 22, Johnson 23. Well, they do report that the thermometer registered way down to 7 below.

The Whitehall, Ill., boys are surely awaiting the spring flight of ducks. They were out getting the rust out of their guns last Saturday at 25 targets. H. Robley made 23, B. Nevins 22, E. H. Griswold 22, Dr. Hume 18, L. Griswold 18, M. Watt 17, W. Tanner 17, W. E. Fischer 15, T. A. Mytinger 15, W. Tites 14, E. Morris 11.

Last year there were few, if any, clubs that shot as much as did the Le Mars, Ia., organization. Now it looks as if another prosperous year will be this present one. The 1905 officers are: H. J. Fuller, President; Al. Souer, Vice-President; T. W. Edington, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Adamson, Field Captain; L. L. Jones, H. N. Kern, I. C. Hise, Executive Committee. A big tournament is in prospect for the early springtime.

Trapshooting has again begun to boom at Kewanee, Ill.

And now comes G. W. Lewis, of Herrington, Kans., secretary of the Kansas State Association, with the announcement that the next shoot will be held May 16, 17 and 18.

Ben Stilling, of McHenry, Ill., an old hand at promoting tournaments, is out with the statement that he will give a two days' tournament at his place, Feb. 18 and 19.

Did you notice that that tournament to be held by the only Elmer Shaner at Kansas City should be an O. K. shoot?

Sunny South Handicap.

Brenham, Tex.—The winter shoot held here each year, and known as the Sunny South, came off on schedule time. The weather was very disagreeable, not being so very sunny, and the northerly do blow in this country. It was thought by some that the small attendance of amateurs was due to the handicaps not being sufficient for the best shots. There were a total of fourteen present, who are classed as professionals, and of the amateur class there were not above a dozen, while some of them were from the North.

Of course, there was Gardiner, who always manages the shoots in the best of order, and the week was well spent.

The opening day was devoted to the preliminary shoot, it being 100 targets. It was won by Still Bill Heer, of Concordia, Kans., with 87; Atchinson, of Gidding, Tex., second, 86; Waters, of Baltimore, third, 85; Heikes, of Dayton, O., and Burmister and Fred Gilbert 84 each.

The Sunny South Handicap was won by "Tobacco Bill" with 94 out of the 100.

When the final events closed for the week Fritz Gilbert, the wizard from Spirit Lake, was credited with high average, his score being 519 out of 573. Then came "Pop" Heikes with 516, with Wm. R. Crosby third, 508.

In the amateur class there were H. G. Taylor, the Dakota shot, first with 505; M. E. Atchinson, of Giddings, Tex., second, 502; George Tucker, of Brenham, Tex., third, 484.

Other scores were: Heer 503, Spencer 501, Waters 474, Money 473, Hubby 471, Faurot 469.

At the close of the shoot most all the visitors scattered and will visit points where there is good game shooting. It is expected, however, that all will meet again at the Houston shoot, which is to be held Feb. 7, 8 and 9.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Notwithstanding the cold, some ten men shot through five events to-day. Event No. 3, 25 targets, unknown angles, was tied for by Messrs. Cockfair, Moffett and Winslow, but on the shoot-off the first prize, 100 targets free, was won by Moffett; the second prize was tied for again by Winslow and Cockfair, who tossed for second and third prizes, a card case and a box of shells.

Event 4, for a box of shells, was won by Babcock with a score of 23. Scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5	Events:	1 2 3 4 5
Targets:	25 25 25 25 25	Targets:	25 25 25 25 25
P H Cockfair, 2.	18 21 22 20 17	C Babcock, 1.	19 23 18
C W Kendall....	11 16 17 20 21	W I Soverel.....	19 .. .
E Winslow, 4....	11 15 22 18 14	J W Glaister, 2....	15 14 19
F W Moffett, 2....	21 16 22 22 22	Taylor	21 8 14
I S Crane, 2....	17 21 21 ..	F H Robinson....	15 .. 13

Handicaps apply on event 3 only.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Feb. 4.—Event 5 was a handicap for a silver cup. It resulted in a tie. In the shoot-off it was won by Mr. F. Truax. Scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Targets:	15 10 15 10 25 25 25
Morrison, 3	13 7 12 8 19 15 19
Richter, 3	10 6 9 8 16 .. 20
Truax, 1	12 8 12 7 25 21 22
Williams, 0	15 6 10 8 22 .. 19
Vosselman, 6	12 6 9 6 19 17 16
Glover, 0	10 10 14 10 24 24 22
Eickhoff, 3	10 10 11 9 19 16 21

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Feb. 4.—The weather was cold, the birds were good and the contestants were in fine form. The first shoot of a series, a shoot each week, through February, March and April, was begun. At the end of the series, the contestant scoring the most wins will be awarded the beautiful silver trophy. Competition is open to members only. The first win was scored by Mr. Walter S. Harrison, who killed 19 out of 20.

The scores follow:

Club handicap, 20 live birds, optional sweepstake, \$10 entrance, high guns:	
Harrison, 29	12110122221122112222—19
Frank, 30	1220122122001222222—17
Parker, 32	022022222222022222—17
Geikler, 29	122202022202222222—17
McFalls, 30	2220022022222202222—16
Coffin, 30	2220022222222202222—17
Russell, 30	2202202222220022222—16
Jackson, 29	22220200022222222—15
South, 28	22222222002202222—16

In the second event, open handicap, 10 birds, Mr. C. Geikler was first with a straight score. Messrs. Frank and Parker tied on 9. The scores:

Harrison	2010111212—8	McFalls	2120002012—6
Frank	1222112022—9	Coffin	2220022222—8
Geikler	2222222122—9		

The third event was a handicap at 15 birds, and Messrs. Frank and Geikler tied for first with straight scores, as follows:

Frank	22222222222222—15	Harrison	24022212212222—13
Parker	2*222222222222—14	Smith	20002122022222—11
Geikler	22222222222222—15	Russell	2220202*22212*—11
McFalls	22*02*222222222—12	Jackson	0021*202122*22—10

Stanley Gun Club.

A MEETING of the Management Committee of the Stanley Gun Club (Incorporated) was held on Jan. 31, to consider the plans for the annual tournament in Toronto on May 17, 18 and 19. Those present were Thomas A. Duff (chairman), Ald. Robert Fleming, J. H. Thompson (president) and Alex. Dey (secretary). It was decided to have ten 20-target events each day, making 600 targets in all; and to guarantee \$1,250 in cash. It was agreed to have a valuable prize each day for high average, and a grand prize to the competitor who makes high average for the entire tournament. The committee also decided to present a diamond medal to the professional shot standing first in his class. The competition will be managed on the handicap system and open to the world. Professionals and manufacturers' agents to shoot for targets only. The rules governing the shooting are those of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association.

No expense will be spared to make this tournament a success, and, with the liberal cash guarantee and other inducements offered, the club feels that Toronto will see in May next a tournament that will eclipse the one held in August, 1903, which was the second largest strictly amateur tournament ever held in America.

Competitors will be able to remain in Toronto, and on May 20 see the race at the Woodbine for the King's plate, the oldest continuously run racing stake of the Continent.

Millvale Gun Club.

MILLVALE, Pa., Feb. 4.—Good scores were made at the shoot of the Millvale Gun Club, Hickey being high with the excellent average of 94 out of 100. Scores:

Targets:	10 15 10 15 25 25	Total.
Hickey	10 14 9 14 23 24	94
Butler	9 11 8 12 20 23	83
Burnham	9 10 7 11 18 20	74
Tegethoff	8 11 9 11 19
McGlasson	7 12 8 13
Shaw	6 12 7 13
Weherley	7 10 6 11

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ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Feb. 4.—Sixteen contested in the February cup event. Mr. George G. Stephenson, Jr., scored a win with 25 straight—the possible. Mr. F. B. Stephenson was a close second with 24. In the two-man team shoot, Mr. H. C. Werleman and F. C. Raynor were high with 47 out of 50. In the Stake trophy event, Mr. G. G. Stephenson was second with 47. Scores: Shoot for February cup, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Stephenson, Jr.	2	25	25	Vanderveer	4	17	21
F B Stephenson	1	23	24	Marshall	5	16	21
Palmer, Jr.	0	23	23	Southworth	0	20	20
Damron	6	17	23	Bennett	3	17	20
Brigham	0	22	22	Stake	5	15	20
Bedford, Jr.	1	21	22	Keyes	2	17	19
Werleman	7	15	22	Dr Hopkins	5	13	18
L C Hopkins	1	20	21	Grinnell, Jr.	1	15	16
Raynor	5	16	21				

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Brigham	0	12	12	Bennett	1	13	14
Bedford	0	13	13	Grinnell	0	10	10
F B Stephenson	0	14	14	Stake	3	9	12
Southworth	0	12	12	Raynor	3	6	9
Damron	3	9	12	Dr Hopkins	3	12	15
L C Hopkins	0	10	10	Vanderveer	2	10	12
Marshall	3	13	15	Palmer	0	10	10

Shoot-off, same conditions: Dr. Hopkins 14, Marshall 13.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Brigham	0	14	14	Bennett	1	9	10
Bedford	0	10	10	Grinnell	0	11	11
F B Stephenson	0	14	14	Stake	3	13	15
Palmer	0	15	15	Damron	3	7	10
Southworth	0	12	12	Raynor	3	11	14
Werleman	4	6	10	Dr Hopkins	3	11	14
Marshall	3	10	13	Vanderveer	2	11	13

Shoot-off, same conditions: Palmer 14, Stake 10.

Team shoot, 25 targets, handicap:

Brigham	0	22	22	F B Stephenson	1	24	25
Palmer	0	23	23-45	L C Hopkins	1	19	20-45
Southworth	0	21	21	Bedford	1	20	21
Marshall	5	12	17-38	Grinnell	1	16	17-37
G G Ste'n's'n, Jr	2	21	23	Dr Hopkins	5	15	20
Stake	5	17	23-45	Dr Keyes	2	15	17-37
Sykes	4	22	25	Werleman	7	16	23
Barnett	3	18	21-46	Dr Raynor	5	19	24-47

Stake trophy, 50 targets:

	—1st 25—	—2d 25—	Total.
	Hdp. Broke.	Hdp. Broke.	
L M Palmer, Jr.	0	21	44
H M Brigham	0	18	41
F B Stephenson	1	22	46
L C Hopkins	1	16	37
A G Southworth	0	18	41
W T Marshall	5	12	35
F T Bedford, Jr.	1	18	38
C C Grinnell, Jr.	1	22	42
G G Stephenson, Jr.	2	20	49
D C Bennett	3	20	45
W C Damron	6	12	33
F C Raynor	5	16	43
S P Hopkins	5	11	37
C A Sykes	4	15	39
H C Werleman	7	14	42
H B Vanderveer	4	19	48

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

Brigham	0	15	15	Grinnell	0	13	13
Bedford	0	14	14	Stake	3	8	11
F B Stephenson	0	12	12	Damron	3	13	15
Palmer	0	12	12	Raynor	3	12	15
Southworth	0	13	13	Dr Hopkins	3	6	9
L C Hopkins	0	10	10	Vanderveer	2	13	15
Marshall	3	9	12	Werleman	4	8	12
Barnett	1	10	11				

Shoot-off, same conditions: Brigham 13, Damron 13, Raynor 14, Vanderveer 14.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Vanderveer 12, Raynor 11.

Freeport Gun Club.

FREEPORT, L. I., Feb. 2.—The shoot of the Freeport Gun Club, which, owing to the heavy snowstorm, was postponed from Jan. 25, was held to-day, and drew a goodly attendance of shooters from different sections. Thirty shooters competed in the merchandise event.

A very high wind and bitter cold weather made shooting anything but easy. The scores therefore are very creditable. The winner of the cup in event No. 6 and of the high amateur average, Mr. L. B. Huntington, of New Rochelle, N. Y., had never shot in an open tournament before. E. W. Reynolds won second choice, a handsome oak gun cabinet, in the merchandise event, and Shanley Smith the third prize, a copper shell case.

The trade was represented by J. A. R. Elliott, J. S. Fanning, Neaf Apgar, H. S. Welles, Frank Butler and Sim Glover. Neaf Apgar made high score, 46, of actual breaks in the main event, and made the only score of 25 straight of the day. J. A. R. Elliott won the \$5 offered as a prize for the professional high average. Mr. E. W. Reynolds was cashier.

Ties in event 6 were shot off in event 10, at 25 targets, handicaps being cut in two.

Events: Targets: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

J A R Elliott	8	9	14	15	14	44	12	12	15	..
J S Fanning	7	8	10	14	12	45	10	10	14	..
N Apgar	9	9	13	14	11	46	13	9	14	..
H S Welles	8	9	9	13	14	43	11	12	13	..
F Butler	8	7	10	9	11	35	6	9	10	..
Bangman, 8	7	9	12	14	11	48	12	12	14	18
J H Hendrickson, 7	2	8	14	13	12	41	12	14	14	22
L H Schorly, 7	8	9	14	15	11	48	6	12	14	18
L B Huntington, 7	8	8	13	14	13	50	10	12	13	20
Sim Glover	7	10	13	12	13	42	12	15	14	..
G Call, 10	4	9	12	8	12	42	7	12	12	15
F C Willis, 9	5	5	11	12	13	50	10	12	11	16
F Sutton, 10	7	9	..	41	12	12	14	..
Abe Smith, 10	7	14	..	43	10	11	13	..
Gosman, 13	5	12	..	45
L W Valentine, 13	45	10	10	12	19
Mcfeet, 9	42	..	12	13	11
T D Carman, 10	50	14	w
C Eickhoff, 11	41	..	14	12	22
E W Reynolds, 8	48	21
E P Smith, 13	41	3	13	9	7
W C Ansel, 12	37	12
L B Small, 9	43	20
J Bradley, 9	46	17
W Simonson, 10	46	16
W M Hyde, 9	38	12
Stanley Smith, 12	47	18
Bert Lott, 10	55	18
F E Gildersleeve, 10	42	17
F D White, 10	46	..	9	10	13

New York German Gun Club.

HEREWITH you will find the monthly scores for 1904 of the New York German Gun Club, shot at Outwater's, Carlstadt, N. J. You will notice all the months are filled out.

The club held two special shoots, June 3 and 15, at 25 birds each. These were added to the other months so as to make up the year's score of 10 birds each month, excluding the months of July and November. In these two months the club never shoots.

You will notice Count Lenone has the club's first prize, 15 points.

The annual meeting was held Jan. 26, at Baudendistel's Hotel, for the election of officers and the distribution of prizes, of which you will find a list on the score sheet.

The following officers were elected: J. F. Wellbrock, President; Peter Albert, Vice-President; J. P. Dannefeler, Treasurer; Emil Steffens, Secretary; Peter Garms, Captain.

The president appointed a committee to see what arrangements could be made for the club to shoot live birds at Allentown, Pa., and to report at a special meeting in February. After other business and discussions, the meeting adjourned, and the members partook of a game supper put up by member Baudendistel's wife. Between Peter Garms and President Wellbrock it was a clean score on the potatoes, for Wellbrock got the last dish and won out.

After supper the table was cleared and the members got real sociable. Doc Hudson sat with a big black powder cigar, throwing rings of smoke into the air that looked like Japanese bombs bursting over Port Arthur. Then came the gun surgeon, who has a hospital at No. 9 Chambers street. He was a pitiful looking sight, like all the commuters. The big snowstorm had him snowed in and he could not get to Orange, N. J. He had two or three time-tables, and was figuring which railroad would get their tracks clear of snow first, so we kept Mr. Dannefeler at Baudendistel's Hotel for the night, and we hope he slept well. Ten birds were shot each month.

Prizes taken were a rocker, dress suit scarf, toilet set, leather cartridge case, fishing pole, German beer mug, fancy gilt clock, \$5 check for merchandise, order for merchandise, box of 100 special cigars, check for \$10 for merchandise, fancy gilt calendar, order for dress hat, Barnegat fishing reel, check for \$3 for merchandise.

New York German Gun Club monthly scores, 1904:

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Dec.	Yards.	Handi- cap.	Birds Shot at.	Birds Killed.	Per Cent.	Points Made.
E Kattengill	8	7	8	10	8	10	7	7	9	6	30	7	100	80	80	11
J F Wellbrock	8	6	8	5	6	10	9	10	9	8	29	7	90	71	79	12
Peter Albert	8	6	8	..	5	10	7	9	9	8	28	6 1/2	90	70	77 1/2	13 1/2
Dr Hudson	9	8	7	7	7	8	8	7	7	9	29	7	100	77	77	7
J Schlicht	5	8	7	7	10	6	7	9	7	7	28	7	100	73	73	6
H W Mesloh	7	6	7	5	8	9	10	7	7	7	28	7	100	73	73	6
J P Dannefeler	8	9	3	6	6	9	10	28	6	70	51	72 1/2	12
Peter Garms	8	8	7	6	8	6	6	8	6	9	28	6	100	72	72	12
Emil Steffens	7	7	6	5	7	8	10	7	7	8	29	7	100	72	72	5
R Baudendistel	6	..	8	..	7	7	8	9	6	6	28	6	80	57	71	9
C Lenone	8	4	10	10	8	8	7	28	6	70	55	70	15
H Meyn	8	5	4	..	4	6	8	9	5	7	28	6	90	48	60	6
Paul Exner	..	4	..	3	6	8	5	10	4	7	28	5	80	47	58 1/2	11
Wm Lampe	5	4	5	5	7	4	9	26	4 1/2	70	39	55 1/2	3 1/2
J H Block	8	3	28	6 1/2	20	11	55	1 1/2
E Radle	3	8	6	6	4	28	6 1/2	50	27	54	1 1/2
A E Hendrickson	5	6	4	3	3	9	4	4	28	6 1/2	80	43	50	3
H Ludeking	..	3	4	6	4	6	4	5	5	6	28	4 1/2	90	48	49	5 1/2
C Jacob	6	4	2	28	5 1/2	30	12	40	1 1/2
Jos Zeman	4	1	4	2	7	6	6	26	4 1/2	60	24	40	4
Gus Hagnah	5	..	8	2	0	1	1	3	0	3	25	4 1/2	90	23	25	4
C W Schultz	28	6 1/2
C R Schultz	28	6 1/2

Blanks denotes absence.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 3.—The year 1904 marked an era of prosperity for the Analostan Gun Club of this city. In April the club was reorganized with a small but enthusiastic membership. Excellent grounds were secured, first-class traps installed, and the affairs of the organization were conducted on strict business principles. The result of this was to interest the shooters, and applications for membership were received at every meeting. The club closed the season with an active membership of sixty-eight. Targets were thrown at one cent each, and more than 60,000 were trapped during the season. All the improvements were paid for, and the club closed the season with a handsome balance in the

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 22.—Greenville, N. J.—American record 100-shot match. March 1-9.—New York.—Zettler annual gallery tournament.

Providence Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The regular weekly practice shoot was well attended Thursday evening, and proved of more than usual interest.

Sterry K. Luther apparently caught the knack of shooting on the indoor range, and shot in his regular form, scoring well into the 240s.

Arno Argus struck an 80 gait and held his officer's model for a 50-shot string of 405, which is considered excellent work for our club.

Albert B. Coulters surprised the members by uncasing a Krag rifle, and spent the evening in trying some short range loads for that arm, and apparently he will make it give a good account of itself in the near future.

C. L. Beach, whose little .22 has been difficult to hold, on account of its lightness, brought in his .32-40 target Winchester with some trial short-range loads, and made one pretty group of ten shots, which, had his elevation been a point higher, would have netted him 240 or better, German ring count.

Major Eddy scored an 82 with his military, and felt satisfied with the load he has worked out for that regulation arm. A 5-point handicap would have made that figure look larger, but the Major was satisfied with the net result.

Fred Collins, a local crack, was a visitor at the range, and it is probable he will appear next week with his .25-25, for which he has a load that shoots a good string at 25yds.

Down at Bristol the rifle and hand arm shooters are getting busy, it is rumored, and it is possible there may be a delegation from that vicinity added to the club rolls at no distant day. Bristol has some fine shots, and could add materially to the organization by joining hands under the plan followed by the Portsmouth men. They want to add a trapshooting division, as do also the shooters of Saylesville, and it rather looks as if Rhode Island air will be pretty well smoked this season.

That's the stuff, boys. Keep it going, and Little Rhody will wake up. Instead of the plain, simple little revolver club of half a dozen members, there may be something besides plans in a State Association. What do you say, shooters?

There's a proposition. In the meantime the club enjoys its limited once-a-week shoots, and the regulars are pushing the local interests.

Scores Providence Revolver Club, Feb. 2:

Twenty-five yard practice, German ring target: Sterry K. Luther 244, 245; L. A. Jordan 229, 238, 231, 231; C. L. Beach 229, 222, 229, 231; A. B. Coulters, 224; Fred Collins, 203.

Twenty-yard revolver practice, Standard American target: Arno Argus 80, 77, 82, 84, 84—405; Wm. F. Eddy 75, 82; A. C. Hurlburt 74; Geo. F. Heywood 53, 58.

Twenty-yard revolver practice, Creedmoor target, possible 50: D. P. Craig, 37, 33.

Shooting has started in well at the Portsmouth range, Mr. William Almy, vice-president of the Revolver Club, having interested a number of the small-bore rifle shooters in a match at 50yds., which was shot Jan. 31. William Almy was the winner and F. A. Coggeshall raised the 50yd. range record with a 90, Standard count. Following are the scores in detail:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Wm Almy, F A Coggeshall, W S Sisson, Bradford Norman.

This is the first rifle match which has been shot on the Portsmouth range in some time, and shows that the shooters are picking up the former interest, and that this season will see the range busy.

Little Rhody has some good shots, and it is hoped that eventually they will all join in making the only civilian organization in

the State a strong one, so that target shooting will again be brought to the front.

Since the organization of the Revolver Club, many rifle shooters have taken hold; the sporting goods dealers report an increased sale and interest in small bore rifles and target revolvers and pistols, and it is apparent that there are shooters who enjoy the sport, but carry on their practice in private. The Revolver Club has nearly outgrown its original plan, and there is no reason why, if all the interested target shooters would join hands, we could not have a State Rifle Association.

The Portsmouth range is available for members in that vicinity; the proposed club range at Cranston will take care of the local shooters; one of the expert members has a private 100yd. range at Thornton, and if a combination was effected there is no doubt arrangements could be made with the militia officials for the use occasionally of the State range for practice with the Government Krag, under the Government idea.

All this is possible if the shooters will back up the efforts of the club pushers by membership, which is but a small contribution to shooting interests.

Why not add Rhode Island to the National? This is the question asked of any shooter who reads our weekly reports, but keeps in the shade.

If you like to shoot and want a place to shoot on a standard basis, why not come in with us? Don't be backward because you fear you will not make top-notch scores. You can do your practicing better on a club range than elsewhere; you will progress better a little friendly competition than a lone shoot; you will meet men who will give you many practical pointers.

What we ought to have is a State Rifle Association, under the National Association plan, with the proposed Government encouragement, then for winter practice we need a club range indoors, where we will not be confined to one night a week, but where a man can shoot at any time the mood strikes him. We all agree this is needed, even the unknown shooters. And it is simply up to each one interested to give the plan a lift by coming forward and contributing a dollar or two for a good cause.

West Sonora (O.) Rifle Club.

TWELVE members took part in the shoot of the West Sonora Rifle Club on Jan. 28. The conditions were 100yds., offhand, open sights. Four shots on target with 4in. center, value 12, possible 48. Five matches were shot, with four money prizes in each. C. W. Matthews was high man for the day with 216 out of a possible 240. C. Tice second, 212; T. Garreth third, 206; R. Tice fourth, 204. The prize winners in their order are given in the scores below:

Match No. 1: T. Garreth 48, C. Pitman 45, L. Bruner 44, C. Tice 42, C. W. Matthews 37, Chalmer Tice 36, R. Tice 35, S. Huffman 34, C. Pease 32, L. Hinea 30, J. McGriff 27, J. Piles 18.

Match No. 2: C. W. Matthews 44, J. Piles 43, L. Hinea 43, C. Tice 43, S. Huffman 42, T. Garreth 42, Chalmer Tice 41, R. Tice 41, C. Pease 34, C. Pitman 34, L. Bruner 25, J. McGriff 21.

Match No. 3: L. Hinea 43, C. W. Matthews 42, R. Tice 41, S. Huffman 41, T. Garreth 40, C. Tice 40, J. McGriff 40, C. Pitman 39, J. Piles 38, Chalmer Tice 38, L. Bruner 37, C. Pease 32.

Match No. 4: C. W. Matthews 46, C. Tice 45, R. Tice 45, Chalmer Tice 43, L. Bruner 42, L. Hinea 41, J. McGriff 40, S. Huffman 39, C. Pease 37, J. Piles 36, T. Garreth 33, C. Pitman 31.

Match No. 5: C. W. Matthews 47, J. Piles 47, J. McGriff 44, L. Bruner 44, T. Garreth 43, C. Tice 42, S. Huffman 42, L. Hinea 42, R. Tice 42, Chalmer Tice 40, C. Pease 37, C. Pitman 30.

BONASA.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

SCORES follow for the practice shoot held on the Zettler ranges, Wednesday, Feb. 1. A spirited contest between R. Gute and R. Busse for first place was the main feature of the evening, Mr. Gute winning out by a comfortable margin: R. Gute 244, 246; R. Busse 242, 240; J. Hess 240, 237; G. Viemeister 236, 236; J. N. F. Seibs 238, 236; W. J. Daniels 230, 232; H. D. Muller 235, 225; F. Rolles 229, 230; D. Scharninghausen 229, 230; C. Gerken 230, 228; J. von der Leith 230, 219; B. Eusner 223, 222; H. A. Ficke, Jr., 219, 222; W. Schillingmann 225, 216; W. Wessel 223, 211; D. Wuehrmann 187, 229; H. von der Leith 208, 201; G. Rohde 210, 204; J. Eisinger 205, 197; H. Roffmann 208, 182; G. Deitloff 203, 180.

Bullseye target: H. D. Muller 36, H. A. Ficke 53 1/2, J. von der Leith 54 1/2, W. Wessel 55 1/2, W. J. Daniels 56, D. Wuehrmann 63 1/2, G. Deitloff 76, R. Busse 90, W. Schillingmann 102, R. Gute 112, C. Gerken 122, D. Scharninghausen 127, G. Viemeister 143, J. Eisinger 145, J. Hess 155, H. von der Leith 164, J. N. F. Seibs 164, G. Rohde 184, B. Eusner 208.

Harlem Independent Corps.

A. FEGERT led the race for high score at the practice shoot Friday evening, Feb. 3, with the grand total of 462. Scores: A. Pegert 227, 235; B. Eusner 229, 228; A. Muller 222, 215; P. Zugner 210, 214; F. Monatsberger 205, 213; V. Horn 205, 207; C. Hopf 186, 220; S. Baumann 170, 205; E. Hilker 160, 184; J. Fey 163, 205.

Bullseye target: P. Zugner 56, B. Eusner 92 1/2, V. Horn 96, C. Hopf 103, A. Fegert 145, J. Fey 151, A. Muller 197, E. Hilker 198, F. Monatsberger 201.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of this association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Jan. 29. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Hasenzahl was declared champion for the day with the good score of 226. Payne was high on the honor with 70 points. The scores:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Hasenzahl, Nestler, Payne, Odell, Hofer, Bruns, Coleman, Freitag, Drube.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

SCORES follow for the practice shoot of the above society at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street on Thursday, Feb. 2. R. Busse and the veteran, C. G. Zettler, had an exciting race for first place, resulting in a victory for Capt. Busse: R. Busse 241, 242; C. G. Zettler 239, 241; R. Bender 236, 237; J. Metzger 220, 209; G. Schroeter 221, 228; W. Gravenstein 214, 233; H. Radloff 217, 217; W. Heil 214, 203; J. Keller 203, 205; C. Stover 160, 157; A. Wiltz 170, 175.

Bullseye target: R. Busse 33, R. Bendler 80 1/2, C. G. Zettler 100 1/2, G. Schroeter 107, C. Stover 136, H. Radloff 152, W. Heil 180, J. Keller 180.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THIRTEEN members took part in the weekly practice shoot of the above club Tuesday evening, Jan. 31. Scores follow: A. Hubalek 1226, R. Gute 1210, L. P. Hansen 1269, G. Schlicht 1207, C. Zettler, Jr., 1202, B. Zettler 1193, C. G. Zettler 1192, A. Begerow 1184, T. H. Keller, Jr., 1180, H. Fenwirth 1174, L. Maurer 1173, T. H. Keller 1131, G. J. Bernius 1110.

Williamsburg Rifle Club.

SCORES follow for the regular practice shoot. A. Hubalek was in good form and led the race for high score with a total of 2444: A. Hubalek 2444, J. Kaufman 2427, G. Worn 2414, P. Muth 2406, Mertens 2405, Baal 2399, Audrassy 2382, Kost 1198, Ruckh 1175, Schroeder 1122, Grimm 1130, Laube 1125.

Rifle Notes.

An open-to-all 100-shot match will be held at Armbruster's Greenville Schuetzen Park on Feb. 22. Entrance fee, \$5. Any rifle and any sights allowed. All shooting offhand on the Standard American target, with 11in. bullseye, which includes the 7 ring. distance 200yds. For further particulars, apply to Capt. W. A. Tewes, 98 Chambers street, New York.

An interesting telegraph team match was shot between the Willow Rifle Club, of Chicago, and the Myles Standish Club, of Portland, which resulted in a victory for the Standish Club by a comfortable margin. Scores: Myles Standish Rifle Club 4738, Willow Rifle Club 4669.

Mrs. Hix—"What makes you look so happy, my dear?" Mrs. Dix—"Oh, my husband and I have just had an awful quarrel." Mrs. Hix—"I fail to see the connection." Mrs. Dix—"Why, there's a new sealskin sack in it when he asks me to forgive him."—Chicago News.

The uninspired idiot was descanting on the race suicide situation. "Those," he declared with conviction, "who do not marry in this world will be married in the next." "But," interposed the bachelor girl, who had once refused him, "in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage." "I know it," replied the idiot, selecting a toothpick and withdrawing hastily.—Princeton Tiger.

Mr. Goodman—"Drink is the source of all evil." The Hobo—"Well, dat ain't my fault, boss."—Yonkers Herald.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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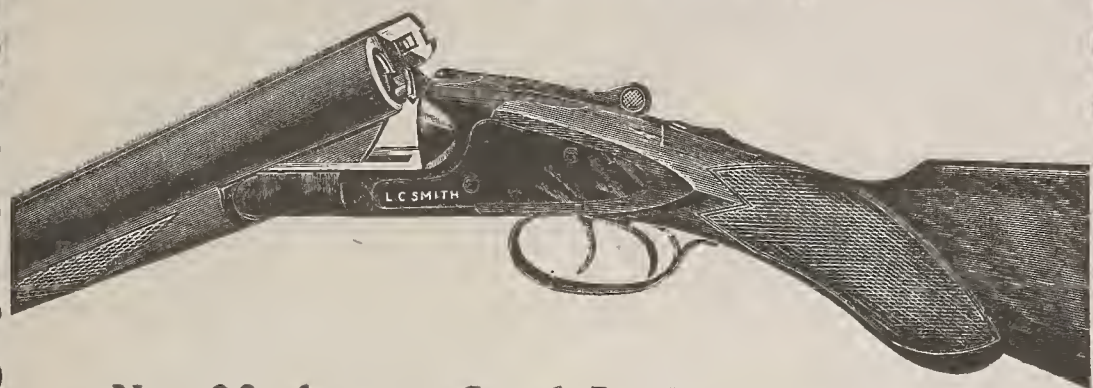
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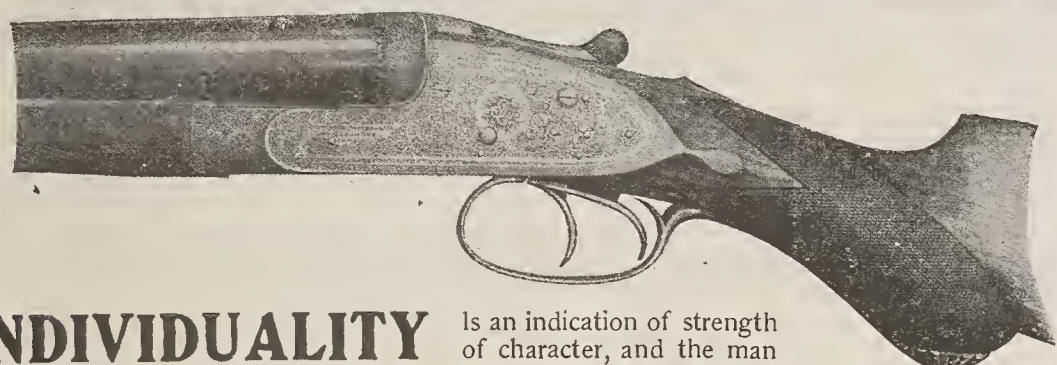
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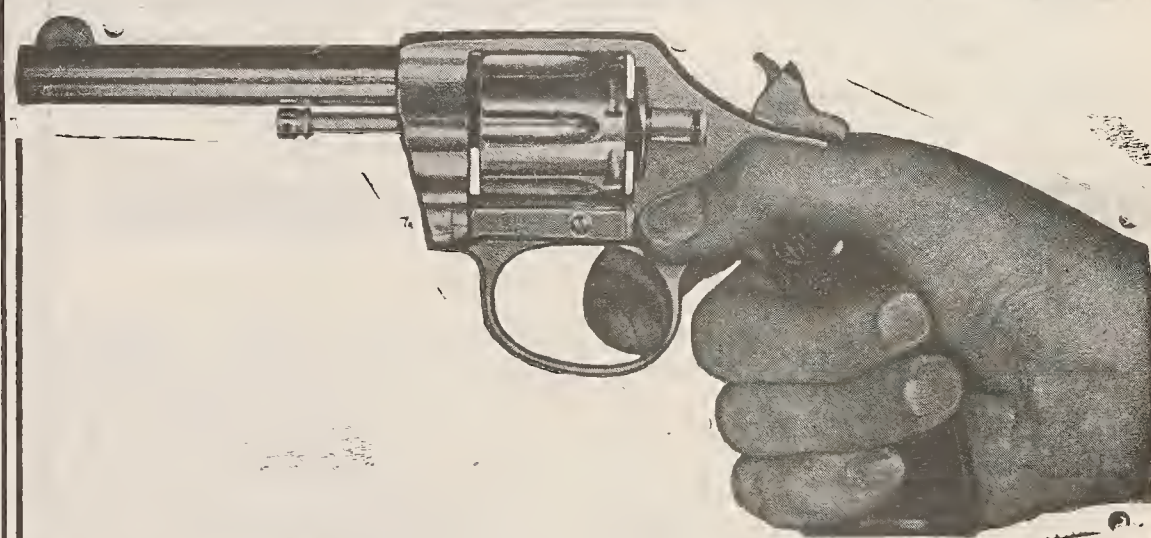
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A HOUSTON HURRICANE

The Texas Tornado, which occurred at the Sunny South Handicap, in the form of a U. M. C. victory, has been followed by another whirlwind victory at Houston.

U. M. C. NITRO CLUB SHELLS,

in the gun of Mr. M. E. Atchison, won the Houston Post Diamond Medal, emblematic of the Highest General Average, at the Grand Southern Handicap held at Houston, Texas, Feb. 7-8-9. Mr. Atchison also won the Houston Chronicle Cup at the Sunny South Handicap, Brenham, Texas.

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THE SUNNY SOUTH HANDICAP

At this tournament, held in Brenham, Texas, January 27th, W. R. Crosby won the Sunny South Handicap Cup, with a score of 94 out of 100 targets, shooting Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells.

THE CENTRAL TEXAS HANDICAP

At Taylor, January 18th, this big State event was won by J. A. Jackson from a strong field with a score of 19 out of 20 live birds, shot at 29 yards, using Winchester Factory Loaded "Leader" Shells.

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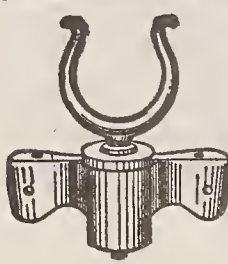
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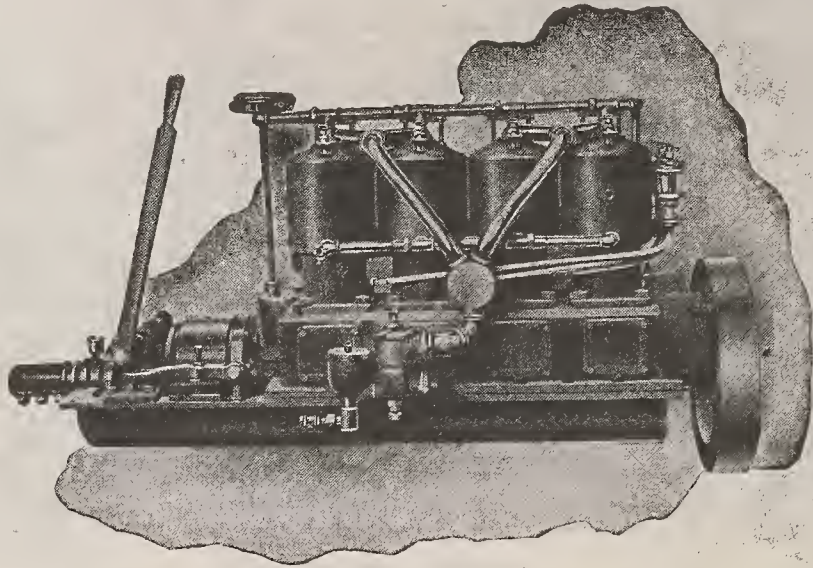
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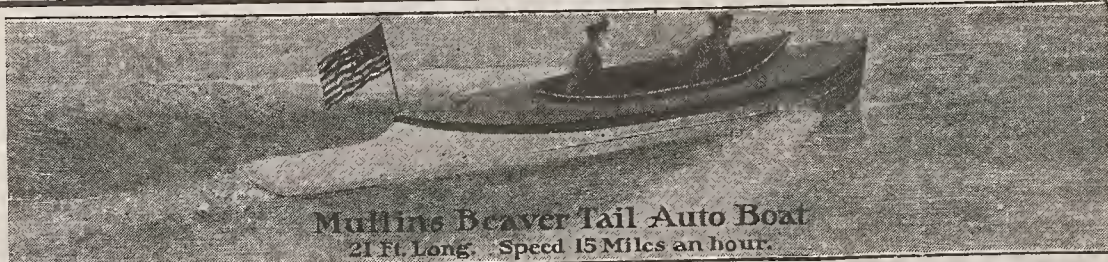
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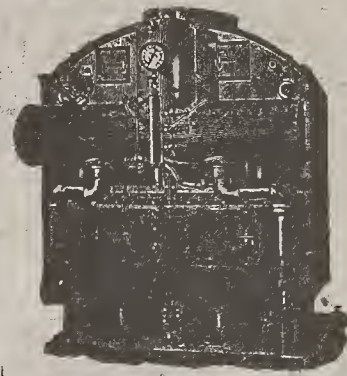
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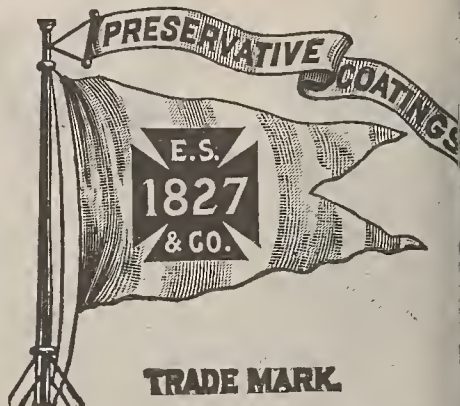
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1905.

VOL. LXIV.—No. 7.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

FEDERAL CONTROL OF GAME AND FISH.

THE conviction is general that in the Federal control of migratory game as contemplated in the Shiras Bill will be found the solution of a problem which has been vexatious and baffling. Mr. Shiras's proposal to put the wildfowl under the care of the National Government, as to the shooting season, has been hailed with unqualified satisfaction. The only questioning of it has been with regard to the constitutional point of jurisdiction. Is the regulation of the taking of migratory game properly a legitimate subject for Congress to legislate on? If his question may be answered in the affirmative, the problem is solved.

We printed last week a letter from Judge D. C. Beaman, of Colorado, in which the jurisdiction of Congress was seriously questioned. To-day we publish a reply by Mr. Shiras, whose deep study of the points at issue has convinced him that Congress will be well within constitutional bounds in undertaking the control not only of migratory game, but of migratory fish as well. The magnitude of the commercial interests involved in the fisheries far transcends that attaching to the game. If Mr. Shiras shall be successful in establishing the principle that Congress may legislate for the fisheries as to migratory species, and that the Federal authorities may execute the laws made for their regulation, he will have wrought in the conditions controlling the fishing industry a change of which the value must eventually be computed in millions of dollars.

We speak not only for Mr. Shiras as author of the measure which bears his name, but for all who have indorsed it and are working for its enactment, when we say that no satisfaction whatever would be found in the attainment of a statute which, however salutary it might be for a brief period, would be overthrown by the courts as radically wrong because unconstitutional. In his communication of to-day Mr. Shiras gives the reasons which have convinced him that his measure is right in principle and will be found invulnerable when put to the test of the courts. Whatever may be the merits of the question with respect to the legal and constitutional questions involved, it certainly is to be said—and may not be said too strongly—that the Shiras Bill has in its support the consideration of public advantage and public gain, present and permanent. If ever a game measure was proposed for the good of the whole people, now and in the future, the Shiras Bill is such a one.

THE INDIAN THEN AND NOW.

THE story of his buffalo hunt with the Comanche Indians which is concluded by Cabia Blanco this week, is one of great interest. Told with entire simplicity and in the present tense, it is very vivid and real.

Many of us stay-at-home bodies have thoughtlessly supposed that—except for the buffalo—the conditions described in this account are to-day much as they were thirty years ago. This is not true. The country then occupied only by the wandering Indians is now full of white people, whose fertile farms stretch away for unending miles over a fenced country, where right-angled roads follow the section lines, and one can journey only over the roads. The Indians who then hunted the buffalo, fought with each other, and from time to time chased the casual white man, are now confined to their reservations or have had lands allotted to them in severalty and are proprietors of quarter sections. We are told that in the Indian Territory there are not over 17,000 full blooded Indians, and these are more than there are in the adjoining Oklahoma. On the other hand, the Indian Territory holds 600,000 white people, or people whose color and manners, even though they may have some Indian blood, are those of the Caucasian. The Comanches are on a reservation in the Indian Territory near the Wichita Mountains.

Not the least interesting point in Cabia Blanco's account is the way in which he was treated by the Indians, and the sympathy that he felt with them. He found them kindly and friendly and he had the same feelings toward them; they hated the Cheyennes, whom they called dogs, and Cabia Blanco also regarded the Cheyennes as dogs. In similar situations, with other tribes, other white men have a hundred times had similar experiences. Whether his lot was cast among Sioux, Cheyennes, Pawnees, Blackfeet or Nez Percés, the white man who lived among

them ever found the Indian camp to be only similar to other communities, and he came to regard their enemies as his enemies, and to credit these enemies with the bad qualities which all men attribute to those toward whom they have hostile feelings.

It is not strange that the Comanches hated the Cheyennes. During many years in the early half of the last century, the Cheyennes and their allies, the Arapahoes, were at bitter war with the allied Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches. These three tribes, living to the south and within striking distance of the Mexican settlement, were constantly engaged in raiding the settlements and taking from them great numbers of horses and other plunder. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes, living further to the north, had fewer horses and had no way to supply their need of horses except by in turn raiding the villages of the southern tribes and taking from them the horses which they had captured from the Mexicans.

The last great fight between these two brave and powerful alliances took place in the year 1838. Long ago, as it seems to us now, yet we have known not a few men who took part in that fight.

Two years after the "great fight"—for it still bears that name among the Cheyennes—a peace was made. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes on the one hand, and the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches on the other, met on the Arkansas River below Bent's Fort, smoked together, ate together, gave presents to one another and became friends. The treaty then made was never broken, but the memory of the old hostilities lingered long, and perhaps still lingers, among the peoples of the two tribes. We have accounts both of the great fight of 1838 and of the peace of 1840, told by men who were present at each, which we shall before long publish as an interesting commentary on Cabia Blanco's buffalo hunt.

As was said the other day, Cabia Blanco's story is of a game animal and a phase of hunting which has disappeared from the earth; not less is it a picture of a mode of life that has passed away forever.

THE BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

THE report of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Division of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, contains much matter of interest.

In the section of geographic distribution it deals with the natural life zones and crop belts of the country, for the purpose of showing to the farmer what crops are likely to be profitable in his locality. The data for such work accumulated in the field is worked up in the office with gratifying results. The study of economic ornithology deals with the influence of birds on crops. Since the insect is the farmer's worst enemy, that creature which destroys the insect should be the farmer's best friend. It is therefore of great importance to have an actual knowledge of the food of our native birds, and over 2,000 birds' stomachs have been examined in order to learn more of what birds feed on. California has been an especial field for such investigation, and here it has been found that two common and beautiful California birds, the black-headed grosbeak and Bullock's oriole, feed to a considerable extent on the pupæ of the destructive codling moth, so important in the apple-raising counties of Santa Cruz and Monterey. The habits of the codling moth are such that it is almost entirely protected from the attack of birds. The adult moth flies only at night, while the larvæ live inside the apple. In neither of these stages could birds be expected to destroy them; but when the larvæ leave the apple to become pupæ, they seek crevices in the bark of the trees or descend to the ground and there conceal themselves among the rubbish. But these birds search for them, and destroy them in great numbers, thus doing much to help the fruit grower.

Complaints that birds destroy honey bees were investigated, especially in southern California. It was learned that in some special situation birds do destroy bees, but a further investigation shows that almost all the bees eaten are males or drones. Other investigations carried on as to the food of the quail show that this bird feeds largely on some of the most injurious insects known to agriculture. Among these are the cottonboll weevil, potato bug, chinch bug, wireworm, various cutworms and the cottonboll worm.

The records of the section of game protection show that during the year 1,470 mammals and about 247,000 birds were admitted to the country. Of the mammals more than 1,000 were guinea pigs, and of the birds the most were song birds. There were among them 65 capercaillie brought in by the fish and game commissioner of Ontario, for liberation in the Algonquin Park in Ontario; some Mexican quail, for liberation in California, and a number of rare pheasants for exhibition in confinement.

The division has been energetic in its prosecution of violations of the Lacey act, involving interstate commerce in game. Ten cases have been reported during the year, representing shipments of 700 birds and 36 rabbits. Six convictions were secured during the year. The authorities, not only the Federal authorities, but those of the various States, have cordially co-operated with the division. The enactment of a law in Texas in 1903 prohibiting the sale and export of waterfowl, presumably did much to restrict the enormous destruction of ducks for the northern markets which formerly occurred in that State. A close watch was maintained on the usual routes of shipments, but no unlawful packages were detected.

The various restrictions on the sale of game in different places has resulted in a remarkable increase in the price of certain game.

POLICE AND REVOLVERS.

IT was about ten years ago that the FOREST AND STREAM urged the Board of Police Commissioners in New York city to establish a school of revolver practice for the police force. This was done chiefly in defense of the public, for the police used to kill and wound not a few innocent people. In 1895 most policemen carried revolvers, but a very large proportion—possibly a majority of the force—knew little more about the use of a revolver than they did about the handling of an automobile—at that time a machine practically unknown. At the same time every policeman who, in the discharge of his duty, felt that he must arrest an offender, every policeman who saw a dog having a fit on the street, every policeman who saw a frightened cat run into an area, was likely to draw his pistol, to point it in the general direction of the object he wished to hit, and to pull the trigger. The pistol balls went anywhere except in the direction desired. Men, women and children anywhere within range of the arm were likely to be killed or wounded; in short, a very large proportion of the police force were entirely unfit to be trusted with dangerous weapons.

The school of revolver practice was established and for a time carried on. It was put in charge of Sergeant Petty, an expert pistol shot, and the men made good progress. Then, for some reason or other, the school was abandoned, and until recently nothing more was heard of it.

Police Commissioner McAdoo has lately re-established this school, and the men to whom he has handed over the work of training the police officers find among the force to-day just as much ignorance of firearms as existed when the earlier school was started ten years ago. There are men who do not know how to load or unload their pistols, and there are men who had their revolvers loaded by the gunsmiths when they purchased them years ago, and who have never used their revolver or taken out the cartridges since. Marksmanship is the rare exception. In some cases the weapons have remained so long untouched that rust has collected on the arm so that the chamber will not revolve, and the weapon is of course ineffective. Incidentally at a recent practice session of the school a policeman shot a brother officer by mere carelessness. The man who did the shooting was reported by the surgeons to be under the influence of liquor.

It is very clear that a school of instruction in revolver practice is a very pressing and immediate need of the New York police force. Commissioner McAdoo's attitude appears to indicate that, so long as he has charge of the force, this is one matter—among many others looking to its improvement—which he will carry through.

WE print in our angling columns the ample programme of the casting tournament which will be held in connection with the Sportman's Show in the Madison Square Garden, this city, next week. The meet of last year was a pronounced success, and it is anticipated that that of 1905 will prove of increased importance.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Buffalo Hunt with the Comanches

(Concluded from page 111.)

THERE was no talk held to-night; we put in the first part of the night in eating, while the squaws were kept busy cooking for us, and no one cared just now where the Happy Hunting Grounds were or whether they were anywhere at all or not.

We remained in this camp the next day, and about the middle of the forenoon a Cheyenne rode across the river and up to camp, but stopped at the edge of it and sat there on his pony. Our chief came out and began to use the sign language to question him. No two tribes here use the same language, but every Indian from Hudson's Bay to the Rio Grande can speak in the sign language. The chief led the way to his lodge, then stepping outside of it said to his squaw, "Feed this Cheyenne. Give him bread and meat for his journey, then let him go." Then the chief walked away.

The Cheyenne now got off his pony, took off his bow and arms, laid them on the ground, then taking off his belt and pistol laid them down also; then opening a coat he was wearing, held it so that I could see he had no more arms on him. "Bueno," I told him, and pointed to the lodge, and he entered and the squaw fed him.

Had this been a friendly Indian, the chief and I, who was his guest, would have gone in now and sat down to eat; but he would not eat with a Cheyenne, nor want me to eat with him, either. Still he would not let this Cheyenne leave his camp hungry.

When the Cheyenne had eaten, he mounted his pony and rode slowly out of camp, and when passing me stopped, and seeing my Comanche feathers, which I always wore tied to my button-hole where the dude wears his flowers, pointed to them and asked, "You Comanche?"

"Yes," I told him, "I am a Comanche," and was about to give him our usual information about the Cheyennes being dogs, when I looked in his face and saw that he was either sick or in trouble; so I omitted the dog part of the story to-day, and was glad that I did so afterward. Going into the lodge now, I asked: "What is wrong with the Cheyenne, my sister?"

"His heart is sick," she told me. "His squaw has died in camp, and now he is going home."

"Oh, well, he is a Cheyenne; he can get another squaw for three or four ponies; anyone can; I could."

"Yes, but my brother would not want a Cheyenne squaw, would he?"

"Oh, I don't know. The Cheyennes are dogs, but their squaws can do much work. I have seen them."

We moved next day, and kept on for several days, going about fifteen miles a day. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes had been burning the grass behind them and ahead of us. They had two objects in doing this: one was to give the new grass a chance to grow, the other to keep our ponies from getting it. I meant to stop it.

One morning just after we had left camp, I and the boys, who were as usual away ahead, saw a party of Cheyennes setting the prairie on fire, and I called to my boys to circle them. The boys started off, giving their Comanche yell. It resembles nothing so much as it does a pack of coyotes yelping. I could at that time give it as true as a Comanche. The Cheyennes took the alarm, and mounting their ponies started west, only to run into a party of men the chief was bringing here to reinforce me. Then the Cheyennes appealed to me next.

"Tell them by signs to put out that fire," I told our chief.

"I speak English," a young Cheyenne said, "I have been to the school." The Carlisle Indian school he meant.

"Yes, and much good the school seems to have done you. Well, tell your men to put that fire out, then come to me or I'll shoot."

They took off their blankets, and after hard work beat it out, then came to me.

"Now," I told this Indian who had been to the school, "the next time a Cheyenne starts a fire here I'll shoot that Cheyenne. I say it."

"The big chief with the crooked finger [General Mackenzie] won't let you shoot us," the boy told me.

"He is not here; I am, and I'll shoot you first then tell him about it afterward. I am his little chief; he told me to watch you bad Indians, and I'll tell him that the Cheyennes burn the grass so that the Comanche pony can't live. Now go; but start no more fires, remember."

No more fires were started after this, either by them or others.

We had not had any rain for a long time and needed some badly. The medicine man is supposed to bring rain, or anything else, as wanted. I told ours to get us some now, but he said he would have to wait—his medicine was not good just now; he would get us that rain *poco tempo*—after a while.

"We don't want it *poco tempo*, we need it now," I told him. "You bring that rain or I will." If my medicine was good I might bring it—he did not care. "I'll bring it, then," I told him. I was playing him for a sure thing now. He saw no signs of rain, so his medicine was no good. Mine was. I had caught a dose of the rheumatism while lying out in the mud in 1862, when McClellan was trying to take Richmond, and had had it ever since, and have it yet; and always before a rain for a day or two if I were out in the open air my arms

and legs would tell me the rain was coming. They told me so now.

We were camped at the foot of a rather high mountain that I had tried to climb when here several years ago, but I had been stopped when half way up by a wall of rock. I afterward saw a place where I might have gone up the whole way, but had not time then to try; but I had the time now. This afternoon, taking the boys, I tried to climb the mountain again, and got up on it this time. While up here I could see at least sixty miles to the southeast, and saw a rain cloud away off there so far off that the boys did not notice it. "I'll bring the rain now," I told the boys. "Sit here in a circle, cover your heads and don't look."

They squatted down in a circle and those of them who had on blankets pulled them over their heads; a few who wore coats poked their heads under other boys' blankets. Their heads were covered, but I knew they were watching me closely. Stepping into the middle of the circle, I took off my pistols, laid them down, then laid my hat on top of them, then taking my note-book scribbled a page of it, then laying it at my feet, open at the page I had written on, I faced to the east and repeated all the Latin phrases I could think of just now, commencing with *Pax Vobiscum* and winding up with *In Hoc Signo Vincas*. Then tearing out the page I had written on, I struck a match and burned the paper.

"Come now," I said, "let us go. The medicine is good, the rain comes. You see it?" They saw it now.

Hurrying down to camp I had the squaws cover their packs; then finding that the chief was away, I sent out men and boys to round up the pony herd and hold it.

In a short time the rain came in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning and it kept up for an hour. The chief came in while it was raining, and he was wet through.

"I did not know you were out, chief," I told him, "or else I should not have made it rain just now."

"It is good," he said, "I don't care for a wetting. My ponies need rain."

The boys told their fathers that I had brought the rain; they had seen me make the medicine up on the mountain. I had talked to the Great Spirit in a language that they could not understand; it was neither American nor Comanche.

They had an idea that I could do anything. One day a man brought me two old pistols that had been picked up somewhere; one was a Colt's, the other a Remington; one had lost its cylinder and mainspring; the other needed a hammer and a few other parts. He wanted me to make him one good pistol out of the two. Had they both been of the same make I could have done it, as then all parts would be interchangeable; but it would take a better mechanic than I to make anything but scrap iron out of these. I had to explain, though, why I could not do it.

We got back into the Indian Territory long after the first of February. I had no almanac now and had to guess at the time; and at last, one evening late in March, I landed the band in the camp we had left over six months ago.

I got ready to leave next day, and while I was bidding them good-by, the chief came in from the herd leading my white pony, and handing his lariat to me said, "Take him."

"I will," I told him; "but you must keep him for me. Let him run in your herd until I come again, and let the boys ride him."

"No Comanche shall ride him. He is yours, but I will watch him closely."

He never would allow a boy to mount him. I rode him the next winter, then left him there; and the last time I ever saw this band in 1881 the pony still ran with the herd. He had never had a saddle on him since the winter of 1879, when I rode him the last time myself and helped the chief to kill his and my last buffalo. He probably ran loose this way until he died of old age.

When I got to the agency I reported my band present; then taking my horse to the stable turned him out a big feed of corn, the first he had seen in months, and then going to the dining room got my own dinner.

The agent was anxious to know if we had got many robes.

"All we could carry home," I told him. Then I said to myself, "Enough to pay your bill and a few more besides. I have a notion to audit that bill of the chief's and see if I can't cut it down a little for him." I did that the next winter, though, and after I had overhauled the chief's account, this agent suddenly discovered that the chief only owed him \$100 instead of twice that amount, as it appeared here on his books. This was a mistake of his clerk, the agent explained. His clerk kept books by double entry, I suppose. This agent was not sent out here to conduct a trading business with Indians, but to look after their moral and temporal welfare. The only time I ever knew him to concern himself about their moral welfare would be when he saw some of us talking to a squaw.

My horse had lost all his shoes months ago, and I meant to shoe him here, so I asked for an order on the blacksmith. He was sorry, but his blacksmith had left him.

"Well, he did not take the shop with him, did he?"

"Oh, no, but I have no one who can use it."

"I can, then; I always shoe my own horse; all I want

is a set of shoes and the use of the shop."

Oh, I could have that and shoe the horse and mule also. I shoed the horse, but let the mule run barefooted. I had not forgiven him for the trick he had played on me when he and I were hunting turkeys. When I got home I had to make my report to General Mackenzie. He wanted to know how the Indians had treated me.

"As one of themselves, sir."

"I sent you alone as an experiment."

"I am ready to repeat it with those Indians, sir, at any time."

"Well, I shall send you again next winter if we are still here."

I had been out six months on eighteen days' rations, and thought this a good time now to try and get pay for the rations I had not got. I should not have mentioned it at all, as there was an order then forbidding the payment of back rations in kind, even much less in money; but the General might get them for me; they would come to about \$50.

"I am going to try and get the money," he told me, "you should have it." He did try hard, but did not get it. The paymaster had been around twice since I had been out and was about due again. I went to our first lieutenant and he handed me two months' pay he had drawn for me, \$33.75; I got \$18 a month, veteran pay; a recruit got \$13 then. On my going next to the captain, he turned me over another two months' pay that he had drawn for me; and the paymaster came in a few days and paid me two months more.

I took the Comanches out again the following winter, and we hunted this year up in the Wolf Creek country, doing as well as usual. This was the last year that Indians had a separate escort. The following two years they were sent out without one, while our troop watched them from a central camp. And now the buffalo were done. The last one had been killed off. The last general hunt had been made in the winter of 1878. That winter the Indians came near starving; we had to feed some of them on our horses' corn; they could not get buffalo.

In the winter of 1879 I got a pass and going down from Fort Reno, where we were then stationed, I got the old chief and a few of his boys out on a hunt of our own, and here we shot our last buffalo.

It was just as well, perhaps, that the buffalo were killed off; for while there were any we could not keep Indians on the reservation; they knew that there was plenty of meat on the plains, and when rations got short they went out to get it. Then we would have a summer's job driving them in and disarming them.

But soon after the buffalo were all gone we left that country also and went to fight Indians over in Arizona. I had no compunctions about shooting Apaches, but I should have hated to have to fire on a Comanche.

CABIA BLANCO.

Camp Medicine.

THE comments on this subject in FOREST AND STREAM have been of value as well as interest. May I add my mite?

Did you ever notice how awkward one always is with his hands the first two or three days on a trip in the woods. Fingers seem to get in the way of every ax, knife, fire, splinter or thorn encountered, and the result is a pair of hands more or less damaged. Adhesive plaster is found useful, but I have found a compound made as follows most useful and comforting: Equal parts by weight of Japan wax, mutton tallow and vaseline, melted together. While warm add half as much glycerin. Fill a metal primer box with this, and at night rub it well into the hands. It is neither sticky nor unpleasant, and will cure damaged hands or chapped lips very quickly. I have never tried to do so, but if raw linseed oil will mix readily with this compound, it will be found advantageous. Rubbing it alone on the hands is a good plan; but while it heals quickly, all surplus must be rubbed off or it will ruin any fabric with which it comes into contact, and can never be removed in any ordinary way.

Tincture grindelia should never be omitted, as it is a rapid and certain cure for ivy poison, and will alleviate the suffering induced by the bites of chiggers, sand fleas and mosquitoes. I consider it the most valuable item in one's ditty box for summer trips. A three-ounce bottle of equal parts linseed oil and lime water is worth its weight in gold for sunburn and for ordinary burns as well. An ounce bottle of chloroform will surely drive chiggers and ticks away. Lacking this, use grain or wood alcohol. Either one must be applied locally, for these pests are not removed by ordinary means. A tiny tin box of mercurial ointment will prevent rust in firearm barrels in which nitro powders are shot if the barrel is cleaned thoroughly before applying the ointment on a cloth patch. In places where sand fleas and ticks are bad, it will prove the right thing for the occasion, though not pleasant to apply to one's person. Shellac or spar varnish will keep a cut closed if covered with a bit of muslin. A reserve supply of matches, the heads of which have been dipped in shellac and dried, should be kept handy in a vaseline bottle. These are "good medicine" when everything is wet. And don't forget a tiny bottle of Sun cholera cure. It may save your life.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXVIII.

Thomas J. Farnham.

A CURIOUS little book, the title page of which bears the date 1841, is Thomas J. Farnham's, *Travels in the Great Western Prairies, The Anahuac and Rocky Mountains, And in The Oregon Territory*. It was published in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., by Killey & Lossing, printers. It contains nearly two hundred pages, and is printed in very fine type, and on thin paper, with small margins; so that in fact it looks more like a tract than a volume. Yet it contains about a hundred and twenty thousand words.

Its title indicates the character of the book. It is the narrative of a journey made in order to obtain "a view of the Great Prairie Wilderness, the Rocky Mountains, and the sweet vales of the Oregon Territory."

Farnham was one of a party of fourteen men who left Peoria, Ill., on the first day of May, 1839. The company was followed by a wagon containing their provisions, ammunition, and other baggage, and each man carried "a rifle swung at his back; a powder horn, bullet pouch and long knife at his side."

Their way westward was marked by no adventure, except the usual ones of travel on the prairie; but at Quincy the author met Joe Smith, Jr., the father of the Mormon prophet, and he interrupts his narrative to give a somewhat extended account of Mormonism, and the history of the Latter Day Saints, up to that time. From Quincy they passed on to Independence, Mo., twenty days out from their starting point. Here the travelers beheld a sight novel to them—the breaking of green mules to harness; and after some time devoted to loitering about Independence, and making preparations for their journey, which was henceforth to be far from the settlements, they started westward in a storm.

Farnham's party followed the track of the Santa Fé traders, and, like others who passed over this road, they met with the Kauzans (Kansas) Indians, whom they saw and wondered at. Early in the trip, near the Osage River, the members of Farnham's company began to weary of prairie life, and three of his best men determined to return to the "States," and left him. The journey continued along the Santa Fé trail, but provisions began to grow short. Game was seen from time to time, but none was killed. Continual storms drenched the traders, wet their packs and their ropes, and made life more or less of a burden to them. At last, however, in the latter half of June, they came to the buffalo range, overtaking there a party of Santa Fé traders.

Buffalo now began to be found, and the party killed their first one, "a noble bull; a mountain of flesh weighing at least three thousand pounds." This relieved their necessities, but they were anxious, because of the prospect of soon meeting Indians—Caws, Pawnees or Comanches, or all three. And now, to make things worse, one of the men of the party accidentally shot himself with his own rifle. For a day or two he was carried in one of the wagons belonging to the Santa Fé caravan, but presently Farnham's party turned off from this trail, and then the wounded man was obliged either to ride a horse or travel in a litter. Experiment soon showed, however, that the last method of traveling was impracticable, and it was necessary for the man to ride. His wound became inflamed and painful, but the constant care of the author made life much easier for the wounded man. "June 23d, the buffalo were more numerous than ever. They were ranged in long lines from the eastern to the western horizon. The bulls were forty or fifty yards in advance of the bands of cows, to which they severally intended to give protection. And as the moving embankment of wagons, led by an advanced guard, and flanked by horsemen riding slowly from front to rear, and guarded in the rear by my men, made its majestic way along, these fiery cavaliers would march each to his own band of dames and misses, with an air that seemed to say, 'we are here'; and then back again to their lines, with great apparent satisfaction, that they were able to do battle for their sweet ones and their native plains." Farnham says that during three days they passed over a country so completely covered by buffalo that it appeared often times dangerous even for the immense cavalcade of the Santa Fé traders to attempt to break its way through them. He figures that they traveled over 1,350 square miles of territory so thickly covered with buffalo that, when viewed from a height, it scarcely afforded a sight of a square league of its surface. Soon after this, disaffection showed itself in the ranks of Farnham's company, and it was proposed to abandon the wounded man; the mutineers declaring that he would die in any event, and that it was not worth while to delay the whole party to await that event.

Now, too, a jealousy as to the command arose. There was a bully who determined to frighten Farnham into abdicating the leadership of the party in his favor.

At last they reached Fort William, or Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas, and on account of the differences which had sprung up within the party, it was decided to disband here. The property owned in common was to be divided up among the members of the expedition, and they were to go their several ways. As it turned out, Farnham and a few others went on together. Before proceeding to speak of their adventures further, let us read the author's quaint description of the plains country as he saw it sixty-three years ago; and then compare it with the same region as it is seen to-day by the overland traveler who passes from any of the Mississippi cities of 1905, riding behind the iron horse, to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. He says:

"The tract of country to which I have thought it fitting to apply the name of the 'Great Prairie Wilderness,' embraces the territory lying between the States of Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri, and the upper Mississippi on the east, and the Black Hills, and the eastern range of the Rocky and the Cordilleras Mountains on the west. One thousand miles of longitude, and two thousand miles of latitude, equal to 2,000,000 square miles, equal to 1,280,000,000 of acres of an almost unbroken plain! The portion of this vast region

200 miles in width, along the coast of Texas, and the frontier of the States of Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri, and that lying within the same distance of the upper Mississippi, in the Iowa Territory, posses a rich, deep alluvial soil, capable of producing the most abundant crops of the grains, vegetables, etc., that grow in such latitudes

"Another portion lying west of the irregular western line of that just described, 500 miles in width, extending from the mouth of St. Peter's River to the Rio del Norte, is an almost unbroken plain, destitute of trees, save here and there one scattered at intervals of many miles along the banks of the streams. The soil, except the intervals of some of the Rivers, is composed of coarse sand and clay so thin and hard that it is difficult for travelers to penetrate it with the stakes they carry with them wherewithal to fasten their animals or spread their tents. Nevertheless it is covered thickly with an extremely nutritious grass peculiar to this region of country, the blades of which are wiry and about two inches in height.

"The remainder of this Great Wilderness lying 300 miles in width along the Eastern Radices of the Black Hills and that part of the Rocky Mountains between the Platte and the Arkansas, and the Cordilleras range east of the Rio del Norte, is the arid waste usually called the 'Great American Desert.' Its soil is composed of coarse dark gravel mixed with sand. Some small portions of it, on the banks of the streams, are covered with tall prairie and bunch grass; others, with the various kinds of prickly pear; others, with wild wormwood; but even these kinds of vegetation decrease and finally disappear as you approach the mountains. A scene of desolation scarcely equaled on the continent is this, when viewed in the dearth of midsummer from the bases of the hills. Above you rise in sublime confusion, mass upon mass, of shattered cliffs through which are struggling the dark foliage of the stunted shrub-cedars; while below you spreads far and wide the burnt and arid desert, whose solemn silence is seldom broken by the tread of any other animal than the wolf or the starved and thirsty horse that bears the traveler across its wastes. The principal streams that intersect the great prairie wilderness are the Colorado, the Brasos, Trinity, Red, Arkansas, Great Platte and the Missouri. The latter is in many respects a noble stream. Not so much so indeed for the intercourse it opens between the States and the plains, as the theatre of agriculture and the other pursuits of a densely populated and distant interior; for these plains are too barren for general cultivation. But as a channel for the transportation of heavy artillery, military stores, troops, etc., to posts that must ultimately be established along our northern frontier, it will be of the highest use. In the months of April, May and June it is navigable for steamboats to the Great Falls; but the scarcity of water during the remainder of the year, as well as the scarcity of wood and coal along its banks, its steadily rapid current, its tortuous course, its falling banks, timber imbedded in the mud of its channel, and its constantly shifting sand bars, will ever prevent its waters from being extensively navigated, how great soever may be the demand for it. On that part of it which lies above the mouth of the Little Missouri and the tributaries flowing into it on either side, are said to be many charming and productive valleys, separated from each other by secondary rocky ridges sparsely covered with evergreen trees; and high over all, far in the southwest, west and northwest, tower into view, the ridges of the Rocky Mountains, whose inexhaustible magazines of ice and snow have from age to age supplied these valleys with refreshing springs—and the Missouri, the Great Platte, the Columbia, and Western Colorado rivers with their tribute to the sea."

"Fort William," he says, "is owned by three brothers by the name of Bent, from St. Louis. Two of them were at the post when we arrived there. They seemed to be thoroughly initiated into Indian life; dressed like chiefs; in moccasins, thoroughly garnished with beads and porcupine quills; in trousers of deerskin, with long fringes of the same extending along the outer seam from the ankle to the hip; in the splendid hunting shirt of the same material, with sleeves fringed on the elbow-seam from the wrist to the shoulder, and ornamented with figures of porcupine quills of various colors, and leathern fringe around the lower edge of the body. And chiefs they were in the authority exercised in their wild and lonely fortress."

The country in which the fort was situated was then the common hunting ground of several buffalo tribes, unfriendly alike to one another and the whites. The Utaws and Cheyennes, the Pawnees and the Comanches gather here in summer to hunt the buffalo; and thus, in the neighborhood of the post, there might be from fifteen to twenty thousand savages, 'ready and panting for plunder and blood.' If the Indians engaged in fighting had their own battles among themselves, the people of Bent's Fort felt safe; but if the Indians kept the peace among themselves, there was great anxiety at Fort William.

"Instances of the daring intrepidity of the Comanches that occurred just before and after my arrival here, will serve to show the hazard and dangers of which I have spoken. About the middle of June, 1839, a band of sixty of them under cover of night crossed the river and concealed themselves among the bushes that grow thickly on the bank near the place where the animals of the establishment feed during the day. No sentinel being on duty at the time, their presence was unobserved; and when morning came the Mexican horse guard mounted his horse, and with the noise and shouting usual with that class of servants when so employed, rushed his charge out of the fort; and riding rapidly from side to side of the rear of the band, urged them on and soon had them nibbling the short dry grass in the little vale within grape-shot distance of the guns of the bastions. It is customary for a guard of animals about these trading posts to take his station beyond his charge; and if they stray from each other, or attempt to stroll too far, he drives them together, and thus keeps them in the best possible situation to be driven hastily to the corral, should the Indians, or other evil persons, swoop down upon them. And as

there is constant danger of this, his horse is held by a long rope, and grazes around him, that he may be mounted quickly at the first alarm for a retreat within the walls. The faithful guard at Bent's, on the morning of the disaster I am relating, had dismounted after driving out his animals, and sat upon the ground watching with the greatest fidelity for every call of duty; when these fifty or sixty Indians sprang from their hiding places, ran upon the animals, yelling horribly, and attempted to drive them across the river. The guard, however, nothing daunted, mounted quickly, and drove his horse at full speed among them. The mules and horses hearing his voice amidst the frightening yells of the savages, immediately started at a lively pace for the fort; but the Indians were on all sides and bewildered them. The guard still pressed them onward, and called for help; and on they rushed, despite the efforts of the Indians to the contrary. The battlements were covered with men. They shouted encouragement to the brave guard—"Onward! onward!" and the injunction was obeyed. He spurred his horse to his greatest speed from side to side, and whipped the hindmost of the band with his leading rope. He had saved every animal; he was within twenty yards of the open gate; he fell; three arrows from the bows of the Comanches had cloven his heart. And relieved of him, the lords of the quiver gathered their prey, and drove them to the borders of Texas, without injury to life or limb. I saw this faithful guard's grave. He had been buried a few days. The wolves had been digging into it. Thus forty or fifty mules and horses and their best servant's life, were lost to the Messrs. Bent in a single day. I have been informed also that those horses and mules, which my company had taken great pleasure in recovering for them in the plains, were also stolen in a similar manner soon after my departure from the post; and that gentlemen owners were in hourly expectation of an attack upon the fort itself."

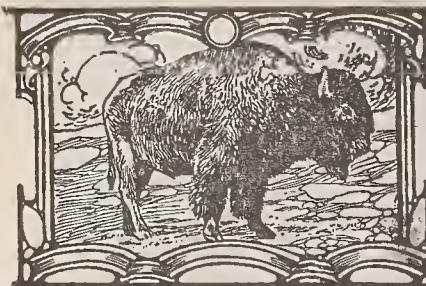
It was midsummer when Farnham left Fort William, with four companions, for Oregon Territory. He stopped at Fort El Pueblo, five miles above Bent's Fort, and here met a number of trappers. One of these greatly impressed him, a man from New Hampshire. "He had been educated at Dartmouth College, and was, altogether, one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. A splendid gentleman, a finished scholar, a critic on English and Roman literature, a politician, a trapper, an Indian." Dressed in a deerskin frock, leggings and moccasins; there was not a shred of cloth about his person, stiff, cold and formal at first, he thawed as their acquaintance grew, and gave Farnham glimpses into his nature which greatly interested the traveler. There were other men among these trappers, who told the author tales of adventure which he gladly set down, and which are well worth reproducing did space permit. Here Farnham traded for additional horses, and before long they set out to follow up the Arkansas, and to cross the mountains.

Led by a trapper named Kelly, who was familiar with the country through which they were to go, the party followed up the Arkansas, and at last entered the Rocky Mountains. Before they had gone very far their way seemed barred by mountains impracticable for packhorses; yet their guides, after considering the way, marched straight onward over mountains of which some notion may be had from the following description: "The upper half, though less steep, proved to be the worst part of the ascent. It was a bed of rocks, at one place small and rolling, at another large and fixed, with deep openings between them. So that our animals were almost constantly falling, and tottering upon the brink of the cliffs, as they rose again and made their way among them. An hour and a half of this most dangerous and tiresome clambering deposited us in a grove of yellow pines near the summit. Our animals were covered with sweat and dirt, and trembled as if at that instant from the race track. Nor were their masters free from every ill of weariness. Our knees smote each other with fatigue, as Belshazzar's did with fear. Many of the pines on this ridge were two feet in diameter, and a hundred feet high, with small clusters of limbs around the tops. Others were low, and clothed with strong limbs quite near the ground. Under a number of these latter we had seated ourselves, holding the reins of our riding horses, when a storm arose with the rapidity of a whirlwind, and poured upon us hail and rain and snow with all imaginable liberality. A most remarkable tempest was this. * * * One portion of it had gathered its electricity and mist around James' Peak in the east; another among the white heights northwest; and a third among the snowy pyramids of the Utaw in the southwest; and marshalling their hosts, met over this connecting ridge between the eastern and central ranges, as if by general battle to settle a vexed question as to the better right to the pass; and it was sublimely fought. The opposing storms met nearly at the zenith, and fiercely rolled together their angry masses. And as if to carry out the simile I have here attempted, at the moment of their junction, the electricity of each leaped upon its antagonist transversely across the heavens, and in some instances fell in immense bolts upon the trembling cliffs; and then instantly came a volley of hail as grape-shot, sufficient to whiten all the towers of this horrid war. It lasted an hour."

After the tempest had ceased they clambered to the summit—whence a marvelous view was had of the Great Main snowy range of the "Rocky," "Stony" or "Shining" mountains—then, clambering down on the other side, camped not far below, on the headwaters of the Platte River. Food was scarce, and nothing had been killed since they left Fort William; but when they came in sight of the Bayou Salade, Kelly promised them that before long they would have meat; and sure enough, during the day a buffalo was seen, killed by the guide, and greedily devoured. A hearty meal of its flesh; tongue, fat ribs, tenderloin, marrow bones, and blood pudding were all enjoyed, and the party ate almost the whole night long.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NATURAL HISTORY



Peril from Snakes.

Courage of Reptile Keepers.

To the keepers in the reptile house in the New York Zoological Park fall most extraordinary and dangerous duties. The handling of some of the smallest snakes, for instance, involves more peril than attendance on a large collection of lions, tigers and other fierce carnivora. Some of the most insignificant-looking reptiles, that the visitor passes with scarcely a moment's glance as they lie quietly coiled in the corners of their cages, are capable of dealing swift death by one bite.

It is not with the great boas and pythons or the noisy rattlesnakes that the principal danger lies, although the former seem capable of crushing their keepers into a shapeless mass, and the latter have notoriously terrible "stings." But the big constrictor snakes are lazy and generally good-natured, and they rarely use their crushing powers on anything but their prey. The rattlesnakes are dangerous enough, but they are honest, for they express their temper when it is evil by the loud buzzing of their tails, and so warn the keepers.

The danger lies with the quiet snakes, such as the copperhead, the moccasin and the lance-headed viper of the West Indies. Without a sound or an instant's warning these deadly creatures strike with the speed of a traveling bullet, and usually with unerring aim. The most treacherous and formidably-fanged of them is the lancehead, a native of the West Indies and northern South America, called fer-de-lance on the islands of Martinique and St. Lucia, where it kills many people every year.

"Cleaning time" in the reptile house witnesses scenes of real heroism among the keepers. The reptiles are exhibited in great glass-fronted cages. Of these there are nineteen which must be entered by a small iron door in the rear, as the big glass fronts are immovable, and in these cages are the rattlesnakes, copperheads and moccasins, the deadly fer-de-lance, Gila monsters, and besides these venomous species, the giant constrictors of enormous girth and power. In the cages with all these creatures the keepers, Snyder and Dahl, enter with a nonchalance surprising to spectators.

"Are you not afraid to go in there?" was the question put to Snyder as he prepared to enter a cage containing three big rattlesnakes, which were sounding a sinister warning from within.

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "I cover the snakes with a couple of blankets, and they don't disturb me."

Sliding back the door the young fellow was greeted with the sound of the whirr from the serpents' rattles.

"That big fellow is an ugly brute," said Snyder, pointing to a green and yellow coil, from which a flat head lunged suddenly. "He bites every thing in sight when he gets mad and sometimes bites the other snakes, but they are immune to each other's poison. After crowded days in the park, when large numbers of people pass this fellow's cage, the glass is smeared with his poison in a dozen places where he has struck at some gaily-colored dress or bonnet. We have to be careful in washing it off, for it mingles with the water, and should even a small portion of it enter a cut the result is apt to be serious."

Throwing a blanket over this dangerous brute and its companions, Snyder entered the cage. From under the blanket the rattling of the snakes continued. Suddenly a smaller reptile coiled in the branches of a tree, but a few inches from the keeper's head, sounded its rattle.

"He's all right," said the snake keeper, as he vigorously scrubbed the glass. "I never knew him to strike yet. We raised that fellow, and he only rattles to show off."

And down the line of cages, entering each one, some of them containing the most deadly of reptiles, went the keepers of the reptile house. Their only protection was a couple of blankets, from under which the animals could have glided at will. But the most dangerous part of this work, so it seems to the visitor, are the men's duties in the big python's cage, which contains five specimens, including Czarina, which is probably the largest snake in captivity. This reptile measures twenty-five feet and four inches. Her weight is nearly two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The first part of the operation of attending these monsters is the emptying of their bath tub. This is a zinc tank about five feet long by four wide, and six inches deep. One or more of the snakes is always lying in this receptacle. Sometimes the masses of reptilian flesh are packed in so tightly that little water remains. On entering the cage the keeper provides himself with a blanket. This he pushes ahead of him on a long pole. It is thrown over the top of the tank, and he advances toward the snakes. In the meantime, he must keep a sharp lookout for the other snakes. The iridescent Sultana generally roosts in the top-most branches of the big cedar tree in the cage, from which she takes delight in making long drives at her keepers.

Another keeper goes into the cage with the first to look after the snakes in the trees and various corners. They are covered with blankets and must be constantly watched, for their inquisitive natures lead them to peep from under their coverings at frequent intervals. When the first keeper reaches the bath tub, which is generally done after dodging several playful sallies from the smaller boas, which are left uncovered, he lifts up one corner of the blanket and looks carefully beneath it to discover the whereabouts of the snakes' heads. This act is sometimes accompanied by a lunge from one of the snakes, sending the blanket

sailing upward. A little diplomatic maneuvering is then necessary.

Discovering at last, to his satisfaction, the position of the snake, the keeper thrusts his hand between scaly coils to the bottom of the tank, and pulls out the plug, thus letting out the water. At the same time, a stream of tepid water flows in from one side. This continues for about ten minutes, when the plug is again dropped into its place, and the tank refills. The last thing to be done before leaving the pythons' cage is to spray it with a hose which emits a fine mist of tepid water. This produces the heavy atmosphere necessary for the big reptiles. The blankets have already been handed out, and the men continue their work, entering other cages.

Passing down the row of cages containing the various reptiles the keepers arrive at the last. This contains the cobras, the most dangerous snakes in the building. No man is allowed to enter this cage. In the keeper's room a special notice commands the greatest caution in looking after these deadly creatures. The smallest measures over five feet. As the visitor behind the scenes approaches the iron door opening into the cobras' cage, he is greeted with a warning painted upon its panels. This is surmounted by a skull and cross bones. It reads: "Be careful in opening this cage. The bite of these snakes means death. Be careful."

When their keeper opens the door of their cage, a watcher stands in front of the glass and shouts to the rear man, warning him of every move of the snakes, so that he may act accordingly. The glass is cleaned on the inside of the cage by spraying it with a hose, and the snake's food is introduced on the end of a more than usually long pole. On most occasions, when their door is opened, the cobras rise into the peculiar and graceful attitude of their kind. The green "hood" spreads widely, and they watch intently for a chance to deliver a deadly blow. The least move of one of the snakes toward the door results in the latter being closed with a bang, when the men wait for the reptiles to become quiet before resuming their dangerous duties.

In speaking of these reptiles Curator Raymond L. Ditmars said: "There are few snakes more vicious and nervous than the cobra-di-capello. The big king cobra, which has been in the reptile house for over two years, is a saint compared with these creatures. At the slightest annoyance they raise their bodies some two feet from the ground and prepare for fight. As the snake assumes the characteristic attitude and spreads the hood, it hisses with a whistling sound quite distressing to the nervous visitor.

"The sudden appearance of the spectacled markings, which are never visible until the neck is expanded, is also startling to the uninitiated. As long as there is the slightest occasion for suspicion, a cobra will remain in the upright position, motionless as a statue, but with a stony glare in the direction of its wrath that disconcerts even the most experienced keeper.

"It is the irritable nature of these snakes which causes them to perform the famous cobra dance under the direction of the Hindoos. There is no secret or 'charming' in any way connected with the exhibition. The fakir, provided with a reed instrument, plays 'snake' music for his captive cobras, which are liberated from baskets and rise angrily before him. Swaying his body steadily to the music of his reed, the fakir's every movement is followed by the nervous snakes as they endeavor to strike him in a frenzy of hysterical indignation. Needless to say, the fakir places sufficient distance between him and the cobras to be on safety's side.

"Several times since the arrival of the cobras at the reptile house the 'snake dance' has been illustrated with entire success, and without the tuneful flute of the charmer."

"The food of these snakes consists of small rats and mice which are given them from the end of a slender pole. The rats are killed to the number of a dozen, and each snake is fed individually, great care being taken that they refrain from fighting. Four rats constitute a substantial meal. The reptiles are fed once every week.

"Differing from the poison of the rattlesnakes and other venomous serpents, the venom of the cobra attacks the nerves and not the blood. The rattlesnake and its allies are provided with poison-bearing fangs which closely resemble the needle of a hypodermic syringe. The cobras, on the contrary, possess the most delicate of fangs: They are hardly the size of a small thorn. With them there is no need of injecting the poison directly into the blood. A scratch suffices, and the poison rapidly paralyzes the nerves. Death has occurred within twenty minutes in the human from a cobra bite. There is little pain. A stupor steals over the unfortunate victim, unconsciousness comes quickly, with a fluttering and failing pulse, then death. In British India the average annual number of deaths from the bite of this snake reaches the appalling number of 20,000. The British surgeons have been provided with an anti-toxin for the treatment of snake bites in India, and the application of the serum is said to have been attended with very favorable results.

"In the Zoological Park, constantly on hand, and kept on ice to prevent change, are a number of tubes of an anti-toxin manufactured in France. The knowledge that these tubes are there is the only encouragement for the reptile keepers who handle the poisonous snakes. A set of printed instructions hangs in the reptile house. On these it is explained what to do in case of snake bite."

"An interesting thing about the cobras in the Zoological Park is their remarkable similarity to a harmless snake. They are graceful and slender, with small heads and no signs of viciousness when coiled quietly in their cage. They belong to a peculiar family of the venomous snakes that differs from the harmless serpents in only one slight but constant feature. This is the absence of a tiny scale

on the side of the head. Its presence can only be noticed by the scientist, and in a country where serpents of the cobra kind are numerous, it is safe to treat all snakes with the same respect."

Tame Florida Egrets.

COME with me, if you will, gracious reader, in fanciful imagination, and enjoy a scene taken from a Florida yard. It is a bright and glorious morning; tall live oaks grace the well kept lawn. From orange trees, yellow with the winter fruit, chirp the mockingbirds; redbirds of the most brilliant scarlet hue feed complacently along with the dove, breakfasting on the seed of the now dying grass; jay birds in numbers herald their presence as they beg for bread crumbs—their every morning breakfast. Central in this scene are two large white birds—the great white heron. Those who know only the wild herons of Florida, will be surprised to learn how charming, how full of confidence, these same birds can be under habits of domestication.

For a number of years it has been an ambition of mine to possess a pair of these beautiful birds, and many offers have been made to trappers as well as the Seminole Indians to procure a pair of the young. Nesting, as they do, in such tall trees, it is a difficult feat to take them; but an inducement sufficient for the extra effort to Chief Billy Bowlegs, a Seminole Indian, two years ago had the desired effect, and a few months later came a letter from the Everglades of Florida which read:

"My Good Friend: Me send you two white birds. Your friend,
MR. BILLEE BOWLEGS."

Billy writes a very neat hand, and always uses the prefix "Mr." in his signature.

The birds—snowy white and beautiful as a poem—came in a cage made of green palm stalks, and a marvel of neatness and ingenuity. They were soon at home, eating beef from our hands, and contented and happy, but very much creatures of habit. When night came, they insisted upon going to roost inside the cage; and when this was prohibited, insisted upon roosting on top of it.

These pets are snow white, with yellow beak, dark, piercing eyes, and black legs and feet. Standing four feet in height, with every feather ruffled at the approach of an object of dislike, they are formidable looking birds. The female is more slender and smaller than the male, and much more timid in all her approaches, but the affection existing between them would be a lesson to many a cottage home or brown-stone front.

Gradually the birds became tamer and tamer, till they now dine at the same time with their owners—in this way, if you please: They have learned that on the appearance of the master of the house, it is meal time, and immediately they station themselves, like two sentinels, at the dining room piazza. Here they stand with their long necks craning into the doorway, alert and tense, waiting for a piece of beef to be thrown to them; the female standing just a little back of her spouse in timid attitude.

The birds on their arrival in civilization were at once christened "Mr. and Mrs. Billee Bowlegs," and they soon learned to respond to their names with the sense of a dog, coming when called, or if reproved, which has been necessary lately, when the advent of a kitten disturbed their equilibrium. They were at once jealous of the little stranger, and their antipathy vented itself in a spiteful strike from the sharp beak.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowlegs object seriously to the large sandhill crane coming into their part of the yard, and run him away at his first intrusion; but when nightfall comes that instinct that belongs to bird life (and which is so well illustrated in the rookeries of Florida) brings the birds together, separated only by the wire netting, the herons roosting on one side of the fence, and the crane sleeping with head under his wing and resting on one foot, on the other.

Dear old Dick—familiar to FOREST AND STREAM readers—is still the bugler and picket guard for the yard. A call of fright from him and the white birds raise their heads and move stealthily about, wondering where and what the trouble is.

The aigrettes are showing beautifully on the herons now, and have been growing for six months, so will be beautiful by the time they are two years old, the age at which hunters claim they make their nests; and the time, too, while they are rearing their birdlings, the fiendish plume hunter takes the lives of these beautiful birds, leaving the nestlings to starve; and, shameful as it is, to gratify the whim of the women who still insist upon wearing the aigrette.

But Billy and Mrs. Billy in the Florida yard, with their long silken plumes, beautiful enough to tantalize the fashionable woman into a spirit of covetousness, are safe and happy. These birds are delightfully affectionate and playful. With the instinct of nature, they gather small sticks or twigs that fall from the oak trees and carry them about, chattering and fussing over them. Occasionally Mr. Billy will pull the twig from his mate, and she will wrench it from it with a petulant screech, and then they go to clattering again—qua-qua-qua.

Recently Mrs. Billy has been cooing and trying every way in a most seductive, coquettish manner to convince her liege lord that she is his own, his only love. He is heroic, big and strong-minded, and looks upon her cooings and little coquettish ways as the amiable weaknesses of a weaker creature. With the bigness of the masculine heart he does not resent it, rather likes it, and after she has run her long sharp beak so gently and seductively through his well kept feathers, and toyed with his beak and cuddled up to him like some young love-sick creature, he breaks out in a great clatter, and with that qua-qua-qua of the heron family they turn beak to beak, their

ong necks distended, yet arched, and with beaks inter-lapping caress and "kiss" with a degree of happiness that would turn many a lovesick Lothario green with envy. The birds love companionship, standing around when the family are about. They are not nearly as pugnacious a bird as the great blue heron, who quarrels at the approach of anything and everybody.

If the reader will look ahead a few months he may, in his imagination, see Billy and his mate moving about with their long silken plumes reaching from the head to the ground, and as they watch over their nestlings with as much gentleness and care as the human parents, who shall say God will not call to account every plume hunter and every woman who wears the aigrette—the very presence of which on the hat means not only destruction of the parent birds, but of starving nestlings.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

KISSIMEE, Fla.

The Tule Elk.

A New Species.

ATTENTION has frequently been called in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM to a small band of elk long known to have been living on the Button Willow ranch in the San Joaquin Valley in California. It will be remembered that Messrs. Miller and Lux have for years had their cowboys and range riders look after these elk and carefully protect them. Two or three years ago, through the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, the herd was presented to the United States Government by Messrs. Miller and Lux. After much difficulty a small appropriation was obtained from Congress for the purpose of making a park for these animals, and a site was selected and fenced on Kaweah River in the Sequoia National Park. Still more recently an effort was made to capture the elk for the purpose of removing them to this park, and on November 12, 1904, a drive was made for the purpose of corralling the animals. The drive was carefully planned, and many of the best riders of the San Joaquin Valley took part in it, but it was not a success. The elk refused to be driven, broke through the fences, and escaped to the adjacent foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. During the chase the riders roped eight or ten of the elk, but most of these died.

In the early days of California, elk abounded in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, and particularly in and about the tule marshes along the Sacramento, San Joaquin, Kings, Kern and other rivers, and Tulare, Kernavista and Kern lakes. The early travelers found elk abundant here, and it was then supposed that in these regions the elk would long survive. The rapid settling up and the enormous development of California, however, have exterminated the elk over most of its former range, and the only survivors left alive were those on the Button Willow ranch.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey of the United States National Museum, has long believed that these San Joaquin elk constituted a species different from any other American elk. He knew that the other mammals of the hot San Joaquin Valley differ materially from their relatives in the mountains, and he felt confident that the elk would not prove an exception to the rule. For fifteen years he has been trying to secure specimens, but without success. At the drive for the Miller and Lux elk he was present, and the skins and skulls of the animals which died were preserved and are now in the collection of the Biological Survey in the United States National Museum.

On these specimens is based the newly described *ervus nanodes*, which is very different from the three species of elk heretofore known to the United States—*ervus canadensis* of the Middle West and Rocky Mountains, *C. roosevelti* of the extreme northwest, and *C. merriami* of the southwest, Arizona, and so forth. A comparison of the new form with these three shows that it is very different from any of them; far more so than they are from one another. It is much smaller, shorter legged, much paler in color, and has more white on the ears. A comparison of the skulls shows that its closest relationships are with *C. canadensis* of the Rocky Mountains, rather than with other outlying forms.

The new species is described by Dr. Merriam in the proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington.

The Fight to Save the Buffalo.

THE movement for the preservation of the last few hundred specimens of American buffalo, not long since the most numerous of the earth's big mammals, is rapidly gaining ground. The deep regret of the American people at the fact that their grandest native animal is all but disappeared, finds expression in a hundred ways. Naturalists and true sportsmen are meeting both in public and in private, not to discuss the advisability of the possibility of preserving the animal—those points have been decided once and for all by the best authorities in the country—but to consider and formulate wise plans for its preservation. Naturalists who have never uttered or spoken in public before are raising their voices in this cause; they know that if they have anything to say in the interest of the buffalo they must say it at once or it will be too late. And men, aye, and women, too, who are not naturalists, but who are lovers of things which live, are helping the movement by expressing to others their interest in it. Those who can write well are writing strong letters and articles for publication in the papers and magazines, and many others of less ability are writing the best they can, and the reason of their great earnestness these are oftentimes more eloquent as those who have a more finished style.

The interest of scientific bodies is being aroused, and most every day we hear of some sportsman's club or natural history society discussing the subject of the buffalo and passing resolutions expressing sympathy with the movement now on foot to save him. Some have gone even further than this, and are even now debating the question of organizing a national society, whose object shall be to arrange for the preservation of the typical American mammal. The first step has been taken, the men and women who took it are in

earnest, and it is safe to predict that before the buffalo has grown his heavy coat to protect him from next winter's cold, his friends will have gathered around him in force, for the purpose of protecting him from the colder hand of the fate which now threatens his existence. And when these people have once organized, I believe that the preservation of the bison will no longer be one of the objects which "should" be accomplished, but rather, one of those which "must" be and shall be accomplished.

In the meantime it is very desirable that those who are now, and who for months have been, working so hard for this cause should be assured of the co-operation of all who have the interest of our native animals at heart. The success of the movement would be beneficial to the entire nation, and therefore it should have the support of the nation. That means the support of the readers of this article, just as much as that of the man in Cincinnati, or St. Louis. The preservation of the buffalo is probably dependent on governmental action in the matter, since in the hands of the Government alone will it be quite safe from those who are continually offering big prices for heads and hides. In other words, the matter is in the hands of the people, and my reader is one of these. Every set of resolutions that is passed favoring the movement; every letter addressed to me at Meriden, New Hampshire, will help the cause of the buffalo, and will bring nearer to us the day when this great animal will be out of danger. In the entire United States there are now only 600 odd buffaloes, exclusive of those confined in public parks and gardens, and which cannot be counted on to assist in the perpetuation of the race. The majority of these are in three herds, the Corbin herd at Newport, N. H.; the Pablo-Allard herds in Montana, and the James Phillips herd in South Dakota. If tuberculosis or other contagious disease were to carry off any one of these herds, the fate of the race would probably be sealed, as even now there are none too many strains to allow for the necessary interchange of blood. This danger could be avoided at once if the Government divided these herds into smaller ones and provided for their maintenance on separate reservations.

While speaking on this subject with an old plainsman the other day, he remarked: "Well, there is no other native animal toward which Americans should have so kindly a feeling as for the buffalo; it has done more toward the civilization of the country than all the rest put together. To the explorers and early settlers it was an unfailing supply of the best kind of food, and many a hundred times have thirsty travelers been more than grateful for the water which collected in the buffalo wallows. And who shall say how many thousands have enjoyed the luxury of a fire on the treeless plains of the West, when but for the constant supply of the buffalo chips, they would have been obliged to spend the days and nights damp, cold and miserable. Save the buffalo? Well, I should say they ought to, rather."

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Prairie Wolves.

THE other day in a Montreal paper was a piece copied from a western journal saying how a man, while plowing, was attacked by two prairie wolves, and would have inevitably lost his life had not another man come to his rescue and beaten off the brutes.

This may be all right for the general readers, but with a hunter it only causes him to smile and feel tired. I doubt very much if a whole pack of prairie wolves would attack a man, much less poor miserable two. They are not much larger than a large cur, and, like the jackal, keep at a respectful distance from man. The timber wolf, be it acknowledged, is a bold and ferocious animal; but even he will not attack man in fewer numbers than three or five, and then only when gaunt with starvation. Knowing the size and nature of the prairie wolf, I cannot believe this western story.

Many years ago I was followed down one of our rivers by two large timber wolves for forty-five miles, and although they were savage with starvation, they never came within gunshot distance. I camped two nights on the trail, as the snow was deep and the walking bad, yet during those long northern nights they never came very near my camp. This I read by their tracks each morning. I admit that having such "varmint" about did not conduce to the tranquility of my slumbers. I was young then and consequently a bit nervous; still I had grit enough not to turn back to the shanty.

As soon as I would leave camp in the morning, the wolves, which had passed the night on the river ice, would at once ascend the bank and, I suppose, nose all about the fire-place for some stray scraps. Shortly after they would appear coming loping down my trail, and slacken their speed when about long rifle range, and suit their pace to mine all the time I was on the tramp.

During the second day's march, I pulled out of my pack an old worn-out moccasin and dropped it on the trail. When they reached this they both pounced on it at once and each tugged desperately for a share. From this they turned savagely at each other, and I stood on the ice and watched the fight. The weaker one soon had enough, and followed the victor at a respectful distance for the remainder of the afternoon. When I finally reached the post at the mouth of the river they were still the same distance behind my snowshoes.

I told the men of my experience with the wolves, and a couple of hunters immediately got their guns and started up river to get a shot; but when the brutes saw the men coming, they left the ice and took to the barren grounds, and nightfall coming on the men were obliged to return without being successful in their hunt.

However, next day, all hands at the post with the best guns, turned out for a proper rounding up. The trail of the wolves was soon found and followed. After an hour's sharp walk on the fresh and plain trail, the tracks led off toward a clump of stunted poplar and alder bushes. In this grove, one of the men said, there was an old Indian tepee of the previous autumn, and most likely the wolves had found some bones or offal to keep them about. A plan of action was rapidly concocted. Two-thirds of the party were stationed a short gunshot apart, fan-like, along the brow of the surrounding hills, the

others making a wide detour to approach the woods on the windward side.

As the scent became hot to the hidden wolves, they broke cover and loped back in the direction from whence they came. However, before reaching the rise of the land a shot from the concealed hunters laid one of them low. The remaining wolf made back in all haste toward the sheltering woods, only to receive his quietus from the men who had by this time got through the thicket and had witnessed the fall of the first wolf and the oncoming of the second one. Thus ended the interior strangers. Gaunt does not convey an idea of the state of emaciation the brutes were found to be in. Their fur was mangy from insufficiency of food and the skins of little value. But the coast settlement was rid of the marauders, and that end was worth achieving.

On my return journey to the shanty I met with no adventure, and as I had my old trail to travel on, made much better time, sleeping only one night instead of two. Being only a youth, I became quite a hero with the men, and several of them told me they would have turned back with such dangerous animals following their tracks.

MARTIN HUNTER.

The Loon's Flight.

Regarding the flight of the loon, this bird will occasionally take wing to escape danger. When floating down the Lewis River (one of the forks of the Yukon) in the spring of 1896, on rounding a sharp bend, we came suddenly upon a loon that had been diving up stream. He came up so close to our boat and was so surprised at our sudden appearance that he took wing and afforded me an excellent opportunity to secure his breast for the crown of my next winter's cap.

A species of loon is occasionally found in that country having light buff-colored bill and feet. These are very rare, and are highly prized by the Shamans (medicine men) who attribute to them mystic powers.

About dogs burying bones. Two prospectors were on the upper waters of the Klondike River in the fall of 1897. They had with them a large dog, which had been brought in from the States, probably part Newfoundland. Having killed a moose, they buried the greater portion of the meat under the snow for use on their return. After the meat was covered, the snow was left in a rough condition, plainly showing that it had been recently disturbed. This did not suit the dog, who smoothed the surface with his nose until nearly all evidence of recent disturbance had been removed.

The Indians of Alaska interbreed their dogs with the wild wolves, and the resulting strain so closely resembles the wild animal that experienced travelers in that country will not shoot at a wolf if anywhere near a settlement or a trail for fear of killing a dog. Dogs in that country were worth from \$50 to \$300 each, and a mistake would be likely to prove costly.

EDWARD F. BALL.

[The yellow-billed loon is *Urimator adamsii*.]

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While camping on Lake Sallie in Minnesota about fifteen years ago I had an experience with a loon which is recalled by W. A. Linkletter's recent letter to FOREST AND STREAM.

Within a short distance of Sallie is a small lake, and one morning, seeing a loon on it, I went back to camp for one of the boys and my Winchester. My companion walked around to the other side of the lake, and I stayed where I was. Our object was to see how much lead he would stand before flying. For about ten minutes we kept him under water almost continuously, when he took wing and started off in a straight line for the other lake. I took a shot at him on the wing, and he folded his wings and went back into the lake head first. When he came up we gave him another chance to dodge our bullets. He then flew away in the direction of Sallie for good.

I did not notice that the bird circled at all in this case, but flew away in a straight line. This was on a calm, misty morning, and the loon did not have the assistance of the wind in getting started.

DIXMONT.

A Skunk and Seventeen Hens.

SHASTA, CALIFORNIA.—A few nights ago a skunk got into my hen house and killed seventeen hens. They were chiefly young pullets that huddled together on the floor instead of going to roost. The skunk merely bit their heads, leaving them all dead in a heap except one that the animal evidently tried to drag through the hole where it had entered. The next evening at dusk the skunk came back, and I fired both barrels of a shotgun at him from a distance of six feet. Apparently, owing to my anticipation of recoil from the gun, which I had to hold in a cramped position—or a recoil from the animal, which I hoped to put into a cramped condition—I never touched him. Couldn't find a hair. I must have insulted him, though, for he hasn't been here since.

Here is an instance of an animal killing seventeen fowls weighing in all about thirty-five pounds—every bird that was on the floor of the house. How many more might it have killed had they been within reach? Truly the ways of nature are not all admirable. How do skunks and snakes affect the game supply?

RANSACKER.

A Large Fungus.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 31.—While spending the past season in Theresa, I saw in the window of a local drug-store the largest "puff-ball" that I had ever seen or heard of. It was oblong in shape, measuring 17 inches long and 14 inches broad, and weighing 10½ pounds. Is not this an unusually large size? The measurement was not taken until three or four days after it had been lying in the window, and had shrunk perceptibly. A tape measurement showed 3 feet 11 inches around the longest way, and 3 feet 4 inches in circumference.

J. L. DAVISON.

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GAME BAG AND GUN



The Shiras Bill.

COMMITTEE ON THE PUBLIC LANDS,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U.S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On December 5, 1904, I introduced into the House of Representatives a bill I prepared for the protection of migratory game birds, placing the control of the shooting seasons in the Federal Government.

Immediately thereafter I sent to a number of sportsmen's magazines a printed copy of the bill, with the request that this proposed legislation be given prompt consideration, with a view of learning how the sportsmen throughout the country feel on the question of Federal supervision, and further for the purpose of obtaining the opinion of lawyers, legislators and other persons familiar with game legislation, upon the constitutionality of the principles necessarily involved in a bill of this character.

The past two months seem to show a practical unanimity among the papers devoted to the protection of game in favor of such legislation, which in turn has been echoed by other writers who expressed their views on this subject. Such a verdict has been very gratifying to me, and I shall endeavor in every way to reciprocate by giving my best efforts in behalf of such legislation in whatever form it may take.

In regard to the second question submitted for consideration, viz., the constitutionality of the act, I find expression rather limited by editors and other writers, all apparently approving the same or expressing a hope that the bill will be sustained by the courts, without, as I can recall, any serious discussion of the legal phases.

In the multitude of other duties I have neglected to enlarge upon this feature of the bill, although realizing that something more should be said than appears in the preamble and the bill itself. In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of even date, I read to-day with great interest Judge Beaman's letter, dated January 3, 1905, and his rather blunt fiat that "it has been settled too long by judicial decision to admit of question, and any effort to interfere with this property by Federal legislation, based solely on game protection, will surely prove nugatory," and again, where he says any "attempted Federal protection of game on private lands, because it may happen to be migratory, as contemplated by the Shiras Bill, in my opinion is an invasion of State rights, no matter how desirable it may be."

For the first time, therefore, I am confronted with a direct challenge on the legality of the bill in its vital features. No pride of authorship leads me to resent this criticism, however sweeping it may be; for I fully recognize the fact that it is an entirely new question in its present form, and I am glad to be called upon to defend it, for it is only by a candid interchange of views that I hope to be able, with the assistance of abler minds, to so perfect the measure as to bring adequate protection to our rapidly vanishing wildfowl.

That I may not be misunderstood or considered discourteous, let me say that I have a high opinion of Judge Beaman's ability and a very high regard for the interest he has shown in progressive game legislation; and if I differ with him, it is because I feel that my worthy opponent has not given that thought to the question which would have been the case had he heard the other side more fully, and had realized that the principle of Federal control had never been decided adversely by any court wherein the distinction I have made was subject to consideration, direct or remote.

If Judge Beaman is in error, it therefore arises from taking the various decisions on the ownership of game by the State without distinguishing the fact that, while that part of the decision relating to the ownership of game localized within the State was right, it was wrong, on the other hand, if it possibly included that class of game which from its habits could never be subject to State ownership.

Every lawyer knows it occasionally happens that a judicial decree goes beyond the pleadings or the jurisdiction of the court on some subject not properly considered at the time the question was determined, and that, at other times, ignores the rights of parties not of record in the case, and that as to them it has no binding force if they had a right to be heard. Therefore I must dissent from the statement that the matter has been "too long settled by judicial decision to admit of question," for the reasons I have already stated, and for others which I shall attempt to show hereafter.

Minor Features of the Bill.

The phraseology of the bill, the methods provided for its enforcement, whether under the "Department" of Agriculture or the "Secretary" thereof, or by embodying all the regulatory provisions and penalties in the bill itself, are really of minor importance and subject to change whenever the conclusion was reached that the principle of Federal supervision was as sound in law as it would seem to be beneficial in its operation.

Judge Beaman's assumption that regulation by the "Department" of Agriculture constitutes a "fatal defect" in the bill is in the face of an opinion of the Attorney-General, although it is true that several Federal Courts have taken the same view as the former. But these cases, as I recall, have never reached the Supreme Court. Many Departments do exercise the right, notably the War Department in its regulations over navigable streams, and exacts severe penalties for their violation.

The Lacey Bill was introduced a number of times before it took its present shape, and therefore I will pass over these minor questions, only touching on one other statement of Judge Beaman's which seems to merit a special reply.

A Good Purpose Never Justifies an Illegal Statute.

The writer says that several game protectionists have taken the position on the bill that no true sportsman would attack its validity, and then remarks, "The passage of invalid game laws at the instance of enthusiasts in game protection who often leave out of the question or ignore the constitutional limitations on legislative power (such as is popularly denoted as 'one-eyed legislation'), has been one of the greatest obstacles to efficient laws and their rigorous enforcement." While I am not charged with deliberately fathering an illegal measure, it seems to me that I possibly come under the head of an "enthusiast in game protection" who knows little law, but has a great abundance of misdirected energy; and in view of this situation I am warned that it is "unwise in the extreme to favor the passage of any game law which has nothing but enthusiasm and necessity for its foundation, and the final overthrow of which will result only in weakening the cause of game protection."

On the present question I was going to say that we agree, for in my judgment untenable laws passed with the idea that they will run the gauntlet of the courts long enough to do some good, or such as are hastily framed by some novice and not the result of mature reflection and careful research, only in the end injure the object to be benefited, and cast discredit on the author. But perhaps we do not agree, after all, on the ethics upon which we have expressed ourselves, for in the conclusion of Judge Beaman's letter is the following odd statement: "As to Federal protection of birds, migratory or otherwise, it is quite probable that it can be lawfully extended to all inland navigable waters, and public waters along the coast, by prohibiting shooting thereon (under the guise of enhancing the safety of navigation or something of this kind), except under regulations promulgated by the Secretary of the Department having control of these waters." Now, it seems to me, that this scheme of protecting all "birds, migratory or otherwise," on "all inland navigable waters and public waters," as he states, "under the guise of enhancing the safety of navigation," or something of that kind, would be a most beneficial way of throwing the navigation laws around our web-footed fowl. I fear, however, that the dull thud and tremendous splash which would follow the knockout blow given by the Federal Courts might cause a tidal wave on the navigable waters and all our little ducks might be drowned.

History of Game Regulations.

In the early days of the country, wild game and fish were regarded as no one's property, either State or individual, until reduced to possession, and thereupon the property right became a complete and unqualified one; later statutes creating close seasons for the protection of game were gradually passed in all States, followed by restrictions in the devices for killing game, and a multitude of other protective features, such as limiting the number that could be killed, prohibiting the sale or shipment of game out of the State, licenses, etc., culminating finally in many State Courts sustaining declaratory statutes that the wild game belonged to the State for the benefit and use of the citizens thereof. Upon the latter legislation, it seems to me, Judge Beaman relies for his position that the title to game being in the State, it is therefore beyond Federal control or interference. Of course he is right up to a certain point, but fails, in my judgment, to differentiate on the lines upon which my bill must necessarily depend for its validity.

Like other sportsmen, I regarded this as very beneficial legislation, for, before such statutory declarations, there were many hunters who looked upon our wild game and wild birds as having no ownership until placed in the game bag, thus making it easy to ignore or violate State game laws on the plea that close seasons were an interference with their inalienable rights to take freely that which belonged to nobody. Therefore, with others, I rejoiced in such legislation fixing the stability of property in game before it was reduced to individual ownership. But when Judge Beaman says, in effect, that such declaratory statutes end the matter of Federal custody of migratory game birds, we have, it seems to me, a good example of a State jumping a claim and asserting a title thereto on the sole basis of legislative pronouncement; though, as a matter of fact, no statute goes so far.

It is true the individual may sometimes acquire title in such a way if he holds on long enough; but national rights are, fortunately, not subject to loss by adverse possession or non-user, even though it were a State which sets up such a claim. To me the proposition is a simple one, that game having its permanent habitat within the State—like grouse, quail, wild turkey, etc.—should be controlled by the State laws, and any Federal interference in such a case would be utterly wrong in morals and in legal principles. If such game is ruthlessly destroyed, the loss falls upon the citizens thereof; if the game is protected and fostered by wise State legislation and liberal appropriations, the citizens receive the direct benefit of these efforts; and thus as they sow they shall reap.

"State's Rights" in Game and Fish.

A review on my part of the conditions which explain the gradual growth of the National power and the assertion by the Government of that authority which, at one time, was never exercised or its exercise conceded to the State, would involve too much space in your journal; and yet it is a full understanding of such National growth and the relinquishment of the State's arbitrary claims to the exercise of rights purely National that we must look to the complete answer for the positions

assumed by me in this matter of Federal control of migratory game birds.

In the Colonial days, and for a long time thereafter the sovereign people of these communities were wont to look with grave suspicion upon the Federal Government in its dealings with the people. States that were side by side in those days were further apart socially, economically, and I might say geographically, than are the States of California and Maine to-day. This week we witnessed the strange sight of a joint meeting of the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States to tabulate the vote of the Electoral College, an institution constitutionally created so that the people were even denied the privilege of voting directly for the chief executive officer, and conferring this great power upon a convention of electoral delegates who still retain the legal right to vote for whom they please!

In the present day the people are recognizing the fact that the National Government in many ways can better conserve their interests, and we now have before us in the two Houses of Congress many measures vesting Federal control in the Government over vast corporations that heretofore were subject only to State supervision. The day is rapidly approaching when Federal laws will regulate the pollution of public waters, the manufacture and sale of adulterated foods and drugs, and many similar matters of grave importance to the public at large.

At this point, permit me to say that I would apply exactly the same argument to local fish, whether game or commercial in character; and I think that Judge Beaman will agree with me that there is no more reason for Federal control of bass, pickerel, perch and fish of similar nature that live permanently in ponds, rivers and streams of the State, than in the case of game birds and animals having their permanent habitat within the State.

"United States Rights" Over Migratory Game and Fish.

It is here that Judge Beaman and myself part company on the question of State ownership of game and fish, and it is at this juncture that it becomes my duty to show, if I can, that the right of the nation to the control of its migratory game birds and migratory fish for the benefit of the people of the entire United States is just as clear and just as righteous as is the claim of the State to the control of the non-migratory species of game and fish for the benefit of the citizens within its own borders.

It is a general maxim of law that possession is essential to the ownership of personal property, or that such property is so subject to control that it can be reduced to possession, or so brought within the sphere of action, as to amount to a practical dominion thereover. Therefore the case turns upon a question of fact—has the State acquired such a title, as evidenced by practical control, as justifies the claim to the ownership of migratory game and fish? A flock of geese in their northern migratory flight, sweeping over the State of Colorado from the Gulf to Hudson's Bay, at the rate of 150 miles per hour, three or four miles high, invisible by night or by reason of intervening clouds which sometimes lie beneath them and the earth, are mighty poor subjects for State ownership and control. Theoretically they might be 1,000 miles high, for in principle there could be no line drawn; and thus we must inevitably come to the conclusion that State ownership in migratory game must really rest upon the sole requisite that once over the State line the title vests.

When the moon is in the meridian the State of Colorado might just as well lay claim to its fractional part of the luminary as to try to shoot effectively the sovereignty of the State into this flock of wild geese as it passes unseen and unknown in the heavens above. But perhaps I should treat the subject in a more serious vein. In the migratory game bill I did not attempt to declare ownership in the National Government, for many of these birds are international, wintering in the southernmost part of South America and breeding beyond the Arctic Circle in northern Canada. The bill gives the Government control of the shooting seasons, and puts the migrants in the "custody" of the country at large whenever they tarry long enough to need our protection. A very different thing from a declaration of ownership, though, of course, there are some varieties of migratory birds which live wholly within the confines of the United States, and which kind we, doubtless, could declare an ownership therein which would be just as tangible as in the case of local birds within the State.

At present renewed efforts are being made by the United States, England and other countries, by treaty to so fix the title of the seals which breed in Alaskan waters as will, in effect, virtually make the several countries joint owners of these valuable animals, which, by reason of their migratory character, have received no adequate protection, and whose annihilation is certain without proper adjustment of some character. And in my humble judgment the day will yet come when, in recognition of the joint interest that the American continent has in the proper protection of the migratory birds, aquatic animals and fish, we will enter into treaty or other relations with Canada and possibly Central and South America, for the better protection of such interests. And when this happens, no State will be heard to set up a claim that it owns everything that comes in range or swims the sea.

Respective Efficiency of State and National Legislation.

I can quote here with propriety a paragraph from a letter written several months ago:

"The wild pigeon was practically exterminated because each State permitted unlimited slaughter on account of its being a migrant, and, therefore, to be killed in as great numbers as possible before it too

wing for other localities. A national law would have prevented this, and we would have had the passenger pigeon in abundance to-day. On the other hand, had the wild pigeon, this bird of countless myriads, existed in limited numbers and inhabited restricted areas, it would have been found in abundance to-day, simply because the State Legislatures would have guarded against its total destruction.

"In either illustration cited you have instances of the respective efficiency or inefficiency of State legislation according to the class of birds it seeks to protect. By this classification the several States retain the title and custody of the game birds having their habitat within the respective boundaries, such as quail, grouse, wild turkey, etc., etc., and which from their breeding habits and other traits are easily protected and fostered by local legislation. Then, too, the effectual enforcement of a national law is very much easier, as a rule, than where the violator is prosecuted, if at all, by local authorities; and this is hardly secondary to the question of uniformity aimed at in this measure."

Again let us assume that all of the Atlantic coast States protected our shore birds (snipe, curlew, plover, etc.) in their northern migratory flight and, on the return fall flight, imposed restrictions on excessive shooting, except say in the case of Virginia, and let us assume (which is substantially correct) that the shores of this State covered several hundred miles on the line of migratory flight, and that by inviting, not only all its citizens, but all the sportsmen of the United States and the world at large, it could in a few seasons utterly exterminate these birds. Would the fact that such birds continuously on wing over a few miles of barren sand beach and mud flats of the State of Virginia give such a right to the State for their total destruction that we, of other States, would have no right to seek the intervention of the National Government for their proper protection? One or more broken links in the chain of protection whether on the Atlantic or Pacific coast or the central waterways of the country, means the eventual wiping out of certain of the migratory game birds in such lines of flight. Just why any one should insist on any State exercising such a power, lacking as it does any equity or any basic principles of ownership in such birds, is beyond my comprehension.

State laws for State game and fish, Federal laws for national and international game and fish, are joint propositions so fair and just that I believe the courts will eventually sustain the same, provided, the sportsmen of this country and the great magazines, who speak for them, will conduct a careful and persistent campaign in favor of these principles.

Federal Control of Migratory Fish.

If, therefore, local fish like local game belong to the State, it must be apparent that the same reasoning which supports Federal supervision of migratory wildfowl will apply to migratory fish. I will be frank, however, and say that, while I have had such an idea passing through my mind for the past two weeks, it was not until yesterday that I fully realized the importance of this principle when applied to the migratory fish, and am now able to state with some degree of definiteness as to the result of an interview this afternoon with Commissioner Bowers and his able assistant at the Bureau of Fisheries, that if the general principle set forth in my game bill is sustained, it means, on a purely commercial basis, the addition of nearly \$25,000,000 a year in the food value of the migratory fish. So immense are the possibilities in this direction that, without further examination, I do not care to elaborate on the subject other than to say, that if we can put under Federal control the salmon and shad industry of the United States, the increase in our production will hardly have a limit, while the great expense of artificial propagation of the shad and salmon will be wholly dispensed with in a short time.

In talking over the subject with Commissioner Bowers, he expressed the greatest interest in the possibilities of national legislation and gave me considerable information, showing how his department was hampered by the lack of national authority over public waters.

In Albemarle Sound the national shad hatcheries, owing to the almost entire catch of the shad, before they reached the fresh-water spawning beds, by the intervening nets further down the sound, had obtained spawn amounting only to 10,000,000, while the hatcheries had the capacity for 100,000,000. If a fair proportion of the shad could reach the spawning beds, perhaps one thousand million additional spawn would be deposited and the shad industry overwhelmingly benefited. As it is, I have been informed that the shad industry of the Atlantic coast is almost wholly dependent upon the artificial propagation conducted by the Government, and yet while our nation spends the people's money for this worthy purpose, it has no power to protect this migratory fish from practical annihilation by certain States, except through its persistent efforts in obtaining annually enough spawn to provide for a limited catch each season. Can it be doubted that the shad and salmon, living far out at sea and migrating annually to our waters for the purpose of reproduction, do not belong to any State, and yet a State, by reason of the public waters passing through its domain, may so net the streams and inlets as to exterminate a fish which surely belongs to the people at large and for which so much of the public money is expended?

All ornithologists and fishculturists recognize a wonderful similarity in the migratory habits of certain fish and birds, each coming annually to the same locality, over the same general course, for the purpose of reproduction, and then returning to some distant locality on water or land respectively. Destroy certain shore birds of the Atlantic coast and they are gone forever, so completely are some varieties confined to this narrow avenue of migration; destroy all the salmon which are accustomed to spawn in a particular stream or estuary and these waters are forever barren, so wonderful is the predilection of this fish for the same spawning bed. The State of Maine improvidently wiped out the last salmon schools which once visited its streams; the State of Connecticut has largely lost its shad, and

at present the great Pacific coast States of Washington and Oregon are temporarily filling the pockets of their commercial fishermen, who are unrestrained by a Federal law so regulating the catch as to correspond with the maintenance of a permanent supply, and soon the Columbia River will be like those of Maine.

Is it possible that our National Government possesses no power to enact the legislation I have suggested and we must sit idly by while our lands and waters are depleted of those wonderful treasures which are such a source of enjoyment to our sportsmen and the basis of great commercial enterprises? GEORGE SHIRAS 3D.

A Letter from Texas.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here's a letter from a cousin of mine—third removed—which was not written for publication, but as an evidence of good faith, or, dropping newspaper talk, as an evidence of good feeling and good fellowship, as the writer is three days' journey from here. I will take the responsibility if you care to publish it. I have an idea that a lot of your readers who are "chained to business" will feel their blood tingle, and will take down their guns and give them a caress, vowing that another season the first of November will find them so run down in health that a trip to the Lone Star State will be an absolute necessity. H. S. CHANDLER.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Feb. 1.—My Dear H.: As I have a little time to-day I thought I might interest you by talking a little about myself, and let you know that I had not forgotten you.

I have been leading quite a strenuous life since I came home last October. I have come to the conclusion that when a person's boyhood has been spent out of doors that it is well for him to return in a great measure to the habits of his early life after he has passed the half-century mark. For that reason I have spent a good deal of my time out of doors hunting.

The quail season opened on the first of November and closed yesterday. During that time I have been hunting about fifteen or sixteen times, spending the whole day out in the country, and in some cases two days. I have kept a little memorandum of the birds I have shot, and my figures show a total of 500 quail and about 100 ducks.

Last Friday Mrs. C. and I with Mr. and Mrs. L. went out to a small town about fifty miles from here called Karnes City. We had a two-horse team, a darkey driver and a three-seated wagon, and drove over some of the land on which I had loans to the owners, who of course did not object to my hunting. We had three good dogs and were hunting in an open country. The dogs would hunt back and forth in front of us until a covey of quail was discovered, when my large dog would come to a point and the little one would immediately back him. They would stand steady until we got out and walked up to the quail. We would usually get one or two quail on the first rise, and after they lit we would follow them up as the dogs pointed on single birds. This happened to be the place where the field trials were held for the whole of the United States a short time ago, therefore the grounds were particularly adapted for the sport.

We took our lunch and at noon had the fire made and cooked coffee, fried potatoes and bacon, and had homemade sausage. The ladies seemed to enjoy the trip as much as Mr. L. and myself. Meanwhile I killed about seventy-five birds, saw the country very thoroughly, visited a number of my loans, and arrived at home Sunday night.

The Thursday before I went out with a friend of mine and killed about thirty quail. The Saturday and Sunday before that we spent at Mitchell Lake, where we have a little house. It is located about twelve miles from here. Nearly every Saturday Mrs. C. and I, with a driver and colored girl, go down in the morning. I get out when we get to the fields and hunt quail for an hour or two, and generally when I arrive at the house at about half-past one, I have something like fifteen quail in my bag. We then have dinner, which has been cooked on an open fire-place. The girl we have understands how to cook all the old-fashioned southern dishes, including corn pone.

In the afternoon we go out on the lake, and I am paddled around by my man and shoot a few ducks, while Mrs. C. shoots a little rifle at whatever she sees fit. We play a little game of cards in the evening, go to bed about nine o'clock, and Sunday morning I am up at five. The girl gets up and cooks my breakfast, which I enjoy more than any meal of my life. By daylight I am in my boat. I have a blind, and sometimes I put my decoys out and sit on the blind. Other times I go around in the boat rowed by the darkey. I generally kill fifteen or twenty ducks. Sometimes the mornings have been damp, sometimes pleasant, and twice they have been so cold that the water froze on the oars when they were taken out of the water. I thought of Cleveland's description of a duck hunter—that they are born and not made.

About eleven or twelve o'clock I come in and usually bring a friend or two from the lake, and we have a dinner cooked in the same manner as mentioned above, including broiled quail, broiled duck, sweet potatoes dug out of the ground right in front of the house, etc. In the afternoon I may hunt quail a little, and by night I drive home. It takes about an hour and a half. We have a wagon fitted up for the occasion, on the back of which is placed a box covered with canvas, and as we go through town with our layout and our two dogs we look as though we were moving to the frontier.

Meanwhile I have been doing a little business and reading "Frenzied Finance." My condition as regards money matters seems at present to be that the supply of money is much greater than the demand for loans to take up same. The country is improving a great deal. They are building a large number of railroads throughout this section, and the attention of capital seems to be directed this way. I am inclined to think that our lands here are cheaper than anywhere else in the country, and that this fact is being discovered by people.

We have had some pleasant weather so far this winter, and although we have had two or three days of cold weather, the temperature has never gone below freezing but two or three times.

With kindest regards I remain, very sincerely yours,

E. B. CHANDLER.

Chasing Around.

Dear Uncle Davison: I must tell you about my rabbit shooting yesterday. About 9 A. M. Len and I started to the woods. There was a very light snow, just sufficient to show here and there a track without enough to enable a person to track the rabbit. We tried to follow several tracks, but couldn't. After stopping at the house a few moments, we went across the creek and got George and went down into Dailey's woods. Along the line fence we struck a lot of tracks, and succeeded in tracking a rabbit out into the field. George assured me that I would better keep an eye out, for we might jump the rabbit any moment. So I kept an eye out—in fact, I kept it so far out that when we did eventually jump the rabbit, I couldn't get it back in time to get a bead on him. He was sitting by a stump, and though I fired at him, owing to the fact that I forgot to put any silver in the charge, he got away. We tried to track him up, but couldn't.

After this we went along up to the berry patch south of Dailey's woods, and got another track. Len and George struck it back on the edge of the patch, but I was in close to the woods, and struck the same track in there. So I did the Sherlock Holmes act, and the way I tracked that rabbit would have made the last of the Mohicans envious. In fact I got so interested tracking him that when he jumped from behind a tree back of me he scared me so I nearly threw a fit. He was what the trapshooters call a "left-quarterer," that is to say, I quartered and he left. I shot at him, but he declined the invitation. Then the Sole Survivor of the Old-Time Fool got on the trail, and, as the hunting stories have it, "made the woods ring with his music." The trouble with that dog is that he is too much of a musician. When he starts to yelp he gets so interested in the tune he's playing that he forgets what he's after. Anyway, he tore around in circles, and geed and hawed and backed water, and finally came back with a self-satisfied air, as much as to say, "I didn't get him, but I bet he won't stop till he gets in the next county." Each of us addressed a few remarks to him, and he seemed quite flattered at the attention he was attracting.

Well, then we went up to Lockwood's Creek, just west of Dailey's woods. Found some tracks up there, but they all led into the swamp and the devil himself couldn't have found the makers of them. So we monkeyed around and finally Len, who is trapping, got on a skunk trail and left us. Thereafter every once in awhile we would run across Len, zigzagging along through the orchard, with his nose in the air, his eyes on the trail, and the bit in his teeth. It was really remarkable the way that skunk made him cover the entire fields and orchards, and finally brought him out at the exact point of the road where we crossed. Len seemed to be a bit put out at it, but we comforted him by telling him that the dog couldn't have done it, anyway. Somehow he didn't seem to take that as a compliment, either. Well, we crossed the road and George and I started through a berry patch, with Len down along the fence east of us. Finally I heard Len yell like an Indian, and looked up in time to see a rabbit humping himself straight across me, about fifty yards in front. He was going like the deuce. I pulled in a couple of feet ahead of him and shot, and then gave him the second barrel. He went right along, and I made up my mind that it was my day off, and that I would better go home and try throwing the snow shovel at the barn. The Old-Timer got on the trail by mistake, but soon found out his error and quit. I don't believe he would follow the trail of a bologna sausage hung on a stick over his nose, he's so sort of sensitive about going where he may not possibly be wanted. Anyway George found his trail a little way further on, and a short distance on he found the rabbit, dead, with his left hindleg shot off. And yet they say the left hindleg of a rabbit is lucky! It is quite likely that Bre'r Rabbit will entertain Deacon Dave Mecorney about Sunday.

This practically ended the hunt, for we saw no more, and had to hurry to get home in time for dinner. It was very hard tracking, but I believe I never saw so many squirrel tracks, mice tracks, etc. I found one place where apparently a troop of about a dozen mice had been along, making a trail about three inches wide. I saw lots of small birds—those little chaps that don't know enough to go south even when the coal supply is short. I also saw one lone duck, variety unknown.

We got home about six last night, having had a fine trip. The only trouble, I'm getting so I hate this winter weather; but I don't see any way to abate the nuisance, so I guess I'll let her go. Come and see us when you get home. Yours sincerely, DAVE.

Arizona Duck Shooting.

PHOENIX, Arizona, Feb. 3.—Editor Forest and Stream: Duck shooting is usually good here all winter, but this season, on account of a mild winter in the States to the north of us, the ducks have not come here in great numbers until the past few weeks; at present there are more here than we have had in a couple of years. Those being killed are principally mallards, sprigs, teal, widgeon, spoonbills, and occasionally a redhead or canvasback. Duck shooting is found on the rivers and irrigating canals and on the irrigated fields within ten or fifteen miles of this city. The best shooting is about seventy-five miles from here (reached by rail in a few hours' ride), on an irrigating reservoir about 1½ by 2½ miles in dimensions; the limit of twenty-five birds is usually obtained there in an hour's shooting.

On the completion of the Tonto dam and reservoir, about sixty-five miles up Salt River from Phoenix, in about two years, we expect to have one of the finest duck shooting grounds in the West.

Fish and Game Commissioner W. L. Pinney has been planting a large quantity of wild rice this winter in the lakes and sloughs adjoining the rivers near the city.

Quail have been more abundant than usual this year; our season on these closes March 1. Doves are so abundant all the time as to be nearly a pest, and furnish abundant sport for the tourist and local sports. B.

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Some Deer Hunters of Maine.

HARDLY the usual number of deer have been killed in this section the past season. Plenty have been seen, but somehow the most of them had a great knack of keeping out of harm's way. The hunters of our own town have been particularly unlucky, so far as I can learn, but two deer being shot hereabouts by fellow-residents. Erskine L. Watson and Almon Linscott were the fortunate parties, though the "fortunate" admits of a liberal qualification in the case of Mr. Linscott, as he failed to find his deer until the meat was unfit for use, despite the fact that it fell dead within a few yards of the spot where it was shot. Mr. Watson's prize was a magnificent buck. He had the head mounted, while the meat was generously distributed among his friends.

Mr. Watson is a present-day sportsman of the best type. The most of his time is taken up with his business, but by improving the early morning hours and occasional dull days, together with an annual outing, he manages to gratify in part an ardent propensity for sport with the rod and gun. He is a good shot and expert angler, and rarely in his expeditions do the woods and streams fail to yield tribute to his skill. Yet he never kills more than he needs.

Mr. George W. Adams is another of our most persistent deer hunters, and being a gentleman of leisure, he has ample time to devote to the sport. Having lost a leg in a railroad accident, which renders walking difficult, he adopts the somewhat novel method of hunting with a team. Behind a pure-bred, mettlesome stallion he drives day after day over miles of rough wood and logging roads that would be thought impassable for anything but a truck horse by the average individual. Every haunt of the game is known and visited by him. Sometimes he takes a companion along to hold the horse when he gets a shot, or to enable him to make short detours on foot; but occasions are not wanting when he has dropped his deer from the wagon, though a sharp struggle with his spirited steed invariably follows such act. Mr. Adams was one of the first to bag a deer after their influx into this section, and since that time has rarely failed to secure his quota up to the present season, when he was unable to score.

Wm. Clark, living nine miles further up the valley (Ossipee), is reported to have recently secured two bucks in a morning. He was gone from the house less than two hours to get the first, which he had hardly landed at his home, when a second buck appeared but a short distance from the house, and this he also shot. Clinton Rowe, of Baldwin, was similarly lucky, finding a big buck awaiting him almost in his dooryard when he arose one morning. I hear, too, of kills being made in Parsonfield, Hiram, Denmark, Fryeburg, and in fact nearly all surrounding towns.

Two parties from this town have visited the North Woods. One, composed of J. T. Irish, Dr. S. G. Sawyer and Frank Stearns, brought home two deer; the other—Fred. Bowie and Bion Bradley—captured a deer and a moose, the latter falling to Bowie's gun. Both parties saw plenty of game, but encountered the prevailing difficult conditions for trailing, which are urged as accountable for the shortage in the record of shipments of deer in comparison with last year. It is probable, however, that the previous unusually severe winter depleted the deer considerably. W. H. Hatch, a registered guide of twelve years' experience in the country north of Moosehead, informs me that the number of carcasses he found in the woods as the result of death from hunger and cold was far in excess of that of any previous year.

Whether deer are increasing or decreasing in the State is a mooted question. We trust that every effort will be made to speedily determine the truth of the matter and proper steps taken to long continue the sport alike to native and visiting sportsmen.

J. L. WOODBURY.

CORNISH, Me.

Prosecutions in Illinois.

STATE Game Commissioner J. A. Wheeler sends us a gratifying statement of the work of his department in enforcing the game laws, and punishing violators. The record shows great activity on the part of Commissioner Wheeler and the executive force under his direction. Since the present act became effective, July 1, 1903, there had been, up to Dec. 17, last, 321 prosecutions of alleged violation of the game laws of Illinois. Of this number of cases, 84 per cent. resulted in convictions, which have had a salutary effect upon persons who have sought to hunt out of season or without a license, or to otherwise ignore the statutes. About \$3,000 in fines has been collected on these convictions.

The offenses for which the largest number of persons were arrested was shooting without a license; of these 129 were prosecuted, the penalty being a fine of \$25. Among the other offenders, 52 were close season shooters, 37 killed song birds, 12 hunted with ferrets and 10 were guilty of illicit sale or shipment. The record of the seizures of game show the following confiscation:

Nov. 26, 1904, seized 34 quail in candy pails, marked from S. N. C., Whittington, Illinois, to Otto Shumacker, St. Louis, Mo. Shipper not yet arrested.

Nov. 26, 1904, seized 28 quail in candy pails, marked from S. N. C., Whittington, Illinois, and consigned to Missouri P. & G. Co., 405 Franklin Avenue, St. Louis. Evidently same shipper as above.

Nov. 29, 1904, seized 59 quail, marked butter, and shipped from West Frankfort, Ill.; shipper, B. Keeley, to P. M. Kieley & Co., St. Louis, Mo. This shipper has left the State.

Dec. 12, 1904, seized 36 quail in egg case, marked from J. T. Plumlee, to P. M. Kieley, St. Louis, billed as eggs. This man is under bond of \$500 to the county court.

Nov. 23, 1904, seized 3 squirrels, from H. L. Gerstenschlegler, Pinckneyville, Ill., to H. Breneke, St. Louis, Mo. Shipped as dressed poultry. Defendant prosecuted and fined \$75 and costs.

Nov. 30, 1904, seized 2 squirrels from George Rahn, Redbud, Ill., to Charles F. Brann, Pittsburg, Pa. Defendant fined \$50 and costs.

Dec. 15, 1904, seized 68 quail from Peckham, shipper No. 7, Irvin, Ill., to P. M. Kieley & Co., St. Louis. Shipper arrested and under bond.

Dec. 15, 1904, seized 240 quail in telescopes in the hands of Harlan Ray and John Hudson, of Benton, Ill., while trying to get them through to St. Louis as baggage. Violators arrested and fined \$200 and costs.

Dec. 16, 1904, seized 161 quail in candy pails; shipped by William Tyler, Texico, Ill., to McLean & Alcorn, St. Louis, Mo. Shipper arrested, now under bond of \$500 for trial in January.

Nov. 29, 1904, seized one pail and one box containing 87 quail; shipped by No. 135, Jefferson county, Ill., to McLean & Alcorn, St. Louis, marked butter. Shipper same as above case, under bond for separate offense.

Nov. 26, 1904, seized 124 quail, in three candy pails, marked and billed as butter; shipped by Samuel Daubs, Franklin county, to McLean & Alcorn, St. Louis, Mo. Violator now under bond of \$500 to the county court.

The Cunning of a Buck.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I can personally vouch for the following: In the early part of November last I was stopping at Guide Clements' camp, on the Fourth Debsconeag Lake, northern Maine, twenty-five miles from Norcross, the nearest railroad station, and four miles from the nearest inhabited camp.

It was the first good snowstorm of the season, the fall being about five inches. My guide and I started out at 8 A. M. with the intention of killing a buck. We canoed across the fourth lake, and had not gone far into the woods before we struck the track of what appeared to be a good sized buck. The trail was made during the night. We followed it up the Forrest Hill and down to the lake, then back again on the mountain side, occasionally meeting with evidence of his pawing and bucking at small trees. We did not permit ourselves to be thrown off by the tracks of other deer which occasionally crossed his. We could see where he had gone under fallen trees which interfered with his progress; some of these were so low to the ground that it seemed incredible that a fair sized buck could go under them without showing some evidence in the snow that he had crawled. But he did not; he simply bent under these fallen trees, the tracks on either side being perfect, and showing no evidence of his having jumped them. It seemed to me, with little experience in hunting deer, that he must needs be a small deer, but my guide insisted, however, that he was a good sized one, judging alone from his tracks.

We followed him for over four hours, covering a distance of over seven miles, and during most of this time he was going on a walk or an easy trot over the roughest kind of woodland, rocks and moss-covered boulders. There were evidences of his having lain down only twice during his journey.

At noon we sat on a log and ate our simple lunch, quietly chatting. Lunch through, we started out again. The trail took us up a fair sized hill about half a mile, and this brought us to a small opening in the woods, and here we saw our prize, but he did not see us, and instead of being alone, he was with a fine doe. As we had an abundant supply of venison at camp, and only wanted the buck, we waited a second for him to emerge from among a clump of trees that partially hid him from view, and the moment he came in sight I let him have one shot from my rifle, but instead of seeing him lie down, he disappeared. We again took up the trail, this time of blood, and every time he stepped you could see blood spattered on the snow, showing the wound was rather high.

After going about seventy-five rods, he lay down; but hearing us before we could locate him, he went on; you could see the pool of blood where he had rested. We followed him another fifty or sixty rods, when he again lay down, and we saw more marks showing a considerable loss of blood, but still not as much as before. Scenting us before we could get a glimpse of him, he again went on; but we could see the blood marks get fainter and fainter, and finally disappear. We followed him by his tracks, now through a ravine down to the Third Debsconeag Lake, a distance of about a mile, and here all trace of him stopped.

We went up and down the lake a short distance to see if we could find his track; finding none, we went out on a large tree which had fallen into the lake and looked up and down and across the lake, and to our surprise we saw an object moving in the water near the opposite shore. We saw this object come out of the water, and could see it was our buck. My guide then shot at him twice, and he apparently fell down near the water's edge. We subsequently found out that neither shot took effect, owing to a miscalculation of distance.

My guide went to get his canoe at the head of the lake, about a mile away, while I remained to keep a weather eye on the spot where the deer fell. Upon reaching the spot with his canoe about an hour after, the guide saw the buck lying near the edge of the lake.

He hallooed to me, "He's a dandy! I will bring him over in the canoe." He proved to be a fine specimen; four prongs on each side, with remarkably heavy, thick horns, weighing about 170 pounds. The deer's long swim in the icy water with his mortal wound not only exhausted him, but made him stiff, and he lay there as if dead. My guide approached him cautiously, and stuck him with his knife a couple of times in the neck over the artery, and twisted the blade to make sure work of him. After waiting a couple of minutes he started to drag him to the canoe, which was only a few steps away to bring him over to me. I could just see him in the dim light on the other side of the lake lean down to get a hold on his horns, and then saw him tug away in the act of dragging him toward the canoe, when all of a sudden the buck was on his feet. Immediately he lowered his head and charged my guide! He needed just this help to overcome his stiffness and get on his feet. There was a small spruce near the water's edge, and the guide, realizing his danger, by a dexterous move put the tree between himself and the deer. The buck charged and hit the tree, and the man grabbed his horns, one in each hand, and held him as if in a vise; but the buck, to free himself, swung his body to one side, pressing the guide's

wrist against the tree and forcing him to let go his hold with that hand, but he held on to the other horn for dear life. With this side move and sudden release, the buck slipped on a rock into the lake, and by this time he was so exhausted that he could not pull himself up on his feet, and the guide at an opportune moment plunged his knife into his neck again. My guide now left the game and came over after me. When we reached the other shore, the buck, hearing us, raised his head as if gathering strength to get away, but he was too weak and after a few gasps died.

We found the shot had entered from behind rather high, breaking no bones, but plowed through the vitals causing a severe internal hemorrhage. We dressed and hung him up for the night and returned to camp after our eventful day's sport.

J. NEWTON WILLIAMS.
NEW YORK, Jan. 20.

Foxes and Game Birds.

OSSINING, N. Y., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A recent question, "Do Foxes Destroy Game Birds?" I recently saw some very interesting evidence of a fox having caught a partridge near Boston Corners, Dutchess county. The tracks in the snow indicated that a fox had been following a rabbit's track in an easterly direction, along the edge of a swamp overgrown with tamerack, alders, etc. A partridge, flying in a westerly direction, had lit in the snow almost directly opposite the fox, taken a few steps and stood facing the open. The fox had turned at right angle to its previous course, and a few feathers on the snow told the rest of the story. On the two preceding days we flushed a partridge within a few hundred yards of the spot where the tragedy occurred.

In Alaska, when the geese are arriving in great flock in the spring, foxes may be seen skulking in the brush close to their feeding grounds and, no doubt, levy toll on the newly arrived birds.

EDWARD F. BALL.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have noticed in your paper a number of articles in regard to scarcity of game birds, and in almost every case the fox has been blamed for it. I would like to ask my brother hunters a few questions.

Who is there that will dispute my statement that twenty-five years ago there were at least fifteen partridges where there is now one? And also at that time were not the foxes correspondingly as thick or thereabouts?

We will all admit that the game birds have been decreasing very fast in the past fifteen or twenty-five years and those that have watched the decrease will say that the foxes have very much decreased also; I am very sure old hunters of the fox will agree with me. We will admit that the fox catches some game birds. He has always done that; he caught them fifty years ago and does now. But who can say truthfully that the scarcity belongs to him? With the modern gun and the later improved methods of trapping, the fox has had to decrease with the other game. Back twenty-five years ago how many schoolboys were there that could shoot on the wing? How is it to-day? The average man with modern guns and improvements is killing game at a big advantage over his brother of twenty-five years ago.

Who is blamed for what disease, wood-ticks, severe winters and cats have done? By many it is the fox.

One of the greatest enemies that game birds have to contend with is the house cat. How many farmers, as well as village people, have from two to ten cats? The woods are full of them. Instead of hunting around buildings, you will find them around the orchards and woods. These cats break up whole bunches of game birds, and there is no end to the slaughter of young song birds that can be justly laid to them.

If brother sportsmen of Massachusetts instead of putting a bounty on the fox, as I see they are talking of doing, will put it on cats, or pass a law that each cat should be taxed at the same rate as the dog, we could get rid of some of these roving cats that destroy each season hundreds of thousands of birds of all kinds.

I am positive the partridge in the past few years has been a great sufferer of disease and wood-ticks, as we as from these other enemies. The severe winters of the Northern States, the worst of all enemies, play havoc with the quail.

I claim, as before stated, that the fox does catch song birds; but he has gone, to a certain extent, the same way all game has. The most able and intelligent of all game animals, the fox is king of all, and the best sport and most genuine hunting come from the fox chase.

Brother sportsmen, give the fox all the blame that due, but do not blame him for what the above mentioned enemies to birds are responsible. I claim the fox is not to blame for the scarcity of our game birds. You can blame him for the loss of the song birds just as well. We will all admit that the song birds have decreased very much in the past few years.

L. R. NELSON.

Arizona Legislation.

PHOENIX, Arizona, Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The Territorial Legislature, which meets biennially, now in session and the officers of the Arizona Sportmen's Association and the Arizona Fish and Game Commissioners have prepared an entirely new game law which has been introduced and will undoubtedly pass already in force. The bill, if passed, will prohibit the killing of antelope until March 1, 1911; it changes the male deer and turkey season to the month of November (at present September 15 to November 1); changes the trout season from June 1 to August 1 (now June 1 to September 1); in addition to present limits places a limit on doves of fifty in one day, and on fish not exceeding twenty pounds or forty fish. The new law also provides a non-resident license of \$10 per year on male deer and turkey. Sale of all game prohibited.

It is also quite likely a bill will be introduced providing for an active game and fish commissioner under salary and expenses. Arizona has a large quantity and variety of game and realizes fully the necessity of taking steps to protect it.

B.

More About Old Revolvers.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As early as 1842 the Colts revolver was known in this territory, as my father, who, at that time came from New York State a boy of 14 carrying chain in the surveying party operating in this territory, makes a note of one of the party owning one which was looked upon as a wonderful weapon but of small caliber. Undoubtedly, it was one of the early makes, as from what I learned from an old gentleman who had lived in the Southwest in the early days, the first Colt revolvers they had came from some party in New York City and were very small, and a few of the Texas Rangers had them; and during the trouble on the frontier these rangers had larger and heavier revolvers built specially for them. I was unable to learn the exact date, but it was in the early '40s.

Cabia Blanco speaks of the Remington revolver of Civil War time going off on account of the wall of the chambers being thin and often fire-burnt. This brings to my mind an incident of my earliest boyhood days. My father had an old Remington cap and ball revolver, which my uncle had used during the Civil War and had been loaded for a long time, and at length he drew the charges from the old thing and laid it away. Boy-like, I thought it the finest weapon of the land, and longed to shoot it. So finally one day I got hold of the pistol and loaded it, putting in paper wadding and filling it up with shot and capped it.

I did not have a chance to use it, until one day when no one was home and the neighbor's rooster came into our yard and gave our old rooster a great whipping, almost killing him. I got the pistol from the house and, getting within a few feet of the victorious rooster, let go. Well, it was a five-shot pistol, and the five loads went off at once. Result: dead rooster, and boy with a lame hand and good chance for a thrashing. I buried the rooster and put the old pistol back and did not tell the incident until long after, when father laughed about the matter.

A. G. HOLMES.

Long Island Ducking.

ORIENT POINT, N. Y., Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I must state that our gun club of about fifty members are greatly put out about the spring shooting law. If it continues as it now is our sportsmen will lose all interest in shooting. We don't ask for big bags, but small ones and more of them. I have used a gun fifty-five years and I have never had poorer shooting than this fall. We were told before the present law was passed that "if no shooting was done in the spring, we would have better shooting in the fall." About all the spring shooting I do is for sheldrakes. We have very few ducks here except trash ducks, and our up-State people, it seems to me, don't want us to kill even them. Last spring sheldrakes were quite plentiful, but I did not fire my gun nor any one else. Well, this fall I expected sheldrakes galore, but, if you will believe me, I did not kill a single one or have one within range. Altogether I killed just nineteen ducks, one black (or dusky) and balance were coots and old squaws. Our shooters ask, "What's the use of buying a good gun for the little time we are allowed to shoot? Any old thing will do." The conditions here are quite different from other portions of the State, and we are more than willing that our brother sportsmen in other territory should have laws to suit the conditions there; but we feel that they should be just as willing for us in this little corner of the great world to have our own laws as regards our shooting in this county. We are willing to apply the Golden Rule in the matter and be done by just as we are willing to do

by others. Is this right, brother? Just think of it—coots, old squaws and mergansers (mostly which we have), compared with canvasbacks, mallards, dusky and redheads which many of you have. We implore you to give us from October 15 to April 15 with a small bag limit, and not unlimited numbers as now and a short season.

UNCLE DAN.

Cuteness of a Cat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In this busy life, when our minds are absorbed during the most of our waking hours with the affairs of the present, it is well that we can sometimes relax, and read in our good FOREST AND STREAM some of the incidents in the lives of the brethren, for it is nearly sure to remind us of some happening in our own experience, perhaps long forgotten but pleasant to recall. Some years ago Peter Flint told us of a remarkable shot, which recalled to my mind something which had nearly been forgotten, and now he has come forth with one, "Tom Turkey and Fox," which recalls a happening in Wyoming.

One evening, about sundown, I was leaving my cabin, and as I was walking along, I heard a fox bark; looking in the direction of the sound, I saw Old Tom, a large yellow cat, belonging to my nearest neighbor, evidently on his way over to make a call on me, which he frequently did, and near him was a young red fox, more than half-grown, evidently bent on having some fun, which was not relished by Tom. When the cat would stop and turn around facing the fox, it would stop at a respectful distance, about six or eight feet, sit down and bark, just as a puppy would do, then when the cat would start, it would follow as close as it dared, much to the annoyance of the cat.

At last the cat stood and watched it a while, lashing his tail as if angry, then, as if struck with an idea by which he might get revenge on his tormentor, he wheeled about quickly and started on in the direction he had been going, on a lively trot, as if he meant to get away from the fox. The fox, of course, started after, cautiously at first, but as the cat seemed determined to get away this time and kept going faster, the fox got under good headway and a little reckless, when, all at once, without any warning and like a flash, Tom whirled around and jumped right into the face of the fox, before it had time to turn, and oh, how the fur did fly!

The poor little fox was fairly paralyzed and squalled like a good fellow, and as soon as he got at a good safe distance he sat down and gave vent to the most mournful howls, while Tom went on his way unmolested. The fox was still sitting in the same spot when I passed out of sight. From where I was it just looked as if the cat had deliberately planned his scheme for getting his claws into his tormentor.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

Wild Pigeon Flights.

IRONTON, OHIO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I remember the enormous flight of wild pigeons in 1863. I then lived in Lewis county, Ky. My father shot sixty or seventy in three shots with a shotgun, and would kill no more, for he could not use them. He could have killed hundreds as they were feeding on the beech mast and came on like a wave, the birds in the rear flying over and lighting ahead. That was the last of the great flight. In 1895 my father-in-law, Mr. George W. Howland, and I were hunting in Carter county, Ky., on a foggy morning. We were calling turkeys, and they were answering and coming, so we could not shoot anything else. A flock of nine wild pigeons came into a beech tree within

twenty yards of us, and we both distinctly saw and counted them. I was entirely familiar with, or rather knew well what they were, and he was sure that they were the true wild pigeon. He was as good a hunter as one would find in a month, and a close observer.

I saw him shoot a drumming grouse the last day of October, 1894, and we often heard them drum during our fall camping trips. He said you could step up on a drumming grouse if you were below it on the hill, but could not do so to go down hill; he invariably got below it if he tried to kill it.

JAMES DUPUY.

Waterproofing Shoes.

GALESBURG, N. D., Jan. 31.—In renewing my subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, which I have done so many times before, and which I always do with an increased sense of its worth, I beg to send as a sort of "laggnappe" to its readers a wrinkle for waterproofing boots and shoes which I have made use of for years, and which I believe to be simply the best ever.

Melt together equal parts of paraffine wax, tallow and harness oil. Apply to the footwear while hot. Have the leather perfectly dry and put on all over liberally with a small brush, blowing it into the crack between the sole and upper. Heat the first two coats before an open fire, then apply the third coat and leave on outside. This dressing does not hurt the leather, is quite durable, and makes the leather about as waterproof as a rubber boot. It is also simple, and the ingredients can be got almost anywhere. When cold it is solid, and can be easily carried. In fact, it is hard to beat.

J. P. W.

The Winter and the Game.

WYMORE, Neb., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In this part of Nebraska the quail have nearly all starved to death. Just five weeks ago to-day we had our first snow; it fell to a depth of eight to ten inches, and in a day or two, the weather being warm, it settled down to about half that depth, and the colder weather that followed formed a crust upon it that will almost bear the weight of a man. Then other snows came, one after another, until we have from fifteen to eighteen inches of snow on the level. The weather has been unusually cold for this latitude for the past four weeks, the mercury reaching 20 below zero three different times.

Farmers that I have talked to tell me that dead quail can be found along all the hedges, and that only now and then a live one can be found near a feed lot or along the railroad, where they can pick up some grain that has fallen from the passing cars.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

Cold at Currituck.

CURRITUCK, Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have just had two weeks of the coldest weather we have had in many years. Our Sound is frozen solid. There are so few open places that all our ducks are suffering severely for want of food and are getting very poor. The little ruddy ducks must have been warned in a dream to seek sunnier climes, for two days before the storm began they got up high in the air and went south by the thousands. It was a strange sight to see them flying so high, and still stranger that they should know what was coming. I think that every strong, well ruddy duck left Currituck during those two days. There are still many canvasbacks, black ducks, mallards, widgeon, sprigs, and swans and geese left with us. The redheads followed the ruddy soon after the freeze began. I am glad to say the killing has been light. The weather has been so cold that even the natives could not stand it. There has been little snow, and I think the quail are all right.

MORE ANON.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



The Old Virginia Chub.

DURING the past summer, while sojourning in the mountains of southwest Virginia, where one day of the ozone-laden air is a delight, two days a dissipation, and a week an orgie, I began to crave yet further joys. A breath of sea air and a season of sea food came to loom up with aggressive prominence in my list of wish-I-could, and finally led me to seriously consider a run down to the beach. A letter to my friend the Judge in Norfolk met prompt reply. "Come," he said, "Come at once. The weather is fine, fishing good, and I am not too busy to enjoy a little sport with you."

The journey down was without special incident, with the exception of a rather humiliating experience while seeking knowledge from a native, who was a fellow passenger from one of the small towns into Norfolk. Having had little opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the goober pea of Georgia, ground pea of Mississippi, and peanut of Virginia, and seeing field after field of what I believed to be that interesting and valuable tuber on each side of the track as we sped over the flat land between Suffolk and Norfolk (which I now know to be given over almost exclusively to that industry), I accosted the young man who had stalked into the sleeper and taken a seat immediately in front of the one I occupied, and politely requested that he tell me what was growing in the field we were passing, pointing out to a tract covered with the bright green foliage of the peanut. Merely glancing an instant in the direction indicated, he then turned and took me in with a deliberate and comprehensive stare, as though lost in wonder at finding such an ignoramus going about alone, then turning back to the window as we were sweeping by a farmhouse garden, and pointing to it, he said: "That is corn, that potatoes, and that (as we passed on to a field like the one I had inquired about) is peanuts." And while I

was debating as to whether I ought to thank him or grab him by the ears and bang his head against the side of the car, he arose and left. Knowledge is power, whether it is gained from a gilded globe or by the kick of a mule, and I now know peanuts; and I hazard the guess that if my supercilious young teacher had given me plenty of time and a sufficient number of guesses that morning, I might possibly have thought up something I knew that he did not. But this is not fishing, and I further wager that the individual above referred to was no fisherman.

Arriving at Norfolk with an accumulated appetite for marine provender, and in nowise discouraged by my previous experience in seeking knowledge, I asked three benevolent citizens, one after the other, to kindly direct me to the best place in the city to get good fish.

"Wy, Mistah Jones, suh," said the first, a janitor of a building, whom I found at the door. "Dey ain't nobody here can beat him," followed by directions for finding the place.

"James Jones, sir, one block up on the other side," said the next citizen, a substantial middle-aged man.

"Jimmie's is what you want, right across the street there. Not much cut glass and silver play, but the eat is there all right," said the third, a young man.

With my little knowledge of human nature, I concluded that concurrent testimony of so many men of such diversity of character should be sufficiently convincing, so without further imposition on the kindness of benevolent citizens, made straight for Mr. Jones' much-recommended place. This is not a guide-book article, but justice compels me to say that my three kind informants were men of veracity and good taste.

The Judge was at his office to welcome me when I finally left off eating spot and went to look him up, and a right warm welcome he gave me.

In a manner that economized time and conserved physical exertion mutually agreeable, he showed me the

city. It was from the top of the new eight-story office building, and something like a birdseye view.

The market being well supplied, the first few days were spent near the base of supplies—i. e., Jas. Jones'—while I ran about to near-by points of interest. When fortified to an extent that made the idea of one meal without fish endurable, we began to seriously prepare for sport.

The sea fishing at Ocean View—as the Judge had predicted—did not interest me, being done with hand-lines, and not much taken except the diminutive, though delicate and delicious, spot; but the marvelous tales of sport to be had in the Reservoir lakes led me to entertain great expectations.

These lakes, from which is obtained the city's water supply, are reached by an excellent suburban trolley line connecting the city and Virginia Beach, and are easy and convenient of access. They are a succession of small reservoirs separated by artificial dams. Deep in what is called the channel and near the dam, but shallow where the water has spread out over the trees and undergrowth of what was formerly the banks of a stream. The one we fished was three or four hundred yards wide at the lower end, and something less than a mile in length.

The water company charges a small fee for a fishing privilege, and patrols the water, thereby providing at a slight cost an excellent and well stocked fishing preserve accessible to all gentlemen sportsmen. An introduction by a Norfolk citizen, and payment of fee admits you to membership in this democratic club, and the only by-law is one quoted to a gentleman in the boat next to ours: "Don't spit in de watah, if yo' please, suh."

We arranged one fine morning for our first trip, and called in consultation a specialist in the person of the Judge's office boy.

"Sus-sus-sus-wimp is what you want for bub-bub-bait," said the oracle, who had an impediment in his speech.

"You let me gug-gug-go early to dinner and I will kak-kak-catch you some and bring them bub-bub-back." I rather lost confidence in the young man when he had worried himself loose from this information, as I had always believed that you should follow the cardinal principle of the Homeopathic school of medicine in selecting bait for fishing—"Similia similibus curantur"—and could not subscribe to the heterodox idea of salt-water bait for fresh-water fishing. But even fishing could not be more entertaining than the spectacle of the boy twisting in agony as he gurgled out voluminous extracts from his great store of fishing information, while my sympathetic friend, the Judge, wriggled about in a most undignified and futile though praiseworthy effort to aid him in his difficult task; so I not only refrained from exposing the weakness of the boy's argument, but encouraged and continued it as long as possible.

He was a nice boy with good intentions, and we appreciated his kindness in catching us the shrimp just as much as though we had fished with them, instead of turning them into the lake as soon as our boatman had provided a bucket of minnows that afternoon.

We secured a nice dry boat and the Judge's favorite boatman, who went out with us despite the fact that he both claimed to be, and certainly looked, ill.

"What's been the matter with you, John?" said my benevolent friend, who, though a young man, has all the rough edges and corners rubbed smooth, and is generally beloved.

"I'se mos'ly dis weak, suh," was the response, in the feeble pathos of the suffering African. "I had a fit yistiddy, and like to have died."

"Well, I am sorry to hear that, but I'm awfully glad you can go out with us to-day," said the Judge.

I was not. I remembered the Scriptural injunction to rejoice with them that rejoice, but could not apply it in this case. The thought of being out on deep water in a small boat with one hundred and sixty pounds of lusty black man that might at any moment conclude to have another fit, and cause a shipwreck, in nowise inclined me to rejoicing.

John and I did not hit it off as well as I like to be the case with all of my sportsmen helpers, and I do not regard him as highly as does my good friend; but I am sincerely and deeply grateful to John for the fact that he refrained from having another fit while I was with him. Like all anglers of experience, I was a little inclined to offer suggestions, and these were not very well received by our boatman, who had decided opinions of his own.

"Don't you think that bit of water over there looks like a good place," I would say.

This suggestion would be received in silence twice out of three times; then John would cease rowing, assume an injured air, and in a querulous tone say: "Well, of co'se I will go there, if you say so, but I takin' you now right where I know de fish is." Then the genial Judge would proceed to act peacemaker, and soon have the ruffled waters smooth; but not for long, as but for the fact we were most of the afternoon fully occupied with the sport, it would have taxed the powers of even the gentleman from Virginia to keep the peace between John and me.

As we approached the fishing grounds at the upper end of the lake (approved by John), the Judge proceeded to explain the method and the kind of fish we could expect to catch. The fishing was best, he said, among the brush and small growth where the water had spread out over what had been undergrowth in the woods, and we would catch "chub, perch, coon perch, pike, and perhaps an eel," all of which we did, and a little more. The Judge knew before, as well as I did after, seeing these fish that the "chub" was the big-mouth black bass, the "perch" the crappie, and the "coon perch" the yellow perch; but that had been the names given them in the streams that flowed through the red hills of the home of his boyhood in old Chesterfield county, and as friends of his youth he could call them by no new names. Talk of the Ethiopian and leopard, transplant or even cremate a Virginian and he is a Virginian still.

We finally got down to business, but not until I had left a new leader and three flies hanging to one of the numerous snags which stuck up out of the water, in a vain attempt to fish the water decently and in order as we rowed along. When we finally hove to, in a spot approved by our boatman, the Judge declined politely, but firmly, the offer of my extra rod, and proceeded to attach his line to a tough, springy cane pole he had selected from the rack in the boat house. No reel, no rod, nothing scientifically orthodox—just a pole and line. I was shocked, mortified and grieved, but determined to say nothing, trusting to the strength of the object-lesson I would give to convert him.

The Judge drew first blood—a lusty crappie, which he deftly lifted out of a nest of snags and dropped into the boat. What a pity, I thought, to waste good sport by dragging such a fish right into the boat, and I hope I may soon have a strike, so that the Judge's education may begin. My wish was gratified, and the strike vigorous. As the submerged forest was much in evidence, I did not give as much line as usual, but struck vigorously and immediately began to reel in. A snag extending out of the water near the end of my line was violently agitated for a moment, and then the line came in unresisting, and, as later disclosed, minus hook and sinker.

"You will have to be a little quicker," said my friend. "Snap judgment is the best mode of procedure in these waters."

While I repaired damages, the Judge took two more fish, a crappie and a yellow perch. Once more in commission, I cast into a bit of clear water and reeled off a few yards of line that had become bunched on the reel, intending to rewind it. While so engaged a warning shout from the Judge, followed immediately by a tightening of the line, announced another strike. I tried hard to be quick enough, but got started a little late, and only succeeded in getting good and fast to another bit of submerged forest, with the same result as before. Somewhat ruffled in temper, but not discouraged, I repaired damages and prepared to try again. My friend was fishing away in a most unscientific, but successful, manner, tearing fish out of the water and slinging them into the boat. Not exceeding thirty seconds was the time he devoted to any fish—from the strike to boating—though

some of them were good for half hour of fine sport in open water. Occasionally I actually believed the Judge struck first, he was so quick; but he surely did catch fish. He was the personification of a man in earnest as he wrestled with the big gamy fellows, sitting with from six to twelve inches of atmosphere between him and the boat seat, as he braced his feet and threw his whole weight against the fighting fish, only sinking back on the seat to rest a moment while John rebaited his hook.

He was catching quite a variety—crappie, yellow perch and bass—and all running large; the crappie especially averaging larger than any I had ever seen.

Made timid by my bad beginning, I fished near the boat for some time without any result, but finally had another strike. This time I was about as much too soon as before I had been late, and missed altogether; but given another chance, I made connection, and that fish must have thought a butcher had him. He was a lusty bass, game from tip to tail, but I can honestly say that he did not gain an inch of line from the time he struck my bait to the time he lit in the boat. Instead of the usual methods, I simply jerked, hauled and dragged him aboard. I was tired of pulling snags, and willing to use any method to catch a fish.

"That is the way," said my friend. "You have just got to get these fellows in the boat sans ceremony. They are Indians in their fighting tactics, and will take a tree on you every time. Some of our scientific experts occasionally take a fish into open water and kill it decently and in the approved manner; but for the most part we do our fishing here by the old-fashioned method of getting the hook in and the fish out with all possible expedition," illustrating the fact by snatching a vigorous but helpless 3-pound bass out of a thicket of brush, in a small opening of which he had dropped his bait a moment before.

As a disinterested spectator I should have criticised and condemned the methods we used; but as "*particeps criminis*," and under spell of my principal's enthusiastic abandon, I fairly reveled in wickedness, and pulled, hauled, dragged and snatched those big game fish into the boat like a small boy catching suckers. I think nothing we caught weighed less than a pound, and the majority of our fish ran from two to four. The climax of the catch was when the Judge, with no more consideration than he had shown the little fellows, tore a six-pound bass out of the water and slammed it into the boat with a thud that all but knocked out the bottom.

We kept the bass, crappie and perch, only twenty-three fish, but it took a well man to lift our string.

Returning to the landing, we nearly ran down one of the largest moccasin snakes either of us had ever seen. Swimming straight across the lake, it crossed our bow not ten feet in front of the boat, and was first seen by the Judge. The interesting observation which he was indulging remains unfinished to this present time, and one look over the side of the boat in the direction of his fascinated gaze caused me to permanently lose interest in the subject under discussion. The big, ugly reptile was continuing its course with head twisted round toward us, and from its mouth was darting the forked tongue, in apparent defiance.

"Shall I tackle him, Boss?" was John's inquiry, as he began to draw in one oar.

"No!" almost shouted the Judge. "Don't you make a motion at him—don't so much as look cross at him!"

"Good thing we didn't run him down. He would sho' have come aboard of us if we did," was the careless observation of our factotum.

"He would have found plenty of room," said my companion, with a shudder. "I would have given him my share of the boat if the water had been fifty feet deep and the shore half a mile away," which remark exactly voiced my sentiments.

A strange thing about that snake, noticed by all—and fortunately, as the Judge and I belong to a profession not noted for veracity—was the fact that it rode the water like a duck, its entire body visible from head to tail. Of the many swimming snakes observed in years of experience on and about the water, they had always swam with the body partially or wholly submerged.

With no further narrow escapes we made the landing in time to get our tackle and fish put up for the cool-of-the-evening car to the city.

With very pleasant recollections of the trip, fervent gratitude to John for not having a fit, and the snake for not coming aboard, I compare the fishing, as we found it, to a most enjoyable romp.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Lake Champlain Fishing.

OF the effort to secure an international agreement regarding fishing in Lake Champlain, the Burlington Free Press says:

"The people of Vermont, and particularly the residents of the Champlain Valley, have a lively interest in the announcement that in the event of the failure of Canada to co-operate in the matter of putting a stop to seine fishing in Lake Champlain the Legislature of New York may appeal to President Roosevelt. The movement against seine fishing began a number of years ago, and, as our readers know, it has been crowned with comparatively little success. When the committee appointed by Governor Bell recently visited different Canadian authorities in company with a similar body of men from New York it seems that the excuse made by the Canadians was that the policy of the Government of the United States in propagating yellow perch in the lake had been injurious to other fish. A letter was sent to United States Fish Commissioner Bowers, asking if the Federal Commission would stop propagation of yellow perch in the lake.

"Commissioner Bowers, in his reply, says that the yellow perch were released at Swanton, while the Government was experimenting with pike perch or wall-eyed pike. It was explained that the National Commission receives requests from many parts of the country for yellow perch, and that these fish are propagated at the Swanton hatchery to meet these requests. He saw no reason for releasing further fish in Lake Champlain.

"With the argument in question disposed of, the Vermont and New York Commissioners will renew their efforts to secure the co-operation of the Canadian authorities in suppressing seining in Lake Champlain,

The Canadians have taken many tons of fish from Missisquoi Bay every year, and the result is that Vermont sportsmen who try to fish in the lake with hook and line have very little success during the open season for different kinds of fish. Residents of the New York shore have a similar interest in the movement. It is announced that some of the authorities are in favor of taking strong measures if the Dominion Government refuses to act, but the commissioners deprecate any strong talk of this character.

"The explanation is made that the question in Canada is a political one, and that officials hesitate to take any action which might affect the votes of fishermen living on Missisquoi Bay, or in that vicinity. People in this vicinity know how some of the residents on the Vermont shore of the lake have sought to influence votes on seine fishing, and it is hardly strange that our Canadian neighbors, who have everything to gain and nothing to lose from seining, should seek to make their political influence felt in a similar way."

It is to be hoped that Canada's public men, despite the political influence brought against it, will see their way clear to entering into such a convention. They cannot but admit the justice of the contention put forth by the States of New York and Vermont.

Their sense of fairness will tell them it is not right that the commercial instincts of a few fishermen on Missisquoi Bay should be allowed to interfere with the larger interests of the section in which the great body of the lake is located. At any rate, let us hope that they will look at it in this light.

Mr. Chambers on Sea Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of December 24, Mr. Chambers takes The Old Angler to task for making gratuitous assumptions and drawing erroneous conclusions, and strenuously asserts that there is nothing in the context of his letter to lead the reader to conclude that last summer was the only time he had studied the "sea trout." Let us see about this.

That part of his letter dealing with sea trout opens in these words: "During the last summer I was fortunate enough to enjoy opportunities for the study of the sea-run trout of the Saguenay and some of its tributaries." Then follows over a column of matter taken bodily from the writings of the late M. H. Perley, Frank Forrester, Charles Hallock, Thad. Norris and others, with all their errors of description and classification into a distinct species under the various names of *Trutta marina*, *Salmo trutta*, or *Salmo immaculatus*, according to the ignorance of the writers whose matter he appropriated and whose opinions he apparently indorsed; but not another word throughout the whole letter to indicate that he had made any previous study of the fish.

The Old Angler submits that any reader unacquainted with Mr. C.'s later explanations must come to the same conclusion he did without imagining or assuming anything, and without the slightest wish to misrepresent. Had Mr. C. been writing of Europe or New York, and had he adopted bodily, without a hint at quotation, the erroneous descriptions of writers more ignorant than himself, the irresistible inference would be that he had not been there, and that he did not write from his own observations. But the excellence of his matter on subjects he fully understands would preclude any possible inference that he had never been to school.

Mr. Chambers quotes with admiration from our friend Charles Hallock, who has given up his first contention as to species, and even his subsequent opinion as to variety, and has settled down into what he calls, with Mr. C.'s emphatic approval, "the marine and fluvial types." To those of your readers who have followed the discussion, this must be very amusing. Mr. Hallock first sought the aid of Mr. Gregory, of Quebec, and Mr. Manuel, of Ottawa, who agreed with him that this "type" was a true sea fish that came into the rivers to feed upon salmon ova! When the present writer showed the crass ignorance his friends displayed, Mr. Hallock invoked the assistance of Prof. D. Starr Jordan, who, consenting to "arbitrate," pronounced, *ex-cathedra*, that the only difference between the brook trout and the sea trout was that the latter was brought up and fed in the sea, and he volunteered the following sapient opinion: "Presumably the young of any brook trout hatched out in the sea and fed in the sea would be the same." Whether Mr. H. considered that this dictum of the leading ichthyologist in the United States strengthened either of his contentions, The Old Angler is not advised; but the fact disclosed by Mr. Chambers that he has dropped both species and variety and taken his stand on type, would seem to indicate that he was not quite satisfied with the arbitrator's award, and was not so grateful as, in your opinion, we all ought to be for the condescension.

Authorities competent to give an opinion now agree that the species is *Salmo fontinalis* and the variety brook trout. Where does the "type" come in? How will Mr. Hallock or Mr. Chambers, who considers the term so happy, distinguish between "types" that have no constant characteristics? How far up river does the "marine trout" change into the "fluvial trout," or how far down river does the fluvial type change into the marine type? Unless there are some permanent characteristics to distinguish one individual from another, how are we to decide on the "type?" When all the characteristics that make a marine trout in one part of a river are changed into those that make it a fluvial trout in another part of the same river, what mere logomachy is all this pseudo-science with which these savants are bewildering themselves!

As the outcome of the discussion in your columns, the writer is gratified to know that both Mr. Hallock and Mr. Chambers are now agreed that when *Salmo fontinalis* is caught in salt water he is a sea trout; but when taken in fresh water he is a brook trout, which has been all along the contention of

THE OLD ANGLER.

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Ault's Landing.

"LET'S go down to Ault's."

What fond memories the mention of this river landing brings to mind. When I was a youngster and lived in Leesburg I was a member of the gang that used to frequent this point on the Potomac. Who of us boys could ever forget the happy days spent down there, the roaring great big fires we used to make in the spring of the year when suckers were running? How we used to roll the big broad scales (that is, if we were lucky enough to catch them) up in clay and cook them in the ashes—the finest way in the world to cook a fish. In those days we kids didn't know a bass from a sucker; but I believe since then some of us have found out the difference. Ault's Landing has always been a favorite place for Leesburg fishermen. It is the closest point on the river, and furnishes excellent bass fishing. I believe I am the only one of the old crowd who now visits the place. Some have lost their fondness for the sport, while others are scattered over the country, probably too far away to come back to the scenes of their early exploits.

Last Fourth of July found me wading the riffles below Ault's again. I could feel the same old familiar rocks under my feet, see the same boulders around which I had cast in former years, and could almost imagine I could feel the tugging of the beauties I used to catch along here. Going on down to Red Rock, I ran across my old fisherman friend, Uncle Ben Adams, who, it would be no exaggeration to say, has fished every foot of water from White's Ferry to several miles below Red Rock. As usual, he had a nice bunch tied nearby.

"Boy," he said, "I am glad to see you. I look for you every year, for I know you will come. I believe you love the place for the days you spent here when a kid. I can remember the days very distinctly when you kids used to come down here. If I was on the river on Saturdays, I'd generally look toward Ault's, and if it was smoky in the trees I'd know you were there, and if I was near enough would always come by to warm up."

The old man was in reminiscent mood, and talked for some time of the big ones he had caught since he saw me last. I left him sitting there puffing away at his pipe. He is too old now to go it wading, and has to be satisfied with bank and boat fishing; but he has seen the day when he could wade with the best of them.

Taking a boat I crossed over to the Maryland side and went up the canal. I remember how I used to hate the sight of the mules along here, for when I saw them coming I knew I had to take all lines up and myself, too, to let the towline pass. The old boats along here never change. They look just the same now as they did fifteen years ago, and the people on them look the same, too. On this particular day I was in search of an old warehouse that used to stand along the canal some distance up, where we used to fish for carp. There was a sort of wharf attached to the house, and in loading the boats some little grain would fall into the water, making a feeding place for the fish. There was always something queer about the fish here. They would bite right along until you had caught several and then stop, and you might as well move on to another place, for the time being, any way, for it seemed as if they missed their comrades and got wise. I found the place, and, as usual, caught several, when they stopped biting. I had forgotten about the peculiarities of the fish here, and when they stopped biting I suddenly remembered this fact. Having a right good string of bass and several of those peculiar carp, I took the boat and pulled for the other shore. I had spent a most pleasant day roaming around over places so familiar and which recalled such pleasant recollections. Reaching the Virginia side I tied the boat and sat down awhile to rest. I was soon day-dreaming of past events, and it was not until the setting sun in all its golden splendor was sinking behind the western hills that I wended my way across the fields home.

ONE OF THE KIDS.

Mountain Herring of Fremont Lake.

THE low water at the outlet of Fremont Lake where it passes into Pine Creek, is now alive with a little fish commonly known as the mountain herring, which have come up to spawn. The outlet presents a most scenic appearance at this time. The water is open here the year around, and the outlet where the fish are spawning is rocky and full of boulders forming a beautiful rapids. The fish seek the many pools and are so thick at times as to force one another high and dry out of the water. The sight is a beautiful one. The fish are never seen except during the spawning season. The lake has fathomless depths in places, and it is presumed that the fish only come up out of the deep water to spawn. They are from six to ten inches long, speckled, and with scales, with a mouth like a herring.

The traits of the fish were first discovered by the Indians years ago, and they would face the terrors of any storm in order to get here by January 15 and make camp, waiting for the fish to arrive. The outlet of the lake is a very narrow channel, which they would rock up except for a small opening for the fish to pass through. The water below trickled through the rocks, and the only way for passage below was to jump the rapids. Very few would escape from the trap, when once it was closed. A line would be formed across the rapids with clubs, and as soon as the outlet had been closed they would advance, driving the fish into the higher water where the nets had been set. They would sometimes get as high as a ton at one drive. This was their only chance for fish supply, and each catch would be frozen and packed back to the rendezvous. In spite of the fact that hundreds of thousands of the fish were taken out each year, the supply never seemed to decrease.

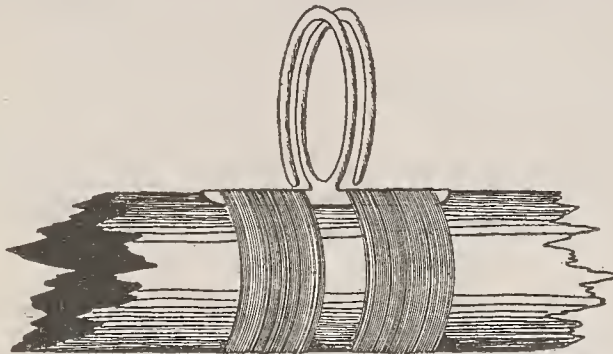
This lake is also well stocked with the finest of trout—three species having been found—but they do not spawn until later.—Pinedale (Wyo.) Roundup, January 19.

An Old Man's Device.

WHEN a man is growing old and his eyesight begins to fail, his ardor for fishing does not diminish, nor does he lose interest in the sport because it becomes more

difficult for him to indulge in. For several years I have found difficulty in threading the line through the ring, or snake guides on my light rods, and a study of this phase of the trouble, which comes to us from failing eyesight, led me to devise a guide which would enable me to line-up the rod without the use of my glasses. I made a number of rod guides of sheet-metal and of bent wire, all of one general design, which was to enable me to thread the line upon the rod without pushing the elusive end through ring after ring.

Last month I took my lightest split-bamboo (a six-ounce special of the late C. F. Murphy's make) to his



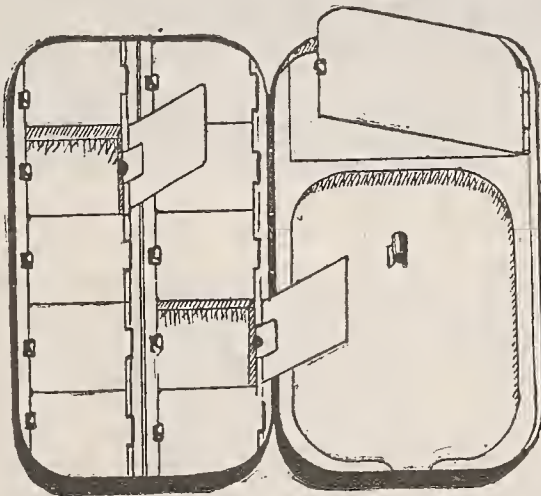
son, Joseph, in Newark, and, showing him one of the guides of this design, asked him to make a full set of them as light and stiff as possible and remount the rod. He returned the rod last week fully equipped with the "blind man's guides" and rewrapped and varnished. I have since tried it on the snow-covered fields and have had no trouble with the guides. It is scarcely necessary to explain that the line is laid into one of these guides crosswise and then pulled straight. The ends of the spiral approach the wrapping so closely that there is just room to snap the line in and out. The spirals are made of hard German silver wire fastened to the plates with medium hard solder. There is no patent on this device, and if any one should ask for one he would probably be told by the intelligent examiners that he could not have it because somebody once made a harness terret or a piece of ship hardware upon the same plan.

The smallest guide on my rod will just take a parlor match through it, and the lower spiral on the butt is three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter and made of No. 18 wire. The whole appearance of these mountings is neat, and I find the "loop the loop" guides far more convenient than the rings and keepers which Joe Murphy removed.

HARRIMAC.

Fly and Cast Box.

IN England the G. H. H. fly-box is well known and popular. It has recently been improved, however, in a way which makes it still more useful. The new box has ten fly divisions, a cast holder, and a compartment for gut points. The lids of the fly divisions are fitted with ingenious hinges, which spring the lid up on easing the metal clips, which are easily manipulated.



This is a decided advantage in cold weather and in many other respects. A special feature of the new springs is their simplicity. The steels may be replaced at small cost and little trouble by the user. It would be a decided improvement if the box were made of aluminium in place of tin, as the latter is so heavy in comparison. The box costs 11s. 6d., and may be obtained from Messrs. Carter & Co., Ltd., 137 St. John-street-road, London, E. C., or any dealer in the United States will order it.

The Ohio Fish Laws.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A very important case tending to sustain the existing fish laws of this State was decided a few days ago by the Ohio Supreme Court. This was the case of Ohio vs. John T. French, and the decision goes to uphold the constitutionality of a law passed in April, 1898, under which a game warden is given authority to destroy on the spot nets and other fishing apparatus taken in illegal use. Warden David Sutton, of Ottawa county, captured and destroyed certain nets which were being used by John French in violation of the laws, whereupon French brought suit for the nets so destroyed, and obtained a judgment in the lower court. The Supreme Court ruled that the State Warden may destroy nets illegally used without ceremony, and that the State is not liable to the owners for damages.

The present Ohio fish laws forbid the taking of black bass by any other method than hook and line, and make the minimum limit of fish so taken ten inches. This very wise restriction has been very generally ignored about Toledo till late this fall, when a Lucas county warden arrested two well-known amateur fishermen with the "goods" in their possession. The statutory penalty is \$25 for each offense, but it is understood that the culprits were allowed to plead guilty to a single fish.

The law prohibits the drawing of seines in the Maumee River above the head of the Maumee Bay, but allows seining for carp under permits granted by the fish and game warden of the county. That official has just announced that hereafter no more such permits will be

granted, for the very obvious reason that they simply form loopholes through which the law may be violated with impunity.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 17.

Game Legislation at Albany.

BILLS amending the fish and game law not already noted have been introduced as follows:

By Senator Prime (Int. No. 98) and Assemblyman Plank (Int. No. 158), appropriating \$2,140 for continuing the restocking of the Adirondack region with wild moose.

By Assemblyman Hanford (Int. No. 163), amending Section 23a so as to provide that woodcock shall not be taken in the counties of Greene and Tioga from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive. Also amending Section 26 so as to provide that grouse shall not be taken in the counties of Sullivan, Greene and Tioga from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Hanford (Int. No. 164) amending Section 40 so as to provide that trout less than 7 inches in length shall not be taken or possessed. The present law makes the length 6 inches.

By Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 161), amending Section 16 so as to fix a penalty of \$50 for each black bear taken or possessed in violation of Section 11a, and imposing a fine of \$25 on any person failing to file a report with the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the killing or taking of a wild black bear, under the provisions of Section 11a.

Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 115), amending Section 39 as regards penalties so as to make the section apply to any person buying or selling any game in violation of the law.

Assemblyman Foelker (Int. No. 110), making it unlawful for any person not a bona fide resident of this State and actually domiciled therein to hunt, take or kill any deer at any time without first having procured a license from the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission, at a cost of \$25. A violation of the act is to be punishable by a fine of not less than \$25 nor more than \$100.

Senator Burr (Int. No. 65) and Assemblyman Hobbs (Int. No. 113), amending Section 113 so as to provide that ducks, geese and swan shall not be taken from April 16 to Sept. 30, both inclusive, instead of from Jan. 1, and that they shall not be possessed from April 16 to Sept. 30, both inclusive, instead of from April 16.

Senator Elsberg (Int. No. 76), amending Section 170 so as to provide that the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission shall appoint a special assistant oyster protector, a resident of the Borough of Manhattan, at an annual salary of \$600. His field of operations shall be confined to the Borough of Manhattan.

By Assemblyman A. P. Smith (Int. No. 139), amending Section 43b so as to provide that trout shall not be sold, exposed for sale or possessed for the purpose of selling, from Sept. 1 to April 21, in any year.

By Assemblyman A. P. Smith (Int. No. 137) adding a new section, to be known as Section 28a, and providing that woodcock and grouse shall not be sold, exposed for sale or possessed for the purpose of selling, from Dec. 6 to Sept. 21, in any year.

By Assemblyman A. P. Smith (Int. No. 138), amending Section 28, so as to provide that quail shall not be sold or possessed during the close season, except in the month of December, and possession and sale thereof during December shall be presumptive evidence that they were unlawfully taken by the possessor.

By Senator Drescher (Int. No. 82), adding a new section, to be known as Section 180, and providing that three additional game protectors and one additional assistant chief protector shall be appointed. They shall be assigned to enforce the law for the protection of fish in Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters. The salary of the assistant chief protector shall be \$1,200 a year, with \$750 for traveling and other necessary incidental expenses, and the salaries of the additional game protectors shall be \$1,000 each a year.

ALBANY, Feb. 11.—Fish and game matters were rather quiet in the Legislature the past week. A bill introduced by Senator Armstrong, Int. No. 316, adding Article XIV. to the fish and game law, providing for licensing non-resident sportsmen, attracted considerable attention. It requires non-residents who wish to hunt in this State to secure licenses from the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, approved by the Secretary of State. The bill further provides that resident sportsmen must obtain licenses from county clerks.

The Senate has passed the bill of Assemblyman Cobb (Int. No. 142) amending Section 48 so as to provide that muskallonge less than 24 inches in length shall not be possessed, and if taken shall, without injury, be immediately returned to the water where taken.

The Assembly has passed these bills: Assemblyman Wade's (Int. No. 278), relative to the close season for squirrels, grouse and woodcock, and quail in Chautauque county.

Assemblyman Wade's (Int. No. 249) providing for the use of nets with 1½-inch meshes in Erie county.

Assemblyman Beebe's (Int. No. 223), relative to taking geese, ducks, brant and swan in the county of Monroe.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the bill of Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 305), relative to the protection of land turtles and wild black bears.

The following bills have been introduced in the Assembly:

By Assemblyman F. C. Wood (Int. No. 427), amending Section 13 so as to allow the hunting of hares and rabbits with ferrets in Fulton county.

By Assemblyman F. C. Wood (Int. No. 423), amending Section 172 so as to permit the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission to increase from \$2,500 to \$3,000 the annual salary of any chief game protector who has served as such for twelve continuous years. It also provides for increasing from \$1,200 to \$1,400 the annual compensation of the assistant chief protectors.

By Assemblyman West (Int. No. 469), amending Section 67 so as to prohibit the placing of carp in the waters of Keuka Lake in the counties of Steuben and Yates, or in any waters inhabited by trout.

By Assemblyman Phillips (Int. No. 466), amending Section 41 so as to exempt Allegheny from the provision placing the close season for trout from July 16 to April 15, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Bisland (Int. No. 476), amending Section 12 so as to make the close season for hares and rabbits in Sullivan county from Feb. 16 to Sept. 30, both inclusive, and in Schenectady county from Feb. 1 to Oct. 31.

By Assemblyman Bisland (Int. No. 477), amending Section 23a so as to make the close season for woodcock in Sullivan county from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Hammond (Int. No. 534), providing that wall-eyed and yellow pike less than 13 inches in length shall not be taken or possessed in the counties of Oneida, Madison, Oswego and Onondaga.

The Assembly Committee on Game has reported the bill of Assemblyman Reese (Int. No. 305), with reference to turtles.

New York Casting Tournament.

Madison Square Garden, Feb. 21 to March 9, Inclusive

Tournament Committee: Harold G. Henderson, J. Howard Wainwright, Chancellor G. Levison, Robert B. Lawrence, Milton H. Smith, Harold De Raasloff, David T. Abercrombie.

General Committee: Chas. A. Bryan, J. S. Farlee, Lody Smith, Chas. G. Peters, Will K. Park, Nathaniel S. Smith, T. Elmer Batten, James D. Smith, I. Alden Weir, L. Bougied, Robert Lef-ferts, G. H. Gerard, W. F. Kimber, Harry L. Cadmus, Geo. B. Hayes, W. D. Cloves, John E. Bullwinkel, Theo. A. Knapp, James A. Cruikshank, H. Banard Leckler.

In all events there shall be a first prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal, and third prize, bronze medal.

GENERAL RULES GOVERNING ALL CONTESTS.

Rule 1.—All contests shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide.

Rule 2.—No one shall be permitted to enter any contest, except contests "open to all," who has ever taught casting for pay; fished for a living, been a guide, or who has been engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle.

Rule 3.—All persons competing shall pay an entrance fee of \$1 for each event.

Rule 4.—The order in which the contestants shall cast shall be determined by the judges. The contestants must be ready to cast when called upon by the judges.

Rule 5.—The leader and fly or lure in each contest must be intact at the time of record by the judges, and the length and weight of the rod must be recorded.

Rule 6.—Arrangements shall be made by the judges to accurately determine the point at which the fly or lure falls.

Rule 7.—Contests shall be called promptly at 3:30 P. M. and 8:30 P. M.

Rule 8.—After the contestant has taken his place on the stand, which is a platform not more than 18 inches above the surface of

the water, his time shall be counted from the moment he says "Ready," and the first cast thereafter shall count. The longest cast during the five minutes succeeding the word "Ready" shall be taken as his record for distance.

Rule 9.—The rod must be held in one hand, and no rod shall exceed 11½ feet in length, excepting when otherwise specified. The line must not be weighted.

Rule 10.—The barb and point must be removed from all hooks.

Rule 11.—Trout flies on hooks no smaller than No. 12 (old scale) shall be used unless otherwise specified. Leaders, which must be of single gut, shall not exceed the length of the rod by more than 2 feet, unless otherwise specified.

Rule 12.—Time will be allowed, in case of accident, to make repairs at the discretion of the judges.

Rule 13.—The switch style of casting will not be allowed, except in the class so devoted to that method.

Rule 14.—All difficulties or disputes, arising and not provided for in these rules or the rules governing each contest, shall be referred to the judges, whose decision shall be final.

Rule 15.—When the method of casting to be employed is specified in the rules governing an event, no other style than that designated will be allowed.

Rule 16.—In all events where the weight of the rod is limited, an allowance of three-quarters of an ounce shall be made for the solid metal reel seat, and three-quarters of an ounce for an independent handle, providing such handle and butt joint of the rod, are each made with the usual metal ferrule and the rod, exclusive of the handle, is made in three pieces joined by metal ferrules.

Rule 17.—Whenever a contest combines both distance and accuracy, the competition for accuracy shall precede that for distance.

Rule 18.—The standard for hooks is that of Harrison's sproat, regular size, old scale.

Opening Event.

TUESDAY, FEB. 21, 8:30 P. M.

Grilse or Salmon Fly-Casting for Distance Only.—Open to all. Rods must not exceed 14 feet in length. Fly to be furnished by the committee.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 3:30 P. M.

Event 1. Single-Handed Bait-Casting Contest, Distance Only.—Open to all, excepting those who have cast more than 100 feet in any similar contest. Five casts shall be made overhead with half-ounce rubber frog to be furnished by the committee. The longest cast to count. Each contestant may make not more than three trial casts before casting to score. No limit to weight of rod or line, but cast must be made from free running reel. Should the frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank, the cast shall count, but will not be scored.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 5:30 P. M.

Event No. 2. Trout Fly-Casting for Distance Only.—Open to youths not over twenty years of age. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 3. Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open only to those who have never cast more than 60 feet in single-hand, club or tournament contest. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 4. Switch Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all, excepting those who have cast more than 75 feet in any similar club or tournament contest. An obstacle will be placed 15 feet back of the contestant. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

FRIDAY, FEB. 24, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 5. Black Bass Fly-Casting Contest; Distance Only to Count.—A fly on No. 4 hook to be used. These will be furnished by the committee. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament. Weight of rod and length of leaders unrestricted.

FRIDAY, FEB. 24, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 6. Light Trout Fly-Rod Contest for Distance Only.—Rod must not weigh more than 5 ounces. For allowances see Rule 16. Open only to those who have never cast more than 60 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament with a rod of five ounces or less.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 7. Single-Handed Bait-Casting Contest for Distance and Accuracy.—Open to all, excepting those who have cast more than 100 feet with a quarter-ounce lure in either club or open tournament. Five casts shall be made for distance with a quarter-ounce rubber frog, to be furnished by the committee. Ten casts shall be made for accuracy, five at each of two buoys 60 and 70 feet distance from casting point.

These casts to be made with quarter-ounce rubber frog, and for each foot or fraction of a foot that the frog falls from the buoy cast at, a demerit of one shall be counted, the sum total of such demerits, divided by 10, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent.

For distance five casts shall be made, and the average, added to the percentage of accuracy, shall constitute the score. Highest wins.

No limit as to rod, line or method of casting, but all casts must be made from a free-running reel.

Should frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank, the cast shall count, but will not be scored.

Two trial casts for distance and one trial cast at each buoy may be made by each contestant before casting to score.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 8. Switch Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. An obstacle will be placed 15 feet back of the contestant.

MONDAY, FEB. 27, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 9. Light Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Rod must not weigh more than 5 ounces. For allowances see Rule 16. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament with a rod weighing 5 ounces or less.

MONDAY, FEB. 27, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 10. Light Rod Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Rod must not weigh more than 4 ounces. For allowances see Rule 16. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75 feet in any similar club or open tournament contest with rod weighing 4 ounces or less. Length of leader unrestricted.

TUESDAY, FEB. 28, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 11. Trout Fly-Casting Contest.—Forward obstacle. Distance only. Open to all. A horizontal bar or tape supported by two upright posts, one on each side of the tank, under which the cast must be made, will be placed in front of the contestant at a distance of 30 feet, and 6 feet above the water level. Distance between the posts within which the casts must be made under the bar is 10 feet. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

TUESDAY, FEB. 28, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 12. Black Bass Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all, excepting those who have cast 85 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament. A fly on No. 4 hook to be used, to be furnished by the committee. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 13. Bait-Casting Contest; Distance Only.—Open to all. "Greenwood Lake style," with half ounce rubber frog, to be furnished by the Committee. No limit to rod or line or reel, but cast must not be made from the reel. The longest cast forward made within the five minutes succeeding the time the contestants announce "Ready," to count. Unless the frog falls within the side boundaries of the tank the cast shall not score. Frog must touch the water on the back cast and be raised therefrom for each forward cast.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 14. Single-Handed Bait-Casting Contest; Distance Only.—Open to all. Five casts shall be made overhead with half ounce rubber frog to be furnished by the committee. The longest cast to count. Each contestant may make not more than three trial casts before casting to score. No limit to weight of rod or line, but cast must be made from free-running reel. Should the frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank the cast shall count, but will not be scored.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 15. Trout Fly-Casting for Accuracy Only.—Open to all. No restrictions as to weight of rod and line. The contest is to be conducted as follows: When the contestant has taken his place on the platform and has said "Ready," he shall begin to cast at a buoy, and after saying "Count," or after having made five casts, the subsequent five shall be noted for record. The buoy shall be placed against the side of the tank and 30 feet from contestant under an overhanging bush, which shall extend 3 feet over and be 3 feet above the water. The score shall be kept as follows: The buoy at which the casts are made is a semi-circular disk, 6 feet in diameter. It is level with the surface of the water and marked by concentric circles 6 inches apart. The fly landing in the center counts 10; in the next space, 9; in the next space, 8; and so on down to 5. The highest score wins the contest.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 16. Light Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Rod must not weigh more than 4 ounces. See Rule 16 for allowances. Open to all, excepting those who have cast more than 80 feet in any similar club or tournament contest with a rod weighing 4 ounces or less. Length of leader unrestricted.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 17. Single-Handed Bait-Casting Contest for Distance and Accuracy with Quarter-Ounce Rubber Frog.—Open to all. Five casts shall be made for distance with a quarter-ounce rubber frog to be furnished by the committee. Ten casts shall be made for accuracy—five at each of two buoys 60 and 70 feet distant from casting point.

These casts to be made with quarter-ounce rubber frog, and for each foot or fraction of a foot that the frog falls from the buoy cast at, a demerit of 1 shall be counted. The sum total of such demerits divided by 10, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent.

For distance five casts shall be made, and the average, added to the percentage of accuracy, shall constitute the score. Highest wins.

No restrictions as to rod, line, reel or method of casting, provided that all casts are made from the reel.

Should frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank, the cast shall count, but shall not be scored.

Two trial casts for distance and one trial cast at each buoy may be made by each contestant before casting to score.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 18. Light Rod Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Dis-

distance Only.—Open to all. Rod must not weigh more than 4 ounces. For allowances see Rule 16. Length of leader unrestricted.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 19. Dry Fly-Casting for Accuracy.—Open to all. The flies to be used in this event will be furnished by the committee. At buoys 20, 30, 40, 50 and 60 feet.

The contestant shall start taking aim at the first buoy, by making a reasonable number of false or preparatory casts in the air, and when the distance is determined, shall allow the fly to fall on the water as near as possible to the center of the first buoy. The fly must be permitted to remain floating on the water for a few seconds, and then be retrieved as delicately as possible and the next buoy aimed at in a similar manner, and so on until five casts have been made. One at each buoy.

If fly falls within one foot of buoy cast at, accuracy shall be considered perfect. For each foot or fraction of a foot in excess of one foot from such a buoy, a demerit of one shall be counted, and for each time the fly fails to float while on the water, a demerit of one shall also be counted. The sum total of such demerits, divided by 5, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent., deducted from 100, shall be the accuracy per cent. Should the fly be whipped off, time will be allowed to attach a new one.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 20. Trout Fly-Casting Contest.—Right and left-hand event. Distance only. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. Open to all.

The contestant is allowed six minutes for two alternate trials of one and a half minutes' duration to cast with each hand.

The longest cast made during each one and a half minute term shall be counted, and the average of these four casts shall be the score. Highest wins.

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 21. Trout Fly-Casting Contest.—For accuracy only. Open to all. Distance at buoys, 40, 45 and 50 feet. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. There shall be five casts at each buoy. If the fly falls within one foot of the buoy cast at the cast shall be considered perfect; for each foot or fraction of a foot in excess of one foot from such a buoy a demerit of one shall be counted. The sum total of such demerits divided by 15 shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent., and the highest score wins. Should the fly be whipped off, time will be allowed to replace it, and one minute allowed to extend line to buoy then to be cast at.

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 22. Light Trout Fly-Rod Contest.—Distance only. Open to all. Rod must not weigh more than 5 ounces. For allowances see Rule 16.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 23. Single-Handed Bait-Casting Contest for Distance and Accuracy.—Open to all. Five casts shall be made for distance with half-ounce rubber frog to be furnished by the committee. Ten casts shall be made for accuracy—five at each of two buoys, 60 and 80 feet distant from casting point.

These casts to be made with half-ounce rubber frog, and for each foot or fraction of a foot that the frog falls from the buoy cast at, a demerit of one shall be counted. The sum total of such demerits, divided by 10, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent., deducted from 100, shall be the accuracy per cent.

For distance five casts shall be made, and the average, added to the percentage of accuracy, shall constitute the score. Highest wins.

No restrictions to rod, line or method of casting, but all casts must be made from a free-running reel.

Should frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank, the cast shall count, but will not be scored for distance, but will be scored for accuracy.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 24. Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted, excepting those who have cast over 90 feet in any club or tournament events.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 25. Single-Handed Bait-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all. Five casts shall be made overhead for distance with a quarter-ounce rubber frog to be furnished by the committee. Each contestant may make not more than three trial casts before casting to score. No limit to weight of rod or line, but cast must be made from free-running reel. Should the frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank, the cast shall count, but will not be scored. Longest cast to count.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 26. Single-Handed Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all, excepting to those who have cast over 100 feet in any club or tournament event. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 3:30 P. M.

Event No. 27. Black Bass Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all. A fly on a 0.4 hook to be used; these to be furnished by the committee. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 8:30 P. M.

Event No. 28. Single-Handed Trout Fly-Casting Contest for Distance Only.—Open to all. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.



An "Escapade."

Log of the Yawl Escape.

BY GEORGE MATTHEWS.

(Continued from page 121.)

July 19.—Fog in all directions, but clear in our particular neighborhood. Spent a lazy, happy day rambling over the islands, digging clams and catching flounders and skates. Cabin boy took some photos.

As provisions are running low and this is a wild and townless coast, we economized by having fried soft clams for lunch—a very attractive kind of economy.

We shall hate to leave this wild, beautiful place, with its mysterious wooded islands and its quiet, deserted stretches of mist-covered waters.

Toward evening we caught a gigantic skate, which must have weighed twenty pounds. Muggins and solitaire after dinner. Discussion on ship's bells terminated by the old man's wanting to know what "two bells" at a watering place meant.

He said the answer was "trouble," so his bells must be spelled with an e.

July 20.—The sun and fog had a short struggle this morning, but the sun came out victorious, and at 10 o'clock Escape was got under way. The wind was very light and from all directions. After a little careful navigation, we got safely clear of the cluster of islands and stood over to Casco Passage. It soon breezed up from the N. W. and sped us along until we had Bass Head abeam, and there it began to blow hard, so that we had all we could do to carry full sail.

Beat up to Southwest Harbor in the teeth of half a gale, lugging sail and lee rail under. Anchored at 4:15 P. M., and sent Emil ashore to get ice and fresh meat.

6:30 P. M.—Dinner served and greatly enjoyed—then solitaire and muggins, followed by music from the phonograph.

We are now in the shadow of the mountains of



THE OLD MAN AFTER FOUR DAYS OF FOG.

Mount Desert, and the most handsome coast on this side of the Atlantic is before us.

In anchoring, we have to allow for nearly three fathoms of rise and fall of tide; but the shores are so bold in this part of the world that low water leaves no unsightly bank.

July 21.—Southwest Harbor, 8 A. M. First mate on deck for his usual morning dip (out of the bucket)—reports a beautiful day, with the wind S. W. Tackled breakfast in leisurely fashion, and got under way about 11 o'clock. At 11:15, Bear Island Light abeam, and wind freshening rapidly. Hove to and turned in a double reef. Enjoyed a fine sail around to Bar Harbor, where we dropped anchor at 1:30 P. M.

The cloud effects and the light and shadow on the mountains were very fine; and the cliffs and surf-trimmed mountain slopes called forth the usual comparisons with the more peaceful beauties of Long Island Sound.

While nearing the harbor, sailing close under the shadow of the mountains, a vicious squall struck us butt end first, and Captain had just time to remark, "this is regular Bar Harbor style," when snap went the hook at the tack of the jib, and, after a scramble, that sail was stowed (Escape's jib is set flying).

After lunch we admired the fine appearance and capital sailing of several of the Herreshoff one-design 31ft. class, especially Curlew. Went ashore for mail and grub. Immense quantity of the former waiting for us, but, alas! a box of fancy cigars (Romeos), which we learned had been mailed to us, could not be found.

A grand steak for dinner. So, safely and pleasantly,

we have reached our "farthest east," twenty-seven days from New Rochelle.

July 22.—Bar Harbor. A beautiful day. Captain, mate, cabin boy off to climb Green Mountain, some 1,500 and odd feet high. We went up by the Gorge path, an artificial stairway built by some enterprising inhabitants from the rocks of a mountain brook running through, or rather down, a most beautiful glen or gorge. It was a difficult and laborious climb, but well worth the effort. It took a little over two hours to make the ascent, and we were rewarded with a most magnificent view over all the surrounding maze of land and water.

"Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink," neither beer.

The rapidity of the climb told severely on the wind of the husky but ponderous mate, while the cabin boy never turned a hair. The old man, somewhat used up, was still game. All hands dry and almost famished, so we lost no time in taking the home trail by way of the long and dusty track, called the road, and reached Escape, well tired out by 2 o'clock.

July 23.—Bar Harbor. A threatening morning. Put in our time usefully by taking the closet apart and inserting a washer, making a very creditable plumbing job. Mr. Colson arrived on the steamer from Portland at 2 P. M., to take the place of mate Struthers, whose vacation is about to expire.

Welcomed the new mate with due honors in spite of the fact that he brought with him a heavy down-pour of rain and a bank of fog.

About 1 P. M., the fleet of the Eastern Y. C. came into the harbor and anchored in the fog. They are

The National Motor Boat and Sportsman's Show.

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made that Rear-Admiral Joseph H. Coghlan, U. S. N., at present in command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, acting as the personal representative of Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, will officially open the annual National Motor Boat and Sportsman's Show at Madison Square Garden, New York, on February 21. The building of power-driven boats is fast taking a place beside the automobile, and as such is receiving recognition from everyone interested in safe and fast navigation.

Admiral Coghlan will be accompanied by his staff, and his presence insures a big attendance of yachtsmen, who are coming from all over the country to review the latest products of American and foreign manufacturers. Secretary Gambel, of the Motorboat Association, has received acceptances from the commodores of yacht clubs as far west as St. Paul. Other navy and army officers who have accepted invitations to officiate at the opening are Rear-Admiral George W. Melville; Naval Constructors W. J. Baxter and G. J. Nutting; Captain W. Brownson, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, and General Fred. Dent Grant.

The addition of a representative motorboat exhibit to the Sportsman's Show, which is always a success, makes this year's affair of two weeks one of general interest to all sportsmen. In the big amphitheatre the motorboats will be shown on the largest indoor lagoon ever used. It will contain more than half a million gallons of water,

a 30 horsepower engine of French design, three-cylinder, four-cycle; total weight of boat and engine will be under 1,650 pounds. The Electric Launch Company built the auto yacht tender exhibited by the Standard Motor Construction Company, also the 40ft. launch in the Panhard & Levassor exhibit. This boat is double planked, the entire thickness being but one-fourth of an inch, and over 17,000 copper fastenings were employed. The hull has eight coats of paint, the last being of aluminum.

C. L. Altemus & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., will have in their exhibit, in addition to their high tension secondary distributors and primary timers equipped as working models with special Splitdorf coils, the Breeze carburetors and a full line of Grant-Ferris engines, a 30 horsepower four-cycle, four-cylinder high speed engine, with a removable rectangular brass water-jacket, an 18 horsepower four-cylinder, four-cycle of regular design, and a single cylinder four horsepower two-cycle.

Abercrombie & Fitch Co. will, as usual, make an extended display of their goods, so far as possible in actual use, such as tents, cooking outfits, pack harnesses, and other methods of transportation. Among the large line of canoes will be an innovation in the shape of a power canoe of fine appearance and good speed. It will be provided with tight sponsons to prevent any possibility of upsetting, making it absolutely safe. They have over 100 linear feet of space, and are trying to get together the most comprehensive exhibit of everything necessary for outdoor life that has ever been shown here or elsewhere.

Herz & Co., 167 Elm street, New York, will have a full exhibit of spark plugs, and such material as they manufacture, and a full and complete line of imported carburetors, spark coils and marine gasolene engine accessories. The only goods this house handles are either manufactured in their new quarters or of foreign manufacture.

The Isham Company, Norwich, Conn., will confine their exhibit to engines solely, and will show a 10 horsepower double cylinder four-cycle Isham gasolene engine and a 3½ horsepower single and 7 horsepower double cylinder two-cycle Thames engine. This latter is an entirely new design engine, and has for an especial feature a modification of the Scotch yoke instead of the usual connecting rod construction.

The Mehlbach Saddle Company, 106 Chambers street, New York, will show a full line of saddles and equestrian outfits, as well as novelties in quick safety girths, rubber horseshoes, etc. They are manufacturers of the well-known Whitman saddles, in general use by officers of the United States Army.

Warren H. Jeffers, 373 Canal street, New York, will have on exhibition a three and five horsepower stationary Backus gas or gasolene engine and probably one marine gasolene engine. These will all be of the four-cycle type, and are manufactured by the Backus Water Motor Company.

The Victor Metals Company, 29 Broadway, New York, propose to show their new Victor non-corrosive silver metal, made up into hardware and yacht goods generally. Claim is made that salt water has no effect on it whatever, and that it is the only cast bronze that can be forged.

Armour & Co., through their New York agency, 175 Duane street, will have as their exhibit a booth in the form of a mammoth pound jar of beef extract. Two demonstrators will serve beef tea, tomato bouillon and asparox. Flags will be used extensively for decoration.

The various Canadian transportation lines, Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial and Grand Trunk Railways will show as usual a full line of pictures of game, fish and sporting scenes. The Grand Trunk in particular will have an interesting exhibit in an assortment of paddles on which fish of various kinds are mounted.

Charles E. Miller, 101 Reade street, New York, will show his usual line of sporting goods, camping utensils, necessities and luxuries, and in addition will have a full line of power boat accessories, lubricators, spark coils, plugs, carburetors, vaporizers, etc.

Wm. H. Brodie Co., 45 Vesey street, New York, will have in their exhibit their Perfection reversing gear which has given excellent satisfaction the past year.

Panhard & Levassor, 230 West 13th street, New York, are showing 24 horsepower marine four cylinder, vertical, four-cycle engine, the approximate weight of which is 500 pounds; also, 60 horsepower engine in a 40ft. autoboat. Their exhibit will be on the island in the lagoon.

Mianus Motor Works, Mianus, Conn., will show single and double cylinder two-cycle engines, also double cylinder four-cycle.

August Mietz, 138 Mott street, New York, will have the only kerosene engines on exhibit, 3½ horsepower single and 7 and 10 horsepower double cylinder marine and 3 horsepower stationary direct, connected to an electric light generator.

Eagle Bicycle Company, Torrington, Conn., will show an 8 horsepower four-cycle engine of new design, a 2 horsepower regular and 3½ horsepower special two-cycle marine engine.

Mackay Engineering Company, 149 Broadway, New York, agents for the Walruth engine, two-cycle, will show a two-cylinder engine direct connected to an Akron dynamo, showing incandescent and arc lighting, also charging storage batteries.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company will use the exhibit they had at the St. Louis fair, which was awarded first prize. It will consist of a ¼ inch to the foot scale reproduction of their steamer, City of Kingston. An artistic model of the Lachine rapids and a collection of fine oil paintings is also to be shown.

Adirondack Guides' Association will have, as usual, an extensive exhibit, cabins and general camping outfit.

H. W. Hubbard Company, Middletown, Conn., will show various sizes of the Hubbard engine, both last year's and 1905 models.

Richardson Engineering Company, Hartford, Conn., will have on exhibition a section of a yacht, showing one of their direct connected electric light outfits, incandescent and arc searchlights, standard launch and



A VISTA OF BAR HARBOR.

a particularly fine looking lot of yachts. We were much interested in the troubles of two sloops which got foul of each other while anchoring.

3 P. M.—Weather growing worse and worse.

6 P. M.—A heavy roll coming in from seaward, and mate Colson in the throes of seasickness. Voted him a Jonah, and our sympathy withheld. Steak and onions for dinner, enjoyed by the veterans, but not appreciated by the new mate. Tucked him tenderly into his bunk, where he kept murmuring: "Who the h— said I was a sailor?"

Midnight.—Escape still rolling and pitching; the fog around us like a blanket; no lights; no stars. The new man groaning dismally in his sleep, the rest slumbering peacefully, and the old man wondering how long it is to last.

July 24, Sunday.—Thick as mud. Mate Colson feeling a little better, the roll having greatly diminished. Mate Struthers left us on the 1 P. M. steamer with regret on both sides. Nothing to do but read, curse the weather, and listen to the phonograph.

July 25.—Still thick as mud, and no signs of clearing. Idle all day.

July 26.—Still at Bar Harbor, enveloped in thick fog. Made an attempt to get to South West Harbor about 11 o'clock, but off Schooner Head the fog became so dense that we ran back to anchorage.

July 27.—Still fog bound. Tried again to get to South West Harbor, but failed.

July 28.—Thicker than ever. Tried again.

July 29.—Still foggy and blowing quite hard from the S. W. About 2 P. M., it cleared up a little, and we hurriedly got under way under double-reefed mainsail, reefed mizzen and No. 2 jib. Made a good run until near North East Harbor, when the wind died out and we shook out the reefs. Soon after this, a heavy squall from the N. W. struck us and, after lugging sail awhile, we took in mainsail altogether and made South West Harbor under mizzen and jib. We came near to breaking all records to-day, as the phonograph and its music broke from its moorings and all our best tunes went smash. Anchored at 5:30 P. M.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

KNICKERBOCKER ONE-DESIGN POWER BOATS.—The New York Kerosene Oil Engine Company, of College Point, N. Y., adjacent to the Knickerbocker Y. C., has under construction for members of the Knickerbocker Y. C. several 21ft. original one-design class boats to be propelled by new 3½ horsepower gasolene engines, which are likewise manufactured by the New York Kerosene Oil Engine Company.

and will be twelve laps to the mile on the inside. In the center will be an island, reached by rustic bridges from the mainland at each end. The exhibits of Canada, Maine and other States, the interesting contests on the lake, the fly-casting, and all sorts of similar contests which have always been popular at the Sportsman's Show, will be promoted on a larger scale than ever before.

Not alone will everything from this country of interest to sportsmen be shown at the National Motorboat and Sportsman's Show, which opens at Madison Square Garden, New York, on the eve of Washington's birthday, but from foreign countries as well. Applications for space have been received from Pretoria, South Africa, which will send an exhibit of antlers and skulls. E. A. Grunwaldt, Executive Commissioner for Russia at the St. Louis fair, takes the entire exhibit from that city to the garden show.

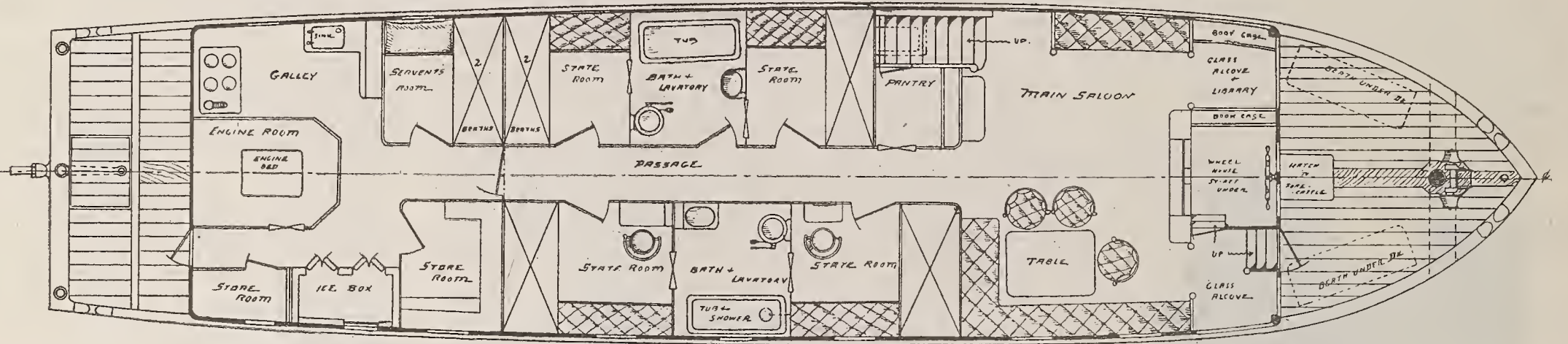
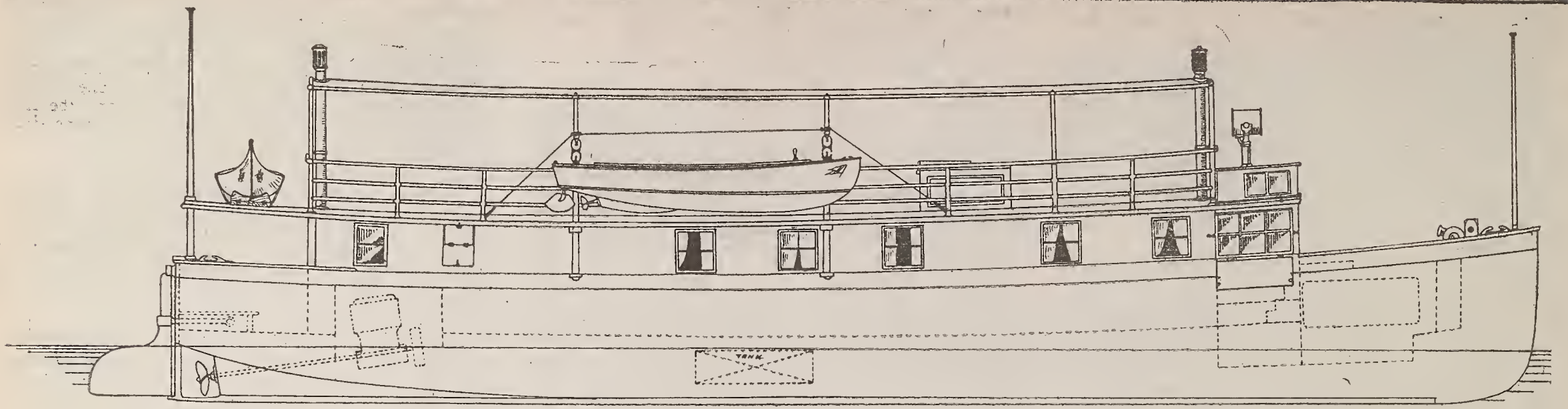
Followers of Izaak Walton will be interested to learn that this year the New Brunswick Fish Commission will send from Nova Scotia an exhibit of live game trout. More space than ever before has been taken by the State of Maine exhibit, while the forecast of what will be shown by Virginia, the Adirondack section of New York and other States insures the best of all shows.

Every representative manufacturer of motorboats in America and Europe will show his finest products for 1905. There will be everything in power-driven craft from the diminutive yacht tender, which goes, at six miles an hour, to the trim autoboats, with their ponderous engines that drive them through the water at thirty miles an hour.

Exhibitors at the Motor Boat and Sportsman's Show.

The Standard Motor Construction Co., of 180 Whiton street, Jersey City, N. J., will have on exhibition a 100 horsepower 6-cylinder, also 12, 18 and 25 regular. Standard engines, and a special 25 horsepower auto-marine engine. In the lagoon they will have a high speed auto yacht tender. A small direct-connected electric light plant operated by one of their engines will be shown. One of the most interesting features of their exhibit will be the various cups and other prizes won by the famous autoboat Standard.

The Electric Launch Company, of Bayonne, N. J., will show a 30ft. standard design electric launch, equipped with their new light weight storage batteries, giving a cruising radius of 75 miles on one charging. This boat will have 150 small electric lamps for illumination, and will be used on the miniature lake for demonstration. On a 36ft. platform they will show a 26ft. autoboat with



SEVENTY-FOOT POWER HOUSEBOAT—OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN
Designed by Swasey, Raymond & Page.

yacht switchboards, special electric fixtures and electric storage batteries.

Douglas Manufacturing Company, 96 Church street, New York, will occupy booth 15, trimmed with green denim. They will show their stuffed animal group and a moving picture cabinet illustrating graphically the use of New-Skin, and a demonstration of its application.

Bird, Jones & Kenyon, Utica, N. Y., manufacturers of Duxbak sportsmen's clothing, will show a full line of Duxbak goods made up in business vests, cartridge vests, ladies' outing coats and skirts. They will also have a line of fine English corduroy double-breasted coats lined with Duxbak which can be worn either side out, the corduroy side for the sportsman in town or city, and the Duxbak side when the showers come. A Norfolk coat and other sportsmen's novelties will be shown.

The Siegel-Cooper Co. exhibit an 18ft. Pierce launch completely fitted out at a popular price. In the 22ft. launch of the Pierce exhibit is shown entirely a new idea as to the fitting up of a launch. This boat has a 3½ horsepower motor situated in the center of the boat, with seats running around the back of the engine, covered with pantosote cushions, and forward of the engine are six cane-seated chairs attached to the sides of the boat, when not in use these can be folded down flat and put out of the way. This boat has proven quite an attraction when tried in the West last season, and it is not alone comfortable and attractive, but the extra room given by the turning down of the seats should be quite a taking point. The Siegel-Cooper Co. booth is situated in the arena of the garden immediately to the left of the entrance. One boat is in the large lake for demonstration purposes.

It is the intention of the Canadian Pacific Railway to illustrate in their exhibit, life in the backwoods of Canada. This is attracting an ever-increasing share of attention from the sportsmen of the United States. A large space has been taken for a forest scene, as nearly as possible like the real thing will be shown. Northern evergreen trees will be set up, giving a true forest aspect to the exhibit, in the midst of which will be erected a genuine Indian tepee made of buffalo skin, and one of the very few of this kind that are still in use. Another tepee will also be shown, which is a medicine lodge of the Stoney Indians. Details are all in evidence as to its having been used for some years by the Stoney Indians. It is their Temple of Worship. Smaller tents will be placed among the trees. In each one will be found a complete camp outfit, and these outfits have been in actual use in the woods. Fishing and shooting exhibits, including some very beautiful views taken in the wilds, and shown in bromide enlargements, will be displayed. In every possible particular nature will be followed, and the Canadian backwoods, with all their charms, brought to New York. The illusion will be well sustained by the presence of real guides, both white men and Indians, dressed in characteristic fashion, and ready to give information as to the particular section of the country from which they come. Two of these guides hail from the Rockies, where they have done good work in giving tourists, during the past summer, the best of sport. These guides have with them an exhibit containing examples of Stoney Indian work, which cannot fail to interest. There are three guides from the Mississagua country. All know and are able to talk upon the wonderful sporting country through which the Mississagua, the best of canoeing rivers, flows. Carrying bags for campers of a new and most efficient kind, designed and brought out as a result of his own personal experience by Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of Montreal, are also included. The whole exhibit has been devised and arranged, and is under the superintendance of Mr. L. O. Armstrong, the tourist agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

William Roche, 52 Park Place, New York, expects to have an exhibit of coils, plugs and batteries. The high tension "fire-ball" coil, mica and porcelain insulated plug, and the standard and auto gas batteries made and controlled by him will make an interesting exhibit, especially to those interested in marine jump spark ignition.

E. H. Godshalk & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., will show the famous little boat Nada on a cradle, probably the fastest boat of her length last season. Her trophies are also exhibited. In the lagoon they will have a 20ft. mahogany yacht tender with a 15 horse-power Giant gasoline engine, weighing complete but 1,200 pounds, capable of doing 14 miles per hour. A 60-70 horsepower model B engine weighing 680 pounds complete. Four sizes model A are shown, 5, 10, 15 and 20 horsepower; 1, 2, 3 and 4 cylinders respectively, all of the two-cycle type.

American Electric Novelty and Manufacturing Company, Hudson, Spring and Vandam streets, New York, in addition to a full line of Ever Ready batteries, flashlights, etc., they will give a complete demonstration of the goods they manufacture.

D. P. Van Gorden, Orange, N. J., will have, as usual, a full line of rustic work, benches, bird-houses, chairs, vases, etc. His exhibit always attracts attention.

G. W. Cole Company, 141-5 Broadway, New York, will show but the single article they manufacture—"3 in One Oil." The extensive use of this oil, and its wonderful sale has been brought about by patient, judicious advertising and actual merit combined. It is an absolute rust preventer, and an excellent gun oil.

Foster Rubber Company, Boston, Mass., manufacturers of the Foster rubber heels, will have a complete exhibit of such goods as they sell.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GLOUCESTER Y. C.—The Gloucester Y. C., of Gloucester, N. J., held its annual meeting on the evening of February 6. Commodore Benjamin Wilson was named for re-election, but declined to serve, so the election of a commodore was deferred for one month, and in the meantime efforts will be made to have him reconsider his decision. The other officers elected were: Vice-Com., William Lowry; Rear-Com., Robert McDonald; Recording Sec'y, George Van Fossen; Financial Sec'y, Frank Smith; Treas., Henry Toland; Trustees—George Kurtz, Washington Shaw, John Fitzmaurice; Measurers—Americus Brinton, Jesse Giberson, George S. Cattell.

BROOKLYN Y. C. ANNUAL MEETING.—At the annual meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C., held on Wednesday evening, February 8, the following officers were elected: Com., Samuel S. Fontaine; Vice-Com., A. C. Soper; Rear-Com., John Lewis; Treas., Willard Graham; Sec'y, Frank W. Bradford; Meas., W. H. Griffin; Trustees, for three years, Cornelius Furguson, Charles A. Kelly, John E. Haviland; for two years, Hollis E. Cooley; Regatta Committee—D. J. Whitlock, G. Curtis Gillespie, Sidney Baker; Committee on Membership—N. T. Cory, Thomas J. Moore, Thomas F. Diack; Committee on Nominations—Albert B. Voorhees, Jr., Walter D. Haviland, Edward E. Hutchings.

STAMFORD-CORINTHIAN Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a recent meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of Stamford, the following officers were elected: Com., James H. Ferris; Vice-Com., Belden B. Brown; Rear-Com., Harry Bell; Sec'y, Charles H. Keteltas; Treas., O. James Stewart; Chaplain, R. M. Losey; Fleet Surgeon, F. J. Rogers, M.D.; Meas., P. W. Cuddy; Regatta Committee—Harry S. Hart, Mansfield Toms and Harry B. Dayton; Power Boat Race Committee—Arthur Bradley, William J. Fleming and T. W. Havee.

A 70-Foot Power Houseboat.

THE design of the motor houseboat, illustrated herewith, combines some unique and unusual features, among them being the stern, which is cut off square, suggesting the small power tender rather than the good sized houseboat. The client for whom Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page made the design put a restriction on over all length, and in order to obtain the necessary amount of displacement and interior room, overhangs were abandoned, and the boat is the same length over all as she is on the waterline. She is 70ft. long, 16ft. extreme breadth and 2ft. 10in. draft.

The boat is to be built of steel throughout and the sides of the hull are carried up to form the cabin house. The rail is carried all around, and this gives the needed break in order to reduce the apparent height.

The roof of the cabin house is utilized as the promenade deck. It is 16ft. wide and for a length of 46ft it is unobstructed except for the companionway. An iron rail extends around the edge, and heavy iron stanchions support an awning, which is practically permanent, as it is not intended to take down except under trying conditions.

A companionway 3ft. wide on the port side leads directly into the after end of the main saloon, which room is 15ft. square. On each side are two windows, and additional light and air are obtained from the alcoves located on each side of the wheel house. These alcoves are inclosed in heavy plate glass and are intended for use as lookouts for the owner in inclement and boisterous weather. By stepping into one of these alcoves one can see at a glance what is going on outside, without exposing himself in any way. Access to the forward deck and the wheel house is had from the starboard alcove, while the one to port is fitted with book shelves and is used as a sort of library. The wheel house is 4ft. by 5ft. The floor is raised, so that the helmsman may have an absolutely unobstructed view in every direction. The vessel is handled at all times from the wheel house, and on top of it there is a powerful searchlight.

The main saloon is comfortably fitted. On the port side, close to the library alcove, is a transom. Opposite is another transom which returns around the after bulkhead as far as the passageway. In this corner is placed the dining table, at which seven persons can be served comfortably. The piano is aft, and placed against the wheel house partition is an open fireplace, so that the dampness can be overcome in continued foggy or rainy weather. The location of the saloon and the arrangements made for the ventilation give assurance that it will be cool and comfortable on the hottest day, even though the boat may remain at anchor.

On the port side adjoining the saloon is the butler's pantry, 3ft. by 3ft. 6in. The cabin china is kept here, as well as the linen, and a small ice box placed under the companionway is reached from the pantry.

Proceeding aft, one finds two staterooms with a bath between. The staterooms are each 6ft. by 6ft. 6in., while the bath is 5ft. 6in. by 6ft. Both of the staterooms are fitted alike, with one exception—the after one having an upper berth. One window in each of these rooms affords the requisite amount of air and sunlight. The bathroom can be reached directly from each of the rooms, as well as from the passageway, which is 2ft. 6in. wide.

On the starboard side opposite are two more staterooms and a bath. The bath is the same size, but the staterooms are considerably larger, being 6ft. by 8ft. Both these rooms are fitted with iron beds, desk, lounge, easy chair, etc. There is a window in each

rooms, and they connect with the bathroom, as do the rooms on the opposite side.

The two bathrooms are equipped with full size tubs, patent closets, set wash basins, etc. Hot and cold, fresh and salt water may be drawn in the tubs or basins.

A door at the after end of the passage separates the galley, engine room and servants' quarters from the owner's rooms. On the port side is a servants' stateroom, 6ft. by 6ft., fitted with two berths. Opposite starboard is a storeroom, 5ft. by 6ft., where a large amount of supplies can be carried. Adjoining this storeroom is a large ice-box, and still aft is another storeroom of smaller size. The ice-box is filled from the outside, and this is a very great convenience. It has a capacity of a ton of ice.

The galley is on the port side, and is 4ft. 6in. by 9ft. Here is a coal stove and all other necessary equipment. The gasoline motor is incased in a glass partition and ventilation from above carries off all gases and odors. The motor room separates the galley from the storeroom, although, as a matter of fact, the engine is in the galley itself. A passage on the starboard side of the engine space gives access to the after deck, which is 6ft. wide and covered. This gives an excellent lounging place for the crew, and they are protected and out of the way as well. The deck forward of the cabin house is 11ft. long, and a hatch leads to the forecabin below, where there are quarters for two men, or more, if they are carried.

A 16ft. launch is carried on the starboard davits. A market boat is carried to port, while on the upper deck in chocks is a birch canoe, used by the owner when lying in protected waters.

This vessel was designed with care and study. She is a very good example of the really substantial type of moderate speed power houseboat. Such a vessel is suitable for making outside passages along the coast with safety and reasonable comfort.

Forest and Stream Designing Competition No. IV.

For a 60-Foot Waterline Cruising Launch.

OUR body of competitors has enabled us to recognize a very interesting response to this contest, and while it was not as full as we would have liked, the results are gratifying when we consider that this was the first venture on a new and practically untried field. Whatever the competition lacked in quantity was more than offset by the quality, for the larger number of the drawings are very well rendered. Several of the designs are admirably executed and were plainly the work of very capable draughtsmen.

A disappointing part of the competition was that a number of drawings were necessarily placed hors de combat, owing to the fact that their authors did not follow the rules governing the contest. We endeavored to make the path easy and simple by placing but few restrictions on the competition, but the number of men who neglected to follow the conditions outlined makes us feel that we must lay greatest stress on this most important particular in the future. The problem in the contest was indeed an excellent and interesting one, but we gather from the character of the designs submitted that it was rather too complex for anybody but the professional to attempt.

In the four designing competitions which have been given so far by this paper, the prizes in almost every instance have been awarded to professionals. While we can see but little objection to this, the competition serves as an education to all competitors, still the result discourages many men, and some are prevented from competing mainly because of their apparent inability to have their drawings rank with the prize winners. Accepting this theory as being correct, we feel that it would best serve the larger number of our followers if we were to restrict the future competitions to amateurs only. The great expense of building boats of any size nowadays also keeps the major portion of our yachtsmen in small and moderate sized craft. So we shall henceforth give designing contests for small boats and give them more frequently, say twice a year, and for amateurs only. Suggestions in regard to the formulating of future competitions would be most welcome and helpful to us.

The drawings in the competition just closed have been handed to Mr. Henry J. Gielow, who will pass upon their merits and make the awards. As soon as Mr. Gielow reaches his decision the list of prize winners will be published, together with his criticisms of each design. After that we shall reproduce each week one of the drawings until ten have been published.

BALTIMORE Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the Baltimore Y. C., held a short time ago, the following officers were elected: Com., Henry B. Gilpin; Vice-Com., John K. Andrews; Rear-Com., Daniel B. Banks; Treas., Wil- ltm E. Dibbell; Sec'y, J. Austin Dinning; Board of Governors—Walter Ancker and James A. Smyser; Meas., Frederick A. Savage; House Committee—Baker Waters, Arthur Hale, Frank C. Bolton, J. Austin Dinning and William E. Dibbell; Regatta Committee—Walter Ancker, Robert Ramsay and Dudley Williams.

KEYSTONE Y. C. IMPROVEMENTS.—The Keystone Y. C. will shortly commence the construction of a boardwalk, 750 feet long, extending from the mainland out to its club house on Brower's Point. The club will also have a walk and float built in front of the club house out to the edge of the channel.

CANADA CUP BOAT BUILDING.—The frame of the Canada Cup challenger that arrived on the steamer Tritonia a short time ago is now being set up in Captain Andrew's shop at Oakville, Canada. This boat was designed by Mr. Alfred Mylne for Mr. James Warts, of the Royal Canadian Y. C.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

DELAWARE AND COLONIA BURNED.—The steam yachts Delaware and Colonia, both owned by Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, New York Y. C., were destroyed by fire while in winter quarters at Weehawken Basin, Hoboken, N. J., on Monday evening, February 13. The two yachts were moored close to the piers off Tietjen & Lang's, Hoboken, and just above them was the old sloop-of-war Portsmouth, now used as a training ship for the New Jersey Naval Reserves. Fire was first discovered on Delaware, and it was only a short time before the vessel was pretty well enveloped in flames. The sparks from the burning vessel soon communicated the fire to Colonia, which yacht was less than 200 feet away. An alarm of fire was sent in as soon as the fire was discovered, which was immediately followed by a second and a third. The department's response was prompt, but the icy condition of the streets and hydrants hampered the firemen greatly. The crew on board Portsmouth warped that vessel into a place where she could be of service in fighting the fire, and her crew was soon pouring on water, although she was some 200 feet away. Three tugs went to help, but had difficulty in breaking through the ice, which was packed in solidly around the vessels in the basin. The tugs that aided in the fire-fighting were the Gilkinson, Westfield and Fuller.

Colonia sank in about half an hour after the fire was discovered on her. It was 10:30 before the fire was extinguished on Delaware, and then she had been flooded with water for considerably over an hour. There is little left of the vessel other than the steel shell of her hull. Colonia is probably a total loss, and it is not known whether Delaware can be repaired or not.

The fire was of such a spectacular character that thousands of people were attracted to the water front, and many assisted in the fire-fighting. The property near where the yachts were lying was badly damaged. There were care-takers on both Delaware and Colonia, but as we go to press nothing could be learned as to the origin of the fire. Delaware was being put in a shape for a southern cruise.

Delaware, ex-Maria, was designed by the late George L. Watson, and built at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1896. She is 216ft. waterline, 254ft. over all, 27ft. 6in. breadth and 14.3ft. draft. Delaware was one of the finest steam yachts in the world, and was entirely renovated and refitted by Commodore Bourne after he purchased her two years ago.

Colonia, ex-Alberta, was a much smaller vessel. She was designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox and built by the Delaware River Iron Works at Chester, Pa., in 1899. Colonia was 163ft. waterline, 189ft. over all, 22.3ft. breadth and 9ft. draft. Both vessels were built of steel.

CHANGES IN OCEAN RACE CONDITIONS.—Commander Hebbinghaus and Mr. C. L. F. Robinson have received a cable from Mr. Allison V. Armour, their associate on the sub-committee of the Imperial Y. C., to the effect that the conditions governing the ocean race for the German Emperor's Cup have been modified in several important particulars. The date of the start has been changed from Monday, May 15, to Tuesday, May 16. The hour of starting, 2 o'clock, remains the same, as does the place of starting, Sandy Hook light vessel. The limit of 100 tons has been reduced to 80, in order to allow the schooner, Fleur de Lys, owned by Dr. Lewis A. Stimson, to start. The third change made affects the auxiliaries. The original conditions stated that all auxiliaries should remove their propellers and leave them ashore and have them sent across by steamer. Now that the auxiliaries are not to remove their propellers, the engines will be sealed. Starters must all agree on the conditions as outlined to avoid any disagreements.

We have learned that neither Columbia nor Constitution will start. The owners of these boats have reached this conclusion after some consideration.

It is rumored that Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, may start Jubilee, which boat will be remembered as one of the starters in the trial races for the selection of an America Cup defender.

There is some talk about Lord Brassey entering Sunbeam, his famous auxiliary that has been around the world on several different occasions.

From the present outlook the race bids fair to be a most successful event.

GERMAN ENTRY FOR OCEAN RACE.—The British-built schooner Hamburg, ex-Rainbow, has been entered for the ocean race for the Kaiser's Cup. Hamburg was designed by the late George L. Watson and built in 1898 by Messrs. D. & W. Henderson at Glasgow for Mr. G. L. Ewing. The yacht is of composite construction and is 132.7ft. waterline, 23.9ft. breadth and 14.1ft. draft. When the vessel was sold to the German syndicate she was renamed Hamberg. She has never shown up well in the racing.

MANHASSET BAY Y. C. NEWS.—Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, secretary of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., has sent out the following letter to members, which is of interest:

"In arranging details connected with the management of the club for the season of 1905, your Board of Trustees desires to call the attention of all the members to the distinct advantage of increasing our membership.

"No concerted action has been taken in this direction for the past two years, because it was believed that general conditions were not favorable for doing so. The year 1905, however, promises a great improvement in business and yachting matters, and the present time is deemed most opportune for adding very considerably to the club membership roll.

"Our present initiation fee is fifty dollars and annual dues thirty dollars. With an unequalled anchorage, convenience to New York city, and a club house which provides every facility for comfort and convenience, the co-operation of the individual member only is required to add a larger number of names to the roll this season

than has been listed during any previous year in the history of the club.

"In bringing this matter to the attention of the members, your trustees do so in the confident belief that a hearty and immediate response will be had and the club thereby placed on a better footing than at any time since its inception."

ATHLON SOLD.—Rear-Commodore Edwin B. Havens, Atlantic Y. C., has sold his old sloop Athlon to Mr. J. D. Probst, who is also a member of the Atlantic Club. Athlon is 64ft. 1in. over all, 54ft. 2in. waterline, 17ft. 4in. beam, with a draft of 7ft. 4in. She was built in 1884 at Bay Ridge by J. F. Mumm.

SEAWANHAKA CUP BOATS.—The Royal St. Lawrence men will only build one new boat this year for the defense of the Seawanhaka Cup. This boat will be designed by Mr. Fred. Shearwood and owned by a syndicate. In the trial races for the selection of a defender the new boat will meet last year's defender Noorma, Thorella (the defender in 1903), and Æolus II. The Manchester Y. C. and the Royal St. Lawrence representatives have finally agreed that the crew weight for each boat shall not exceed 665 pounds. This is 15 pounds more than has been allowed since the number of men in the crew was changed from three to four.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ROGERS DIES.—Captain William Rogers, of Bayport, L. I., died at his home in that place from cancer on February 5. At the time of his death he was experimenting on a metal which is said to have qualities that resisted the growth of barnacles and grass and did not corrode. Captain Rogers was well known as the builder of many successful yachts.

UNIFORM RULE FOR GREAT SOUTH BAY CLUBS.—Mr. A. F. De Otte, chairman of the Race Committee of the South Bay Y. C., is trying to interest the clubs on the south side of Long Island in a project of a universal measurement rule. If such a plan can be brought about it would do much to improve the racing on Great South Bay. The following eight clubs are the ones that have been asked to co-operate in the movement: The Unqua-Corinthian, at Amityville; Babylon, Point o' Woods, and Penataquit-Corinthian of Bay Shore; Bayport and South Bay, of Patchogue; Bellport and Moriches Y. C.'s.

PHILADELPHIA Y. C. MEETING.—The twenty-ninth annual meeting and election of officers of the Philadelphia Y. C. was held Wednesday evening, February 11, at the club house at Tinicum. The reports of the various officers for the year just ending indicated the splendid financial condition of the organization.

Several yachts have been added to the fleet, and with the number of racing events in contemplation, a most interesting and successful season is promised in 1905. A largely attended dinner of club members preceded the meeting. The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Com., Abraham L. English, steam yacht Giralda; Vice-Com., Philip H. Johnson, sloop Bonnie Bairn; Rear-Com., J. Anderson Ross, steam yacht Eunomia; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Frederick J. Haerer; Harbor Master, Lloyd Titus; Meas., George T. Gwilliam; Recording Sec'y, Frederick W. Abbott; Financial Sec'y, C. Carroll Cook; Trustees—Robert P. Thompson, S. W. Bookhammer, George W. Fite, J. William Good, Alexander G. Rea, Charles J. Eisenlohr and William Christy; Librarian, Samuel B. S. Barth; Regatta Committee—C. Carroll Cook, Robert C. Clarkson and Frank C. Mattern.

NEW BOAT FOR SOUTHERN Y. C. FLEET.—The fleet of the Southern Y. C. is to receive a very important addition to the larger class of racing-cruising sloops in the early spring. The new acquisition has been ordered designed and built by Commodore Jno. A. Rawlins, one of the most prominent of local yachtsmen. The new yacht will contest in the over 29ft. racing length class, which includes the Boston crack importations Chewink III, Calypso and Marion, and the late champion of the Great Lakes, Cadillac. With the addition of the new boat the South will have the most important class in the country of what are technically known as 30ft. racing cabin sloops of the centerboard variety.

The new craft will be designed and built by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, of Boston, Mass., and they agree to deliver her here during the month of April next. She will be 49ft. 6in. over all, 40ft. waterline, 14ft. beam and about 3ft. draft, including the rudder. The depth of hull to rabbet will be about 16in. The mainsail will contain 1,340 sq. ft. of sail, the jib 275ft., and total working sail being about 1,615 sq. ft. The length of boom is 43ft., gaff 28ft. 9in., the hoist of mainsail being the same length as the gaff. There will be a cabin house built of mahogany, and a large and roomy cockpit. The rudder is of the balance type, and there is no scag of any sort underneath the boat.

CAMDEN Y. C. INCORPORATED.—The Camden Y. C., of Camden, N. J., received its papers of incorporation on February 8. The following are the trustees: Harry E. O'Grady, Robert Cavanaugh, Mortimer McHenry, John O'Donnell, George Bird, Harry Adams, E. LeBoutillier and Joseph Arnott. The headquarters of the club are at No. 320 Bridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

"THE NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR."—Some of our readers seem to have gained the impression from our review of "The Naval Constructor" that the book is of English origin. We did not mean to intimate this in any way, for the great value of the work lies in the fact that it is an American book, and contains American data in many instances never before published.

AUXILIARY SCHOONER SENECA SOLD.—The auxiliary schooner yacht Seneca has been sold by Mr. Roy A. Rainey, New York Y. C., through the agency of Henry

J. Gielow to a member of the American Y. C. Seneca was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith and built in 1901 by C. & R. Poillon. Seneca is a sister ship of Vencedor, ex-Oonas. She is flush-decked and has a centerboard below the cabin floor. Her dimensions are 95ft. over all, 68ft. load waterline, 20.4ft. breadth, and 10ft. draft. The interior is handsomely finished in mahogany, white and gold; there are three staterooms for owner and guests, a bathroom, and a roomy main saloon. The auxiliary power is supplied by a 25 horsepower Globe gasolene engine giving a speed of about seven miles per hour. Current for the electric lights is obtained from a dynamo and storage batteries. Seneca was built for the brothers Roy A. and the late William T. Rainey, and when the latter purchased the 123ft. steam yacht Viola the former bought the other's interest in the yacht. The death of William T. Rainey made his brother the owner of both yachts, and he still has Viola at the present time. Mr. Rainey has been nominated for vice-commandore of the Larchmont Y. C. It is understood that the new owner will make Seneca his home during the coming summer, with headquarters at the American Y. C., Rye, N. Y., and that he will probably enter the yacht in many of the season's races.



SOME NEW BOATS.—The new designs which Mr. Charles D. Mower has turned out so far this season include the class Q boat for Mr. W. H. Childs to be raced in Gravesend Bay. This boat will rate 22ft. under the new rule, and is up to the limits in every particular. She is approximately 25ft. on the water line, 36ft. over all, 7ft. 6in. breadth, and 5ft. 6in. draft. She will have about 700 sq. ft. of sail in jib and mainsail rig with a very short bowsprit. She is being built by the Huntington Manufacturing Company at New Rochelle, and is of the best construction in every particular. It is expected that the boat will be launched early in the season and tuned up to racing trim by Mr. Mower personally before she is delivered to the owner.

Also building at the Huntington shops is a racing cat of extreme type for racing in Barnegat Bay, with a special view of capturing the much-coveted Sewell Cup. This cup is sailed for under the old Seawanhaka rule of W. L. plus square root of sail area divided by two; so this boat is of a very different type than the Childs boat designed under the New York Y. C. rule. She is a very shallow skimming-dish of small displacement and long, full overhangs which gain length effectively when the boat is heeled to her sailing angle. The hull is practically unballasted, and will be fitted with bilge boards and double rudders, and will undoubtedly be the first cat rig of this type on salt water. She will be built of mahogany and fitted with hollow spars. The construction is light, but the hull is braced to insure ample strength. This boat is owned by Mr. Henry B. Babson, who will sail her in the races throughout next season. Her dimensions are 30ft. over all, 20ft. waterline, 9ft. beam and 9in. draft of hull. The sail area is 540 sq. ft.

An interesting little power boat has been designed for Mr. Samuel C. Hopkins, of Catskill, N. Y., which is a modified Express. The new design is 26ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 4ft. 9in. breadth, and she will be used for general service and also as a tender for towing Mr. Hopkins' raceabouts. She will be fitted with a Grant-Ferris motor, and will have a speed of about 12 miles an hour.

A boat for use on Great South Bay has been designed for Mr. James Russell Curley which will be built by Warren Purdy, of Amityville, Long Island. This boat is intended for both racing and cruising. Her dimensions are 30ft. over all, 20ft. waterline, 9ft. breadth and 2ft. extreme draft without centerboard. She will have 1,000 pounds of outside ballast and carry about 500 sq. ft. of sail in a sloop rig with a short bowsprit. She will have a cabin of fair accommodation and a large cockpit.



BERGEN BEACH Y. C. ELECTS OFFICERS.—The annual meeting of the Bergen Beach Y. C. was held on Tuesday evening, February 7, at the Imperial, Brooklyn; officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Com., H. A. Lachicotte; Vice-Com., John A. Still; Rear-Com., Gilbert S. Terry; Treas., George C. Sutton; Financial Sec'y, Harry Boehm; Recording Sec'y, Furman Pearsall; Meas., Jas. H. Green; Directors, for two years, A. L. Fuller and Jas. H. Green; for one year, Harley Merry, R. O. Sidney and W. H. Pitt. The club is considering plans for the erection of a new club house at Bergen Beach, and has every prospect for a successful year.



NEW CRUISING POWER BOAT FOR MR. H. H. BEHSE.—Probably no more commodious and able a cruising power boat will be built this season than the one in process of construction by the Milton Point Shipyard for Mr. H. H. Behse, A. Y. C., from designs by Mr. H. J. Gielow. Dimensions are 46ft. 4in. over all, 42ft. on the load waterline, 9ft. beam, and 3ft. draft. The cabin forward will be 12ft. 3in. long, aft of this the galley and toilet, and immediately aft of this, the full width of the boat, is the space devoted to a Craig 15 horsepower gasolene engine. The cockpit will be 14ft. long, and will serve as a dining room in pleasant weather. Sufficient fuel capacity will be provided to serve for a 600-mile run without refilling the tank. Steering is done from the forward starboard side of the cockpit, in close proximity to the control levers, and is thus made a one-man boat. The boat is of modern trunk cabin construction, and would stand extremely heavy weather should occasion require. Contract calls for delivery April 15.



WORK AT MORRIS HEIGHTS.—The Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consol., are lengthening Mr. John H. Hanan's Editha, built by Samuel Ayers at Nyack from plans by Messrs. Gardner & Cox. When completed she will have 24ft. additional length and power equipment will consist of two 250 horsepower Seabury engines, triple expansion, and special Seabury boilers. They are overhauling Mr. Edwin F. Goltra's New York Y. C.'s Illini, formerly the Reva. A new bow, raised bulwarks, new teak rail and changes in the bridge, are the boat features getting attention, while new Seabury boilers will constitute about all the changes in the engine room.

Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

THE earliest types of explosive engines were used entirely for stationary purposes, and the fuel employed was illuminating gas, made from coal by the old-fashioned process, long before the modern water-gas was perfected, although its manufacture had been attempted experimentally some years previously. The gas machines, carbureting air with gasolene vapor for illuminating purposes, where coal gas was high or could not be obtained, made a ready market for the lighter gasolene of 86, 88 and 90 degrees gravity, but the heavier naphtha and benzene, having not much merchantable value, was practically a waste product until the development of the gasolene engine following the use of the gasolene or vapor stove, this latter in turn giving way to the safer blue-flame kerosene stove. While for many years there was a surplus of naphtha over the production and consumption of kerosene, it is only the present winter that kerosene has actually been produced far ahead of consumption, necessitating a decrease in its price of one cent per gallon, while the price of naphtha has not been changed except to slightly be increased, with a strong probability that in the coming yachting and automobiling season the price will be considerably advanced.

While a rich gas could be made from the lighter gasolene, it was too rich to give perfect combustion in explosive engines, and had to be further mixed with air to secure the proper proportions. Naphtha—called stove gasolene, and often gasolene—in gravity from 69 to 74 degrees, was found to vaporize easily and in sufficient quantities to operate explosive engines, with a further reduction in richness by admixture with air, and by means of carburating devices the old engines were in some cases so arranged that they could be operated on a mixture of naphtha vapor and air. This was the beginning of the so-called gasolene engine, readily taking its name in its evolution from the gas engine. Another reason why it was not called the naphtha engine was that the name had been pre-empted by the late F. W. Ofeldt.

Without going into the subject of the inventor of the first explosive engine, or who first used gasolene in lieu of illuminating gas for operating engines, all of which can be readily found out by consulting various encyclopedias and other books of reference, it is my intention to explain what it takes to make a gas or gasolene engine, its functions, the various types, the weak and strong points of the two principal types, why they run, etc.

An explosive engine is usually of the horizontal or vertical style. The old method and that at present almost universally in use is, in stationary practice, to follow horizontal construction with comparatively low speed, rarely exceeding 600 feet piston speed per minute, making the stroke approximately one and one-half times the diameter of the cylinder. When these engines came to be used for marine purposes, the excessive stroke made vertical construction so high that the proportions were reduced to the stroke equal to, or slightly longer than, the diameter. Where excessive stroke has been employed in some cases, it has usually given way to shorter stroke or increased diameter for the same stroke, and even during the past year a large English manufacturer of marine gasolene engines has adopted a standard of stroke but 60 per cent. of the diameter. What results he is able to get I am unable to learn from any published tests of operation, consumption, or efficiency; but the short stroke reduces the height of the engine materially and lowers the center of gravity to about the lowest point possible, no matter what efficiency practical tests may show. Be it as it may, the English short stroke engine is meeting with considerable success at home, and a careful eye on its progress is no doubt being kept by American designers.

A gasolene engine for marine purposes must necessarily have features in common with stationary gas engines and others wholly at variance from the nature of requirements. In some ways the stationary needs features not necessary to the operation of the marine, and in others the marine has requirements unnecessary in the stationary.

Some engines are advertised as "absolutely valveless," but when they come to be carefully analyzed we find they all have admission as well as exhaust valves. To be sure, they do not need to be separately cam operated with spring return, or the ordinary clack or check valves; but they are nevertheless valves, even if they are ports in the walls of the cylinder opened and closed by the piston itself. A gasolene engine therefore has to have valves, and in its operation resembles more than anything else I know a plunger pump, the action of which is no doubt familiar to all our readers. As the piston alternately draws into the cylinder or crank case a charge of naphtha vapor and air, it in turn forces it out as the valve leaves its seat or the port is uncovered. A reciprocating rotary motion pump of necessity has valves; so has a gas engine; but a centrifugal pump has no necessity for valves, for there is constant drawing and pressure, and its action is not reciprocating, alternately drawing in and forcing out.

All gasolene engines with which we are familiar in marine use are either two or four-cycle. This distinctive nomenclature seems harder for the beginner to learn than almost any other in connection with the two types, and I am going to explain it carefully and thoroughly, so that anyone of ordinary intelligence may be able to explain the action of the two types and readily distinguish the difference and tell by a glance at a cut, photograph or the engine itself, whether it is of the two or four-cycle type. The thing hardest to drill into the understanding of one who is taking his first lesson, is what is a cycle, and what its reference is in connection with the two and four, with which it is always associated.

It is hard to tell who first used the term cycle in explaining the two types, but they are liable to be misleading. Properly cycle means circle. As used in this connection it means rather a completion, as the cycle of the moon or the sun, when its changes return to the same day of the year.

All gasolene engines, when running, take four operations to complete their cycle before they return to the first or repetition. These four acts are, first, induction,

or drawing the charge of gas into the engine; second, compression, or reducing its volume; third, explosion, with power resulting from the expansion of the compressed volume of gas; and fourth, exhaust of the burned gases or products of combustion. No matter what type engine is examined, these four operations or essentials may be observed. If no gas is drawn into the cylinder there can be no explosion; if no compression, there is comparatively little power when explosion takes place; if no explosion, there can be no power; and lastly, if the burned gases are not exhausted, there will be no new explosive charge drawn into the engine. Some engines complete the cycle, which is set up by these four separate and distinct operations, in as many, or four, strokes of the piston, two up and two down, and these we call four-cycle. In England they are called, much more appropriately and descriptively, "four-stroke," while other engines unite these four operations so that two are concurrent or take place before the piston changes its direction.

For instance, an engine has an inclosed, fairly tight crank case, and the flywheel is turned two or three times until the crank case or some other similar receptacle is filled with a mixture of naphtha vapor and air, say in proper proportion to be available for use in the engine. With the piston on the upper or outer center, descending, it partially reduces the volume, giving more or less compression, depending entirely on the clearance and two or three other conditions to be explained later, until the port is uncovered in the wall of the cylinder, giving a free passage from the crank chamber to the space above the piston, which is known as the combustion chamber. The piston then ascending compresses this charge to from 30 to 60 pounds above atmospheric pressure, at the same time taking a volume of new gas into the crank chamber, combining the two operations of induction and compression, which are both present in the up-stroke. The explosion takes place near the upper center, and the power becomes operative, continuing until a port on the opposite side of the cylinder from the inlet port is opened, when the exhaust takes place. You will see that the last two operations take place during the down-stroke, and the cycle is completed, for at the next up-stroke the two first operations are repeated. The cycle is now completed in two strokes instead of four, and we call it a two-cycle engine, while our English cousins call it a "two-stroke." Some writers claim that a one-in-two-stroke and one-in-four-stroke cycle would be better; but it appears to me that these are too long, and if we thoroughly understand what is meant by our terms two and four-cycle, even if they are not exactly what we would like from a descriptive point of view, or with strict regard to correctness, they will fully answer the purpose.

A two-cycle engine could have outside operated inlet and exhaust valves, but very seldom does; in fact, I have never seen an engine of this type so equipped, but several do have mechanically or automatically-operated inlet valves. If an illustration of the engine itself shows a spring-returned valve, which is operated by any mechanism one-half as often as the engine flywheel revolves completely, it will be sure to be an exhaust valve, and the engine is necessarily of the four-cycle type. A four-cycle engine cannot exhaust entirely through a port uncovered by the piston, as in a two-cycle, and must exhaust through a valve kept open practically during the entire time of each alternate up-stroke of the piston. On the other hand, a two-cycle engine would not exhaust all its burned gases except for the following charge, which enters through the inlet port under slight compression, forcing the greater part of them out by replacing their volume with the next or following explosive charge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[The above description of the gasolene engine is made simple and in as plain terms as possible. If any of our readers are unable to understand the description and difference, we will be very glad to hear from them, and will cheerfully answer any question on the subject in our next issue, when we will publish a full and complete description of the good and bad features of both forms of construction; and we shall be very much pleased to have any reader suggest anything for or against either type that is omitted.—Ed.]

Queries on Marine Motors.

H. B. R., San Francisco, Cal.—What is the usual rate of compression in gasolene engines?

Ans.—It depends on how well the parts are machined, clearance, and wire drawing. In two-cycles it rarely exceeds 45 to 50 pounds, while in four-cycles it frequently reaches 90 pounds gauge, which seems about the limit. In the Diesel engine 40 atmospheres is used, approximately 600 pounds, but ignition is caused by this high compression, the fuel not being injected until the beginning of the power stroke.

J. A. R. Duxbury, Mass.—How many revolutions ought a 6in. by 6in. single cylinder engine to make two-cycle?

Ans.—As many as possible, so long as there is no loss of power from excessive speed and the engine can be kept on the bed without too much vibration. If you cannot get this information from the manufacturer, you can tell this by testing with a Prony brake. For this the engine will have to be set up on a good solid foundation.

THE MONACO POWER BOAT RACES.—The boats designated as racers are divided into four classes with no limit as to power, as follows: Class 1, up to 8m. long; class 2, 8 to 12m. long; class 3, 12 to 18m. long. English or American-built boats of 40ft. length will get entry in class 2, while 60ft. boats will race in class 3. Commercial boats are divided into two classes as follows: Class 1 or working boats, up to 6.5m. long, with a maximum carrying capacity of 450 kilos; class 2 or fishing boats must be registered as such before March 5, and must have a capacity of 100 kilos per meter of length. The other class, including pleasure launches and cruisers, was described in our columns last week.

Eastern Y. C. Power Boat Class.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your February 11 number you publish the rules and restrictions adopted by the Eastern Y. C., which do not seem to me to be exactly fair or reasonable. The restrictions on length and beam are wise, and will undoubtedly tend to building several boats of this class for the coming season. The horsepower question is one that possibly needs a little revision. Instead of making the superficial measurement of the top of the piston the only restriction, the length of the stroke should be taken into consideration; for while the ordinary autoboat four-cycle engine is sometimes the same stroke as the diameter, there are others that have a stroke more than the diameter. As a case in point: A has an engine 5in. by 5in. and B has one 5in. by 6in. If the two engines use the same compression and are run at the same speed, B's engine will develop 20 per cent. more power than A's, and he would manifestly have an advantage, which could hardly be called fair. The clause compelling the use of a reversing gear or wheel in itself would rule out all four-cycle engines, which are reversible, as are nearly all two-cycle engines. The restrictions as to air space, etc., are excellent. I trust that the power boat racing committee of the Eastern Y. C. will pardon my criticising their rules.

A WEEK-END YACHTSMAN.

BERLIN AUTOMOBILE SALON.—The Lozier Motor Company has the only American exhibit of power boats. They show two 21ft. launches equipped with 3 horsepower two-cycle engines, and a line of two and four-cycle engines, including both marine and automobile.

OLYMPIA HALL SHOW.—The Launch Motor Company, of London, is showing in Olympia Hall, London, Lozier two and four-cycle marine engines up to 40 horsepower. On the Thames for demonstration purposes, but a short distance from the hall, they have a Lozier launch.

EAST INDIAN POWER BOAT LUXURY.—The following description of a power boat recently consigned to India appears in Yachting World (English) of recent date:

"The Kumarchu is 50ft. long, 7ft. beam, and a molded depth of 5ft. 9in., fitted with a 32 horsepower Napier marine motor. The motor is carried right forward, and there is a comfortable steering seat provided for the driver with all the controlling arrangements within reach, while the fuel tank and the whole of the accessories for the engine are carried comfortably in this compartment. Aft of this is a small lounge with side boards which will accommodate four persons, and an alleyway leads into a somewhat larger lounge compartment to accommodate four more persons, and has a circular table fitted. The whole of this is covered by a canopy, and the lounges are further protected by silk draw-curtains. The upholstery is carried out in old gold plush, and the paneling and woodwork is in light polished mahogany. Passing further aft we come to a raised divan, consisting of two lounges running fore and aft of the boat and protected by a raised canopy and curtains, while the awning is continued right aft to overhang the counter. The general run of the boat as to lines and speed is equal to about 12 miles an hour. Electric light is fitted, and all the noise from the exhaust is absolutely eliminated by the Napier system of exhaust."

AN ALUMINUM BOAT.—The Cockerill Company are building a 40ft. racer for Monaco. The hull will be of aluminum, and she will be fitted with a 200 British horsepower Royal Star motor. Her principal dimensions are: Length over all, 11.95m.; molded depth, 8.5m.; maximum beam, 1.5m.; draft, .25m. She will be steered throughout the races by Mr. Heirmann. We understand that M. Smal, the head of the company's shipyard, is responsible for the design.

At first sight the use of aluminum might appear somewhat ridiculous, but when one thinks on the numberless marine motors with aluminum crank cases, which show, in most cases, few signs of corrosion, one must come to the conclusion that, with proper precautions, it could be perfectly well used for a light racing hull. The chief reason for the non-corrosion of aluminum crank chambers is undoubtedly that they take on a coating of hard grease from the lubricating and other oils splashed over them, the porosity of cast aluminum helping matters to a great extent. If an aluminum hull can be properly protected by paint, both inside and out, she should remain sound during the racing boat's ordinarily short life. We must confess that aluminum is not an ideal metal to paint over, but a preliminary roughing of the skin, say with a sand-blast or wire brush, should render the surface capable of carrying the paint. Even if the boat had to be painted every week or two, the light weight of the hull should more than compensate for this.

The Dog.

From the Houston Post.
The dog's a funny animal,
Domesticated kind,
The while he wears his teeth before
He wears his smile behind;
This seems quite paradoxical,
Quite waggish—you won't fail
To note howe'er a canine's smile
Is just a wagging tail.

I used to know a little dog
Who smiled on me each night,
When I returned from my day's work
His tail wagged with delight;
He was a joyous, happy dog—
I chronicle with pain
The fact he lost his tail one day;
He never smiled again.

Oh, children all, be good to dogs,
And to my warning hark;
Don't twist their tails nor drown their pups,
'Tis wrong to wreck a bark;
Don't look a big dog in the eye
(Your courage well might fail);
To learn if he thinks well of you
Watch if he wags his tail.

Canals in China.

From United States Consul Anderson, Hangchau, China.

THERE are several features of the canal system of China, especially of the Imperial or Grand Canal, which can be studied with profit by the people of the United States. One of these is the use of the canal for the production of food in addition to its uses as a means of transportation. Allied to this is the use of the muck which gathers at the bottom of the waterway for fertilization. Another is the use of every particle of plant life growing in and around the canal for various purposes.

The Chinese secure a vast quantity of food of one sort or another from their canals. To appreciate the exact situation with respect to the waterways, it must be realized that the canals of China cover the plain country with a network of water. Leading from the Grand Canal in each direction are smaller canals, and from these lead still smaller canals, until there is hardly a single tract of forty acres which is not reached by some sort of a ditch, generally capable of carrying good-sized boats. The first reason for this great network is the needs of rice cultivation. These waterways naturally take up a considerable portion of the land, and the Chinese make as profitable use of them as of the land itself.

The first use of the waterways is for fishing. The quantity of fish taken from the canals of China annually is immense. The Chinese have no artificial fish hatcheries, but the supply of fish is maintained at a high point by the fact that the flooded rice fields act as hatcheries and as hiding places for the young fish until they are large enough to look out for themselves. In the United States this fish propagation annex to the canals is probably neither possible nor needful in view of the work done by the State and national bureaus; but in China it is nothing less than providential.

Along the canals in China at any time may be found boatmen gathering muck from the bottom of the canal. This muck is taken in much the same manner that oysters are taken by hand on the Atlantic coast. In place of tongs are large bag-like devices on crossed bamboo poles which take in a large quantity of the ooze at once. This is emptied into the boat, and the process is repeated until the boatman has a load, when he will proceed to some neighboring farm and empty the muck, either directly on his fields—especially around the mulberry trees, which are raised for the silkworms—or in a pool, where it is taken later to the fields. From this muck the Chinese farmer will generally secure enough shellfish to pay him for his work, and the fertilizer is clear gain. The fertilizer thus secured is valuable.

In addition to securing fertilizers from the canals, and thus keeping the canals in condition, the farmers help keep them purified by gathering all floating weeds, grass, and other vegetable debris that they can find upon them. Boatmen will secure great loads of water plants and grass by skimming the surface of the canal. The reeds growing along the canals are used for weaving baskets of several grades, and for fuel. In short, no plant life about the canal goes to waste.

Where there are so many canals there is more or less swamp ground. In China this is utilized for the raising of lotus roots, from which commercial arrow-root is largely obtained. There is no reason why much of the waste swamp land in the southern portion of the United States should not be used for a similar purpose, and the commercial returns from a venture of this sort in that part of the country ought to be satisfactory. Where the canals of China widen, by reason of natural waterways or for other reasons, the expanse of water not needed for actual navigation is made use of in the raising of water nuts of several varieties, especially what are known as water chestnuts. These nuts are raised in immense quantities. They are, strictly speaking, bulbs rather than nuts. They are rich in arrowroot and are prolific, an acre of shallow water producing far more than an acre of well cultivated soil planted in ordinary grain or similar crops. These nuts, also, could be produced to advantage in the United States where there is land inundated for the growing season to a depth which will give ordinary water plants a chance to thrive and which is not capable of being drained for the time being. The nuts or bulbs are toothsome when roasted, and are wholesome, but probably would be more valuable in the United States for the manufactured products which can be secured from them. There are duck farms all along the canals in China. These are profitable.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 22.—Greenville, N. J.—American record 100-shot match.
March 1-9.—New York.—Zettler annual gallery tournament.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Since our defeat by the crack Myles-Standish Rifle Club team, we are evidently looked upon as something "easy," for propositions (not exactly challenges) have been received from several organizations looking toward a contest. This is in the right direction, and we certainly would be glad to carry the matches through.

We are somewhat handicapped for match shooting. Our regular evening is Thursday, for which night we hire the use of an old drill hall. But two targets can be kept going at one time, and as the boys are full of shoot, our regular night is pretty well taken up by the members. Saturday evening is the ideal time for a match for many reasons, and we prefer that time, though there is always an uncertainty as to whether or not we can hire the hall especially for our own use.

A sleet storm prevented the usual attendance last Thursday evening, and but a few scores were recorded, as follows:
Rifle, German ring target, at 25yds.: Sterry K. Luther 242, 239, 238.

Revolver and pistol, 20yds., Standard American target: A. C. Hurlburt 83, Frank L. Corey 82, Fred Liebrich 64, D. P. Craig 58. Shooting was brisk on the Portsmouth range, in spite of zero

weather on the 4th. F. A. Coggeshall, not quite liking the result of the first rifle match, challenged the winner, William Almy, to a 50-shot match with .22cal. rifles, at 50yds., Standard American target, the result being that Mr. Almy again stood first in the competition. It was a close match, and Mr. Coggeshall commences to show his old-time form. Following are the scores in detail:

W. Almy	8	6	7	9	6	10	6	10	7	7-76
	7	7	9	7	5	10	7	10	9	9-80
	7	8	9	10	10	8	9	10	7	6-84
	10	7	9	10	6	6	8	9	8	10-83
	6	9	9	8	6	8	9	8	9	9-81-404
F. A. Coggeshall.....	7	7	6	7	7	9	8	8	9	7-75
	10	10	10	6	10	7	8	8	9	6-84
	7	10	10	10	8	8	7	7	9	8-84
	7	7	8	9	7	7	7	9	8	7-76
	8	8	7	10	8	10	9	9	7	6-82-401

The following scores were also shot on the same day, with .22cal. rifles, 50yds., on Standard American target:

Dr. Lorah	5	7	9	8	4	9	5	10	6	9-72
Bradford Norman	6	4	10	9	8	7	5	4	10	7-70
H. Howel	6	4	7	0	10	9	8	7	8	10-69

These three men shot well together, the Doctor being leader by 2 points.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

FRIDAY evening, Feb. 10, the above society occupied the Zettler ranges. All shooting offhand on the regular 1/4in. ring target at 75ft. R. Gute, of Middle Village, L. I., was high man on the ring target, while W. Schults secured a bulls-eye measuring 38 degrees, thereby capturing a handsome cut-glass trophy given as a prize on that target. Scores:

N. C. L. Beverstein 222, 217; H. Beckmann 227, 230; W. J. Behrens 161, 183; C. J. Brinkama 211, 216; J. C. Brinkmann 206, 214; Adolf Beckmann 205, 229; G. N. Bohilken 198, 220; C. Bocsch 188, 207; J. C. Bonn 232, 238; Aug. Beckmann 192, 204; H. Decker 220, 212; W. Dahl 207, 213; M. V. Dwingelo 189, 200; D. Dede 179, 201; D. Ficken 205, 208; G. H. Fixsen 202, 212; W. F. Grell 212, 227; F. Gobber 173, 200; H. Gobber 213, 223; Dr. C. Grosch 229, 219; R. Gute 245, 245; Capt. J. H. Hainhorst, 224, 222; H. C. Hainhorst 218, 229; H. Haase 234, 229; H. Hoenisch 200, 209; H. Messe 196, 189; P. Heidelbergcr 223, 233; W. W. Haaren 173, 182; L. C. Hagenah 212, 214; J. N. Herrmann 225, 230; J. Jantzen 205, 208; N. Jantzen 213, 181; G. Junge 198, 205; H. Kahrs 203, 219; C. Konig 205, 192; J. H. Kroeger 205, 205; H. Koster 205, 221; B. Kumm 166, 182; F. Lankenau 204, 209; A. Lederhaus 190, 202; H. Leopold 217, 207; A. W. Lemcke 228, 208; G. Ludwig 240, 241; Von der Leith 209, 205; C. Mann 211, 204; J. H. Meyer 207, 231; H. D. Meyer 234, 223; C. Meyer 232, 236; H. W. Mesloh 221, 232; H. Meyn 198, 211; H. B. Michaelson 220, 227; H. Nordbruch 229, 206; G. W. Offermann 208, 215; R. Ohms 163, 205; C. Plump 216, 219; P. Prange 196, 212; J. Paradies 213, 204; D. Peper 228, 236; C. Roffmann 190, 218; F. von Ronn 228, 228; H. Quaal 201, 217; F. Schultz 181, 197; W. Schults 212, 210; W. Schaefer 200, 172; C. Schmitz 215, 225; O. Schwanemann 236, 238; J. N. F. Seibs 232, 237; C. Seivers 235, 229; Capt. J. G. Tholke 217, 212; G. Thomas 209, 218; M. J. Theu 219, 223; G. J. Voss 224, 211; G. H. Wehrenberg 220, 221; B. Zettler 233, 226; A. Sibberns 204, 214; W. Ulrich 157, 207.

Bulls-eye target: W. Schults 38, J. H. Hainhorst 72, C. Mann 76, H. Haase 84 1/2, J. N. F. Seibs 57 1/2, C. Plump 45 1/2, G. Ludwig 45 1/2, H. C. Hainhorst 48, F. Gobber 62.

Zettler Rifle Club.

SCORES follow for the weekly practice shoot, Tuesday, Feb. 7. R. Gute was leading man with a total of 1221 for his 50 shots. All shooting offhand on the regular 25-ring (1/4in.) target, 75ft.:
R. Gute
 245 | 241 | 239 | 243 | 244 || L. C. Buss | 240 | 246 | 244 | 245 | 245 |
L. P. Hansen	242	244	243	243	243
C. Zettler, Jr.	240	244	241	244	244
A. Hubalek	240	242	243	240	241
A. Begerow	238	241	237	238	238
H. C. Zettler	236	236	233	245	242
C. G. Zettler	236	244	234	237	237
B. Zettler	234	236	234	242	236
T. H. Keller, Jr.	239	237	238	230	232
T. J. Herpers	231	240	234	231	236
T. H. Keller	230	233	236	235	231

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

THURSDAY evening, Feb. 9, the above corps held their regular bi-monthly practice shoot on the Zettler ranges. Scores follow, all shooting on the regular 25-ring (1/4in.) target: Gus Zimmermann 247, 247; R. Gute 246, 244; Geo. Ludwig 242, 242; Lambert Schmid 242, 241; F. A. Young 237, 243; A. Begerow 238, 241; Geo. T. Zimmermann 235, 239; Wm. Soll 233, 236; F. Liegibel 234, 235; L. C. Hamerstein, Jr., 233, 231; Jac. Schmid 231, 232; B. Eusner 231, 224; J. Bittschier 221, 232; H. J. Behrens 220, 219; F. C. Halber 198, 205.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

SATURDAY evening, Feb. 4, was ladies' night on the Zettler ranges. Miss M. Zimmermann led the race for high scores with the good total of 487. Scores follow, on the regular 25-ring (1/4in.) target, at 75ft.: Miss M. Zimmermann 244, 243; Mrs. H. Fenwirth 244, 239; Mrs. Liegibel 240, 243; Miss Zimmermann 236, 241; Miss Ludwig 236, 239; Miss Eusner 232, 243; Mrs. H. Schen 239, 241.

Rifle Notes.

The Cottage Rifle Club, of Jersey City, has an exceedingly promising outlook for their match, to be held at Armbruster's Park, Greenville, on Feb. 22. The main event is at 200yds., 100 shots, American target.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Feb. 15-16.—Allentown, Pa.—Two-day tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. C. L. Straub, Mgr.
Feb. 15-17.—Detroit, Mich.—Jacob Klein's tournament on Rusch House grounds, under auspices of Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association.
Feb. 18.—Newark, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Feb. 22.—New Paltz, N. Y.—Mullerite Gun Club all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Shooting Association seventeenth annual live-bird tournament. A. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club all-day shoot. Lloyd R. Lewis, Cor. Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Batavia, Ill.—Gun Club tournament. Henry Hendrickson, Mgr.
Feb. 22.—Concord, S. I.—All-day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. V. Wallburg, Sec'y.

Feb. 22.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's eighth annual tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

March 11.—Lakewood, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

March 20-25.—Kansas City, Mo.—Dickey Bird Gun Club six-day tournament.

March 28-29.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of trapshooters' first tournament, at Schmelzer's Shooting Park. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.

April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club. Chas. C. Needham, Sec'y.

April 12-13.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club. H. J. Stidman, Sec'y, Wilmington.

April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

April 22.—Easton, Pa.—Independent Gun Club all-day tournament. Jacob Pleiss, Sec'y.

May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenstager, Sec'y.

May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.

May 4-5.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club spring tournament. E. M. Storm, Sec'y.

May 9-10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.

May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.

May 11-12.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Foord, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.

May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 178 Mill street, Toronto.

May 23-25.—Lincoln.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.

May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Analoatan Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.

May 31-June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

June 3-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.

June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.

June 13-15.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.

July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.

July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.

July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.

July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md.—Target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.

Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.

Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.

Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.

Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.

Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Open shoot of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club, to be held on Saturday of this week.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association has fixed on June 13, 14 and 15 for its next tournament.

Mr. B. D. Nobles, Secretary, announces that the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club will hold its annual tournament on May 9 and 10.

Hon. Tom A. Marshall, en route from Panama to his home in the West, tarried two or three days in New York, in the latter part of last week.

Mr. W. M. Foord, Secretary, writes us that the third annual spring tournament of Wawaset Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., will be held on May 11 and 12.

Owing to Monday of this week being a holiday, and reports arriving late on account of stormy weather, several reports are necessarily left over to next week.

At the holiday shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club on Monday of this week, the holiday cup was won by Mr. H. B. Vandever, after shooting off a tie with Mr. L. M. Palmer.

A match, described as being for \$200 a side, has been arranged between Mr. George Goettler, of Pottsville, Pa., and Mr. William Lloyd, of Morea, to take place at Mahanoy City Park on March 17.

Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, Baltimore, writes us: "Brehm's Ocean City target tournament at Ocean City, Md., July 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28. Four hundred dollars added money. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore, Md."

Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y-Treas., Moberly, Mo., writes us as follows: "The first tournament of the Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters will be held March 28 and 29, at Schmelzer's Shooting Park, Kansas City, Mo."

The programme of the Mullerite Gun Club shoot, Feb. 18, at Newark, N. J., provides five events, a total of 205 targets, and \$16.35 entrance. Event 3, handicap, has several merchandise prizes. Event 5 is at 100 targets, \$10, all scratch, high guns. A. A. Schoverling, Manager, 2 Murray street, New York.

"The Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club," Mr. W. H. Hartman writes us, "will hold its spring tournament Thursday and Friday, May 4 and 5. One hundred dollars added money will be divided into averages. Leggett trap will be used, and every effort made to make the shoot as successful as former ones. Further information may be had on application to E. M. Storm, Sec'y."

"Sporting Life's Trapshooting Review for 1905," compiled by the well-known authority, Mr. Will K. Park, Philadelphia, contains 13 pages, the record of the important doings at the traps in the past year. Besides the valuable records, it contains portraits of all the famous experts. It is sent free to any applicant who will send 5 cents to cover postage.

The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club has arranged one of its popular merchandise programmes, for Saturday of this week. There are six events. The first, at 25 targets, three cups, is for members. The remainder are at 10 targets respectively, 50 cents entrance. Shooting commences at 2 o'clock. A prize is offered for high average. Mr. F. K. Stelle is the secretary.

Mr. Chris. Gottlieb journeyed homeward to Kansas City, Mo., on Sunday of this week, after a sojourn of some days in New York and New Haven. He is now a representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., for which he is excellently qualified by nature and by training. He is famous as an expert with the shotgun, and has many times in competition demonstrated his skill and nerve, particularly in the great intercity team matches of the Kansas City trapshooters against all comers. He has a personal acquaintance with nearly every trapshooter of note in America. He possesses an unvarying affability and good fellowship, qualities which will promptly make good friends for himself and the Winchester Company.

Mr. E. J. Loughlin, Secretary, writes us that "on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, the Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., will hold its eighth annual midwinter tournament at targets. The sweepstake programme is open to amateurs only, and will have nine events; five at 10, three at 20 and one at 25 targets. Total entrance, \$8.75, targets included at 1 1/2 cent each. The club adds \$8.50 cash in the programme events. Money divided under Jack Rabbit system. No handicaps. Merchandise prizes to the value of \$40 will also be provided, to be shot for under the club's system of handicapping, with free entrance. Grounds at foot of Washington street, three blocks west of all depots. Programme at 10 A. M. BERNARD WATERS.

Grand Southern Handicap.

HOUSTON, Tex., Feb. 7.—The much anticipated Southern shoot opened here this morning, under very unfavorable conditions as to weather. The rain descended and did not stop until the day was well near the end. Still, there were more than twenty-five enthusiasts who came to shoot, and as many of them were far from home, and had come on purpose to shoot, why shoot they did, no matter if the rain did soak them through and through.

The management had evidently taken warning by the very stormy weather of the past, and proposed that at least when the shooters present were not shooting they could be dry and warm. So when they arrived on the ground the park had the appearance of a small military encampment.

The way the old stagers like Heikes, Gilbert and Crosby stored themselves away and began to unpack their guns was a revelation to the "tenderfoot." It was soon discovered that they were provided with rain coats and rubber boots, and that there was going to be no delay or postponement.

The programme of even 20-target events was shot to a finish, and some very good scores were made, under such discouraging conditions. The management was good, and though some stops were made, the shoot was finished for the day early in the forenoon, although the opening gun was not fired until 11 A. M.

There were good fires in the tent, and about the grounds, and with hot coffee and plenty of good lunch, even Fred Gilbert was happy. It was surmised that he would much prefer being tucked away in a duck blind on such a day.

It was Atchison, the good Texas shot who hails from Giddings, who made the highest score for the day, as he scored 202 out of the 220. He started out well, getting the first two events straight.

It was a long way out to those targets from the 2lyds. line, but then Gilbert and Crosby did not do so bad, and they finished a tie on 196; Chas. Spencer at the 19yd. post was next with 194, while one "Silent Bill" Heer was two less, and he was at the scratch along with the other leaders.

The scarcity of amateurs, both local and otherwise, was commented upon by some, and some one gave out the information that in the future the shoots would not be made open to all. Even the experts present seemed to favor that plan. It would appear that traveling men at 16yds., shooting for averages only, would best serve the interests of all concerned.

The scores that follow will show the ups and downs, and how the fall-downs were made in each of the eleven 20-target events:

First Day, Feb. 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total.
Gilbert, 21	17	18	20	16	17	17	18	18	20	15	20	196
Crosby, 21	18	18	19	14	16	16	19	20	17	17	19	196
Heer, 21	16	17	15	18	20	19	20	16	17	17	17	192
Heikes, 20	16	14	18	15	17	19	14	10	18	19	18	188
Spencer, 19	18	12	17	19	16	17	19	20	17	19	18	194
Money, 18	18	15	16	18	14	18	18	17	15	20	18	187
Waters, 18	19	16	19	14	16	18	16	17	17	19	16	187
Favrot, 18	16	13	14	13	17	18	17	15	18	17	17	179
Hubby, 18	16	17	14	15	19	17	18	18	17	20	19	190
Yeung, 19	16	18	16	16	18	15	15	18	19	19	19	188
Atchison, 17	20	20	16	15	18	19	20	19	17	18	20	202
Sens, 17	16	16	13	15	17	15	17	19	19	16	17	180
Wade, 17	17	16	17	12	14	17	17	15	15	16	16	168
Fleming, 17	17	15	20	16	18	17	17	14	19	16	19	188
Jackson, 17	17	16	18	14	18	16	17	19	19	16	17	187
Burmister, 16	19	18	17	13	18	18	19	19	17	15	17	190
Tucker, 15	19	14	18	18	19	16	18	16	16	14	14	184
King, 16	17	14	18	17	15	16	18	18	16	16	16	183
Skelly, 15	16	12	17	14	15	18	20	17	18	19	19	185
Cleveland, 15	12	15	15	17	16	18	14	19	16	19	16	177
Nap, 16	17	16	16	14	15	17	15	17	17	19	19	178
Bancroft, 16	14	18	17	19	13	17	17	16	17	18	18	179
Houston, 16	16	15	19	14	17	16	19	17	20	19	18	190
Appleman, 16	13	11	16	13	20	16	19	17	19	19	17	180
Barnes, 15	17	15	18	14	17	17	15	18	17	18	20	186
Scofield, 14	12	16	14	18	18	16	12	13	15	11	16	162

Second Day, Feb. 8.

It was kind of the Weather Man to be on his good behavior, and the sun shone out and all went to work to make the scores of their lives. The top rubber coats were laid away; but not so the rubber boots, as the mud was there to stay.

The shooting was phenomenal, even for the Texan, who has a general reputation for being handy with the gun. Now, there is

Pop Heikes, who spends part of each winter down here, and as he pays taxes on some of the broad Texas acres he may be styled a native. Well; he was long on the score board to-day, as he finished strong with 210. While he shot very well, there were twenty men who made as good a score as Gilbert and Crosby did the day previous. We ask the reader to follow down the total column and note how near these men finished together, and how evenly all were matched.

Atchison kept up his good score, and finished well in the lead for the average for the two days, there being a handsome prize to be awarded to the one who wins high average for the three days.

The shoot was started at 10 P. M., and was completed at 3 in the afternoon. There was an interest shown by the townspeople, as the day afforded them an outing, and they came to see the big guns shoot, and there were there, as thirteen were known to belong to the class known as professionals. The scores, each event at 20 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total.
Heikes, 19	18	19	18	20	19	20	20	19	18	19	210	210
Atchison, 18	18	20	18	19	19	18	20	19	20	19	207	207
Young, 19	18	18	18	19	19	18	20	19	20	19	205	205
Spencer, 19	18	19	19	19	19	17	20	19	20	17	18	205
Gilbert, 21	17	18	17	19	18	20	19	20	19	18	19	204
Sens, 17	19	19	17	20	20	19	17	16	17	20	19	203
Skelly, 16	17	20	15	20	15	18	20	20	19	19	19	202
Burmister, 16	19	19	18	19	20	18	19	15	18	19	17	201
Heer, 21	19	18	17	18	20	19	19	19	16	13	17	200
Hubby, 18	16	18	18	20	19	18	19	17	17	18	20	200
Fleming, 17	19	20	20	17	18	18	18	18	18	17	200	200
Tucker, 15	19	19	19	17	18	18	17	16	18	20	19	200
Houston, 16	14	19	19	19	19	17	17	17	17	19	19	199
Heard, 16	18	17	18	17	19	20	16	16	19	20	19	199
Crosby, 21	19	18	16	17	19	16	18	18	19	19	19	198
Cleveland, 15	17	19	17	19	17	18	19	16	17	20	18	197
Barnes, 15	20	18	17	16	20	16	19	18	16	19	18	197
Waters, 18	15	19	18	18	19	18	17	20	16	18	18	196
Jackson, 17	16	18	14	18	20	19	19	17	17	18	20	196
Nap, 16	20	19	18	20	18	17	16	15	17	17	19	196
Miller, 16	15	16	15	17	16	18	18	18	19	20	20	192
Wade, 17	20	14	15	19	16	16	15	16	20	19	20	190
Money, 18	16	17	15	18	16	18	17	18	19	13	18	185
Favrote, 18	17	13	17	12	20	16	19	18	16	16	18	182
King, 16	10	15	17	17	18	16	19	18	17	19	15	181
Bancroft, 16	17	14	18	16	14	15	15	15	18	17	19	177

The Interstate Association.

A MEETING of the stockholders of the Interstate Association, and a meeting also of the Tournament Committee, was held in the offices of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street, New York city, Friday, Dec. 10, President Irby Bennett in the chair.

The roll call showed the following members present, represented either in person or by proxy: Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Mr. Irby Bennett; Parker Brothers, Mr. W. F. Parker; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Mr. A. C. Barrell; Lafin & Rand Powder Co., Mr. A. W. Higgins; Peters Cartridge Co., Mr. T. H. Keller; Hoyt Metal Company, Mr. C. N. Markle; E. I. duPont Company (by proxy), Capt. A. W. Money; Remington Arms Company (by proxy) Mr. A. C. Barrell, and the Lefever Arms Co. (by proxy), Mr. E. E. Shaner.

The secretary-manager reported that arrangements had been made and contracts duly signed for the holding of the sixth Grand American Handicap at Targets, at Indianapolis, Ind., on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, during the week commencing with June 25.

It was decided to schedule a State team event during the Grand American Handicap tournament, for amateurs only, each team to consist of five men bona fide residents of the same State.

Matters of a routine nature in connection with the Grand American Handicap were passed upon, and the secretary-manager was then empowered with authority to make all other necessary arrangements for the success of this great event.

The secretary-manager asked for a ruling from the Association as to whether clerks employed in wholesale and retail hardware and gun stores should be classed as amateurs or manufacturers' representative at Interstate Association tournaments. The Association ruled that all such clerks who were absolute owners of the guns they shoot and pay a legitimate price for the ammunition they use, should be allowed to compete as amateurs.

The secretary-manager presented considerable correspondence in connection with the proposed tournaments on the Pacific coast. This matter was discussed at great length, every member present taking part in the discussion. The consensus of opinion was that it would be to the best interests of all concerned to abandon the idea of giving two tournaments on the coast this year, and give one only, that tournament to be known as the Pacific Coast Handicap. The secretary-manager was authorized to arrange, if possible, to give this tournament at San Francisco during the month of September. If satisfactory arrangements can be made to give this tournament, it is the intention to make a feature of it, and conduct it on lines somewhat similar to the Grand American Handicap.

After transacting other business of a routine nature, the meeting adjourned.

Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 11.—The third shoot for the five-man team State championship was held on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association, this afternoon, three teams competing for the cup. Watertown Club team won. This makes their second win.

Watertown Team.		Birch Brook.	
Gleason	18 20-38	Kirkwood	24 19-43
Baldwin	23 20		



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LOWELL, MASS.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 8.—The second weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on their grounds at Wellington to-day, and the perfect weather conditions were sufficient inducements to bring out a large number of trapshooting enthusiasts.

Six straight scores were made during the afternoon, Blinn starting in the good work on his first 10, and Frank ending up the straights with Griff, Foster, Burns and Fenton sandwiching one each between times.

Willard's match score of 26 proved to be the real thing, though not without a struggle, as Silsbee and Williams were only 1 target behind with 25, and Griffiths, Foster and Burns with 24 in third position.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names (Frank, Bell, Blinn, Owen, Foster, Lee, Fenton, Burns, Willard, Williams, Dickey, Silsbee, Harding, Lawler, Gockey, Ford, Muldown, Eaton, Frederick, George, Andrews) and their scores.

Table for Prize match, 30 unknown, distance handicap, listing names like Willard, Silsbee, Williams, Griffiths, Foster, Burns, Gockey, Frank, Blinn, Lawler, Ford, Muldown, Eaton, Frederick, George, Andrews with scores.

Nineteen shooters opened up the Boston Gun Club's 1905 series to-day, and proved that cold weather held no fears for the enthusiastic trapshooting contingent.

Ten events filled out the programme, and while as a rule a lack of practice was evident, there were a few who made some excellent scores and averages.

Silsbee's and Burns' 26 in the match was just the right score in the right place, and grasped first place honors for the first shoot. Frank was, however, not much outdone, as his 25 was only one target less, and his shooting was from the 19yd. line.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names (Frank, Bell, Dickey, Kirkwood, Roy, Blinn, Owen, Muldown, Wheeler, Woodruff, Burns, Willard, Bruce, Rogers, Ford, Silsbee, Gockey, Henry, Frederick) and their scores.

Table for Prize match, 30 unknown, distance handicap, listing names like Silsbee, Burns, Frank, Roy, Dickey, Gockey, Wheeler, Woodruff, Willard, Rogers, Kirkwood, Ford, Blinn, Owen, Muldown, Bell, Bruce with scores.

A Long Run.

BONESTEEL, S. D.—On the grounds of the Bonesteel Gun Club, Feb. 2, in the presence of a few of the more enthusiastic members, Mr. Le Roy Leach, the champion rifle wing shot of the world, gave an exhibition with the shotgun, and incidentally broke all known world's records.

Starting to shoot 25 targets for exhibition purposes and breaking straight, he was requested to shoot 25 more, which he did, again breaking straight; and he was then requested to shoot until he missed, and the consequence was that he went out with an unbroken unfinished run of 500 straight.

The weather conditions were very unfavorable for high scores on account of the intense cold, with about six inches of snow on the ground.

There was no break in the shooting except to open new boxes of shells for the shooter and an occasional pause to restore numbed fingers. Without cleaning the gun, and without a moment's rest except to thrash his hands to restore circulation, the shooter accomplished the Herculean task of breaking 500 targets straight in two hours and thirty minutes.

This performance of Mr. Leach's stamps him as not only one of the greatest of rifle experts, but as one of the great shotgun artists of the world also.

Phenomenal as this performance is, it would be impossible without the wonderful perfection of ammunition and weapon which has been reached in modern times. J. F. SPATZ, Field Captain.

Chester Gun Club.

CHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 7.—Inclosed find scores of our shoot on Feb. 3. The attendance was very small on account of the extreme cold.

Messrs. Glover, Fanning, Apgar, Welles and J. G. Heath represented the trade.

Mr. Heath deserves much credit for the able manner in which he assisted the Club. Mr. Sim Glover won high professional average, 118 out of 125, and the \$5 gold piece which went with it.

Mr. James A. Ogden was high amateur, 99 out of 125. He also captured a \$5 gold piece. Scores of regular programme, Feb. 3:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names (N Apgar, H Welles, J Fanning, S Glover, H B Tuthill, W H Smith, L Hazen, H J Woodward, J A Ogden, O H Brown, D D Steever) and their scores.

Five extra events were shot, two at 25, three at 10 targets. Apgar shot at 25, broke 15; Welles 25, 19; Fanning 25, 21; Glover 25, 23; Ogden 30, 44; Woodward 60, 43; Tuthill 80, 57; Smith 80, 54; Brown 35, 27; Steever 60, 47; Woodhull 60, 37; H. Smith 10, 6; T. D. Mapes 10, 4; G. Hall 10, 4; L. Hazen 30, 21; Brooks 20, 7; Nichols 20, 7.

Mr. F. K. Stelle, Secretary, writes us that "the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club has purchased prizes such as a lamp, cut-glass dish, picture, small silver loving cup, piece of statuary, and many others, which are to be put up in five events of 10 targets each. Each event will have three or more prizes; \$2.50 will cover the cost of the programme. The shoot will begin at 2:30 P. M., Saturday, Feb. 18. First-class shells for sale at the club house. The club will give a prize to the amateur making high average through programme."

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Feb. 11.—Three men tied for the February cup, namely, Messrs. G. G. Stephenson, Jr., D. C. Bennett and Dr. H. L. O'Brien. The cup scores follow:

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and names (Stephenson, Jr., O'Brien, Brown, Palmer, Jr., Damron, Stake, Snyder, Bedford, Jr., Raynor, Fairchild, Keyes, Stephenson, Hopkins, Grinnell, Jr., Vanderveer, Bennett, Marshall) and their scores.

There were six two-man teams. The winners were Dr. J. J. Keyes and Dr. S. P. Hopkins, who scored a total of 49. The team scores follow:

Table with columns for names and scores (Stephenson, Hopkins, Bedford, Jr., Grinnell, Jr., Stephenson, Jr., Stake, Vanderveer, Lott, Bennett, Sykes, Keyes, Hopkins).

In the Stake trophy contest, 50 targets, Mr. F. B. Stephenson made the excellent score of 47 actually, which, with his 2 allowance, made him an official score of 49, which was highest of all. Scores:

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and names (F B Stephenson, Bennett, G G Stephenson, Snyder, Vanderveer, Bedford, Jr., Damron, Sykes, Keyes, Raynor, Brown, Grinnell, Jr., Fairchild, Marshall, Manton) and their scores.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and names (Palmer, Jr., Bedford, Jr., F B Stephenson, Bennett, Hopkins, Marshall, Vanderveer, G Stephenson, Jr., Damron, Snyder, Lott, Raynor, Dr O'Brien) and their scores.

Shoot-off, same conditions: F. T. Bedford, Jr., 12, H. B. Vanderveer 15.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and names (Palmer, Jr., Bedford, Jr., Stephenson, Stephenson, Jr., Bennett, L C Hopkins, Marshall, S P Hopkins, Vanderveer, Piercy, Lott, Damron, Snyder, Dr O'Brien, Stake) and their scores.

Shoot-off, same conditions: G. G. Stephenson, Jr., 13, H. B. Vanderveer 9, W. E. Damron 12, E. W. Snyder 15, Dr. O'Brien 14.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and names (Palmer, Bedford, Grinnell, Stephenson, S P Hopkins, L C Hopkins, Vanderveer, Dr O'Brien, Damron, Camp, Stake) and their scores.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Palmer 14, Camp 15.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

THE Hell Gate Gun Club finished up the season of 1904 with a 25 live-bird event. There was a snow background, cloudy weather and a fair lot of birds. Scores:

Table with columns for Pts. Yds. Tot'l. and names (Col J H Voss, C Van Valk, Dr David, Schorty, F Trostel, P Garms, E A Meckel, J Schlicht, J Hughes, P Woelfel, P Brennan, V G Wilson, J A Belden, J Kreeb, R Baudendistel, J Selg, F Guy, J H Doherty, C Lang, F Gardella, P Albert, C Weber, J P Dannefelser, J Wellbrock, J H Picken) and their scores.

The Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. G. Easdale, 213 Sparks street, Ottawa, Can., writes us that the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association claims the dates Aug. 16, 17 and 18 for its annual tournament, to be held at Ottawa.

The Mullerite Gun Club announces an all-day shoot to be held on March 11, on the grounds of the Lakewood, N. J., Gun Club.

Velocity Tests.

In our last issue we showed how patterns were influenced by certain variations in the form of the choke. More than this, we were able to show exactly how a choke barrel behaved after it had been converted into a true cylinder by cutting off the choked end of the muzzle. The experiments so recorded were intended to prepare the ground for the present report, concerning the influence of the choke on the muzzle velocity of the shot. In our experiments of a year ago we were successful in showing that, with a standard cartridge giving 1050 feet per second velocity over 20 yards, No. 7 shot left the muzzle of a choke gun with a velocity of about 1220 feet per second, whereas the corresponding figure for the cylinder gun was as nearly as possible 1290 feet per second. We felt safe in assuming at the time that the passage of the shot through a muzzle constricted to full choke caused a definite loss of velocity, which varied with the size of the shot. The figures here quoted are not those which, strictly speaking, were obtained from the actual experiment. Our instruments gave us the mean velocity over the first 5 yards of the shot's travel from the muzzle, and it was only by setting the figures out in the form of a curve that we were able to obtain the probable corresponding value for the actual rate of departure from the muzzle. In comparing the two systems of boring, we took two separate barrels, as much alike in all other respects as skillful manufacture could make them. This did not, however, entirely get rid of the objection that there might be a sufficient difference between the two barrels used to cause the apparent difference of muzzle velocity, quite apart from the question of choke or no choke.

In the present experiments we cut off the choke, so as to use the same barrel throughout, and limit the difference in the conditions to a matter of 1/2 inch more or less in the length of the barrel. In so far that the cylinder barrel was shorter than the choke barrel, we were free to assume that any difference in the amount of muzzle velocity due to length would act against the cylinder barrel. Therefore, if we found a definite difference of velocity, we could assume that it arose entirely from the removal of the resistance caused by the presence of the choke. A very valuable table of calculations, which was compiled jointly by Mr. R. W. S. Griffith and the late Mr. Frederick Toms, then editor of the Field, was used for interpreting the time measurements obtained in the experiments under consideration. It is interesting to note that in these experiments we have been working, so far as we are aware, on the absolute borderland of minute time measurements. The Ordnance Committee has for the past few years been conducting a very important series of abstruse scientific experiments, with a view to revising the values given in the Bashforth tables. A short while ago it was a closely guarded official secret as to the precise unit of time which constituted the basis of the Government investigations. A chance word dropped during the discussion of a paper recently read before the Royal Artillery Institution showed that the unit of time in which the Government make their tests is the 10,000th part of a second. This is also the unit of time which we can get from our own chronograph, with a degree of exactitude which we have reason to believe is fully equal to that obtained in the most perfectly conducted Government experiments.

In making the test for muzzle velocity with our chronograph we decided to connect up our instrument so that we had a single wire at the muzzle operating one of the electro-magnetic contacts for registering the passage of the bullet. At 5 yards from the muzzle we fixed two wires, attaching each of them to a separate magnet on the chronograph. By so doing we obtained a double measurement of the time over this distance for each individual round fired. This enabled us to apply a very important check to the instrument, whereby erroneous readings could be eliminated, so leaving an average value for a series of shots very close to the actual truth. The importance of carefully safeguarding the accuracy of our tests is made manifest by referring to the table of chronograph records compiled by Mr. Griffith and Mr. Toms. A charge of shot covering the 5 yards distance at 1230 feet per second occupies .0022 of a second in accomplishing its journey. If the shot takes two 10,000ths of a second less time in passing over this distance, the average velocity becomes 1250 feet per second. Consequently, the difference between the choke and cylinder velocity becomes no more than the fifth part of the wavy scratch on a plate of smoked glass which is produced by the tuning fork. We have 1000 of these movements in a second, and we can divide each complete wave into ten parts, thereby giving us a time measurement in units of the 10,000th part of a second. To show a consistent difference of 20 feet between choke and cylinder velocities, we must obtain an average velocity for each series of shots to the nearest 10,000th part of a second.

Unfortunately, the particular shape of the barrel tube with which these tests were conducted made it impossible to finish it off to full choke size. Consequently, we used a half choke, and so diminished by approximately one-half its influence on the velocity. However, we give in the accompanying table the complete series of velocity readings over 5 yards, which were taken with the different forms of choked muzzle:

Velocity readings in feet per second over 5 yards from choke barrel:

	Length of Front Cylinder in Choke.			
	3/4 in.	1/2 in.	1/4 in.	1/8 in.
1.....	1230	1230	1230	1230
	1220	1230	1230	(1282)
2.....	1240	1250	1210	1230
	1240	1250	1210	1230
3.....	1250	1250	1220	1230
	1260	(1304)	1220	1230
4.....	1190	1200	1190	1210
	1190	1200	1190	1210
5.....	1220	1250	1220	1220
	1220	1260	1220	(1280)
Average.....	1226	1235	1214	1226

Average of entire series, 1225.

It will be seen that the length of the front cylinder in the choke exercises no influence on the muzzle velocity of the shot. Hence we may assume for velocity purposes that the whole of the shots were fired under identical conditions. The average velocity for the entire series thus becomes 1225 feet per second over the first 5 yards of the shot's travel. The figures bracketed together represent the duplicate readings obtained from the double set of wires which were used for each shot. They show us that our chronograph acted in a reliable fashion seventeen times out of the total twenty shots. When the two readings only varied by 10 feet—that is, when the time record varied by the 10,000th part of a second—we felt safe in assuming that the average of the two values might fairly be taken. When, however, there was a larger difference, we placed in brackets the reading which appeared to be the abnormal one, and took no account of it in working out the average. We so dealt with three records of the total of forty taken over twenty rounds. On this basis we may assume that our chronograph gives accurate results in 93 per cent. of its records, which is quite sufficient for the obtaining of extremely consistent readings. In no less than fourteen out of the twenty shots identi-

cally the same readings were obtained from both electro-magnets. This sufficiently proves the justice of our contention that the time unit adopted is well within the power of our instrument, especially when we remember that special precautions were taken to avoid favoring the results by unconsciously locating the marks on the positions we wished them to occupy. We may accordingly accept with every confidence the value 1225 feet per second as the average 5 yards velocity of a standard cartridge when fired from the half-choke barrel, which was so fully described in our previous issue.

After cutting off the choke portion of the muzzle, we made a fresh series of tests for velocity, and obtained the following readings over 5 yards:

1230	1271	1240	1240	1260
1230	1271	1230	1240	1260

Average of series, 1247.

It will be seen that the variations from shot to shot were in several instances in excess of the actual amount which distinguishes the choke from the cylinder results. On the other hand, this is not a greater variation than that which normally exists between cartridge and cartridge, even when loaded in a laboratory. The average of the series, nevertheless, displays a marked increase of velocity following the removal of the muzzle choke; and as the shots were fired within a short time of one another, and the cartridges used were of the same batch, and in every way as nearly as possible of a uniform character, we feel that there is every justification for adopting the difference of 22 feet between the averages of the two series, as fairly representing the difference between the behavior of the same barrel, first with a half-choke muzzle, and secondly, with a true cylinder bore. In our experiments of last year we showed a difference between a full choke and a cylinder barrel of 45 feet. We now get about half that difference with a gun having a half choke muzzle. This seems to be quite in accordance with what one might expect. Last year we were able to fix the velocity over the first 5 yards for No. 7 shot at 1243 feet per second. Now we get a velocity of 1247 feet per second with No. 6 shot. This again, is as near as one can expect to go in making experiments involving such minute distinction of time intervals. Last year's full-choke results with all sizes of shot gave us a velocity of 1185 feet over 5 yards. This year, with a half-choke, we get 1225 feet. We may consider this distinctly higher velocity near the muzzle as mostly accounted for by the difference of resistance caused by the two sizes of choke.

The experimental particulars which we have given in this article no doubt suffer from the introduction into a discussion of sporting gunnery, of facts and figures which are unduly minute and technical; but we have at least the justification that they prove, with as much force as our present state of knowledge allows for, that the charge of shot in traveling along the barrel is retarded when it encounters the constricted orifice of the choked muzzle. That the loss of speed is in some way or another closely related to the reduced dispersion of the pellets we feel fully convinced. We have never regarded the theory that the choke acts as a kind of deflecting screen which drives the pellets inwards as a sound explanation of choke boring; but we do hold that a definite loss of velocity, however slight it may be, may set up wave pressures among the powder gases in the barrel which may so modify their subsequent outrush as to influence the dispersion of the pellets from the true line of flight. Future experiments with a gun barrel of abnormal length, and another with holes so drilled around it as to get rid of the gases at the rear of the shot before it leaves the muzzle, may serve to provide further confirmation of the theory underlying the action of choke boring in guns—Field (London).

IN NEW JERSEY.

Plainfield Gun Club.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—At the shoot held on Feb. 4 events 4, 7 and 8 were for silver prizes; a first and second prize was offered in each. The fourth event was won by Brantingham. The second prize was won by John Terry. In the seventh event first prize was won by John Terry; second was won by Mr. Moffett. In the eighth event first was won by Mr. Moffett; second by S. Terry. Other events were sweepstakes.

It gives us much pleasure to see Jas. Goodman, Thos. Brantingham and Scott Terry back into the sport. These gentlemen were all members of the famous Climax Gun Club. Many of the older shooters will remember the Climax as the most popular gun club in central Jersey when live pigeon shooting was at its height.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	5	15	15	15	10	10
T H Keller, Jr.....	8	8	3	10	9	12	5	5
Scott Terry.....	5	8	3	12	13	11	7	7
H Dreier.....	5	5	3	10	4	6
J Nichols.....	4	5	1	6	..
C Maltby.....	6	8	3	5	4	4
J Giles.....	6	3	4	6	5
Sabacher.....	4	5	1	11	10	..	3	7
Vosseller.....	3	6	3	6	3
P Jahn.....	5	5	2	7	..
T Brantingham.....	6	5	4	7	14	13	8	7
E Cutting.....	3	6	2	6	2
Geo Johnson.....	8	13	7	6
T A Pope.....	7	2	7
Van Goodman.....	7	11	11	7	6	..
Moffett.....	14	8	7
John Terry.....	7	7	9
P Terry.....	10	7	6	..
Dr Luckey.....	11	7	12	..	6	5
Edw Hand.....	9	5	5
Jas. Johnson.....	11	4	5
Geo Firstbrook.....	3	2	..
Jas Goodman.....	3	6

H. P. VOSELLER, Sec'y.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Feb. 11.—The regular Saturday shoots have been very well attended all through the winter, and to-day's attendance was no exception, some thirteen men shooting through some six events. Some 1,400 targets were thrown.

Dr. Gardiner, of the Mountainside Gun Club, drove over from Orange with his friend Mr. Spear, and shot through the last four events. Messrs. Cockfair, Crane and Moffatt and Dr. Gardiner each won a box of shells as a result of their efforts.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
C Babcock, 1.....	22	21	18	21
C W Kendall, 0.....	18	18	22	21	19	17
W T Wallace, 4.....	16	18	15	16	20	..
F W Moffett, 2.....	20	21	22	23	24	19
I S Crane, 2.....	20	18	22	21
E Winslow.....	16	14
R H Cockfair, 2.....	22	20	24	19	14	..

Handicaps apply in events 4 and 5.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Alert Gun Club.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Feb. 11.—Messrs. Hawkins and Apgar were high professionals. Messrs. Pleiss, Markley and Hahn were high amateurs.

The first annual tournament of the Alert Gun Club, of Phillips-

burg, N. J., was held Feb. 11, with thirty-one shooters in attendance. The tournament in every particular was a success, and the officers and the members of the club feel very proud with the manner in which same was conducted. All the participants left after the shot with the feeling that they were well taken care of, and with the idea of returning again at some future time to enjoy the pleasures connected with target smashing.

We had with us the following professionals: J. S. Fanning, Sim Glover, Neaf Apgar, J. M. Hawkins, and Frank Butler, and also a large number of out-of-town amateur shots.

Mr. Hawkins enjoyed the privilege of being high professional with 156 breaks out of 180, with Neaf Apgar next professional with 133 breaks out of 180.

Mr. Jacob Pleiss, of Easton, Pa., was high amateur, and shot at the head of both professionals and amateurs. His shooting, with all the conditions taken into consideration, was the best ever seen in this section. His score was 160 breaks out of 180. Following him with next highest amateur shooting was Edw. F. Markley, of Easton, Pa., who broke 145 out of 180, and next in line for the third amateur average money was L. Hahn, of Bethlehem, Pa., with a score of 121 breaks out of 180.

The following explanation can be given for the low scores of both amateurs and professionals. The targets were thrown from a Leggett trap at a distance of from 50 to 65 yds., the wind catching the targets at times would make their flight vary and at the same time make the most difficult target. Total targets, 180. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total.
Targets:	10	15	20	25	10	15	20	10	20	10	25	
Clark.....	6	8	17	12	7	8	11	6	16	3	16	110
Grover.....	8	10	15	15	6	12	11	6	8	6	..	92
Markley.....	10	11	14	22	8	12	16	7	17	9	19	145
Hawkins.....	6	11	18	20	9	12	20	10	19	9	22	156
Butler.....	5	10	12	16	10	13	13	7	11	6	18	121
C Miller.....	7	13	12	11	8	11	13	7	10	5	..	97
Arnwine.....	6	8	15	16	10	10	15	4	12	5	12	113
Pleiss.....	9	13	18	21	10	11	17	10	19	9	23	160
Hahn.....	7	10	13	23	6	11	12	6	16	4	13	121
Maurer.....	7	9	12	11	8	12	6	10	6	17	..	106
Wilson.....	6	10	12	13	6	11	13	7	15	7	..	100
Sked.....	6	7	18	20	7	9	11	4	15	7	13	117
Kane.....	5	7	11	14	5	6	10	4	68
Gapp.....	7	7	10	17	3	5	13	6	6	7	14	95
Apgar.....	7	12	15	21	8	11	17	5	16	10	18	133
Fanning.....	6	14	16	22	7	11	15	8	15	9	14	131
Adams.....	9	10	11	22	8	7	17	2	10	7	..	103
George.....	3	9	6	18
Glover.....	6	10	12	18	9	12	16	6	18	9	20	130
Alert.....	8	12	4	32
C H Snyder.....	6	12	16	6	40
Kendig.....	8	12	16	4	17	7	17	81
Inscho.....	4	4	9
Brunner.....	5	10	5	9	5	10	..	44
Stubbelbine.....	11	12	5	15	8	51
G Elliot.....	7	15	..	12	34
H Snyder.....	8	17	7	10	42
Hellyer.....	7	13	5	12	37
Fretz.....	4	4	3	11
H Miller.....	7	16	8	12	43
F Weiss.....	4	4
Haney.....	5	9	6	27

HARRY L. INSCHO, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Feb. 11.—Event No. 4, handicap trophy shoot for silver cup, resulted in a tie. The shoot-off was won by Mr. F. Vosselman for the fifth time, and he has won it for good.

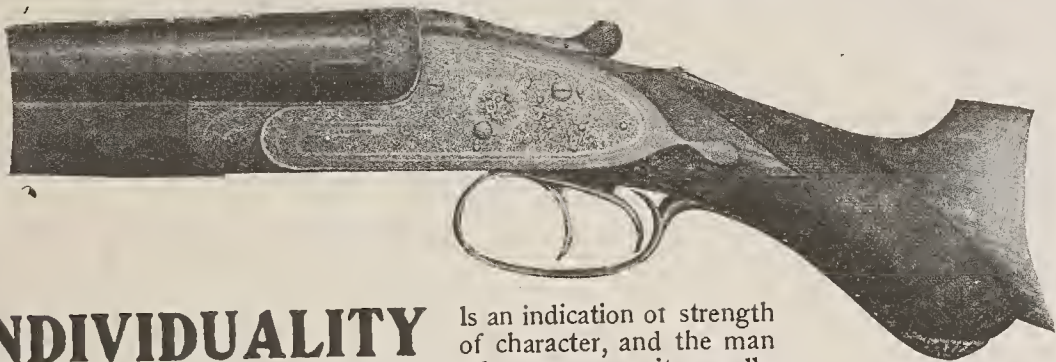
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	25	25	15	10	10
Eickhoff, 3.....	9	14	14	22	20	20	13	10
Truax, 1.....	8	12	13	24	20
Schoverling, 0.....	8	14	15	25	15
Morrison, 3.....	5	10	15	18	..	19	9	..
Reynolds, 1.....	7	12	12	20	..	22	10	..
Fred, 0.....	7	3	9
S Sloan, 0.....	3	3	7	14	..	21	8	..
Vosselman, 6.....	5	12	10	22	21	17
H R Williams, 0.....	6	6	11	18	..	14	10	..
N O Craighead, 0.....	3	12	8	8	..	12
H B Williams, 0.....	10	21	..	20	12	..
Allison, 3.....	..	13	9	20
Richter, 3.....	..	12	16	19	..	15	..	

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- Elk**—Several figures. Plate 12 x 19 on plate paper 22 x 28.
- Antelope**—Several figures. Plate 9 x 14 on plate paper 19 x 21.
- Mule Deer**—Two figures. Plate 12 x 19 on plate paper 22 x 28.

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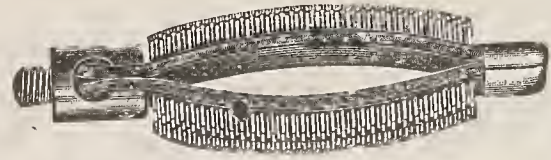
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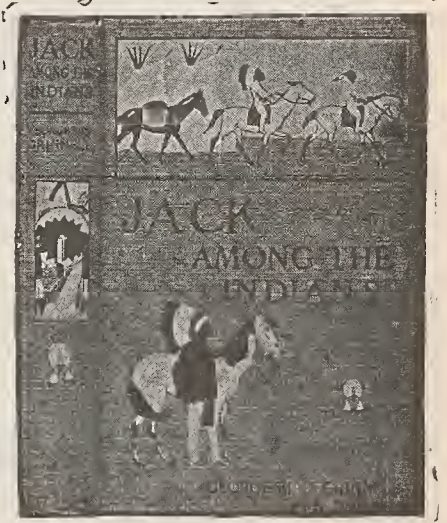
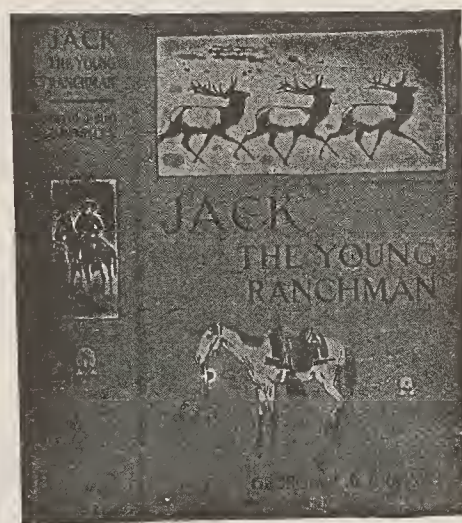
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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A WHALE AT CHAHOOS.

THIS is a story of the New-Netherlands and of the year 1647, which was the thirty-fifth after the exploration of the country by the Englishman Hendrik Hudson, sailing westward in a Dutch bottom to discover a passage to the kingdom of China. The tale is told by that Jonker Adrian Van der Donck, who, having purchased from the Indians on the east bank of the Hudson River, just north of New Amsterdam, the colony of Colen Donck gave it the name of Yonkers from his title, the name which it still bears. Van der Donck came out to America as schout (sheriff) of the Patroons' Colony of Rensselaerwyck, where he remained until 1647, and so might very well have been a witness of the Cohoes whale incident recorded in his "Description of the New Netherlands," published in 1655.

As all the early Dutchmen who wrote of the natural attractions and resources of the new country, our Jonker was impressed with the beauty of the lands and the plenty of the animal life, and he has left many pleasing and suggestive pictures of the great store of the fish and the game which were justly reckoned to be among the notable riches of the colony. "Here our attention is arrested by the beautiful landscape around us," he writes. "Here the painter can find rare and beautiful subjects for the employment of his pencil, and here also the huntsman is animated when he views the enchanting prospects presented to the eyes; on the hills, at the brooks and in the valleys, where the game abounds and where the deer are feeding, or gamboling or resting in the shades in full view."

Then, as now, the fall was the hunter's choice season of the year; and very enticing are the glimpses given in Van der Donck's pages of the New Netherland autumn, "very fine, lovely and agreeable—more delightful cannot be found on the earth." It was then that the summer productions were gathered, the earth yielded its surplusage, the fat oxen and swine were slaughtered, and the wild geese, turkeys and deer were at their best. The country was filled with game, and immense numbers of deer were taken by the Indians.

"This is also the Indian hunting season, wherein such great numbers of deer are killed that a person who is uninformed of the vast extent of the country would imagine that all these animals would be destroyed in a short time. But the country is so extensive, and their subsistence so abundant, and the hunting being confined mostly to certain districts, therefore no diminution of the deer is observable. The Indians also affirm that before the arrival of the Christians, and before the smallpox broke out amongst them, they were ten times as numerous as they now are, and that their population had been melted down by this disease, whereof nine-tenths of them have died. That then, before the arrival of the Christians, many more deer were killed than there now are, without any perceptible decrease of their numbers."

Information about the interior of the country was vague; how far inland it extended was a subject of speculation; but Van der Donck was so impressed by the immense numbers of beaver and land animals taken by the Indians and brought into the Dutch posts for barter that he conjectured that the country must be very large to produce such multitudes of fur-bearers. Moreover the great numbers of water fowl "which fly two and fro across the country in the spring and fall seasons," convinced him that the land must extend several hundred miles into the interior. It was known in those days—though in these later times the shooters who demand spring shooting have apparently forgotten it—that the wild ducks seen in the country inland from New Netherland were not all emigrants; for Van der Donck tells of the great Lake Tracycoyen (afterward called Ontario), which "has extensive reed and brook lands of great breadth, wherein great multitudes of water fowl breed in summer."

But to the whale story, which, be it repeated, is of the

Hudson as it was in the full generous flow of 1647, and by no means the shallow stream of the present day. Between the two have intervened centuries of wood cutting and forest depletion, and a shrunken flow. Cohoes is on the west bank of the Hudson River, nine miles above Albany, at the mouth of the Mohawk. This is what happened there in the days of Van der Donck as he tells it:

"This river is rich in fishes—sturgeon, dunnies, bass, sheepheads, etc. I cannot refrain, although somewhat out of place, to relate a very singular occurrence which happened in the month of March, 1647, at the time of a great freshet caused by the fresh water flowing down from above, by which the water of the river became nearly fresh to the bay, when at ordinary seasons the salt water flows up from twenty to twenty-four miles* from the sea. At this season, two whales, of common size, swam up the river forty miles, from which place one of them returned and stranded about twelve miles from the sea, near which place four others also stranded the same year. The other run farther up the river, and grounded near the great Chahoos falls, about forty-three miles from the sea. This fish was tolerably fat, for although the citizens of Rensselaerwyck broiled out a great quantity of train oil, still the whole river (the current being still rapid) was oily for three weeks, and covered with grease. As the fish lay rotting, the air was infected with its stench to such a degree that the smell was offensive and perceptible for two miles to leeward. For what purpose those whales ascended the river so far, it being at the time full forty miles from all salt or brackish water, it is difficult to say, unless their great desire for fish, which were plenty at this season, led them onward."

*A Dutch mile is about three English miles.

THE WEATHER AND THE BIRDS.

THE winter of 1904-05 will long be memorable for its severity. Along the Atlantic Coast the freezing weather has extended down into Florida, ruining many an orange grove, and through the southern quail country there has been winter worthy of Canada. In many places in North Carolina the thermometer has been below zero, with abundant snow and much ice.

On the other hand, this year, as never before, efforts have been made to protect the birds and to provide them with food during the existence of such unusual conditions. The game commissions of Massachusetts, Illinois, West Virginia, and no doubt of many other States, have taken active steps to provide food for the birds, and these efforts will not be without their reward. Usually it is not the cold which kills the birds, but starvation. If fuel for the internal fires is provided, the birds will generate heat enough to preserve them through the bitterest winter weather.

A number of the States mentioned have gotten out posters and hand-bills urging the farmers to feed the birds, and while sportsmen have readily contributed money, local individuals gave the work to carry food to the fields to preserve the starving quail. At Asheville, N. C., grain was freely distributed to responsible persons for scattering where the birds might find it.

The great depth of snow over much of the country calls to mind the inclined feeding trough described and pictured in FOREST AND STREAM of October 15, 1904. This inclined trough is provided with partitions to keep the grain from all running down to the bottom, and its inclined position makes it certain that some portion of the trough will always be above the snow level. Moreover the trough is roofed to keep the snow and rain out of the grain, and a shelter of boughs in the form of a brush house in part protects it. In Massachusetts the device has served to keep quail alive in a time of deep snows and cold, and incidentally many small birds feed here. There is no reason to doubt that the partridges or ruffed grouse might also form the habit of feeding at such a trough, for it is well established that the ruffed grouse will visit regularly places where grain has been strewn or spilled by accident and feed on the scattered kernels.

The freezing up of the great bays and sounds along the coast has been an evil thing for the wildfowl. While the sea ducks, like broadbills, redheads, canvasbacks and many others, commonly shift from north to south as the water closes or opens, there are many marsh ducks whose attachment to localities seems to be so great that when their usual winter feeding grounds close up they sit about

on the ice waiting for a change of weather, or resort to open warm spring holes, where they dabble in the mud, and, instead of migrating, starve to death where they are. Something of this kind took place during the bitter winter of 1874-75, when at a certain point in New England the black ducks lost all their flesh, and no doubt many finally starved to death. One caught in a muskrat trap in a little spring hole, and two shot in ignorance of their condition showed the birds to be mere bunches of feathers and bones. From North Carolina come accounts of canvasbacks and redheads drowned by diving into the air holes and coming up under the ice. If true, these reports show very extraordinary conditions, for the average duck, as we have seen him when he dives, understands very well where he must come up again.

What will be the prospect for birds next summer cannot now be told; but so far as it is possible to judge, it is not a cheering one.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR PACKARD.

ALPHEUS SPRING PACKARD died last week aged 65 years. Prof. Packard was an eminent zoologist and a prolific writer on biological topics as well as on geology and paleontology. He was born in Brunswick, Me., in 1839, became librarian and custodian of the Boston Society of Natural History in 1865, was curator of the Essex Institute the next year, and in 1867 became Curator and afterward Director of the Peabody Academy of Sciences. From 1877 to 1882 he was a member of the United States Entomological Commission. He was one of the founders and for twenty years was editor-in-chief of the American Naturalist. He was a member of many scientific societies.

Among his better known books are his "Guide to the Study of Insects," "Half Hours With Insects," "Zoology," and his text book on "Entomology."

Prof. Packard was long a subscriber to the FOREST AND STREAM, and in its earlier years was a frequent contributor to its columns.

THE Senate has a standing committee on Forest Reservations and the Protection of Game, the members of which are Messrs. Burton (chairman), Depew, Perkins, Kearns, Kittridge, Burnham, Ankeny, Morgan, Tillman, Gibson and Overman. There is no such committee of the House of Representatives, where measures relating to game protection are referred to different committees which are made up in part of men of no experience nor special interest in this special field. The growing importance of Federal legislation for game protection makes it highly desirable that there should be a committee of the House specially charged with the consideration of measures in this field; and a recognition of this has prompted Mr. Shiras, of Pennsylvania, to submit a resolution providing for a committee. It reads: "Resolved by the House of Representatives, That there be added to the standing committees of the House a Committee for the Protection of Game and Fish, to consist of sixteen members, and to which committee there shall be referred all proposed legislation relating to the protection and propagation of game and fish." As the need of the proposed committee is so well defined, Mr. Shiras's resolution will without doubt be adopted.

WILLIAM C. PRIME, one of the best known anglers of this country, and author of the book, "I Go A-Fishing," died at his home in this city last week. Dr. Prime was born in Cambridge, N. Y., in 1825; he graduated from Princeton in 1843; and practiced law in New York until 1861. In that year he became part owner of the Journal of Commerce, to the columns of which he contributed the fishing papers which won for him wide popularity and appreciation, and when collected in book form took their place among the classics of American angling literature. He was a fisherman all his life, and had cast his lure in many of the famous fishing waters of the world, not only in this country, but abroad, in England, Scotland, Palestine and Egypt. With the White Mountains and the Adirondacks he was familiar in the old days when fished-out waters were unknown and undreamt of. His writings are characterized by the enthusiasm of the devoted angler and glowing descriptions of nature; and they are pervaded with a depth and tenderness of sentiment which belong to the writings of a past generation.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXIX.

Thomas J. Farnham.

(Concluded from page 181.)

THEY were now in the country of the Utes, or rather, in the debatable land visited for hunting purposes by Utes, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Shoshones, Blackfeet and Crees. They therefore traveled with some care, put out their fires at night, looked to their arms, and prepared to meet the foe. No Indians were seen, however; but another misfortune visited them in the loss of one of the guide horses, poisoned by some food that it had eaten.

As they journeyed on, food again became scarce, and the travel was so difficult that they had no time to hunt, and suffered from hunger. On the Little Bear River they met a party of four French Canadians, who a few days before had been attacked by a Sioux war party on Little Snake River (of Colorado). Here again attention is called to the difference in character of the French and the American trappers. The former are mercurial, volatile, and always merry, cheering themselves on their journeys with song; while the American trapper is watchfulness personified, and his concentration in this direction destroys all frivolity. "They seldom smile; the expression of their countenances is watchful, solemn and determined. They ride and walk like men whose breasts have so long been exposed to the bullet and arrow, that fear finds within them no resting place. If a horseman is descried in the distance, they put spurs to their animals and are at his side at once, as the result may be for death or life. No delay, no second thought, no cringing in their stirrups; but erect, firm, and with a strong arm, they seize and overcome every danger 'or perish,' say they, 'as white men should,' fighting promptly and bravely."

On parting next day—August 5—with the French and American trappers, two of Farnham's party left him. Farnham notes the kindness and freehandedness of the trappers. He had given them a little ammunition, and they sought to repay the kindness by presenting him and his party with moccasins, dressed deer and elk skins, and other articles. "Everything, even their hunting shirts upon their backs, were at our service; always kindly remarking when they made an offer of such things, that 'the country was filled with skins, and they could get a supply when they should need them.'" It was this same day that a man, pursuing some bears, found among the brush a prize—an excellent pack mule, feeding quietly, and so tame as to permit him to approach within ten yards of it without even raising its head. The man prepared to catch it, when suddenly the mule "most wonderfully, most cruelly, metamorphosed itself into an elk!—fat as marrow itself, and sufficient in weight to have fed our company for twelve days—and fled away," the man who had prepared to catch it being too astonished to shoot at it. This was unlucky, for now they had no food. Game was seen several times, but none was killed. The next day, however, a family of bears was seen, and two cubs secured. They weighed about twelve pounds apiece, and made for the party, as the author expresses it, "a filthy supper." They were trying to reach Brown's Hole, but progress was slow. For forty-eight hours after the finishing of the cubs they had no food; and then, with great regret, they killed their dog, singed and ate it. At last, after more days of hunger, they found themselves in Brown's Hole, and at Fort David Crockett.

Here there was food and to spare, and white men, traders, especially one Robinson, who traded chiefly with the Snakes. Was this Robinson "Uncle Jack Robinson" who died, a very old man, at Fort Bridger about 1894? In this "Happy Valley," which, however, was not free from incursions by the wandering enemy, the travelers spent much time, and here Farnham puts down some things that he has learned concerning the Snake, Crow, Blackfeet and Arapahoe Indians. He describes especially the pestilence which visited the Blackfeet in 1828, at which time they numbered about 2,500 lodges, or families, which would perhaps mean 12,500 people. This enumeration may perhaps refer to the Piegan Blackfeet alone, or to all three of the tribes of that nation.

At that time, as in later visits of this dread disease, the Blackfeet treatment was by the sweat lodge, followed by a plunge into icy water, from which often the weakened victim was unable to struggle again to the shore. At this time the Blackfoot camp, it is said, was on the banks of the Yellowstone.

A glimpse of the estimation in which the Blackfeet were held in those days is afforded by the reflection with which the author concludes his description of this scourge; for he says: "But this infliction has in no wise humanized their blood-thirsty nature. As ever before, they wage exterminating war upon the traders and trappers, and the Oregon Indians."

At Brown's Hole, Farnham met an old Snake Indian who had seen Lewis and Clark on the headwaters of the Missouri in 1805. This man was the first of his people who saw the exploring white man. "He appears to have been galloping from place to place in the office of sentinel to the Shoshonie camp, when he suddenly found himself in the very presence of the

whites. Astonishment fixed him to the spot. Men with faces pale as ashes had never been seen by himself or his nation. "The head rose high and round, the top flat; it jutted over the eyes in a thin rim; their skin was loose and flowing, and of various colors." His fears at length overcoming his curiosity, he fled in the direction of the Indian encampment. But being seen by the whites they pursued and brought him to their camp; exhibited to him the effects of their firearms, loaded him presents, and let him go. Having arrived among his own people, he told them he had seen men with faces pale as ashes, who were makers of thunder, lightning, etc. This information astounded the whole tribe. They had lived many years, and their ancestors had lived many more, and there were many legends which spoke of many wonderful things; but a tale like this they had never heard. A council was therefore assembled to consider the matter. The man of strange words was summoned before it; and he rehearsed, in substance, what he had before told to others, but was not believed. "All men were red, and therefore he could not have seen men as pale as ashes." "The Great Spirit made the thunder and lightning; he therefore could not have seen men of any color that could produce them. He had seen nothing; he had lied to his chief, and should die." At this stage of the proceedings, the culprit produced some of the presents which he had received from the pale men. These being quite as new to them as pale faces were, it was determined "that he should have the privilege of leading his judges to the place where he declared he had seen these strange people; and if such were found there, he should be exculpated; if not, these presents were to be considered as conclusive evidence against him, that he dealt with evil spirits, and that he was worthy of death by the arrows of his kinsfolk." The pale men—the thunder makers—were found, and were witnesses of the poor fellow's story. He was released; and has ever since been much honored and loved by his tribe, and every white man in the mountains. He is now about eighty years old, and poor. But as he is always about Fort David Crockett, he is never permitted to want."

At Brown's Hole arrived Paul Richardson, who was returning from the borders of Oregon to St. Louis. He had guided some missionaries and others, from the Western States to that unknown region, and among them a man whose purpose it was to conquer the territory of California. The missionaries were Messrs. Munger and Griffith, and their wives were with them. Influenced by Richardson's story, which was very unfavorable to Oregon as a place of residence, two of Farnham's men determined to return to the Mississippi Valley. This left him only Blair, an old man, and the useless person whose life he had saved, as companions for the long journey before him. The event was disheartening. Farnham, however, was a man of determination, and was not to be turned from his purpose of striving, at least, to reach the mouth of the Colorado River that season. He therefore engaged a Snake Indian to pilot him to Fort Hall, about 200 miles distant; the compensation offered for the service being fifty loads of ammunition, and three bunches of beads. One of the melancholy things of continuing the journey was the necessity of parting with Kelly, the trapper who had bravely and effectively guided them from Fort William to Brown's Hole. When the last farewells were said, they started off, following the Green River, which here is called Sheetskadee; and on a tributary of this stream, a day or two later, Farnham lost his Pueblo mare—a prairie, and not a mountain, horse—which, after escaping many dangers in climbing the rough mountains to the eastward, at last fell over a cliff about 600 feet high and was killed.

When starting out from Fort David Crockett, they had been ill supplied with food, of which a considerable part was dog meat, but Jim, the Indian guide, occasionally killed an antelope, which kept the party from suffering. While still traveling up the river, they met a free trapper, named Madison Gordon, who told them the usual story of few beaver, and little game; and he declared that he proposed to move west, and to begin farming in the valley of the Willamette, which he declared was the purpose also of a large number of his fellow trappers. One morning, as they were packing, the guide detected in the distance, down the river, people coming. Who these might be they did not know. They had visions of war parties of Crows, Sioux and Blackfeet, and prepared for the attack; put new caps on their rifles, mounted, and took up a favorable position. But before long their guide rode out from behind their brush-wood camp, and hurried his horse toward the stranger. This man proved to be the celebrated bear killer, Meek—perhaps the man whose story is told in a book, entitled, "The River of the West," which gives much of the history of the early settlements on the Columbia River. A day or two after this food must have become scarce with them again, for the author says, quite incidentally, "at sunset our camp kettle was bubbling over the bones of a pelican at the 'Steamboat Spring.' Think of the joy of eating boiled pelican! What more nauseous dish can be imagined. Crossing over into the valley of Bear River, they hurried on their way, frequently made uneasy by finding the tracks of people, and even by seeing camp fires at night, and at length reached Fort Hall,

and full meals, in which fresh buffalo tongue figured largely.

After a short stay at Fort Hall, Farnham and his people, under the guidance of an Indian, set out to cross the burnt plains of Snake River. Two or three days out the party was joined by a Swiss trapper who had been eight years in the mountains. He had been a student in a seminary, but had deserted this training-ground for the priesthood, and had come to America and taken to the mountains.

The wormwood deserts of the Snake River were hard enough on the travelers, but harder still on their animals, which had little to eat. Digger Indians were sometimes met with; and when they reached the Boisais River they found Indians in considerable numbers engaged in taking salmon for their winter provisions. They were pleasant, hospitable, and ready to trade provisions, or even horses, and here they renewed their stock. It was about here that their guide left them, explaining that now that he had come to the country of another people, it would not be good manners to act as guide through their land. Left without guidance in a country cut up with trails, they were obliged to depend on themselves, but at length succeeded in hiring a number of Bonak Indians [Bannock] to guide them to the fort, which they were now approaching.

The fort at Boisais was as hospitable as all the others had been. This post was built in 1832 by the Hudson's Bay Company to counteract the influence of Wyeth's Fort Hall, the building of which is described in J. K. Townshend's sketches. At this time it was commanded by Mr. Payette. The stay at Boisais was not long, and the travelers moved on over a country sometimes easy to traverse, again extremely difficult. In some places all the party walked, except the worthless Smith, who insisted on making his unfortunate beast carry him over the roughest ground. A few days later they reached the Columbia River, and crossing over found themselves before the mission, in the presence of Dr. Whitman. Mr. Munger and Mr. Hall were also there. A pretty picture is painted of the life and work of this mission among the Skyuse Indians, whom they were endeavoring to teach the ordinary occupations of civilized life.

From this on travel was chiefly down the river. Farnham speaks of the advancement already of some of the small settlements; of one where there is a saw mill, a grist mill, and other machinery. At the Dalles he speaks of large tracts which may be plentifully irrigated by ditches from streams coming down from the western mountains. He believes, too, that hogs might be fattened in the summer on the acorns, which are everywhere abundant.

At the Dalles Farnham saw some Chinooks, and declared that they flattened their heads more and are more stupid than any other tribe on the Columbia.

Farnham remained some time at the Dalles, and saw more or less of the Chinook Indians. As he was about to depart on horseback, he discovered that his saddle had been stripped of its stirrups, straps, girths and crupper, and that his bridle was gone. All these things had been stolen by the Chinooks, and he determined to recover them, and started out fully armed to do so. He gives an amusing account of a full day spent in frightening the Indians and being frightened by them; but at last, one by one, the various articles taken were brought to him and thrown at his feet. Both parties to the quarrel continued to threaten each other for a day or more, and at length Farnham departed, in company with Mr. Lee, the missionary—by water after all.

He tells us that these Indians subsist on the acorns of the white oak and on fish. For winter the fish is dried, and then pounded to powder and mixed with the oil of the leaf fat of the fish, and packed away in flag sacks; thus making a sort of fish pemmican. Although no salt is used in this preparation, it remains good through the winter. The acorns, gathered as soon as they fall to the ground, are buried in sand, which is kept constantly saturated with water, where they remain till spring. This soaking is said to remove their bitter flavor.

Passing on down the Columbia, Farnham passed various settlements and farms, one of which belonged to Thomas McKay, son of the McKay who figured with John Jacob Astor in the doings of the Pacific Fur Company. McKay was building a grist mill, and it was well advanced toward completion. The mother of McKay was a Cree or Chippewa Indian. This no doubt is the McKay spoken of by Townshend, earlier referred to.

It was just at this time that the British, as well as the Americans, were beginning to take possession of Oregon, and what is now Washington. It had long been occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company; but, on the other hand, many Americans had traded and settled there; and the American settlers were urgent that they should be protected, declaring this to be a portion of their country's domain. The settlers held a meeting while Farnham was there, and handed him a petition, signed by sixty-seven citizens of the United States, and persons desirous of becoming such, the substance of which was a description of the country, their unprotected situation, and a prayer that the Federal Government would extend over them the protection and institutions of the Republic. Farnham says: "These people have put fifty or sixty fine farms under cultivation in the Willamette Valley, amid the most discouraging circumstances. They have erected for themselves comfortable dwellings and outbuildings, and have herds of excellent cattle, which they have from time to time driven up from California, at great expense of prop-

erty and even life. And the reader will find it difficult to learn any sufficient reasons for their being left by the Government without the institutions of civilized society. Their condition is truly deplorable. They are liable to be arrested for debt or crime and conveyed to the jails of Canada! Arrested on American territory by British officers, tried by British tribunals, imprisoned in British prisons, and hung or shot by British executioners! They cannot trade with the Indians. For, in that case, the business of British subjects is interfered with; who, by way of retaliation, will withhold the supplies of clothing, household goods, etc., which the settlers have no other means of obtaining. Nor is this all. The civil condition of the territory being such as virtually to prohibit the emigration, to any extent, of useful and desirable citizens, they have nothing to anticipate from any sensible increase of their numbers, nor any amelioration of their state to look for from the accession of female society. In the desperation incident to their lonely lot, they take wives from the Indian tribes around them. What will be the ultimate consequence of this unpardonable negligence on the part of the Government upon the future destinies of Oregon cannot be clearly predicted. But it is manifest that it must be disastrous in the highest degree, both as to its claims to the sovereignty of that territory and the moral condition of its inhabitants."

Farnham's original intention was to explore Oregon during the winter just beginning, and the following summer to have returned to the States with the American fur traders. Already the rainy season had begun, however, and his intended course was impossible; and it was uncertain whether the fur traders would return to the States next year. That plan had to be given up. Finally he determined to take ship from the mouth of the Columbia River either for New York or California, as the opportunity might offer. But before starting for the mouth of the river, he gives a long description of the geography of Oregon and its productions.

At Fort Vancouver he found a number of Hudson's Bay people, with whom the time passed very pleasantly. Then, again taking to his canoe, he passed down to the mouth of the river, where he found the good ship Vancouver, Captain Duncan; and shortly after, passing out to sea, Farnham's travels in the great Anahuac were ended.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Dr. Samuel Parker.

It was my privilege to know personally Dr. Samuel Parker, referred to in Mr. Grinnell's "Tales of the Pathfinders," *FOREST AND STREAM*, January 28.

In the middle '70s, or nearly forty years after the expedition referred to, Dr. Parker was one of a number of people who came out from Ithaca on the old Ithaca and Owego turnpike to conduct "revival" meetings in the King schoolhouse. I remember Dr. Parker as a little spare man, with a complexion that never permits its possessor to look old. His sparse hair and "scraggly" beard conveyed small intimation of advanced age, both being of a peculiar flaxen color that rarely gets gray. Indeed, I at that time hardly believed Dr. Parker to be much past middle life. He was not a ready nor in any sense a magnetic speaker, and I greatly fear that he found in the King schoolhouse gatherings a large per cent. of hearers less attentive, and in many instances less respectful, than the untutored children of the plains, whose simple life, but lost religious state, appealed to him so strongly.

Dr. Parker was a man of strong convictions, deeply sincere, and thoroughly in earnest, and in the mixed assembly of South Hill farmers he enjoyed a friendship that grew to respect and appreciate his varied attainments and kindness of heart. I think that at that time Dr. Parker practiced medicine to some extent and also conducted a patent soliciting business of considerable proportions. He died some years ago esteemed and widely known as a man of broad information whose life was lived in the open and devoted to doing good.

M. CHILL.

Mississippi River Fishermen.

THEY said it was fifteen miles to the mouth of the St. Francis, and in the morning, after running a bad sand-bar, I pulled away, half expecting to make the mouth by noon. The narrow river, and the gloomy tales associated with its drainage area, as well as the natural attraction of the big Mississippi, made me anxious to get out of the cotton land.

The river was so deep in its gully-like course, that I could see but little of the country through which I was passing, and that little was dreary. People were encouraged to clear the lands there by the success of lumbering operations which paid the first cost. Remaining trees, the worthless ones, had been deadened, and their gaunt features for miles and miles formed the horizon, as seen from the river banks. These trees rot and fall to the ground, and in four or five years from the girdling a plow runs freely through the mass of humus, marking the decayed trunks. When the plow can go to the four corners of the plantation, land that was formerly worth \$1.25 an acre can be sold for \$30 per acre as "cotton land." And this "new land" is woefully needed throughout the Mississippi Valley. Some of the most wonderfully productive of cotton plantations have fallen off more than half. Rotation of crops is scarcely known, and the consequence is worn-out cotton fields. Nor is there much hope save from the Mississippi River itself. When the great stream decides to hurl itself through the levee and take a new course through the back country, depositing its vast quantities of fertilizing sediment on the hungry ground, a new lease of life will come to the old fields. But the river will have to do it in spite of mankind. Some believe that the most expensive folly ever undertaken by mankind, for peace or war, was the modern levee system. It builds up the bed of the river inevitably. The levee banks are now higher than ever before, and each decade they must be increased in height to make up for the filled-in bed. Crevasse follows crevasse, and few note the significance of these disasters.

A Mississippi River commission surveyor, whom I met at Helena, Ark., said that the river bed was unquestionably filling up, how fast, he couldn't say.

"You'd have to compare the measurements of many terms of years. All I care about is getting my money." He added that the "levees must be built higher and higher" to meet the raising bed-level. "How high?" I asked, and the surveyor made an expressive gesture toward the sky with a toss of his hand.

"We're living in a fool's paradise," a St. Francis Bottom cotton planter said to me. "We think and hope the levee is going to hold. Once in ten or fifteen years it doesn't, and we lose all our cattle and horses, a cotton crop, our houses—the profits of years. If we knew the flood was coming, we could prepare for it. If the Government has got to spend money for us, and won't let us spend it ourselves, then have the dirt that is used for levees thrown into mounds, where we can go in highwater times, and save our cattle. There are a good many of us planters would like to have that silt on our lands. It would save the damage of the overflow many times over. We got along before the St. Francis was leveed off—two-story houses did it. And if they'd only let the river build up the land with sediment, a lot of that low swamp could be worked sometime with effect. I don't see why they couldn't let us have some of the sediment, anyhow—put locks in the levee, at places where it would relieve the pressure and fertilize the ground, too."

On the other hand, a mere question in regard to the wisdom of the levees put to a village druggist brought forth an emphatic approval of the dirt barrier between the town properties and the yellow floods. It was denied that the river bed was filling up. "What would we all do if there wasn't any levees?" he asked.

"Only fifteen miles to the Mississippi!" I said, exuberantly to myself, as I pulled down the St. Francis. Of late I had paid little attention to the twisting and winding of the stream. It was common to have the sunshine on me from all sides in the course of a day. Had I paused to consider the matter, or asked the simple question of "By land or by the river?" some bitter disappointments might have been avoided.

I started early, in order to make the river by noon, if possible, and Helena by night. I drove the boat along in the still waters as rapidly as possibly, with rare contentment. At 11 o'clock I was looking ahead, almost expecting to see the broad, yellow river before me at each turn, but suddenly I saw a cotton gin on the left bank. That meant wide cotton plantations between that gin and the Mississippi. It meant miles and miles down the St. Francis to the Mississippi. My logic might possibly have been wrong, but a skiffman crossing confirmed my conjecture.

"Hits thirteen miles by water to the mouth," he said. The negroes, who told me it was fifteen miles, had not lied. They simply indicated the distance as it was by land. It was nearly twice as far by the river.

With reason, the news made me dejected. The sky was gray and growing gloomier perceptibly hour by hour. There was no mistaking the signs—rain was at hand. I wondered that it did not fall. I cooked and ate dinner and then away I went and kept the water curling from the bow till I reached the shack-boat of an unsocial hoop maker. He said I had made nine miles. As he said it, the mist took form in the air and began to fall as tiny rain drops.

A long winding still-water marked the last four miles of the St. Francis, and I pulled them with the rain dripping from the wool fuzz of my sweater. As I neared the mouth I heard a roar that increased in volume. Finally I could see a great sand-bar ahead, and willow trees—the Mississippi, unmistakably. But between me and the big river was a low bank of mud, from which issued the roar. A man hailed me from his skiff:

"You'd better not try to go out now," he said, "water is pretty bad there—liable to get upset, and in that mud you'd never get out!"

The Mississippi was very low, and the St. Francis was cutting through the mud bank across its mouth, making a tumult of rapids. It was nearly dark. The rain was falling fast. I would much rather have approached the river in broad daylight. I didn't know what to do. But after the man who warned me had passed on, I hailed a cabin boatman, whom I saw watching me. He asked me to come aboard, and so I made the acquaintance of Uncle Charlie Robertson.

Uncle Charlie seemed to be the happiest and best natured man in the Delta Country, and his fifty-five years sat on him like forty. A clear gray eye, a stocky figure of medium size, a snap to his motions, and a fund of anecdote made him equally a companion and a subject for the note-book man. He was living in a little cabin boat, warm, comfortable, with a bottle of whiskey on the table, the cork not too loose. The boat had been sold, for his busy season was at hand. He had to look after logs of a Helena company, which were due to come down on the spring rise. Uncle Charlie had resisted the call of the trapper's life for some time, but couldn't tell how long it would be before he would come down the Missouri again in a skiff or cabin boat, trapping and hunting—getting a great deal of sport out of it, as well as profit.

The rain, which threatened so much, didn't last long enough to more than wet the leaves, and Harry Smiley came down to have Uncle Charlie go coon hunting after supper. It was talk this way and talk that way, and look at the weather and guess at it—nobody pretends to really read the weather on the lower Mississippi. It looked so threatening that it was almost decided not to go, but finally a start was made.

They carried shotguns, and had "lamps" on their heads—quarter-moon shaped cans that fitted round the forehead, and were fastened by canvas buckle and strap. A reflector threw the light from two round torch burners, one in each horn of the moon. Soap caked around the screw tops of the burners prevented leaking, more or less. All through the Delta land these lamps sell for 50 cents. I didn't have a lamp, but tagged behind Uncle Charlie, and found things sufficiently interesting.

We went through a cornfield first, the tall stalks and flapping leaves in the yellow light making an impression. Then we came to woods and here were further impressions—big trees, some underbrush and creeping vines. The hunter from the north lifts his toes as he

lifts his feet; but the southern hunter walks with a limp ankle in order to let every twig slip from the foot. I tripped considerably over tiny vines, and then took to watching Uncle Charlie's feet to see why he didn't trip, too. When I let my ankles hang limp, I progressed well enough.

The light, turning with the hunter's head, throws the rays here and there. It seemed as though we walked pretty fast, and we made lots of noise—at least I did, for the flare of the torch above the reflector blinded me, and I lunged along, unable to see much. The ground was level, almost, but in the night it was easier to tell the grades than by day. We traveled on for miles and miles, it seemed, instead of the mile and a half we were to go to the fence, beyond which lay the Dark Corner, where a negro became so badly lost that he didn't know his own sister or home when he came out.

We shined no coon, but we found a puddle of water all stirred up. "See this? A coon's been paddling around here within twenty minutes."

They told me the sloughs ran east and west, and that to get back we would have to go south. We could see Smiley's lamp flashing at intervals in the distance, being visible much further off than a man would be in the daytime. Sometimes we saw the lights of other hunters. Once in a while a gun would be fired, sounding loud in the stillness of the woods. Smiley saw the eyes of one coon up in a tree, and fired. He heard it fall, and began to look for it. He circled round a couple of times, called for us, and we went to him. By that time east was west, and west, north with him. "That coon's right within twenty yards of us now!" he said. I stood still, while they went circling around; but the coon wasn't found. Some trees were then marked with a knife in order to make a daylight search, and on we went, but not until matters were straightened out by the compass I carried. Curiously enough neither of the hunters had a compass, but depended on stars, and previous acquaintance with the forest.

The trees and woods looked different, of course, and when we came to the red, fluted swell-butt cypress trees, the fluting caught the light along the rolls and were beautiful, especially when overhead the vines hung down. It was among these vines that the Adirondack habit of taking hold of twigs and grass blades was completely broken. I got hold of a vine with forty stings to the inch. Some of the hunters wear thick gloves, and the hardest fisted turn their elbows up and double their heads down into the crook when they buck the thickets—usually they go around, however, looking for openings.

The hunters mostly had on boots, which were needed in the hollows which the rain during my stay at Windy Jim's (no relation of Uncle Charlie) had filled more or less. The thirsty got down on their hands and, still on their feet, drank this water, which proved as good as the cistern water which the people of the Bottoms depended on for drinking during the hot summer months; only I saw inch-long beetles skating round, and it took a long time to raise sufficient thirst for drinking.

After a while—about midnight, to my reckoning, though only 9 o'clock—we came to a wire fence, beyond which lay the Dark Corner, where there was lots of game, but the canebrake was too dense. Here other hunters joined us, two of whom had coons slung sack-fashion by a string over their shoulders. They were horribly life-like, frothing red at the mouth, eyes staring and teeth showing—much like a wounded weasel cornered.

Seven or eight of the men sat down in a circle to talk, and most of them put out their lights to save oil. The men who had brought only half a pint of oil in little bottles tried to borrow from those who had started with a pint, but unsuccessfully—very like the parable. It was, "let's go this way," and "that way's best!" Some tried half-hartedly to get somebody else to go with them beyond the fence, but no one would go far that way. Hunting in a land of canebrakes, some with cane twenty feet high is sport for the venturesome and careless; but none wanted to undertake it that night. Uncle Charlie and I, on going through a hay field of cane on our way back, came to a point where the compass pointed exactly wrong, but eventually Smiley yelled that he had found the road, and we walked down it for a couple of miles and, suddenly, I saw a steamer in the distance. It was the Mississippi, but I couldn't have told how we got there. It was not long before midnight when we turned into our bed.

The morning was cold, with a bitter wind blowing, but in spite of that, there was an immeasurable sense of relief in being on the wide river again. I had missed the deep, strong current, the distant views and the companionship of other travelers. The swamp people were narrow in their horizon—"We never been thar; the men has, though." On the Mississippi many of the cabin-boaters had traveled through more States in a month than most men do in a life time.

A little detail of that morning's trip brings a feeling to my hands, even now. I mislaid one mitten that morning, and rowing was a hand-nipping task. I lost many strokes in changing my lone mitt from one red hand to the other redder one. Six miles down, I spied the little red cabin boat, a wind-worn craft, where a tall man with a flowing light mustache, resting his elbow on the roof of his cabin, answered my questions. "Yas," he said, "I bees dot fishermans Anderson—von't you kom in unt varm?"

Anderson came from Sweden thirty odd years ago, with an outfit of home-made blankets, mittens, socks, muffers made by a sister. He went west till he was in the Michigan wilderness, and there he tried logging—quit it—and when he left the camp, sold his blankets of many colors to Indians, who flung them round their shoulders. That night, for the first time in two years, Anderson found himself in need of the blankets. He trapped till night, crawled down beside a log, pulled leaves over himself, and tried to sleep during an autumn frost. Something came through the brush and made a noise like an exhaust pipe in a sawmill. Anderson climbed a tree and remained there till long after the sound of something running away ceased. "Yust a deer. Vat a fool I wass in dose days."

He came into Burlington, Ia., and hit the Mississippi,

and had never left it from that time. He had been a sailor on the Baltic Sea, and knew the flavor of cod. He began to fish, got a cabin boat and this little red one was the last of the many he had owned.

Now Anderson was suffering from a cold, the Arkansas appetite (always hungry, and nothing will satisfy it), biliousness, kidney trouble, headaches, joints aching, feet swelling, chills—that is to say, malaria. "Yes, he come down here, and the malaria's got him," Uncle Charlie Robertson said. "It's been working on him for years. It's going to kill him. Malaria just saps them down; they keep getting weaker and weaker, so slow they don't notice it—all of a sudden it grips them and they die like a deadening. I've seen hundreds like him."

"Isn't it funny," Anderson said to me, "I used to be so big and strong. By golly, I could lift that skiff with one hand, and now I take both hands to change my oars. I am tired all the while. I guess I will have to get away from the river here. I would like to go to Oregon and fish for salmon. They say it ain't there like it is here, and that a man can get well there. Perhaps I will have a good spring fishing, and then I can go. I guess I get well this spring anyhow, and be all right again, like I used to be two years ago. I feel better to-day already. I guess maybe I be all right in a day or two. Last spring I was sick all during the good fishing; this arm here I couldn't lift it, it got small like my fingers used to be. But it's better now. Yes; I can see it is bigger. I get all right. Do you know how to play casino? I play blind casino while I am here by myself."

He was a mile from his nearest neighbor, and three miles from the man who would look after him when he got down sick. His boat was tied to four stakes, bow to the bluff reef at the head of the big eddy above Helena. "I won't tie down there—I saw five shanty boats sunk there one day. They been lucky down at the Transfer Dock. For two years there has been no south gale; but it is coming some time. I don't want to be there then."

For twenty-five years he had watched the river with eyes that gave evil things like river rats and bad landings "an awful sharp look," and he refused to be fooled down to a steep bank near kind people who might some day have all they could do to look after themselves, let alone him, so he held to the sand-bar, the shallow water and his lonely shelter.

It is so with most of the fishermen. They seek out the pockets, chutes and islands where the water in time of gales does little more than rock the chips and eddying sediment. Their business is in the depths of the water, and they know what it can do when wind-driven. They don't care for floods; they rise and fall with the water on the gauges, as a general thing, and would tie to the topmost branches of a tree fearlessly, so long as the waves and wind had no clear sweep at them. Day by day they look at the sky, not just once in the morning, but almost constantly eyeing each cloud and each shift in the wind. Not till the gale settles down on them and their boat is tied to meet it, not till bow lines, stern lines and anchor lines are out and stage plank set, do they take their pipes from between their teeth with anything like a breath of relief; then it's "Well, I guess we're fixed this time—wonder if that anchor is going to get hung under? I got to get a trip line first chance I get."

Ask one of these wise old fishermen about the weather for the next day, and it's "I don't know; can't tell anything about the d— thing down here." Let the clouds be hanging ever so low, the wind sweeping in lifting gusts along crested waves and the feel of rain just pouring through one's pores—not even then will the fisherman say it's going to rain. "When it gets here, it will rain—that's all you can tell about it. It makes a man mad sometimes, the way the weather swings round and don't do like it looks. The weather's a levee-camp nigger."

Rain is rain, and snow is snow; but it takes wind to make a storm for the fishermen, and the wind that travels along through wide areas of calm, ripping things up, is a cyclone. Anderson remembers winds, tough fellows and dreams. One night he had gone to bed in a big three-room boat tied to the bank just below Burlington, Ia., when a cyclone came. It turned his boat over, broke a lot of jugs full of fish oil on the gunwale, and mixed the grease with the feathers of a great feather-bed and several pillows. It was an awful job cleaning the boat afterward, but the boat was tied good and it didn't float away. I wanted to know how he got out. "I was in the bed when it hit me, thinking it was blowing pretty hard. Well, it come and turned the boat over on its side, down come those jugs from the other side all round me. I yomped up—couldn't find noddings. Dark as the inside a coon tree. I couldn't get my pants, so I tried to get out. I tell you it boders some to find a door out when the boat is half up side down. I got out and walked in my shirt to where there was aneinder fisherman in a leetle boat. The wave had set him way up on the bank, high and dry, and when I come in to borrow a pair of pants, he was getting breakfast of potatoes, it bein' mos' time for to get op, anyhow. He hadn't seen any light of my boat, and he thought I was drowned."

Anderson said that he had a sure sign as to the rain, but some might think it less reliable than the cloud colors. "I know when there is a rain coming," he said, "for I dream of water."

Anderson had lived long and most of the time alone on the river, and dreams and feelings were come to be significant to him more than to most, but for all that, he was a god fisherman. "I dream I have a piece of meat in my fingers, and a great big snake comes and takes the meat away. That kind of scares me, and I wake up—I yumps up and goes out to my line in the middle of the night and there is de big fish, yust ready to get off de hook."

There is not a great variety of ways used in catching fish for market out of the Big River, but they have proved to be so efficient that any old fisherman will say, "Fishing isn't what it used to be." That is to say, 4,000 miles of main stream have been fished to death, or are being fished to death, and the Government will be called on to stock the river one of these days.

It is not possible to give any estimate of the number of fish taken from the lower river in any given time. Not one fisherman in a thousand keeps any account of his catches, but a few scattered bills will indicate something of the fisherman's catches. P. J. McKey, located at Fort Pillow, said he made a thousand dollars a year. He said he lived easy on the river, scorned the little hill man who ate only corn bread and pork most of the time, pointed to the chubby cheeks of his two babies, and set out a bottle of whiskey; had potatoes, hot bread, fresh pork for dinner, beef for supper, and smoked his pipe contentedly.

The fish buyers are rivals, of course, and do their best to get the fish—do everything, in fact, so I was assured many times, save have honest scales. To the young dealer just starting in business the fishermen go with their catches, while the old buyers in the neighborhood scorn him as green, and hate him for honesty. But after a while the young buyer becomes learned, "gets tricky like all the rest of them," and scales that require 105 or 110 pounds to bring up the bar at 100 pounds take the place of the old ones. My own weight varied nearly twenty pounds on various scales in a few days; the bank stores were not exempt from the variations. "They'd spend it for booze, anyhow," is the excuse offered. The fisherman says, "He's a good man—his scales are all right," or, "I don't like him much—scales no good for the fisherman."

In the river there is plenty of deep water, and there is always a current; any fish can go deep, and must keep moving on account of the water; its flesh is harder, better and unmistakable to those familiar with fish of the bottoms. But the lake fish are in stagnant water—water that grows so warm that the meat becomes almost like jelly, and the fish wallow in the mud, not finding deep water, and their flesh tastes of the mud. Probably the best idea of how warm the water gets and what it means to the fish of the rivers and ponds—"Old Rivers"—may be gathered from the fact that buffalo and other clumsy fish of the bottoms have small forked bones throughout their flesh to keep it from melting off their skeleton or sloughing from their sides—an interesting little scheme of skewering by nature. But it doesn't make eating fish from the bottoms easier.

In some of the deep lakes good fish are found, but in the shallow ones the muddy flavored are taken. It makes some difference to the fisherman in price, but the lakes are usually the "best" fishing, because more fish are taken from them. As a result of the difference between still water and running water, there are two classes of fishermen—those who follow the running river, and those who go to the lakes. The men who buck the current must use different tackle from those who run the lakes and still waters, and must make allowances for various things not known on the lakes—long trees with roots that reach deep into the water, gouging the set nets and tearing them lengthwise. The danger from river rats who pick up nets and go on down stream with them is less in the water back from the main channel, too.

The man who sets his nets along the banks looking for the "runs" of the fish, seeks places where the fish travel from one place to another; he finds them in the river at little points jutting out into the current, causing eddies. The fish run up the eddies close to shore, and then hit the current close in to avoid as much of it as possible. Right where the fish round the point is where the fisherman tries to get his nets fixed. One sees pairs of fishermen, one at the oars, the other poking down into the opaque water feeling for the best place in the bank to lay the mouth of the hoop net—incidentally to find if there are any snags there on which to lose his nets.

The hoop net is the mainstay of the river fisherman. He runs from five or ten up to thirty or even forty. And these hoop nets are all of a model, varying only in size. Each fisherman has his own notion as to what constitutes a proper distance between the hoops, and as to the size of the hoops.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Newfoundland Notes.

St. Johns, Newfoundland, Feb. 14.—During the last few weeks we have had very variable weather—snow-storms, gales of wind, spurts of keen frost, and an odd "soft snap" complete the cycle as we get it here. Even heavy snowdrifts and keen frosts have their compensations. They bring about a condition of affairs that make it possible for lumbermen and loggers to get through the woods easily and cut and haul their timber to convenient rivers preparatory to getting them down to the mills in the spring, and incidentally making data for some reader of FOREST AND STREAM who the coming summer will be shooting or fishing in the vicinity to burst into poetry. After a hard day's tramp, when he at last reaches the bank of the rushing river, can't you imagine him, after apostrophizing the flies, pushing back his hat off his forehead, taking his corn-cob out of his mouth, mopping his face with his bandana, and bursting out—

"At last the blackened timber! At last the racing stream!
With the raw, right-angled log jam at the bend!"

But I must not anticipate.

And the ice men are now reaping their harvest. They can get all the ice they want about two feet thick on any of the lakes near the city. As a result, thousands of tons of clear blue ice have been stowed away during the last few weeks, to serve to cool the thirsty lieges during the hot days of the coming summer.

Winter Sports.

The sports indulged in consist chiefly of skating outdoors or in the rinks, hockey, curling and racing. We have two fine rinks in St. Johns, and they are largely patronized. In the Princes Rink there have been several hockey contests between our local teams. The players and spectators enjoy the game immensely. A selecting committee are now engaged picking out of the various clubs a team to meet a Canadian team that is expected along next week.

Some of "auld Scotia" and their descendants affect the "roarin' game," otherwise curling. The Mic-Macs and the Terra Novas played an exciting game yesterday, the former winning by two points.

We have had also several skating carnivals, a very enjoyable pastime for participants and spectators. The costumes range from the grand to the grotesque, and the motion, the brilliant electric lighting, the music of the

band and the gay-colored dresses of the maskers, all combine to make a very pleasing spectacle.

We have had a skating race in which there were about a dozen contestants. It was won by F. Chislett, the champion skater of Newfoundland. Though not hard pressed he skated 71 miles in 5¾ hours, nearly 12 miles an hour. That is not bad traveling, even on ice.

Caribou.

The railway agent at Gaff Topsails reported last week seeing a herd of deer going north. This railway station is situated in the interior of the country, and is on the highest altitude attained by the line. It is most unusual to see caribou going north at this season, and the "oldest inhabitant" is making it the basis of a prophecy of an early spring.

As an instance of how plentiful they are, train men that last week, while the train was running full speed at Grand Falls, two deer suddenly jumped on the track. They kept ahead for a short time, till the train struck them; one of them had three of its legs broken, and the other was thrown clear of the track. The train hand got off and despatched the wounded deer and took it aboard the train. The other one trotted off through the woods and escaped.

Trouting.

Every lake near the city has its devotees seeking trout. They fish through the ice, but the sport is not very exciting. While a small number fish for sport, the greater number fish for food. Several large catches have been reported from Guidi Vidi Lake, just outside of the town. A man fishing near the electric power house caught a brook trout weighing six pounds. Another, in Mundy Pond, caught a Loch Leven 26 inches long weighing 5½ pounds. Several of these latter have been taken in other lakes, but as they are generally thin, scraggy fellows, they are not in favor with sportsmen.

The Marine and Fisheries Department is making inquiries into a report that the river at Salmonier had been dynamited last season for salmon. It is to be hoped that the matter will be thoroughly sifted, as this is one of the very best salmon rivers in the country.

Cabia Blanco's reminiscences of the Comanches have interested me very much. I have been reading them with a great deal of pleasure. They deal with a very interesting epoch in the lives of the aborigines of the plains, and while they may not be unique, I imagine that the sportsmen who enjoyed such rare experiences must be very few even in America. Besides supplying interesting reading matter to sportsmen of to-day, he is putting in an attractive form data as to Comanches and buffaloes—known to most of us only through Fenimore Cooper et al.—that will prove of immense value to the historian of the future. As a proof how such information not only flows through the main aqueducts such as FOREST AND STREAM, but from them trickles through innumerable side channels such as country and provincial newspapers, I inclose annexed clipping from Cabia Blanco's excellent article of a couple of weeks ago. As you will notice, it is cut out of the middle of the article, and appropriated without credit to either FOREST AND STREAM or our friend Cabia. I recognized it immediately I saw it, and cut it out and send to you and Cabia as an illustration how these things travel.

Old War Horses.

These old horses never forget the calls, no matter how long it has been since they last heard them.

One day some years ago, when I was passing an open lot in the outskirts of Chicago, I found a boy trying to play an old cornet. While the boy and I were at work on the cornet, an old negro ash hauler came along driving an animal that had once been a good horse, but was now only a collection of skin and bones. The horse stopped when he heard us, and stuck up his ears. I came to the conclusion that he had once been a cavalry horse, and asked the old negro where he had got him.

"From a farmer," he said. I could not find a "U. S." on the horse; he had probably been discharged so long ago that his brand had been worn off.

But taking the cornet, I sounded the stable call, and the horse immediately began to dance.

"Hold fast to your lines, now, uncle," I warned the old negro. I am going to make that old horse do some of the fastest running he has ever done since he left the cavalry."

Then, beginning with the call for the gallop, I next sounded the charge, and the old plug went plunging up the road at his fastest gait, dragging his wagon after him. I gave him the recall next, and he came down to a walk, much to the relief of the old negro.

He said that this was the first time he had ever seen the horse run. He had never been able to get him to go faster than a slow walk before.

"You don't feed him well enough to get him to do much running," I told him. "That horse, when he did have to run, got his twelve pounds of corn and all the hay he could eat every day."

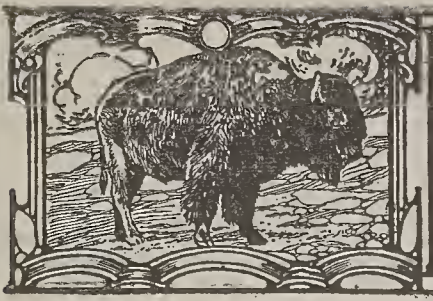
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Extermination of Salmon.

They say "unknown conditions" have interfered with the work of the salmon hatcheries, so that not one-fifth part of the eggs expected have been obtained. The conditions are not unknown. Contrary to law, the fishing season was extended, or at least was not closed as required by law. Again, there should be closed intervals, even in the fishing season, so the fish may have a chance. Artificial propagation will do wonders if the fish are allowed to come in from the ocean. But when the massacre cuts off life in its source, what is to be expected? Most of the fish having been caught in the lower river, there are few to produce young for the hatcheries. The greed of to-day often cuts off the gain for to-morrow. A few years more and there will be no salmon in the Columbia—unless more vigorous enforcement of the law of the closed season can be had, and the law itself requires amendment that the closed season may be longer. Again, there is need of an understanding between the States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and vigorous enforcement of the joint agreement, or of intervention of the United States with a uniform law for the States of the Columbia basin. Under present conditions the salmon are doomed, and will disappear, and money expended on hatcheries is wasted.—Portland Oregonian.

George Fields, Horace Philhower, Louis Disbrow and Constable Frank D. Cranmer, all expert shots of the North Branch Gun Club, may have to pay damages for nearly destroying a flock of domesticated geese that they mistook for the wild variety. It appears that John Lore, who lives a few miles from North Branch, owned the flock of geese, and that Thursday night dogs got into the flock and scattered them. Out of the flock of fifteen, ten flew in the North Branch direction, and Friday morning they settled on the meadows near the village.

An early riser gave the alarm, and an organized posse, the principals being those named above, started to gather in on the birds that were feeding on the meadows. They were lucky enough to get seven out of the ten. Before noon, Lore, who had been out searching for his much-prized geese, drove into North Branch, where the birds had been proudly displayed in the country store. When he discovered the dead geese were from his own flock, he was furious, and threatened to have the sportsmen all arrested, but when explanation was made, he became less bellicose, and negotiations for a settlement are in progress. The geese were valuable, as the breed is getting very scarce.—Newark, N. J., Call.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Wood Buffalo Past and Present.

THE great interest which attaches to the almost extinct buffalo renders anything definite that may be published about it worth noting.

Except for a small number of animals now protected in the Yellowstone Park, the only wild buffalo on the continent are the wood buffalo, or bison, which still exist in western Canada. These buffalo—quite different in habit from their brothers of the plains—formerly existed in the timbered country of Canada from the Athabasca north as far as Great Slave Lake. But within the past century their numbers have been extraordinarily reduced, and the area over which they range is so great, that we know and can know little that is definite as to their numbers. Of late years they have been guessed at as numbering anywhere from 1,500 to 100; but since they range over an area of perhaps 15,000 square miles between Peace River and the Great Slave Lake and from Slave River westward to the foothills of the mountains, these estimates are little more than guesswork.

Mr. Warburton Pike and Mr. Caspar Whitney have both written of these animals, but say little or nothing of them. Much more recently an official of the Hudson's Bay Company endeavored to secure information from natives along the McKenzie River and the streams which form it, taking care, as far as he could, not to count the same buffalo twice. His conclusions were that the number of buffalo left alive at that time were more than 500.

In the London Field last summer appeared an interesting account of the country in which the buffalo range, with an estimate of their numbers, which, however, is not much more valuable than others which went before it. What is said of the range, present and past of this subspecies is, however, very well worth reading.

It will be remembered that a few years ago Mr. S. N. Rhoads described this subspecies under the name of *Bison americanus athabasca*. No skulls of this form, so far as we recall, had previously been examined. Mr. Rhoads' specimen came from the Rocky Mountains west of Great Slave Lake. It is larger and with more slender horns than the plains form, and perhaps is thus nearer to the European bison, though we know too little of the northern form to draw conclusions about it. The writer says:

"The whole interior of the country is unmapped and unexplored, and is traversed only in the winter time by a few roving bands of Indians. In the summer time these Indians collect at the different Hudson's Bay posts, Forts Chipewyan, Smith and Resolution, getting a little temporary employment from the fur traders as boatmen and voyagers, or in making hay, and eking out a miserable existence on what fish they can catch in the rivers. A few of them build log houses and raise some vegetables, but the majority are too lazy even to do this, and live in cotton tents and flimsy canvas lodges that have almost entirely replaced the more substantial ones of deer skin. Those who trade at Smith and Resolution belong to the great Chipewyan tribe, and are a bad lot, particularly the younger generation. A few Crees find their way into the country from the south, and on the west is the fast-wanishing tribe of Beavers. To the east, across the Slave River, is the country of the Caribou Eaters, another branch of the Chipewyan tribe, speaking a slightly different dialect, who get their name from living on the caribou of the barren lands.

"A few years ago the wood buffalo were found over a very much larger area than at present, for we hear of them having been killed as far west as Fort St. John and Fort Liard, along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, eastward across the Slave and Athabasca rivers, and southward toward the height of land. That they were very rare as far northwest as Fort Liard is shown by the fact that in 1866, when the tracks of one bull were seen by the Indians about twenty miles north of the post, they did not know what it was, and were afraid to shoot it, until a man from the south came to the place and went out and shot it. There is a general opinion that they never went further north than Great Slave Lake; but among the records of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Simpson there is an item which appears in the journal for the year 1835, showing that during the winter six wood buffalo were killed by the fort hunters on the east side of the Mackenzie River, near Marten Lake, and nearly 100 miles north of the outlet to Great Slave Lake. But this is the only case on record, and it was probably a herd that strayed much further north than usual. Ten or twelve years ago there was a small band of a dozen or twenty to be found south of the Peace River, near Fort McMurray; but recently they have not been heard of, and have probably been killed off, and at present the only place that one does find them is in the country north of the Peace River and south of Great Slave Lake, between the Slave River and the Caribou Mountains, and particularly on the Salt Plain near the brine springs.

"Several people have attempted to make an estimate of the number of buffalo in this region, and among them Caspar Whitney, who makes their number to be about 400. This is rather a difficult thing to do, as they are not collected together in one large herd, but are scattered over the whole area in small bands, of from ten to twenty in a band. Pike reports seeing eight in one band, while the largest band that we came in contact with contained about twelve. Estimates as to their numbers obtained from the natives who hunt in this country varied all the way from eighty up to 400. The mean of these two extremes is 240, and this, I should judge, would be the outside limit. It is said, too, that an unusually large proportion of these are old bulls.

"Though it is now nearly seven years since the killing of the wood buffalo was prohibited by the Dominion Government, and four years since the last one was known to have been shot, there does not seem to be any marked increase in their numbers. But perhaps it may be too soon to notice it. The natives account for this by the

number of large timber wolves that frequent the same district, and kill the young ones in the early spring before they are strong enough to take care of themselves. The price paid by the fur traders for their skins is in itself not a sufficient inducement for the Indians to go in largely for trapping wolves, particularly as the country still abounds in many of the more valuable fur-bearing animals, such as beaver and marten, and unless some effort is made to exterminate them, or even keep down their numbers, the wolves will increase at the expense of the buffalo. That the wood buffalo were once very much more numerous than at present may be inferred from the number of old tracks and wallows that are seen on the ridges and some of the more open places; and if we go back to the time of the discovery of Great Slave Lake, in December, 1771, we see that at that time Samuel Hearne reports the buffalo in hundreds near where Fort Resolution now stands at the mouth of the Slave River, and later explorers confirm the same report. The same indiscriminate slaughter was never practiced among the wood buffalo by the Indians and others as among the buffalo of the prairies, as, because living in a wooded country, they had to be hunted on foot. They are not very difficult to hunt, but the hunter has not the chance of firing more than three or four shots before the band is out of sight. It is said that about forty years ago, some time in the sixties, there came a heavy fall of rain in the middle of the winter, completely saturating the snow. When this again froze a thick icy crust was formed, so that the buffalo were unable to paw it away to get food, and in attempting to do so the tendons of their forefeet were cut. As a result, hundreds of them died of starvation. This story is corroborated by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and appears in the journals of some of their posts, so that it must have some foundation, and the fact would account for the disappearance of some, though not all, of the animals.

"The question whether they are a distinct species from the prairie buffalo has often been raised; but they are unquestionably the same, and, though the wood buffalo stands perhaps four inches higher, and is proportionately heavier, the size of one is merely the result of his environment. They had probably wandered northward into the Peace River Valley from the prairie to the south, and, finding the winters not severe enough to drive them southward again, they remained there. The climate of this country is not any severer than that of the prairies to the south, and, living in a fairly well wooded region, are not exposed to the fierce blizzards that sometimes rage over the open or sparsely timbered districts of Alberta, Assiniboia and Manitoba. This, together with some difference in the nature and quality of their food, has resulted in the production of a larger animal. It does not follow, however, that the same conditions would produce similar results in all the animals found in this country. Moose and bear, which are very numerous, are no larger than those found elsewhere through Canada; but then the cases are not parallel, for neither of these two animals inhabit a prairie country as the buffalo did. A parallel case would be that of the wolves. Wolves living in a wooded country are always larger than the prairie wolves.

"The country occupied by the wood buffalo is interesting in many respects, though the topography is very simple. Going westward from the Slave River, the land rises in a series of low, flat-topped escarpments composed of limestone, culminating eventually in the Caribou Mountains at a height of 2,000 feet at something over 100 miles from the river. Lakes are few, and the few small creeks and streams flowing northward to Great Slave Lake, or south to the Peace River, meander in an exasperatingly crooked manner through their wide shallow valleys, only broken here and there by shallow rapids, or less frequently plunging in waterfalls over the face of an escarpment. One of the most interesting of these waterfalls is that on the Little Buffalo River. At the time of my visit in August, the volume of water in the river was not great. The drop is only about 50 feet, but the peculiar thing is that one can actually cross to the opposite side of the river by walking underneath the falls; not, however, without getting wet from the spray. The cause of this is that the upper strata of limestone are harder and more resistant than the lower, and consequently the upper overhang. Below the falls is a deep circular basin and a narrow gorge, cut to a depth of 100 feet or more in the solid rock, and having almost vertical walls. The gorge is seven miles in length, and marks the distance the falls have retreated from the face of the escarpment since the genesis of that part of the river. The whole thing is representative of the Niagara Falls and gorge in miniature. The Big Buffalo and Hay rivers to the west both flow over this same escarpment, and with exactly similar results of falls with gorges below them.

"The greater part of the country is densely wooded, with the usual northern forest of spruce, poplar, tamarac and birch. The small openings which are dignified by the name of prairies are rather scattered, and are usually only 200 or 300 yards in length; but it is on these that one is very likely to run across the buffalo. The Salt Plain, which covers an area of perhaps seventy-five square miles, and which gets its name from having several brine springs situated on it, is not an unbroken stretch of prairie land, but is dotted here and there with clumps or groves of poplar. Part of it is covered with a luxuriant growth of grasses and different flowering plants, and looks very beautiful when these are in bloom, and part is barren and alkaline. It lies only a few miles west of the Slave River, and a few years ago was the favorite feeding ground of the buffalo, who used to come to lick the salt. Bear and moose still frequent the neighborhood of the brine springs, but the buffalo have gone further inland, and little trace of them is left but a few bleached skulls.

"One need have no difficulty at all in getting game anywhere, for the country abounds in moose, caribou, bear, and some of the smaller animals. We found in one of the

numerous sink holes which occur all through, and which are characteristic of any area underlain by beds of gypsum, a moose imbedded in the ice at the bottom of the hole, with only his horns protruding. He had probably fallen in, and as the sides were overhanging, he was unable to get out, and died there."

A Wild Turkey Cross.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Recently a West Virginia paper contained the following: "William Warner, of Pendleton county, who is making a specialty of domesticating and marketing wild turkeys, sold fifty on last Saturday. They were the finest lot ever seen in that county, and the aggregate weight was 615 pounds. The experiment of raising wild turkeys has often been tried, with only moderate results. Mr. Warner seems to have mastered the secret. His method is to procure the wild eggs and hatch them out under tame hens."

Believing as I did that it was unusual to domesticate wild turkeys, even though hatched by domestic fowls, I learned the address of Mr. Warner, and wrote him for particulars concerning his experiments, and received in reply the following information. He found two wild turkey eggs in the woods, and set them under a hen; both hatched and did well, and proved to be a hen and gobbler. They were allowed to run at large; when they were one year old the hen got hurt and died. He put the gobbler with his bronze turkey hens and raised seventy-five of the finest young turkeys he had ever seen. When he marketed them in the fall, they weighed twenty pounds each. He says the gobbler was the finest bird he ever saw; it would come up and eat out of his hand, but a stranger could not get near it. He declares he would not have taken ten dollars for it. He had a cornfield some distance from the house where the gobbler would go every day, and some hunter killed it, and that was the end of his wild turkey raising. However, his neighbors have caught young wild turkeys and put them with their tame ones, and they did well, and got much larger than the tame ones, and brought better prices. No bird is so closely associated with the pioneer history of our country, and it would be interesting and no doubt profitable if some of the dwellers in localities where they can yet be found were to secure some of these noble birds and preserve the species before they pass away, as they must sooner or later do in their wild state.

EMERSON CARNEY.

White Shovellers.

MR. CHAS. HALLOCK, now wintering in Southern California, sends us an extract from a letter which he has received from Mr. W. B. Boardman, of Minneapolis, Minn., son of the late Geo. A. Boardman. The reference to albinos will interest some of our readers. Mr. Boardman writes:

"I trust you will have a pleasant winter in California and enjoy yourself with nature, which pleasure we are denied in this cold country during the winter. It was 18 degrees below zero this morning.

"I was in Winnipeg last month, and when on my way to the station, noticed a number of mounted natural history specimens in a window, including both birds and animals, on which there was a sign stating that they were for sale. Among the collection were three pure white spoonbill ducks. I tried to ascertain from the man in the store something regarding them, but he knew nothing about them—said the man in that side of the store was out.

"Knowing how much my father was interested in albinos, it occurred to me that possibly some of your friends might like to secure one or more of these specimens. If so, I think I might possibly secure the name of the owner from some of my acquaintances in Winnipeg."

European Widgeon in California.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 5th inst., on a marsh near this city, I shot a fine specimen of the European widgeon (*Mareca penelope*). The bird came in to the decoys with five of the common American widgeon. It was a male, in full winter plumage, and weighed two pounds and one-half ounce.

About a year ago another specimen of this widgeon was brought to bag by a friend of mine, Mr. Joseph Welsh, of Pasadena, shooting on another part of the same marsh.

M. penelope is a rare straggler on the western coast, although I believe it is somewhat more common on the Atlantic seaboard.

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

[The books say that *M. penelope* is rather abundant, and breeds in Alaska, and that it is not very uncommon on the northwest coast. It is of rather rare occurrence on the Atlantic Coast. Every occurrence, however, should be noted.]

AN interesting trial under the Lacey act came off last week before Judge Boardman in Florida. It appears that one John R. Jack, of Punta Gorda, a commercial collector of bird skins, had long been engaged in collecting the skins of small birds and shipping them out of the State to collectors elsewhere. The National Committee of Audubon Societies learned of this, and after procuring evidence against the man, submitted the facts and the testimony to the Department of Justice at Washington.

The case was put in the hands of the U. S. District Attorney for the Southern District of Florida, the accused man was arrested and put under bonds. The defendant, recognizing that he had no case, plead guilty and was duly fined. He confessed that his shipments had been considerable, and stated that within a comparatively short time he had shipped out of the State—of course in contravention of the law—not less than forty ivory-billed woodpeckers, a species which is on the verge of extinction,



GAME BAG AND GUN



As it Happened in the Canon.

"NOBODY but a tenderfoot would carry a scatter gun in a big-game country, anyway. Condemn it, you're worse than a tenderfoot. You're a pilgrim—a condemned pilgrim, that's what you are!" and by way of emphasis my partner slapped a few slabs of bacon in the frying-pan, jammed it down on the coals and yanked back the pot of boiling coffee.

I made no reply. I could say nothing that would alter the facts. Besides, when I know the other man is right and I am wrong, I let him have his say. What's the use of your going on? You might go as far as you like, maybe, but if you are wrong, you have to come all the way back; so what's the use? In silence I watched him spread on the ground the piece of greasy old canvas, throw on it some agateware plates and cups and iron knives and forks. He set the coffee, frying-pan and a pot of frijoles within reach, then dragged up an aparajo for a seat.

"Draw up that cushioned armchair, Mr. Pilgrim," said he, pointing to another aparajo, "and fall to. We are sort o' out o' luck to-day. Our butcher and the ice cream man did not come; the stove didn't draw well, and our white cake and lemon meringue pie didn't come through; but maybe you can make out with Chicago quail and Arizona strawberries. It'll be something for your stomach to gnaw on, anyway."

Humph! As if our stomachs had not been gnawing on bacon, beans and frying-pan bread, straight, for three months. We were down in the Southwest prospecting for gold and copper; one is about as good as the other, and were then hiking back to the nearest supply point, but were yet nearly 100 miles from a railroad station and about forty-seven miles outside the knowledge of God. I forked out a slab of bacon and said:

"I was so close that I might have knocked him down with a rock."

"Why didn't you do it?"

Again I made no reply. I knew my partner. It took him just about so long to get over anything, and generally his troubles disappeared after supper in the smoke of his pipe. To know a man thoroughly, one must be on the trail and in camp with him. My partner might be a little slow in rolling out of his blankets in the morning; but at night when one was stretched out on the ground, all in, it was he that unpacked and hobbled the burros, knocked together a little fire, boiled coffee and fried bacon. He was even cheerful when the tobacco was out and the grub running low; could smoke tea and say it beat nothing. You know—one of those fellows that you are not afraid to have walk behind you on the trail and carry the last canteen of water.

Following the squaw rains, three months before, we had packed into a treeless, waterless, rocky country. After a heavy rain the tenejos or holes scooped in the granite in the bed of cañons will sometimes carry water for months, and we expected to depend on these tanks. Of course on the trip out we had packed enough water to do us there and back. No one but a tenderfoot will leave one desert waterhole for another without packing enough water to do him there and back; the second one may be dry. If it is and he has failed to obey the rule of the desert, it's odds on that he does not get back.

We had made two dry camps, and all that day had plodded across a cactus and greasewood mesa, shaping our course by a saddle in a dark colored mountain in the cañons of which, by the aid of our glass, we saw timber that does not grow where its roots cannot reach water. The sun had dropped over the saddle, and the shadows in the cañons were turning to purple at the base when we reached the mountain. We found water and cottonwoods in the cañons, and the sides covered with scrub oak and pine, the ridges and hogbacks bare.

"This sure looks good to me," said partner, as we began unpacking. Up the cañons quail were calling across to one another, and from the number of calls the mountain seemed fairly alive with them. To rest our tired feet, we had removed our thick-soled, hobnailed brogans and slipped on buckskin moccasins, which we carried tied conveniently to the cinch ropes. As the quail began calling, my partner looked at me and grinned. I yanked a take-down shotgun out of an aparajo, hurriedly threw it together, and stuffed some shells loaded with fine shot in the pocket of my jumper.

"Sure," said he, "I'll unpack, start a fire and have the pan hot. You better stick some blue whistler shells in your other pocket; this country looks good to me for something bigger than quail."

"Quail is good enough for to-night," I replied. "We have not tasted fresh meat for three months—not even a jack rabbit—and now you are trying to think of something better than quail."

I slipped away up the cañon, and in less than two hundred yards saw a number of big, plump mountain quail scuttling through the brush ahead of me. Their numbers increased as I went on, and I soon had a big covey on the move. Now, from what I have said, you may realize that I was out after meat. I decided that I would drive until they bunched, and then let go. I figured that I might get ten or a dozen. Yes, a pot-shot; but remember that my conscience had been oiled by bacon grease for three straight months. I slipped along, stepping high and softly in my moccasins, the wind in my face. I have never yet figured out why it is that the wind always blows up a cañon in the daytime and down it at night.

Another one hundred yards and a long file of quail streamed over the hogback and down into the next cañon, with me hot foot and soft after them. The next cañon was broad, and along the bench was a cottonwood slash. The quail scurried under the fringe of brush surrounding this slash, and noiselessly I slipped through an opening in the brush. The next instant I was petrified right there in my tracks. Not thirty steps from me stood an elk. Yes, an elk, big as an ox, and I with an old scatter gun loaded

with bird shot. He had just risen from his day bed and begun feeding, for leaves were still clinging to his coat and in his mouth was a cottonwood shoot. If I was petrified, he was paralyzed, for he only stood and looked, his eyes growing bigger and bigger, till they looked to me as big as small moons. He may never have seen a man before, but anyway he recovered himself first, and decided he wanted no closer acquaintance. He let out a whistle that might have been heard a mile, threw his antlers back on his shoulders, flagged me, and was gone, flushing over a hundred quail in his flight. Then I "came to" and had to sit down. I wish I could remember what I said. Then I took the shotgun by the barrel and was tempted to break it over a log, but I didn't. It would be nearly dark by the time I got to camp, so I went back and told my partner. You know only "some" of the things he said.

We finished our supper in silence, and after lighting his pipe he settled down with his back against a boulder, took a few puffs and then looked across at me and grinned. We decided to stay there two or three days and rest ourselves and animals. "And it will give you another chance," said my partner, as he hung the bean pot out of the reach of crawling things and stuffed a rag in the spout of the coffee pot.

I did get my other chance with our rifle, and made good on a fat, three-year-old buck, and we had elk cooked in every style conceivable in a frying-pan, Dutch oven and on the coals, and had jerky enough for a month.

Arctic Wolves.

THE current number of the Dansk Jagttidende contains an article upon the above subject from the pen of the zoologist of the second Fram expedition under Sverdrup. Herr E. Bay, in the course of his narrative, says:

"As a striking proof of the destructive influence of the wolf on other wild animals, it may be cited that in 1891-1892 we of the Ryder expedition found Jameson's Land full of reindeer. When Lieutenant Amdrup's expedition landed there some years later, the wolves had in the meantime immigrated, and had reduced the number of rein to a minimum. Only the Polar bear and the musk-ox can hold their own against this scourge.

"One day Henriksen, who had dropped his ski stick, was picking it up about 120 yards behind the sledge, from which he had jumped. Suddenly a wolf appeared in front of the sledge, and at once the dogs gave chase; but, of course, they could not make up to it. In the meantime another wolf came up from behind, and went right up to Henriksen, who had no other weapon than his ski stick. It dared not attack, however, and it must have been pleasant to see the two, the man and the wolf, walking each on his side of the sledge track, casting distrustful looks at one another. Finally they reached the sledges, when Schei fired at and missed the animal. Whenever he related the story afterward, he swore to such an extent that the air became quite sulphurous.

"Nov. 22 being Foshejm's birthday, it was kept in the usual festive way. I had the night watch, for the sake of the meteorological observations. By twelve o'clock all had gone to rest, and I came up on deck to observe. With a lantern in my hand, I went forward to the bow, where the thermometer hung, and while reading it, I heard down on the ice the heavy, regular tread of a pair of animals, which were evidently neither dogs nor bears. Throwing the light upon them, I saw two big, white heads, which were turned toward me; they were those of two wolves, which stood not more than twenty feet from the ship. I ran below quickly, hung the lantern between the decks, and rushed to my cabin for a gun, shouting on my way that there were wolves near the ship. Capt. Sverdrup and Lieutenant Banman heard me and at once began to dress. I wished to wait for them, being uncertain of my shooting powers in the darkness; but the captain told me to hurry up again if I were ready. * * * When I came on deck again, I saw the two wolves about forty feet from the ship; it was nearly pitch dark, and I could only make out their outlines. They stood quite still, and I hoped that they would remain until the others joined me with their guns. Then a door banged below, and they at once began to move. Although it was too dark to take aim, I dared not wait any longer, and so I fired in the direction of the hindmost. To my great astonishment and joy, it fell. Then Lieutenant Banman came up, and we went down onto the ice. The fallen wolf was not dead, and when I came up it snapped at me, its teeth clicking together like those of a steel trap. I could quite well have killed the beast in a proper fashion, but hearing my companion getting his gun ready, and not wishing anybody else to have a hand in the death of the wolf, I fired at it. The first shot missed, but the second struck only too well, for it rendered the animal's cranium quite useless for scientific purposes—an act which was all the more disgraceful, as it was the zoologist of the expedition who had committed it! * * * It turned out to be a young wolf, quite white, except as regards a few dark hairs down its back. * * * On Dec. 1, about 9 in the evening, the watch observed three wolves close to the ship, he went below, fetched his gun, and fired a couple of shots, but failed to hit them. The wolves did not go far, however, for glimpses were obtained of them every now and again; but although we were all on deck or on the ice, none of our shots were successful. For the next week things were lively on the Fram. During the day we saw nothing of the wolves, but when the dogs were taken in for the night, and it had been quiet for some time on board, they were not long of turning up. There was now bright moonshine, with a clear sky, and every evening shots were fired at the wolves; but,

singularly enough, nothing ever came of them. * * After a time the many misses which we executed began to have a demoralizing effect.

"But there are other means than shooting of getting hold of wild animals, and it was not long before the neighborhood of the Fram abounded with traps, some of them of wonderful construction. The most remarkable was undoubtedly a shark hook with a piece of blubber for bait. At night it was arranged at the side of the ship, the other end of the fishing line being made fast to the ship's bell, so that the alarm might be given whenever there was a bite! This, it may be added, never came off, although certain individuals who do not take a serious view of the affair took the opportunity of alarming the sanguine anglers. Another contrivance was put up with intent to hang a wolf on the point nearest the ship. Early one morning after the dogs had been let out, we heard a great commotion in that direction; and on rushing to see what was the matter, we found that Ingebrigt (a dog) had walked into the snare. Fortunately, it was released without sustaining injury.

"Gradually we grew quite accustomed to have wolves round us; they were quite harmless, and never interfered with us or the dogs. But, on the other hand, was undoubtedly humiliating that they escaped all our efforts; so we played our last trump. With great care Foshejm had constructed a large box trap with a closing door, and on the fifth this was brought out on the ice. Already, the day after, it appeared that a wolf had been in it, but much to the disgust of the maker, it had in some mysterious way, lifted the door again, and got out. In haste some improvements were made, and at last, on the 8th, the structure was brought on board with a captive inside. Great activity now prevailed on board the Fram in the manufacture of a cage, and not until the latter was nearly ready was it discovered that instead of one, there were two wolves in the trap. We had much difficulty in inducing them to enter the new abode, but at last we succeeded; they reached Norway in good condition, and they are now, as far as I know, at 'Skandsen,' in Stockholm. After their capture, the other wolves withdrew from our neighborhood, and peace again reigned."—London Field.

A Try at New Brunswick.

WE had bears in our minds this autumn, possibly because we suspected that our hearthstone looked bare. No, we wouldn't have the head attached to the rug, only to be frequently rearranged, then stumbled over again and emphatically condemned; the skin would be tossed on the floor and forgotten till some one asked for the story of its acquisition, while the head would go up higher, to mingle on the walls with types of familiar woodland associates; but we were anticipating New Brunswick having become a rather prominent feature on the hunters' map since Maine's license law gave offense to some of her annual visitors, who have written of this newer country. We felt a draw in that direction; not, however, because we bore Maine a grudge for her legislative enactment, but for the reason that here was a comparatively new field for experience and observation.

Accordingly, we dispatched an inquiry to a point some thirty miles beyond the railroad terminus, and the reply, "Bears are more numerous than ever before, persuaded us to engage to arrive at the edge of the woods on Oct. 15. While journeying thither along the bank of the Tobique River, we saw, awaiting shipment, some exceptionally fine moose heads, which had parted company with their original owners during the calling season, then just closed, when jealousy had overcome their endowed faculties for self-preservation and they fell an easy prey to the ingenuity of the hunter. A few days later we were encamped upon a "hardwood ridge," with the nearest settlement twenty-five miles behind us, while before us and on either hand, stretching out for one hundred or more miles, was the solemn woods. In our wandering during the succeeding ten days we visited some sections of this wooded country which had probably never been hunted over before, and still we were scarcely within the shadows of this vast timberland. An inspection of the neighborhood surrounding our first camp convinced us of the presence of bear and moose. The former had stripped decayed logs of their bark in search for insects, and turned over the fallen leaves far and near to feed on the plentiful beech nuts, while the latter had left many impressions of their sharp hoofs, and the bulls had mutilated and uprooted the young evergreen trees while burnishing their horns upon them. Hunting conditions were bad, owing to the leaves and twigs, which lay thick upon the ground, being dry and very noisy; but notwithstanding this drawback, we saw on the first morning a cow moose, two spike-horn bulls and caught a glimpse of a good set of moose horns disappearing among the trees. When returning to camp in the afternoon, an animal of some kind vanished over the brow of a hill we were ascending, and hastening there we found ourselves almost in the midst of eight caribou. One of these had quite a good head, and him we took to supply meat for camp and bait for traps. After the failure of their leader a cow with calf came so near to us that we attempted to photograph them. The latter was very becomingly attired in gray coat, black stockings and wore a little pair of chamois-like horns in velvet. The caribou spend the spring and summer on the "barrens," some distance away, and go into the woods for the winter. This band seems to have been an advance guard, as the bulls usually shed their antlers before this migration. To see an animal in these wood



A BARK CAMP.

pond, and another invisible companion was in the bordering bushes. Possibly this was our bull, and we waited his appearance with great expectations, until the treacherous wind, which had pursued and plagued us since the rain of several nights previous, swerved around, and the critters took flight. Continuing our journey on the day following, laden with packs, we came to the right branch of the Tobique, which was so swelled by the fall of rain that we were compelled to bridge it by felling trees. Signs of moose were fresh and plentiful along the banks, and it would seem only necessary to sit down to await their coming; but we preferred carrying war into the enemy's country. A little later a huge buck deer crossed our course and, when too late, we wished we had risked scaring moose and taken a shot at him. The more hunting one does after any and all kinds of game, the more impressed he becomes by the self-sufficiency of the ever alert deer.

The legs and bellies of two moose were also seen as they passed along a wooded rise of ground some distance ahead.

When darkness began to close in upon us and rain to fall, we reached camp bedraggled, tired, wet, hungry; but so soon as our clothing began to steam before the cordial fire, and the odor of stew and the music of the boiling kettle filled the shack, we felt the delightful sensation of "don't care" languor which belongs to the woods, where mental fatigue never complicates the situation by interfering with the prompt action of nature's restoratives.

Our fireplace opened to the sky, and while relieving the pangs of hunger, flakes of snow began substituting themselves for raindrops and floated down into the fire. Here was the fulfillment of our fondest hope, for with a good tracking snow, a big set of horns was a sure thing within the two remaining days of the hunt. In

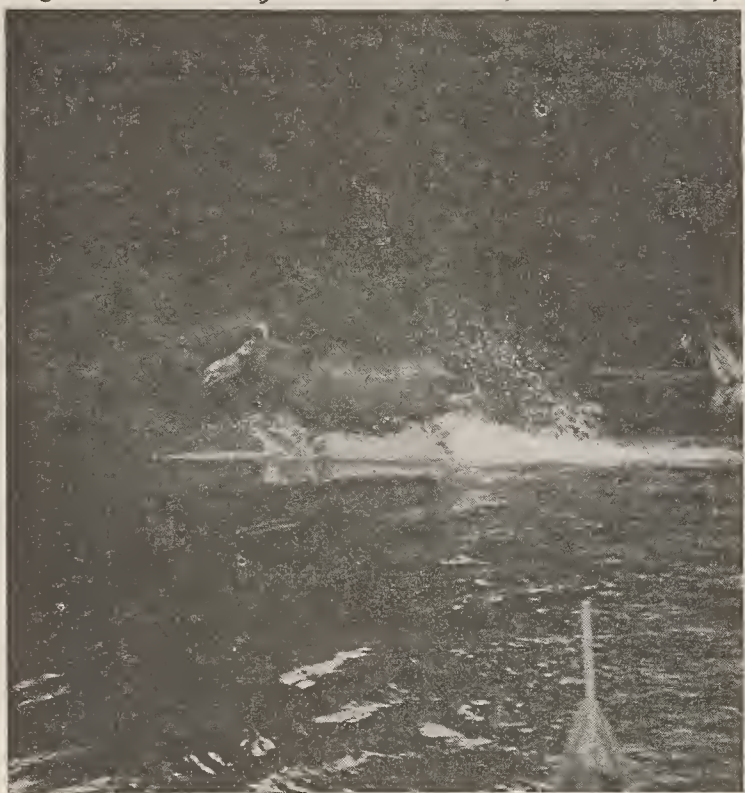


UNREASONABLE FRIGHT AND FLIGHT.

means that it is within short range (excepting around the lakes), by reason of the rise and fall of the ground and the thick timber; but being within short range does not mean you have a good shot at it, for quick work through a narrow lane of trees is often necessary.

When visiting the bear traps on the second day we saw a cow moose, and jumped two more with calves. The next day, we found empty traps, although in one instance Bruin had plowed up the leaves all around it. Evidently meat was not what he wanted most. On this day's journey we noticed the black outline of a moose among the gray tree trunks, and while discovering that his horns were mere spikes, had our attention attracted to another bull of about the same size, and presently still another with probably five points. This latter, being broadside toward us, offered a tempting target as he toyed with the undergrowth surrounding him. While we watched this trio the crash of opposing horns was heard over a nearby rise of ground, and hoping to see a contest, we attempted a flank movement; but, unluckily, crossed the road and saw nothing but one vanishing moose. Going to the scene of the set-to, proved to us that there had been four moose in addition to the three we saw, making up quite a herd. When camp was reached after this interesting experience, we saw convincing evidence that the bull moose and family had passed within 25 yards of us since our departure.

At a conference now held across the kettle, which boiled in the fireplace improvised from the large trunk of a standing tree, it was decided that the bears would be baited so long as they could get the abundant beech nuts, and furthermore, while there were a great many moose near at hand, they were young, and probably those with broad, spreading horns were deeper in the woods. So our thoughts and dreams of the bear ornaments for our hallway, and the hair-raising story we wished to tell in connection with it, were foresworn, and in the morning we shouldered our packs, deserted the traps, and forced our way through the contentious undergrowth further into the forest. There were no trails of any kind, and this fact, coupled with the undulations of the land, do not admit of a pack-laden traveler covering much more than two miles an hour. To be told toward the end of a day's tramp that camp is only two miles away, is very comforting, but by the time the point is reached a visitor to these woods will probably be willing to wager his hunting outfit that somebody has willfully lied. We headed for a bark camp eighteen miles away, where we would find a



THE OMNIPRESENT COW.

the morning the landscape was white to an unusual degree, for the snow was five inches deep on the ground and clinging to every bough and twig till they bent to the breaking point under the weight. What an opportunity is here, we thought, to pry into the affairs and movements of all our neighbors, and we set off for the hills across the lake with great expectation. Upon entering the woods, we found it a great white lattice, wonderfully beautiful, but curtailing the view to a distance of from 10 to 20 yards, according to the thickness of the undergrowth, and deluging us with the snow at frequent intervals. Not a creature had stirred from its bed; ours were the only footprints upon the earth's white covering till the morning was well advanced, when a rabbit's track partly soothed our feeling of loneliness. The silence, however, was unbroken and absolute. Presently the red squirrels began showing signs of activity by nibbling cones in sheltered spots, but were too subdued to make the customary cutting remarks to us; and then the feeling of emptiness impelled the fox, marten and fisher to go a-hunting, but the larger animals showed such a pronounced dislike for this new environment that they chose hunger as a lesser discomfort. We disturbed a cow in the early afternoon, and toward evening, when endeavoring to locate the canoe by aid of the compass, came close upon a spikehorn and a cow, which pair we made a dash toward and sent them careening pell-mell through the forest in spite of their former reluctance.

Our last day was at hand, and the same untoward conditions remained as on the preceding day; the boughs dropped the snow upon us, and not a moose track was to be seen. Toward noon we stumbled upon a young bull, and soon afterward a cow with calf. Their beds and surroundings proved that they had not stirred since the fall of snow. We boiled the kettle, dried our clothing, and then started campward, by no means in low spirits, for our happiness was not dependent upon a bear or a big moose, and the varied snow effects were a constant source of entertainment and admiration to an amateur photographer and denizens of a warmer clime.

We had jumped a young bull with curiously deformed horns, and soon afterward saw a cow standing on the edge of a declivity not more than fifteen yards away, peering at us through the snow-bedecked undergrowth. Evidently she had just arisen, and had not gotten our scent. We resolved to wait until she began to run and then follow her as rapidly as possible, hoping to see an accompanying bull on the slope beyond her. She was deliberate, but presently started, so did Guide Barker, and I followed behind, half-blinded by the flying snow and rebounding branches. There was a bull, sure enough, and a large one at that—the very one we

wanted. When he attempted to follow the cow, his immense horns caught in a whitewood bush, bringing him to a momentary halt not twenty yards away, and as Barker stopped running and stepped to one side, awaiting the tragedy, my foot caught in a twig and I plunged headforemost, rifle and all, into the snow.

Our return to civilization was via the swift-flowing Tobique and its tributaries, and while floating the forty intervening miles over various valuable salmon pools, Barker, whose hunter never before failed to bring out a large head, reasoned as follows: "Hunting at this season of the year is a gamble; one walks through the woods and may promptly come face to face with his quarry without much effort, or may wear out his shoe-packs in attempts to be at the right place at the right time. Game is plentiful; but still, the matter of luck must be reckoned with. I have never in my experience worked so hard for a big moose head as on this occasion, you having been disappointed about the bear. We have walked throughout each of twelve days, traversed probably 200 hard miles, seen more than twenty moose, in spite of disadvantages, and when we finally found one which would have been a good substitute for the coveted bear, luck turned her back upon you. Now, on the other hand, a man came to me this autumn who had never been in the woods before, and wanted a moose. Before the settlement was out of sight I saw a standing deer, and suggested that he shoot it. He never touched a hair of it. We almost walked on a partridge, and again I asked him to try his rifle. As the bird flew away I advanced the supposition that he had aimed at the head. 'No,' he blandly remarked, 'I aimed at the whole bird.' So I decided to keep my rifle near at hand and take another guide along for an emergency. This nimrod was a very stout man, and we two guides gasped for breath when he appeared on the first morning of the hunt clad in a scarlet sweater and yellow trousers. Noting our speechlessness, he said he had read of accidental shooting of hunters, and feared that any stray lead in his vicinity couldn't pass him, and would be sure to select him as a resting place. Our explanation that there were no rifles within many miles of us made no impression. Well, sir he actually cast a sunset glow over the landscape, and the trees seemed to cast shadows as he passed them.

"We took him into the woods and put him in a blind, as we politely termed it, covering him with boughs to keep him in the dark, while we went off to locate the game and confer as to how to deaden the sound of those



THERE ARE NO TRAILS.

clothes. We discovered the haunts of some moose, and stopping on our way back to camp, dug him out and toted him along. The next morning we plead for a change of apparel, but without avail, and sauntered forth with a feeling of hopelessness.

"Ere long we saw two cow moose, and as you know, these animals cannot depend upon their eyesight; but they saw this red hayrick with yellow props coming their way, all right, and instead of waiting for the scent to reach them, with eyes protruding and jaws dropped, or so it seemed, they fled as though possessed of devils. We stopped right then and there, explained the useless-



CLINGING TO EVERY BOW AND TWIG.

canoe in which to eventually float by a circuitous route from the woods to the settlement, whence we started. When part way to the destination, we concluded to make camp for a couple of days on the shore of an attractive lake, which was seemingly popular with ducks, and visit the adjacent ridges. Rain fell freely at night and promised to improve the hunting by soaking the leaves and twigs, thereby deadening sound and revealing the impressions of the animals' feet. During the three days of our visit here we saw a number of deer, a spikehorn bull, two cows and had a mere glance at a very fine bull. The spikehorn and cow were in a small

ness of going any further in company with an aurora borealis, and took him back to camp.

"On the morrow a compromise was effected, and he agreed to part with the sweater. During the day we saw a large bull and cow arise to their feet within short range. The bull's head was behind a tree and he didn't see us. I told my companion guide to draw a bead on his hindlegs and not let him get away, placed the hunter so that he could see the whole of the animal's side, instructed him to shoot as soon as possible, and I covered the forequarters. Well, we waited and waited and waited. My rifle barrel began to wobble, when, hearing a shot, I pulled the trigger. The moose was down, and on looking around I was astonished to find that the hunter had not yet discharged his gun. My assistant explained that his left eye was getting paralyzed and his arms so tired that he couldn't keep the moose covered any longer, and had to shoot when he did or not at all. We led the hunter to the animal, and he then shot him. No doubt this fine head will soon be displayed as a result of only three days' hunt in the New Brunswick forest, and men who have failed, maybe more than once, notwithstanding their probable hard work, will look at it and wonder how an apparent green hunter (in reality a red and yellow one) of such a mould could so completely outflank them."

LIPPINCOTT.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 21, 1904.

Salt Water Limits of Wild Rice.*

BY CARL S. SCOFIELD, BOTANIST IN CHARGE OF GRAIN GRADE INVESTIGATIONS—IN AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT BULLETIN.

WILD rice (*Zizania aquatica* L.) is naturally a fresh-water plant, and its growth along the Atlantic Coast of the United States is confined for the most part to sluggish streams or to those deep estuaries that are diluted by a large amount of fresh water. There are in many of these streams and estuaries large areas of marsh lands or mud flats that are submerged and exposed alternately by the tide. Wherever the water is sufficiently fresh, such conditions are almost ideal for its growth, and in many places large wild rice fields now exist, but there are still other places of similar nature where the plant is not found, and where attempts to establish it have been made without success. These failures have been ascribed usually to the poor quality of the seed used in planting, and probably this has been one of the important causes.

An investigation undertaken two years ago,† in cooperation with the Seed Laboratory of this Department, demonstrated the fact that wild rice seed should never become dry if its vitality is to be preserved. It was also shown that this seed can be gathered and stored over winter, if need be, provided it is kept in water that is very cold, and well aerated or frequently changed, or even frozen.

From numerous letters received during the year from various points along the coast, it has become evident that not all previous failures were due to the lack of vitality of the seed. It has been a well recognized fact that wild rice will not grow in salt water; that is, in water as salt as that of the ocean; but just what its salt water limits are seems never to have been determined, or at least no definite information on this point is available. It was obvious from the nature of the inquiries received that some such information was needed, and consequently some investigations have been made near Washington, where wild rice grows along streams flowing into Chesapeake Bay. Three separate regions were examined, and two of these gave excellent opportunities for determining the salt water limits of the plant.

As wild rice is a thoroughly aquatic plant—that is, grows on soil entirely submerged for at least a part of the day during its period of growth—the tests for salinity were confined to the water surrounding the plants. The difficulties attendant upon determining the quantity of water involved in cases of soil samples threatened to complicate the investigation without adding materially to the results desired.

The Method of Testing Salinity.

The salt content of the water was determined by means of an electrolytic bridge designed by Dr. Lyman J. Briggs, of the Bureau of Soils of this Department, and such as is now in general use by that Bureau. The principle involved in the use of this instrument is that with a given temperature the electrical conductivity of the water increases with the amount of salt in solution, or, conversely, the electrical resistance of the water decreases as its salinity increases. The instrument is compact, portable, and simple of operation, and gives results that are accurate to a high degree and capable of almost direct reading. All the difficulties involved in securing a large number of samples and making numerous laboratory analyses are, therefore, obviated, and a survey of any locality may be made and the salt content of the water determined on the spot, where such information is of the greatest value in interpreting the distribution of the plants studied.

The regions surveyed were visited by boat and the water was examined both where the wild rice grew vigorously and where its growth was obviously inhibited by the excessive salt content of the water. A special form of cell, designed by Doctor Briggs for use in testing irrigation water, was found best adapted to this work. This cell consists of two platinum terminals, coated with

*Wild rice is one of the favorite foods of wild ducks and other game birds in the eastern United States, and owners of shooting preserves desire to plant it in order to increase the richness of their feeding grounds and thereby attract large numbers of birds. Plantings heretofore made have often proved failures, particularly in brackish waters along the seacoast. The cause of failure under these circumstances have been two—the use of seed which had been so dried in the curing process as to destroy its vitality, and an excess of salt in the water, by reason of which either the seeds or the young plants were killed. A method of harvesting and curing which would insure vitality in wild rice seed has already been described in Bulletin No. 50 of the Bureau of Plant Industry. In the present paper are recorded the results of an inquiry into the degree of salinity which the plants will withstand. This information will make it possible to ascertain in advance, by a determination of the salinity of a particular body of water, whether wild rice planting can or cannot succeed.

FREDERICK V. COVILLE,
Botanist.

Office of Botanical Investigations and Experiments,
Washington, D. C., Nov. 30, 1904.
†See Bulletin No. 50 of the Bureau of Plant Industry, "Wild Rice; Its Uses and Propagation."

platinum black, and protected by a perforated hard rubber bulb. The cell is attached to the bridge by insulated leads and immersed in the water to be tested. The bridge readings are given in ohms and a calibration by measuring the resistance of solutions of known concentration suffices to transfer these readings into the scale of percentages by weight or parts of a normal solution, as desired.

In the following notes the instrument readings are used largely, while in the accompanying table the relations of those readings to both the percentage scale and parts of a normal solution are given.

The Regions Investigated.

The first region investigated was that of the Potomac River between the city of Washington and Chesapeake Bay. Wild rice was reported as abundant in the deep inlets or so-called rivers penetrating both shores of the Potomac near its mouth. It was found, however, that these inlets receive so little fresh water in proportion to their size that the water in them is approximately as salty as that of Chesapeake Bay, and they contained no wild rice. There were, however, many clusters and even small fields of salt reed grass (*Spartina polystachya* (Michx.) Ell.), and also of the narrow panicum (*Panicum digitarioides* Carpenter) that may possibly have been mistaken for *Zizania* by casual observation from a distance.

There was some wild rice growing along the shores of the Potomac River below Washington as far down as Widewater, Va., near which point the water becomes salty; but the growth was so scattering and so obviously influenced by factors other than the salinity of the water, that no opportunity was found to test the limiting conditions with respect to this factor.

The second region investigated was at the head of a deep inlet from Chesapeake Bay, northeast of Baltimore, Md. This inlet is known as the Gunpowder River. It receives fresh water from two small streams known as the Gunpowder Falls and the Little Gunpowder. These streams annually carry out and deposit in the head of the inlet large quantities of mud, through which several narrow channels are kept open by the current. The mud flats thus formed are submerged to the depth of a foot or more at flood tide and exposed by several inches at low tide.

This annual mud deposit is gradually filling up the inlet, and over the land thus made the progress of vegetation is to be seen in well-marked stages. The first plant to appear is pickerel weed (*Pontederia cordata* L.). These usually grow on the freshly deposited mud and doubtless aid greatly in holding it in place. These plants are followed by wild rice in isolated clusters which give seed enough to produce a dense and luxuriant growth the year following. Meanwhile, additional deposits of silt, together with the debris from the large stems of the wild rice plants, have transformed these soft mud flats into firm land, and the wild rice is gradually replaced by cat-tails (*Typha latifolia* L.) and various species of sedges and grasses.

The combined volume of the two streams above mentioned is sufficient to dilute the otherwise salty water of the Gunpowder River for a considerable distance out over the mud flats, and, so far as could be ascertained by careful observation, all other conditions are sufficiently uniform so that the spread of the wild rice into the river is limited only by the salinity of the water. In other words, conditions at the head of the Gunpowder River appear to be such that the salt water limits of the particular variety of wild rice growing there can be definitely measured.

There is, of course, the universal complication of tide movement, with the result that the concentration varies at any point in the critical zone as the tide alternately rises and falls. While the measurements of salinity were not continued at a given point in this zone throughout a complete cycle of tide movement, they were made for a sufficiently long period to give an approximate idea of the range of concentration.

The conformation of the mud flats and channels at this point is such that there is very little actual inflow of tide water over the rice fields. The incoming tide is little more than sufficient to stop the outflowing fresh water, even in the open channels, so that the concentration at any point within the wild rice field is practically the same at flood tide as when the tide has more than half run out.

At the mouths of the two streams mentioned, the Gunpowder Falls and the Little Gunpowder, the water at the beginning of ebb tide gave about 1,400 ohms resistance. Out beyond this point were the large fields of wild rice cut by open channels. Among the most luxuriant growth of wild rice, where the water was practically stagnant, the resistance was about 300 ohms, varying from 275 to 325 ohms at different points.

On the outer edge of the wild rice field and in the channels near this edge at flood tide, the resistance was 150 ohms or less, while the open water outside of the field gave a resistance as low as 125 ohms. This latter reading corresponds to a 0.03 normal solution of sodium chloride, and at this point evidently marked the limits of the resistance of wild rice to salt water.

The third region investigated was the Patuxent River in Maryland, from Chesapeake Bay to the head of navigation, which is Leon's Landing, a point just north of where the Chesapeake Beach Railroad crosses this river.

The Patuxent River, for a considerable distance above its mouth, is very wide in proportion to the volume of water it contributes to Chesapeake Bay, so that it does not form the conventional delta. As a result the tide is very pronounced, as the stream narrows to the proportions necessary to deliver its water, and the line between fresh and salt water shifts for a long distance with each tide.

This action of the large tide movement considerably complicated the task of measuring the concentration of the water with which the plants along the stream are actually surrounded. It was found, however, that the wild rice plants, especially those along the lower part of the river where the salt content was fairly high, are so situated that they have a minimum of actual water movement past them. In other words, where the conditions are such that the salt content of the river water at high tide is considerably greater than that to which the wild rice is accustomed, the plants along this portion of the stream were surrounded by water considerably fresher than that of the stream itself. The maximum concentration in which wild rice plants were found extensively

growing in the lower river was about 0.03 of a normal solution of sodium chloride, equivalent to a resistance of 125 ohms. Occasional plants were found, however, where the resistance was as low as 60 ohms, but these were so situated that they were doubtless surrounded a large part of the time by water much fresher than this. This latter test was made shortly after high tide, and the plants were found in a little cove of slack water. It is probable this represents nearly the maximum concentration to which the plants were exposed.

A careful survey of the river below this point—White's Landing—failed to show any quantity of wild rice. There were occasional plants further down the river, but always in situations well inland, that were probably fed by springs, so that the water of the overflow was considerably diluted. From White's Landing on up the river the concentration of the water diminished rapidly, and the mud flats on either shore produced an abundance of wild rice. In fact, from Nottingham north to the head of navigation, wild rice is the most conspicuous feature of the vegetation bordering the river.

Conclusions.

From the surveys thus made in the vicinity of Washington, it seems fair to assume that the salt water limit of wild rice is approximately represented by 0.03 of the normal solution of sodium chloride. This is very considerably less than the concentration of the water of Chesapeake Bay, which has a resistance of about 20 ohms, or a concentration equivalent to about 0.28 of a normal solution of sodium chloride. It is also obvious that this represents about the maximum salt water resistance of the species in the regions examined, since the growth along the limiting zone is abundant, and in the nature of the case the whole tendency is toward the selection of plants able to resist higher concentrations. The streams along which these plants grow on the Atlantic Coast usually flow into salt water. Nearly all of them carry down large deposits of mud and form shallow deltas which give physical conditions best adapted to the plant, and any individuals able to succeed in saltier water would considerably aid the species in its conquest of territory.

When therefore, the question of establishing cultures of wild rice along the coast streams is being considered, it is highly important that the concentration of the water covering these areas be determined, for this appears to be the factor of the greatest importance in ascertaining the possibility of establishing such cultures.

It may also be added that the salt water limits of wild rice may be determined approximately by the simple test of taste. When water is appreciably salty to the taste, it is too salty for the successful growth of this plant.

Table showing the relation between the readings of the testing cell used in the above surveys and the parts of a normal, and the percentage by weight solutions of sodium chloride; also the relation of these concentrations to the growth of wild rice.

Resistance of water in cell at 80° F.	Parts of a normal solution of NaCl.	Percentage solution of NaCl.	Notes
20	0.2800	1.6380	Concentration of Chesapeake Bay; no wild rice.
60	0.0640	0.3740	Limit of occasional plants; excessive for successful growth.
125	0.0300	0.1755	Limit of wild rice growth; slight taste of salt in water.
250	0.0140	0.0820	Luxuriant growth of wild rice; no taste of salt in water.
1,400	0.0027	0.0158	Water at the mouth of Gunpowder Falls; abundant wild rice.
3,700	0.0010	0.0058	Water of the upper Patuxent and Potomac rivers; abundant wild rice.

According to this test the water of Chesapeake Bay is considerably fresher than that of the Atlantic Ocean.

Tanawadeh Outing Club.

WHAT proved to be one of the most enjoyable occasions in the history of the Tanawadeh Outing Club, was the dinner given by that organization on the evening of February 9, at the St. Denis Hotel, in this city, in honor of the retiring president, Mr. F. James Reilly, who has just completed two of the most successful terms in office since the club was organized, in 1896. The entire membership of the club, with the exception of Cadet John F. Curry, now a student at West Point, were in attendance. A letter of regret was read from Cadet Curry, written from the United States Military Academy.

Harry V. Radford, chairman of the presentation committee, presided. At his right sat Ex-President Reilly; at his left, the newly elected president, J. Frank Case. It was a game dinner. The menus were handsome and appropriate. At one side of the list of viands was an oval medallion containing the portrait of the guest of honor, and surrounding this a medley of all the special accoutrements dear to the hearts of sportsmen, such as rifle, paddle, snowshoes, trap, rod, reel, creel, etc. Below the portrait medallion were the words: "Dinner given by the Tanawadeh Outing Club in honor of F. James Reilly, Fourth President, upon his completion of two terms in office, Jan. 1, 1903-Dec. 31, 1904, Hotel St. Denis, New York, Feb. 9, 1905." The menu was printed in four colors.

At the end of the meal, and when cigars had been lighted, Mr. Radford proposed the health of "our well-beloved guest of honor, Ex-President Reilly;" then introduced Mr. Charles U. Stepath, who, he said, would further express the pleasure of the club in having their former president with them. In a very neat speech Mr. Stepath gave expression to the high esteem in which Ex-President Reilly is held by the club, and told how, during his two years' administration, he had endeared himself to each member individually, not only by the many self-sacrifices he had made in the interests of the club, which had now become one of the most prominent of its kind in the country, but also by the frequent individual kindnesses he had showered upon all, and his broad spirit of the finest good fellowship which had actuated and surrounded his every official act, and made of his administration the distinguished success that it had been. Then, in the name of the club, he presented Mr. Reilly with a splendidly wrought .44 caliber Winchester repeating rifle and sole leather carrying case.

The rifle, which is a superb specimen of workmanship, was constructed especially for the club by the Winchester

peating Arms Company, at their factory in New Haven. is a full magazine, octagon barrel, take-down, with borately hand-carved, fancy walnut pistol-grip stock and forearm. Into the right-hand side of the stock is set an oval plate of silver, bearing the engraved inscription: presented to F. James Reilly, Fourth President, by the Nawadeh Outing Club, 1905." The carrying case is also the finest workmanship, and made to order for the club.

The presentation had been kept a complete secret from Mr. Reilly, and it was evident that he was deeply affected by the expression of regard which the club had shown him. With becoming modesty he thanked the members for their handsome gift, said he did not feel that he had deserved so much honor at the hands of his fellows, and closed by boasting the future success of the organization and the happiness of its members.

Mr. Radford then announced that no further speeches had been arranged, and that the remainder of the evening would be devoted to story-telling and other informal entertainment. In response to a general appeal, Mr. Stepath told the story of how he had caught the magnificent 4½-inch small-mouth black bass in Lake Mahopac, N. Y., which he has recently mounted and presented to the club, which has been added to the collection of mounted specimens taken by the members, which adorn the clubhouse at Pelham Bay Park. The struggle between man and fish had been exciting to a degree, and Mr. Stepath's story was characteristically and thrillingly told, said when the fish struck he "thought he had hooked an American continent." Although the great bass succeeded in breaking his fragile rod in three separate pieces, Mr. Stepath was able to net and bring his splendid prize home.

Mr. Joseph E. Ridder, a son of the distinguished journalist, Herman Ridder, spoke graphically of his trout and non fishing experiences in Norway during the past season, and of the elk, reindeer and other game animals which are found in that northern country. His accounts were very interesting, and Mr. Ridder promises to further entertain the club members with descriptions of the fauna and flora of Norway at one of the club's periodic natural story seances in the near future.

Mr. Joseph B. Hanf, a charter member of the club, told some amusing incidents of his first squirrel hunt in Westchester county, New York, taken ten or twelve years ago. The very pleasant gathering was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." Those present were: President J. Frank Case, Vice-President F. James Reilly, Secretary Harry V. Radford, Treasurer Joseph B. Hanf, Valentine Farrelly, Frank W. Norris, Jr., William F. Ly, Joseph E. Ridder, Charles U. Stepath.

Massachusetts Association Dinner.

BOSTON, Feb. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association have become accustomed to looking forward to their annual dinner as an event of peculiar interest. This year the members and friends assembled at the Copley Hotel on Thursday evening, February 16, to the number of about 150. President Hinman, as is customary, reviewed briefly the good work of the past year, and declared the aim of the association to be not the killing of game, birds and fish, but their protection. He alluded to the distribution of quail last spring for restocking and food for the birds this winter, which has been sent out charge to all who have made application for it. He also mentioned the large increase in membership during January. It is a fact, he said, that the members who do not game nearly all go outside the State to do it, and the efforts of the association in the line of protection are not made with a view to getting larger bags of game for themselves. Ex-Senator Morse, of Boston, made a plea for the birds on the ground that they are of incalculable benefit to the agricultural interests in the destruction of insect pests. He looked back with pride to a vote he had cast as a legislator against the wearing of birds on men's hats. Rev. Wm. H. Ryder, of Gloucester, in alluding to the work of the association in feeding the poor, likened the members to St. Francis of Assisi and the apostles. He said they were doing what the church had failed to do.

Judge Jabez Fox was greeted by the singing of "Fair Weather." He spoke of the English method of raising chickens under hens and driving the young into the woods, and an effort is made to render them wild, and later on they are driven to the guns of the hunters. He hoped the day was far off when American would be forced to raise game.

Howe Forbush spoke of the book on birds for print which an appropriation of \$3,000 is expected, having already received the indorsement of the Agricultural Committee of the Legislature. This work is for free distribution to farmers and others of the State.

Admiral Maynard spoke of the protection of fur seals, and said there should be a treaty with Great Britain for their preservation. Postmaster Hibbard told several amusing anecdotes, as also did Mr. E. S. Barker, who proved very humorous raconteur. Mr. E. T. D. Chambers said there was a general desire in Canada for reciprocity between sportsmen of the two countries and especially a desire for the abolition of seining for pike-perch on the Canadian shore of Lake Champlain. He suggested, if necessary, that the sale of those fish in this country should be prohibited. Mr. Chambers referred to the meeting of the North American Fish and Game Association, of which he is a representative, in Boston next summer, as an event likely to bear good fruit in the interest of the fraternity of sportsmen.

Other speakers were Dr. George W. Field, of the State Commission, and Dr. F. M. Johnson. At the meeting of the Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club this week, James M. Burns was elected President, Charles W. Light Vice-President, and George C. Hubbell Secretary-Treasurer. The club, on motion of Mr. J. H. Wood, decided "to use all the means at our command to help defeat the hunters' license bill." Messrs. H. S. Russell and T. Stevenson were among those who addressed the meeting.

Efforts are making to secure funds for the much-talked-of animal park, and already about \$14,000 have been secured, the largest contribution being \$5,000 from Col. E. Thayer, of Lancaster and Boston. Several have contributed sums ranging from \$100 to \$2,000, the latter sum

by John C. Phillips. The writer can think of nothing more needed to complete the many attractions of the Hub.

At the hearing before the Fish and Game Committee last Wednesday, Mr. Wm. C. Hathaway, of New Bedford, urged that there should be no quail shot in the month of October, claiming that the birds were only partially grown, and many small birds are killed every year. The bill (House Bill No. 251) which he had been instrumental in introducing, provides for making the open season on quail the months of November and December instead of October and November. Mr. Hathaway stated that he expected several witnesses to appear in support of the bill, but they were not in attendance. In opposition appeared Hon. Robt. S. Gray, of Walpole, who declared the season at present all right; but, he said, he only knew of two quail in his town. Mr. Gray appeared as a member of the Committee on Legislation of the State Association. He was followed by Mr. Abbott S. Mitchell, president of the Middlesex Fish and Game Protective Association, with headquarters in Arlington. He said he represented 225 members who desired the law to remain as at present, and had instructed him to appear for them. His testimony was reinforced by that of Dr. J. W. Bailey, secretary of the club. Herbert E. Tuck, of Haverhill, for the Fish and Game Association and Gun Club of his city, said the change would in effect open the shooting for three months instead of two, as the gunners would be allowed to kill ruffed grouse in October, and many quail would fall by the guns of partridge hunters. Mr. Joseph Sherman, member of the House from Marshfield, spoke strongly against the bill. An up-to-date hunter, Mr. Jessup, of Lowell, made a characteristic argument in opposition, saying "not all who hunt are honorable men," and the English language was inadequate to describe some of them. When the birds have gathered "like a little family" and selected some sheltered spot for winter, as they do in late fall, "he is a mean man who would slaughter them." He had no patience for the class of hunters ambitious to "make a record for killing" more than any of their brother sportsmen. Not one should be allowed to scatter the December coveys to the four winds to freeze and starve. This same Mr. Jessup was the banner witness two years ago when the anti-sale law was made a permanent statute. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, declared that every sportsman's club in his city was opposed to the bill. He said it was against protection, for more birds would be killed in December than in October. No sportsman, he said, shoots the small quail. Ex-President J. R. Reed, a member of the Executive Committee of the Central Committee, said that committee and the State Association were opposed, and he considered the present law the fairest one possible. He desired that wardens have a right to "search" any man out with a gun without a warrant. Mr. George H. Mackey requested to be recorded as against the bill. Mr. White, of Haverhill, also spoke in opposition.

The writer has no doubt the committee—if they have not already done so—will report "leave to withdraw."

Representative Wm. C. Dunham, of Nantucket, a member of the committee, spoke briefly in behalf of a bill to continue the close season on quail in Nantucket for three years more. The committee reported favorably on this bill, and it passed the House on Thursday.

Hearings on House Bill No. 289 for protection of trout in Berkshire county, and on House Bill No. 440, on length of trout allowed to be taken in the western counties, are scheduled for Wednesday, March 1, at 10:30 A. M.

CENTRAL.

In South Florida.

MAITLAND, FLORIDA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your number of November 26 was an article by W., headed "A Cheap Winter in Florida," and contradicted in your number dated December 10 by a Mr. C. A. Dean. I have hunted and camped through the southern parts of Florida every winter during the last nineteen years. Your correspondent W. was entirely correct; and as for growing radishes in three weeks, any person at all familiar with truck knows that a radish older than three or four weeks is not fit to eat.

I have also passed from Kissimmee to the Gulf, and during the entire trip have encountered but few rattlers, and have several friends who, having made the trip, will bear out my statement.

Mr. Dean is entirely wrong when he states that the Disston Canal is a failure, many thousand acres of land having been reclaimed. Also Mr. Dean makes the statement that the pine trees of Florida are not disappearing. The statistics of the Port of Jacksonville will disprove that.

Concerning the alligators, there are thousands of hunters in this State who will testify that where fifteen years ago they were plentiful, to-day there are comparatively none.

I have heard many hunting men familiar with sport in Florida speak well of Mr. W.'s article. While not personally acquainted with Mr. Dean, I know him by name, we also having mutual friends. He comes south every winter with a yacht, chef, guides, etc., and is about the last person who would know how to spend a cheap winter in Florida.

W. B. WILLETT.

Butte Rod and Gun Club.

BUTTE, MONT., Feb. 13.—The following letter sent out by the club to the members of the Legislature will show how they stand on the game law question:

"Dear Sir—It has come to the knowledge of the Butte Rod and Gun Club that there is an effort being made to repeal the law relating to game, and abolish the office of the Fish and Game Warden. We are authorized to earnestly protest against any material change in the laws for the protection of game.

"Our observation convinces us of the fact that fish and game have greatly increased during the four years past, all of which we attribute to the fact that the State has had a warden. There were few offenders last year, which shows that a game warden who goes after the lawbreakers and not wait for a complaint to be made, as a civil officer does, is the only one who will assist in the preservation of our game.

"If the only reasonable objection to the present law is the question of cost, and economy is sought, we suggest the office of warden may easily be made self-sustaining by a small license collected from all fishermen and hunters,

said license to be issued by some county officer, as treasurer or county clerk.

"We call to your attention the unwarranted contention that members of rod and gun clubs desire game protection for their own use. The true facts are that many members of these clubs become so enamored of the sport of shooting inanimate targets from traps that they never go out in the field hunting.

"They feel that if the fish and game are unprotected that there will be a loss to the State.

"Some of our members have spent their money stocking streams with fish and in preserving the game under the impression that our law makers would help to preserve for future generations the splendid game and fish of this our much-beloved State.

"We implore you there should be no backward step in this matter. Any assistance rendered along this line will be duly appreciated by the members of the Butte Rod and Gun Club. Respectfully submitted,

"E. A. MORLEY, President."

The New York Dog Show.

THE Twenty-Ninth Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club passed far away beyond all its predecessors in magnitude. The entries in all the different classes numbered 2,712. The actual number was 1,752. Last year the actual number was about 1,680.

It was managed by Mr. James Mortimer, assisted by Mr. George W. Gall, both of whom have had the experience of years in connection with this greatest event of America's canine world.

The benching, feeding, and general neatness were admirable. By order of the committee the dogs of the show were benched and fed by Spratts Patent (America) Limited, whose skill and products have contributed so much to make high class dog shows possible. The dogs looked as well fed and contented as a whole as if enjoying the best care of their appreciative owners at home.

The generous display of cups, large and small, plain and marvelously wrought in beautiful designs, was not the least of the dog show attractions. Among those conspicuously noticeable for their beauty and numbers were the Westminster Kennel Club's, the Ladies' Kennel Association's, the Russian Wolfhound Club's, the French Bulldog Club's, the Toy Spaniel Club's, the the Bulldog Club's and the St. Bernard Club's.

The classes for pointers and setters, as a whole, shaded under last year in respect to numbers.

The judges were as follows: St. Bernards, Mr. Dudley E. Waters; Great Danes, Mr. C. A. Mantler; Newfoundland, English foxhounds, Russian sheep dogs, greyhounds, retrievers, chow-chows, Schipperkes, griffons, bruxellois bull terriers, Mr. Geo. Raper; deerhounds, Airedale terriers, Scottish terriers, fox-terriers, Welsh terriers, black-and-tan terriers, Dandie Dinmonts, Bedlington, whippets, Pomeranians, Mr. Arthur Maxwell; Russian wolfhounds, Dr. J. E. De Mund; pointers, Mr. A. H. Ball; English and Gordon setters and Chesapeake Bay dogs, Mr. Wm. Tallman; bulldogs and French bulldogs, Mr. Wm. Codman; sporting spaniels and collies, Dr. Henry Jarrett; beagles, Mr. A. J. Purinton; Irish setters, Dr. Wm. Jarvis; American foxhounds, Dr. Heffinger; Dalmatians, Mr. E. N. Barker; pugs, English toy spaniels, Japanese spaniels, toy poodles, Yorkshire terriers, Maltese terriers, toy terriers, old English sheep dogs and basket hounds, R. F. Mayhew; Irish terriers, Mr. O. W. Donner; dachshunds, Mr. Jos. Graeffle; Boston terriers, Mr. H. D. Riley.

The Westminster Kennel Club cups, offered by members of the club and won outright, were as follows:

- George De Forest Grant's cup for the best pointer dog—B. F. Lewis's champion Mark Rush.
- Walton Ferguson, Jr.'s, cup for the best pointer bitch—H. A. Waldron's Norwald Primrose.
- W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s, cup for the best Old English sheepdog—Frohman and Dillingham's Stylish Boy.
- Andrew Miller's cup for the best Clumber spaniel—Norwood Kennel's champion Norwood Shot.
- R. H. Williams's cup for the best team of St. Bernards—Alta Kennels.
- H. K. Knapp's cup for the best beagle—W. G. Rockefeller's Rock Ridge Vixen.
- William Rauch's cup for the best Gordon setter—King and Cane's Downham Victor.
- Charles M. Chapin's cup for the best Scottish terrier—Craigdarroch Kennels' champion The Laird.
- A member's cup for the best collie—Meadow Kennels' Clayton Countess (smooth coated).
- Robert V. McKim's cup for the best bull terrier—M. Cunningham's Lady Ruth.
- Thomas Paton's cup for the best pointer puppy—M. T. Mason's Prospector.
- L. A. Eldridge's cup for the best English setter bitch—Bloomfield Kennels' champion Mallwyd Di.
- Frederic Bull's cup for the best Boston terrier—E. C. Barnum's Miss Barnum.
- Henry W. Bull's cup for the best Airedale terrier—York Kennels' champion York Sceptre.
- Charles S. Guthrie's cup for the best English setter dog—Bloomfield Kennels' Bracken o' Leck.
- Samuel T. Peters's cup for the best team of Dalmatians—Windy Valley Kennels.
- Roswell Eldridge's cup for the best deerhound—Miss Clarisse H. Livingston's Gelert.
- A. W. Hoyt's cup for the best parti-colored cocker spaniel—W. T. Payne's champion Lorelei.
- James McGovern's cup for the best Irish terrier—Rowseley Kennels' Historian.
- B. R. Kittredge's cup for the best greyhound—B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, champion Lansdowne Hall Stream.
- L. S. Thompson's cup for the best English foxhound—Middlesex Hunt's Nemesis.
- W. P. Thompson's cup for the best Irish setter—Dr. Charles A. Gale's Shan Law.
- Harry Payne Whitney's cup for the best fox-terrier—C. K. Harley's Wandee Doris.
- Louis Fitzgerald's cup for the best bulldog—T. W. Lawson's champion La Roche.
- Herman B. Duryea's cup for the best English setter in the field trial classes—Bay View Kennels' champion Mallwyd Queen.
- Center Hitchcock's cup for the best Great Danes—Monticello Kennels' champion A. Caesar.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



The Log of a Sea Angler.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "ANGLING," "BIG GAME FISHES," ETC.

VI.—Killing a Devil Fish—Big Rays—Surrounded by Water Spouts.

ONE of the interesting diversions in fishing on the reef was watching the ways and habits of the various fishes. The clear sandy bottom of the reef off Middle Key was the feeding ground of various rays, called stingarees, whiparees and other names derived from the long, slender whip or lash, with which they were armed.

They appeared like birds as they moved along the white bottom, their black shapes silhouetted against it, the side wing-like fins moving up and down. One spotted like a leopard was famous for its leaps, clearing the water four or more feet, falling prone with a loud resonant crash. Several times I hooked one of these rays with a fairly light line on my rod, and it dragged me up and down the beach and always carried away the line when it made an off-shore run. Then I grained them, and they towed the dinghy about for a long time, proving a gamy fish. I secured the "brush" of one, and just above it were three sharp serrated spines—weapons to be dreaded as I found later when a companion was struck by one, the blow nearly severing the tendons of the foot.

Especially in the evening, the leaps of the rays could be heard and seen, and I believe they were partly in play and partly to escape from the sharks, as at night the shallow reef was the feeding ground for a vast horde of fishes that came up at this time out of the adjacent channels to feed. Fishes never seen at other times, now sported in the shallows; the waters were churned into vivid phosphorescence by this hungry throng. Even the crayfishes left their nests beneath the coral and ranged over the seaweed-covered flats, in such numbers that I could have filled my boat half an hour before sunrise almost any morning by using the grains.

One morning, when the heat was ranging up into high thermometric latitudes, I laid on the sands beneath a sail awning Chief had rigged up, when directly opposite a ray, which must have been nearly twenty feet across and quite as long, sprang into the air. It was a marvelous spectacle, and suggested the restorations of the giant Pteranodon of early days. When the ray struck the water, it shot away with the tips of its wings out of water, and then we saw half a dozen on the surface, which appeared to be swimming in a circle.

Chief said they were playing, and it being an opportunity that evidently would not occur every day, I decided to try and take one. All the men advised against it, having had various experiences, while John declared that one towed a three-masted schooner out of Garden Key Harbor and so demoralized the crew that they jumped overboard and left her, preferring to risk the sharks in a swim ashore to the devil fish.

All this had its natural effect and made me more desirous of taking a ray. There was a very light breeze and we hoisted the mainsail of the sloop, while I rigged up a rest on the bowsprit and made my grains fast to all the available rope, mustering about 500 feet; then all being ready, I took my place in the bow in the fashion of swordfish harpooners, and told Chief to steer for the rays that had moved down the beach a way, and were still swimming in a circle.

As we crept up under the gentle sculling movement of Chief's oar, the wind failing in the lee, we saw, for a moment, unobserved, the great game of the devil fish, as game it must have been. They were swimming one behind the other at intervals of ten or twenty feet; the sloop stopped, drifting near enough to the outer edge of the magic circle for us to see every movement. Their motion was a most graceful lifting of the side or pectoral fins, a virtual flight in the water; but most wonderful was the series of evolutions these submarine fishes went through. Suddenly one would turn a complete somersault, showing its pure white under surface like a flash, assuming the original position without losing its headway; or another would make a swooping plunge down to the sandy bottom and rise with a rebound that made the water boil like a caldron. Again I saw the devil fish tilt to one side with a peculiar motion, displaying a flash of black and white, again falling into line in this strange swinging around the circle. I could have watched the scene for hours, but we were drifting nearer and nearer, so, selecting a ray that tipped its back invitingly toward me, I hurled the grain into it.

None of us were quite prepared for what followed, as the gigantic fish rose from the water as though blown up from below, and appeared like a huge bird flapping its wings and swinging its whip-like tail. But this was only for a second; it fell with a crash that sent a wave seething back over the bow of the Bull Pup, and dashed away, tearing the rope from the coil in an ominous fashion.

There was nothing to do but wait until the end came—a few seconds—then the line came taut with a thud and the old sloop plunged her sturdy bow into the sea. The ray towed us over the reef and showed us what would have happened, assuming that we had used the small boat. I believe that it could have been hauled under water; as it was, when the fish reached deeper water it hauled the bow of the blunt-bowed sloop down ominously near the deck line, and its course took us directly across the end of Sand Key and into shallow water. But the devil fish was too demoralized to hunt deep water or to pick out any particular trail

over which to escape. It swam across country at the top of its speed, and, as it happened to be half low tide, it dashed or slid upon a ragged branch coral patch, a deadly cheveaux de frise, and with back exposed, beat and pounded the water like some huge and uncanny dragon, trying to fly, yet unable to rise.

The dinghy was towing behind the sloop, so tossing in a lance with which John speared conchs, I jumped aboard and Chief pulled me to the scene of the wreck, as wreck it was, and no more extraordinary spectacle was ever witnessed than this gigantic bat-like creature pounding the sea, beating it with resonant blows and tossing the spray and spume in air, rolling from side to side in its efforts to escape, which only served to push it further on to the sharp branch coral. I hesitated to strike so helpless a prey, but evidently it was a question of putting the animal out of its misery; so we ran behind and I sent the lance into it several times. Up in great convulsive folds the animal rose, presenting an appalling spectacle, altogether uncanny and menacing; its extraordinary mouth organs or feelers adding to the horror that it might well inspire in some. For fifteen minutes it struggled and fought against the inevitable after being lanced repeatedly, then gave up, and hung inert in the foot or more of water that covered this natural trap.

The tide was falling, and in an hour the great fish was high and dry, and we went ashore and waited until the flood, when we floated it off and hauled it on to the beach, making it fast to the brush by a rope. At the next low tide in the morning the devil fish was spread out for inspection.

It has been my good fortune to take nearly all the large sea game of American waters, but this fish was the climax in size, fighting qualities and extreme ugliness, and though I later took one in a more sportsman-like manner, following it in a dinghy, the tow we had in the sloop was quite strenuous enough for average nerves.

I have seen men rattled by an octopus not three feet in width; but the octopus was not a circumstance to this manta or devil fish, this diabolical creature with its claspers, wings and all-absorbing mouth. It looked more bat-like still when stretched on the white bleached coral sands.

It was nearly seventeen feet across (paced) and eighteen feet or more long by the same measurement. It had the general shape of a flat ray, but its swimming fins formed wing-shaped organs on the side, which were used as wings to enable it to fly through the water. The upper surface of the animal was black, the lower pure white. Here were the enormous gills. The mouth was large enough to have stored two men, though the quarters would have been snug. Extending from the mouth were two fleshy arms, feelers or claspers, about three feet in length, that are used to toss or waft food into the capacious mouth; and that they can hold or grasp like arms, is well known. Bob told of an instance where one had seized the arm of a sailor and held it like a vise, and various instances could be cited to illustrate the use of the strange "fins." The tail was five feet in length and had lost its tip, and bore the appearance of a "bull whip." As to the weight of our capture, I estimated it at a ton. John guessed two tons, and Chief three, which shows the power of progressive imagination.

Few fishes have the faculty of conveying fear as this huge sea bat, dreaded and hated by all seafarers; and as specimens thirty feet across have been seen there is good reason for assuming that such a fish is to be dreaded and avoided unless one has a craving for sport of the most strenuous nature.

The weather was so trying and the heat so pitiless, I sailed over to Sand Key, the third key to the west from East Key, to find the same conditions—sand, brush, cactus, no gulls, but wrecks of old buildings used in the Civil War, and graves tunneled by crabs. Chief pointed to a spot on the horizon as Northwest Key—the smallest of the group.

After noon a wind came up and we started for Middle Key, making a reach out into the main channel. When about in the middle I saw a black squall cloud, about the size of a man's head, rising over the edge of the world to the north. It came on with remarkable speed, and in twenty minutes the sky was overcast and the sun shut out by a curious copper-hued cloud of ominous appearance and import.

We stood ready to lower the sail, but instead of wind, there came a series of waterspouts. First a small pendulous finger appeared, dropping from a lead-colored cloud not far distant. Down it fell, growing larger and larger until halfway to the ocean, when a responding tip was seen reaching up to meet it. The two soon joined. The spout had begun in the heavens—a whirling column of cloud that extended downward, the wind proceeding the cloud body, reaching the sea and whirling it about with such inconceivable velocity, that it quickly took the shape of a solid pillar of water that appeared to be a pillar supporting the sky. Almost before it was complete, another and another formed on all sides, and in a short time we were surrounded by five of the tallest waterspouts it was ever my privilege to look upon, and I have seen many.

No more appalling spectacle can be imagined than this. How high they were it was impossible to conjecture; they appeared a mile in height, at least, that would have been the guess of a cool, disinterested party from a safe position; but they may have been but 500 feet in height.

As soon as they were complete, they bent before the breeze, which now came up, and began to move to the east. I do not know what were the sensations of my companions; I kept my own to myself, but Chief ex-

pressed his opinion that if I had let the devil fish alone we would at this precise time have been eating fried grunt on Middle Key, instead of looking at our own funeral. It was a modern miracle that we escaped all these swaying giants. John and Bob got the dinghy ahead and made fast the line, and stood ready to try and tow the Bull Pup out of range at the psychological moment; but Chief kicked off his heavy shoes and lighted his pipe, and doubtless made other preparations for immediate and violent dissolution.

But he was disappointed; the spouts went careening by us, so near that I had to bend my head far back to see the top of the nearest, and passed on, like stalking giants, with ominous roar and a mass of foam at the base, the middle bent like a bow, the top lost in the coppery vault of the heavens.

What would have been the result of a collision with one of these giants it was easy to conjecture. The Bull Pup would have been twisted and torn into fragments and her parts tossed high into the air by the whirling waters. I have been within thirty feet of a large waterspout, near enough to be drenched by its spray, deafened by its roar, and feel confident to express an opinion; yet I saw a large schooner struck by one that came out of the collision with little or no damage. I believe, however, that this was an exception, and the vessel was hauled on the reef at the time.

With the passing of the waterspouts came the wind, fresh and sparking; the air was clear, the sun shone again on the blue waters, the spouts were a blur on the horizon and had doubtless gone to pieces, while we were bearing away under press of sail for the Middle Key.

I had always been skeptical as to the ferocity of sharks as regards human beings, but this afternoon, when the sun was getting low, I was driven in from the reef by a large shark that persistently followed us. I was trying to catch some mullets with a cast-net, and had waded out into water waist-deep when I saw the fin of a large shark. I was partly dragging the net in the water, and had left a trail of mullet on the smooth water which the wandering shark readily picked up; and his peculiar motion in coming on rapidly, beating like a boat in short tacks from side to side, was so suggestive that I turned inshore, then, reaching the shallows, pelted the brutish fish with dead coral rock, but did not succeed in driving it off. It swam in until it grounded, then thrashed the water into foam in its attempts to escape, while I ran alongside. It was over eight feet long, and bulky enough to have played havoc with a swimmer; yet I still had my doubts as to whether it would have attacked me. It is my experience that the average shark is a coward, but I also think there are certain sharks that, like tigers and elephants, are man-killers and eaters. I have known such sharks, and doubtless tropical hot waters aid in debasing their appetites.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

The Jock-Scott Fly.

The next two or three pages are filled with a heterogeneous collection, which, to any eyes but my own, is a group of that incomparable fly, the beautiful "Jock-Scott." I have always wondered at the killing qualities of this fly, for it seems to have a strange charm for the salmon, notwithstanding the brilliancy of its colors. I suppose that in the books of anglers, generally, there is as large a proportion of these flies as there is of the other highly successful creation, silver-doctor, which fly I consider is, for all waters and almost all conditions of water, the most seductive lure that ever was cast.

Like many other salmon flies, there is a vast dissimilarity in both the Jock-Scott and silver-doctor of different tyers; the brilliancy of both soon fades if dyed feathers and imitation tinsel are used, and a visit to the tackle stores will show the extent to which the cheaper grade of feathers are used in these, and, in fact, many others of the more expensive flies.

Among the feathers which are used in their make-up by the more responsible tyers, are some of those delicate and beautiful plumes in the crest of the Chinese golden pheasant; the lustre of these is always brilliant in the water, and, although I have handled a great variety of feathers which were dyed in the most skillful manner possible, I have never yet seen one that began to approach those I have named in brilliancy and every other desirable quality in a salmon fly as it passes through the water. In the silver-doctor and a number of other kinds a considerable tinsel is used, and it is of the utmost importance that only the pure silver tinsel shall be wound.

In the ordinary run of store flies a poor imitation is employed, on account of the greater expense of the pure article, just as cheap dyed feathers are used as a substitute for those of the pheasant; and many anglers find it necessary in ordering flies to stipulate that all the material used shall be of the best quality.

My torn and faded Jock-Scotts have, like the others, filled their mission, each having landed at least one salmon, and, as I gaze upon them individually, I recall to memory all the incidents of the struggle and locate the very pool in which the salmon was taken. Men may smile at one bestowing much sentiment on a lot of old and ruined flies, but when each of them tells a thrilling story of the grand old rivers among the mountains; of the delicious aroma of the forest; of the dark, deep, foam-flecked pools; of the delicate lure upon the water; of the rise of the argent-clad king of game fishes; of the struggle, and of the final victory—I hold that such sentiment is not misplaced.

Among the other pages of this book are "butchers," "fairies," "Montreals" of different shades and texture, a number of those admirable flies for a brighter day and low water, the "black-dose," the "gray-mouse," the "royal-coachman," and many others that are used on salmon streams. Like the others, each has done its duty, each has its history, which I should dearly love to dwell upon; but the story that could be told of them with pen and ink would not, I fear, prove of sufficient interest to warrant my telling it.

Another page or two is turned, and my eye falls on a still brilliant wreck of that most gaudy creation, the

Prince-William-of-Orange Fly.

I have made many efforts to trace out the origin or originators of the different kinds of flies in common use, and have in many cases been quite successful; but I have never been able to ascertain in whose fertile brain was created this magnificently hued lure. In the books of American anglers it is not often seen, but in those of our British cousins it is very common and tied in large patterns at that. It is used by them chiefly as a trolling fly.

I have but three or four, and those were tied by my father, who was an amateur fly-tyer or remarkable experience; in fact, I have seen a number of pieces of his handiwork which, when laid side by side with the well-known Forrester flies, compared more than favorably with them. He was a most assiduous seeker for materials, and corresponded with bird collectors in various localities all over the world to obtain skins of rare species, whose feathers were to be used in putting together the different lures.

Most anglers have but a faint idea of the great amount and variety of material that is needed in the manufacture of the varieties of flies in ordinary use, and many would, no doubt, be surprised at the rarity of some of the feathers employed.

The Prince-William as it is usually tied is hardly suitable for use on most Canadian rivers; but, I dare say, if it were built on a smaller model, as are our conventional salmon flies, it would, in dark, deep water and on a lowry day, prove as killing as a Jock-Scott, a silver-doctor or Durham-ranger. I have, however, used two, which were tied on what I consider large patterns, and was successful with both; but the conditions in which they were employed were somewhat peculiar. One of them is still in good working condition and if everything goes well, I mean to try its merits again in the Port Medway River, N. S., the coming spring. I say "spring" for the reason that in all the streams on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia the salmon arrive very early in the season, it being a not uncommon occurrence to take them with the fly early in March. The other of the flies in question is a perfect wreck, for I killed two good salmon on it in the Indian River, which empties into Margaret's Bay, twenty or more miles south of Halifax, and subsequently used it among the large sea trout in the Margaree River, Cape Breton, which fish will rise to almost any lure that is put out to them.

What a glorious day that was on the Indian River! when, in less than two hours, I landed with an ordinary grilse rod four goodly salmon, two of which were killed on the Prince-William fly. I had with me on that occasion old Tim Mason, one of the best all-round guides I ever had the pleasure of meeting. He and his brother, Loftus, were great favorites among the army and navy officers and other anglers from Halifax, Loftus having had the distinguished honor of having served as guide and canoe man to the then Prince of Wales, now king of England, on an outing on Canadian rivers. Indian River is a small one, none of its pools being more than two good casts in width; but it is rather a difficult stream to fish, on account of its wooded, rocky shores, which tax the patience and ingenuity of the angler when making his "back-casts" to avoid losing his leader and fly. In fact, in several of the pools anything but a rolling or "Spey" cast is almost impossible.

The pools, though not very wide, are deep, and when the water is high in the river, they are black and full of all sorts of twisting eddies and tortuous currents, and their surface is nearly covered with great patches of foam, which have been cast there by the wild rush of the rapids above. The lower or first pool is not more than five rods from the head of tide-water, and it is always good for at least one salmon on any day early in the season.

My capture of the four salmon occurred in early May. The season had been a late one, some patches of snow even then remaining in the forest by the side of the river, and, of course, the stream was "banks-full." The third or fourth pool above salt-water is called the "Horseshoe" from its peculiar shape, and the angler in fishing in it must use his tackle in the most careful manner possible. I had been using "Jock-Scotts," "butchers" and a variety of other flies, but met with no response. Surface fishing was entirely out of the question and I used them as sunken flies, and pretty well down in the water at that. At last, thoroughly disgusted at my ill-success, I exclaimed: "It's no use, Tom, I'll waste no more time on this pool with such small flies! I've got something here that will suit them. I have no doubt." And I opened my book and selected a Prince-William-of-Orange, which my guide declared was "as big as a yellow bird," and, attaching it to my leader, I threw it out and began to give it play. Like others, however, it received no attention when moved near the surface, and it was only after it had become thoroughly saturated and was permitted to sink deep in the water that I felt a tug, and, striking sharply, I found I was fast to a noble fish.

"That beats all!" exclaimed the guide, excitedly, "I never expected to see the like of that! the salmon must be of a queer mind that would take a fly of that size and complexion."

The fight I had with that fish in such heavy water and with so light a rod was one never to be forgotten. Luckily for me he was well hooked and the pool was free of snags and drift stuff; but it took me a good quarter of an hour to bring my beauty to terms and give Tom an opportunity to use the gaff.

Lake Champlain Fishing.

FOLLOWING is a copy of the petition to the Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, concerning seine fishing in Lake Champlain, adopted by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at its recent meeting held at St. John, N. B.: *To the Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, K. C., M. P., Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa:*

The petition of the undersigned association, known as the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, respectfully represents—

That this association has repeatedly during the last five years called upon the authorities of New York, Vermont, and the Dominion of Canada to put an end to the disastrous seining of pike-perch or pickerel (*Stizostedion vitreum*).

That on the 8th day of February, 1902, on the recommendation of the Honorable Minister of Marine and Fisheries, an order-in-council was passed by His Excellency the Governor-General-in-Council, taking this action desired by this association, so far as Canada was concerned, since it prohibited fishing with nets of any kind in the lakes and tributary streams of Missisquoi, etc.

That on the strength of the report to council in which the above order-in-council was adopted, a copy of which report-to-council was furnished at his own request to the Hon. Julius Seymour, representing the Legislature of New York, that Legislature repealed the law permitting the granting of licenses on certain conditions for seining in Lake Champlain.

That the Legislature of Vermont has also repealed all permissive legislation of a similar character, so that it is no longer permissive or possible for seining licenses for Lake Champlain to be issued, either by the authorities of the State of New York or by those of the State of Vermont.

That it was learned by this association with the deepest regret some time subsequently to the passage of the order-in-council of the 8th day of February, 1902, that the said order-in-council had been rescinded, and that in consequence of such repeal, seining licenses were, and in fact still are, being issued to commercial fishermen to net the waters of the Missisquoi Bay of Lake Champlain.

That this association, which was established in the city of Montreal at the instance of, and largely through the efforts of, that zealous friend of fish and game protection, the Hon. S. N. Parent, has for some of its main objects the harmonizing of the laws of the different Provinces of Canada and the contiguous States of the American Union; the preservation, propagation and protection of fish, game and bird life and maintenance and improvement of the laws relating thereto, and mutual assistance in enforcing game and fish laws on the borders of the various States and Provinces.

That your petitioners have reason to believe, and do firmly believe, that Canadian holders of licenses to seine in Missisquoi Bay in past years have sold or re-let their leasing rights to American fishermen in Vermont, and probably without legal transfer of the same, or permission to so transfer them. That this belief is founded upon the uncontradicted statement of the highest fishery official of that time in the employment of the Government of the Province of Quebec, the late L. Z. Joncas, as reported on page 86 of the published transactions of this association for the year 1902, a copy of which is forwarded herewith. That Mr. Joncas, the then Superintendent of Fish and Game of the Province of Quebec, said upon that occasion: "I may say here, and I know it as a matter of fact, that out of the eighteen licenses which we give in the Province of Quebec, only three are used by Canadians; all the others are used by Vermonters." That, as will be seen further on upon the page just quoted from, Mr. Nelson W. Fisk, of Vermont, said: "I want to thank my friend the Commissioner from the Province of Quebec for what he has said here to-day. He has told the truth that out of the eighteen licenses issued by him in Canada, a large number of them are used by Vermonters. I am glad that he had admitted it. In fact, I am personally acquainted with four or five men who have used these licenses in Vermont from my own town. Now, that being the case, that Vermont is getting all the benefits of the licenses being issued by Canada, practically all—he tells you all but three—I cannot see the first reason—financially, politically or otherwise—why Canada should issue licenses."

That your petitioners believe that the vast majority of people of the Province of Quebec, including certainly every friend of the cause of fish protection and propagation in which your department is so much interested, are entirely opposed to the continued seining in Missisquoi Bay, while in New York and Vermont the sentiment is unanimous against it, as shown by the votes in the Legislatures of those States.

That your association, which was represented by the vice-president for the Province of Quebec, Doctor Finnie, of Montreal, at the interview granted by you on this matter, together with Honorable Mr. Parent, on the 12th of January last, have learned with pleasure from its representative on that occasion that you were good enough to say that if the question of yellow perch were eliminated, there would be a probability, in your opinion, of coming to reasonable terms.

That your association is now delighted to be in a position to prove to your entire satisfaction that this perch matter has been entirely eliminated from the question by the reception of a letter from the Hon. George M. Bowers, United States Fish Commissioner, at Washington, which reads as follows:

"Department of Commerce and Labor, Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, Jan. 27, 1905. Hon. H. G. Thomas, Stowe, Vt., Sir—Answering your inquiry addressed to Mr. Carter, you are informed that the bureau during the spring of 1903 propagated some yellow perch on the Missisquoi River at Swanton, Vt., in connection with the regular pike-perch work. The fish had spawned during high water, and the receding of the river left great quantities of the eggs suspended on the grasses and shrubbery, where they were destined to perish. The eggs were collected, partly with a view to experimental work, and for the purpose of transferring them to waters where they are in demand. The bureau does not contemplate the propagation of yellow perch on the Missisquoi River with the view of restocking the waters of Lake Champlain until there is a demand for this species in those waters. It has not yet been decided whether any yellow perch

operations will be conducted at Swanton the coming season, but if so it will be for the purpose of obtaining fish to stock waters other than Lake Champlain and its tributaries. Respectfully,

"GEORGE M. BOWERS, Commissioner."

That there is also annexed to this petition a positive declaration from H. G. Thomas, the sole Fish Commissioner of the State of Vermont, which effectually sets at rest all possible doubts on the subject, since it shows that Mr. Thomas will never permit any more yellow perch to be planted in Lake Champlain, and that nobody else—not even the United States Fish Commissioners—can plant such fish in those waters without his permission.

Wherefore, for all the reasons which have been thus far related, and also because the prohibition of such seining as herein prayed for is not only in the interest of fish protection, but fair and reasonable on the part of Canada, because of a similar prohibition on the part of the States of New York and Vermont, and because of the enormous number of good food fishes planted by the United States Fish Commission in the waters of Lake Champlain; and further because such action for all these reasons would seem to be called for by the international courtesy recognized by the comity of the nations.

Therefore your petitioners humbly pray that you will be pleased to recommend to His Excellency the Governor-General the re-passage of the order-in-council of the 8th of February, 1902, at least so far as the waters of the Missisquoi Bay are concerned.

And your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray. (Signed, as instructed by resolution of the association adopted at its annual meeting at St. John, N. B., on the 2d of February, 1905.)

PRESIDENT, L. J. TWEDDIE,
Premier at St. John, N. B.
SECRETARY, E. T. D. CHAMBERS,
Quebec.

Pennsylvania Fisheries Department.

In a recent report to the Governor of Pennsylvania, Commissioner of Fisheries W. E. Meehan gave the following as among the operations of his department for the year 1904:

Total number of fish hatched and distributed, 78,985,867. Of these, 5,396,750 were game fish exclusively, including brook trout, black bass, yellow perch and sunfish. The remainder were food fish, including whitefish, lake trout, lake herring, blue pike, and wall-eyed pike; also 38,000 frogs. Of the five hatcheries controlled by the department, three were in operation so far as hatching fish was concerned, and two were in course of construction. The total cost of operating the five hatcheries was \$28,656.21.

The total number of arrests made for illegal fishing was 783. The total number of acquittals was 79, and the total number of convictions was 704. The amount of fines collected was over \$9,600, of which \$4,568.51, being the State's share, was paid into the State Treasury. The total cost of the warden service was \$6,122.71. The amount of fines paid into the State Treasury was therefore nearly as much as the cost of the service, and within \$1,122.71 of the amount appropriated by the State. The amount above the appropriation from the State was paid from \$1,750 collected from licenses on eel baskets.

According to the report, the carp industry in the State is valued at over \$325,000 a year; that in Philadelphia alone there were 3,499,000 pounds of this inferior food fish sold, with an aggregate value of \$174,000. Within two years the eel industry of the State has been developed from practically nothing to about \$30,000 a year; the fish industry in Lake Erie at the City of Erie was worth to the dealers \$300,000, a total catch of 7,280,580 pounds being reported. The shad industry on the Delaware was given at \$225,000.

The Commissioner announced that he is erecting ponds for lake trout with a capacity of 5,000,000 eggs a year, and is experimenting with Atlantic salmon with a view of domesticating them for the purpose of securing eggs for the stocking of the Delaware River. During the year twelve fishways were built in dams by owners on orders from the department, and four fishways were constructed at the expense of the State.

Albany Legislation.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 18.—The Senate Committee on Fisheries and Game has reported favorably the bill of Assemblyman Wade (Int. No. 249) providing that the meshes of nets used in Lake Erie shall not be less than 1½ inches bar.

The Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game has reported favorably the bill of Assemblyman Bisland (Int. No. 476) providing that the close season for hares and rabbits in Sullivan county shall be from Feb. 16 to Sept. 30, both inclusive, and that in Schenectady county it shall be from Feb. 1 to Oct. 31, both inclusive.

Game bills have been introduced as follows: By Assemblyman Santee (Int. No. 596), amending Section 13 so as to provide that the close season for hares and rabbits in Steuben county shall be from Jan. 16 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Cunningham (Int. No. 599) amending Section 84 so as to allow the spearing of suckers, bullheads, eels and dog-fish in Sanddring Creek, Ulster county, from Center street bridge in Ellenville, to Port Nixon dam on the said stream, from April 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Cox (Int. No. 601), amending Section 176, so as to give special game protectors the same powers as State game protectors, if they are regularly employed on a salary by an incorporated association for the protection of fish and game or are employed by a board of supervisors.

By Assemblyman Monroe (Int. No. 640), amending Section 41 by striking out the provision making the close season for trout in Tompkins county from July 16 to April 15, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Gates (Int. No. 651), amending Section 14, so as to prohibit the taking of beaver by any device whatsoever.

The Assembly has passed the bill of Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 305) in relation to the protection of land turtles and wild black bear.

A bill has been introduced by Assemblyman Fish prohibiting the sale of slaughtered game, animals or poultry unless the carcasses have been divested of the lung tissues and the internal organs within forty-eight hours after slaughter.

Gold's Gilding Effect.

"That fellow is a perfect boor."
"S-s-sh. He's worth \$4,000,000."
"That so! Well, as I was saying, he's a man of marked individuality."



YACHTING

An "Escapade."

Log of the Yawl Escape.

BY GEORGE MATTHEWS.

(Continued from page 141.)

July 30.—South West Harbor. Under way at 7 A. M., and, with a N.W. breeze, ran along shore to the westward. The wind kept shifting from N.W. to S.W., but generally in such a way as to allow us to lay our course. Went through Casco Passage, Deer Island Thoroughfare, and Fox Island Thoroughfare.

At this point it got very squally and, on coming out into West Penobscot Bay, we found a heavy sea running. Beat out under mizzen and jib, but, finding it slow work, put double-reefed mainsail on her and drove her through it. In attempting to ease off the mainsail a trifle, the sheet got away from Emil, and mate Colson, who was perched on the cockpit rail, had a narrow escape from going overboard, as it was his heels flew up in a most undignified manner. We fought our way to Rockland, and were glad enough when we got under the shelter of Owl's Head.

July 31, Sunday.—Blew very hard during the night and all day. At anchor.

August 1.—Wind still S.W., but more moderate. Under way by 7:35 A. M., and had a nice beat down to Whitehead, where we found a very heavy swell. The good little boat rode this nicely, and we gradually worked past Tennants Harbor, Mosquito Island, and finally old Pemaquid itself, after which we could ease sheets a trifle and run into Booth Bay in fine style, anchoring about 7 o'clock. A black yawl, considerably larger than Escape, started out after us from Rockland, but at Whitehead, we had left her nearly out of sight astern. While rounding Pemaquid to-day, the phonograph took another tumble, and went permanently out of business along with "Bedelia" and most of the other Wagnerian airs. The survivors, including "San

to Portland, arriving about 3 P. M.

Mate and cabin boy landed for mail and marketing. Captain and sailing master got aboard the spare sails, etc., left at the yacht club on our eastern run, and then the New York steamer for provisions and soda water sent from New York.

August 4.—Under way at 8 A. M.; S. breeze, very light at first, and the tide against us. About noon the wind freshened a little; but a heavy head-sea made progress very slow, and at about 6 o'clock the wind failed altogether, and we rolled and slatted most distressingly, finally working into Cape Neddick Roads in the dark. Got a bad scare while feeling our way in with the lead. Emil reported "five fathoms" several times, and then shouted, "No water at all!" and the boat was put in the wind—all hands in a panic.

It turned out that in the darkness the lead had caught in the runner tackle. We anchored in three fathoms and found pretty fair protection from the roll; but this is a risky anchorage, being entirely exposed to N., N.E., or E. winds. Mate Colson must leave us tomorrow, and Captain, Dodo and Emil must tackle the Cape alone.

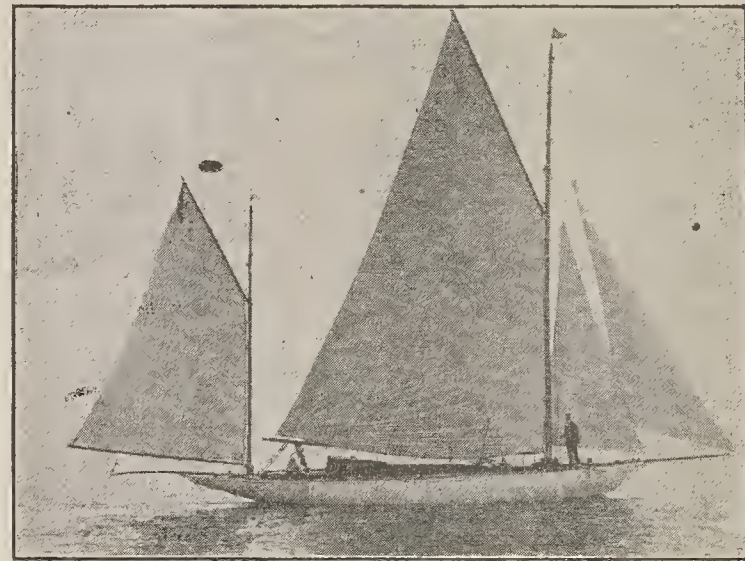
August 5.—Early breakfast in order to give mate Colson a fair start on his trip back to New York. The Captain and cabin boy manned the dinghy and landed him on the beach through the surf. A small comber came over the stern as we touched the shore, and the mate got his feet and the seat of his trousers wet, but left regretfully for Portsmouth, Boston and New York.

Under way about 8:30 A. M., with brisk S. wind and heavy sea. Soon found it necessary to double reef, and, owing to the rough water, made very slow progress past Portsmouth and down the shore. At about 3:30 P. M., we found ourselves off Newburyport and, as we were tired of threshing so slowly to windward, we put in. Found the harbor a difficult one to enter, and an uncomfortable anchorage, on account of the fierce tide and narrow channel. Dropped our hook rather too near Joppa Flats.

rolled over us, and we can hear fog horns tooting all around us.

9:30 A. M.—We have turned tail and are trying to pick up Nauset Beacons again, so we can locate ourselves and anchor.

10:30 A. M.—The fog thinned as we ran north, and we soon made out the beacons and began to work in-shore, sounding constantly as we went. Now anchored in five fathoms, and all hands decided to stay up all night, as it is most uncanny here so close to the beach,



TERN.

Owned by John Hyslop, New York Y. C.

on which the surf is dismally roaring and the fog shutting out everything but strange noises.

August 8.—All hands tired and nervous. Fog still thick. At about 7 A. M., were startled by a loud clap of thunder and a downpour of rain on the cabin roof. Luckily the wind, which rose rapidly, came right off shore and did not disturb us. Tied in our third and last reef and awaited events. About 11 A. M., it partially cleared off, and the wind came again from the S.W. Got our anchor and eighteen fathoms of chain with great labor and started on our way toward Monomoy, wishing we were safely back on Long Island Sound.

By this time the tide was strong against us, and we made but slow progress. Could not seem to get away from the dismal wreck on Chatham Bar, which had a damaging effect on the old man's nerves.

Off the whistling buoy the fog, which was hanging in a solid bank to southward, seemed to be closing in on us again, and we squared away in a panic and ran for the beach to anchor. Before we got there, however, the mist cleared up a little and the wind freshened, so we grew bold and stood in the direction of Pollock Shoal Lightship again, shaking out our reefs. At last we made out the lightship in the fog, and, standing about a mile to the westward of it to get out of the fairway, anchored in five fathoms, at about 4 P. M. We tied in two reefs, in case of trouble in the night, and left the mizzen set, for, should an easter spring up, it would catch us in a dangerous trap.

About dusk we sighted a sloop, remarkably like Penikese, standing out to sea, apparently bound over the shoals by night. Wonder if it can be she? By dark it was quite clear, so we had early dinner and Emil turned in for a rest, while the old man and Dodo

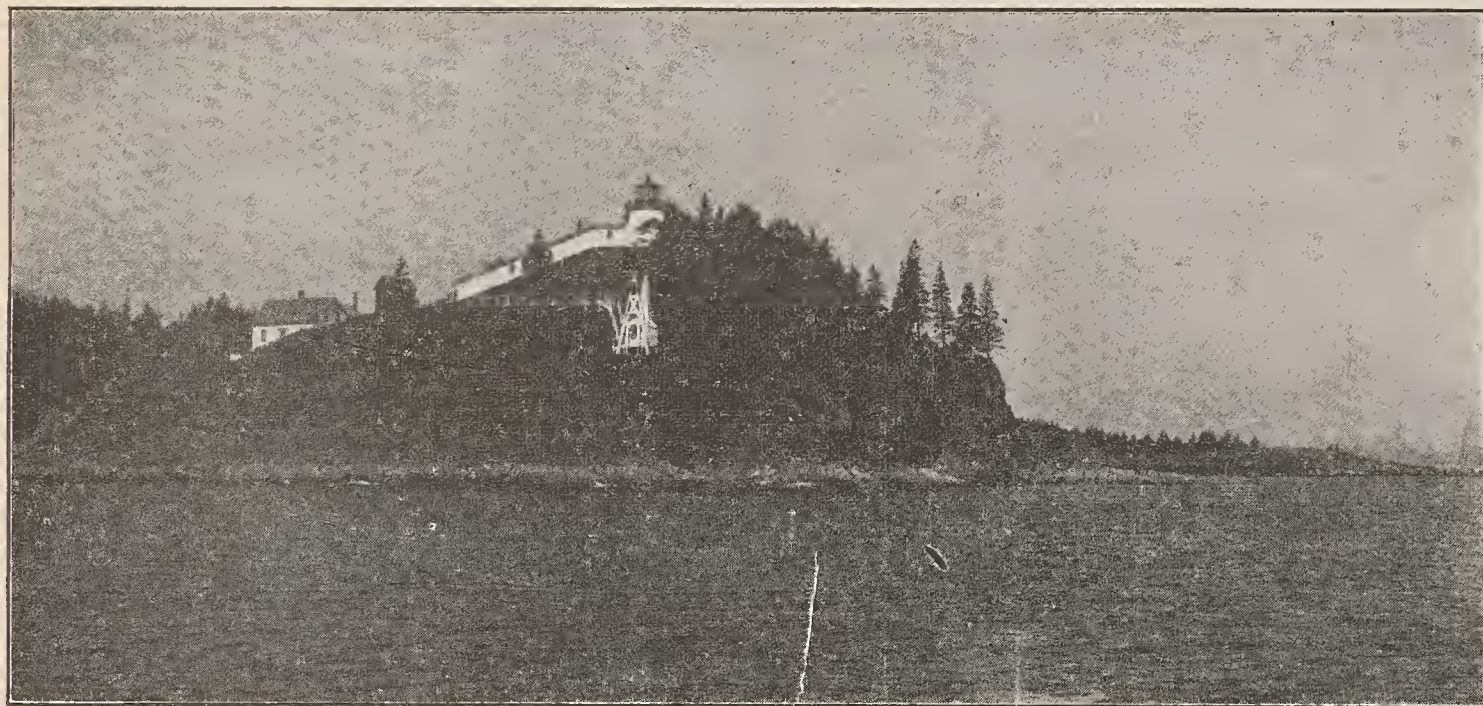


PLEASURE.

Owned by Theodore C. Zerega, New York Y. C.

kept anchor watch until midnight, by which time it was blowing a fine breeze from N.W. and clear as a bell. A number of coasters now anchored all around us. Emil on the watch until 4 A. M.

August 9.—Under way by 5 A. M., Tide against us until 7:30. Set storm jib, reefed mainsail and reefed



OWL'S HEAD, MAINE.

Domingo Maid" and the "Boolah Girl," were consequently done up in cotton wadding and consigned to a padded cell. Next time, we will take less lively music. A phonograph is a great joy on a cruise, but a good strong baritone voice, such as is possessed by mate Struthers is more easily stowed and less liable to fracture or contusions.

Colson went ashore for mail, but found that it should have been addressed Booth Bay Harbor, instead of Booth Bay, which is two miles inland. He telegraphed, and it was sent over by buggy. While waiting at the boat-landing for Dodo, who had gone to the post-office the second time for the forwarded mail, the Captain met a yachtsman who was hunting for his dinghy which someone had evidently borrowed. He offered to take the boatless man out to his yacht, and was astonished to find his vessel was Penikese, of New Rochelle, the last boat to finish in the Block Island race. She had followed us all the way to Maine and was now on the way home. All hands tired—early to bed.

August 2.—Rained a little in the night, and the morning is dull and cheerless. Light N.E. breeze. Said good-bye to the owner of Penikese, who rowed over to us to bid us farewell, he having to wait over for a new gaff to replace one carried away on Sunday. Got water and provisions aboard, and made sail at 10 A. M.

Light and variable winds carried us as far as Cape Small, when it died away to nothing. We had hoped to make Portland; but as it was now 4 o'clock, we eased sheets and drifted up to Carrying Place Head and anchored in the bight off the northern end of the head. Beautiful place, but spoiled by a smelly fishing camp.

August 3.—It rained again last night, and we are in for another dismal and sprinkly day. Got under way at 7:30 A. M., with a light N. air. Jigger sheet fouled bowsprit of a fishing boat anchored close aboard us, and threw our head around almost on the rocky shore. Got off without touching, however, and stood out by way of White Bull and Bold Dick. Wind continued very light and variable until reaching Chandler's Cove, then freshened considerably, and we made a quick run

August 6.—Up at 5 A. M., hurried breakfast, and, in spite of the threatening look of the weather, started out. At the breakwater were struck by a bad squall, and knowing that if we once got out we could not get back until the turn of the tide, six hours later, we put back and anchored in the old berth. We there reefed the mizzen and put three reefs in the mainsail, and about noon, the weather looking a trifle better, we hoisted No. 2 jib and stood out with the last of the ebb. Wind was from S., just enough to allow us to lay a course for Cape Ann. We were greatly bothered by the breakwater being built off Rockport, as it is very long but does not yet show above water. Finally located the buoys, and stood inside of it. Going out between the breakwater and Straitsmouth Island, we encountered a tremendous sea and head wind, bucking up against the strong tide. Near Thatcher's Island it grew light, and we rolled badly. After numerous tacks, we got clear of the island and could lay our course toward Gloucester, which port we made about dark, anchoring behind Ten-Pound Island.

The happy days of gliding down the wind, early anchoring and delightful evenings under the awning arc over. Now the programme is early rising, hard work, head winds, late dinner, canned provisions and early to bed.

August 7.—Up at 5 A. M. Dodo sent ashore to mail letters; a hasty breakfast, and under way bright and early. A fine day at last, with a nice breeze from S.W. By 3 o'clock we were off the upper end of Cape Cod, and as it looked as though we were in for a spell of nice weather, we decided to run down the cape and anchor as near Monomoy as possible. Toward evening the wind fell light, and at dark we were able to make out Nauset Beacons. After leaving these (7:45) and skirting along shore, we were unable to make out Chatham Light.

9 P. M.—No light in sight and all hands getting nervous, as we have sailed far enough to be almost abreast of it, and it is starlight. Now we know the reason, for a heavy bank of fog from the southward has

mizzen, and made fine time out to Pollock Rip Lightship and then to Shovel Full. Wind grew lighter, but with favoring tide. Were soon off Handkerchief Lightship. At 9:45 A. M., had Cross Rip Lightship abeam, and had a second breakfast at 9:50. Wind growing lighter, we shook our reef and set balloon jib.

A large fleet of vessels and tows of barges crossing the shoals in both directions. Wind very light, but aided by a tremendous tide, we made fast time and soon had Vineyard Haven abeam. Set spinnaker for a while and went through Vineyard Sound and Quicks Hole, where we struck a fierce head-tide. At 5 o'clock we anchored in Cuttyhunk Harbor, having made 57 nautical miles since morning, and the boat was lowered for the old man and Dodo to go ashore to see if a telegram could be sent home to let our friends know that Escape was safely over the treacherous shoals. Inquiries made of several fishermen and natives on the shore and on various boats brought the information that we might be accommodated at the Cuttyhunk Club, so they walked over to the famous bass fishing headquarters only to find that the only communication to be had with the world was through the life-saving station a ways down the beach. Succeeded in getting a message telephoned from there. Made 57 nautical miles to-day. Grub running low. Dodo's appetite alarming.

August 10.—Up at 6:30 A. M., and found the weather looking gloomy and the wind S.E. Hurried through breakfast and got under way under full mainsail and made fast time before the rising wind and a heavy following sea. Soon made out Brenton's Reef Lightship, and by the time that we had Point Judith abeam, 11:30 A. M., the sea had risen tremendously and we were yawing and rolling wildly, but making a good $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots all the same. No chance to get a lunch, so munched crackers. It is not the first time that Escape has run before an easterly; but it seemed different away out here so far from land, and the old man at the stick could not help looking anxiously over his shoulder at the great gray mountains sweeping after the poor little boat, and at last, after two or three gigantic combers rolled under us and a fiercer shriek than usual went through the rigging, he gave the order to reduce sail. With a wide sweep and a dizzy roll to leeward, the boat came around and faced the sea, and only one wicked swell swept over her weather bow before Emil had the sail half down and she was kept off on her course again.

Thank Heaven we did not catch this easterly gale when anchored off Cape Cod night before last. We do not like to think of that. No attempt was made to tie in reefs, but the sail was let lie in the lazy jacks, where the belly of it soon collected a barrel or two of rain and spray, which had to be bailed out with the bucket.

By this time the rain began to drive past us in such heavy sheets as to shut out all sight of land. The log had been consulted each hour and our position carefully noted on the chart, but we were now nearing the dangerous reefs at the eastern end of Fisher's Island, and anxious eyes were strained ahead. A good-sized sloop, carrying full sail and topsail, gradually overhauled us, and passed close aboard. Two men were working hard at her wheel, and she yawed about frightfully, almost broaching to several times. We were making very much better weather of it than she.

We finally gave up the idea of trying for the Watch Hill entrance, as the weather was so thick and squally. We caught sight of it, however, and steered for the Race. Here it was so thick that we could scarcely see one-quarter of a mile, and the wind suddenly changed to N., gybing us in a tremendous sea. The N. wind cleared things up somewhat, luckily for us, as we found we had been carried well over toward Gull Island. Altered our course and went by Race Rock with a fine favoring tide and anchored off the Pequod House at 5:15 P. M., having made 56 nautical miles.

August 11.—New London. Overcast and rainy. The harbor full of warships and torpedo boats, with plenty of music and bugle blasts to cheer us up.

It is a great relief to be snug in a safe harbor. Emil and Dodo off to town for supplies, while Captain cleared things up and put everything out to dry as soon as the rain let up. About noon the queer-looking sloop, now owned by Mr. T. E. Zerega, came in, and later on Tern came sailing around under mizzen and jib. Captain and Dodo rowed alongside and found Mr. Hyslop very glad to see us. He is to anchor off the town to-night to pick up a passenger, and made an appointment to start off with us for the westward to-morrow morning at 7:30. Wind being S.W. and the water tanks empty, we will not go out to-day.

Afternoon.—The old man paid a visit to Zerega's new boat, Pleasure. She is a Herreshoff design, but very odd, her spar being stepped very near the middle of her length. Her jib stay comes to the stem head, and her fore stay to the deck away inboard. She is very shoal, wide, and of extremely small displacement, having been designed for use in the Great South Bay.

Just before dinner Mr. Zerega and his guest returned the call, and were much interested in our acetylene gas outfit.

Got our ice, water and provisions, and are ready for an early start. Our troubles are over; the sound lies before us, and a few days more should see us safely home.

August 12.—Under way at 7:15 A. M., with a fine N.W. breeze, afterward becoming nearly E. Mr. Hyslop, in Tern, started out before we were quite ready, but hove to and waited for us. We could not keep up with him, and he gradually drew away. The tide was tremendously strong in our favor and we ran along rapidly. Were a little careless about picking up buoys, and suddenly saw, right ahead, what appeared to be a rock awash. Put about quickly, and stood further off shore and tried to locate ourselves, but could see no buoys either inside or outside of us. Soon after we made the red nun buoy off Saybrook, and so concluded our reef must have been either Hatchett's Reef with the buoys drifted away, or, more likely, only a tide rip. It gave us a good scare, and Tern, seeing us apparently in trouble, came up in the wind until we stood on our course again. Soon passed Saybrook, and then Stratford Point, when Hyslop bore

away for Black Rock at about 3:30 P. M. The wind being so favorable, we kept right on, and quickly sighted the familiar lights on Sands Point and Execution.

We stood well out to Execution to avoid running on the Hen and Chickens in the dark, and anchored, just before 9 P. M., in New Rochelle. Our long cruise ended without mishap, and the comforts of home awaiting us on the morrow. We have made the distance from Monomoy to New Rochelle in three sailing days—not a bad record.

August 13.—Packed our grips and bade good-bye to Emil and the gallant little ship. We met Jimmie Sparkman at the landing, and he was greatly interested in our fine run home.

The Motor Boat and Sportsman's Show.

OWING to a conflict of dates between our going to press and the opening of the show, we regret that we will be unable to give our readers this week any considerable idea of the features to be observed in this wonderful exhibition of such vast interest to the sportsman and yachtsman. Many innovations have been made, and the success of the show was assured from the very first. The attendance will undoubtedly be a record breaker for similar events. Next week we will devote much of our space to recounting the fly-casting, U. S. Life-Saving Corps, canoe tilting and similar contests, as well as a description of individual exhibits. The scheme of decorations, flags and green drapings, together with the abundance of cedar and fir boughs, is very pleasing, but the large lagoon will prove the *pièce de résistance*.

Dayton Electrical Manufacturing Company, of Dayton, Ohio, in their exhibit of their combined ignition and lighting outfit, show the Apple dynamo, belt, gear or friction-driven, an 8 volt accumulator or storage battery, coil and switchboard. This arrangement will furnish ignition for four cylinders and at the same time light three six-candle power electric lights.

Clifton Motor Works, of Cincinnati, Ohio, will show 8, 14 and 28 horsepower four-stroke engines. This year's model shows many improvements over the engines heretofore built by this firm, and will be appreciated by those familiar with gasoline engine needs.

Fairbanks Company, of New York, will show five engines, all running, built by the Smalley Motor Company, Bay City, Mich., more than any other exhibitor. The marine engines shown will be $4\frac{1}{2}$, 9 and 20 horsepower, respectively one, two and three cylinder two-stroke type and a small 2 horsepower engine. A 4 horsepower horizontal Fairbanks stationary engine completes their exhibit.

The Trenton Malleable Iron Company, Trenton, N. J., will have a full line of castings made by that well-known firm.

Stamford Motor Company, Stamford, Conn., will have a full line of two-stroke engines designed by Mr. F. L. Sneekner.

Lackawanna Motor Company, Buffalo, N. Y., in their exhibit show their three-ported marine two-stroke engine. This was one of the first manufacturers to realize the importance and worth of this modern construction.

Spaulding Gas Engine Company, of St. Joseph, Mich., expect to show three engines, $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 7 horsepower, two-stroke, both make-and-break and jump spark ignition. They make especial claim to their reversing wheel, which is the only one using a solid shaft and no outside sleeve.

John Wanamaker, New York, will have a line of canoes manufactured by the Fraser Hollow Spar and Boat Company, Greenport, N. Y., and several launches.

Truscott Boat Company, St. Joseph, Mich., occupy a part of the island in the lagoon with their well-known line of launches and engines.

Trebart Auto and Marine Motor Company, Rochester, N. Y., makers of automobile motors, will show their automobile four cylinder 34 horsepower four-stroke engine.

F. L. Crosby Company, Bangor, Me., as usual will show wigs, game heads and novelties, such as ink-wells, thermometers, etc., made from deer and caribou feet. Indian moccasins and slippers will also be shown.

One of the new attractions this season is a line of gun cabinets made by The Yeager Furniture Company, of Allentown, Pa. These cabinets, covering all the requirements of sportsmen, and at the same time constituting attractive pieces of furniture, will no doubt be highly appreciated by a large class of those who enjoy the gun and dog. The present demand for Arts and Crafts and Mission furniture, led to the adoption of these styles as being the best and most suitable for cabinets of this kind, and with due care to workmanship and a high quality of quarter sawed oak in "weathered finish," not neglecting hardware trim of special design in "old brass," "The Yeager Cabinet" is an article worth having, and will be a source of never-ending satisfaction to those who possess one, being a place for everything and everything in its place. At the end of the fishing or shooting season you lay away your outfit in such places as seem most convenient without a thought as to whether they will easily be found when wanted again. No doubt there are a great many sportsmen who do not consign their favorite gun and split-bamboo to some out-of-the-way corner, but rig up a special contrivance of their own where these articles can be properly cared for and easily accessible in case of need. This is a good way, so far as it goes; but consider what a great advantage a cabinet would be, one specially designed to hold a complete outfit, from guns to fish-hooks, all within easy grasp, and an ornament to your den, living room or camp.

The exhibit made by the Russian collective exhibitors of the World's Fair, St. Louis, Mo., at the National Motorboat and Sportsman's Show will consist of different Russian peasant work, house industry, made by hand, laces, embroideries, hangings, table covers, etc.; fur skins, muffs, rugs, fur carpets, and other Russian goods.

The Grand Trunk Railway System has arranged a very comprehensive and artistic collection. This exhibit will consist of large photographic views of a comparatively speaking new fishing and hunting territory in New Ontario, known as the "Temagami" region, which has been made accessible this year by the building of a new railway from the northern terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway system, at North Bay, through the Government forest reserve, located 72 miles from the latter point. In

addition to these artistic pictures, a collection of mounted fish and game are shown, including specimens of moose, caribou, deer, mink, beaver, partridges, duck, etc. The fish of Canada are represented by black bass, speckled trout, maskinongé, wall-eyed pike and other species. There will also be biogen machines, projecting moving pictures, illustrating some of the fishing and hunting scenes from the Canadian rivers and forests. All of which will be shown in an artistic booth, built of red cedar and decorated with green cedar boughs.

The exhibit will be in charge of a representative of the railway thoroughly conversant with all the fishing and hunting regions reached by the lines of the Grand Trunk Railway system. He will be assisted by Indian guides from some of the different resorts. This exhibit will be located in the Garden to the right of the rear end.

The Anglers' Company, Hartford, Conn., have on exhibition a full line of their metal-whipped rods and service fly-books.

The Foster Rubber Company, of Boston, Mass., in addition to the well-known Foster heels, will show a full line of golf, yachting and tennis shoes, all with the Foster heel.

Wm. Hjorth & Co., Jamestown, N. Y., in connection with a display of wrenches and pliers, will have a combination sportsman's tool. This consists of a hatchet, hammer, pincers, wire-cutter, punch, screwdriver and nail puller all in one.

Klean-Al Manufacturing Company, 36 Vesey street, New York, will have demonstration of their cleaning compound. Their demonstrators will paint their hands with various kinds of dyes, etc., and remove it with Klean-Al, and to show absence of deleterious or harmful ingredients will rub it upon their lips, teeth, etc.

The Mianus Motor Works' exhibit will consist of two, four and six horsepower single cylinder two-stroke engines and eight and twelve horsepower double cylinder four-stroke. These engines use make-and-break ignition in preference to jump spark, and are of the heavy low speed type. Various improvements are shown in the 1905 models in igniters, connecting rods and pumps.

Blauvelt Knitting Company, Newark, N. J., makers of fine worsted garments for street and sporting wear, will have an attractive exhibit.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Feb. 20.—At the annual meeting of the Eastern Y. C., held at the St. Botolph Club last Tuesday evening, it was unanimously voted to adopt the new uniform rule of measurement with its accompanying conditions and classification. This action is not in the least surprising, for the yacht owners have been generally in favor of such changes as would produce better types of yachts, and Chairman Henry Howard and Secretary Louis M. Clark, of the Regatta Committee, have been the strongest advocates of the new rule in Massachusetts Bay. The following officers and committees were elected for the year: Com., Laurence Minot; Vice-Com., F. S. Eaton; Rear-Com., W. O. Gay; Sec'y, George Atkinson, Jr.; Treas., Patrick T. Jackson; Meas., Henry Taggard; members of the Council-at-Large—George A. Goddard and Frank B. McQuesten; Regatta Committee—Henry Howard, chairman; George Atkinson, Jr., A. Appleton Packard, Stephen W. Sleeper and Louis M. Clark, secretary; Committee on Admissions—Theophilus Parsons, J. D. Colt, Robert Saltonstall, C. S. Rackemann and the secretary, ex-officio; House Committee—Parkman Dexter, E. W. Bowditch, F. O. North, E. M. Beals and W. B. Revere, secretary. The Regatta Committee, under the leadership of Mr. Henry Howard, which performed such good work last season, will be even more active this year. The committee has not yet laid out its programme, but it can be announced that it will provide for the usual races for the popular classes of Massachusetts Bay, and will also hold another series of power boat races, probably at the conclusion of the power boat race of the Knickerbocker Y. C. from New York to Marblehead. There will probably be other power boat races during the season, as the club has taken a great interest in the development of the type, and has organized a class to further power boat racing. It is quite likely that the committee plans to give another ocean race, probably to the eastward, but the final development of this feature will probably depend upon the response from yacht owners. It is more than probable that there will be an annual cruise to Bar Harbor, and this should be even more successful than the one that was held last season. If, as has been suggested, the fleet of the New York Y. C. joins that of the Eastern Y. C. at Marblehead, the eastward cruise will be the greatest ever held.

The Regatta Committee of the Boston Y. C. has organized and has announced the following fixtures for 22-footers, 18-footers and 15-footers and two handicap classes:

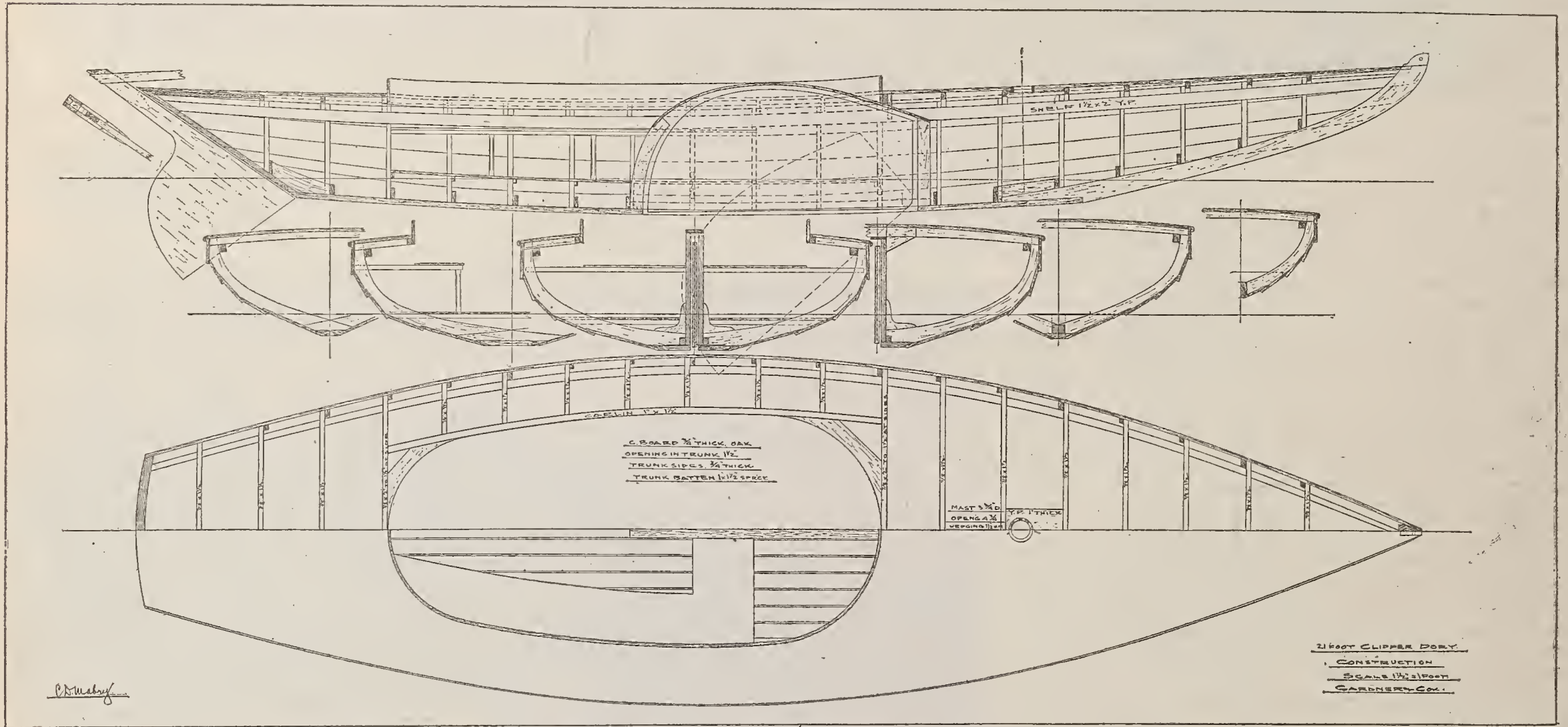
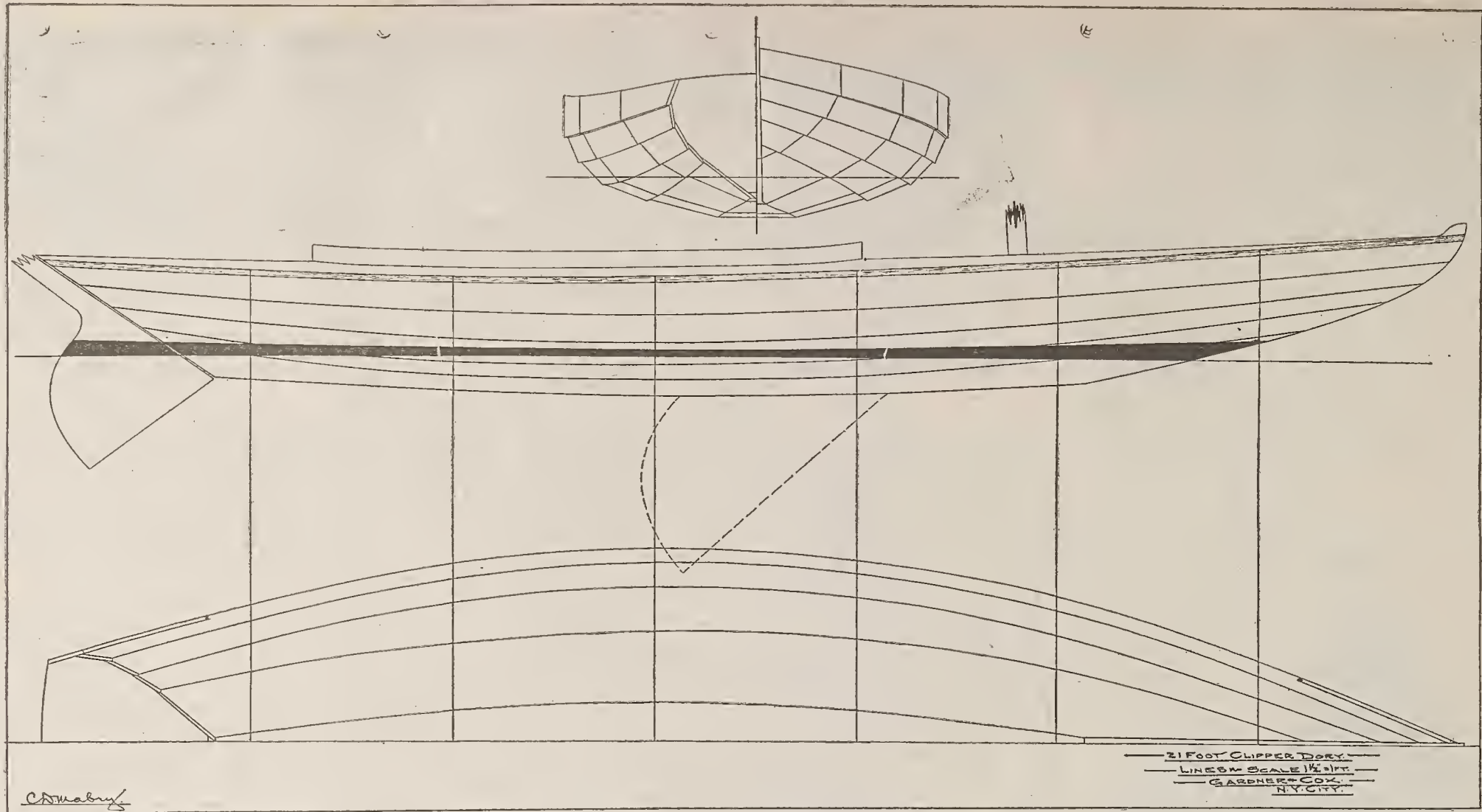
June 13, Saturday—Club race, City Point.
June 17, Saturday—Y. R. A. open, Hull.
July 1, Saturday—Club race, Marblehead.
July 29, Saturday—Club race, Marblehead.
August 3, Thursday—Midsummer series, Y. R. A. open, Hull.
August 4, Friday—Midsummer series, Y. R. A. open, Hull.
August 5, Saturday—Midsummer series, Y. R. A. open, Hull.
August 7, Monday—Y. R. A. open, Marblehead.
August 14, Monday—Club race, Marblehead.
September 9, Saturday—Club race, Hull.

A special series of races will be held at Hull for 18-footers and handicap classes in conjunction with the Point Allertons Associates for cups and prizes, the dates for which will be announced later.

At the annual meeting of the Wollaston Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., S. B. Wiley, Jr.; Vice-Com., W. M. Chase; Sec'y, C. W. Dill; Treas., John B. Given; member of Governing Board for three years, Franklin E. Dawes.

The members of the American Y. C., of Newburyport, have been organizing a one-design sailing dory class, to be raced with boats of the Annisquam and Revere Y. C.'s and the Swampscott Dory Club. A meeting of the members interested in the class was held recently, but definite action was deferred until February 27. At this meeting several designs ranging in cost from \$75 to \$125, were submitted. One of the members of the club has offered a cup to be competed for by boats of the class.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.



CLIPPER DORY—LINES AND CONSTRUCTION PLANS.
Designed by Gardner & Cox.

British Letter.

THE failure of our present rating rule to produce an efficient type of boat for class racing, coupled with the persistent neglect of the Yacht Racing Association to provide a table of scantlings under which racing yachts should be built, has resulted in the decline of class racing in this country to a lower point than has ever before been reached. The consequence is that the class racer has been superseded by handicap classes, restricted classes, and by one-design classes. The last named have increased in numbers so much of late years that the more ardent supporters of class racing are beginning to point the finger of scorn at owners of one-designers and to twit them with not indulging in the highest form of the sport. To this the one-design contingent have the ready and plausible reply that they cannot afford a new boat every year, especially one which costs so much money as the modern racer, and which is practically useless for any other purpose and is unsalable when her racing days are over. They furthermore take exception to the statement that theirs is an inferior form of yacht racing and contend that, on the contrary, one-design racing does far more to produce sound amateur yachtsmen than any amount of class racing. The fact is, there is much to be said for both sides. Theoretically, of course, class racing is the highest form of the sport.

The very latest creations in the way of naval architecture from the board of the most celebrated professional designers, built and rigged at the best yards, with sails by the most eminent sail makers, and the boats steered by the most skilled skippers that are to be had for love or money, must necessarily appeal to a large section of lovers of yacht racing. Moreover, these vessels go the rounds of the coast and 10,000— or did form until recent years—the basis of the regatta programmes of all the principal yacht clubs, which bestowed their chief prizes upon the class racers,

In practice, however, this high standard of idealism has many flaws. In the first place, the owner is entirely dependent upon the ability of the designer for the success or failure of his boat. Secondly, the owner of a yacht of 65ft. rating or upward never steers his vessel himself and is merely a passenger on her during a race, and this remark frequently applies to the smaller classes. Then there is the disadvantage of having the same designer represented by more than one boat in a class, for it is obvious that one of them—probably the very latest—must be faster than the others which will have to take a back seat. Then again much depends upon the kind of boat encouraged by the rule of measurement in vogue, for no man is so well off that he can afford to throw away his money over a type of vessel which is needlessly expensive, or which he does not consider a sufficiently good investment for his money.

There is no doubt that the present day racing yacht is costly and unsatisfactory in many ways, chiefly by reason of flimsy construction, and owners have realized this so fully, that class racing is almost a dead letter and will remain so until measures are taken to improve upon the present rating rule and to insure sufficiently strong construction of hull. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the owners of one-designers have the best of the argument. One-design classes have not any of the drawbacks enumerated above, and although they run small as a rule, they are built in accordance with the requirements of owners and to suit the waters to which they belong. Economy and solidity of construction are studied, also comfort in the way of internal accommodation, and if they do not represent the latest development in naval architecture, they are for the most part convenient and handy boats which answer the requirements of their owners who have to pay the piper, and have therefore a perfect right to call the tune.

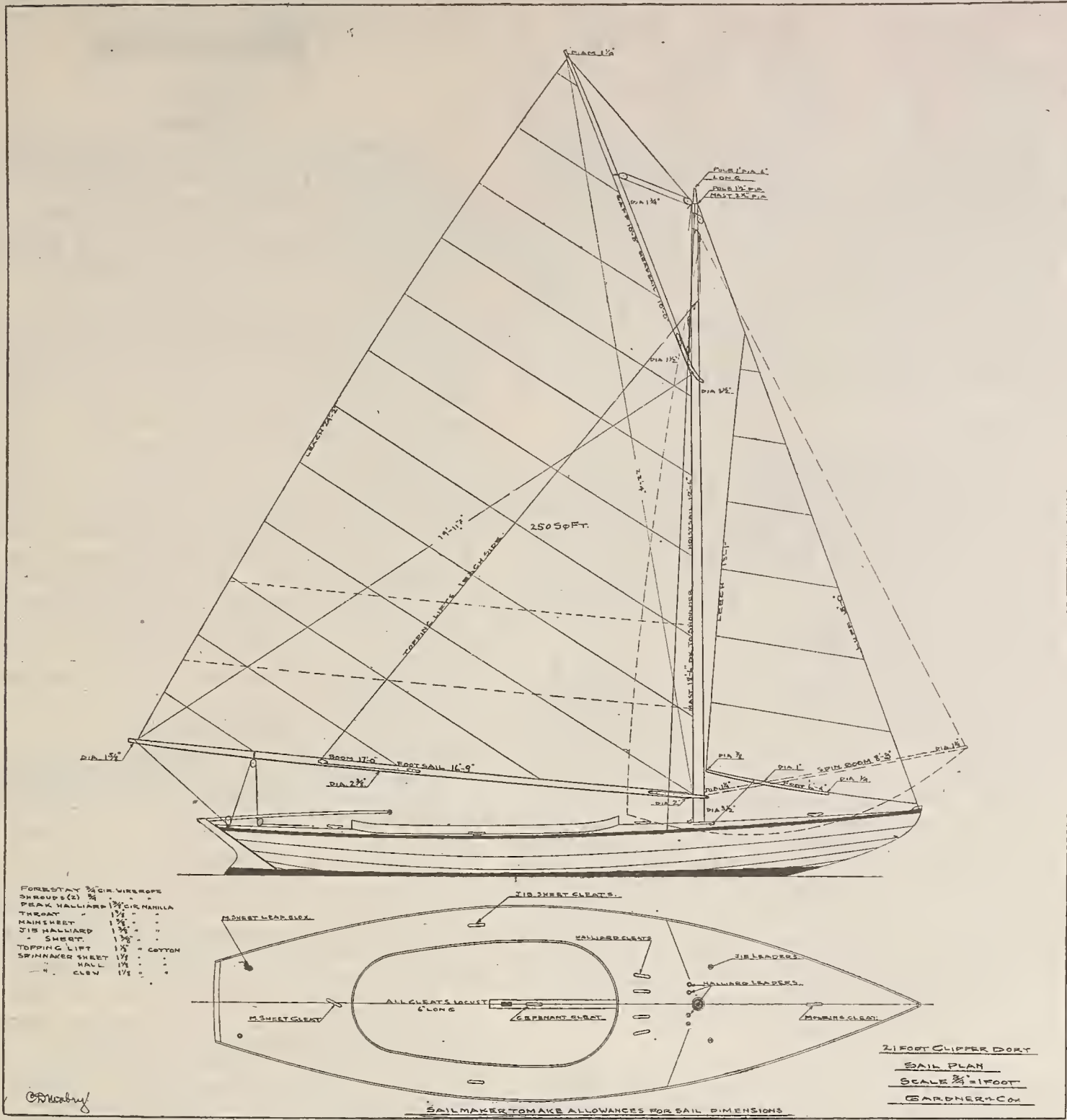
The immense popularity of the monotype classes of

Belfast Lough, Dublin Bay, and, later, of the Solent and the Clyde, is a sufficient answer to enthusiasts who will not tolerate anything else than class racing, and it is abundantly clear that if class racing is to be revived it must be under other conditions than obtain at present. With the places of first class yachts and 65-footers filled as they now are by two handicap classes, and the smaller raters, with the exception of the 52-footers, ousted by restricted and one-design classes, some radical changes will have to be made before yacht racing can be put back on its former footing. For the present one-design classes hold the sway among the smaller boats and they are invaluable as nurseries for the younger class of amateur yachtsmen, as they are nearly always steered by their owners and frequently manned in whole or in part by their friends. They are a boon to men of moderate means and, whatever their drawbacks, there is but little doubt that they have come to stay.

The recent decision of the British Admiralty to moor the obsolete men-of-war they propose to get rid of at Spithead, in Southampton Water, and in the Kyles of Bute and Holy Loch, has raised quite an outcry in yachting circles, as all these localities are much frequented by yachtsmen who naturally resent the idea of strings of ungainly hulks being dumped down in such picturesque places. It certainly seems unfortunate that waters so popular with the pleasure fleet should be disfigured by the presence of so many unsightly old ships, and it is to be hoped that the remonstrances forwarded by the yacht clubs to the Admiralty will meet with a satisfactory reply and that some more suitable, if less convenient, places of refuge may be found for these ships until they find their way into the ship breaker's hands.

E. H. KELLY.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.



CLIPPER DORY—SAIL AND DECK PLANS.
Designed by Gardner & Cox.

Design for a Clipper Dory.

THE accompanying cuts show a one-design class of clipper dories, recently adopted by the Tappan Zee Y. C. This class will receive special attention in the Hudson River Yacht Racing Association next season. The association was recently formed by the more important clubs on the Hudson River. The cost of these boats, delivered and complete in all respects except ballast, is \$150. They were designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, and are being built by the Nassau Shipyard, of Bayville, L. I.

This boat is an improvement on the regular Swampscott dory used in large numbers along the Massachusetts coast. The boat has a much fuller deck line, giving a long side to sail on. The forward overhang is longer, and the sections are much fuller than the regular dory. The boat has a much harder bilge, and the stern is nearly twice as wide as the regular dory. The keel is much narrower and has more rocker with less of a knuckle where the keel joins the stem. This makes a splendid boat at a reasonable cost for afternoon sailing and class racing, the difference in size between these boats and the regular 15ft. knockabout being considerably less than the difference in price. These boats have white cedar plank, spruce-sawn frames with light oak frames between; the keel is of oak and deck of pine, canvas-covered. The centerboard logs are of spruce, and the board is of oak weighted with lead. The sails are cross cut, of 5-ounce canvas, made by Messrs. Wilson & Griffen, and the spinnaker is of light sail cloth. All hardware is of galvanized iron, and the blocks are of bronze.

The dimensions follow:

Length—	Over all	21	ft.	1in.
	Waterline	15	ft.	
Beam—	Extreme	5	ft.	10in.
Freeboard—	Forward	2	ft.	
	Least	1	ft.	2in.
	Aft	1	ft.	6in.
Draft board up				7in.
Draft, with board		3	ft.	4in.
Approximate weight		1,065	lbs.	
Sail area mainsail		214	sq. ft.	
Jib		36	sq. ft.	
Total		250	sq. ft.	

COURTEOUS OFFER TO COMMODORE F. G. BOURNE, NEW YORK Y. C.—Immediately on learning of the burning of the yachts Delaware and Colonia last week, Mr. John J. Amory, president of the Gas Engine & Power Company and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consol., notified Commodore Bourne that the entire Morris Heights plant was at his disposal for the rebuilding and refitting of his yachts, leaving it entirely to Commodore Bourne whether the work would be done under the supervision of the underwriters, his own men or the Seabury force of engineers. This offer at a time when the company was busiest shows a spirit of accommodation, and in a measure accounts for the popularity which this firm enjoys. Members of the New York and other yacht clubs who have learned of Mr. Amory's action, express themselves as being impressed with the liberality of this concern.

A Bill to Prevent Injury to or Destruction of Yacht Moorings.

A BILL has recently been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature which provides—

1. A fine or imprisonment for any person who shall willfully and without right destroy, cut or injure the mooring of a yacht or other vessel.
2. Treble damages to the owner of such mooring for the willful destruction, cutting or injury to such mooring.
3. That the possession of any part of the mooring which has been willfully and without right destroyed, cut or injured shall be prima facie evidence of the possessor's guilt or liability.

All yacht or boat owners of Massachusetts who approve of the legislation outlined above, are earnestly advised to write to William L. Barnard, Esq., 31 State street, Boston, Mass., informing him that they approve of such legislation, and also write and request their local representative to vote for such legislation.

It will be noticed that this does not affect accidental destruction of a mooring by another boat, but only where the act is willful.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

HARTFORD Y. C. ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Hartford Y. C. was held at the Hotel Heublein, Hartford, Conn., on Thursday evening, February 9, a very large proportion of the club membership being present. The annual reports of the officers showed the affairs of the organization to be in a highly satisfactory condition. The total membership is 275, and 121 vessels are enrolled in the club's list. The races in the Connecticut River and on Long Island Sound last season were exceptionally successful, the entries numbering 95. Especially interesting was the power boat race of July 2, down the Connecticut from Hartford to Fenwick, a distance of 50 miles, in which fifteen motorboats started, and all finished. The ocean race from Fenwick around Block Island and return, sailed in September, was also a success. During the year thirty new members were admitted to the club. The following officers were elected: Com., Louis F. Heublein, steam yacht Katrina; Vice-Com., Charles A. Goodwin, yawl Procyon; Rear-Com., Walter S. Schutz, sloop Neeche; Sec'y, Frank W. Theis; Treas., E. Hart Fenn; Meas., Harry D. Olmsted; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. Frank Axtelle; Trustees for three years, L. D. Fisk, Joseph Merritt; Race Committee—E. N. Way, chairman; Joseph Merritt, secretary; Charles H. Symonds, Newton Case Brainard, Charles N. Robinson, Frederick Law; Delegates to Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound—E. N. Way, H. M. Luther, Marcus A. Potter; Delegates to American Power Boat Association—E. N. Way, Frederick Law and Charles D. Holmes; Annual Dinner Committee—Commodore Heublein, Rear-Commodore Schutz, L. D. Fisk, Joseph Merritt and Charles Noel Flagg.

C. F. Splitdorf, 17 Vandewater street, New York, will have a full and comprehensive exhibit of spark plugs, jump spark coils, switches, ignition cable, motor cycle and other non-vibrating coils, and a new ignition magneto.

LARCHMONT Y. C. MEETING.—Over one hundred members attended the annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. held at Delmonico's, Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street, New York, on Wednesday evening, February 15. The following officers were elected: Com., A. C. Bostwick, auxiliary Vergemere; Vice-Com., Roy A. Rainey, steamer Viola; Rear-Com., R. A. C. Smith, steamer Privateer; Sec'y, A. Bryan Alley; Treas., William Murray; Meas., John Hyslop; Trustees, for one year, John Proctor Clarke; for three years, Francis M. Scott and Edward J. Greacen. Several proposed amendments to the constitution were adopted. These provide for a junior membership, to which persons between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years are eligible. These members have the privilege of the club burgee, the anchorage and the club house, but are not permitted to make purchases at the club house. These junior members must be elected to regular membership when the age limit is reached. The initiation in the future will be \$100, and \$25 for juniors, while the dues will be \$75 and \$25 for juniors. The dues have been advanced 50 per cent., as the club felt that it should have more revenue from its members. It was thought at first that this increase in the dues would result in many resignations, but there were only five more than the year previous.

The New York Y. C. rule of measurement, which has been accepted by nearly all the prominent organizations in the East, was adopted.

The report of the Secretary, A. Bryan Alley, was of interest. There are now 406 yachts enrolled, and the membership is 740.

The club house is being added to and improved. The new extension, to be known as the Augustin Monroe extension, is well under way, and will be ready for occupancy before long.

The flag officers of the Royal Victoria Y. C. were elected honorary members of the club. This was done in appreciation of the courtesy and hospitality shown Ex-Commodore Morton F. Plant while he was in British waters with the schooner Ingomar.

NEW YAWL FOR F. T. ROGERS.—The most interesting announcement concerning new boats for Rhode Island waters the coming season is that of a new yawl with auxiliary power for Dr. F. T. Rogers, commodore of the Rhode Island Y. C. The designers are Small Brothers, of Boston, and the work of building is now under way by Rice Brothers at Boothbay, Me. The new yawl will be some nine feet shorter than Rusalka, the schooner that served as last season's flagship, but will be equal to her in accommodations, and superior in some respects. The dimensions will be 55ft. over all, 36ft. waterline, 14ft. breadth and 8ft. draft. Aft the cabin contains the owner's stateroom on the starboard, with chart lockers and toilet on the port side, and companionway and passage between. Forward of this is the main cabin with a berth on the port and two berths on the starboard. In front of the berths are extension transoms, giving a total sleeping accommodation for five. Next is a commodious galley, lavatory and ice-box, the engine being in the center of the galley, and covered when not in use. In the bow is a 70-gallon gasoline tank. The forecabin is fitted with two pipe bunks. The yawl will be completed about May 1, and will be in commission by Memorial Day.

CHANGES ON PRIVATEER.—The steam yacht Privateer, owned by Mr. R. A. C. Smith, of New York, who has recently been elected vice-commodore of the Larchmont Y. C., is undergoing extensive alterations at the yards of the James Reilly Repair and Supply Company, Jersey City.

When the alterations are completed, Commodore Smith will have a vessel unique in many ways. There will be nine staterooms and saloon aft, communicating by inclosed passage, with large dining saloon forward on main deck; in addition to which there will be another deck saloon forward in the mahogany house on upper deck. With the new arrangement, Privateer will have a complete promenade deck from stem to stern, and as all the rooms are unusually large, well laid out, ventilated and lighted, she will be most attractive. The work is in charge of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, her designers, and will be finished May 15.

YACHTS BURNED IN YONKERS FIRE.—A disastrous fire that started in the Waring Hat Manufacturing Co.'s lumber shed at Yonkers, destroyed a number of yachts that were housed for the winter in an adjoining shop owned by Mr. George M. Rae. Most of the boats that were destroyed were owned by members of the Yonkers Corinthian Y. C. The boats entirely destroyed or very badly damaged were: Chas. H. Fancher's launch Bessie and catboat Wa Wa; Commodore Reeves' knockabout and Wave; W. L. Andrus' launch Helen; A. L. Skinner's knockabout; A. C. Smith's Coquette, cabin catboat; A. J. Van Suetendael's auto boat; M. Dee's May, launch; Louis Quanchi's Ermie, launch; Frank Ford's Thelma, launch; George Daniel's Cupid, gasoline launch; Mr. Smith's small launch.

RECENT SALES.—The 90ft. twin screw gasoline yacht Siesta, owned by Mr. Frank A. Egan, Atlantic Y. C., has been sold through the agency of Messrs. MacConnell & Cook to Mr. Charles M. Rosenthal, of New York. The same agency has sold the sloop Marion, owned by Mr. Louis H. Strouse, to Dr. Russell Pemberton, New York. The schooner yacht Rosina, owned by Mr. Irving Cox, has also been sold by the same agency to Mr. Herbert Driggs, of New York. The boat will be taken to Chesapeake Bay.

SUNBEAM ENTERED FOR OCEAN RACE.—Right Honorable Lord Brassey has entered his famous cruising auxiliary Sunbeam in the ocean race for the German Emperor's Cup. Sunbeam is a three-masted auxiliary schooner of composite construction. She is an old vessel, having been built in 1874 from designs by Mr. St. Claire Byrne. She is 154ft. waterline, 27.6ft. breadth and 13.9ft. depth.

FOXIE CHANGES HANDS.—The auxiliary yawl Foxie has been sold by Mr. Frederick De Funiak, New York Y. C., through the agency of Mr. Thomas A. St. Johnston, of this city, to Mr. James Godfrey Wilson, L. Y. C., who will change her name to Albion.

Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

(Continued from page 144.)

WHILE the four-stroke engine is, with but one or two exceptions, always used in automobile work, it may at first seem strange that there are comparatively so few in use in boats. If the conditions were alike in both cases and the requirements the same, engines of both types would be made use of in automobiles as well as boats.

For general marine use, slow speed engines are preferable to high speed. They weigh more, but the slightly increased weight is more than offset by longer wear, and for use in small units up to say 6 horsepower, the two-stroke engine seems better adapted for marine work than the four-stroke. Don't think for an instant that because it seems better adapted that it really is better than a four-stroke engine; but it is so much simpler and cheaper and takes up so much less room, that it is very popular.

As usually constructed, a two-stroke engine can be run in either direction, the spark taking place just prior to the end of each up stroke, no matter in which direction the engine runs, while in the four-stroke the spark is near the end of each alternate up stroke, the exhaust valve being held open during the whole of the other up stroke. If the engine were to be operated in the opposite direction without employing an entirely different set of sparking and exhaust cams, the exhaust valve would open at the beginning of a down stroke, draw in gas or air from the exhaust piping, close on the lower center, this charge which could not be explosive would be compressed on the up stroke, and if the valves were tight on the next down stroke, there would be no gas taken in through the inlet valve, for there would be no partial vacuum to induce it. The spark would take place near the end of the down stroke. The whole cycle would be out of adjustment and out of time.

In order to run backwards as well as ahead without stopping the engine, or where it cannot be run in the opposite direction, it becomes necessary to use a reversing mechanism, to reverse the direction of the propeller shaft itself, or change the angle of the propeller blades so they will exert power astern instead of ahead, the rotation of the crank shaft always being in one direction. Reversing gears are expensive, take up considerable room, and unless they can be kept from contact with salt water, will rarely give satisfactory results. In building them gearing is almost universally used, although one manufacturer for several years employed bevel frictions for the purpose. In using gearing, either bevels or trains of spur gears have to be used, the latter being usually termed planetary, perfected as it was for automobile use in the older type where horizontal engines were used with crank and driving shafts running transversely.

There is considerable power lost in using reversing gears and where bevels are employed unless one has a knowledge of the principles of bevel and direct thrust, this form is liable to work injury through thrust on the crank shaft of the engine. Some bevel reverse gears drive the propeller shaft through the teeth of the gears, while others lock the whole together and drive from a double clutch, one at each end of the casing. This construction, while much more expensive, gives better satisfaction.

The planetary gear, however, seems to be the more popular, and the strong point in its favor seems to be less liability of thrusting upon the engine crank shaft.

In itself, simple as it can be constructed, this part of marine equipment is complicated, and frequently a source of much trouble. The small two-stroke engine has no need of any such contrivances. To be sure, in making a landing, one cannot run up to it as he would with a steamboat; but with a little judgment he can shut his engine down and make a landing in good shape. If he needs to run the boat astern to get away from a float or wharf, or off a bank or shoal he may have inadvertently run aground upon, all he has to do is to start the engine in the opposite direction, and if he has been taught and has practiced a little, he can usually stop the engine and reverse it by means of the switch. Ordinarily, after "getting the hang of it," you can do this nine out of ten times; but you should never depend upon this when in close corners or narrow quarters, for if it was to fail, there would be no time, and results might be disastrous.

Two-stroke engines would be used in automobiles more did it not take so much water to keep them cool. In a launch there is an ample supply of water, and no trouble to keep the cylinder cool so long as the circulating pump is sufficiently large for the purpose.

Two-stroke engines usually consume more fuel than four-stroke, but in small power it does not amount to much in the aggregate. With engines of 10 to 100 horsepower, the consumption is an important factor to be taken into consideration, and this is one of the reasons why larger two-stroke engines are not oftener met in marine work.

A two-stroke engine is a comparatively simple piece of machinery; but to be a good engine it needs much more careful design than a four-stroke. Some makes will last much longer than others, and this can usually be attributed to one or a combination of three things—material, machine work and care in operation. Again, some makes at the same speed, and the bore of the cylinder and length of the stroke being the same, develop decidedly more power than others. Design is largely to blame for such differences, although sometimes the method of machining may account for some of the wasted power which is absorbed by the engine itself, or it may not be properly installed or may be out of adjustment.

If it is absolutely necessary that a perfectly, or nearly so, exhaust must be had, it practically shuts out the two-stroke engine, as for it to run that quiet, it would be necessary to muffle to such an extent as to kill nearly the entire efficiency of the engine.

The particular parts of the two-stroke engine are the cylinder, piston, wrist pin, connecting rod, crank shaft, piston rings and main bearings. It is taken for granted that the igniter and vaporizing devices are working properly, but if not, they can be readily examined without taking the engine to pieces. So I am going to make some particular reference to the design, selection of material, machining, and assembling the various parts, and the engine as a whole.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Queries on Marine Motors.

I. H. F., Albany, N. Y.—My two cylinder engine with reversing gear would sometimes stop when I attempted to run backward last summer. Can you tell me what the probable cause was?

Ans.—It may be that your engine has a governor, and that the springs are too weak. A marine engine should not be governed too closely. Fifteen per cent. additional engine speed would not be too much when power is thrown off. If you use early-and-late ignition, always make ignition late when stopping or backing. A good type of governor is one that does not shut off the supply entirely or reduce it to such a point that the engine misses explosions badly. If it will run regularly on slow speed with power thrown out, it ought not stop when throwing in back motion. If engine has no governor, there should be a stop in the throttle, so it will not close off too much. If your engine stops, it may be from too rich or too poor a mixture, too early ignition, or too much friction in the reverse gearing possibly caused by poor alignment.

H. R. L., Boston, Mass.—Which do you consider the more satisfactory, a reciprocating or rotary circulating pump?

Ans.—Marine gasolene engines are usually equipped with reciprocating circulating pumps, although auto marine engines are almost always supplied with rotary pumps. In the writer's opinion, the rotary is the better construction, for one does not have to depend on check valves, and should a valve be closed in the water discharge, as frequently occurs, it would not wreck things generally, as the rotary pump will not generate sufficient pressure to burst the water jacket.

B. J. G., New Bedford, Mass.—How does a four cylinder engine exhaust four-cycle (four-stroke), numbering the cylinders from the forward 1, 2, 3 and 4? 2—What would be the result if the walls of a gas engine were very thick? 3—Are there any marine gasolene engines built with water circulating through the piston?

Ans.—1. Four cylinder engines are frequently so built that the two forward cylinders exhaust into one pipe and the after pair into another, which are in turn yoked together. Sometimes the explosions are timed 1-2-4-3, but in double pair construction, as noted above, 1-3-2-4 would seem to be better. It would necessitate the two forward crank pins 1 and 2 to be in line, instead of the usual construction, 2 and 3 pins in line and 1 and 4 also. 2. If the walls of the cylinder are too thick the heat will not radiate fast enough, they cannot be properly lubricated, and pistons are liable to stick. 3. We do not know of any marine engines built with water-cooled pistons, but nearly all the large stationary engines use this method of cooling. Some marine engines cool their valve poppets with circulating water.

AMERICAN VS. ENGLISH-BUILT BOATS.—Some time ago we took exception to a criticism in the English Yachting World of the planking of the American boats exhibited at the Paris Salon d'Automobile. It appears to us manifestly unfair to judge the entire American product by what was shown by a single American manufacturer, when we know that for fine outboard finish our crack boat builders cannot be excelled by English or French. We only wish our worthy contemporary could send representatives here to view the aggregation of masterpieces in this line now being shown in Madison Square Garden. American manufacturers like to sell their engines in Great Britain for one very good and sufficient reason, viz., they get more for them abroad than in their own market.

POWER YACHT GREGORY.—Mr. Lewis R. Nixon's power yacht Gregory, which left Greenport, N. Y., 9 A. M., 14th inst., arrived at Bermuda less than 48 hours after en route to Europe, where she will be entered in the races the coming season.

TWO AND FOUR-STROKE ENGINES.—We have taken the initiative to hereafter designate what in America has been termed the two and four-cycle engine, as the two and four-stroke, because we consider it more descriptive and better all around.

HANDICAP POWER BOAT RACES.—A letter to an English contemporary, the Yachting World, suggests that their principal yacht clubs should inaugurate handicap races for power boats. The rules and regulations in force governing time allowances are such that it is well-nigh impossible to make them equitable. Several American yacht clubs have extended this winter the one-design class scheme to include power boats. This sport will be much more exciting than handicap competition; there could be no claim made of unfairness; there would be no fear of the trophy being carried off by a freak boat built to get around some technical point or rule, and last, but not least, one cause of internal dissension or disruption would be removed from the average yacht club fostering handicap races. The one-design class is especially to be encouraged, as it means good sport at a cost sufficiently low to make it popular.

POWER BOAT FOR J. INSLEY BLAIR, NEW YORK Y. C.—The Electric Launch Co., Bayonne, N. J., are building a 70ft. power boat for Mr. J. Insley Blair, New York Y. C. The power will be a six cylinder Standard gasolene engine of 100 horsepower. The general lines follow those of the well-known Standard. This is one of the first boats of a new type having comfort in accommodations as well as high speed.

VENETIA SAVES SCHOONER.—Venetia, owned by Mr. Morton F. Plant, New York Y. C., towed into Algiers on February 15 the wrecked schooner Saint Antoine de Padone, which vessel was picked up in the Bay of Bougie. Venetia was slightly damaged.

DEATH OF GEORGE W. WELD.—George W. Weld died at his home in Boston on February 14 in his sixty-fifth year. He was an ardent yachtsman, having owned many yachts. At the time of his death Mr. Weld owned the schooner Chanticleer. He was one of the syndicate that built the America's Cup defender Puritan. Mr. Weld had been an invalid all his life.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

- Feb. 22.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association, seventeenth annual live-bird tournament. A. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
- Feb. 22.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club all-day shoot. Lloyd R. Lewis, Cor. Sec'y.
- Feb. 22.—Batavia, Ill., Gun Club tournament. Henry Hendrickson, Mgr.
- Feb. 22.—Concord, S. I.—All-day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
- Feb. 22.—Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. V. Wallburg, Sec'y.
- Feb. 22.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's eighth annual tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- Feb. 22.—New Paltz, N. Y.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot on grounds of the Awosting Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
- March 6-7.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club two-day amateur shoot. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
- March 11.—Lakewood, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
- March 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- March 20-25.—Kansas City, Mo.—Dickey Bird Gun Club six-day tournament.
- March 28.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot on grounds of Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club.
- March 28-29.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of trapshooters' first tournament, at Schmelzer's Shooting Park. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
- April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club. Chas. C. Needham, Sec'y.
- April 12-13.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club. H. J. Stidman, Sec'y, Wilmington.
- April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- April 22.—Easton, Pa.—Independent Gun Club second annual tournament. Jacob Pleiss, Cor. Sec'y.
- April 26-27.—Scottsdale, Pa., Gun Club shoot.
- May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenstager, Sec'y.
- May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
- May 4-5.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club spring tournament. E. M. Storm, Sec'y.
- May 9-10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
- May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.
- May 11-12.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Foord, Sec'y.
- May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 16-18.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
- May 17-18.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club.
- May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (Incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 178 Mill street, Toronto.
- May 23-25.—Lincoln, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.
- May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
- May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y.
- May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Analanston Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
- May 31-June 1.—Vermillion, S. D.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament.
- June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
- June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
- June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
- June 13-15.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament.
- June 14-16.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
- June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y, Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
- July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
- July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
- July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament.
- July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
- July 24-25.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md.—Target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
- Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
- Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
- Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament.
- Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap.
- Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
- Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club will give a two-day amateur shoot on March 6 and 7.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was a visitor at the shoot of the Clearview Gun Club, on Saturday of last week.

Mr. P. Laurent was high with 48 out of 50 in the monthly handicap shoot of the Hillside Gun Club Feb. 18, at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

The Mullerite Gun Club announces an all-day shoot, to take place on the grounds of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club, March 25, commencing at 10 o'clock.

At the Point Breeze shoot, Philadelphia, Feb. 18, two, Messrs. Killian and Ferguson tied in the club handicap, a 10-bird event, with a straight score. Murphy was second with 9.

"No bang, no bird" encourages the use of rickety guns, shells worn out with reloading, and shooters who can shoot best at one angle only; and, until they get that one angle, there is no bang.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, writes that "the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Owensboro, Ky., May 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club."

In an eighteen-man team contest between the Florists' Gun Club and the Lansdale, Pa., Gun Club, at Wissinoming, Pa., on Saturday of last week, the Florists won by a score of 366 to 348. A return match is contemplated on March 4.

Dr. J. H. V. Baçe writes us that "the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club is making elaborate preparations for an all-day shoot, which will be held on Decoration Day, Tuesday, May 30. Further particulars will be announced later. Watch the papers."

Mr. Frank Pragoff, Secretary, writes us that the third annual target tournament of the Kentucky Trapshooters' League will be held May 29, 30 and 31, and that programmes will be ready in April. This tournament will be held under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club.

At the Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club shoot on Tuesday of last week, the trade was represented by Messrs. Frank Lawrence, J. S. Fanning, Frank E. Butler and A. A. Schoverling. At the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club shoot last week sociability and good fellowship reigned. Mr. Frank Lawrence was the trade representative present.

The birds at the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmesburg Junction, Feb. 18, were an exceptionally good lot, yet the scores were remarkably good. The scores in the cup event were as follows: Harrison 20, Frank 19, Brodic 18, Williams 17, Muns 18, Albert 17, Stoddard 16, Jones 16, Edwards 16, Watkins 15.

On Thursday of last week at the first live-bird shoot of the Miami, Fla., Gun Club, "Red Wing" won the cup presented by the Seminole Club. He killed 14 out of 15. Wyeth was second with 13. Messrs. W. Gould Brokaw and L. Q. Jones tied for third with 11. After the main event was finished Mr. Brokaw defeated Red Wing with a score of 13 to 12, in a 15-bird contest.

Mr. R. R. Bennett, of the Herron Hill Gun Club, was the winner of the Gillman & Barnes international live-bird championship trophy at Detroit last week. He killed 24 out of the possible 25. Three tied for second place on 23, namely, Messrs. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill.; H. Scane, of Ridgeton, Ont., and I. Chapman, of Fulton, N. Y. The conditions were \$25 entrance, \$100 added to the purse.

A tournament is announced to be held at Traverse City, Mich., on July 6 and 7. Ten events are on the programme each day. The events are at 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50. Added money, \$5, \$10 and \$15 to the different events. Rose system. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. High amateur, \$5; high professional, \$5 each day. Ship guns and shells to S. F. Saxon Hardware Co.

At the shoot of the Florida Gun Club, held at Palm Beach on Feb. 16, Mr. Albert Tilt, of New York, won the large silver pitcher donated by Mr. W. A. H. Stafford. The scores were as follows: Tilt (27) 14, J. S. S. Remsen (32) 13, Dr. Daniel Karsner (29) 13, I. E. Emerson, Baltimore (29) 12; J. J. Van Nostrand, New York (27) 10; J. J. Kelly, New York (29) 8; A. D. Proctor Smith, New York (27) 8; Joseph Leiter, Chicago (30) 5; W. A. H. Stafford (29) 5, J. M. Studebaker, Jr. (29) 5.

At a meeting of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, held in Utica, N. Y., recently, the matter of the State shoot, to be held under the auspices of the O. C. S. A., was thoroughly discussed. It was decided that the famous expert, Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, would be manager of the tournament. The president appointed committees to attend to the different branches, and they will begin active effort at once. Regular weekly meetings will be held at which the committee will report.

The programme of the Chicago Trapshooters' Association's winter tournament for amateurs, Feb. 25 and 26, at Watson's Park, provides a like programme for both days, namely, twelve events, each at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, a total of 180 targets, \$18 entrance. An extra event, at 50 targets, entrance \$5, will be a feature of the second day. All shoot at 16yds. Shooting begins at 9:30. Targets, 2 cents. Average money, \$50. Mr. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y, Room 940, First National Bank Building, Chicago.

The Cleveland, O., Gun Club have issued the programme of their Washington Birthday shoot. It contains five 15-target events, \$1 entrance, \$2 added, and a team race between the Akron Gun Club and the Cleveland Gun Club, for the northern Ohio 10-man team championship trophy, presented by the Akron, O., Gun Club. In the team race, each man will shoot at 50 targets. The cup goes to the team first winning three matches. The cup is subject to challenge by any club of northern Ohio. For programmes, apply to Cleveland Gun Club Co., 15 Craw avenue, Cleveland.

BERNARD WATERS.

Great Southern Handicap.

(Continued from page 144.)

The weather was good on Feb. 9, the last day, which makes two good days to the one bad one for the Houston crowd. Looking over the scores and noting the high averages for the last two days it will be seen that if the first day had been pleasant, the totals of the scores for the three days would never have been equaled. Meantime you must not overlook the fact that this was a handicap shoot, and that three of these men shot from 21yds., two from 20, one at 19, and several at 18.

Weather always cuts a figure at a target shoot. Still, there are other features that cut down scores, a notable one being fast targets. The other two previous shoots at Brenham and Taylor were productive of low scores, caused by targets having fast flight. So in this case, to please the shooters, the traps were set to throw about 45 to 50yds. Then there was rivalry among the trappers and the managers of the traps.

The Dickey Bird had one of their traps in the pits, and they was being used alternately. The Dickey worked smoothly under the care of Harry Sherman.

M. E. Atchison, the Giddings man with the steady nerve, held up well the third day, as he had the first two days, and landed the fine watch charm by 6 targets to the good over Wm. R. Crosby. It was frisky Fritz Gilbert who started out with a 15, and during the day made two 16s, and his long-time friend, T. Bill, nosed him out by 2 targets for the high averages. Talk about your shooting machines. Note how evenly they finished: Crosby 598, Gilbert 596, Spencer 596, Heikes 595.

If Otto Sens had not been so much worried the first day and having lost sleep over the tournament, his showing the last two days would have put him into either the first or second place. J. W. Barnes, the Bay Cityite, surprised them all on the last

day, and 15yd. line will not find him again. He came to the front as high man on the last day, and besides, finished second as an amateur for the whole tournament.

Capt. J. W. Spait was very busy with his solicitations for patronage when Waco shall hold the State tournament, April 17, 18 and 19. If there are not one hundred shooters there it will not be the captain's fault.

One of the very necessary things that makes a shoot a success is that of good, impartial refereeing. In this case, there is little to find fault with. Lou Stockbridge and Seth Williams proved the right men for the place. Their decisions were prompt and correct, or as near so as mortal man can see things as they happen.

T. E. Hubby was using a new pump gun, and yet he was close up near the top of the experts. Turner, a well-known Texas shot, has a habit of winning averages in this State.

During the last day of the shoot a letter was received from Brenham, stating that a gun club had been organized, to be known as the Juvenile, having twenty members. This was the outcome of the recent handicap tournament held there. The shooters here subscribed a liberal amount to assist the boys in building up a club house.

When the shoot had closed, there was a 100-target race between some of the local State shooters that attracted attention. Sens made 90, Saunders 92, Miller 93 and Leader 87.

The following scores were made by way of preliminary that were not previously reported. Shooting at 100 targets, Spencer broke 94, Heer 92, Gilbert 92, King 89, Burmister 88, Crosby 86, Young 92, Barnes 83, Waters 83, Schofield 82, Nop 82, Schofield 80, Parker 78, Wade 78, Raper 80. Scores last day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
Barnes, 15	20	20	16	17	17	20	20	19	19	18	206	
Atchison, 18	19	19	18	20	19	18	18	18	19	19	205	
Sens, 17	18	19	19	20	19	19	19	19	19	17	205	
Crosby, 21	20	17	20	18	19	17	19	18	19	18	204	
Jackson, 17	16	20	19	18	17	19	19	18	18	19	202	
Hubby, 18	16	19	18	20	18	19	17	19	17	19	201	
Tucker, 15	16	17	17	17	19	20	17	19	19	19	200	
Wade, 17	18	18	19	20	17	18	20	18	17	17	199	
Heikes, 20	17	17	18	18	19	17	19	17	18	18	197	
Spencer, 20	18	18	18	18	17	17	19	19	18	17	197	
Gilbert, 21	15	19	20	18	17	19	16	16	18	20	196	
Cleveland, 15	19	19	18	18	19	17	18	14	19	18	196	
Heer, 21	20	17	18	16	16	18	19	19	17	17	195	
Faurote, 18	16	18	19	18	18	18	18	18	16	18	195	
Nap, 16	20	19	20	17	18	18	16	15	17	17	195	
Skelly, 16	19	19	17	16	20	19	18	12	17	18	193	
Young, 19	17	18	18	18	19	19	17	19	19	14	191	
Bancroft, 16	15	18	16	17	17	17	17	17	17	18	191	
Waters, 18	17	16	17	18	16	18	16	18	20	17	189	
Miller, 16	15	13	18	17	19	17	16	19	19	16	188	
Heard, 16	17	13	20	17	17	18	16	15	17	17	186	
Money, 18	18	19	16	15	17	16	16	16	16	15	184	
Spoight, 16	16	17	20	17	18	16	14	20	16	17	180	
King, 16	17	14	17	13	16	16	17	15	18	16	175	
Lockett, 16	17	12	20	13	17	16	19	17	15	15	175	
Leader, 16	16	13	18	14	15	16	18	16	18	15	175	

Averages for three days at 600 targets:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Total.
Atchison	202	207	205	614
Crosby	196	198	205	598
Gilbert	196	204	196	596
Spencer	194	205	197	596
Heikes	188	210	197	595
Hubby	190	200	201	591
Barnes	186	197	206	589
Sens	180	203	205	588
Heer	192	200	195	587
Jackson	187	196	202	585
Young	188	205	191	584
Tucker	184	200	200	584
Skelly	185	202	193	580
Waters	187	196	189	572
Cleveland	177	197	196	570
Nap	178	196	195	569
Wade	168	190	199	557
Faurote	179	182	195	556
Money	187	185	184	556
Bancroft	179	178	191	548
King	183	181	175	539

Grand Prix Du Casino.

THE thirty-fourth contest for the Grand Prix du Casino began on Monday, and was finished late Feb. 8. The contest was one of the most exciting ever witnessed at Monte Carlo. It did not seem last week as if there would be so many competitors as previously, for there had been a falling off in the earlier events of the season; but it would appear that many shooters were reserving themselves for the Grand Prix, as the total of shooters went up to 152, this being only one less than last year. With so many competitors it was not at all sure that the contest would be got through in the three days allotted to it, and the doubts became all the greater after the first day, for only two of the twelve rounds were completed, and there was so little wind to help the birds that the proportion of birds to misses was greater than usual. The progress made on Tuesday was, however, greater than it had been on the first day, and at the end of the shooting only fourteen competitors had killed five birds, while forty-eight had killed four out of five, seventy-four had missed two, and sixteen were out of the contest altogether. The weather, it should be added, was very fine on the first two days, but the sky was clouded this morning, and for an hour or two rain threatened. However, the sun came out toward noon, and the weather was brilliant for the finish of the competition. The most notable feature in the 6th and 7th rounds was the failure of Signor Schiannini (the winner last year) and of Mr. Mackintosh, who, as usual, had the worst of the luck, and by the time that the 10th round was reached it became apparent that the issue would be left to two Englishmen (Mr. R. Beresford and Mr. Hayes) and to two Italians, Signor H. Grasselli (the winner in 1902) and Signor Marconcini, the latter of whom has been very successful at Monte Carlo for many seasons. The 11th round, however, disposed of both the Englishmen, as Mr. Hayes missed a fast bird from the second trap, while Mr. Beresford unfortunately stumbled just as the trap was pulled, and his bird got clean away. Signor H. Grasselli, on the contrary, had an easy bird from the fourth trap, while Signor Marconcini was able to stop a fast one from the first, and Mr. Mackintosh, who had only one miss, killed smartly in the 11th round. There was some very good shooting in this round, and the situation became extremely interesting, as the two Italians were the only competitors who had killed all their birds, and it followed as a matter of course that if either of them killed in the 12th and final round the contest was at an end, so far as place went. The 12th round was, therefore, watched keenly, and it began with the defeat of Mr. Mackintosh, whose bird fell dead in the sea, and after Mr. Hayes had shot a good bird from the center trap, Signor Grasselli made it certain that he would be either first or second by killing with his first barrel from the center trap. Mr. Beresford brought down his bird in good style, as did the others who only had one miss in the preceding rounds. Signor Marconcini had now only to kill to be on a level with Signor Grasselli, and to insure being second if not first. He certainly had luck on his side, for he got a very easy bird from the middle trap, which took very little killing. This brought the

contest to a conclusion so far as concerned the first two prizes, for the two Italians agreed to divide the money (£2,440) for first and second and shoot off for the handsome trophy. The duel between these crack shots was a prolonged one, both of them being in their best form and they brought down six birds each. It was not until the 19th round that a miss was made, as after Signor Grasselli had scored a good kill from the center trap, Signor Marconcini's bird from the second trap got away hard hit and dropped in the sea. This contest over, there still remained the chance of the English winning a share of the money, in the third and fourth prizes, the six who had only one miss being eligible. Mr. Hayes was the first to go, as he missed in the opening round, and there being left only Mr. Beresford, who had been decidedly unlucky in accepting his 11th bird, but who was shooting remarkably well. He, like the Marquis de la Villaviciosa and Signor Petrosini, killed four birds in succession, but in the 5th round of the ties the two former missed, while the Italian killed and secured third prize, this being the first time that the Italians have secured the three leading places. The two others then divided the fourth prize, which amounted to £215, and so the contest came to a close. The Italians, it should not be omitted to say, were nearly seventy strong, and eight previous winners of the prize were in the field. Scores:

Grand Prix du Casino of £800, added to a sweepstakes of £8 each; second, £160 and 25 per cent; third, £80 and 20 per cent; fourth, £40 and 15 per cent; three pigeons at 26 metres, 9 at 27 metres; last year's winner to stand back a metre; 152 subs.:

Signor H. Grasselli (divided first and second of £1440, and wins objet d'art).....	1111111111-12
Signor Marconcini (divided first and second of £1440).....	1111111111-12
Signor Petrosini.....	1011111111-11
Hon. R. S. Beresford.....	1111111110-11
Marquis de la Villaviciosa.....	1110111111-11
Mr Hayes.....	1111111110-11
M de Warrelles.....	1111101111-11
Count de Valdelgrana.....	1111111101-11
M Thonier.....	1111111011-11
Signor Perego.....	1111111111-11
M de Thézy.....	1101111111-11
Mr Mackintosh.....	1111111011-10
Lord Falconer.....	1110111110-10
M Pellerin.....	1110111111-10

M. Mayeur 9, Signor R. Gallardo 9, Count de Méran 9, Baron de Dorlodot 9, Count Rodacanachi 9, M. Geynet 9, M. Faure 8, M. Journu 8, M. de Lesse 8, Signor Queirolo 8, Prince de Caran-Chima 8, M. G. Nagy 8, Signor Carrara 8, Signor Scolaro 8, Signor Moro 8, Signor Soldi 7, Signor Schiannini 7, Signor Mjola 7, M. de Gillies 7, M. Von Eicke 6, Mr. McAlister 6, Marquis de Yvanrey 6, Signor Pienovi 6, Lord Savile 2, Lord Roslyn 5, Capt. F. Leighton 5, M. Langhendonek 5, Signor Pellini 5, Signor Bonora 5, Baron de Coppin 5, Mr. W. Watson 5, Baron Gourgaud 5, Mr. Braco 5, M. Dufier 5, Sir Thomas Freake 5, Baron Léonino 5, Marquis de Grézy 4, M. Asplen 4, Baron A. de Montpellier 4, M. Chaveriat 4, Mr. Collier 4, Mr. Harrison 4, Mr. H. Roberts 4, M. Le Pape 4, Signor Fumagalli 4, Signor de Quirini 4, Signor Cavasoli 4, Signor Giougo 4, M. Moncorgé 3, M. Paccard 3, Signor Malfetaini Guido 3, M. R. Gourgaud 3, Mr. Carroll 3, M. de Plagino 3, Signor Rapuzzi 3, M. Castadère 3, Marquis Impériale 3, M. van der Hayden 3, Mr. Greville Ryan 3, Signor Redaelli 3, Hon. F. Theilussion 3, Signor Montana 3, Signor A. Marietti 3, Count E. d'Oultremont 3, Signor Setti 3, Lord Westbury 3.

Missed two out of four: Mr. Hannam, Mr. Forden, M. R. Huet, Signor Ghirlanda, Count Filippi, Signor G. Bela, Signor Forti, Lord Newton Butler, Mr. Hall, Mr. Crelluden Robinson, Signor Durio, Signor Ponti, Mr. Wootton, Marquis Ridolphi, M. Brasseur, Signor Cavagnera, Mr. L. Henry, M. D. Dolfin, Signor Bordoni, Signor Lainati, M. de Lossoncy, Count Ginanni.

Missed two out of three: Signor Monti, Count A. de Lazzaro, M. Dianin, M. Plevius, Signor Rossi, Mr. Spalding, Baron A. de Tavernost, Mr. Scott, Baron de la Monaco, Signor Belloni, Mr. Suthery, Mr. Blake, Signor Girardi, Herr Hans Marsch, Capt. Morrow, Hon. F. Erskine, M. Pellier Johnson, Signor Castoldi, Mr. Stratford, Signor Gierleri, M. Tunnell, Signor Fortunio, Signor O. Galetti, M. Boutet, Signor Fadini, Signor Mugni, Signor Lavarello, Signor Mosca, Mr. J. Roche.

Missed two birds: M. Doyen, Mr. C. James, Signor Grasselli-Barni, M. Demonts, Mr. L. Davies, Count H. d'Oultremont, Signor Guidicini, Baron de Waldner, Signor Sani, Count Gajoff, M. L. Bivort, Col. Boswall-Preston, Mr. Carter, Signor Marchesi, M. P. Nouvelles, Count A. Zichy, Signor Montecuculli, Signor Catenacci, Signor Piccaluga (retired, after having killed two birds, owing to a family bereavement), Mr. Ker.

Ties for third and fourth prizes:	
Signor Petrosini (third of £314).....	11111-5
Mr. R. Beresford (divided fourth of £215).....	11110-4
Marquis de la Villaviciosa (ditto).....	11110-4
M. de Warelles.....	11110-3
Count de Valdelgrana.....	10-1
Mr. Hayes.....	0-0

The winners of the Grand Prix since its foundation in 1872 have been as under:

- 1872—Mr. G. L. Lorillard, United States.
- 1873—Mr. J. Jee V. C., C. B., England.
- 1874—Sir William Call, England.
- 1875—Capt. Aubrey Patton, England.
- 1876—Capt. Aubrey Patton, England.
- 1877—Mr. W. Arundel Yeo, England.
- 1878—Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell, England.
- 1879—Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood, England.
- 1880—Count M. Esterhazy, Hungary.
- 1881—M. G. Camaner, Belgium.
- 1882—Count de St. Quintin, France.
- 1883—Mr. H. Roberts, England.
- 1884—Count de Caserta, Italy.
- 1885—M. L. de Dorlodot, Belgium.
- 1886—Signor Guidicini, Italy.
- 1887—Count Salina, Italy.
- 1888—Mr. C. Seaton, England.
- 1889—Mr. Valentine Dicks, England.
- 1890—Signor Guidicini, Italy.
- 1891—Count L. Gajoli, Italy.
- 1892—Count Trauttmansdorff, Austria.
- 1893—Signor Guidicini, Italy.
- 1894—Count C. Zichy, Austria.
- 1895—Signor Benvenuti, Italy.
- 1896—M. H. Journu, France.
- 1897—Signor G. Grasselli, Italy.
- 1898—Mr. Curling, England.
- 1899—M. R. Moncorgé, France.
- 1900—Count O'Brien, Spain.
- 1901—M. Guyot, France.
- 1902—Signor Grasselli, Italy.
- 1903—Mr. Pellier-Johnson, England.
- 1904—Signor Schiannini, Italy.
- 1905—Signor H. Grasselli, Italy.

The prize has now been won twelve times by an Englishman, eleven times by an Italian, four times by a Frenchman, three times by an Austria-Hungarian, twice by a Belgian and once each by a Spaniard and an American. The Italian victories have nearly all been gained in the last twenty years, for, as will be seen from the above, the English-speaking competitors were to the front in the first eight years, but since then the Italians have had more than their share of the spoils.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE first shoot in the new prize series, for the Peters trophy was held on Friday, Feb. 10. The day was pleasant. On Saturday, Feb. 11, there was quite a large attendance, and many more members shot their first score in this contest. The day was clear.

For the Peters trophy there will be fifteen contests, one each week at 50 targets each, and members must take part in at least ten contests to qualify; added targets for a handicap. The contestant having best average with his handicap in the total number in which he takes part wins the trophy. All ties shot off. Pfeiffer had the honor of making the best score of actual breaks in the first shoot, 48, and making a run of 45 straight.

Supt. Gambell had the misfortune to fall on the ice the first of the week and severely injured his knee. He was confined to his bed until to-day, when he hobbled around on crutches. The injury is a painful one, but we hope to see Mr. Gambell about as well as ever soon.

Peters trophy, 50 targets: Pfeiffer (7) 50, Boch (8) 50, Williams (2) 48; Falk (8) 48, Peters (1) 47, Medico (1) 47, Bullerdick (4) 47, H. Kirby 46, Harig 46, Don Minto (1) 46, Farn (1) 46, Hesser (2) 46, Pohlar (2) 45, Barker 45, Osterfelt (2) 45, Herman (3) 45, Roll (2) 44, Maynard (2) 43, R. H. Kirby 32.

New Berlin (O.) Gun Club.

The New Berlin Gun Club was organized Feb. 1, 1904 with a good membership and the following officers: Jas. Smith, President; J. L. Schlitz, Secretary; W. J. Mathie, Treasurer; C. J. Schlitz, Captain. At the annual meeting, held Jan. 10, 1905, a new board was elected as follows: O. J. Evans, President; Jas. Smith, Secretary; W. J. Mathie, Treasurer; Ed. Willaman, Captain. The club shoots are held every Saturday, and visiting sportsmen will receive a cordial welcome.

At the Jan. 28 shoot, the captain and president chose sides and shot a match at 25 targets, the losing side to pay for the supper—sweethearts and wives.

On Feb. 4 only three members were on hand. The scores follow:

Team match, 25 targets: Evans team—R. Winnell 22, T. Schlitz 21, J. S. Schlitz 19, W. C. Schlick 19, O. J. Evans 18, A. Willaman 17, Jas. Smith 16, R. B. Evans; total, 148.

Willaman team—C. F. Schlitz 21, Ed. Willaman 20, Chas. Schlitz 20, Ed. Ream 19, Fred Smith 19, Wm. Mathie 18, J. Suffeocal 15, H. Lehr 15; total, 147.

Notes.

The Springfield Gun Club proposes to send a team to Urbana to contest for the new trophies presented by the Peters Cartridge Co. The club will also make an effort to capture the Phellis 6-man team cup recently won by the Newark Gun Club from the Dayton Gun Club.

The Bing Club, of Dayton, O., composed of hunters and anglers, held their annual meeting and elected the following officers: John F. Roehm, President; Mr. J. Schwind, Vice-President; John A. Wessalosky, Sec'y; Chas. Miller, Treasurer.

BONAFA.

Crescent Gun Club.

Mankato, Minn., Feb. 14.—The Crescent Gun Club held its monthly meeting last night. There was a large attendance.

The subject of trapping quail was the all-absorbing topic. Resolutions were adopted which condemn it in strong terms.

The officers of the club are: President, Nick Kleinschmidt; Vice-President, Frank L. Bennett; Secretary, F. P. Huettle; Captain, C. K. Hanna.

It was decided to build a new club house, one large enough for storage and club purposes during bad weather.

A committee was appointed for the purpose of placing fish fry in the adjoining lakes.

The club has now eighteen members, viz.: Nick Kleinschmidt, Frank L. Bennett, F. P. Huettle, C. K. Hanna, Oscar Beirenbauer, C. L. Benedict, F. L. McLauren, Ed Enfield, James McMurtrie, John Brown, John G. Hoerr, Geo. Pond, J. P. Dineen, Geo. Wiedeman, George Albert and W. H. Anderson.

North Side Gun Club.

Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 14.—It must be said that the members of the North Side Gun Club are enthusiastic in their pastime of smashing up a few clay birds, as yesterday the snow was almost blinding.

This was the third live-bird shoot held this winter, and they are quite popular, and they are not expensive the way they are furnished by the club.

The first event was clay targets, 25 each: O. Imse 22, A. Krause 18, W. Birnsheim 20, E. Koehm 18, J. Oechsle 19, J. Klinehert 18, A. Schroeder 14, J. Trester 13, S. Schneider 8, J. Maunch 18, P. Lode 8, F. Sander 12, G. Lade 14, and P. Peters 14.

Six live birds each: J. Oechsle 6, A. Krause 3, P. Peters 4, J. Manch 6, Wm. Birnsheim 5, G. Lade 4, F. Minxer 6, J. Trister 5, S. Schneider 4, J. Hornberger 4, J. Kleinert 3, E. Koehm 4, O. Imse 4, P. Lade 4, F. Sander 5, A. Schroeder 5, A. Klomann 2.

Permutations.

Mansfield, O., Feb. 12.—A match between Chief of Police Jacob Wiel and P. W. Pettitt, having more than \$100 up on the result, was partly shot to-day. Much interest was taken by the local sportsmen, and the "kidders" who helped it along.

The shoot was brought about through bantering. The conditions were as follows: The first bet was by Pettitt, \$10 even money that he could break the most clay targets, both to shoot at 25. The second bet was that Pettitt could break more targets with a rifle than Wiel with a shotgun, and \$5 to \$10 was put on this bet. The third bet was that the Chief could not break 4 out of 25 targets with a shotgun. The next was that Pettitt wagered \$90 that Wiel would lose two out of the three bets.

Wiel borrowed a 12-gauge hammerless shotgun and also 150 shells from the Mayor.

The match started off similar to many other competitive events, and there was a promise of some fair shooting. There were many shooters and would-be fun-makers present. Each side had a long following and masters of ceremony, as it was expected that some shells without shot might be furnished.

The Chief was first to the trap, and he was "going some." He broke the first 4 straight, and then the crowd got busy and started the "fun poking," with a result that said Jake only broke one more out of the following six.

Pettitt now took his turn, and he made 7 from his 10, which put him 2 in the lead.

Jake came up, but was the worse for the "joshing," and only got a small piece out of two of his 10. Pettitt won with 13 out of 20, and the first bet was passed to Pettitt.

The second bet was not shot to a finish, as Pettitt came out with an automatic rifle, intending to shoot at each target as long as it staid in the air. Now, Wiel very strongly objected, stating that one shot alone should be allowed at each target. This ultimately broke up the match, and the money was returned by the stakeholder.

There was fun in plenty all the following day, and will not end for some time yet.

The policemen were busy at the station. Some one procured an old water pitcher, and an artist painted thereon these words: "Presented to J. W. Wiel, champion trap shot of Mansfield."

As soon as the spokesman can prepare an appropriate speech the same will be presented at police headquarters.

In Other Places.

LET all other shooters take heed. And now comes J. F. Spatz, of Bonesteel, S. D., and lays claim to the great feat that he states over his signature was made at his town. The feat was in the breaking of 500 clay targets with a shotgun, without a miss, some having been thrown the regulation Sergeant system, 16yds. and a walk around. Now a strange feature is, why did he stop at the end of the 500? The story reads that the ammunition was perfect, and it was a pity it ran out, and then, as he only went out to shoot at 25, how did he happen to have 500 out there in the cold with him?

The intended programme for the Warm Springs, Ga., June tournament has the correct idea—that of contests between State teams and club teams. Nothing can be better to draw a crowd of shooters and to hold them together than a team shoot. The idea as to teams seems to be that of five men to each club team, and these shall be residents of the town where the club is located. All the other State associations who follow the ideas here advanced by Georgia will in the end find it a success.

The Chicago Gun Club will surely flourish this year, as a wagon load of prizes will be awarded its faithful and best shooting members. The secretary is now ready to enlist new members.

There will be many big tournaments during this year, one of them being that of the Los Angeles Gun Club. Reports have it that \$500 cash will be added to the shoot as added money, open to amateurs only with no handicap.

What has started the Indians on the war path so soon? It is a long time until August; yet there seems to be an unusual haste in claiming dates for their next shoot. Anyhow, one of the tallest of the tribe has given it out that Lake Okoboji or Spirit Lake will pull off the next shoot, and that August 22 to 24 will see the warriors with their "war paint" on, while the squaws and papooses will look on and wonder.

Denver will this year pass the grand western handicap shoot around, and so Trinidad, Colo., will try it. September 5 to 8 will be the dates, and there will be a hot shooting time then sure.

The reports that come in show that one Mr. Frank Butler is surely getting very young and frisky.

It has come to our knowledge that R. S. McMillan, of Tilden, Ill., will be the manager for a shooting tournament to be held at Coulterville, Ill., on Feb. 21 and 22. He will provide a few live birds, providing the Legislature does not get their bill through ere that time.

As mentioned heretofore in the columns of this journal, that there was a probability of a gun club being formed in Houston, Texas, the one man necessary to lead the shooting tribe out of the wilderness has been found. He is Mr. Ben. Schwartz, who is reported to be a sportsman for sport's sake, and a man who can command the respect of all the trap men or would-be "target busters" of the great city of Houston. When the great bunch of traveling men, some twelve in number, put in their appearance it was the signal for a unity of effort. Mr. Schwartz will take the initiative, and the organization will be strictly amateur. The trouble heretofore experienced as to grounds will be overcome. A good and permanent ground will be established, and there will be a salaried keeper present at all times, where all the members can practice either singly or collectively and practice all that they may desire. The best shots will be handicapped, and in a few days the organization will be perfected. Thus will the town of Houston be in the front rank, so far as a gun club is concerned. Success to you Mr. Schwartz, as well as to all your associates. What is needed in very many other cities is just such a broad-gauge manager and organizer as Houston has in Mr. Schwartz.

James L. Davis, of Riverside, Cal., won the silver cup offered as a prize for September, October and November, with a score of 93 1-3 per cent.

An Ohio cartridge company has offered a fine loving cup, which will be contested for by shooters in the following Ohio counties, viz., Miana, Champaign, Clark, Shelby, Union, Madison and Logan. The first shoot will be held in Urbana April 1.

"Cad," H. W. Caldwell, is doing some fine shooting in his territory of Illinois. He is handy with both rifle and shotgun. He is billed for Centralia, Ill.

Some of the Dixon, Illinois, boys are shooting at the home of W. J. Massholder, one mile south of the city.

The Council Bluffs, Ia., shooters are getting in practice for the March tournament by shooting at 100 targets at each meeting.

The Minneska Gun Club, Winona, Minn., elected their officers, viz., President, R. R. Young; Treasurer, Ed. Fitzgerald; Secretary, F. E. Hartman.

A club, to be known as the Newport Gun Club, has been formed by the shooters at New Bloomfield, Pa.

The Newton, Ill., Gun Club held their shoot Monday last. Loto Hardcastle was the high man, 20 out of 25 targets; Frank Albright and W. H. Pipin tied for second, and Paul Williams and George Roebuck were third.

The Castle Gun Club, of Belvidere, Ill., met last Saturday and elected Frank Sewell as a member. Thomas Cornish was their choice for re-appointment as deputy game warden.

The Kinsley, Kan., Gun Club have sent in a protest against the bill which has been introduced prohibiting quail shooting.

Al. Blunt, H. H. Watkins, F. R. Moore, and M. F. Thomas, members of the Florence, Colo., Gun Club, held a practice shoot last week.

Col. W. W. Woodward has presented the Sandusky Gun Club with a very handsome loving cup.

A proposition is on foot to abolish Sunday hunting in Illinois. A gun club is being organized at Rapid City, South Dakota. A new gun club, to be known as the Toyah Lake Club, will be formed shortly at El Paso, Texas.

Out at Le Mars, Ia., the enthusiasm that was so strong last year will not be dormant during 1905. After the notice of the election of officers now comes the news of their annual tournament being set for May.

The handicap beef shoot of the Nichols Park Gun Club was finished on last Tuesday. There was snow and cold to contend with; yet there was some hot competition. Frank Riehl made high score, 92 out of the 100, while Ed. Scott came next with 90.

Once upon a time, Paola, Kans., could boast of a flourishing

gun club, and some big matches were shot there, viz., the Irwin-Elwell match, in which the pot was \$500, being by far the largest ever shot for on Kansas soil. It will be pleasant news to many of the Western boys to know that at this same town of Paola, there is a new club with the new name of the New Lancaster Gun Club, and also, that a shoot was held Saturday last.

The Houghton, Mich., Gun Club members are considerably worked up over the effort to prevent R. M. Edwards from winning the president's cup.

Trapshooters in the "short grass" country are keeping the ball rolling during these very stormy days. Last week the Larned, Kans., club paid a visit to Kinsley, and with eight men on a side and 20 targets to the man, Larned was winner, with a score of 95 to 71. Holzappel, of Larned, with 17, was high; Phil Moleter, with 13 out of 15, made top score for the Kinsley crowd.

Annual meeting of the Cumberland Valley Gun Club, Carlisle, Pa., was held recently, and the newly elected officers are: President, H. E. Dawson; Vice-President, Thos. E. Vale; Secretary, W. G. Hughes; Treasurer, Chas. Chandler; Field Captain, Wm. G. Minnich. After the election was settled, a shoot was held. H. E. Dawson won the medal just to show that he was the boss president; W. A. Fairlor won the silver medal and Philip Six the bronze.

The Penn Gun Club, Norristown, Pa., are contemplating a change of the shooting grounds. As there are several places under consideration, the best one will no doubt be selected.

It appears that the Cumberland Gun Club of Davenport, Ia., did not get the new club house free as originally promised, as the information has been furnished us that at a late meeting of the club it was decided to spend several hundred dollars on the club house upon the Grand Isle grounds.

Even at Galveston, Tex., there come times when even Gilbert and Crosby do not care to shoot under existing weather conditions, as their shoot billed for that town was postponed.

A letter from El Paso recited that of course Mr. Will Rand carried off some of the prizes at the big shoot held at Houston. There will be twenty-two average prizes at the Budd and Whitney shoot. Besides, there will be a total of some \$500 in cash prizes. Won't there be a huge battle when all these Iowa men get together and try for supremacy with the scatter gun.

The Springfield, O., Gun Club will take part in the trophy shoot, the same being donated by H. W. Kirby, of Urbana.

Only four members of the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, faced the traps on Sunday last, and they were not making their usual scores, owing to the cold and snow.

The local sportsmen of Mt. Vernon, S. D., have organized a gun club. The officers are: President, Charles Daniels; Vice-President, Charles Lawrence; Secretary, G. H. Smith; Treasurer, R. T. Hedden; Captain, Wm. Wagner.

The Rice Lake, Ill., Gun Club, with headquarters at Canton, will make some additions to their hunting shack. Some fine new boats will replace the old ones that were destroyed by fire. At least one of the boats will be something handsome and convenient.

The John F. Weiler Gun Club held its shoot last Wednesday. The weather was a great handicap. There were some notables present, among them Frank Butler, D. D. O'Connell and John K. Jones, of New York, and H. C. Longnecker, of Philadelphia.

The Rensselaer, Pa., Rod and Gun Club held their annual election. Result: President, Frank Wilson; Vice-President, Frank Shibley; Secretary, Fred Kopp; Treasurer, John Otto; Trustee, Herman Sibley; Captain, Thomas Kirby.

The experts and traveling men are doing some tall hustling in Illinois. Last week at Centralia, H. W. Cadwallader interested the Centralia, Ill., crowd with some fancy shooting with the rifle and shotgun.

Well, the weather during the past few weeks has caused the shotguns to lay in their racks. Most of the shooters, even as far south as Jacksonville, Fla., have found it pleasant to roast their shins around a hot stove and peruse the sporting papers, and speculate on what they will do when the snow is gone and the birdies come again.

The first shoot of the Green River Gun Club was held at Lawson's, Seattle, Wash., Feb. 11. A fair attendance was the result of the gathering, and there were four events of 10 targets each.

At Butte, Mont., Feb. 13, several of the members of the Butte Rod and Gun Club were out for practice. The scores were good, considering the weather. Mr. Carmichael led the bunch with 82 out of 100.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., Feb. 13.—At the last meeting of the Independent Gun Club the following officers were elected: J. Heil, President; F. Gunther, Vice-President; W. Ivey, Sec'y; W. Maurer, Treasurer; J. Pleiss, Corresponding Sec'y and Captain.

This club held their ninth anniversary on Saturday evening, Feb. 11, at which nineteen members of the Alert Gun Club, of Phillipsburg, and Mr. Neaf Apgar and Mr. S. S. Adams attended. Lunch and refreshments were served, also speeches from quite a few who were present. Mr. Forest Colb, a member of the club, kindly donated a stuffed hawk and a year's subscription to the FOREST AND STREAM. The club now has a membership of forty-six members, of which thirty-nine are shooters.

JACOB PLEISS.

Fulford Memorial Fund.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Editor Forest and Stream: The committee having charge of the Fulford Memorial Fund have contracted with Jenny & Nelbach, of Utica, N. Y., to erect a monument at a cost of \$600 to the memory of the late Elijah D. Fulford. This monument will be erected on the family plot in New Forrest Hill Cemetery, Utica, N. Y., and will be dedicated on the first day of the tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, which takes place in June. Mr. G. L. Biederman, of Utica, N. Y., has kindly consented to deliver the memorial address.

THE COMMITTEE,
J. H. Keller, Chairman.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 18.—The cold, stiff wind was no deterrent to the small band of shooters who alternately shot a while and warmed themselves at the stove a while. The stiff wind made erratic targets. The club house was heated comfortably. The star performance of the day was that of Mr. Kelly, who made high score in every event, one of his most excellent performances being five pairs straight. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	30	* 30	10			Targets:	25	25	30	* 30	10		
Kelly	22	23	24	28	10	27	Anderson	13	14	7	16
Dryer	16	14	17	13	4	20	Waters	20	4	19	5
Rider	21	17	16	24	..	Jones	10	12	10	3	..

*Five pairs.



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LOWELL, MASS.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The team of the Ossining Gun Club was again victorious in their match with the Poughkeepsie Gun Club team at Ossining on the 13th inst. The teams are evenly matched, for each club has two wins to its credit.

The third match at Poughkeepsie, on Jan. 2, was a 10-man team affair, and was won by Ossining with the small lead of three targets. The weather was threatening and cold, but thirty shooters braved it all and shot through, there being 4,100 targets thrown. There were but two trade representatives present, Sim Glover and Harry Welles, who were hustling their respective powders. Sim Glover was high professional with 142 out of 160. J. B. Sanders, of Albany, won first high amateur average, with 134; I. Tallman of South Milbrook, won second high average; A. Bedell won prize for high score on the Ossining team.

In the evening the Ossining Gun Club gave a banquet at the Weskora Hotel in honor of the visiting team. The dining room was finely decorated with sportsman's trophies and firearms, collected from the members by E. McDonald, proprietor of the hotel. This dinner was a pleasant sequel to a fine day's fun.

Mr. J. G. Heath kindly helped in scoring and squad hustling.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for various shooters like H Welles, A Staples, C G Blandford, etc.

Table with columns for Team match, Poughkeepsie Gun Club, and Ossining Gun Club scores.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 15.—Eighteen shooters, with handicaps from 16 to 21yds., congregated on the Boston Gun Club platform to-day, and with conditions just right proceeded to do or die, though how well they succeeded is better told by the scores.

Griffiths, Frank, Dickey and Sadler had a merry time of it in the match, 26 breaks being recorded for each, two targets too good for Gleason and Burns, who were tied on second with 24. Owen with 23 occupied third place all alone. Capt. Woodruff, just back from a Southern trip, held fourth place, together with Roy, but says that first place is more to his liking, and intends to have his share of the honors before long. Hollis had a decidedly bad half hour, and seemingly could not extricate himself, and being a usual 85 per cent., it was clear that he was away off form. Other scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for various shooters like Frank, Griffiths, Dickey, etc.

Table with columns for names and scores for various shooters like Sadler, Gleason, Roy, etc.

Table with columns for names and scores for a Merchandise match, 30 unknown, distance handicap.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Feb. 18.—The main contest was the team race between teams of Yale and the Crescent Athletic Club. Victory was with the home club by the exceedingly safe margin of 248 to 232. There were six men on each team and each shot at 50 targets.

The February cup shoot went to the credit of Dr. Henry L. O'Brien and Mr. L. M. Palmer, each scoring 24. Messrs. F. B. and G. Stephenson were next with 22. In the team event, six teams contesting, Messrs. C. A. Sykes and D. C. Bennett were high with 48.

The Stake trophy contest resulted in a tie of three, Messrs. Stephenson and Palmer, each scoring 47 out of a possible 50. Mr. H. B. Vanderveer was a winner in another event. Scores:

Table with columns for names and scores for a Monthly cup, 25 targets.

Table with columns for names and scores for a Team shoot, 25 targets.

Table with columns for names and scores for a Stake trophy, 50 targets.

Table with columns for names and scores for a Match, 15 targets.

Table with columns for names and scores for a Match, 15 targets.

Table with columns for names and scores for a Trophy, 15 targets.

Table with columns for names and scores for a Trophy, 15 targets.

Table with columns for names and scores for a Match, 50 targets.

Table with columns for names and scores for a Match, 50 targets.

A fly and a flea in a flue Were imprisoned. Now, what could they do? "Let us fly," said the flea— Said the fly, "Let us flee." So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 13.—The Lincoln Birthday shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association was held under exceedingly wintry weather conditions. Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, J. S. Fanning and F. E. Butler, distinguished experts, were visitors. They are members of the Fulford memorial committee.

The committee visited the establishment of Jenny & Nelbach, monument builders in this city, yesterday morning and selected a monument, which will be of Barre, Vt., granite of an attractive design. It will be 6 feet 4 inches high, double base, the lower one 5 feet 7 inches by 3 feet 3 inches by 4 feet. The lower base will be in undressed stone, while the second will be highly polished and bear the name "Fulford." The die will be dark and polished and the cap will be of dressed granite. The contractors will have the monument in position for dedication during the week of the State shoot in this city, when a programme will be arranged under the direction of the O. C. S. A. Gun Club, of which Mr. Fulford was a member. The scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for various shooters like Elliott, Fanning, Butler, etc.

And Other Things.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: Bonesteel, South Dakota, and J. F. Spatz, field captain of the Bonesteel Gun Club, can both of them swell out their respective chests by reason of Mr. Leroy Leach's wonderful record of "500 straight" made "recently" on the grounds of the club and under the direct supervision of Mr. J. F. Spatz. Why does Mr. Spatz, field captain, not give us the exact date on which such a truly record-breaking feat was performed? We must know it. Even children know that the Appomattox affair took place on April 9, 1865; that the Chicago cow kicked over the oil lamp on Oct. 8, 1871; and that Teddy Roosevelt will be inaugurated on March 4 next. Give the date, please, Mr. Spatz.

Also tell us kindly, why in the world Mr. Leroy Leach did not go out and break at least one more target, so as to make it "501 straight" or even better? Did he only have 500 shells at the grounds?

Seriously speaking, if one considers that "the weather conditions were very unfavorable for high scores," and that the shooter was occasionally troubled by having to stop "to restore numbed fingers," and last but not least, that "the shooter accomplished the Herculean task" in such a short time and "without cleaning the gun." I maintain that we trapshooters, interested parties, ought at least to have some details about this wonderful feat.

Will not Mr. Spatz please accommodate us? 48GRS.

Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, Can., Feb. 14.—The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club had clear and cold weather. Mr. McGill carried off the honors with a score of 24 out of 25. The Stanleys will be the guests of the Balmy Beach Club when they shoot off their league series. Scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for various shooters like Thompson, McGill, Rock, etc.

J. P. MASSINGHAM, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Rahway Gun Club.

RAHWAY, N. J., Feb. 13.—The shoot of the Rahway Gun Club, held to-day, was well attended.

In the first event, Akers won in the shoot-off.

In the second event, Morrison won in the shoot-off.

The sixth event was won by Burtis.

The club trophy silver series, event No. 4, was won by the Freehold Gun Club. The contestants and their scores follow: South Side, 71; Uquechonga, 64; North River, 80; Climax, 68; Freehold, 96; Rahway, 69.

Sweepstakes:

Table with 2 columns of events and scores for various participants like Reynolds, Luckey, Arthur, etc.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Feb. 13.—Owing to the unpleasant weather, the tournament planned for to-day had to be postponed till the 22d inst. Some fourteen men were in attendance, and during the morning six events were run off.

Event No. 4, 25 targets, handicap, was won by Mr. P. Harrison, with 20 breaks to his credit, plus 5 targets added, giving him a score of 25, and a handsome leather cigar case.

Event No. 5, same conditions, resulted in a victory for Mr. Geo. Batten, with Mr. W. I. Soverel a close second, with prizes of a recoil pad and a box of shells, respectively.

Table with 2 columns of events and scores for participants like P Cockefair, C Babcock, F Moffett, etc.

Handicaps apply only in events 4 and 5.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

The Equitable System.

A CLUBMAN who had served on the house committee of a yacht club tells of an odd complaint made by a millionaire member. It reads as follows:

"Gentlemen: I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon, and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well known gourmets. Among the dishes that I ordered, an omelet was served which contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation as to generosity of portions, this naturally touched my pride; it was, moreover, embarrassing, because, in order to make an equitable division of the omelet it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or to forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in future, when an omelet is ordered for four persons, it should be served with either—(a) four flies, or (b) no flies at all.—Item.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club defeated the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, in their team contest, at Ossining, Feb. 13. There were seven men on a side. Each shot at 25 targets. The scores were 134 and 129. Each club now has two wins. A banquet in the evening, given by the Ossining club to the visitors rounded out a day of pleasure.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Marlin catalogue for 1905 will be sent to applicants who send three stamps for postage to the Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. The cover is in colors, and portrays two hunters sitting by the camp-fire while their meal is cooking. Guns and dogs give added realism to the scene. This catalogue gives hundreds of ideas on the technique of the rifle and its practical use, besides a full list of the Marlin rifles and shotguns.

The W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City, were the recipients of the following hearty endorsement and recommendation of their traps, as per the following self explanatory letter:

"BRENHAM, Tex., Jan. 28.—W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo.—Gentlemen: After having used your auto trap in competition with other automatic traps at my tournament, I most heartily recommend your trap and will keep the trap you installed here for our shooting grounds, for which you will find enclosed \$25 in payment for same. Yours truly, 'ALF GARDINER.'"

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Feb. 22.—Greenville, N. J.—American record 100-shot match. March 1-9.—New York.—Zettler annual gallery tournament.

Providence Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Very little shooting was done at the regular practice on the 16th, and, with the exception of Major Eddy and Mr. Jordan, the scoring was hardly worth recording.

Mr. Jordan brought in his new target rifle fitted with a 6-power telescope, and with Mr. E. W. Brown, our new member, spent the evening in adjusting focus and testing the new weapon. Familiarity with the outfit will soon bring Mr. Jordan's scores into the 240's if he holds the 'scope as well as he has his little sporting repeater.

W. B. Gardiner has had set triggers put on his rifle, and after sighting in, showed improvement over some previous shooting.

Major Eddy held his military for an 82, and D. P. Craig, the "hospital corps man," shot a 40 (Creedmoor count) with the same style arm.

The Louisville, Ky., Revolver Club has suggested that we shoot them a match at 10yds., included in which is a "rapid fire" test. The revolver men present tried a few strings on the 10yd. standard target and found the reduced bull difficult to touch. Considerable amusement was created in their attempts to get in five shots on the 20yd. target, in 20 seconds. It is, no doubt, easy for those accustomed to handling the revolver in rapid work, but when one bungles over the cocking and tries to catch his sights after the word "fire" and tries to catch up, the result to a novice is laughable or discouraging. Hurlburt's second trial resulted in 36 out of a possible 50 points; he managed to get three bulls for the first three shots, and, fearing near the limit, hurried the last two, getting a four and five, and looked surprised when the timer announced five seconds to spare. New experiences are interesting, however, and with a little practice we may be able to have a try with our Kentucky friends.

Following are the scores recorded. Rifle, 25yds., German ring target—L. A. Jordan, 235, 231; W. Bert Gardiner, 232.

Revolver and pistol, 20yds., Standard American target: Major William F. Eddy, 77, 82; Arno Argus, 72; A. C. Hurlburt, 72; Fred Liebrich, 72; D. P. Craig, 40, 31.

Rapid fire, 10yds., 5 shots, 20 sec. allowed, possible 50: A. C. Hurlburt, 36 in 15 seconds.

Portsmouth Range.

Target shooting with both rifle and revolver has been brisk on the Portsmouth range. Two local experts, Almy and Coggeshall, have warmed up well, and it is nip and tuck as to who can hold the lead. Two 50-shot matches have been finished since the trial matches, Coggeshall winning in both cases, although in the last match, shot on the 9th, Almy came within one point of tying. This gives each of the Portsmouth experts two matches, and the result of the fifth is awaited with much interest.

Recorded scores in rifle matches shot at Portsmouth—Almy vs. Coggeshall, 50yds.; Standard American target; 50 shots per man with .22 caliber target rifles; possible, 10 shots 100; 50 shots 500: February 6, 1905:

Table showing scores for F A Coggeshall and Wm Almy on Feb 6, 1905.

Table showing scores for F A Coggeshall and Wm Almy on Feb 9, 1905.

February 8.—The scores were shot with revolver and rifle at 50yds. on Standard American target, 10 shots, possible 100:

Table showing scores for Wm Almy and Bradford Norman on Feb 8, 1905.

Indoor Championship.

THE programme for the indoor 100-shot championship match, to be shot March 1 to 11 inclusive, on the Zettler ranges, has just been issued. In the championship event, which calls for 100 shots, to be fired in twenty strings of 5 shots each at any time during the tournament on the regular twenty-five 1/4in. ring target, numerous valuable prizes are offered, together with twenty cash prizes ranging from \$15 to \$2. Special mention may be made of the following donations for this match: Stevens Schuetzen rifle, Winchester Schuetzen rifle, gold trophy valued at \$25, silver cup, Colt's target revolver, extra fine hammerless shotgun. The entrance fee for this match is \$5.

On the ring target, 3 shots for 35 cents, re-entries unlimited,

are twenty cash prizes from \$30 to \$2—best three tickets to count for prizes. The twenty-five 1/4in. ring target used.

The bullseye target, 3 shots for 35 cents, re-entries unlimited. The best single shot by measurement to count for cash prizes ranging from \$25 to \$2.

A special trophy is presented by Hon. Gus Zimmermann, 3 shots on the Zimmermann target, entries unlimited, tickets 25 cents. Second Prize, \$10; third prize, \$5.

Shooting Committee: H. D. Muller, Chairman; E. H. Van Zandt, Sec'y; F. C. Ross, T. R. Geisel, H. M. Pope, Wm. Hayes, M. Dorrlor, Geo. Zimmermann, L. P. Hansen, C. G. Zettler, L. C. Buss, B. Zettler, W. A. Tewes.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

SCORES follow for the regular practice shoot, Feb. 15. All shooting offhand, distance, 75ft. on the regular 25-ring 1/4in. target: R. Gute, 243, 245; C. Ottmann, 238, 242; J. N. F. Seibs, 240, 239; R. Busse, 237, 241; H. D. Muller, 240, 236; W. J. Daniels, 233, 242; J. Hesse, 240, 226; G. Rohde 234, 231; C. Gerken, 232, 232; D. Scharninghausen, 240, 224; G. Viemeister, 232, 228; J. von der Leith, 226, 230; F. Rolfes, 229, 231; B. Eusner, 228, 221; W. Wessel, 227, 219; H. Brummer, 208, 234; W. Schillingmann, 221, 220; H. A. Ficke, Jr., 216, 222; Capt. Chris. Tietjen, 219, 212; H. von der Leith, 211, 219; J. Eisinger, 224, 201; G. Dettloff, 192, 213; H. Roffmann, 201, 202; D. Wuehrmann, 209, 193.

Bullseye target: J. N. F. Seibs 53, G. Viemeister 54 1/2, H. Brummer 54 1/2, C. Ottmann 71, H. von der Leith 73, F. Rolfes 76, D. Wuehrmann 88, H. D. Muller 75, C. Gerken 82 1/2, B. Eusner 90 1/2, W. J. Daniels 96, J. Eisinger 125, H. Roffmann 131, Capt. Tietjen 133, W. Wessel 136 1/2, J. Hesse 142 1/2, J. von der Leith 149, R. Busse 163, D. Scharninghausen 180, R. Gute 182, G. Dettloff 193, G. Rohde 210, W. Schillingmann 220, H. A. Fick 265.

Harlem Independent Corps.

SCORES follow for the practice shoot held Feb. 17, all shooting on the regular 25 ring (1/4in.) target: A. Fegert 226, 231; C. Thibault 216, 236; Fenninger 222, 222; B. Eusner 220, 222; F. Horn 221, 217; J. H. Blumenberg 215, 222; Fr. Koch 215, 215; G. Thomas 210, 219; C. Wolf 208, 214; Dr. A. Muller 212, 207; F. Monatsberger 199, 218; P. Zugner 201, 205; W. Mensch 202, 203; H. Behrmann 204, 208; E. Modersohn 193, 217; C. Hopf 216, 190; S. Baumann 210, 186; L. Lewinsohn 206, 184; A. Olsen 194, 196; J. Lantzer 151, 136; Holrieth 180, 202; E. Hilker 179, 182; J. Fey 186, 157.

Bullseye target: A. Fegert 97, F. Monatsberger 123 1/2, J. Fey 124, Fr. Horn 124, O. Olsen 125, B. Eusner 132, W. Mensch 139, F. Horn 150 1/2, C. Thiebault 159, C. Wolf 165 1/2, Dr. A. Muller 172 1/2, Fenninger 173 1/2, P. Zugner 234.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE following scores were recorded at headquarters, 159 W. Twenty-third street, Feb. 14. All shooting on the regular twenty-five 1/4in. ring target:

Table showing scores for various participants like R Gute, L P Hansen, G Schlicht, etc.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

ON Thursday evening, Feb. 16, the above society occupied the Zettler ranges, all shooting offhand on the regular 25-ring (1/4in.) target: A. Kronsberg 243, 244; C. G. Zettler 233, 241; C. Wagner 238, 239; O. Schwanemann 238, 239; G. Schroeter 220, 221; Jos. Keller 218, 220, W. Heil 214, 213; J. Metzger 200, 222; A. Mertz 172, 193; C. Stover 147, 88.

Italian Rifle Club.

ON Feb. 13 the above club occupied the Zettler ranges. Scores follow on the regular twenty-five 1/4in. ring target at 75ft.: Reali 242, Branchi 241, Minervini 241, Muzio 240, Alfred 238, Raimondi 237, De Stefano 219.

Rifle Notes.

The national rifle tournament will be held at Sea Girt, N. J., in the latter part of August.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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ON account of the inauguration of President Roosevelt on March 4, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Washington, March 2, 3 and 4, good for return passage until March 8, inclusive, from New York, Philadelphia, Pottsville, Wilkesbarre, Wilmington, Oxford, Pa., Lancaster, Harrisburg, and intermediate stations; from all stations on the Delaware Division, and from all stations in the State of New Jersey, at rate of single fare for the round trip, plus 25 cents. Deposit of ticket with Joint Agent in Washington on or before March 8 and payment of fee of \$1 will secure extension of return limit to leave Washington on or before March 18. For specific rates and full information apply to Ticket Agents.—Adv.

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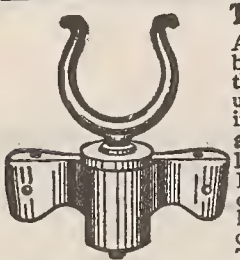
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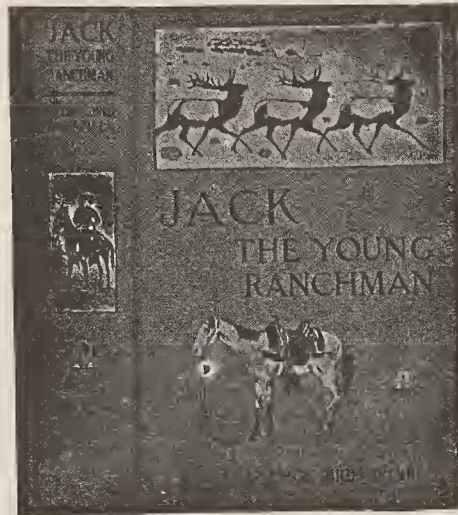
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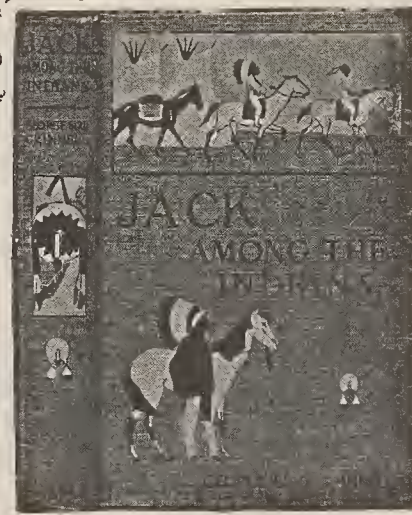
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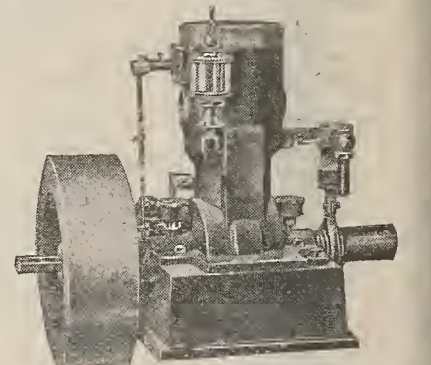


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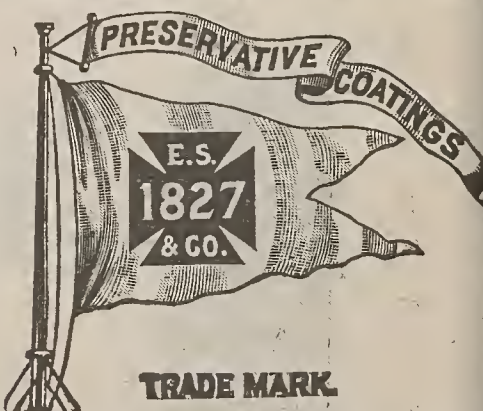
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1903.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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ENLARGING THE WORLD'S FOOD SUPPLY.

THAT story in our angling columns of striped bass fishing in Pacific waters is an exposition of the marvelous results which have followed the enterprise of the United States Fish Commission in transplanting a species. The establishment of this valuable fish in California was an achievement which has contributed in incalculable measure to the economic resources of the country.

We are indebted to Mr. Hugh M. Smith, of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, for the statistics of the shad and striped bass fishery of the Pacific coast:

Total cost of planting shad and striped bass on Pacific Coast, under	\$5,000
Average annual catch of these fish at present time, pounds 4,000,000	
Yearly market value of the catch.....	\$165,000
Aggregate catch to end of 1904, pounds.....	26,400,000
Total value of the catch to the end of 1904.....	\$955,000

This is one of a score of successful undertakings in transplanting and acclimatization. In the current report of the Commissioner of Fisheries, Mr. John W. Titcomb notes the introduction of trout into the waters of the Black Hills of South Dakota, streams which were once devoid of fish, but are now themselves sources of supply. In like manner the eastern brook trout carried to Colorado has thrived there to such an extent and become so firmly established that, as Mr. Titcomb says, "it is now possible to collect more eggs of this species from the natural streams and ponds at the subsidiaries connected with the Leadville station than are collected from any station in the East, where the fish is native."

Quite as noteworthy as this stocking of American streams from other American waters is the vast contribution the United States is making to the food fish resources of the world by sending its native species to foreign waters. One of the most remarkable of recent achievements in the field was the consignment presented to the Argentine Republic. The story has already been told in our columns. The shipment consisted of eggs of steelhead trout (20,000), brook trout (100,000), lake trout (50,000), whitefish (1,000,000), and landlocked salmon (50,000). They were sent out in charge of Mr. Titcomb, were en route from forty-six to fifty days, and arrived at their destination and were hatched with an average loss of less than 10 per cent.; having been transported a greater distance than had been recorded in the history of fishculture, taken across the equator, and carried by team 300 miles over a hot, sandy country, and hatched in a season of the year the direct opposite of that in which they would have hatched at home.

Other contributions to foreign countries noted in the report included a generous shipment of rainbow trout eggs to Canada, rainbow trout and whitefish to England, black-spotted trout to Wales, rainbow trout to France, and brook trout to Japan.

A LICENSE FOR ALL HUNTERS.

THE Gates bill, now in the New York Legislature, provides for the licensing of all hunters, whether resident, non-resident or unnaturalized persons, for hunting deer and bear; and for the licensing of non-residents and unnaturalized persons for the hunting of small game. The bill is patterned after the systems in force in other States. Applicants for licenses are required to give such particulars as to their residence and personal appearance as shall serve to identify them. The licenses are to be issued by the county clerks and to be in force for one year only. For the hunting of deer and bear everyone, whether resident or non-resident or unnaturalized person, must have a license. The fee for resident licenses is nominal, being 75 cents; that for others is \$25. The shipments of game must be accompanied by the coupons attached to the license; these being two in number, give the privilege of shipping two deer in a season; and ample provision is made for recording shipments and preventing abuse of the shipping privilege.

The requirement of a license for killing game other than deer and bear applies only to non-residents and unnaturalized persons. The bill prescribes that before a non-resident or unnaturalized person shall hunt any game other than deer or bear, he must procure a license, for which the required fee is \$10. This is excellent so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough; for it fails to secure very essential control of the unnaturalized shooter. Most of the abuse of the violation of the law relating to the killing of song and insectivorous birds is com-

mitted by the foreigners who go out from the cities and shoot in the suburbs, killing without discrimination everything that flies within range of their guns. Under the Gates law, if such shooters desire to take out a license they may do so, but there is nothing to prevent their going out and shooting without a license, and then making the claim that they are citizens. This throws upon the officer the burden of proving that they are not entitled to the shooting privilege. On the other hand, if all shooters, whether citizens or non-residents or unnaturalized persons, were required to take out a license, every individual would in turn be identified, and there would be no such possibility of evasion by numbers of the very class the law is attempting to reach.

Under present conditions there is no good reason why every shooter who goes off from his own lands to kill game should not be required to have a license for that purpose. The time has come when it is absolutely necessary to exercise such control over shooters as can be secured only by some system of registration and identification. The Gates measure might well be amended, and would prove more effective, if it required of every resident hunter of small game a license with some such nominal fee as it now exacts from the resident hunter of larger game. We believe that it is the experience of other States where universal license systems are in force, that the results are such as to commend them.

A FISHING RIGHT DELUSION.

THE notion that if private waters have been stocked with fish at State expense outsiders have a right to invade them for the purpose of fishing, is as persistent as it is mistaken. Corrected in one quarter, it bobs up serenely in another. The protracted Rockefeller-Lamora litigation over this point has only recently been brought to a conclusion. It ended in a reiteration by the higher courts that property rights may not be invaded in any such way as that demanded by the advocates of free fishing in private waters. Now comes Senator Drescher in the New York Legislature with a bill which provides that any waters which have been stocked with fish by the State subsequently to April 17, 1896, shall be open to the public to fish in, and the Forest, Fish and Game Commission is required to keep such waters open to the public, and to maintain sign-boards proclaiming that they are open, and warning all persons from molesting or interfering with anyone wading or fishing in them. Another measure for which Senator Drescher stands sponsor forbids owners of private waters which may have been stocked by the State since April 17, 1896, from displaying upon them signs warning off trespassers. The particularity of these bills as to the date of the stocking points to some specific waters like those involved in the Rockefeller preserve controversy in the Adirondacks as the special object of the framers of the measure. It appears to be an attempt to secure by statute a right of fishing which the courts have held does not exist under the present law; but it will prove futile to achieve any such end. The Legislature has no power to confiscate property by throwing open private lands to the public. The bills made into laws would prove nugatory. They would not be sustained by the court. They are crude, ill-considered, and in conflict with common law rights.

THE FULLERTON PARK CRITICISMS.

SOMETHING over two years ago there were published in various newspapers, east and west, interviews given out by one James Fullerton, "of Montana," charging gross mismanagement of the affairs of the Yellowstone National Park. Game killing and general loose management were charged, and the blame for the supposed abuses was placed on the superintendent of the Park.

That public charges should be made against an officer of Major John Pitcher's high standing was a great outrage—a matter sufficiently serious to call for a contradiction as public as the charges had been. Such a contradiction was printed in FOREST AND STREAM, and it was pointed out that the author of the charges was a person entirely unworthy of credit or attention and wholly irresponsible, and that the charges themselves were unsupported by one particle of evidence.

It was explained that a long time before he got into the daily newspapers, Fullerton had visited this office and had made to us the charges which other papers after-

wards printed. Cross-questioning by those who know the Park and its history made it quite evident that Fullerton was talking about things of which he had no knowledge; attempts to pin him down to anything like specific details were fruitless. He had no facts, knew nothing of his own knowledge, was simply retailing irresponsible gossip, or else had been induced to make these charges and had been primed with stories to support them by someone who was hostile to the Park or to those administering it. Fullerton had nothing to relate that was modern, but he did tell a lot of old stories of things that had happened there a dozen or twenty years ago.

The matter was brought to the attention of the authorities at Washington, to whom Fullerton was reported to have written, and it was learned—as might have been expected—that the Washington authorities, knowing Major Pitcher very well, were not disposed to pay the slightest attention to the tale Fullerton related. So, after a week or two of brief notoriety, the author of the "charges" went back to Red Lodge, where he belonged, and relapsed into his accustomed obscurity.

As confirming the conclusions reached at that time with regard to Fullerton, it is interesting to learn that he has recently become insane, and has been removed from his home to an asylum. This will hardly surprise those persons possessing any knowledge of the Park who talked with him when he came East to make his charges. A malicious person who was in his right mind would not have made public statements so utterly without foundation and so easily disproved as those which Fullerton made, and which some of our well meaning, but not too well informed, contemporaries published with scare heads of portentous size.

THOMAS J. CHAPMAN.

PROF. THOMAS J. CHAPMAN, for many years a prominent figure in educational circles in western Pennsylvania, died last week at his home in Ingram, Pa. Prof. Chapman was born in Blairsville, Pa., in 1836, and when but 19 years old chose the vocation of teaching, which he followed for the rest of his life. He was the superintendent of schools in Cambria county, Pa., for eight years, professor of English in the Indiana State Normal School for two years, and principal of the North School, of Pittsburgh, for seventeen years. He was a close student of history and wrote several books on local history which have a high reputation for accuracy and are quoted in more general works. He was a facile writer, contributing frequent letters to FOREST AND STREAM and to other periodicals. Although he neither hunted nor fished, Prof. Chapman was a lover of nature, and one of her close students. He took great pleasure in reading the FOREST AND STREAM, and, like many another, was a great admirer of the writings of Rowland E. Robinson and Fred Mather. His last contribution to our columns was printed but a short time ago. Mr. Chapman was a man of high ideals and lofty thought; and in his very pleasing writings there was always much to inform and to elevate.

AS REPORTED in our fishing columns, the Canadian authorities have declined to interfere with the netting of pike-perch on their spawning beds in Missisquoi Bay of Lake Champlain. The reasons are political. The fishermen have votes. Because of their votes they must be protected in the netting privilege they have so long enjoyed, whether or not that privilege means great public loss and a foolish waste of the natural resources of the country. The netting of these fish is precisely what our correspondent terms it—"rascally rapacity." It should be suppressed, and suppressed by the Canadians. To look to our own Government to correct the evil by a regulation forbidding the importation of pike-perch, is to look for something which must be, at best, extremely remote.

A BILL before Congress provides a penalty for the transportation of the gypsy moth, boll weevil, plum curculio, hop plant lice, and other insect pests from State to State. The measure was prompted by the proposition of an enterprising Texan who made an offer to a Wall Street brokerage firm to stimulate the cotton market by collecting boll weevils in infected districts and liberating them in localities not yet affected. The penalty provided by the bill is a fine of \$5,000 and five years imprisonment, a punishment by no means excessive when measured by the enormity of the offense.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Land of the Espartillo.

ARTEMISA, CUBA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sitting on my porch to-day looking over the immense savannas of espartillo (prairie grass) stretching away for ten miles to the blue range of mountains forming the backbone of the Province of Pinar del Rio (and known as the Sierra de Los Organos), and reading my FOREST AND STREAM and enjoying every word of it, the idea came to me, why don't you try to do something for those who have done so much for your pleasure? So here goes.

A friend and myself left New York on the Ward Line steamer Mexico. We were a jolly crowd, and after the first day were favored with smooth sea and lovely moonlight nights. Three and one-half days from New York we passed between the Morro and Punta forts which guard the entrance to Havana Bay, and just at daybreak glided in over a glassy sea, and cast anchor near all that remains of the once stately Maine. The picturesque old city looms up grand and strange to those who see it for the first time, and to me each return brings forth some new and pleasant impression. As the Ward Line ships do not dock, a tug came out and transferred us, bag and baggage, to the Aduana or Custom House, where the polite manners of the officials and the lack of "roping off" give an agreeable contrast to New York methods. Since the war great improvements are noticed on every side, and with our protection and guarantee Cuba is to-day almost a part of the United States. Three million dollars in the treasury in two years is not such a bad record for the new republic. Public schools are being established all over the island, good roads extend in every direction, and Cuba is fast arising from the ruins of the late war.

We spent a few days in Havana riding on the many excellent electric car lines, and patronizing the neat little rubber-tired cabs that will take two a mile for 15 cents. One thing that attracted my attention was the large number of Americans engaged in renting furnished rooms, and who seem to all be doing well.

There is a boom on now in the suburbs reached by the new car lines, and some fortunes have been made in the Vado, the beautiful villa section fronting the sea west of the city, and new towns and streets are laid out along the heights following the line of the Marianao electric railroad.

We leave Havana and its cool fruit ices with regret, and take the Western Railroad at 7 A. M. from Cristina station, and find it a most enjoyable ride. Out from Havana we climb past beautiful white, broad-porcioed quintas nestling among the deep green of the orange and bananas, with the great royal palms towering over all and dominating the landscape. One might forget everything seen in Cuba, but never the royal palms. On many of the great old sugar and coffee estates the palms were planted in four rows from the entrances to the palatial dwellings, and the effect of these towering rows of great gray trunks crowned with feathery foliage which seem to meet far down the vista, is something you must see to appreciate. On our train rushes, stopping often at little flower-embowered stations, and two hours from Havana we reach Artemisa. Here the vegetation changes, and we realize that we are in the heart of the Vuelta Abajo, or tobacco region. The soil is a bright red, and the plant a vivid green, forming a beautiful contrast.

Artemisa is a hustling little town, and most of the citizens are employed in the tobacco industry. We find our rig waiting, and set out for our ranch, eight miles down the stone highway. The Spaniards evidently knew how to build roads, and this splendid calzada would be an example to our road makers at home. Running from Havana to San Cristobal, 75 miles, it is beautifully crowned and raised over all low lands, passes over streams on stone culverts, and is shaded by great algaroba, mango, almond and ceiba trees. Every kilometer is a numbered stone post, and every three kilometers a road worker has his house, he being held responsible for his section; and this is the ideal way to care for a road. As we ride along we note the effects of the war in the ruins of wayside inns and graveyards, and a fine old church rears its roofless walls near the little town of Mangas. The character of the soil changes again, and on both sides of the road are great abandoned ranches which were before the war filled with cattle, horses, mules and sheep. Our ranch lies on the slope of the hill, a half mile back from the highway, and as we pass in we hear the sweet notes of a hunting horn and soon a pack of eight American hounds go yelping down the trail of a deer, followed by three horsemen, one with a Winchester rifle, one a double muzzel loader, and the other a single breech loader. Deer are plenty here, and often we taste venison; but the only other animal, except the wild dog and pig, is the jutia, a kind of opossum, and very savory eating.

The country people are simple and unsophisticated; but poor, indeed, is the "guajiro" who will not invite El Americano to get down and take a cup of coffee. Coffee is the great beverage here, and they take it morning, noon and night, and between times; black as ink, but clear and fragrant. The coffee is toasted black, ground to a powder and placed, a teaspoon to a cup, in a flannel bag, sewed to a tin ring with wire handle, and then hot water is poured through as many times as necessary. This is a simple way, and the coffee is always good.

Until the American occupation, drinking of liquor was not carried to excess, but the price at which the Cuban cane brandy, or "aguardiente" (5 cents a quart bottle), could be obtained, was a great temptation,

With Palma came internal revenue taxes, but alcohol could not be taxed, as it is burned extensively in heating lamps, so they resorted to an ingenious expedient, of forcing all low-priced alcohol to be mixed with camphor, and the disgust of the toppers when they tried to drink the camphorated alcohol, was very amusing.

Ducks, cranes and many kinds of water birds are numerous, and every night the peculiar piping cry of the "yaguasa," a handsome little duck, can be heard. Before leaving New York, I bought a handsome little hammerless single-ejector gun of a well-known make, and I would like to warn shooters not to take a spring-ejector gun far from a gunshop. Many is the time I have had to hunt up a stick to drive out a shell that was a little tight, or if I wanted to change a loaded shell it usually refused to eject. Also the hammer did not always rebound, so the firing pin would lock the gun shut, and I would have to go home and take it apart. I fear I am making this too long; but I hope it will induce others abroad to let us hear from them, and, brother sportsmen, should any of you appear here, you will meet with a warm welcome.

ALBERT C. GALLUP.

The Passing of a Weather Prophet.

IN these scientific days the business of prophesying has fallen into decided disrepute. Yet it by no means follows that there are any fewer prophets than of old, but instead of ascending to the housetops, as then, to proclaim their warnings to an awe-struck world, they maintain a gloomy silence, or deliver themselves in whispers occasionally to sympathetic ears. The fact is, ridicule has quite unnerved them. But there are a class of prophets whom it has not unnerved, and probably never will, and these are the weather prophets. They are just as numerous—just as vociferous—just as cocksure as ever. Ridicule unnerves them not, neither does failure cause them to doubt the gift they believe to be in them. I cannot account for this, except on the ground of the extraordinary fascination of the weather. We are all subject, more or less, to this (as witness the conversation of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who meet during the day), but there is a certain type of rural mind, to which it is more powerful even than religion is to another type. Some may dispute this, but they will admit, at least, that when weather prophesying takes hold of a man, he becomes a stranger to toleration, and so carried away is he with conceit in his own opinions that he will die—yes, die—rather than admit them to be in error.

A striking example of this was recently brought to my attention, and I feel I should be lacking in my duty if I did not publicly record it. To be brief as possible, then, consistent with historic accuracy:

The Christmas holidays had passed, and life in the little village under the mountains (which has been introduced before, though not by name, to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM) had lapsed into its regular mid-winter lethargy. Yet not quite so, for since Christmas the weather, which before was cold and rough, had become mild and gentle. This put a spirit of activity and sociability into the people quite unusual at that season. So that instead of hibernating in their houses, they came abroad to look after this or that and have a pleasant word with one another. The climax was reached one day toward the end of January, which was so mild that old man Sim Jenkins, the weather prophet, was observed making spring preparations. That evening Tim Mulcahy mentioned the fact at Jake Kummelwasser's, which started a lively discussion on the weather. In the midst of it who walked in but Sim.

"Phew! why don't you put out that stove, Jake?" he exclaimed. "One 'd think it was one o' them old-time winters."

"Meppe," said Jake, "de vinter ain'd over so soon alretty."

"It's over," said Sim, dogmatically. "Yes, sir, over and past—to all intents and purposes. I ain't a government expert but I know a thing or two about the weather. Yes, sir-ee."

Wirt Zaender, who occupied his usual armchair, looked admiringly at the prophet, but did not lessen his distance from the stove. Jake Kummelwasser heaved a sigh (which might have been of pity, or weariness) and smoked in silence.

Tim Mulcahy got up and looked out the window.

"Yes, sir-ee," repeated Sim.

"Sim," said Tim, returning and placing his back demonstratively before the stove, "there's two things I'd never venture to predict anything about—a woman and the weather!"

"I guess not," retorted Sim; "nor about any thing else. Prophecy, my friend, ain't a gift that's picked up on the pike. However, Tim, I'll allow it's a putty hard thing for any one to predict about a woman. She's a plumb unsartin critter—that's so. But it's different with the weather—when you know it—when you know it."

"You t'ink you know it—hein?" queried Jake, with a sly look, between puffs.

"I don't think it—I know I know it, so far as mortal

man kin know natur', which the weather is a product thereof. For over fifty years I've made it my constant study, for when I was a young man it was revealed to me, as I may say (I'm givin' you inside facts) that I had a gift that way. And why not? Is there anything more necessary than a knowledge of the weather? Tell me that. Nothing, sartin' sure. Why, then, shouldn't an all-wise Providence endow some of his critters with a special gift in regards to it? I ain't braggin'. No, nary a brag. But I can't set here and hear you, Jake Kummelwasser, or any other man, insinuate that I'm sailin' under false colors—no, sir-ee."

"And so you b'lieve the winter's over?" said Tim Mulcahy, after a pause.

"Such is my confident belief, sir," replied Sim, loftily.

"Thin it's rather strange you don't live up to it."

"Live up to it—what do you mean, sir?"

"I mean," said Tim, "I notice you still cling to that deerskin vest."

"Oh, pshaw!" scoffed Sim. "Mere force of habit, sir—mere force of habit."

"Weather prophets are a wise lot," observed Tim, sententiously. "They predict an early spring, but they don't change their habits."

This was more than Sim could stand. Up he jumped, exclaiming: "Say, Mulcahy, if you, or any other man, thinks that Sim Jenkins ain't got the courage of his opinions, watch!" With that he pulled off his coat and then the deerskin vest (which was indeed a comfortable garment, lined with red flannel and buttoning right up to the neck). Resuming his coat, Sim, in a state of nervous excitement, went on: "Now, gol darn your picture, what have you got to say? No, sir-ee, you can't bluff me. And now, Jake, you just hold on to that vest till I ask for it; and if any one inquires about the weather, say that Sim Jenkins says the winter's over—d' you hear?—over!"

Without another word, he made for the door.

"Sim," cried Tim, "sure you're not goin' home like that! Don't you hear the storm risin'? Come back."

"Twas all a joke, man."

But before he could say more, the old man had banged the door behind him.

The three friends sat for a while around the stove listening to the whistling of the wind and the swish of the snow against the window and thinking of poor Sim, who had a tramp of over a mile before him. At length Tim got up and, opening the door, peeped out.

"It's a blizzard, if ever I seen one, boys," he said, returning to his seat, and all three shook their heads.

The next day they heard that Sim was down with an attack of pneumonia. Tim hastened off to see him, taking the vest along, but he tactfully left this with Mrs. Jenkins.

"This storm ain't in the order of natur'," said Sim, hoarsely, as Tim took his hand.

"I never knowed a winter that was hard afore Christmas and after, too. I was right in thinkin' it was over, for that reason and others."

"To be sure you were," said Tim; "but don't bother about it. Just hurry up and get well."

Sim heaved a profound sigh. "I don't think I'll need that vest any more, Tim," said he.

It was evident the old man was weary of life now that the weather had betrayed him so shamefully. His disease rapidly grew worse, and within a week the end came. As usual, the ruling passion was strong in death, and poor Sim's last words were: "The winter's over."

FRANCIS MOONAN.

Massachusetts Fish and Game Interests.

BOSTON, Feb. 27.—The hearing on ex-Senator Luscomb's bill to allow fishermen to take "menhaden for bait," which was appointed for the 24th inst., has been postponed to a date not yet fixed. Officers of the Old Colony Club, which has several times fought off the American Fisheries Company in its efforts to re-enter Buzzard's Bay for seining, say that this bill is a mischievous one. In their efforts to defeat it they will have the sympathy and co-operation of sportsmen generally.

The hearing on the hunter's license bill will occur on March 8, and is sure to bring together a large number of men, some of whom are strongly in favor and others who will line up solidly against it.

I hear that the sportsmen's clubs of Springfield, where the bill originated, and Greenfield, will have the assistance of the Protective Association of Eastern Massachusetts, with headquarters at Reading, in their efforts for the bill. A fear that the bill, if enacted, will tend to increase posting of land by owners, will deter some from giving it their support. The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has not passed any vote for or against the measure, and its members are not all agreed as to the wisdom of passing such a law. So far as it relates to unnaturalized residents, the writer has heard no one express a hostile opinion. I believe there is a unanimity of sentiment in favor of requiring a license fee of ten dollars from all that class of people who carry a gun afield.

The State Association is doing a grand work in sending out food for quail (and other birds) to all those who apply for it.

CENTRAL.

A Week in the Meramec Bottoms.

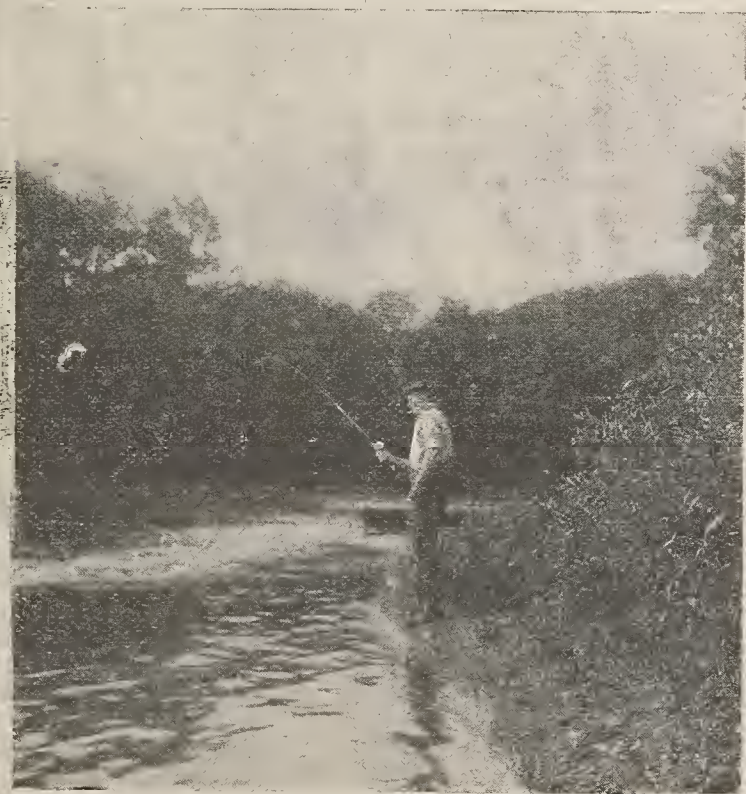
BY PERRY D. FRAZER.

THE region about St. Louis, so far as climatic conditions go, is hot in summer and cold in winter, with heavy thunder storms and cyclonic disturbances by way of variety at other seasons and clouds of soft-coal smoke all the time; but there is no denying the fact that the autumn season is glorious, is appreciated by all the good people and particularly by the man who is fortunate enough to be able to slam his desk shut with a bang now and then and hurry away to the woods or fields for a brief respite from the usual grind of routine work.

These same woods are anything but attractive during the summer because of the hordes of mosquitoes that make life miserable for one during the day, as well as the night; the redbugs, ticks and chiggers that burrow into his cuticle during the day, and the fleas that worry him when he endeavors to avoid the black mud or yellow clay and pitch his tent on sandy ground near a stream. The first week in October witnesses a change for the better, but he who can choose his time to go to the woods should wait patiently the coming of at least two heavy frosts before starting out; in other words, start on Oct. 15, or even a fortnight later, by which time the pests will have disappeared almost entirely, many of the dense leaves will have fallen, so that squirrels may be seen more rapidly, and while the nights are cool, the days are so mild and the air so balmy and productive of rest and laziness, that it will require the exercise of all one's will power to break camp on the last day of his vacation and leave surroundings so agreeable and beneficial to his physical and mental well-being. To readers I would say, if you have never camped in the woods in the foothills of the Ozarks in late October and early November, make a note of the place and go there next autumn. You will never regret it.

Both last year and this I was compelled to go to the woods the first week in October or not at all, and while both trips were filled with keen enjoyment, the days were still too warm and the frosts too light to render the autumnal conditions ideal for one who is fond of woods loafing with a bit of squirrel shooting thrown in. The Madam being in Boston at the time, I chose as a companion for this trip Charles Noble Smith, a young man who had never camped in the style adopted by the Clan Frazer—that is to say, with a view to simplicity but thoroughness. The choice was a happy one, for instead of being discontented, as many beginners are, Noble was regretful of nothing but the fact that we could only be in the woods one week instead of a month. He picked up the methods of doing things readily, and the only criticism I had to offer, was that he flopped across country so much all day that when evening came he was too weary and sleepy to sit beside the fire and swap yarns for an hour or two over the pipes.

We started from Valley Park on an early train on a Sunday morning, our equipment consisting of a canoe, a box of provisions and a couple of bundles, which went in the baggage car, while we carried a rifle and the



"I TRIED THE EDDIES NEAR CAMP."

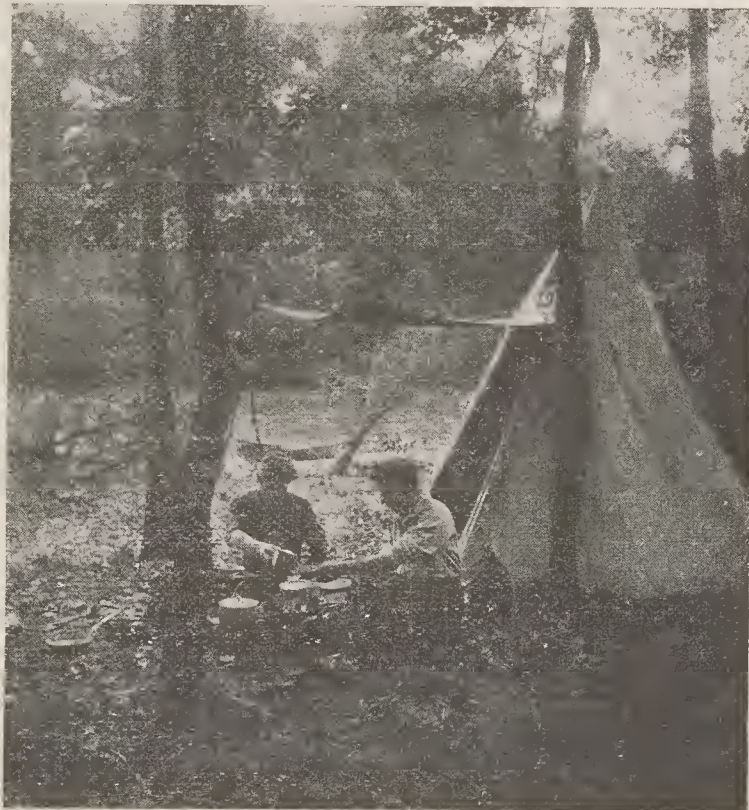
rods and camera with us. The train was late, so that it was nearly noon when we arrived at our destination, a village in the rough hills between the upper Meramec and the Gasconade and Piney rivers; but the station agent had kindly made arrangements with one of the villagers to meet us, and he was on hand with a pair of white mules and a wagon, so that the canoe was tied securely to the standards, the duffle thrown in, and in a few minutes we were bumping down the stony hill to the Meramec, a distance of about two miles. Arrived there, we unpacked the vapor stove and the provisions and dispatched our first meal with a relish we had not known for months, while our new friend angled among the eddies below a shoal hard-by and soon exhibited a huge carp as his reward.

The outlook for squirrels was promising, both shores of the river being heavily timbered with sycamores, elms, soft maples, oaks and a few hickories; but the leaves were very thick and green and the river, which should have been low and very clear, was high and somewhat colored, there having been heavy rains during the week previous. At that point the stream is about fifty yards in width and quite swift, especially in the shallows. At the place where we launched the canoe there was an old railway-tie chute, and there we loaded her and pushed off, it being our intention to look over the gravelly further shore, the sunny side

of the stream. With the high water we descended the shoal with a rush and stepped out on the cleanest, sweetest bit of gravel bar imaginable—just such a spot as my old friend, L. F. Brown, would choose in which to sun himself, and fish. The shingle extended all along that side of the shoal, and was fringed with willows, behind which we found a sunny, open spot beneath a group of planes and ash trees, and there the tent was pitched. It was an ideal spot for our present purpose, for, while there was an abundance of room for fresh air, the willows hid the tent from the river side and boxelders screened it on the woods side, so that in only one direction could our camp be seen fifty yards away, and in our jaunts we were not fearful lest some prowler should make off with our grub. The ground being sandy, with a carpeting of broad leaves, the place was clean and wholesome, while the hum of insects and the murmur of the swiftly flowing stream were conducive to restfulness and contentment.

While Noble reduced all the nearby bits of scenery to negatives, I tried the eddies near camp with spinners, flies and various forms of artificial baits, but concluded that the hour was unfavorable for fishing. And as the shadows were growing long, we betook ourselves to the depths of the woods and came back presently with a fat squirrel.

"Now, Noble," I warned him, "I will 'show you' what fried squirrel is like." Noble's mouth watered at the



"A DINNER ANY HUNGRY MAN COULD RELISH."

thought. My intentions were good, but my promise was premature, for that old buck was the toughest squirrel two hungry people ever tried to eat, and, although he did not say as much at the time, Noble afterward admitted that, while chewing this leathery morsel, he had made up his mind to desert, if that was the sort of fare I set up regularly. I remember now that he dwelt often during the evening, as we endeavored to pick shreds and wisps of squirrel muscles from our teeth, on his fondness for fried black bass, and the hope that we would catch several of them next day, in order that we might "have a good feed" of fish. But gray squirrels were abundant in the flat woods on our side of the river. We breakfasted early, and by sunrise I was in my element, although compelled to smoke my pipe in order to keep the big, hungry mosquitoes at a respectful distance. With the previous night's experience in mind, I examined the first squirrel I saw very minutely through the telescope sights before deciding that it was a young one and likely to be tender. It was in the very top of a great oak tree, but the tiny bullet brained it completely and it came to the ground with a bang. That was the second shot I had made at game through my telescope, which had been made for me according to my own "cranky notions" of what a rifle telescope for squirrel shooting should be, and I was highly pleased with it, for both squirrels bagged showed the tiny mark to be exactly where the crosshairs rested at the time of pressing the trigger. And I recalled the remark of an old hunting friend, made at the time I tried my first rifle telescope at target. Said he:

"Don't get it into your head that all you have got to do is to hold the crosshairs on the game and it is yours. You will make misses with the glass, just as you may with any sights; but you will grow more and more fond of it the longer you use it. And if you pull when you have a good hold you will lessen the chances of crippling game but losing it."

His words were prophetic. Hunting with a telescope has become more and more fascinating to me, for with it one can kill game when it is needed for food, and watch it for amusement at other times.

I was even better pleased over the next shot, made at a young gray squirrel located in a soft maple tree near the river; for it dropped to the shot, but on top of a great drift heap, and when I climbed to the top and looked for the game, it was not there. A maple leaf with a drop of blood on it led to another similar mark, then a smirch on the side of a log revealed a hollow underneath, and careful search showed more further into the heart of the rubbish. A maple sprout was trimmed of all its branches save at the small end, those being left a half-inch long and sharp. This was inserted in the hole and twisted until it would turn no more, and, drawing it carefully out, I had the satisfaction of finding the squirrel was mine, and not, as I had feared, hiding away to die miserably. Give me a clean kill or a clean miss.

Turning northward, another gray was added to the string, and where the river curved sharply back of camp, I found Noble photographing an immense cave which

opens out from the cottonstone cliffs. That is a famous region for large caves, but this one is remarkable for the reason that there is a smooth pillar-like angle on either side, while above the mouth the stone is even and sharply cut. A tally-ho coach could easily be driven through the entrance, so large is it. Another interesting place is found a short distance below the cave and in the same cliff. This is another cave, but its opening is close to the normal water level, and from it there emerges with a roar that is distinctly heard a thousand yards away a spring of water so cold that no ice could possibly improve it as a summer drink. All about the run where this joins the Meramec the water is tinted bluish, while in the strong sunlight it has a milky appearance, and objects at the bottom take on an opalescent hue. Directly opposite our camp there was quite a strong stream of the coldest water, and this came direct from another large spring, while a hundred yards further down there was a brook ten feet wide and a foot in depth, whose source was a spring a half-mile above. All the water has the bluish tinge mentioned above.

After I had skinned and dressed the squirrels Noble admitted that they seemed fine, but repeated his preference for fish. During the day we tried all our lures and exerted our best skill to tempt the bass, but as the stream was still highly colored, although falling slowly, we ascribed our lack of success to the poor condition of the water. We did catch a large channel catfish, but as neither one of us is fond of this species, and we had the squirrels, we put it back in its element, returned to camp and took a swim in the icy water.

Our vapor stove behaved very badly, at times refusing to perform its duties when fed with the exceedingly poor quality of kerosene the groceryman at the village had sold us. "Coal-oil," he called it, but it resembled castor-oil, kerosene and water in combination. However, with nursing it burned after a fashion, and as Noble was lighting the lantern that night, he stopped smoking long enough to remark: "That don't smell so bad, does it?" There were the three squirrels in the pot, and a generous quantity of rice, bits of bacon and seasoning, and it was kept stewing until the dainty flesh was ready to drop off the bones. And with steaming hot coffee, baked beans with tomato sauce, etc., there was a dinner any hungry man could relish. Noble was converted at the first helping, and other squirrels that we fried or stewed being young and tender, he enjoyed this part of our camp life as much as he did everything else, and all was well with us during our stay.

One whole day was passed by us cruising among the islands and whipping the pools far up and down the stream, trying everything we could think of that might lure the bass, but we had poor success. Still we believe the fault was in the stage of water, the real reason coming to our knowledge later on. Another day we gathered pawpaws in the immense bottom woods opposite and above camp, finding all we could carry of these luscious "Missouri bananas," some of which



THE CAVE IN THE CLIFF.

were five or six inches long and fully three in diameter. All were then green, and on our arrival home I sent a box of them to my wife, who was in Boston, where they arrived in good condition, and several persons, who had never before seen a pawpaw, ate them with a relish. The woods where we found these pawpaws were ideal for squirrels, and we shot a few in them now and then; but the villagers shot black powder in scatter guns too much for the grays to relish that side of the river, and we found more game on our side, although nuts were not so plentiful there. But while the squirrels were not so abundant on the opposite side from camp, burrs were not scarce, and a walk of four miles through those woods put one in possession of so many cockle-burrs, sand-burrs, Spanish needles, little flat three-cornered burrs and several other varieties, that one's clothing was covered and lined and stuffed with them. Although we scraped them off with our knives, for comfort's sake, they found their way among our blankets and prodded us all night, as the skeeters did during the day in the dark woods.

I don't know much about bears in their natural state, although on a very dark night years ago I ran plump against a big cinnamon. I did not learn until afterward that the bear ran faster, if possible, than I did. I don't know why, for he had his weapons with him, and I didn't, and he could not give it as an excuse for

hiking that he was going for a rifle, as I did. But that bear did not surprise me half as much as did three big dogs one morning in the Meramec woods. I had passed from the thick woods into a persimmon thicket and was exploring for this fruit when a peculiar sound attracted my attention. It was low but deep, and was not unlike that emitted by a bull now and then while feeding. As a big red seahorse adorned the front of our tent, I thought it best to make sure whether there was a bull near us, and crept through the scrub toward the place whence the sound came. The grass was high among the small bushes and I could see nothing, but in pushing through I almost stepped on three dogs, which were lying in the grass, gnawing the bones of a rabbit they had evidently just killed. They burst out at me, all yelling and with hair standing on end. Taken off guard as I was, I might have turned about had the surprised been less sudden, but the actions of the biggest dog of the three mongrels prevented any such move, for he lunged straight at me while the others circled about. I had a cartridge in the chamber of my rifle and four in the magazine, and knew that the little automatic would rid itself of all these in a second, if necessary. The temptation to kill the dogs was very great, but I knew full well the exaggerated value a backwoods farmer places on these mongrels, and depended on using the rifle as a club, and my heavy shoes, with a few vigorous "cuss words" thrown in, as further argument. The rumpus was a lively one for a while. It was heard by Noble, far away in camp, and by the owner of the dogs, who was husking corn in a field beyond the woods. Luckily he began to call the dogs, and finally they heeded his voice and drew away, whereupon I resolved once more never to shoot a dog under similar circumstances if there was any other way out of an encounter with one.

Not far from camp there was a series of exceedingly crooked chutes among the islands, and it was interesting to watch the raftsmen navigate these waterways with their long and flexible rafts of ties. These were all "one tire wide," as they say—that is, the width of the cross-ties as they lie on a railway roadbed. The lengths vary. Perhaps a hundred yards or less. The binders are spiked along the edges of the tire of ties and are capable of much bending. The "bow man," a husky, raw-boned native, handled a long pole with admirable skill in guiding that end of the raft into the tortuous channels, while his helper, two-thirds of the distance toward the stern, pushed first on one side, then on the other, often by signals shouted, or rather "tooted," by his chief, who might at the time be invisible round a bend in the stream. Near the stern a square hole was left in the raft, and the opening was reinforced with heavy timbers. Its use we learned one day when a raft became slightly unmanageable in the rapid current. In answer to a series of toots the man at the stern dropped his push-pole and grabbing a timber twelve feet in length and six inches in diameter, shot it down in the opening and athwart the current, then wedged another one in the opposite direction, so that the tops crossed like those of a sawbuck while their bottom ends ground on the bottom of the stream. These bumped along but a short distance before they began to lift that end of the raft bodily, and, although it seemed utterly impossible for them to break the great headway of the raft, this they did to such an extent that it reached the still water beyond with no momentum of its own. Then

the bow man tooted again and the drags were pulled out and stowed in their rack amidships, where low limbs could not sweep them off the raft. Whereupon both men joined in a warbling chant, such as one hears nowhere else. These men are a remarkable lot. During the several days occupied in floating down to the towns, where the ties are taken out of the water for shipment, they are in the icy water from dawn until dark. So heavy are the waterlogged ties that the men are always standing or wading in six inches to a foot of water. Their clothing consists of calico overalls and shirts, hats and shoes, with a wet coat for evening wear. Few of them have blankets, but instead they build up a huge fire at night when the raft is tied up, eat their supper of bacon and bread, dry their cotton clothing slightly, and sleep on the bare ground. Harder work I have never seen men perform, but for it they obtain a dollar a day and "grub," and a more cheerful lot cannot be found. So skilful do they become that they will sit and chew tobacco and talk while their ungainly raft, perhaps in the form of a letter "S," plunges through a chute that is equally crooked, keeping in the center all the way, apparently by chance but really as the result of the nicest of calculations while the fifteen-mile-an-hour rapid is still 500 yards away.

Our week was ideal as to weather. Rain fell but twice, in showers. Squirrels were plentiful enough for our needs, which were modest. Best of all was the clean gravel beach before the tent, where we spent hours just sitting on the warm gravel, basking in the sunshine and tossing pebbles in the water, boy-fashion. Now and then we tried the pools and riffles with spinners, but it was not until we had given up in despair that a friendly farmer who happened along informed us that during the previous week some "sportsmen" from St. Louis, as he called them, had camped near these pools and had dynamited all the pools nearby, killing thousands of fish of all sizes and frightening others away, so that none would take any sort of bait. Whereupon we put the rods away sadly and said things it would not be well to repeat. But these people could not kill the squirrels with dynamite, and although they were wild, from being shot at with ten-bores and black powder, by careful hunting we obtained all we needed. Even though these were mostly young grays, fox squirrels being scarce in those bottoms, where formerly they were very numerous, several of those killed by us were found to contain shot.

Saturday afternoon our friend with the white mules arrived promptly on the hour set to take our outfit to the station. There we learned that the 4 o'clock train was three hours late, and the jovial agent, thinking to help us pass away the time, related all the circumstances connected with the killing of a detective by two bank robbers and murderers, and offered to take us out to the house—four miles away—where the bullet holes of the posse could still be seen. We declined, but he insisted in taking us to the village rum shop, where a cigar box was proudly handed out by the boy who "tended bar," and its contents explained. There were three buckshot cartridges of a well-known brand, a bit of red sealing-wax and a mouldy portion of a plug of black tobacco, the contents of the pockets of the detective who was killed. It was all the village had to be proud of—except a new summer residence a wealthy man was building on the stony hills overlooking the river near the town. The county tax collector was

also waiting for the belated train, and the villagers soon informed us with great pride that he was the man—then sheriff—who hanged a man whose name was known all over the Union a decade ago because of the atrocity of his crime in killing his wife and babe. He was tried four times. And it was even said that a decoy was hanged in his stead. This the ex-sheriff stoutly denied, he insisting that the man who was tried was duly executed. He was a pleasant old fellow who told us how, when he was a boy, before the rocky hills were denuded of their forest growth to feed the lumber mills and supply the railways with crossties, trout were found in every brook and the streams were clear as crystal, whereas they are highly colored now except at their lowest stages. And how the deer browsed in the edges of the clearings and black bears annoyed the farmers.

Seven o'clock came, whereupon the agent announced that our train was five hours late. The ex-sheriff and his son, a traveling salesman who had called on the grocer and was also waiting, and several other persons thereupon adjourned to the "hotel," where a pleasant-faced matron served a country dinner that was worth all the waiting. At 9:30 o'clock our train arrived. For an hour it whirled along at high speed, but in sixty odd miles it was "laid out," as the drummer told us, four times because of break-downs to the engine; and at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning we arrived home, something like nine hours behind the schedule time. By way of variety, however, there was a free fight in the car behind ours, which the conductor settled by quick use of his fists; and several passengers, noticing that the ex-sheriff and his son conversed with us, queried softly: "Don't you know who that man is?" or "Did you know that's the man who hung D—?"

Quanah Parker.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice by a dispatch from Dallas, Texas, that the old Comanche chief, Quanah Parker, has been converted to Christianity, and has begun to preach the Gospel to the Indians, having been converted by his daughter, who was educated in one of the Northern schools. The old chief can do the preaching all right, if he takes a notion to do it. I had always considered him to be the most intelligent of all the Comanches. He used to get newspaper notices, but he seems to have been almost forgotten of late years.

A good many of the yarns that the papers would get up about him had no foundation in fact; but one of the last of these stories that I ever saw about him sounds a good deal like Parker. It would be about the way some white men would have treated him, and Parker would not forget it. According to this story, he was building, or having built, a new house, and some of his white friends clubbed together to get him the furniture for it, and consulted him as to what he would want. Among other things he wanted an armchair and a rolltop desk. They were curious to know what he wanted with the desk, since he could not write. He wanted to sit in the chair, he told them, then put his feet on top of the desk, hold a paper in front of him and smoke a cigar, then when a white man whom he did not care to see would call on him, he could blow the smoke in the white man's face and tell him to call again at some other time, that he was busy now.

CABIA BLANCO.



The Diamondback Terrapin.

NO REPTILE in this country is more famous than the diamondbacked terrapin of the south Atlantic seaboard. Its best known center of abundance is in Maryland, and from there it is found north and south at least as far as Buzzard's Bay, Mass., and Yucatan in Central America. There are a number of species belonging to the genus *Malaclemmys*, all of them edible; and indeed among the ordinary terrapin of commerce there are two or three which are commonly called diamondbacks.

The Bureau of Fisheries has recently issued an interesting paper entitled "A Revision of *Malaclemmys*, A Genus of Turtles," written by Prof. Wm. Perry Hay, who has devoted two summers to the study of the life history of the diamondbacked terrapin and its adaptability to artificial propagation. The field of work covered Chesapeake Bay and its tributary rivers, but most of the time was spent at Solomon's Island and Crisfield, Md., where may be seen not only the terrapin native to the Chesapeake waters but those from other localities which are brought and kept there in ponds to fatten for market. Mr. Hay enumerates five forms of the genus, of which two are now described for the first time.

All species of this genus like salt or brackish water and are found in low-lying swamps and in protected bays or inlets as well as in many rivers emptying into the sea, which they often ascend to points where the water is quite fresh.

The northern species, or true diamondback (*M. centrata*), lives somewhat in this wise. Its period of hibernation begins soon after the advent of cold weather, but for some weeks it emerges whenever there is a warm day. Eventually, however, it buries itself completely at the bottom of some pool or stream and remains until spring. Very soon after the winter sleep is over it seeks out others of its kind and the process of reproduction begins. Conjugation usually takes place at night or in the very early hours of the morning and always in the water. The eggs are laid for the most part during May or June. The female with her hindlegs digs in some convenient bank a hole for the nest to the depth of five or six inches and deposits from five to twelve eggs. She then crawls

out, carefully covers up the nest, effaces every trace of her work, and departs. If the weather is warm, the eggs hatch in about six weeks, but if the season is a cold one, the process may be twice as long. Soon after hatching, the young go to the marsh and dig into the ground, where they spend the first winter and possibly a part of the second summer. The average increase in length is about one inch a year until about five inches have been reached, when it becomes slower. Growth probably continues during the life of the individual, but in old age is so slow as to be almost imperceptible.

A table given by Mr. Hay shows that terrapins measuring four inches, or a little more, on the bottom shell, weigh from 10 to 16 ounces, while one of about 7 inches may weigh four pounds.

The diamondback terrapin feeds largely on such crustaceans and mollusks as it is able to catch; but its jaws are rather weak, and it is compelled to feed on the softer and smaller animals of this group.

"During exceptionally high tides it sometimes follows the water into the grassy law lands, and may be seen to catch and eat insects. The tender shoots and rootlets of some of the marsh are also eaten, and undoubtedly at times form a very considerable portion of the food. Fresh water seems to be a necessity to the well-being of the diamondback terrapin, though it can live for a long time without it. Although it is a common belief in many places where this turtle is found that it is nomadic, moving restlessly from place to place, and that it is able to make considerable journeys in a very short space of time, there is no evidence to support these notions. On the contrary, the individual born in, or accidentally transplanted to, a favorable locality, probably stays there indefinitely; no other theory will explain the numerous local races and the stories of the reappearance of certain marked terrapins season after season. The former abundance of the diamondback is a matter of record. At one time hundreds could be seen in a single day where now perhaps only one or two can be found in a season. Thanks to lax laws and ruthless hunters, the species is on the verge of extinction, and before long, unless proper measures are taken, must be numbered among the great host of animals that man has exterminated."

Is the Fox a Grouse Killer?

FROM many years' experience in the ways of country life I have come to the conclusion, that even in the wildest and most isolated regions of the Adirondacks, and, certainly, in those bordering on Lake Champlain where Reynard does mightily abound, it is not he who does the harm to the hens, chickens and poultry, as a rule. For the first ten years of my life I lived on a farm famous for the number and size of its foxes. It was in a valley between two high ranges of mountains wooded to their summits and full of old lumber roads. There were some swamps, and the waters of old Champlain were less than a mile distant. We kept quantities of poultry, about two hundred head every year, and they were allowed to wander at will all over the place. Indeed, we never had such a thing as a yard or fowl house. The birds roosted mostly on trees, on the fences or under an open shed fitted in the old-fashioned way with a set of poles up under the floor of the loft above, and the nests were located on shelves projecting from the roosts. Neither chickens nor hens ever suffered from foxes to my knowledge, but the eagle owls, not the horned owls, by the way, but the great owl with a leg the size of a boy's wrist and a six-foot spread of wing, were a different proposition. These were the marauders that used to eat the heads off hens on their perches in the barn and under the sheds. How do I know it? Because we took one in a brace of fox traps one night red-handed. Also in the fall raccoons killed quantities of turkeys and chickens, just eating their heads off and leaving their fat carcasses all about the roosting places. We caught several of these gentlemen in the act and some in traps. And as for skunks, no hen and chickens was safe, unless her coop was tightly boarded up and braced every evening.

I have known one of these hideous vermin to destroy a whole coop full of broilers in a single night, and once, after I had discovered one at his mischief, he went on steadily with the work of slaughter, not heeding my presence any more than if I had been a bush or tree. Every unprotected nest of turkey or fowl

that a skunk could find was destroyed, while back in the woods, where the foxes were supposed to come, a simple band of iron or a little wire or a few old plow points sufficed to keep them away from a sitting turkey hen, and I never remember of one having been disturbed. Perhaps the skunk was also afraid of the arrangement.

We had no trouble with weasels. Possibly they were not at all thick. The next great trouble was that pirate of the air, called the hen-hawk. This bird, if it once got the taste of chickens, would never leave the vicinity for long when hungry. It became absolutely necessary to shoot the hated creature, if we desired to have a young fowl left. They would go one by one. The crows often took chickens around the coops, but were afraid of the hen running with them. There was a sort of large gray rat that used to annoy us, but the hens could drive it away.

One season a fox used to dig for grubs in the potato hills in a secluded ravine every day. We could see him at work, but he never once thought of visiting the chicken yard or the farm. There was no dog to bother him either. We never caught foxes in traps around the coops, nor did we see their tracks or sign about. From all this, I am led to believe that Reynard is not fiercely inclined during the spring, summer and fall, at least, to annoy the grouse. They are used to him and promptly fly into a tree and watch until he leaves. In fact, he can no more catch a grouse by day than a dog can. I know that foxes are crazy for mice. The squeak of one will always bring the fox.

PETER FLINT.

Spider-Spun Silk.

CONSUL WM. H. HUNT writes from Tamatave Madagascar: A good deal of interest has been raised for some time by the Official Quarterly Economic Review as to the practical uses to which the webs of a large Madagascar spider might be applied to replace silk for woven fabrics. I know, from visits to the interior, that the webs, spun many feet across the walks or shady avenues of gardens, are sufficiently strong to hang thereon a light bamboo walking cane. At the Paris Exposition of 1900 a whole piece of fabric, eighteen yards long and eighteen inches wide was exhibited which was woven out of this web, for which it was necessary to provide 100,000 yards of spun thread of twenty-four strands. For its manufacture 25,000 spiders had to be brought into requisition, and these were procured by offering the natives so much a hundred; but not knowing or ignoring the purpose for which the insects were required, and having a get-rich-quick desire, they brought them in by basketsful, mostly dead. So it was found necessary for the winding-off machines to go to the spiders, instead of calling in the spiders to the filatories. However, the piece of cloth was completed, and was of a shimmering golden-yellow color.

The idea of obtaining silk of the spider is an old one, as distinguished men discoursed on the subject as long ago as 1710 in France, but the first study of this Madagascar spider (*halabe*, big spider) came up some seven years ago, and the spinning of its web was then undertaken. It is only the female that spins.

The first difficulty in securing the thread direct from the living spider, so as to wind off by some mechanical process from the insect. This was originally performed by confining the spiders in empty match boxes with the abdomen protruding, which could be compared to so many reels from which the filatory winds them off. The extraction of the web does not apparently inconvenience the insects, although care has to be taken not to injure them. From that stage was derived a frame of twenty-four small guillotines, in each of which a spider is secured in such a manner that on one side protrudes the abdomen, while on the other the head, thorax, and legs are free. This precaution of keeping the legs out of the way is necessary, because the spiders, when their secretions are spun off in this fashion, are liable to break off the web with their legs.

It appears, in the opinion of many, to be an established fact that the Madagascar spider's web is capable of being woven into cloth which might warrant its cultivation for purposes of textile industry. The idea of using cobwebs as a hemostatic was known to the Greeks and Romans, and before the present antiseptics were brought into use by medical science it was in universal use for stopping the flow of blood from wounds and cuts. From an industrial point of view, the silk of the spinning spider (*Epeira*) has been known for centuries, even by the savages of Paraguay, and in the seventeenth century one Alcide d'Orbigny in South America ordered a pair of trousers of the material. Consul Plumacher, in his report of December 26, 1899, refers to the existence of a spinning spider in Venezuela, which is apparently the same insect.*

The Madagascar spider in question is the *Nephila madagascariensis*, and combines all the characteristics of *Arachnida* in general. Its bite is not dangerous, although the irritation caused by its legs is annoying. The egg which produces this spider is laid by the female in a silky cocoon, one inch in diameter, of a yellow color at first, but turning white after an exposure of two or three months to the air, at the end of which time several hundred insects, the size of a pin-head, burst the shell and come out. Three months later the female is 2½ inches long, while the male remains only one-sixth of that size. The female is generally black,

*Silk-Spinning Spiders in Venezuela.—Consul Plumacher, of Maracaibo, under date of Dec. 26, 1899, reports that large silk-spinning spiders are found in the palm trees of Venezuela. Some produce white and others yellow silk. The consul understands that the silk has been made into handkerchiefs. A copy of the report, together with a specimen of silk which accompanied it, was referred to the Department of Agriculture. Under date of Jan. 27, 1900, the entomologist says that silk produced in this way cannot be made valuable commercially because of the troublesome necessity of keeping the spiders separated to prevent their devouring each other. To keep them supplied with food—insects—involves considerable labor. Attempts to utilize the silk of a Madagascar spider of the same species some years ago resulted in the discovery that the product was more expensive than ordinary silk.—Republished from Consular Reports for March, 1900, No. 24.

lives in solitude, and only tolerates the presence of the male at the moment of procreation. The spiders are carnivorous and by preference frequent the forests. In some of the wooded gardens in the suburbs of the capital, especially the old royal parks, they may be seen in millions, and would give the impression of being gregarious, but this is not so, it being the abundance of food which brings them together in seeming peace and amity; but so soon as the supply fails, they fight and devour each other.

In the early attempts to rear them, 200 were placed in a wire-cloth case; they spun their webs over the walls of their prison until it was so completely covered that no mosquitoes or other insects could get in. Thus deprived of food, on the principle of the survival of the fittest, the stronger went to devouring the weaker until only a few were taken out alive, but these had attained an enormous size.

This spider is little disposed to migrate from its abode, and submits, without resistance, to the manipulation of the filatory.

The first experiments in Madagascar were due to a Catholic missionary, and his experience proved that after the laying period, or formation of the web, it can be reeled off five or six times in the course of a month, after which the spider dies, having yielded about 4,000 yards. Native girls do the work. Each one has a straw basket at her side every morning filled with live spiders, and another basket to receive them after they have been wound off. One dozen are locked in at a time, the ends of their webs are drawn out, collected into one thread, which is passed over a metal hook, and the reel is set in motion by a pedal. So soon as an insect gives out no more web it is replaced without stopping the wheel, and later on carried back to the park, where it requires nine or ten days before being ready for a second operation. The cost of this silk web is high; 55,000 yards of nineteen strands in thickness weigh only twenty-five grams (386 grains), which, calculating the time and labor of procuring and preparing it, brings it up to \$40 a pound.

More Loon Talk.

HOQUIAM, Wash., Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The loon differs from other birds in a number of ways. I have reason to think that many people are unaware of some, at least, of these peculiarities.

The loon has a hide as tough as an ox, and their feathers cannot be plucked without first scalding the bird as you would a hog. This incident will give some idea of the toughness of the hide. About thirty-five years ago, when I was living in Michigan, a loon was shot at with a shotgun industriously all summer, without apparently doing him any harm. In the fall I killed him with a rifle, just to convince the people that a loon could be shot and killed. He had many times been shot at with a rifle by the same people who had used the shotgun, and they had become convinced that he dove so quickly that he dodged the shot in that way. I had seen them shoot at him a number of times, and I could see the splash of bullet or shot in the water before the loon dove. I ridiculed the idea of the dodging, and that led to my shooting him to support my contention. When I skinned the bird, I found, and counted, over a hundred No. 6 shot, and all of them stuck to the inside of the hide, and so doing him no permanent harm. It is remarkable that he was never hit in the eye, nor sustained a broken wing.

Another thing peculiar to the loon, is that after the chicks are hatched, if the mother wishes to move far, she will make a shallow dive and come up under her babies, and swim off with them on her back. The person that succeeds in photographing her under such conditions may well claim the pennant. Only once have I seen a loon shoulder her young, although for over twenty years I lived in the part of Michigan where then there was the best chance imaginable to watch loons. Now the timber has been cut off around most of the lakes, and such favorable conditions for observation no longer exist.

Although I have only once seen a loon shoulder her babies, I have seen her swimming with them on her back many times. Once one swam within twenty feet of me and never suspected my presence.

One of their calls when sitting on the water, for volume beats that of any other bird or beast that I know of. I have heard them in the night, when they were more than five miles distant, for they only make that kind of call from the water, and there was no lake in that direction short of that distance. To say that the loon is a very interesting bird is as mild as I can express it.

W. A. LINKLETTER.

Wild Geese Headed South.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Feb. 16.—Several flocks of wild geese in V's and strings passed over here this morning bound south, headed for the Mexican boundary, and bawling "Tee-a-wah-na! Tee-a-wah-na!" (spelled Tia Juana), which is a custom house, and the nearest point over the line. The dazed fowls have been having a tough experience up in Oregon and Washington, with a continued temperature much below all degrees of comfort. Usually they begin to fly north at this date, but now it's all the other way; same as the weather we have. I have never yet happened to strike a spot on earth where they have had so much rain as this district has had since Christmas. It has rained more or less nearly every day this month. Every stream and reservoir is bank full, and we are not likely to hear much about irrigation for two years at least. The main point now is to keep the fruit and vegetables from freezing. Such a universal ice-cold visitation the whole continent has not had since the second glacial period. When are we to have a third?

I send by evening mail a photograph of my two-room bungalow (16 by 12) which I have had built as a study and retreat from the maddening mob. You may like to hang it up in the office, if there is any wall space left.

I also inclose some interesting natural history notes from this and other sections—all good midwinter matter, and ordered a copy of the Northampton (Mass.) Gazette of the coming week mailed to you, as it will contain an extended descriptive sketch of this particular part of Southern California, with some pertinent suggestions as

to climate and local attractions, as well as the business outlook for the immediate future. It may serve to assist migrants coming this way.

I am very well and hearty. Have sawed a year's supply of firewood for the house during intervals of pleasant weather. When it rains I prefer to hole in, as it is almost impossible to walk or wade through this slippery doby (adobe) slush, which at once becomes so hard as soon as it dries that it is a job to remove it from one's shoes. The easiest way is to wear cheap gums and throw them away after a trudge.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Wild Turkey Weights.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent writes to ask how much I thought that big turkey weighed—the one I killed when the mule left me to walk home. I had to estimate his weight, of course; we carried no scales with us, but I could guess pretty close, and I guessed his weight to be 35 pounds; it was that or more.

My mule stood 15 hands (5 feet) high. I tied the turkey to the side cloak strap, passing the strap around the turkey's legs as high up as possible, then had to cut off the head and part of the neck to prevent it striking the mule's feet and starting him to kicking. I had intended to ride him home. Had I known that he did not intend to wait for me, he might have kicked and be blessed to him.

This camp of ours was a first rate place for turkey. Hardly a day passed but what more or less of them would be brought in. The boys got the most of them. I needed my shotgun badly, but did not have it. I had a good one at the post—a Fox gun that I could take down and carry on the pack-mule; but I had no shells loaded and had no time to load any, and could not buy any there or at the agency. That was not a shotgun country; few men there except army officers ever had a shotgun.

We got another turkey here nearly as large as this one was only a day or two afterward. It had been drizzling and raining all night, and at daylight the chief sent the negro boy out to the herd to round up the ponies and see if any were missing. When he came back to report, he said that he had seen a big turkey up in a tree between camp and the herding ground, half a mile away, and gave it as his opinion that the turkey meant to stop there for the day; it would be too wet for him to leave; I might go and get him.

"I might," I told him, "but it is as wet for me as it is for the turkey, and I don't need turkeys bad enough just now to hunt them in a rainstorm. I'll send Antelope after him." Calling the boy in I gave him my carbine, and then sent the negro boy, who had not had his breakfast yet, to point out that turkey.

They came back in less than an hour with three turkeys, the big one and two smaller ones. The negro had to carry all three. There would be no danger of Antelope carrying any if I were not there to tell him to do it. He brought up the rear, carrying the gun and a broad smile. Making a pack-mule of the negro boy just suited him.

CABIA BLANCO.

The Starling.

WALKING in Prospect Park the other day I saw a whole flock of English starlings, some eighteen or twenty in number. They were perched in the woods, pluming themselves and whistling as blithely as though the ground were not buried deep in snow and the lakes frozen half way to the bottom. It is evident that this bird has come to stay. But how he is managing to survive our winters, especially the last two, is certainly a cause for speculative wonders. In England, where the winters are usually mild and open, he has no difficulty in picking up a living in the fields, grubs and worms being his favorite diet. But what does he live upon here? Since last November the ground has been under snow, so that his favorite diet has not been procurable. We can only surmise, then, that he has taken to eating seeds and berries, for he does not forage about human dwellings like his compatriot, the sparrow; at least, the writer has never seen him so engaged. However, he appears to be making out the consequences and withal keeping a cheerful mind.

If only for the beautiful sheen of his plumage (which completely outdoes that of the purple grackle), the starling would be an acquisition, but when to this is added his sweet note, we may very properly regard him as a prize. A singer in the true sense he is not, but his whistlings and twitterings and warblings are perhaps better than the sustained efforts of many a singer; for there is a sweetness and purity about them which simply ravishes the ear. Then he is pre-eminently a sociable bird and in a double sense—that is to say, he loves his kind and human kind, too. At least he trusts us, for he builds his nest almost invariably in the vicinity of our homes. Hence his music, like so much other bird music, is not lost, but is offered, as it were, to man instead of the deity of solitude.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.

Birds of Southern Michigan.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For many years I have been engaged in compiling an authentic list of the birds of Southeastern Michigan. I am very anxious to secure the co-operation of the numerous sportsmen on Lakes Huron and Erie and Detroit and St. Clair rivers with regard to the water fowl and waders that come to their attention. I will be especially thankful for any information on the time of arrival, time of departure in spring and fall with exact dates, if possible; any notes on the rarer birds, occurrence in winter, etc. Notes on these birds are hard to obtain, and many valuable records are lost because the knowledge fails to reach an ornithologist. Notes on the scoters, ruddy duck, swan, Bartramian sandpiper, any of the plovers or phalaropes I especially wish. I will be pleased to hear from any so interested, and will be much in their debt.

BRADSHAW H. SWALES,

46 Larned street, West, Detroit, Mich.



GAME BAG AND GUN



The North Carolina Season.

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 24.—The winter has been the most severe ever known in North Carolina. There was some bad weather before Christmas, but the real winter began Jan. 2, and the ground has been frozen ever since, last week there having been three sleets in seven days, covering all the middle and western part of the State and causing the death, by starvation and freezing, of a great many partridges. No injury was done to the birds in the east, it seems, though the cold was very great. State Secretary Gilbert Pearson, of the North Carolina Audubon Society, has had thirty game wardens at work distributing food to the birds and enlisting the aid of thousands of farmers in the same good cause. Sportsmen also contributed freely and went into the fields and carried food. In this way many birds were saved. Some of the pheasants of the mountains have been killed by the intense cold, temperature there in some places going as low as 12 below zero. Here at Raleigh the lowest temperature was 7 degrees above zero. At Asheville, arrangements were made at nine produce stores for the giving away of cracked corn, grits and other bird foods to responsible persons, and this was carried in all directions.

The intense cold froze the great sounds on the coasts and also the rivers, with the exception of air holes, in which thousands upon thousands of ducks and geese gathered to get in clear water. A great many birds were drowned by diving in these air holes and coming up under the ice. One man, in a day, picked up 250 ducks, a number of them canvasbacks and redheads, which had lost their lives in this way.

The sounds are now clear, and the pirates—the fire-lighters—are again after the ducks. Secretary Pearson found that, while last winter the wardens on Currituck Sound and also in Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds did their duty very well and kept down fire-lighting, they gave way this season, and so he determined to take a new course. Sportsmen in the North gave several thousand dollars for the purpose of driving out fire-lighters, who need men of nerve to make them stop their nefarious business. So a fast naphtha is being built for the Audubon Society at Ocracoke, and Herbert Brimley, the curator of the State Museum here, who is a member of the society and an enthusiastic sportsman, has gone to Ocracoke to inspect the boat which in a day or so will be put in the water. On her will be put two special game wardens, brought from another State, well armed, and who will stand no trifling at the hands of the fire-lighters, who have always made threats that they would kill any persons who dared to interfere with them. The fire-lighters carry bullets, they say, ready to go in their guns in case any one comes up; but they are up against a tough proposition now, as they will find to their cost, for if they shoot they will be killed certainly, by men who will be prepared for business. The society is determined to break up this fire-lighting, which actually threatens to drive the ducks from North Carolina. This game is a source of great revenue, and the well disposed people are, of course, against the fire-lighters, though most of them are afraid of the latter, or else wink at them.

The writer found two years ago that at certain times the word would be passed along the sounds that fire-lighting could begin, and then, after a period of rest, these nightlawks would get to work and murder the ducks. As we came through the sound we heard the guns of these sneaks, way off in the darkness, and we picked up a couple of brant which some of them had shot. They failed to get as many birds as they bill. One of them boasted that he had shot in a raft of ducks and had killed fifty-two, with the two barrels of his gun. He was shooting a ten-gauge, using five drams of powder and an ounce and three-quarters of shot. The regular wardens could easily have suppressed these people if they had done their duty.

The Audubon Society has done wonders in saving game in the State, and so far every bill introduced in the Legislature to amend the Audubon law has been defeated. One bill provided that a club, after paying a license, should have just as many persons as it pleased to come to the State and hunt on its lands. Another one provided that any landowner could invite persons from another State to come and shoot on his own property. These people forget that the birds do not belong to them. They have no ownership to the birds, except about what may be called courtesy. It is very noticeable that the farmers this year are protecting the birds better than ever before, and that they are getting more careful in giving permits to hunt on their lands. Bills are passing the Legislature now, including several counties in the list in which hunting is not permitted on the lands of another except by written permission. The Audubon Society is well pleased to see all these safeguards, as there is a desperate effort to kill and get to market all the North Carolina birds. Pot-hunters want everything they can get for the big clubs and hotels north, and then another class of them, away from the larger towns, want to kill birds for market. Some shoot them on the ground and others trap and net them, inducing their neighbors to wink at these offenses against the law.

There has been less hunting in the State (except in the southeastern part, which was particularly favored by very light snow falls) than ever before in the recollections of the writer, who has been hunting every season for thirty years, and he has not fired a gun since a few days before Christmas. Only a few men have been able to do any hunting of any kind. Governor Glenn, the new chief executive of North Caro-

lina, and the writer have made plans ever since January 10 to have a hunt as soon as the weather permitted, but the time has not yet arrived. We had a fine one with Governor Aycock two days before Thanksgiving, this hunt having been described in *FOREST AND STREAM* in the next issue after that date. This inability to get out and kill the partridges has saved a great many, as the season will end March 15 in most counties. In a few it lasts until April 1. In some it ends March 1, and in two or three hunting is only permitted during December and January.

There is some sentiment in favor of having the birds protected from three to five years. It is very significant that game protection laws have been enacted at this session of the Legislature for such counties as Craven and Jones, which have never had them and in which there is yet much game left.

The writer is going down to Florida for a little jaunt, and will see how things look in that part of the world and tell *FOREST AND STREAM* about it, and will later go to Pinehurst and see the conditions there. Pinehurst now has a game preserve of about 52,000 acres, and has had more luck than most of the States, the snow being rather light there and the soil very sandy, so that it was soon absorbed.

George Vanderbilt is the largest landholder in the State, and of course has the biggest game preserve, in all something like 150,000 acres. George Gould has a very large one near High Point, and Brokaw, of New York, and others have very considerable preserves; but Leonard Tufts, the owner of Pinehurst, comes next after Vanderbilt. Some of the clubs, mainly composed of local people, have large preserves, one of these being around Linville Falls, another near Fayetteville. High Point, however, continues to be the center of attraction for people from the north as a place for dog training and shooting. There are a dozen kennels within a radius of say twenty miles of that point.

A very large number of deer have been killed during the season and many bear. A man from Cherokee, who was chatting with Governor Glenn the other day, the writer being present, said he had killed, up to Christmas, ten bear, big fellows all of them. This man expressed a very fine contempt for the bear down on the coast, saying the mountain ones ate chestnuts and the finest kind of mast, and were as fat as butter and, to his mind, the most delightful food in the world. He thinks nothing on earth is so healthful as bear's grease, and appears to think it will cure insomnia, provided enough of it be eaten. In this, perhaps, he is somewhat like the late Chief Justice of this State, who prescribed as a cure for insomnia a pint of well roasted peanuts and a quart of fresh milk just before going to bed. A good many tried this, some it killed, while others recovered, and a few were able to pull through without getting sick at all.

FRED A. OLDS.

State Reservations.

THE State reservations of Massachusetts provide a safe harbor of refuge for all the wild children of her woods, fields and waters. They soon learn that they are safe from the gun and snare of the fowler.

The ponds of the Middlesex Fells are the favorite resorts of wildfowls of many kinds—wild geese, black ducks, teal, wood ducks, mallard, sheldrake, sprigtail, coot and gulls.

Spot Pond, the largest of quite a number in this reservation, being about a mile and a half long and from a quarter to a half mile wide, is the most frequented by the wildfowl, which come in the fall months by thousands, staying as long as ice will permit, and returning in the spring in increased numbers as soon as the ice disappears. They would doubtless breed here but for these reasons: the lack of suitable covers on the shore for nesting and the thousands of visitors—it being only ten miles from Boston—that come here during their nesting season, when the birds must have seclusion.

Some years ago—before spring shooting was abolished—I found in an old apple tree near a large pond a wood duck's nest, where they raised a brood of young every year until someone took the eggs or young, and they never returned. On the shore of the same pond, by the side of a brook that runs into it, a pair of black ducks reared their young every year. But this was before the summer cottages were built beside all the large ponds as they are to-day, which prevents their nesting where these conditions obtain. But there are thousands of acres of marsh lands and ponds where the above conditions could be eliminated, and with State control they could breed undisturbed. I have no doubt that some time in the future this plan will be adopted. This State already has fourteen reservations, besides seven parkways. The area of the reservations run from ten acres up to more than four thousand. The three largest, Blue Hill, 4,855 acres; Middlesex Fells, 1,883 acres; Wachusett Mountain, 1,300 acres; others not as large also afford protection to all their wild inhabitants, an added protection to our song birds as well as to the game birds, as no guns are allowed there.

The time is at hand when all the States should have preserves where the game and song birds can multiply undisturbed. The Audubon Society, started in a small way nearly a score of years ago by *FOREST AND STREAM*, has grown to be a great power in the land for the protection of our insectivorous birds that are of so much value to the agriculturist and the horticulturist. If the Shiras Bill becomes a law, it will be a long step toward saving our migratory game and song birds.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

["American Big Game in Its Haunts," the last

volume of the Boone and Crockett Club's books, contains a complete list of the National, State and timber reservations of the United States and Canada, which may profitably be studied by all who are interested in this subject.]

A Captured Burnside.

PALO ALTO, Cal., Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of the question of the use of breechloading rifles during the Civil War, I am reminded of how I came into possession of my first rifle. In the fall of 1863, I, a lad of twelve years, crossed the Tennessee River from my father's farm to visit a cousin. Late in the afternoon on the day of my visit a small squad of Confederate cavalry rode up to my cousin's residence. The leader proved to be a neighbor and former schoolmate.

"Howdy, Joe," said I, "what are you after?" "Yanks," said he. "Any around here?" "Yes," I answered, "there is a picket guard just across the river." At this particular time the Confederates had possession of the south bank of the river, and the Federals of the north one. "I'll point the Yanks out to you, Joe, if you want to take a crack at them."

"All right," he answered, and ordered his men to dismount. I led them through a field of tall corn until we reached a point just opposite the Federal pickets, who numbered about a dozen men. Joe told his men in a whisper that he would emerge on the open river bank alone and try to decoy a couple of the enemy over to the south bank. Handing his rifle to one of the men, he rushed down the sloping bank, hallooing to the Federal guards. Presently one of them asked him what he wanted.

"I am an escaped prisoner and the Johnnies are right at my heels. Bring a skiff over quick and rescue me."

The Yanks seemed in no hurry to do anything, and Joe redoubled his pleadings. I saw the bluecoats bunch up for a moment, and then a half dozen of them leveled their rifles at Joe and sent their messages per Minie balls. Joe rushed up the bank yelling to his men to give 'em hell! After exchanging a hundred or so shots, Joe withdrew his men and, while walking back to the house, he showed me his rifle, which was bulged and fissured a couple of inches from the muzzle.

"Got a wad of mud in it, and it's done for."

"Sure," said I; "give it to me."

"Take it and I'll draw another," said he.

I greedily seized the piece and hid it in a fence corner, where it lay for many days until the Federals left our immediate neighborhood. I found it to be a Burnside rifle, and it was a great curiosity to myself and chums, as we had never seen a breechloader before. Doubtless the weapon had been captured from the Federals; and alas! for me, they soon had it again, for, as no civilian was allowed to have weapons of any kind in his possession, my father made me hand it over to the first command that passed by.

ROEEL.

Success in Feeding Quail.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reference to feeding quail during the heavy snows, I want to tell you, and others interested, how our warden has taken care of the quail on 6,000 acres on Long Island.

On Jan. 8, we shipped him ten dozen northern Missouri quail, which he put in five coops in a warm barn. All went well for eight or ten days, until the morning of the 11th, when he found two dead. On the 12th there were three dead; on the 13th there were five dead. All the dead had the top of their heads mutilated. He notified us to that effect, and our advice was, as the weather was then quite nice, to set them out. It appears that they only killed one another in four of the crates; in the fifth they appeared to be all right. The following morning he set eighty-four birds at liberty, six to eight in each place, choosing the south side of the brush next the field. In each place he first strewed lots of food and cut down the brush into a sort of house, building it next a small tree. On the tree he bound a sheaf of wheat, about two feet from the ground, tying it with rope around the middle; then bent down the wheat mushroom-fashion, so that if snow came they could always find food. The quail took to their brush houses at once. He went out every other day and always found them there. Then when the snow came and covered up the loose food they fed on the sheaf of wheat, sometimes for three or four days; he could not get near some of the outlying birds, but after roads were broken and the birds could be looked after again, he always found them in the same place in good condition.

As we knew of twenty-one coveys of birds left over from last year, and counting the new birds that were put out, there were thirty coveys in all. This worked well during all the cold and snow, and he assures us that he knows of not one bird killed by either snow or cold.

But the foxes and hawks have done all the mischief. They have killed off fully 15 per cent. of the game. It was a simple story that could be read after each snow—the tracks of the fox toward the roost, the bunch of feathers on the ground, and here and there a dead quail which had flown against a tree in the dark and killed itself when the fox rushed. As our warden explains it, he thinks he could have saved almost all the birds if it had not been for foxes and hawks.

I read with interest the account in *FOREST AND STREAM* a few weeks ago, of how to kill off the foxes, but we do not care to use poison. I would thank any of your readers who would tell me of some other way to do it, as I am sure a large percentage of game birds are killed off during the snow by them.

The partridge seems to be better able to take care of themselves. Our warden reports that, in one day's feeding quail, he put up fifteen, always near the food that was strewn for the quail; and there is no doubt that they, as well as other birds, have found it a good feeding place.

The other crate of twenty-eight birds are doing well in the barn, and we will not liberate them until next month. They will come in handy to fill the gaps the foxes have made.

I always thought the rabbits could take care of themselves; but as early as the last week in December last, after a thaw, he found here and there a dead one, which had been snowed under and never moved. That was after the deep snow of December, 18, 1904.

G. E. I.

Long Island Duck Shooting.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

For some weeks past I have been scanning the pages of your valued paper for an announcement of your "platform" or "platik" against the Long Island hotel keepers and market shooters, who are making a most strenuous effort to have the present law prohibiting the spring shooting of duck, geese, brant and swan, repealed or amended for their special benefit as against the interest of the sportsmen and people of all the rest of the State. Considering the rapid decrease in the number of these birds, why should these people, or the people of any particular locality where these birds assemble on their way to their breeding grounds, be permitted to make merchandise of them. Their commercial value is but little in the spring. They have been hunted and shot at at every opportunity for nearly or quite four months. Their fitness as food is said to be questionable at this season. Again, it is but a matter of a few weeks or days before these birds will be on their nests producing their kind, so that killing them in the spring season is about next to killing them on their nests. They have run the gauntlet of shot and shell for four months, and should they not be now permitted to produce their kind in comparative quiet?

We have no game of any kind to-day that can be considered as amounting to a commercial or marketable factor, so why should some short-sighted or selfish people be permitted to make use of this remnant of a former abundance by killing for the market, or be used in any way to procure guests for hotels?

Every sportsman knows full well that our game is becoming less and less each year. Shall we exterminate what remains, or shall we preserve and protect it for increase that we, and those who are to follow us may see an occasional one of some of the species. It is frequently said by those who have lived to see the carrier pigeon and buffalo practically exterminated, that the same fate awaits our migratory game birds. Why not shorten the season and limit the bag? The latter is not easily enforced, but sportsmen would heed it.

Let us hope that the Shiras Bill becomes a law, and that we shall find therein something effectual.

As I am informed, New York State has more shooting

days than either Maryland or North Carolina. Do we need any more? I think not.

A State License Law for Non-Residents, Residents and Unnaturalized Persons.

Our State has a reciprocal license law, passed, I think, in 1902, and it has proved almost an absolute failure. I am informed that but one license has been issued under it. We are at present furnishing free hunting and fishing for the people of all the world.

Thirty-one of our States and Territories and the Provinces of Canada all require a license of non-residents, and many of residents. Massachusetts and some States which as yet have none are agitating the subject, and have bills already introduced in their Legislatures; and so, sportsmen of New York State, is it not a matter of self-protection that we have one?

Our sportsmen should see to it that the bill providing therefor, and introduced in the Senate by Senator Armstrong, becomes a law. This measure was approved by the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League at its annual meeting held at Syracuse, N. Y., December, 1904. It is important that sportsmen from all parts of the State should inform their respective Senators and Assemblymen as to their wishes, and if they will do so, the outcome is certain.

J. R. F.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 21.

Increase in the Price of Steel Gun Barrels.

CONSUL JAMES C. McNALLY writes from Liege, Belgium: "The price of steel gun barrels has gone up almost 100 per cent. in the last few weeks, and manufacturers refuse to quote prices for future delivery. This rise is attributed to the advance in the price of steel. All the gun barrel manufacturers are running full time and are taxed to the limit of their capacity. A manufacturer of note here, having one of the largest plants in the world, informs me that he has already booked orders for the United States for over 100,000 gun barrels, and that orders are coming in more rapidly than ever before. This condition with regard to gun barrels reflects similar conditions in the manufacture of guns. The trade is at present booming, and 1905 promises to be a record year in the industry for which Liege is noted."

Keeper (to children who were playing in a field)—"Now, then, what business have you to be in here? Don't you see the notice at the gate?" Little Girl—"Oh, yes, please, sir, we saw a notice, but it had 'Private' on it, so we didn't like to look."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

"Sometimes I wish," said the very lazy man, "that I liked to work, so it wouldn't be so disagreeable to me when I am compelled to do so. And then I get to thinking that maybe if I liked it I would be at it all the time, and I can't bear the thought."—*Baltimore American*.

Customer—"Is there any way I can have the durability of this suit tested before leaving the store?"

Clerk—"Oh, yes, sir. We have a former Pullman car porter engaged just to brush our patrons down with a whisk broom."—*Chicago News*.

Test for Foreign Firearms Returned to Liege for Repair.

JAMES C. McNALLY, Consul at Liege, Belgium, writes: A recent decision of the tribunal in Liege, requiring tests of all foreign firearms introduced into Liege for repair, established a regulation which may be of interest to American dealers importing from this city. A manufacturer here received from Germany for repair firearms which had been taken apart, whether to facilitate shipping or with attempt to deceive is not stated. They were duly repaired, put in order, and returned to Germany without having undergone the usual and required test given to new firearms. The manufacturer having been called to account contended that the requirement did not apply, the firearms not being new. The court, however, held that the matter was one for proper investigation and appointed an expert to pass upon the arms. The expert declared that they were practically new, and therefore came within the provisions of the law requiring firearms to pass the official test. The report was approved, and the manufacturer was fined 300 francs (\$57.90), and censured by the court. This has been a mooted question for some time, and the decision is declared to be one of importance.

Albany Legislation.

ALBANY, Feb. 27.—Senator Drescher has introduced, by request (Int. No. 452), a bill amending Section 67 of the game law, so as to provide that waters which have been stocked by the State with fish since April 17, 1896, shall be open to the public to fish in, and it shall be the duty of the State Fish and Game Commission to keep such waters open to the public. The Commission shall post and maintain notices or sign boards at conspicuous places at or near such waters, to the effect that the water has been stocked by the State with fish, and that it is open to the public to fish, and shall warn all persons from molesting or interfering with any one wading or fishing therein.

Senator Drescher has also introduced, by request (Int. No. 451), a bill amending Section 202 of the game law, forbidding owners of private land, not parks, from maintaining notices of trespass, if pond or stream on such land has been stocked with fish by the State since April 17, 1896.

Assemblyman Santee has introduced a bill (Int. No. 737) amending Section 170 of the game law so as to increase from fifty to sixty the number of game protectors to be appointed by the State Commission. One of the new appointees shall reside in each of the following counties: Albany, Niagara, Orleans, Ontario, Broome, Chemung, Genesee, and Steuben.

Other Assembly bills introduced were: By Assemblyman Whitney (Int. No. 784), adding a new section, to be known as 73a, so as to provide that nets may be used from July 15 to Dec. 1, both inclusive, in the waters of Lake Ontario in the towns of Sandy Creek and Richland, Oswego county, except the waters within one-half mile either way from the mouth of the Salmon River and the mouth of the outlet of Big Sandy Pond.

By Assemblyman Wade (Int. No. 771), providing that the close season for trout in Putnam county shall be from April 15 to Nov. 1, both inclusive.

Senator Cobb has had reconsidered and laid on the table the vote by which the Senate passed his bill (Int. 142), amending Section 43, so as to provide that maskinogé less than twenty-four inches in length shall not be possessed, and if taken, shall, without injury, be immediately returned to the water where taken.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the bill of Assemblyman Monroe (Int. No. 640) relative to the close season of trout in Tompkins county.

The Senate has advanced to third reading Assemblyman Wade's bill (Int. No. 249) providing that meshes of nets in Lake Erie shall not be less than 1½-inch bar.

A joint session of the fish and game committees of the Senate and the Assembly was held the past week to listen to arguments for and against the Burr-Reeve bill to repeal the Brown law prohibiting duck shooting in the spring, so far as it affects Suffolk county. The speakers against the proposition to repeal the law were mostly from central New York, while those favoring the Burr-Reeve bill were in the main Long Islanders. The committees took no action on the measure.

SEA AND RIVER FISHING

The Log of a Sea Angler.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "ANGLING," "BIG GAME FISHES," ETC.

VII.—A Regular Sea Serpent.

THE conventional idea of a coral reef and the reef itself are two different things. Not one person in ten thousand has seen a living coral reef, and the white bleached coral of the shops that dot the landscape in every northern town pass as coral; but this is dead, is the skeleton. Again, the coral is supposed to be made by an "insect." Montgomery the poet long ago described the "coral insect" as working "ceaselessly," and all the labors of zoologists and text-book writers will doubtless be unable to overcome this.

The coral animal is a polyp, a sea anemone-like creature that takes lime from the water, secretes it in and about itself, building up a little cell upon which others appear, as the branch in corals, or the polyps lie in grooves, and the community takes the form of a gigantic coral head, as in brain coral, or star coral (*Astræa*), or there is one large polyp a foot long, as in *Fungia*.

Nearly all reef corals alive are olive colored; *Astrangia*, a northern coral, being the only white variety, and the great masses here covered miles of reef. The common variety is the branch coral, which covers the reef in great plantations, and is cut in streets and pathways in every direction. This coral rises from two to three feet in shallow water, but on the edges of the cañon-like channel, a turquoise-tinted artery winding in and out. The branches extend a foot or more and resemble the antlers of the elk. The food conditions are doubtless better in this locality.

The delights in drifting over this garden of the sea cannot be adequately described. The wealth of color, appealing to even a stagnant sense of the beautiful, the mauve of the lagoon floor, the deep olive of the coral trees and groves; the greens or algae patches, the yellow and black whips of crayfishes which waved under every branch, the splendid masses of vivid blue, yellows and greens from

hordes of resplendent fishes that pose against the coral, the labradorite hue of the channel, the splendor of the vermilion clouds into which the sun rises and sets, the splashes of pearl and royal purple on the surface in lantian and others, and over all the mysterious vertiginous haze of the heat rays distorting, melting, confusing all objects near and far.

The great lagoons and forests of coral are the homes of myriads of creatures, and a diversion that never wearied was drifting over the surface, grains in hand, or wading along in search of shells or rare corals. Each coral branch was the home of thousands of animals, particularly the beautiful micramock, a spotted *Cypræa*, the common shell seen on mantel and table in the country from Maine to Alaska.

These shells live in the branch coral, where I often had to break the points to secure them, and here the secret of how they preserve their wonderful polish is seen. The shell appears when seen like a black egg-shaped mass, and when picked up is found to be the beautiful shell, the animal or owner of which has thrown out a delicate covering entirely concealing and protecting it from the slightest scratch. I spent a portion of each day with Chief, John or Bob wading and towing the dinghy, stopping to lift a twenty or thirty-pound mass of coral and place it on the little deck, from which scores of strange animals would drop and scurry to be caught. Among the corals the so-called brain corals were the most attractive from their size. Some on the edge of the channel I estimated were four feet high and six or seven feet across, like old oaks blasted and riven. They were hollowed out, forming enormous vases in which were posed gorgeous angel fishes, parrot fishes and many more.

One hot morning I was poling along when I came upon a plantation of heads scattered for one hundred feet along the edge of the channel. From beneath each came a fringe of crayfish whips, big fellows weighing possibly ten or fifteen pounds, while the interiors were veritable aquariums. In one I noticed a peculiar black pointed head, and having a hazy, indefinite notion as to what it was, put the grains into it, to have them as promptly jerked out of my hands. Grasping the cord I found I

had struck a moray that, so far as strength was concerned, was a young sea serpent; but I finally got it to the surface, and stepping on to the rail, slid it in, partly by its own volition.

I believe I never was more surprised, as this fish proved to be a giant, with a mouth and fangs like a boa constrictor, which it opened as it dashed at Bob, who was sculling. He struck a mighty blow at it, but missing, turned and sprang overboard into water about up to his waist. I jerked the monster back by the cord, when it turned on me, and being unarmed I did the next best thing, took to the woods, and sprang up the mast of the dinghy, to which was lashed a spritsail. I succeeded in getting my legs out of range of this sea serpent, when the dinghy promptly capsized, my weight hauling her over, where she filled, and the moray wriggled overboard.

Fortunately I had kept the end of the grains cord, and we made it fast to the painter and hauled dinghy and sea serpent ashore. The latter was over eight feet in length, its body as large around as my thigh, as near a sea serpent as one could imagine.

No fish in the sea presents so ferocious and ugly an appearance as this, and while its bite is not strictly poisonous, it is dangerous. A moray's teeth are sharp fangs which cut and lacerate, tear and bite like those of a dog. I had no apologies to make for my retreat, Bob having set the example, and I found all the men held the moray as a dangerous fish.

We hauled the ugly creature upon the sands, and John skinned it, and I must say that broiled moray is an excellent dish; then there was a barbaric satisfaction in eating an enemy. In some localities it was impossible to fish on account of the number of morays which came up ready to attack anything or anybody, and when we felt something coming up like a rock we generally looked over, and if it was a seeming coil of snakes cut it away.

I had decided to make a collection of corals, so a survey was made of the reef, and we selected the most symmetrical pieces we could find. Many I dived for, and some few leaf corals on the edge of the channel it was necessary to pry off with a bar. These we placed on the beach in the sun until they were dead, then when de-

composition had taken place they were rinsed in water until the dead animal matter was all removed, this operation being repeated several times for a week; then the specimens were placed in the hot sun and soon bleached a pure white.

Some of the "heads" I found must have weighed several tons, and these it was impossible to remove. Each coral had a habit and environment peculiarly its own. One which we called rose coral, a *Caryophyllia*, I found only in deep water and got it by diving. Others grew among weeds in the shallows, some on the side of the channel. But the most remarkable growth was found in the hull of an old ship. How long ago this vessel had been wrecked no one knew. She was built like a frigate of the old class, and evidently had been driven in by a southeast hurricane, carried far over into the lagoon and dropped in the branch coral plantation.

At very low tide I could just wade around her. Her hull was a mass of teredo shells, nearly all the wood-work having disappeared; but where the hold had been was the most luxuriant growth of branch coral I had ever seen, calling to mind weeds or plants that grow always rank and tall in the shade. The entire hull had doubtless been filled with coral, so the old ship's cargo was now alive.

About an eighth of a mile from here, in poling over the reef I noted in about ten feet of water a long, narrow outline, and diving down found it was a cannon. By successive dives I scraped the sand and mud away and disclosed its entire length, later getting it up. This was accomplished by continuous diving. We remained down as long as possible and dug out the sand beneath it, finally passing a rope under the gun. A flat scow was then brought out, a derrick rigged, and we took ashore an old Spanish gun of the seventeenth century bearing the arms of Spain still plainly to be seen. How so large a gun had gotten into such shallow water was something of a mystery, but it was possibly a gun of the old ship which the crew may have tried to take ashore and failed.

To lie on the sloping deck of the old vessel and look, unsuspected, into this living cargo was one of the delights of the reef, as here could be found nearly every fish of the region. Near here the floor of the lagoon in five feet of water abounded in conchs, and long worm-like trepangs, the holothuria of the Chinese, that are caught and dried off the Malay peninsula and shipped to China, where they are eaten. To impale one on the grains meant an hour's work to take it off, so tough were these creatures, and I often wondered what portion the Chinese eat, and how much beating and boiling is required.

The "tenderfoot" wonders how the so-called Conchs eat conch, the animal being as tough as rubber; but the secret is to pound them with a club or rock and break the tissue, then conch is possible. This is the secret of cooking abalone. I knew an epicure who delighted with abalone chowder, attempted to boil the shellfish, and at the end of two days gave it up. To cook abalone it should be placed in a bag and pounded with a stone until it is perfectly soft, then it is a delicacy indeed.

These are "gulfs enchanted," yet life is not always a dream. Yesterday Bob and I went out into deep water after kingfish, and we had the sport of kings, trolling up and down the long fringing reef that made music in its roar. There had been a storm to the eastward somewhere for several days, reaching us as a heavy swell that piled in upon the long line of dead coral rock, making this a *cheveaux de frise* for its full length.

We went out through the main channel, kept on to the south, and had made a good catch when Bob pointed out a black spot to the east. It did not look larger than a closed hand, but grew under my gaze like a living thing, growing wider and higher. It was a black squall and had already killed the wind, our sail hanging motionless.

Bob looked around a moment, then expressed the opinion that we were in a hole. It was impossible to reach the channel to get into the lagoon, and to cross the line of surf looked like the worst hurdle I had ever faced on sea or land. Bob quickly decided it; he took down the sprit and made a leg-o'-mutton out of our big sail, made everything fast in the dinghy, then kicked off his shoes—a suggestive move which I followed.

"There's a chance of our getting over, boss," he said, "but I reckon in the wind that's coming we're liable to miss it; but if she misses and goes over, jes' keep right through the surf. There's so many doggon sharks here that's it's unpleasant."

Briefly, Bob was going to try to jump the mass of foam—take the ocean hurdle—and I learned afterward there was a small "five-foot channel" pilots used in calm weather through which a dinghy could, by a special dispensation, pass. By this time the air looked as though the end of the world had come. The sky was copper colored, a deep red, the water a disk of steel, the whole heavens presenting a weird and gruesome appearance. I have never seen a change come on so rapidly. It was appalling, and I pulled off my coat, tied the sleeves around the seat, and as Bob took the oar to steer, I grasped the sheet in very light swimming costume. Out from the red cloud came a long, attenuated finger of pearly cloud, apparently not two hundred feet from the water, and beneath it the glassy sea was now cut in every direction by currents of wind like gashes of a knife, and far behind I could see a wall of white.

A strange sound, weird, moaning, became apparent, and then, as though a gun had been fired, a blast of wind struck the rag of a sail and almost lifted the dinghy out of the water, and I saw Bob's scheme. He was going to take the one chance of riding over the reef before the squall. The furies were behind us, and we certainly raced with them. I never sailed quite so fast as I did lying on my back holding to the slack of the sheet that had a turn about the seat. We fairly flew and quickly hit the outer swell and were in the heart of the breakers where the full force of the black squall struck us.

I thought the mast would go, but Bob shouted, "Hang on!" I can see him now crouching, red-faced, his gray hair flying, his bloodshot eyes gazing at the maelstrom ahead, his hairy chest exposed to the storm, his big fists gripping the oar, weighing the chances.

Every moment a great sea came rolling in, and we rose with it; and if being shot out of a gun is any more exciting, I shall hope to be spared. But as fast as we went, the sea slipped away from us and broke. For a moment I saw the bare, jagged rocks on all sides, heard the grind-

ing wall of rocks sawing one upon another, then a great mass of foam struck us and in darkness that could be compared only to night, and in a pandemonium of sounds, we seemed to be crushed out of existence.

Exactly what happened I never knew, but I found myself standing in the water about waist-deep in the lagoon, with the wind tearing the water out of its basin and literally hurling it into the air, and not far away the dinghy full and Bob trying to hold the painter. We towed her further in, wading before the squall, and when it had passed, as it did very rapidly, I saw that we had accomplished the impossible—had by sheer good luck taken the hurdle of the reef before a virtual hurricane. Bob never explained it, but I believe I was never quite so near that shipmate Davy Jones before or since. There really is something in fisherman's luck, as our string of kingfish was still in the boat where they had been lashed.

If the kingfish was a fresh-water fish and could be taken along some lake or stream, the ouananiche or salmon would be retired, as no more splendid fighter or better general can be found when played with a rod; indeed, half the tropical fishes are known only from report, and these are taken on the hand-line, which, being "a dead sure thing," does not develop their true game qualities.

On one side of the key the water shoaled very gradually, and six hundred feet from shore it was not six feet deep. This was the home of the mullet and sardine, and here lurked the barracuda—to my mind one of the most gamy and intelligent of all fishes. To wade along the shallow edge of this lagoon and cast in front of this fish was one of the angling joys of the reef. Here the sand, made up of ground shell and the limy secretions of a certain sea weed, was a very light gray, and the three-foot barracuda assumed the tint so exactly that for a long time I distinguished them with great difficulty. Poising, almost invisible, they crept like cats upon the stupid mullet, and half the pleasure of the fishing was to watch this continued warfare and its success. Crouching close to the bottom, head on, the fish moved by the most delicate and almost imperceptible motion of its fins. A mere automaton it appeared, only the fierce black eyes telling the story.

I would wade out and often stand for half an hour motionless trying to fool one of these barracudas, casting my small sardine bait beyond and endeavoring to simulate life in it so that the fish would strike.

Twenty times I would bring the sharp-nosed game to the very point. Twenty times I have known it to break, back off, after contemptuously nosing it, and then when I was in despair at my luck, skill, or whatever you may call it, the fish would dash ahead and seize it like a tiger. It had the taste and smell of blood; everything looked red to it, and it rose determinedly to the surface and bolted the big bait, all the time eyeing me with defiant look.

Here indeed was a game that was game, and how he fought! How he drew me on and on, reaching for the channel, and had I not been in need of barracuda, having passed my word to a certain red-faced ex-topgallant mast that I would provide just such a barracuda for supper, why, he would have escaped in some miraculous manner.

As it was, I fought him along the shining sands just as the sun sank into vermilion clouds and great rays went streaming upward; fought him so far that I could almost imagine I heard the syncopated melodies of some yellow friends far down the reef on the next key.

After all, angling is not the killing alone, but what you see, feel and hear while you are endeavoring to land the game, and this came home every day in and about this camp on the reef in what some people would doubtless consider the most God-forsaken spot on the globe. Sand and water everywhere.

The island was directly in the line of bird migration, and after every gale hundreds of birds would be seen driven in, rails and gallinules so tame that I frequently caught them—beautiful, radiant-eyed creatures, eyes of innocence if expression goes for anything. The bush at these times would be filled with warblers, flocks of coccoos, bluebirds, and others, and before long they would start, having before them a flight of at least three hundred miles over water. Later in going from here to the Pass Christian, two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles, many birds joined us in mid-gulf, and a wood-pecker (flicker) did me the honor to share my stateroom one night.

Early the next morning I smelt land, and imparting this information to my guest, opened the door, when, without even a "Gracias, señor," it darted away in the direction of that land smell, and followed up the trail out of sight. An hour later I saw smoke and then land. Many birds are blown off the Texan coast at night and make the ocean flight from the Guineas to Louisiana, resting at Cuba, the Florida islands, from there making the flight across the Gulf. This is to some extent true of the tarpon, whose migrations take it from all along the Central American coast up to Florida, Texas, and even to Long Island at times—as marked a migration as that of the birds.

Chief said Bob was not much to look at, but he was great on broiled barracuda, and when John blew the conch, that has a tone like nothing on earth or under it, there was my barracuda broiled whole with a hard-boiled gull's egg in its mouth in default of lemon that was one hundred varas away. John was a wag in his way, and the morning after he had been struck on the head by a gull's egg he turned to Bob and said, "Bob, if you see any eggs fall, jest catch 'em on the fly, will you? I want one to settle this yer coffee." At this moment the air was filled with terns, altogether the most remarkable sight in the way of birds I had ever seen, while the noise was an indescribable roar, caused by the fact that Chief was somewhere crossing the island from the north beach loaded with the best parts of a green turtle.

One of the late Prof. Huxley's best stories is of an Irish painter who was observed covering the side of a house with a fresh coat of green, applied at a furious rate of speed. A passerby, noticing the workman's evident haste, inquired the cause of his hurry.

"Sure," replied the Irishman, glancing uneasily at his half-empty bucket, "O'im trying to finish me work on this wall before the paint runs out."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Striped Bass of the Pacific Coast.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Feb. 20.—If striped bass increase in the same ratio on the California coast during the ensuing ten years as they have within the past nine, these waters will be so overrun that there will be no room for other game fishes. The bass was brought from the east and placed in these waters about half a score of years ago. Prof. David Starr Jordan predicted that he would obey the Biblical injunction to "be fruitful and multiply," and Prof. Jordan is not a false prophet; neither is he without honor save in his own country. To-day there is scarcely a north Pacific coast river or estuary that does not teem with thousands of this gamy fighter and most toothsome delicacy. Already he has penetrated far beyond tidewater up the Sacramento and other rivers, and residents of this pretty little city are already polishing up their tackle for the time when the Sacramento recedes to normal and the waters clarify.

Taking striped bass with light tackle is truly exhilarating sport, and I hope to see the time when no Pacific coast angler will go forth with an outfit which affords this graceful fighter no chance whatever once he is hooked. Superficially it looks to the writer as though the average troller was bent on making the sport a "sure thing"—as though he were reducing it to the same "system" with which he relentlessly pursues "business" in order to insure success. For some take away that element of uncertainty which ought to characterize the playing of a gamy antagonist, and all zest is gone. Anchor a stout hook in the maw of a poor bass, attach an unbreakable line to a sufficiently capable derrick, and there is no doubt about the result. Substitute for these conditions a light rod whose factor of safety is limited save in careful hands, and other similar conditions, and a lover of the sport has something to whet his zest.

A dozen or more years ago it was my almost weekly pleasure, in company with Mr. George Moulton, Mr. Timothy Flynn, Mr. Jonathan Steele, or other of that coterie of rare sportsmen, to hie us to the roaring waters of Hell Gate and put in a day of unexcelled pleasure in pursuit of the gamy striped bass who eked his living, and something more, from these churning waters, luring him to battle from off Hog's Back, where currents leap and crash like a millrace, or from the silent and great depths of The Willows, or thwart the upper end of forbidding old Blackwell. Such excursions were sure-enough all-day affairs, beginning at 4 A. M. and extending far into the night, for our bass is a night feeder, and often can be taken only with the aid of moonlight. Rare, indeed, was the sport one sometimes enjoyed when gamy old silversides was out after the juicy white worm. On one such occasion Mr. Moulton (with my assistance) captured upward of 100 pounds of bass, ranging from three to twelve pounds weight. And on many another occasion we trolled, and trolled, and trolled again, till both varieties of bait—canned and bottled—were exhausted, and the cusps of the new moon—clean and bright as a hound's "tushes"—shone high in the starry zenith, yet we fared home without so much as a single scale. Thanks to Mr. Rockefeller's "business enterprise," so much Standard oil came to mingle with the waters of this channel that the bass finally betook themselves to other feeding grounds, and the anglers of New York lost one of their best outing places. Later someone discovered fine bass fishing on the Susquehanna, where the Baltimore and Ohio and Pennsylvania railroads cross, and we turned to that far-away region for sport.

For the "real thing" in bass fishing, however, one must try these western waters. I have no particular place to recommend; almost any place will do. The average size of the California striped bass is seven pounds—so I am informed on good authority—and I can readily believe the statement from the specimens I have landed myself and seen in such profusion in the market places. Some have been taken as large as forty pounds. The law limits the size to three pounds; it is open season the year round. Formerly it was legal to take one-pounders, and June was the only close season. In eastern waters trolling is the really killing method. Trolling is the favorite method here, also, though still-fishing is pursued with considerable success. The details of the eastern and western methods differ materially. The striped bass seems to have become a much less dainty feeder since his transplantation to these waters. Perhaps as he grows wiser and wavier he will require more tempting bait to take him. Imagine, if you can, taking a right-minded bass in Hell Gate with a big "gob" of clam stuck on a hook so obviously that it would not fool a cross-eyed crab. Understand, I do not mean to say it could not have been done; perhaps it has been done, but I never knew of it. A fair type of the tackle used by the eastern bass fisher of my acquaintance consisted of a four or six-ounce trout rod, a Leonard or other reliable make, preferably 8 or 8½ feet long, a double action reel carrying 150 feet of light line, and the best twisted gut leader to fend against the serrated rocks encountered so frequently. Two three-foot leaders were preferable. Leader No. 1 we attached to the line with a brass swivel. The second leader was attached in like manner to the first, and to the end of this by means of swivel was attached a small spinner of the propeller-screw type. The blades of this spinner were kept brightly polished in order to attract from a distance. To the swiveled end of this spinner was attached the hook, preferably a 4/0 or 5/0 of some of the popular hand-forged patterns. We used the longest snell obtainable—three or four strands twisted and made specially to order, though this was perhaps unnecessary. White worms were the bait par excellence; it was a matter of utmost importance to secure in advance an abundance of big juicy fellows, 12 to 15 inches long, delivered in sea moss fresh from the sands the day before. Two or three worms were required for a single bait; they were threaded right through the body from head to tail, then shoved up the hook to the loop of the snell. Rather expensive bait this, for if a bass struck he generally "skinned the hook good and plenty." The hook was covered clean down to the very point, not a particle of the snell showed—only the silver spinner and the dangly, squirmy mouthful of bait. A few shavings of thin lead rolled round the end of the line served to hold the battery beneath the swift current. Thus equipped, Dan

the boatman, gory of lock and freckled as to visage, sought the likeliest currents of the turbulent waters with a confidence and precision born of long experience, and soon one or both—generally both, for those bass seemed to run in twos—of us would have an engagement of fifteen or twenty minutes with a doughty fighter.

But mark the difference between east and west. Here it is clam, or shiner, or sardine, or Golcher, or Wilson or Stewart spoon. For tackle a rod of great heft is required, a most capacious reel and a hank of line. Altogether the generally prescribed tackle seems formidable, but a number of reputable anglers assert that it is unnecessary, and opine that lighter tackle would not survive the first strike. However, I am going to "take a hack" at 'em with trout tackle ere long. While heavy tackle is the rule, yet there are some few who have adopted lighter rods and modester looking reels. Mr. John A. Fatjo, sportsman, club man and good fellow, of Oakland, gives the following directions for rigging out as many do who angle in Lake Merritt, which is in the heart of Oakland:

"The best method, in my opinion, is to hook a shiner or sardine inside the mouth so the hook penetrates outwardly through the neck, using a 000 Wilson hook. There should be two swivels on the leader, one at top and one at bottom. At the junction of line with leader place a sphere of lead about the size of two buckshot with a hole in it large enough for the line to run through easily. This is to prevent the line from raveling. When trolling on the flats pay out about 75 feet. In deeper water shorten the line to about 40 feet. The most popular line in use on the lake is 15 and 18 strand Cuttyhunk. Some few use trout rods and even Milam reels, but they are in the minority. However, I look for lighter tackle to soon displace the kind now generally used. The lighter the tackle the better one's catch can play, the greater the sport and the more skill required to make a kill. Personally I prefer light tackle.

"So rapid has been the growth of striped bass, and so plentiful have they become within the past few years, that now we of Oakland do not have to leave home for a day's sport. Lake Merritt is tidewater, and the gates of the lake are so arranged that it fills with the flood tide, but does not empty with the ebb. The flood waters are led through the city in another direction, being used for flushing the sewers. The bass comes gaily swimming in on the flood, but seldom seeks to go out the way he came in. As he can go no further, he remains, and is indeed lucky if he is not later stuffed with chestnuts and used to fill several yearning voids in one of the pretty homes for which Oakland is justly famed."

Some idea of the popularity of this sport may be gained from the statement of Mr. Fatjo, who owns upward of thirty yawls and skiffs, easily accommodating sixty men; these boats, he says, are more than demanded each Sunday, and on secular days many are in use. Other resorts on the lake have a like number, yet on Sunday morning the sign "No boats to let" is up and about with the early birds. Dozens of the late comers content themselves with casting from the solid masonry banks; they seem to have pretty nearly as good luck as the boatmen. The lake is about a mile square; a large portion is flats, about two feet deep. These flats are excellent fishing ground at night only; great are the killings some times made there. The average depth of the lake is five feet.

Edward Snider, a local angler, is high line, having landed 18 bass in one afternoon, the smallest 4 pounds, the largest 15. James Watts has also made a number of very fine catches. Arthur Sherman has taken the largest bass from the lake—28¾ pounds. The bass here, as in eastern waters, is as coy and fitful as an unwooed maiden; sometimes he rises to bait or spoon and swallows everything greedily; at others the prettiest compliments fail to interest him. But almost any day, if one exercise patience, he may take home enough sizeable fish to "make the frying-pan stink." That's one consolation of the sport here—bass are so plentiful that patience seldom goes unrequited. Another feature is that even on the coldest winter day one may be quite "comfy" in a light-top coat.

San Francisco Bay affords good sport in the fall of the year. Raccoon Straits is the favorite grounds. Here one would better employ a launch—the cost of which may be made reasonable by dividing the hire—if economy be an object. The troll consists almost invariably of a Golcher, Wilson or Stewart spoon, No. 6 or 7; it is here especially that the heavy tackle already referred to is considered proper. Once in a while the angler encounters a quinnat salmon; then he has need of stout tackle. Fishing in the straits the past season proved rather poor. San Leandro Bay and Bay Farm Island in the same district, thirty minutes' ride by electric car from Oakland, also afford good sport. There are other near-by resorts, as Oakland estuary, from the mouth a considerable distance up. George Tyler scored the following kill at the mouth on one tide: 19 pounds, 19 pounds, 20 pounds, 21½ pounds. The sport at the latter point is good only during November and December. Casting off South Rock Wall, Oakland, also affords good sport, but hundred-pound sting-rays, dogfish and leopard sharks are such a nuisance that many anglers avoid this point. Some fine catches have been made off San Quentin Point, and some at Green Brae; at the former point a 38-pounder was brought to gaff.

San Antonio Slough seems to be the stamping ground, the "wallow" of the big striped bass. This is a branch of Petaluma Creek, thirty miles from San Francisco by water. All riparian rights are owned by the Petaluma Sportsman's Club, but the stream is crossed by the North Shore Railroad, and as many anglers as can chain their boats to the railroad bridge piling. Boats are literally stacked up against one another from bank to bank, pontoon-like. A short time ago ten men made a killing in this slough of 1,200 pounds. Of this party were Mr. Sam Wells, Mr. Bliss, Mr. McFarland and Mr. Chris. Johnson. They fished just one tide. Wait a bit, kind reader, before yelling "game hog!" It seemed that way to me (filled with eastern notions of the proper fishing spirit) when I first heard of it, but according to local standards it is all right ethically and legally. Certainly the men named are classed as fair-minded sportsmen. On a different occasion Mr. McFarland and a companion made a catch of ten weighing 130 pounds. A week later I was one of a party on a ten-day trip to the same spot in two yawls. The other members were as follows: The Pilgrim, Capt.

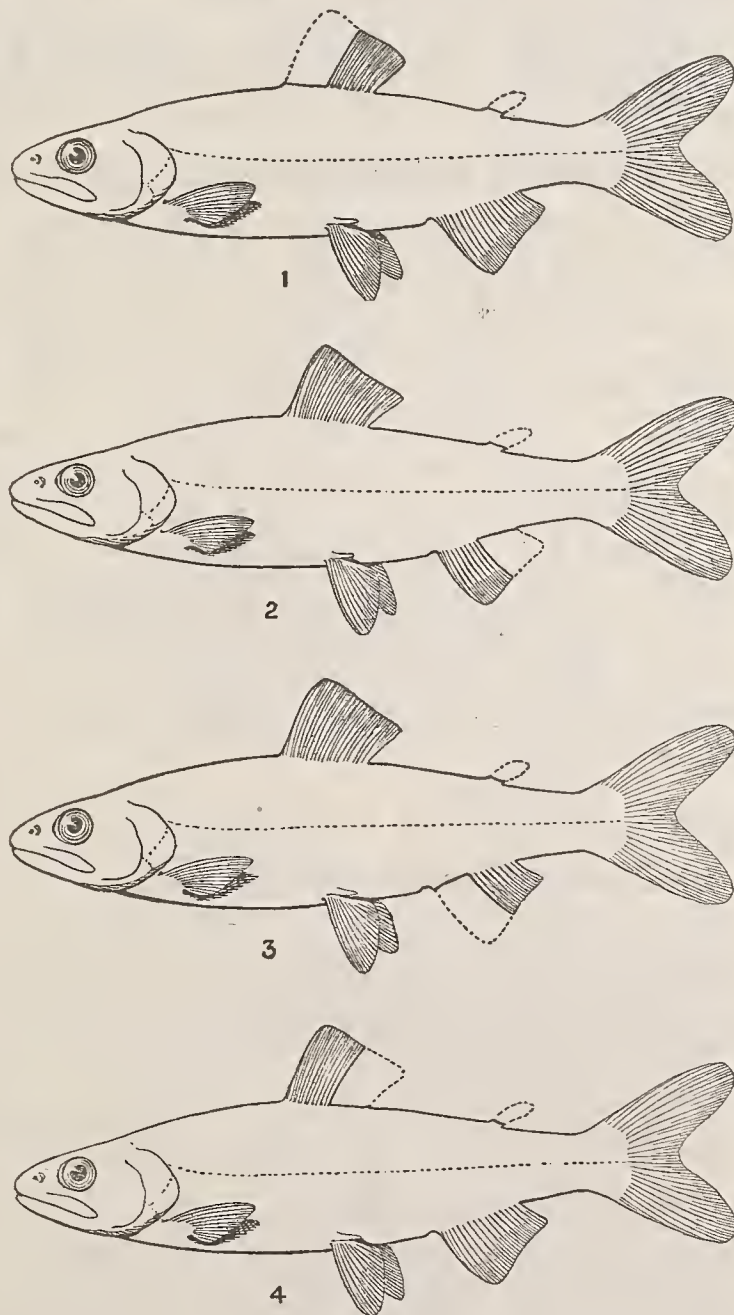
J. Altendorf, Prof. A. F. Twite, F. Pratt and Bert Adams; the Mabel A., Capt. J. Fatjo, Ed. Snider and Edwin Moore. It was not a question of how many we could take, but how many we should take. Mr. Pratt landed the largest, a 17½-pounder after a spirited tussle of fifteen minutes. The party was absent ten days, and the boats came home laden to the limit with finest specimens of bass for Oakland friends who had bespoken them. Here is what Mr. Fatjo, an experienced angler, and knowing California waters like a book, said to a friend on his return from the trip:

"I never saw the like; they fill the water like a drove of sheep. It is dangerous to drive them inshore in shallow water with small boats. We unintentionally drove a large school of them into a narrow and shallow arm of the slough, and their backs stuck out till we could not count them. Driven to the limit they turned to seek deeper water, and in their attempts to escape many jumped upon the banks and some into the boats. And that was no fun for us, I assure you. Indeed it was dangerous, for they jump and come sailing through the air like a catapult had released them. One big old lunker—he must have weighed at least 30 pounds—lit on his head in the soft earth and stuck up straight like a flag-pole. He stood thus for some moments, but finally wriggled and twisted till he fell over and fluttered back to the water. Mr. Pratt tried to turn their frightened flight with an oar—a bootless effort. We had to finally seek deep water for safety—put to ignominious flight by a horde of striped bass. They were all big fish, and the sight was one I will not soon forget."

J. D. C.

The Marking of Artificially Hatched Salmon.

FISHCULTURISTS the world over will be interested in the outcome of experiments which the United States Bureau of Fisheries has recently begun with the Pacific salmon. The experiments are in continuation of those first undertaken on the Columbia River in 1896, and consist of the marking of a large number of artificially hatched salmon and their release in the river. The results of the early experiments were so striking—that is, such a large percentage of the fish returned as full-grown salmon, and were captured and reported—that a very strong argument as to the value of salmon culture was afforded; and the present writer has shown* that if the hatching of salmon on the Pacific Coast was, on an average, only one-tenth as successful as indicated by the experiments, the work of the Government was yielding an annual money return of 1,000 per



cent. of the cost of salmon cultivation. Recent experiments on the same lines, conducted on the Columbia by the Fish Commissioner of Washington, have been attended by noteworthy results†

With a view to repeating the experiments on a much larger scale, and under conditions that would insure information of the most reliable and varied character, the present season's trials were inaugurated with both Chinook and blue-back salmon.

Experience has shown that the fins are the parts most readily marked, and that they may be mutilated without essential injury. In the fish recently operated on, the precaution was taken to mark two fins, so that the probability of overlooking the mutilations in the adult would be minimized, and at the same time the chance of mistaking accidental marks would be practically eliminated. Five different lots of salmon, aggregating over 51,000, were used in the experiments—a number large enough to furnish a sound basis for deductions. The fish were retained for several weeks after marking, and then planted in good condition near the hatcheries. They were of "fingerling" size, averaging 3 inches long; and the number, history and marks of the various lots were as follows:

*"Economic Aspects of National Fishculture and Acclimatization." By Hugh M. Smith. (Report of Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for 1903, pp. 14-18.)
†"Salmon Marking Experiments on the Pacific Coast." By Hugh M. Smith. (The American Fish Culturist, March, 1904, pp. 9, 10.)

(1) Eleven thousand three hundred and sixty-five Chinook salmon from eggs taken at the Clackamas (Oregon) hatchery, Oct. 16 to 20, 1903; planted in Clackamas River May 18 to June 15, 1904. Marked by removal of the adipose fin and anterior half of dorsal fin.

(2) Ten thousand eight hundred and thirty Chinook salmon eggs taken at Rogue River (Oregon) station Oct. 30, 1903; planted in Clackamas River June 20 to 25, 1904. Marked by removal of adipose fin and posterior half of anal fin.

(3) Nine thousand one hundred and ninety Chinook salmon from eggs taken at Mill Creek (California) station, on Sacramento River, Dec. 15, 1903; planted in Clackamas River July 12 and 13, 1904. Marked by removal of adipose fin and anterior half of anal fin.

(4) Nine thousand eight hundred Chinook salmon from eggs taken at Little White Salmon (Washington) station, in the fall of 1903; planted in Columbia River, July 25, 1904. Marked by removal of adipose fin and posterior half of dorsal fin.

(5) Ten thousand blueback salmon from eggs taken at Baker Lake, Washington, November, 1903; planted in lower Baker River Nov. 11, 1904. Marked by removal of adipose fin and one ventral fin.

The Bureau of Fisheries has addressed to the salmon interests of the Pacific coast a circular in which the nature and purposes of the Columbia River experiments are described, and fishermen, cannery, anglers and citizens generally are urged to co-operate with the Bureau, so that whenever a marked fish is caught, the date and place of capture and the weight shall be noted, and a strip of skin including the two marked fins forwarded to the Bureau. The circular requests those engaged in the propagation of salmon to mark no fish in a similar way for at least three years, in order that the results anticipated from the present experiments may not be obscured. It is expected that the marked fish which survive the down-stream journey and their long ocean sojourn, will return to the rivers to spawn in 1906-8, and that large numbers will be caught and reported. The following points in the life of the species ought to be conclusively established:

(a) The percentage of artificially hatched salmon that return to the rivers as adult fish; or, in other words, the influence of artificial propagation on the salmon supply.

(b) The duration of the ocean life of the salmon, and the average annual increase in weight resulting from prolonging the ocean residence beyond the second year.

(c) The tenability of the "parent stream" theory; and the extent to which young salmon planted in particular parts of the Columbia basin return when mature to other parts of that basin and to other rivers.

(d) Whether the salmon hatched from eggs deposited by the early or the late runs of fish always return to the streams at the same season that their parents did; or whether the particular month when salmon enter the rivers is quite independent of the time when their parents came in from salt water.

(e) Whether salmon whose parents frequented other streams behave any differently from native fish when planted in the Columbia.

HUGH M. SMITH.

U. S. BUREAU OF FISHERIES, Washington, D. C.

Fish and Fishing.

Canada Declines to Stop Seining.

No announcement that it has fallen to my lot to make for a long time past is more regretfully published than the statement that the Government of Canada, represented by the Honorable Raymond Prefontaine, has refused the prayer of the petition addressed to the latter as Minister of Marine and Fisheries, by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, asking that the Government would put an end to the seining of pike-perch upon their spawning grounds in Missisquoi Bay, Lake Champlain. This petition, which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 25, while supporting the applications to a similar effect made by authority of the Legislatures of New York and Vermont, was entirely a Canadian production, the drafting of it having been left by the Association to a committee consisting of Dr. John T. Finnie, of Montreal, and the undersigned, though the Association adopted it, unanimously, as its own, and instructed its president and secretary to sign and to forward it to the Minister. I mention this fact to show that Canadian sportsmen, and especially the Canadian membership of our international protective association, feel quite as keenly upon this matter as any citizen of Vermont or of New York State can do. I will even go so far as to say that I believe that the Minister of Fisheries himself, notwithstanding the reasoning by which he supports his recent decision, feels somewhat as we do in this affair, for it will be remembered by ex-Governor Nelson Fisk, of Vermont, and the other members of the deputation which presented the petition of the Association to him in Montreal, on the 6th of February, that Mr. Prefontaine distinctly said that his personal sympathy was with the movement in which we had interested ourselves.

Politics versus Protection.

For the cause of the present condition of affairs in this matter we must, unfortunately, turn to politics. The article from the Burlington Free Press, published in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 18, touched the root of the whole trouble. Deplorable as it may be, I have not the slightest hesitation in declaring that for so small a mess of pottage as the votes of the fishermen living on Missisquoi Bay or in that vicinity, the Government of Canada is prepared to sacrifice the whole fish life of Lake Champlain. The Minister at the head

of a department of the Canadian government seems incapable of doing what he conceives and knows to be right, without consulting his colleague in the cabinet who may happen to represent, for the time being, the particular district of territory affected by his action.

There is still another proposition to be placed before the people of New York and Vermont who are engaged in fighting this iniquitous seining matter; but I hesitate to suggest it in print, knowing as I do, how money and influence will be immediately employed by the commercial fishing interests, in order to defeat any and every move which they may make. And failing every other means of remedying the evil, I sincerely hope and trust, as I had the honor of saying the other day at the annual banquet of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, in Boston, that an appeal will be made to Washington to entirely prohibit the importation of pike-perch from Canada into the United States. Deprived of the American market, the privilege of seining this fish would be next to valueless. And there are any number of Canadians who are ready to join in such an appeal; for truly loyal as they are to their country and its commercial and other interests, and for that reason strongly opposed to the acceptance of the New England demands for reciprocity in trade, they are too neighborly and too much devoted to the cause of the honest protection of fish and game, to stand for one moment for such rascally rapacity as the wholesale netting of fish upon their spawning beds.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Mr. Prefontaine's letter is as follows:

"Office of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, Ottawa, Feb. 17, 1905—E. T. D. Chambers, Secretary-Treasurer N. A. F. & G. P. Assn., Quebec, Dear Sir: I have again considered the question of spring seine fishing in Missisquoi Bay, and, after reviewing the various representations for and against the proposed prohibition, I have come to the conclusion that the case of the Canadian fishermen is a strong one, and it is not justifiable to deprive them of the privileges which they have exercised for so many years.

"You may recall the fact that when the Canadian prohibition was enforced about ten years ago, under a mutual arrangement with the adjoining States, it came to the knowledge of the department that in spite of our action, and the understanding arrived at, Vermont State issued a considerable number of licenses, and thus strengthened Canadian fishermen's opposition to the restriction ever since.

"Yours faithfully,

"R. PREFONTAINE."

(Signed)

The Anglers' Casting Tournament.

Held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, in Connection with the Motorboat and Sportsmen's Show, February 21 to March 9, Inclusive.

THE tournament for 1905 opened with the Sportsmen's Show the night before Washington's Birthday, and the events have been cast every afternoon and evening, with the exception of Sundays, since then, the attendance, as well as the active interest displayed, showing that our anglers have not ceased to appreciate the full value of such affairs; hence it is safe to predict that the tournament now running will be remembered by all as one of the most successful held so far in the garden.

Looked at through the eyes of the visitor, the tournament seems to be but slimly attended and watched, but there is a very good reason for this. In order to make the lake as large as possible for the accommodation of the large motor boats it was necessary to encroach on floor space heretofore given to exhibits or to the casters, and it must at one time have been a serious problem where to put the casting tank. This was solved easily, however, by building a platform over the exhibits on the island and placing the casting tank on this platform some fifteen feet above the water in the lake. The building department thereupon placed certain restrictions on the management, it allowing only a given number of persons on the platform during any event; hence it became necessary to restrict the attendance to casters only, although the committee very generously permitted press representatives to be present. Not a few old anglers who came to the Garden complained that they would like to obtain a better view of the casting than could be obtained from the galleries, but there was no help for conditions. On the other hand, the casters had their affair all to themselves, the light during the day being excellent, and at night the tank was nearer the immense central electric light chandelier than during other shows, when it was held on an arm of the lake; in short, the tank was better lighted than ever before, and this was appreciated by men whose eyesight is not so strong as it was in former years. It seemed, therefore, less of an exhibition for the benefit of the general public and more of a tournament in which only those at the tank-side were interested, and those who have at past tournaments suffered slightly from stage fright forgot all about this in a few minutes and did their best work with fly or rubber frog. Good nature ruled throughout and the sentiment was invariably that the best caster should win. Our record for this week is closed with the event cast the night of Monday, Feb. 27. Other scores will be given in next week's issue.

Opening Event, Feb. 21, Evening.

The initial event was grilse or salmon fly-casting for distance only, open to all, rods not to exceed 14 feet in length, casts to be made with fly furnished by the committee. The judges were H. B. Leckler and M. H. Smith, with Chancellor G. Levison as referee. W. T. Morrison was the first contestant to cast, and came away with 76 feet 3 inches to his credit, followed by D. T. Abercrombie with 80 feet 8 inches; but the gold medal went to E. J. Mills, who scored 90 feet 10 inches.

Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
E. J. Mills.....	90	10	W. T. Morrison... 76
D. T. Abercrombie..	80	8	J. H. Wainwright..

Event 1, the Afternoon of Washington's Birthday.

The increase in interest in bait-casting with short rods and free reels, throughout the country, but especially in the west and northwest, had something to do with the lively competition witnessed in the first event open to this style of casting, but the fact that the day was a holiday helped, and the event passed off very pleasantly, to the satisfaction of the committee and the contestants who won. This was for single-hand bait-casting, distance alone to count and open to all who had never cast more than 100 feet in any similar contest. Any rod, reel or line could be employed, but casts were all made overhead and from the reel, which was free running. Half-ounce rubber frogs were used and distance alone was scored. Three trial casts were permitted, then the next five casts counted, with the longest one to score. For the benefit of our English readers, who do not understand perfectly the conditions governing events of this kind, but who take no little interest in them, it may be as well to state that rods used in such events are generally five to six feet long, sometimes six and a half. They weigh five to seven ounces and are often fitted with three or four narrow agate guides of large diameter and an agate top placed at an oblique angle to the plane of the tip, with the first guide above the reel some 30 to 36 inches distant; in short, a rod through whose guides the line will run with little resistance. A very fine line, little more than a thread, of braided silk but not dressed or enameled, is the favorite. This is wound on the spool of the reel over a dummy line, so that the diameter of the surface of the line on the spool will be as large as the pillars will accommodate. The frog is attached directly to the line, on which no leader is used. By this means the line may be wound in until the frog touches the top of the rod, and it is cast just exactly as one would throw an apple attached to the end of a willow switch. No brake check is used to prevent the reel running away with the line, all control of this being given by the right thumb, which is pressed on the spool hard or light, according to the speed of the bait in the air, the reel being stopped the moment the bait touches the water. The cast having been recorded by the judges, the line is reeled in, the left thumb guiding it evenly on the spool, so that in the next cast it will run out smoothly and without snarling. The judges were Lody and Milton H. Smith, with C. G. Levison as referee. G. M. L. LaBranche scored 104 feet and won the gold medal, seconded by W. D. Cloves, with 101 feet 6 inches, while C. R. Rockwood was third. The score:

Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
G. M. L. LaBranche104		H. DeRaasloff.....	82
W. D. Cloves.....101	6	C. Stepath.....	71
C. R. Rockwood.....	97	H. G. Henderson..	71
L. S. Darling.....	94	D. T. Abercrombie.	70
E. B. Rice.....	88		6

Event 2, the Night of Feb. 22.

It was too bad that this event did not attract more boys, as it was given for their benefit, it being open to youths of 20 years or less who could employ any rod or leader they chose, while the committee very kindly offered to supply rods for any intending contestants who would enter. The casting was with trout flies, for distance only. H. DeRaasloff and W. D. Cloves were the judges, R. H. Klotz referee. The score:

Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
W. H. Cruickshank..	78	Albert Barends ...	51
H. G. Henderson, Jr.	52		7

Event 4, Thursday Afternoon, Feb. 23.

This was a trout fly-casting contest for distance only, without restrictions on weight of rod or length of leader, and open to all who had never cast more than 60 feet in single-hand club or tournament contests. Lody Smith won the gold medal. The judges were H. G. Henderson and C. G. Levison, with E. J. Mills as referee. The score:

Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
Lody Smith.....	61	R. H. Klotz.....	56
C. Stepath.....	59	G. M. LaBranche..	52

Event 5, Thursday Night, Feb. 23.

This event was for switch trout fly-casting for distance only, without restrictions on weight of rod or length of leader, but only those who had never cast further than 75 feet in a similar club or tournament contest were admitted. All casts had to be made with an obstacle 15 feet behind the platform. The judges were H. B. Leckler and J. S. Farlee, M. H. Smith refereeing. The score:

Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
L. S. Darling.....	78	D. T. Abercrombie..	55
E. B. Rice.....	61	R. J. Held.....	52

Event 5, Friday Afternoon, Feb. 24.

Another contest in which any rod or leader could be used, the only restrictions being that a fly on a No. 4 hook furnished by the committee must be used, and only such contestants as had never cast further than 75 feet in any similar contest were admitted. It was for black bass fly-rods, distance alone to count. W. T. Morrison, who was second to cast, scored 66 feet 3 inches and was high man until the last one to cast, Mr. Henderson, had finished with 67 feet 6 inches and stepped to first place, while third was tied and cast off, Will K. Park, of Philadelphia, winning. Robert B. Lawrence and Perry D. Frazer were the judges, and R. H. Klotz was referee. The score:

Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
H. G. Henderson..	67	H. DeRaasloff.....	56
W. T. Morrison....	66	R. J. Held.....	51
Will K. Park.....	56		3

The cast-off:
Park 58 2 DeRaasloff 53

Event 6, Friday Evening, Feb. 24.

Light trout fly-rods were used in this event, which was cast off with trout flies, distance alone to count, and open to those who had never cast further than 60 feet in any similar contest. Rods were limited to five ounces, but under Rule 16 (see FOREST AND STREAM of February 18, page 139), three-quarters of an ounce was allowed rods with solid metal reel seats, and a further allowance of three-fourths of an ounce if the handle was separate and

made with the usual butt ferrule. Will K. Park used a 4½ and Charles Stepath a 4¾-ounce rod, while those of King Smith and H. G. Henderson, Jr., weighed 5½ ounces, and Harold DeRaasloff's rod weighed 5¾ ounces, the three last named having solid metal reel seats. The judges were Milton H. Smith and W. D. Cloves, with J. H. Cruickshank as referee. The score:

Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
King Smith.....	77	H. G. Henderson, Jr.	65
H. DeRaasloff.....	61	C. Stepath.....	50
Will K. Park.....	57		7

Event 7, Saturday Afternoon, Feb. 25.

This event attracted more attention from contestants and spectators than any other one so far held. There were ten contestants, while so many anglers came to the platform to see the fun that many had to be turned away for safety's sake. As it was the event lasted until long after the lights were turned on, and the attendants barely had time to clear away the targets in time for the next event to be started. The conditions called for single-hand bait-casting with quarter-ounce rubber frogs, from free running reels, for both distance and accuracy. Only those who had cast further than 100 feet in any similar contest were barred, and any rod, reel or line could be used, but every cast must be from the reel. Each contestant was allowed one trial cast, then was required to make five casts for accuracy at a buoy 60 feet distant from the casting platform, after which he was allowed one trial cast at the 70-foot buoy, followed by five casts for accuracy at that buoy. After all had finished the distance half of the event was called, and each man made two preliminary and five casts for distance alone. There were a good many withdrawals before this half was started, as it was then long after the dinner hour, and some of those who withdrew had small chance of pulling up their low scores in the accuracy trial, and were loth to prolong the affair. For accuracy the scores were recorded in this manner: For each foot or fraction of a foot the frog fell from the buoy cast at a demerit of 1 was scored, the sum total of these demerits, divided by 10, counting as the demerit per cent. This, deducted from 100, constituted the accuracy per cent. The average of the ten distance casts, added to the accuracy per cent, counted as the score. The rods used were various in all but length. In this they varied only from 5 to 5½ feet, with one split cane rod longer than 6 feet. One steel rod, two wood rods, one split cane, and the balance were six-strip split bamboo. The use of agate or narrow ring guides from one-half to five-eighths of an inch in diameter was the rule, while most of the rods carried two or three guides and a top instead of more. In the short rods those of one piece, with possibly a separate hand-grasp, were in the majority. Only two reels were alike, these being of the all-metal take-apart variety, with automatic click. There were two aluminum reels, one all rubber, and three of the smallest size used in such work, carrying about forty yards of F silk line. The lines used were all of the smallest size made for such use, with none larger in diameter than the No. 53 Na'chaug line and most of them smaller, in fact, mere threads of the finest braided silk, not enameled. It is not an easy thing to cast a quarter-ounce frog at a target 60 or 70 feet distant with a free-running reel, and lack of practice puts the expert on an equal footing with the tyro, as was evidenced in this event, when some of the old-time casters failed to make a much better showing than those who were on the platform for the first time, and merely over-zealous or suffering from mild attacks of stage fright, or "buck ague," as a visitor laughingly asserted. He added that to him the distance from the platform to the 60-foot buoy had at first seemed trifling, but after watching the efforts to place the frogs on the targets he came to the conclusion that the distance increased steadily until it seemed about 400 yards to the tyros. The judges were Lody Smith and H. G. Henderson, with H. B. Leckler as referee. The score, percentage to count:

	Distance	Accuracy	Total
	Average.	Average.	Average.
L. S. Darling.....	80 1-5	92.40	172.60
C. R. Woodward.....	68 3-5	91.60	160.60
C. Stepath.....	44 4-5	95.70	140.10
M. S. Lucky.....			129.40
D. T. Abercrombie.....			112.80
C. C. Ingraham.....			100.00

Chancellor G. Levison, Milton H. Smith, Harold DeRaasloff and Perry D. Frazer withdrew.

Event 8, Saturday Night, Feb. 25.

An open event in which weight of rod and length of leader were not restricted, distance alone counting. All casts had to be made with an obstacle 15 feet to the rear of the casting platform, which was about one foot above the water level. Judges, H. G. Henderson and Lody Smith; referee, R. H. Klotz. The score:

Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
R. Leonard.....	88	H. Hawes.....	83
L. S. Darling.....	88	E. J. Mills.....	75

Event 9, Morday Afternoon, Feb. 7.

A light fly rod contest, distance only to count, and open to those who had never cast further than 75 feet in a similar contest. Rods were limited to five ounces with allowances mentioned above (event 6). The judges were Chancellor G. Levison and Edw. Boote; referee, R. H. Klotz. The score:

Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
R. F. Cruickshank..	81	6	W. H. Hammett....
H. G. Henderson, Jr.	67	6	H. DeRaasloff....

All used 5½-ounce rods.

Event 10, Morday Night.

Same as event 9, but rods limited to four ounces, with allowances as per rule 16, and open only to those who had never cast further than 75 feet in any club or open contest with rod weighing four ounces or less. The length of leader was not restricted. The judges were C. G. Levison and M. H. Smith; referee, R. F. Klotz. The score:

Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
W. H. Cruickshank..	77	H. G. Henderson..	65
W. H. Hammett....	71	H. DeRaasloff....	64

Rods: Hammett, 4½-ounce; Cruickshank, 4¾; DeRaasloff, 4¾; Henderson, 4¾. All had metal reel seats.

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A Mid-Winter Fish Story.

THIS is a true story. It concerns fishes and those who catch them; and it teaches the moral that he who believes that a fish is dead simply because it is frozen is sometimes mistaken as to the facts. The Lakeview club had a gathering at North Hadley one afternoon this week, and one of those who went out to enjoy the fun and partake of the fish dinner, which was served at the club house, was Howard C. French. He had a good time along with the rest of the guests and experienced nothing unusual. As the afternoon wore on he bethought himself of the children at home and concluded that they would derive instruction and amusement from the examination of a real fish. So he went out to the pile of fish, which had been caught by the clubmen and selected a fine frozen specimen, weighing about six pounds. This he wrapped in a piece of paper and placed in the pocket of his overcoat. He returned to his home in the evening, bearing with him the fish, entered the house and hung up the coat in a warm corner. He did not think of the fish until later in the evening, and then went to the coat to take out his frozen creature. In place of a frozen fish he drew forth a live one. It was the same one which was frozen as stiff as a board earlier in the day. It was now in so fair a way toward complete resuscitation that it was thrown into a basin and the water was turned on it. The next morning the fish was swimming about ad libitum. A live fish is very much to be preferred to a frozen one.—Northampton Gazette (Mass.).

Early Salmon Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Salmon fishing in the rivers of the eastern coast of Nova Scotia is now well under way, a number of fine fish already having been taken. The first day of February ushered in the sport when a beauty, fresh run from the sea, was taken with the fly in Port Medway River; the fish weighed 18 pounds, and the Indian who captured it was offered a dollar a pound for it on the spot.

Although there is still much ice and snow, the salmon return to the stream as early as they did of yore when the winters were much milder than they have been in recent years.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

The Kennel

Pointer Club of America.

THE annual meeting of the Pointer Club of America was held on February 13 at Madison Square Garden, New York. There was a large attendance of members. In the absence of the president and vice-president, Mr. G. Muss Arnolt was chosen to preside. The minutes of the meetings held at Barber, N. C., during the field trials were read and accepted.

It was resolved that competition hereafter for the medals of the club at dog shows which may be donated shall be open to all; when two medals are offered for the best pointer dog and best pointer bitch, also when a field trial class is open, a medal shall be donated to the dog that has been placed. The Rochester and Buffalo Kennel Clubs and the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, were each donated two medals, viz., one for the best pointer dog and one for the best pointer bitch. It was resolved that the thirty days' probationary clause of articles 6 and 7 of the by-laws relating to candidates for membership, shall be annulled, and that those nominated for membership at any regular meeting when properly vouched for shall be eligible for election. The following were elected to membership: Messrs. Walter H. Hanley, G. L. Chapman, Joseph M. Cooper, F. S. Battershall. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, R. A. Fairbairn; Vice-President, Dr. James S. Howe; Secretary-Treasurer, C. F. Lewis; Board of Governors—George S. Mott, George S. Raynor, G. Muss Arnolt, C. P. Wilcox, W. C. Root, Dr. A. Y. Terrell, E. W. Throckmorton, L. Victor Fromont; Delegate to A. K. C., A. H. Ball. C. F. LEWIS, Secretary.

Hunt Clubs.

FOLLOWING is a list of the registered hunt clubs and the masters:

- Blue Ridge, Millwood, Va., Edward G. Butler.
- Berkshire, Lenox, Mass., Clinton G. Gilmore.
- Brandywine West Chester, Pa., Charles E. Mather.
- Cameron Run, Alexandria, Va., Courtlandt H. Smith.

- Chester Valley, Berwyn, Pa., R. Penn Smith.
- Chevy Chase, Chevy Chase, Md., Clarence Moore.
- Deep Run, Richmond, Va., H. C. Beattie.
- Elkridge, Woodbrook, Md., Edward A. Jackson.
- Essex Hunt, Gladstone N. J., Charles Pfizer.
- Grafton Hunt, Grafton, Mass., Harry W. Smith.
- Green Spring Valley, Garrison, Md., Redmond C. Stewart.
- Harkaway, McDonald, Pa., F. M. Lowrey.
- Keswick, Keswick, Va., Julian Morris.
- Lima, Lima, Pa., Charles A. Dohan.
- Loudoun, Leesburg, Va., D. B. Tennant.
- Meadow Brook, Westbury, N. Y., P. F. Collier.
- Middlesex, South Lincoln, Mass., A. Henry Higginson.
- Mr. Hitchcock's Hounds, Aiken, S. C., T. Hitchcock, Jr.
- Mr. Maddux's Hounds, Leeton Hill, Va., J. K. Maddux.
- Myopia, Wenham Depot, Mass., George S. Mandell.
- Norfolk, Medfield, Mass., Henry G. Vaughn.
- Orange County, Goshen, N. Y., and Fauquier county, Va., John R. Townsend.
- Patapsco, Elkridge, Md., Dorsey M. Williams.
- Piedmont, Upperville, Va., R. Hunter Dulaney.
- Pine Hill, Front Royal, Va., James D. Hall, Jr.
- Radnor, Bryn Mawr, Pa., John R. Valentine.
- Rose Tree, Media, Pa., Edward Morrell.
- Upland, Upland, Pa., Edward Crozer.
- Warrenton, Warrenton, Va., W. D. Benner.
- West Chester West Chester, Pa., John Jay Gheen.
- Westchester, White Plains, N. Y., Eugene S. Revnal.
- White Marsh, Erdenheim, Pa., Welsh Strawbridge.

Points and Flushes.

The Waterloo Cup, England's greatest coursing event, was won by W. H. Pawson's Pistol II. at the Altcar course, February 17. The runner-up was Mr. L. Pilkington's Prince Plausible.

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Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

(Continued from page 164.)

GASOLENE engine cylinders must be carefully designed in order to get anything like highest efficiency, to say naught of long life to the engine. There is an intimate relation between the cylinder, piston, connecting rod, crank shaft and rings that makes each separate part responsible, as a defect in any one is a defect in the engine as a whole. Two-stroke cylinders, differing as they do from four-stroke construction, will be treated first, and such additional points as have not been mentioned will receive attention later.

To design a two-stroke engine cylinder, having decided on the diameter and length of the stroke, the amount of compression desired should next be decided. In two-stroke engines this is usually less than in four-stroke, and if this is the first engine to be designed, an excellent plan is to start with a compression of say 45 pounds gauge. It is rarely that a higher pressure than this is available in two-stroke engines. This first cylinder should be designed with a removable head, for should it be desirable to change the compression by increasing or decreasing the clearance, it is much more economical to make new heads than new pistons. If the upper part of the cylinder, the combustion cylinder, is of a cylindrical section, it is much more easily figured than if the upper part is spherical or a section of a sphere. The rule for figuring the clearance and resulting theoretical compression is a simple mechanical one, and while in actual practice it may vary somewhat from the results, these variations will be explained later.

The piston displacement, which is often mentioned in gasolene engine articles, is the amount of space displaced in the cylinder while the piston is traveling from the lower to the upper center. For instance, if an engine is 5in. diameter and 5in. stroke, the displacement would be the area of the top of the piston multiplied by the stroke, or more properly, the area of a 5in. circle, which is found by multiplying the square of the diameter by .7854 and that by the length in inches,

$$5 \times 5 \times .7854 \times 5 = 98.175 \text{ cu. in.}$$

The displacement now being 98.175 cu. in., if the clearance or the number of cubic inches between the top of the piston and the cylinder head when on the piston is on the upper center is equal to the displacement, theoretically the compression would be two atmospheres, approximately 14.7 pounds per square inch, above the atmosphere, as registered by a pressure gauge, or 29.4 pounds absolute, which is known as two atmospheres, properly the volume of two atmospheres compressed into the space of one. If the clearance is one-half the displacement or but 49.8 + cu. in., the compression would be four atmospheres instead of two, 44.1 pounds gauge, or 58.8 absolute.

If it is desired to increase the compression, it can readily be accomplished by reducing the clearance, and, vice-versa, reduce the clearance to increase the compression. If you desire at any time to find the theoretical clearance in your engine, a very simple means may be employed, provided the surface is irregular. Put the piston on the upper center; take a 16-ounce graduate of kerosene or other thin mineral oil, and fill the cylinder up

through the place where the insulated electrode or relief cock screws into the head, and carefully measure the amount of oil it takes. A gallon contains 231 cu. in.; sixteen ounces is one pint, or 1-16 of 231 cu. in. Then, knowing the displacement of the piston from the diameter and stroke, you can easily figure the compression. There is one allowance, however, which should be made in figuring the displacement of a two-stroke engine. As the piston has to ascend some distance before compression begins, or until the exhaust port in the cylinder is closed, the corrected displacement is found by multiplying the area of the circle by the corrected stroke, found by deducting the distance from the top of the piston when on the lower center to the top of the exhaust port, from the stroke of the engine. By using this corrected displacement the fractional or true compression can be found in the same manner as the theoretical compression.

Clearance having been decided upon, the next and most important step is in the location of the inlet and exhaust ports.

No empirical rules can be made or followed in their location, length or width, as these all depend on the amount of back pressure in the exhaust passages and muffler, the speed of the engine, amount of compression in the crank space, and several other important points. Too early opening exhaust ports may cause large loss of power and inordinate consumption of fuel, while insufficient size or too late opening may cause loss of power by not allowing the products of combustion or the burned gases to escape. If there is but little pressure on the gas in the crank case, there will be insufficient power, and the ports must be opened earlier. In the length of the ports there can be no mistake made, provided they are made as long as possible and not permit ends of the rings to catch in the ports. Bars or partitions in the port openings will effectually prevent this. In some cases they are set diagonally and in others perpendicularly to the axis of the shaft. If the engine is one that takes its gas through the head instead of a port just below the exhaust port, there should be a series of exhaust ports extending the entire circumference of the cylinder, if best results are to be obtained. An excellent object obtained by this construction is heating the cylinder by the passing out of the exhaust gases on all sides of the cylinder, with less liability of warping or destroying its inner surface.

The fast running engine needs an earlier opening exhaust port than a medium or slow speed. If you are sure that your exhaust port is sufficiently wide, when you come to test it for power and consumption of fuel, it can readily be determined whether the ports are opened too early or too late by finding at what speed the engine develops the most power. This will be treated fully when we reach the subject of testing.

The point of exhaust opening is a very fine one, and depends also upon the length of the connecting rod. The longer the rod in proportion to the stroke, the earlier the port should open, and the shorter the proportional length the later. If you will lay out on a draughting board a 5in. circle, join connecting rod and note the various positions of the lower end or the center of the crank pin when the piston has traveled down 4 inches and each 1/2in. up to its full stroke, you will note that a difference of 1-16in. or 1/8in. in the time of opening the exhaust port will make a great difference in the proportions of the time in

the half circle described by the piston on the down or power stroke. If the length of the piston rod is increased to 1 1/2 in., 2 1-5 times the stroke, you will notice quite a change in conditions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of the A. P. B. A., held Monday night, Feb. 27, the following officers were elected: President, J. Howard Wainwright, American Y. C.; Sec'y, Anson B. Cole, Manhasset Y. C.; Treas., F. A. Hill, Norwalk Y. C.; Meas., H. J. Gielow, Atlantic Y. C. The Executive Committee consists of Harold Brown, Swampscott Y. C.; J. H. McIntosh, Columbia Y. C.; Alfred Costello, Frontenac Y. C.; Geo. P. Cranberry, New Rochelle, Y. C.

President J. Howard Wainwright appointed a committee to arrange for a cruise for power boats to the St. Lawrence to attend the gold challenge cup races. Start will be from Albany, August 19, to Oswego, and crossing Lake Ontario the route will lead to Chippewa Bay. On the return the itinerary is St. Lawrence, Richelieu River, Lake Champlain, Champlain Canal to the Hudson River. The cruise will probably occupy in the neighborhood of two weeks.

A week's power boat racing will follow the challenge cup contests, under the auspices of the Frontenac Y. C. Memorial Day, May 30, was decided upon for Manhasset Bay Y. C. power boat races.

The only proposed change in the rules was in that in determining the horsepower of two-stroke engines, substituting 850 as a constant instead of 750. The matter was left to the executive committee for later consideration and decision. The Association consists of thirty-nine clubs in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Nominating Committee was L. F. Jackson, C. P. Tower and Edw. J. MacLellan.

BOSTON AUTOMOBILE AND POWER BOAT SHOW.—This show will be held in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, March 11 to 18, inclusive. Of the 83,000 square feet of exhibition space, 35,000 square feet was reserved for power boats and engines. The automobile space was all taken several weeks ago, and but less than 500 feet remain of that reserved for power boats. Nearly all the exhibitors at the New York show will be represented. Geo. Lawley & Son, the noted shipbuilders, will have a 64ft. mahogany cabin launch on exhibition. Everything points to a large attendance.

STEAM YACHT BUILDING AT PORT JEFFERSON.—The steam yacht designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris for Captain A. B. Benjamin, is now nearing completion at Bayles' yard, Port Jefferson. She is 90ft. long, 17ft. 7in. breadth and 5ft. draft.

SAYONA CHANGED INTO AN AUXILIARY.—The yawl Sayona, ex-Iztaccihuatl, owned by Mr. Frank C. Swan, is being fitted with a 15 horsepower Craig engine. The propeller will be a two-bladed one of the feathering type. The work on Sayona is being done under the direction of Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris.

The Motorboat and Sportsman's Show.

THE Motorboat and Sportsman's Show has been running for a week as we go to press. The attendance has been phenomenal, and hardly one who has been there but has repeated his visit or vowed that he would before the second week is over. It is well worth seeing. The large lagoon proves a very attractive feature, as we predicted last week. Its fleet of boats, ranging from the small runabout launch to the high speed yacht tender and autoboat, is wonderful. To see one of these fast boats race up and down the lake first at lightning speed ahead, then stop almost instantly and run backwards, always under perfect control, turning sharp corners, is amazing. The arranging of such a vast exhibition has been fraught with more or less apprehension on the part of the management, but not a thing has yet occurred to even suggest that the 1905 Motorboat and Sportsman's Show is anything that it ought not be. It was feared at one time that the sportman's end would be slighted, but the extensive exhibits of camping and outdoor goods, fishing rods, game birds and animals, canoes and general sporting goods, proves that the fears of the doubters were groundless. The Intercolonial, Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railway and the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's exhibits take up the entire eastern end of the promenade floor. These exhibits are a part of those shown at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and are more extensive than they ever were before.

Among the Exhibitors.

The Gas Engine & Power Company and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consol., have as showy an exhibit as any one at the Garden. The high speed launch tender in the water is a particularly able looking craft, commodious and comfortable. The mahogany launch in their space is a marvel of beauty in lines, finish and appointment, and has been sold as a tender to Com. F. G. Bowne's flagship Delaware, N. Y. Y. C. The six cylinder engine with oval brass water jackets is probably one that gets more attention than any other at the Show. It runs with no rattle, vibration or noise, and makes an excellent appearance. They report several sales, more than they ever recorded at any previous exhibitions, the effect of such showing usually resulting in the placing of orders with them at the works following the shows, rather than during the time of their exhibit.

Panhard & Levassor show the 40ft. high speed boat built for them by the Electric Launch Company, and described recently in these columns. She is a modern up-to-date two-man boat, but is arranged so that the engine operator may also act as steersman if desired, an auxiliary steering apparatus being placed just abaft the engine on the port side. The engine is a 60 horsepower Panhard four cylinder auto-marine type. The rudder, placed ahead of a two-bladed reversible propeller, is of the balanced type. The object of this location is to reduce strain from the race of water, and to enable the boat to turn more quickly and steer easily. The shaft is inclosed in a brass protecting sleeve. She has not been thoroughly tested out yet, but fully 28 miles is expected of her when thoroughly "tuned up," a speed greater than any boat of her length has ever attained. They also show a 24 horsepower four-cylinder engine of the same make, and an assortment of power boat accessories made by them or imported.

Abercrombie & Fitch Company have more space than any other exhibitor—72 feet—on the main promenade, and space for their canoes, etc., on the island. They have a miscellaneous collection of everything necessary or convenient pertaining to outdoor life, prospecting, hunting, fishing, boating, canoeing, etc. Their Touradif rods and Talbot reels have taken many prizes in fly-casting tournaments. Something new in flies is their Pennell-eyed flies snelled. A very complete and light rod repair kit is shown for the first time. To even the veteran angler their exhibit of flies is a revelation. In outing shoes and boots their line is complete. Lightness and wet-proof features are the two essentials they insist upon. Silk tents, guaranteed waterproof, and an entirely new aluminum cooking outfit will be appreciated by those forced to make portages. Sheet steel stoves, folding chairs, cots, and shelves are shown. An especial pack-saddle is shown on a full model mule equipped with alforjas and pack-sheet with diamond hitch thrown. Prospectors' picks, miners' wash-pans, linen mountain climbing ropes, skis, snowshoes, traps, etc., are but a few of the multitude of articles shown. Winchester rifles fill a rack and a full line of Colt's revolvers is to be seen. A most complete line of English hunting, boating and surveying compasses needs special mention. Four models of canoes are shown, each for a particular purpose, including the famous Caughnawana model, canvas-covered, weighing but 45 pounds. The novelty of the show is a power canoe, equipped with a 2 horsepower two-stroke gasolene engine. This canoe has air spousons, and is absolutely non-capsizable and non-sinkable.

John Wanamaker, New York, has two exhibits, one on the promenade, where he shows a full line of canoes made by the Fraser Hollow Spar & Boat Company, Greenport, L. I., formerly the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, Whitestone. A 16ft. special canoe is shown weighing 46 pounds. It is finished in medium brown, a neutral tint, the ideal boat for trout fishing. Their B grade is better adapted for salt-water use, being a little heavier. Mention must be made of the superior filling and finish of the canvas with which these canoes are covered. The filling is applied and carefully smoothed off, after which two cases of enamel are applied, color to suit the purchaser. On the island in the lagoon they show a full line of Pierce launches and engines. A 21ft. compromise stern launch, being neither torpedo round nor square, has a 5 horsepower two-stroke Truscott engine in the center, with the after part of the cockpit partitioned. An 18ft. similar boat has a 3 horsepower engine for power equipment. This boat is on the lagoon. Two launches of an entirely new type, equipped with four-stroke engines, are shown. Their sterns have something the appearance of beaver tails; they are of light draft and especially designed for fishing and hunting. The 21ft. launch has 8-12 horsepower engine and the 25ft. a 16-24 horsepower.

The exhibition of motorboats and motors shown by

The Lozier Motor Company has attracted manifold interest of visitors at the Garden. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that the name "Lozier" was so long associated with the manufacture of Cleveland bicycles, and latterly with the power boat and marine engine industry. A handsome 31ft. semi-racer with a 25 horsepower four cylinder four-stroke motor of the latest type is exhibited in the lake, and demonstrations of the working of the motor are made at the request of anyone interested. In the booth is shown a 21ft. torpedo stern launch of standard make, one of several hundred which this company has built on the same lines. Among the features that may attract most attention is the silent and odorless under-water exhaust with which all Lozier power boats are provided; and the fact that these boats are absolutely safe, it being impossible for any gasolene to gain admittance to the cockpit proper, as the copper gasolene tank is located in a water-tight compartment under the forward deck, and the gasolene conducted from the tank to the vaporizer by means of a seamless brass pipe attached to the outside of hull. The motor exhibit consists of three different types of motors known as A, B and C. A sample 3 horsepower type C motor is set up with shaft attached, the wheel revolving in a tank of water. This type of engine possesses many new and novel features, and those who have a knowledge of marine engines are surprised to see a two-stroke engine having the same speed control as one of the four-stroke type. A 40 horsepower four cylinder four-stroke marine engine of conservative weight is shown, and a close inspection of the same by those who are competent to judge first-class machine work will demonstrate that only the highest class of work is put upon these engines.

The Williams-Whittelsey Company show three especially fine built boats. The 30ft. boat in the booth is a handsome yacht tender or runabout of fine lines and good model. She has a raking stem and double transom stern. Engine, as in all three boats, is installed forward under cover. Planking is of specially selected Spanish cedar with African mahogany trimmings. The log from which this mahogany was cut sold in London for over \$16,000. This is the best finished and most expensive 30-footer ever built. The figure in the wood is exceedingly handsome. In the water they have a 35ft. runabout autoboat, single-planked in Spanish cedar, trimmed with quartered oak. Boat has rear transom and a combination of side seats and wicker chairs. A 20ft. Spanish cedar yacht tender with mahogany trim is also afloat, equipped with an 18 horsepower engine; estimated speed 12 miles at 800 revolutions per minute. The new patented Whittelsey double frame construction is shown in contrast with double planking. Enough is said of this new departure in hull construction when one learns that the well-known Standard, after three years hard service, is still in first-class condition, owing to this system, which was first tried on Standard. This concern is strictly a boat designing and building one. They have no connection with any gasolene engine builders, and are prepared to install any engine selected, with absolutely no preferences.

Bird, Jones & Kenyon, Utica, N. Y., are giving a wonderfully impressive demonstration of Duxback clothing. A dummy fitted with hat, coat and trousers is placed in a tank and a sprinkler directly over the shoulders, where the liability of wetting through is the greatest, discharges some fifty gallons of water per hour. After seven hours the outer surface is but slightly dampened, and the under surface is absolutely dry. Sulphur matches in the pocket can be readily lighted after this test. This clothing is not high priced, is within the reach of the amateur as well as professional sportsman. The fisherman or yachtsman could use Duxback to much better advantage than oiled clothing, and in case of accidentally falling into the water, would be no more impeded than with his usual habiliments. These goods will never heat when rolled up, are moth proof, and will be serviceable until worn out. The coat weighs less than three pounds, is soft and pliable, and of a neutral tint that will not reflect or radiate the heat of the sun. The texture of the goods is sufficiently open for ventilation, and permits of the evaporation of bodily exhalations, something impossible with rubber-filled fabrics. Porosity is not sufficient to allow cold air and wind in winter to chill the wearer. A suit complete consists of double-lined coat, reinforced trousers and ventilated hat. For ladies' wear the suit would consist of hat, coat with half-fitted back, and five-gored unlined skirt provided with necessary pockets. The same garments are also made in corduroy lined with Duxback. These are all reversible, so that the corduroy can be shown in town and Duxback worn when it rains. Duxback is now a standard article of manufacture, and each garment is sold with a rain-proof guarantee.

The Anglers' Company, Hartford, Conn., were unfortunate in having the greater part of their exhibit delayed in transit until the latter part of the week. Their "Diamond" metal-whipped rods are a revelation to the fishermen who have never before seen them. They are light, strong, sensitive and extremely flexible. Solid cork grip, Oriental opal bitt and tip guards and aluminum end caps and mountings make them exceedingly handsome and durable. They show light fly, bait and Adirondack trolling rods in various weights, made from bamboo, dagama and other woods. Their "Service" fly-books, combining soak box and fly-book is an entirely new and practical book. The lines, tackle cases and other specialties, together with their rods, makes an attractive and popular exhibit.

Newbury & Dunham, of the Western Launch Yard, Williamsbridge, N. Y., representing the Western Launch & Engine Company, of Michigan City, Mich., and the Globe Iron Works Company, Menominee, Wis., have a 20 horsepower high speed four-stroke engine of four cylinders, weighing approximately 400 pounds; also a four cylinder 12 horsepower four-stroke heavy service engine. These two engines are made by the latter firm under the name of the "White." The Western engines are all of the two-stroke type, and are shown as follows: 21ft. launch, 3 horsepower single cylinder; 22½ft., 6 horsepower double, and 25ft. 7 horsepower single. A 14 horsepower double cylinder engine completes their exhibit, with the exception of the Tige, which is the first passenger vessel gasolene-propelled to ever ply on Sport Lake.

Smith & Mabley, Inc., 513 Seventh avenue, New York, have on the lagoon a 30ft. yacht tender, single-planked with mahogany, and 30 horsepower Simplex engine. The forward cockpit contains steering and operat-

ing apparatus, while the engine and passenger space is in an after cockpit. This latter is divided by a glass partition which can be lowered in good weather. A removable and collapsible spray, rain and sun hood is provided on brass framework. A rear transom and removable side seats are provided with red carpet and plush hair-filled cushions. Chairs can be used if desired by removing the side seats. Mr. C. K. G. Billings, New York Y. C., will use her as tender to Surf. No brass railings are necessary to correct any imperfections in shear lines. Installation is in every respect the very safest possible. Duplicates of the engines in the Vingt-et-Un II. and Challenger are shown; also the numerous cups and trophies won by these two craft.

John V. Rice, Jr., & Co., Bordentown, N. J., show several modern two-stroke engines, a 10 horsepower double cylinder and single cylinder 1¼ and 4 horsepower. These engines are of the high speed piston intake type; one of the engines shown the builders claim to have run 3,200 revolutions per minute, with a crank case compression of 15 pounds at moderate speed. Ignition is by jump spark with Splittorf coil and their own timer. Engines will run in either direction. They also show a 4 horsepower single cylinder four-stroke engine of good appearance.

G. W. Cole Company, 141 Broadway, New York, have as an object-lesson a hatchet and gun barrel, both smeared with "3-in-One" immersed in a tank of water. Neither shows the least effect of the action of the water on the bright surfaces of the metal. It does prevent rusting, for if it will prevent it for six days, there is no reason why it should not for six weeks. Hand rails and bright work around yachts and boats, after polishing, could be protected from the action of salt water if it were used occasionally.

Douglas Manufacturing Company, 96 Church street, New York, are giving demonstrations of "New-Skin," patching up for all who apply, cuts, scratches and barks, absolutely gratis, and are glad to have people meet with minor casualties for the purpose of alleviating their slight discomfort and furnishing them with "New-Skin." For the fisherman, sportsman and gas engine operator to be without a supply of "New-Skin" is hardly excusable.

The Standard Motor Construction Company, of Jersey City, N. J., has on exhibition at the Garden an autoboat yacht tender of a very stable design, maintaining the lines of a high speed boat. One of their motors in a boat similar to this has been sold for a tender to the President's yacht, Sylph. They exhibit an excellent photograph of the motorboat Gregory, which is now on its way across the ocean, having stopped at Bermuda. Their small ice machine and direct-connected electric light plant for yacht lighting, and a 12, 18 and 25 horsepower engine of slow speed type; also a 100 horsepower motor of the six cylinder reversible type are also shown to advantage.

SMALL POWER GASOLENE ENGINES.—We are pleased to note that some of our well-known engine builders are catering to the sportsmen's wants, and are placing on the market motors of from ½ to 1 horsepower, designed especially for rowboat launches. They are prepared to furnish outfit with gasolene engine installed or will sell engine and all accessories necessary for installing at a reasonable price. Some have the gasolene tank in the base, so that no tank in the bow of the boat is necessary, and all are designed for ordinary pleasure and fishing boats. Some men already possess their own boats, and realize fully what a convenience it would be to have installed therein a small and compact motor capable of driving a boat from 5½ to 6½ miles an hour, the speed, of course, depending almost wholly upon the lines of the boat. To avoid excessive wear in these high speed little engines, it is necessary that many of the wearing parts should be of hard bronze or steel case-hardened; the engine must be correctly designed, and in fitting the rings and assembling, painstaking care must be taken—even greater than in the larger sizes, for while an ill-fitting piston ring will only lessen the power of a large engine, it would be quite apt to prevent one of these small engines from running at all. Hence exceptional care must be taken in their manufacture in order that the engine may prove efficient and give satisfaction to the owner or user. There is no question but that these small motors are here to stay, one firm we know of having sold over 1,200 last season, and the demand for them is constantly increasing. In the past, ignition troubles have been the principal drawback to the successful operation of the baby engine, due to high speed and the consequent rapid deterioration of dry batteries. But now compact magnetos and dynamos, specially designed, can be procured, thus eliminating to a large extent the annoyance of weak and worn-out batteries. Not only are these little motors being sought after by sportsmen, but, installed in a boat of proper dimensions, one can have an ideal family launch for a comparatively small outlay of money.

THISTLE AND ATLANTIC ENTERED IN OCEAN RACE.—Commander Hebbinghaus, naval attaché of the German Embassy at Washington, has received two more entries for the ocean race for the Kaiser's Cup. The two boats entered are Atlantic, owned by Mr. Wilson Marshall, and Thistle, owned by Mr. Robert E. Tod. Thistle is a two-masted steel schooner 150ft. over all, 110ft. waterline, 28ft. breadth and 14ft. draft. She was designed by Mr. Henry C. Winteringham and built at Shooters' Island, S. I., by the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Company in 1901. Atlantic was designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, and built at Shooters' Island by the same firm that constructed Thistle in 1903. She is of steel and is rigged as a three-masted schooner. Atlantic is 185ft. over all, 135ft. waterline, 29.3ft. breadth and 15ft. draft. The committee in charge of the race have decided that all vessels will have to handle their sails by hand, and that the engines cannot be used for that purpose. This is a fair and just provision, and should attract more entries from men who own sailing yachts.

HUGUENOT Y. C. MEETING.—At the annual meeting of the Huguenot Y. C., held on February 18, the following officers were elected: Com., L. C. Ketchum; Vice-Com., G. G. Bell; Rear-Com., H. A. Woodward; Treas., J. H. Riggs; Sec'y, Reune Martin.

Cruising Schooner. Blackhawk.

THE requirements of the owner of this yacht called for a vessel in which seaworthy qualities should be the pre-dominating feature. She is of a fine, easy model, with clipper bow and liberal deadrise. For the sake of easy motion at sea, a large portion of the ballast is to be carried inside. Her scantlings are excessively heavy, insuring great strength and durability.

The rig is a snug one with a liberal portion of sail in the foresail. A common defect in schooner yachts is getting too much area in the mainsail, thus sacrificing the advantage of that rig.

The cabin plan shows accommodations for quite a large number of people. In the main saloon there are two berths, and the transoms extend, making berths for two more. Forward of the saloon there are two staterooms with two berths in each, the upper folding up like a Pullman berth. The toilet room, galley and forecabin are very roomy, with full head room throughout. There is a liberal amount of locker space in the boat, and she should make a very comfortable cruiser.

There are tanks for fresh water beneath cabin floor, with capacity for 120 gallons. The toilet room is supplied with hot and cold running water, and the boat is lighted with acetylene gas. The joiner work in saloon and staterooms is mahogany. A power tender and sailing tender are to be carried.

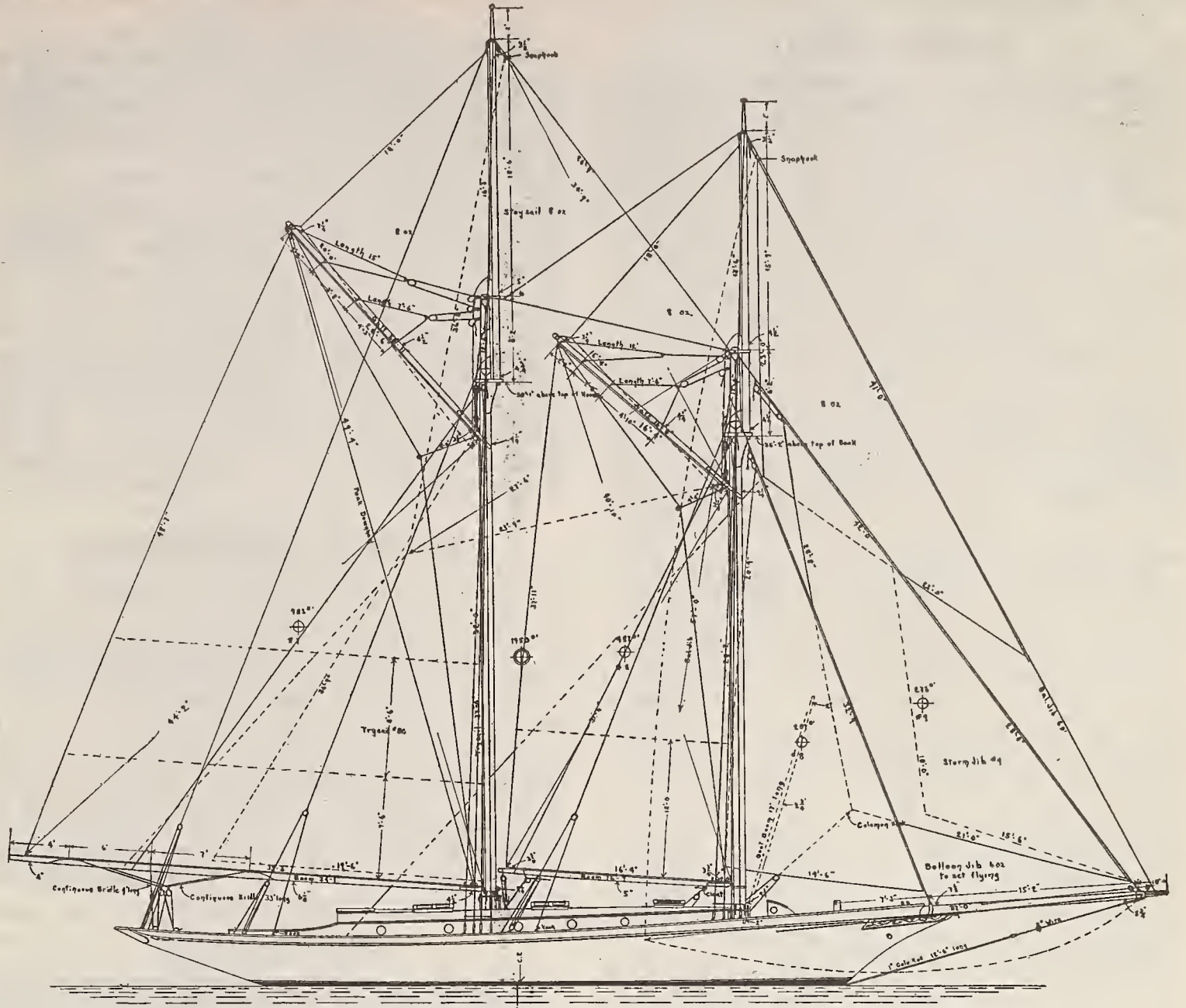
The sails for the boat are furnished by Messrs. Wilson & Silsby, and the blocks by Merriman Bros.

Blackhawk was designed by Mr. Norman L. Skene, and is now being built for Mr. Charles E. Gibson, of Boston, by C. F. Brown at Pulpit Harbor, Maine.

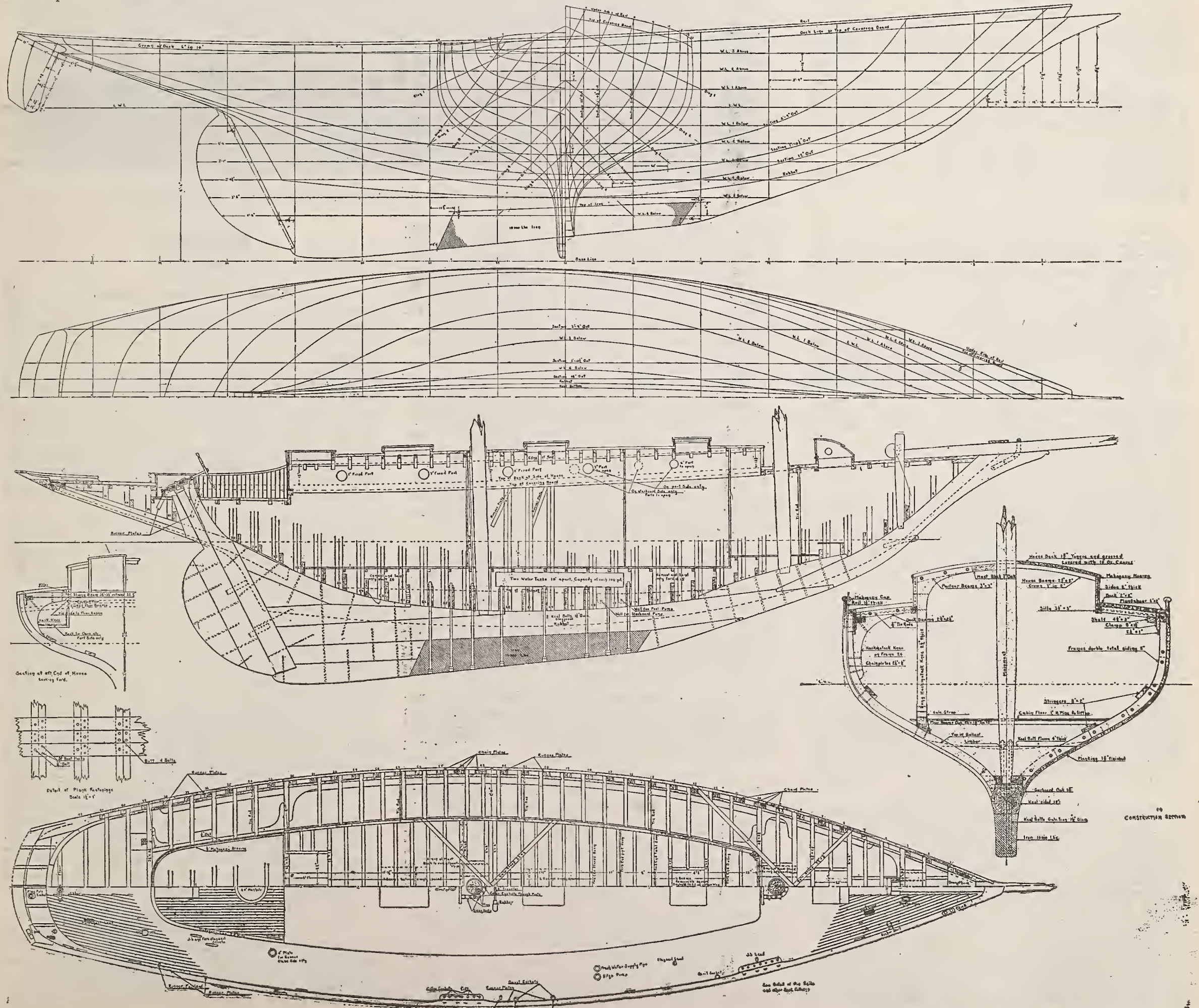
The dimensions are as follows:

- Length—
 - Over all61ft.
 - L.W.L.42ft.
- Overhang—
 - Forward 8ft.
 - Aft11ft.
- Breadth—
 - Extreme14ft. 3in.
- Draft—
 - Extreme 8ft. 3in.
- Freeboard—
 - Least, to rail 3ft. 8in.
- Area, lower sails1,950 sq. ft.
- Ballast, iron—
 - Outside10,000 lbs.
 - Inside17,000 lbs.

The cabin plans and details of rigging and iron work will be published next week.



SCHOONER BLACKHAWK—SAIL PLAN.



SCHOONER BLACKHAWK—LINES AND CONSTRUCTION.

Designed by Norman L. Skene for Charles C. Gibson.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Feb. 27.—Five new 22-footers. By far the greatest development in racing classes for the coming season will be among the 22-footers, in which class five new boats are now under way. This class will be raced, as usual, under the rules of the association which governs it; and it may be said that, no matter what favorable action might generally be taken toward the adoption of the new uniform rating rule, the owners of yachts in this class would undoubtedly insist upon racing as a special class. It looks as though the class would be well represented at all races throughout the season, for the interest which was aroused last year through close competition has in no way abated. Owners of the older boats are just as enthusiastic as ever, and each believes that he has an equal chance with any of the boats which may come fresh from the builders at the opening of the season of 1905. In addition to the new boats building, there are at least four of the older ones that will be out for blue pennants, and it is quite possible that there may be more. It is likely that the boats will stick together in all of the circuit racing throughout the bay, for the disposition among the racing owners has been to keep at it, no matter where they finished.

One of the most enthusiastic among the owners of the new boats is Mr. H. H. White, who is having one built by Messrs. Hodgdon Bros. at East Boothbay. Mr. White's boat was designed by Messrs. Small Bros. She is now all planked, and is said by those who have looked her over to be a beauty; that is, so far as a Massachusetts Bay 22-footer can be said to be beautiful. Mr. White is quite confident that she will prove a wonder in her class; but so is each of the other four owners of new boats. Another boat building at the Hodgdon shop is for Mr. W. H. Joyce, for whom Tayac was built two years ago. This boat was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield. She has also passed the planking stage. Another boat from the board of Messrs. Small Bros. is building at Graves' yard, Marblehead, for Mr. H. L. Bowden, the famous automobilist, whose Hayseed, sailed by Mr. John F. Small, won the championship in the 18ft. knockabout class last season. The new boat will be sailed by Mr. Ernest Hendrie, Boston Y. C., who sailed Mr. F. L. Boroden's 18-footer Arbeka II. last season. This is the only one of the five that is not an out-and-out keel boat. She is a compromise keel, with a draft of a little more than 5ft., carrying a small centerboard. It is expected that this may give her the advantage of being able to get into shoaler places than the other boats when all hands are hunting for flukes in the breeze. Mr. C. C. Hanley has been at work on a 22-footer for Mr. A. C. Jones, which should now be in the finishing state. It is somewhat of a departure from Mr. Hanley's rule to turn out a keel boat of his own design for racing purposes, but he feels confident that he can produce the speed and there are many who share his confidence. Those who have been familiar with Hanley creations in the past, know that he is likely to prove a dangerous competitor with any type of small boat. The last new 22-footer to be heard from will be designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, and will be built at the Lawley shops at City Point. The owner's name cannot be announced with certainty yet. Mr. Fred. Lawley did not admit knowing anything about the boat last Friday, but the contract was signed on that day, and she is to be finished by May 1.

CHANGES IN OLD BOATS.

Some of the 22-footers that raced last season and in 1903 are to receive alterations calculated to improve their speed, and they will be out with the new ones when the time comes. Commodore B. P. Cheney and Mr. Charles D. Lanning, Boston Y. C., have felt that Clotho, last season's champion, is still fast enough to make them all hustle another year. It is said, however, that some alterations will be made on Clotho before the season opens. Clotho is now at Lawley's. Peri II., which was purchased from Mr. George Lee by Dr. Morton Prince, is being rebuilt under the supervision of Mr. E. A. Boardman, who designed her. She is now at Graves' yard, Marblehead. Peri II. will be sailed by Mr. Boardman during the coming season, and will be raced for all she is worth. Medic, formerly owned by Mr. H. H. White, and now the property of Mr. George Lee, is also at the Graves' yard. She will be altered to suit her new owner, and is sure to be raced hard. Opitsah V., owned by Messrs. Sumner H. and Herbert I. Foster, will be out again this season, but with few if any alterations. She will be sailed part of the time by Mr. Sumner H. Foster, but as he is greatly interested in the welfare of Mr. Joyce's new 22-footer, it is likely that his brother, Mr. H. I. Foster, will do most of the stick work in Opitsah. It is expected that Mr. John Greenough's Urchin will also be out, but whether or not there will be any changes made in her is not known.

NINETY-FOOT SCHOONER FOR MR. ROY A. RAINEY.

A 90ft. steel centerboard schooner is to be built at Lawley's for Mr. Roy A. Rainey, of Cleveland, a member of the New York Y. C., from designs by Mr. A. S. Chesebrough. Mr. Fred D. Lawley has been assisting Mr. Chesebrough in working out the lines. The new schooner is a full-bodied craft of wholesome type, with a fair amount of deadrise. While it is quite likely that she may be raced, there has been no omission of detail in the layout below decks. She will be elaborately fitted up and will be a most comfortable cruiser. She will be 130ft. over all, 90ft. waterline, 25ft. beam and 13ft. gin. draft. The work of laying down will be commenced immediately.

NINETY-FOOT SCHOONER ELMINA II.

The 90ft. steel schooner Elmina II., designed by Messrs. A. Carey Smith & Ferris for Mr. F. F. Brewster, has been plated at Lawley's, and now the deck and cabin work is going in. Last week the plate seams were covered with a specially prepared white cement, which leaves a glassy surface when dry and this week the priming coat will probably go on. The schooner is a large and improved Elmina I. She should be fast and comfortable, and a good actor in a seaway.

CANADA'S CUP DEFENDER.

The lead keel has been run at Lawley's for the Canada Cup defender designed by Mr. Charles F. Herreshoff for a member of the Rochester Y. C. This boat will be about 48ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 10ft. gin. beam and 7ft. 4in. draft. She will have 9,600 pounds of ballast.

NEW 21-FOOTER FOR LIPTON CUP.

Mr. Fred D. Lawley is at work on the lines of a 21-footer for a syndicate of members of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, whose names are for the present withheld. This boat will compete for the Lipton Cup for 21-footers presented to the Columbia Y. C. by Sir Thomas Lipton.

NEW BOAT FOR SOUTHERN WATERS.

Messrs. Burgess & Packard have designed and are building at their Salem shop a 40-footer for Mr. J. A. Rawlins, of New Orleans, vice-president of the Bay Waveland Y. C. She is 50ft. over all, the limit of the class in which she will race. She will compete with Calypso, Chewink III., Cadillac and others which have recently been purchased in southern waters. She will carry 1,700 sq. ft. of sail, the limit of the class being 2,000 sq. ft. She will resemble the skimming-dish type of some years ago, with flat body and short overhangs. It is expected that she will be completed by April 1, when she will be tried out in Massachusetts Bay. She will then be sailed to New York, whence she will be shipped south on the deck of a steamer.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

CHICAGO Y. C.'S 18FT. CLASS.—There is no doubt that the Chicago Y. C. will have good racing next summer as a result of the meeting on February 23 of the Yacht Owners' Association to boom the 18ft. class. As a result of this meeting, four boats, at least, will be started at once, being built by Dr. C. P. Pinckard, Mr. Sidney Mitchell, and Mr. R. V. Price, the fourth boat being built by a syndicate headed by Messrs. Keogh, Atkin and Hacker. It is expected that other syndicates will be quickly formed, as the cost of these boats does not exceed \$1,000 each, and they are seaworthy and particularly adapted for afternoon sailing, having a large cockpit and a small cabin.

The boats will be named after Indian tribes, the names having been selected for the present boats being Pequod,

gatta Committee—Theodore D. Wells, Fred. Vilmar, Harold Lee; Membership Committee—G. D. Provost, F. J. Havens, W. L. Pettibone; Library Committee—C. E. Robertson, Hendon Chubb, W. H. Nelson; Entertainment Committee—J. L. Golden, Charles Baker, P. D. Bernard; Nominating Committee—W. H. Nelson, H. B. Chamberlain, J. S. Negus, J. B. O'Donohue, S. E. Vernon, A. W. Booth.

Rear-Commodore E. B. Havens presided. The club now has 559 members, and 267 boats are enrolled in the club fleet.

The club will probably have an annual cruise this year. The details will be arranged for by the Regatta Committee and flag officers.

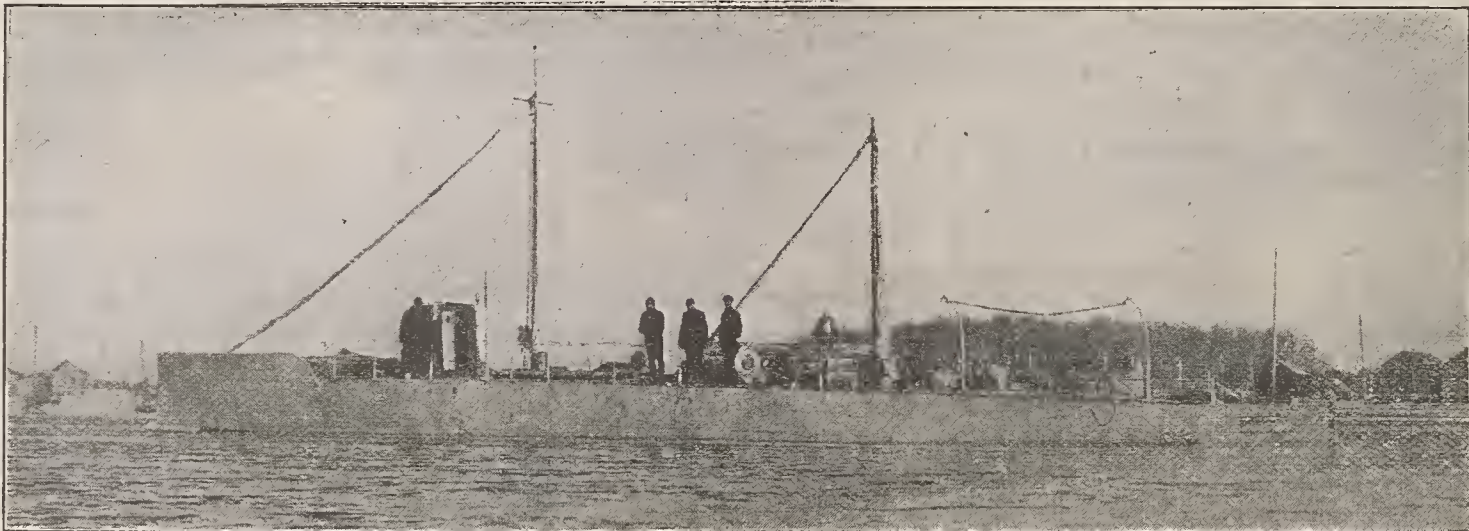
An automobile garage will probably be erected on the club grounds. If constructed, the building will be located at the southwest corner of the property, and will cost \$3,000.

The initiation and life membership fees will go toward a sinking fund for the purpose of meeting \$25,000 of bonds due in nine years.

The new racing rules for rating measurement adopted at the recent conference of yacht clubs was passed.

JOHN MCGILVRAJ DIES.—John McGilvray died at his home in Brooklyn from heart failure on February 23. He was born in 1820 at Bailey's Brook, Nova Scotia. He was an expert in the building of marine docks and rail-ways. About twenty-four years ago he was appointed dockmaster of the graving docks at Erie Basin, and during that time he has had charge of the docking of all the America's Cup challengers and defenders. His acquaintance among yachtsmen was a wide one, and he was loved and respected by all who knew him.

AUXILIARY YAWL SOLD.—The auxiliary yawl Yonondio has been sold by Mr. Chas. Morgan to Mr. A. A. Spadone, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. She is 46ft. over all, 31ft. waterline, 14ft. beam, 4ft. draft; designed by Mr. Chas. G. Davis, built 1899 by Detroit Boat Works for Mr. C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Michigan.



POWER YACHT GREGORY, BUILT BY LEWIS NIXON, EQUIPPED WITH STANDARD ENGINES.

Keowa, Miami and Apache. It is reasonable to assume that they will be known next summer as "the Indians." The members are subscribing for a handsome cup which will cost about \$750, which will be a perpetual trophy to be raced for by boats belonging to any yacht club on the Great Lakes, and the first regatta for this cup will be held September 2, 4 and 5 of this year. Considerable interest has been shown in this class by other clubs outside of the Chicago Y. C., namely, at Milwaukee, Detroit and the Corinthian Y. C., of Chicago, who promise to have at least one boat in the race.

SLOOP BUILDING AT ATLANTIC CITY.—A cruising sloop 55ft. over all is being built at the Vansant Shipyard, Atlantic City, N. J., from designs by Mr. Thomas D. Bowes for Mr. William Somers.

C. H. CRANE APPOINTED FLEET CAPTAIN S. C. Y. C.—Commodore William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., has appointed Mr. Clinton H. Crane fleet captain for the coming year.

CANADA CUP BOAT BY GARDNER & COX.—The Canada Cup boat designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox for a syndicate of Rochester Y. C. yachtsmen, headed by Mr. Thomas B. Pritchard, will be built by Mr. William M. Miller, of Charlotte, N. Y. The design shows a boat of extreme type. The rules under which the craft was designed do not produce as wholesome a boat in the small as they do in the larger classes.

NEW RACING CATBOAT.—Mr. A. C. Middleton, of Camden, N. J., has secured plans from Mr. A. Cary Smith for a racing catboat. The boat will be an improved Bouquet, which craft has raced for the past five years with such success on Barnegat Bay.

NEW HERRESHOFF 40-FOOTER.—There is building at Bristol a 40ft. waterline cruising sloop. The design of the hull is identical in every particular with the monotype 30-footers turned out by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for members of the New York Y. C. In fact the same set of lines was used, the scale alone being changed in order to make the waterline work out to 40ft.

ATLANTIC Y. C. MEETING.—Some fifty members attended the annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C., held at the Hotel Astor on Monday evening, February 20. The following officers and committees were elected: Com., Daniel G. Reid; Vice-Com., F. D. Underwood; Rear-Com., E. B. Havens; Sec'y, E. H. M. Roehr; Treas., Bartow S. Weeks; Meas., H. J. Gielow; Trustees (to serve three years)—J. R. Maxwell, Hendon Chubb; Re-

Canoeing.

Atlantic Division Dinner.

THE annual dinner of the Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association was held at the Sterling Hotel in Trenton, N. J., on Saturday evening, February 18, 1905.

The dinner was a great success in many ways, and, in fact marked a new epoch in the history of the Association in that all previous records were broken in the number of guests present. There were one hundred and one members and their friends present by actual count, and every Division was represented. The arrangements were perfect, and great credit is due Commodore Furman and his committee for their untiring zeal in looking after everybody's comfort and seeing that sufficient accommodations were obtainable for all who wished to remain in Trenton over night.

The banquet hall was very prettily decorated with flags from the different clubs in the Division. Among those noticed were the burgees of the Trenton, Red Dragon, Knickerbocker, and others. Of course "Old Glory" was there in profusion and headed the list.

The dinner was served at 7 P. M., and the menu was excellent, again reflecting great credit upon the committee and the caterer alike.

A very pretty feature of the evening was the presentation to every guest of a souvenir in the form of a stein appropriately marked with the date, etc., stating the event it commemorated.

About ten o'clock the speaking was commenced by Commodore Furman, who, amid great applause, stated in outline the programme for the Decoration Day cruise, and who was later assisted by H. C. Allen, who gave further details of this Division camp, and upon the request of a member present, described the difference between a stopping place and a hotel. Judge R. J. Wilkin, president of the Board of Governors, also made an address which was lustily applauded. Mr. Fred G. Mather, treasurer of the Association, was the next speaker who told some pleasant experiences of his canoe life, and incidentally, I noticed, he received quite a number of applications for life membership in the Association. Ex-Commodore Lawson and Thorne also spoke, and the festivities were brought to a close by the reading of letters and telegrams by Mr. C. W. Stark from the absent ones.

There was one incident of this dinner which cannot be forgotten. It was the silent toast drunk to the memory of Commodore MacLister of the Red Dragon Canoe Club who died so suddenly this winter. Mr. M. D. Wilt read a letter from the members of this club offering a cup to be raced for at the Division meets, to be known as the MacLister trophy. Undoubtedly the Executive Committee will accept the offer.

As above indicated, a number of the members stayed in Trenton over night, and were entertained the following day by the Trenton Canoe Club members, who, in the course of the morning, escorted their guests to Park Island, and a most enjoyable time was had walking home on the ice.

A meeting of the Executive Committee was held before the dinner, and the plans decided upon for the spring camp, notice of which will be sent in time to each member.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division—W. Chapin Thompson, West Philadelphia; Wm. G. Jones, Jr., New York city; George E. Taylor, New York city; James E. Taylor, New York city.
Atlantic Division—Irwin N. M. Cubberly, Trenton, N. J.
Central Division—Geo. Douglas Miller, Albany, N. Y.
Central Division—Edward J. Fonda, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division—Ratcliffe G. E. Hicks, Providence, R. I.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED.

Atlantic Division—4876. Frederick Gilkyson, Trenton, N. J.; 4877. Frederic R. Brace, Jr., Trenton, N. J.; 4878. Hudson C. Burr, Plainfield, N. J.; 4879. Paul L. Cort, Trenton, N. J.; 4880. Alfred L. Belfield, Philadelphia, Pa.
Atlantic Division—4884. W. Chapin Thompson, W. Philadelphia, Pa.; 4886. William G. Jones, Jr., New York city; 4887. George E. Taylor, New York city; 4888. James E. Taylor, New York city.
Central Division—4873. Evans S. Kellogg, Schenectady, N. Y.
Central Division—4881. Howard Baetjer, Pittsburg, Pa.; 4882. Henry M. Laithe, Pittsburg, Pa.; 4883. David Y. Swaty, Pittsburg, Pa.; 4885. George Douglas Miller, Albany, N. Y.
Eastern Division—4872. Ralph F. Reynolds, Somerville, Mass.; 4874. Benjamin C. Lane, Boston, Mass.; 4875. Frank J. Wilson, Boston, Mass.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

2896. William W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.; Life Membership No. 34.
947. William R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.; Life Membership No. 35.
February 18, 1905. Frank S. Thorn, of Central Division, Life Membership No. 36; February 18, 1905. Walter U. Lawson, of Eastern Division, Life Membership No. 37; February 18, 1905. Henry C. Allen, of Atlantic Division, Life Membership No. 38; February 23, 1905. Henry C. Ward, of Atlantic Division, Life Membership No. 39.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

March 1-9.—New York.—Zettler annual gallery tournament.

Asheville Rifle Club.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 18.—Our club was organized in September, 1904. At present we have a membership of thirty-two. So far this winter, we have not missed having a shoot each week. Our range is 200yds. Standard American target, 8in. hullseye; 8, 9 and 10 count as bullseyes; 3 to 7 are outer rings. Offhand shooting, any sights and any make of rifle.
Double shoot of Feb. 14, 1905, ten rounds:
First shoot:
I M McCanness.....7 10 10 10 7 8 3 7 7 9—78
W H Wright.....5 8 5 8 7 9 6 10 10 6—74
Chas. I Bard.....10 9 4 4 7 6 10 6 6 3—85
Dr. S W Battle.....4 8 7 4 7 7 7 6 8 8—82
Chas. X Badger.....9.....5 6 5 5 9 6 7 4—56
Dr. D E Sevier.....3 3 4 8 5 8 7 7 4 10—56
J A Perry.....6 3 4 4 5 7 6 3 5 4—45
Dr. J T Sevier.....6 3 4 4 5 7 6 3 5 4—45
J E Stevens.....5 3 3 3 3.....4 7 9 3—42
G H Lambert.....3 6 5 4 4 5 6 3 3 3—42
Second shoot:
I M McCanness.....8 7 6 5 9 5 8 4 10 4—66
Chas. I Bard.....3 9 6 6 5 7 7 7 5 6—61
Dr. S W Battle.....6 7 4 8 4 5 7 6 7 6—60
Dr. D E Sevier.....5 8 6 6 7 10 7.....6 4—59
J E Stevens.....4 6 5 7 5 5 5 9 3 6—55
Chas. X Badger.....3 4 6 5 4 5 8 4 5 7—61
Dr. J T Sevier.....3 4 6 3 3 4 4 6 10 7—50
W H Wright.....5 4 2 5 5 5 6 7 4 4—48
J A Perry.....3 5 5 6 4 3 5 8 3 4—46
The officers are as follows: President, Hon. J. C. Pritchard; Vice-President, Dr. C. P. Ambler; Captain, J. M. McCanness.
CHAS. L. BADGER, Sec'y.

West Sonora (O.) Rifle Club.

THE following scores were made on Feb. 18 in the twenty-shot match of the club; shot in strings of four shots, 100yds., off-hand, open sights, 4in. center, value 12, possible 240. T. Garreth, of Euphemia, O., was high man with 217. C. W. Matthews second with 210.
The five county rifle match will be held at Eaton, O., on March 3, and there promises to be a large attendance of riflemen.
T Garreth.....43 47 43 42 42—217
C W Matthews.....41 44 44 38 43—210
I. Hinnea.....40 42 39 42 43—206
S Ioffman.....34 39 44 40 47—204
P Rinehart.....39 39 44 43 38—203
Chalmer Tice.....42 40 38 41 41—202
Clarence Tice.....33 44 42 37 45—201
L Bruner.....38 36 36 44 45—199
J McGriff.....37 43 35 44 37—191
J Pyles.....37 36 37 37 40—187
J Gephart.....30 37 36 43 38—184
C Pitman.....31 36 36 39 36—178

Englewood O. Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The medal shoot of the Englewood Rifle Association was held on Feb. 22, and was won by H. Kerr, of Butler Township, with 27 out of a possible 40. Joe Hoover, the winner of the previous contest, fell off in an unaccountable manner. Several special matches for money prizes were shot. Medal contest, 100yds. offhand, and rifle, four shots, 40 possible, Standard American target, 1 1/4 in. center: Kerr 27, Liber 20, Iddings 16, Mast 15, Fetters 15, Heck 4, Hoover 0, Mayer 0.
Specials, 100yds. offhand, three shots, possible 30, money prizes:
No. 1—Liber 22, Fetters 19, Mast 15, Hoover 12, Heck 10, Iddings 9.
No. 2—Iddings 23, Liber 20, Kerr 16, Fetters 11, Mast 11, Heck 11, Hoover 6.
No. 3—Fetters 24, Kerr 19, Mast 13, Liber 11, Iddings 11, Hoover 5.
No. 4—Kerr 19, Iddings 19, Fetters 16, Liber 15, Mast 14, Hoover 7.
No. 5—Iddings 22, Mast 17, Liber 14, Kerr 9.

Italian Rifle Club.

THE scores follow for the weekly practice shoot at headquarters, 159 W. 23d street, New York City, all shooting on the regular twenty-five 1/4 in. ring target: Selvaggi 242, Alieri 240, Reali 237, De Felice 237, Borroni 235, Muzio 234, Rosotti 228, Cassetti 221, De Stefano 217.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE weekly practice shoot brought twelve members in competition for high scores Tuesday, Feb. 21. All shooting offhand on the regular twenty-five 1/4 in. ring target:
L C Buss.....242 247 245 243 248
L P Hansen.....242 244 243 243 242
A Hubolek.....245 246 242 243 240
C Zettler, Jr.....244 246 243 239 243
O Smith.....241 241 237 244 244
G Schlicht.....240 240 242 242 242
H C Zettler.....238 243 240 242 240
H Fenwirth.....237 235 240 235 237
C G Zettler.....237 241 240 236 228
B Zettler.....236 232 236 233 235
A Begerow.....230 236 232 240 238
G J Bernius.....233 236 223 223 229

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four Mile House, Reading road, Feb. 12. Conditions, 200yds. offhand at the 25-ring target. Payne won the championship for the day with a score of 225. Odell was high on the honor target, with 67 points. The scores:
Payne.....225 218 217 211 209
Hasenzahl.....223 221 217 212 211
Nestler.....216 215 213 213 211
Odell.....215 215 215 212 210
Hofer.....214 207 204 200 194

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE following scores were recorded at headquarters, 159 W. 23d street, Feb. 23. All shooting on the regular twenty-five 1/4 in. ring target. R. Gute was leading man, with the exceptionally fine total of 493 out of a possible 500 for his twenty shots: R. Gute, 246, 247; Gus Zimmermann, 244, 245; G. Ludwig, 243, 243; A. Begerow, 238, 243; L. C. Hamerstein, 239, 239; T. A. Young, 238, 239; F. Liegibel, 236, 237; J. Packlamm, 234, 236; H. J. Behrens, 225, 221; F. C. Halbe, 218, 221; A. Rodler, 193, 208; B. Eusner, 194, 206; J. Bittscher, 195, 204.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

SATURDAY evening, Feb. 18, was ladies night at the Zettler Club. Miss M. Zimmermann, daughter of the famous marksman, Gus Zimmermann, secured a full score of 250 for ten shots on the regular twenty-five 1/4 in. ring target. All shooting from muzzle rest on regular target at 75ft.: Miss M. Zimmermann, 247, 250; Miss K. Zimmermann, 244, 246; Miss Ludwig, 245, 246; Mrs. H. Fenwirth, 242, 247; Mrs. F. Liegibel, 248, 240; Miss B. Ludwig, 240, 245; Miss H. Schen, 237, 238; Mrs. B. Zettler, 236, 230.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

March 6-7.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club two-day amateur shoot. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
March 7.—Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club target shoot. W. H. Myers, Sec'y.
March 11.—Lakewood, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
March 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
March 20-25.—Kansas City, Mo.—Dickey Bird Gun Club six-day tournament.
March 28.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot on grounds of Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club.
March 28-29.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of trapshooters' first tournament, at Schmelzer's Shooting Park. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
April 4.—Bethlehem, Pa., Rod and Gun Club all-day target shoot. Howard F. Koch, Sec'y.
April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club. Chas. C. Needham, Sec'y.
April 8.—Richmond Valley, S. I.—Ninth all-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on grounds of Aquichonga Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
April 12-13.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club. H. J. Stidman, Sec'y, Wilmington.
April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 22.—Easton, Pa.—Independent Gun Club second annual tournament. Jacob Pleiss, Cor. Sec'y.
April 26-27.—Scottsdale, Pa., Gun Club shoot.
May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenstager, Sec'y.
May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
May 4-5.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club spring tournament. E. M. Storm, Sec'y.
May 9-10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.
May 11-12.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Foord, Sec'y.
May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 16-18.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association ninth annual meeting and tournament; \$600 added money and prizes. F. E. Mallory, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knapp & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 17-18.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club. James Lewis, Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (Incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 178 Mill street, Toronto.
May 23-25.—Lincoln.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.
May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Prago, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Analan Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
May 31.—June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt.
June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
June 13-15.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament.
June 14-16.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament.
July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.

July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md.—Target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament.
Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Crescent Athletic Club, of New York, and the Boston, Mass., Athletic Association have arranged to hold a team contest. It will probably be held on March 11.

Mr. Howard F. Koch, Secretary, informs us that the Bethlehem, Pa., Rod and Gun Club has fixed on April 4 as the date for an all-day target shoot. Programmes will be issued later.

The team of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club Company defeated the Akron team and thus established a permanent ownership of the trophy. This was the Cleveland team's fourth consecutive win.

According to daily press accounts, the attempt to repeal the New Jersey law prohibiting shooting live birds at the traps, has been abandoned owing to the strong public hostility to such attempt.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, Manager, writes us that the ninth all-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club will be held on the grounds of the Aquichonga Gun Club, of Richmond Valley, S. I., on Saturday, April 8, at 11 A. M.

The five-man team contest for the State championship, held at Wellington, Mass., was won by the Birch Brook team by a score of 215 to 204. Birch Brook and Watertown are now tied on two wins each. The next shoot will be held on March 11.

At the shoot held on the Point Breeze Track, Philadelphia, Feb. 25, in a 10-bird event, the weekly prize shoot, Messrs. Brown and Richards tied on a full score. In the 15-bird event Murphy scored 14 alone.

The Philadelphia Record recounts briefly the following tragedy: "Mt. Carmel, Pa., Feb. 22.—In a live-bird shooting match here today Dick Lovell killed 3 out of 7 birds, while Charles Keihl killed, but 1. The match was for \$50 a side."

At the shoot of the Florida Gun Club, at Palm Beach, Feb. 25, in the contest for the Mortimer cup, Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, of New York, was high, with a straight score. He shot from the 32-yard mark. There were fourteen contestants.

F. W. M., the shooting name used by F. W. Mathews, was associated with several wins at the poultry shoot of the Allan Magowan Shooting Association, Feb. 18. He won seven of the nine chickens which were offered as prizes.

In the contest of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League, Feb. 25, the following named clubs contested: The Florists' defeated the Hillside, 198 to 141; Meadow Springs defeated the S. S. White, 178 to 163; Media defeated Narberth, 211 to 179; North Camden defeated Highland, 166 to 159.

The programme of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club spring tournament for amateurs, March 6 and 7, provides like events for each day, namely: Ten events, each at 20 targets; \$2 entrance. Four moneys, each equal. Only manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Ship shells to Indianapolis Gun Club, 121 West Washington St.

The target shoot of the Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club, March 7, has thirteen events on the programme, of which one is at 10, two are at 20 and the remainder at 15. Entrance 50 cents, \$1 and \$1.20. Totals, 200 targets, \$12.60 entrance. Tower shooting, if time permits. Added money, two high guns, \$3 and \$2. Low gun, \$1. Mr. W. H. Myers is the secretary.

In a four-man team contest, Feb. 25, at Travers Island, between teams of the New York Athletic Club and the Larchmont Yacht Club, the former won. Each man shot at 25 targets. The scores were: N. Y. A. C.: D. J. Bradley 20, T. J. McCahill 20, C. E. T. Foster 16, F. W. Perkins 13; total 72. L. Y. C.: W. D. Rose 16, J. A. Pisani 18, J. R. Collins 10, David Raib, Jr., 13; total 62.

Mr. E. W. Reynolds, cashier and manager, informs us that a grand winter target tournament of the North River Gun Club will be held at Edgewater, N. J., Thursday, March 30 at 10 A. M. Programme consists of 150 targets, \$11 entrance. A five-man team race, \$10 per team, 50 targets per man, \$5 for each team entered to be divided 50, 30 and 20; Rose system of division in other events.

The twenty-eighth annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsman Association, to be held at Des Moines, Ia., March 14-16, has a like programme for each day, twelve events at 15 and 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. On the second day there also will be the Ottumwa diamond badge handicap event, 50 targets, \$5 entrance; 16 to 22yds. Also on third day the Smith cup, event 6, additional entrance \$1.50. The championship event for Iowa amateurs, 1.0 targets, \$5, money divided into four equal parts, and a cup valued at \$50 to the winner. Averages, not high guns. First, second and third, choice of Remington, Parker or Winchester; value \$40. Twenty-one prizes in all, in value from \$40 to \$5, most of which is cash. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock. Targets, 2 cents. Ship guns and ammunition prepaid care Hopkins Bros. Co. Practice, March 13. Association meeting on March 15. Messrs. Budd and Whitney, managers.

The Bradford, Pa., Gun Club contemplate holding a three-day tournament, and to that end are endeavoring to raise a fund of \$500 for expenses.

Mr. Edward Banks, formerly of New York, but now a resident of the serene hamlet of Wilmington, Del., was a visitor in New York on Thursday and Friday of last week.

The recent ruling of the Interstate Association, commended elsewhere by "Amateur," in our trap columns, opens the door freely to certain opportunities of professionalism, masked by the position of clerk in a wholesale or retail hardware and gun store.

BERNARD WATERS.

Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, Can., Feb. 25.—The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday.

In the spoon contest, which is a 25-bird event, handicap by extra birds to shoot at, there were seventeen entries.

Next Saturday the Stanleys meet the Riverdales on the latter's grounds in a league match at 25 targets per man.

Spoon contest, 25 targets, handicap extra birds: Dunk (scratch) 20, Lewis (5) 13, Rock (scratch) 15, Hogarth (4) 16, Buck (1) 20, Hulme (scratch) 22, XX (5) 21, Herbert (2) 18, Hampton (2) 16, Dey (scratch) 21, Fritz (3) 22, Martin (6) 22, Wilson (6) 23, C. Chapman (4) 21, Green (scratch) 22, D. Chapman (5) 22, Ingham (4) 16.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for various participants like Rock, Hulme, Fritz, Herbert, Dink, Ingham, Dey, West, Lewis, Hampton, XX, Wilson, Martin, Townson, Chapman.

ALEX. DEY, Capt.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Feb. 22.—At the holiday shoot of the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club, four 25-target events and several 10-target events were shot.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for participants like Schorty, Montanus, Schoverling, A Cottrell, B. Thier, F. Thier, Williamson, Dr Parker, F. A Gass, McKane, Voorhies.

Feb. 16.—The Remsen cup event, 50 targets, allowance handicap, resulted as follows: E. Voorhies (10) 46, I. McKane (12) 31, H. Williamson (16) 40, H. Montanus (16) 46, Capt. Dreyer (20) 46, R. Genert (26) 48, C. Cooper (18) 51, D. Dede (20) 30.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., Feb. 27.—The following scores were made on Feb. 22 shooting over a magautrap, which threw the targets 60 yds.

Mr. Isaac Cohen, champion one-barrel shot of Easton, acted as referee and trap puller.

Mr. Pleiss shot 50 shots at 50yds., scoring 442 out of a possible 500 points. he used a Gould model pistol:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke, and scores for J Pleiss, G Elliott, H Brunner, G Richard, W H Mourer, H G Miller, J. E. Genthner.

Mount Kisco Gun Club.

Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Feb. 24.—The following scores were made by a few members of Mt. Kisco Gun Club on Washington's Birthday.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for H Smith, C Sherman, R Gorham, L Carson, F E Wood, H P Dielh, A Betti, F Hutchison, A Burnham, F W Bailey, Flewelling.

R. W. GORHAM, Secy.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, New York, Feb. 22.—There was active competition from 11 o'clock, at the holiday shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for McDermott, Vanderveer, Hegeman, Foster, Sykes, Raynor, Notman, O'Brien, Palmer, Jr., Lott, Hopkins, Grinnell, Jr., Marshall, Vanderveer, Southworth, Stephenson, Jr., Stake.

Shoot-off, same conditions: W. C. Damron 23, C. J. McDermott 17.

A team shoot, eight men on a side, 15 targets, was an interesting event, as follows:

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for Sykes, Palmer, Southworth, Hopkins, Hegeman, Damron, Notman, McDermott, Vanderveer, Stephenson, Grinnell, Lott, Foster, Stake, Raynor, Marshall.

A number of trophy events were keenly contested, and brought out several different winners, notably Messrs. Foster, Hopkins, Sykes, O'Brien and Southworth. Scores:

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for Foster, Southworth, Grinnell, Vanderveer, Stephenson.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for Bedford, McDermott, Stephenson, Grinnell.

Shoot-off, same conditions: McDermott 14, Bedford 8.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for Hopkins, Foster, Stephenson, Southworth, Damron.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for Sykes, Foster, Damron, Stephenson, Lott, Southworth, McDermott, O'Brien.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for Marshall, Stake, Vanderveer, Grinnell, Hopkins, Notman, Raynor.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for Foster, O'Brien, Southworth, Hegeman, Stake, Damron, Lott, Marshall, Stephenson, Palmer, Raynor, Notman, Grinnell.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for Sykes, Grinnell, Palmer, Stake, Lott, Foster, O'Brien, Southworth, McConville, Vanderveer, Grinnell, Bedford.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for J B Stephenson, J M Palmer, Jr., Dr. O'Brien, A G Southworth, G G Stephenson, Jr2.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. and scores for G G Stephenson, Jr4, J B Stephenson.

Team shoot, 25 targets: W. W. Marshall 25, A. G. Southworth 23; total 48. H. M. Brigham 21, D. M. Palmer, Jr., withdrew; total 21. J. B. Stephenson 24, L. C. Hopkins 22; total 46. E. T. Shott 18, H. B. Vanderveer 18; total 36.

Trophy, 25 targets: L. M. Palmer, Jr., 25, J. B. Stephenson 25, A. G. Southworth 22, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 24, N. W. Marshall 25, W. C. Damron 24, H. M. Brigham 20, L. C. Hopkins 20, H. B. Vanderveer 16, Dr. Raynor 25, C. A. Sykes, 22, D. H. Lott 18, Dr. Keyes 16.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Palmer, Jr., 24, J. B. Stephenson 24, Marshall 24, Raynor 21.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Palmer 21, J. B. Stephenson 24, Marshall 25.

Trophy, 15 targets: Palmer 15, Southworth 11, Grinnell, Jr., 13, Brigham 13, Marshall 13, Hopkins 12, Notman 10, Lott 9, Hendrickson 8, Damron 15, O'Brien 11, Horn 9, Sykes 13, Vanderveer 13.

Trophy, 15 targets: Brigham 12, Marshall 14, Hopkins 12, Grinnell 13, Palmer 13, Damron 15, O'Brien 9, Southworth 9, Hendrickson 10, Horn 12, Sykes 13.

Trophy, 15 targets: J. B. Stephenson 13, G. G. Stephenson, Jr., 13, J. M. Palmer, Jr., 14, W. C. Damron 12, A. G. Southworth 12, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 13, H. B. Vanderveer 13, W. W. Marshall 14, J. C. Hopkins 8, A. E. Hendrickson 8.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Palmer 13, Marshall 14. Trophy shoot, 25 targets: Palmer, Jr., 22, J. B. Stephenson 23, Southworth 19, Grinnell 22, Marshall 19, Damron 18, Hendrickson 16, Vanderveer 22, O'Brien 20.

Shoot-off, same conditions: J. B. Stephenson, 24, Southworth 23. Trophy, 15 targets: Palmer, Jr., 13, J. B. Stephenson 13, G. G. Stephenson, Jr., 11, Southworth 12, Grinnell 8, Marshall 11, Damron 9, Hendrickson 5, Notman 11, Vanderveer 14, O'Brien 14, Raynor 15, Sykes 13, Lott 14.

Castleton Gun Club.

CASTLETON CORNERS, Staten Island, Feb. 22.—Ten shooters faced the traps at the regular holiday shoot to-day. A cold wind from the southeast made the shooting quite difficult.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for L A Scofield, J A Howard, R Barnes, Jr., R Barnes, Sr., G Seawood, W Curry, H Seawood, J Houseman, E Houseman, C Smith.

J. A. HOWARD.

Consolidated Gun Club, Toledo, O.

THE club held a shoot on Feb. 22 which was attended by nineteen shooters. The main event was the match for the cast iron medal, emblematic of the championship of Toledo.

Cast iron medal, 50 targets: Trimble 48, Grove 45, Volk 45, Crabb 44, Markman 41, Allen 40, Miller 11, Taylor 39, Root 39, Niehaus 39, Hoag 34, Matzinger 33 Hill 23.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for Trimble, Volk, Markman, Root, Taylor, Grove, Miller, Allen, McCarthy, Crabb, Grasser, Hoag, Matzinger, Niehaus, Hill, Messen, Fox, Curzon, Ball.

BONASA.

Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 25.—The fourth shoot for the 5-men team State championship was held on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association this afternoon.

The next shoot will be Saturday, March 11.

Table with columns for Birch Brook Team, Watertown Team, and scores for K U, Bell, Everett, Foster, Kirkwood, Frank, Gleason, Baldwin, Roy, Burns, Bartlett.

Table with columns for Targets, and scores for Frank, Straw, Everett, Kirkwood, Rowe, Bell, Wheeler, Burns, Gleason, Hallam, Foster, Baldwin, Hebbard, Woodruff, Roy, Barry, Gokey, Philbrook, Bartlett, Fisher, Wright, Stewart.

Clerks and Professionals.

EASTON, Pa., Feb. 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see by the issue of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association has decided that a clerk in a wholesale house, who gets his shells free, is considered now a professional.

This is a very good thing, as there are entirely too many of these sharks all over the country who are saying they are out to create an interest in trapshooting, when the truth really is that they want to get together a lot of poor shots and then simply take first would-be amateur average and a nice pot of money, which the true amateur furnishes.

Just these kind of people are killing the sport. They should be satisfied to have their expenses and shells paid for and not have a lot of poor shots furnish them with spending money. I predict it will be only a matter of a few years when no one will attend shoots where some of these sharks are known to be.

There is one who poses as an amateur here, who really has been a professional for at least a year or more, and from what I understand, will hereafter be considered a professional, and will be allowed to shoot for targets only.

We are paying enough for our cartridges, and do not want to see these would-be amateurs win our money besides. A man who works hard all week, and who pays full price for his shells, does not care to shoot against a man who shoots all week and who gets his shells and expense paid for.

I hope others will take this up and have something to say, as it is of vital interest to all who love to meet a true amateur at the traps.

AMATEUR.

Christiana—Atglen Club.

ATGLEN, Pa., Feb. 22.—The target and live-bird shoot of the Christiana-Atglen Club had scores as subjoined. In the live-bird events Coleman killed straight.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke, Av. and scores for Fiels, Coleman, Sanford, Townsley, Radcliffe, Krueger, Benner, Wilson, Jebb, Cassidy, I Williams, Baldwin, Mowery, J Williams, Shively, Mattson.

The last five live-bird events were miss-and-outs: 5 7 10. Fiels 5 5 7 4 0 2 1 3. Townsley 2 4 9 1 3 0 0 5. Coleman 5 7 10. Radcliff 3 5 5 0 10 0 1 1. Williams 3 6 9 0 3 0 0 5. Jebb 3 6 7 0 0 2 1 2. Mattson 4 6 1 0 0 0 0 5. Shively 3 7 3 3. Wilson 6. Baldwin 7 0 2 0 1 4. Sanford 8 11 14 12 13 11 13 11. Cassidy 6 4 1 0 0 0 4. Helm 4 2 0 0 0 0. Mowery 10 8 13 12 13 75 56 76.

LLOYD R. LEWIS Mgr.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Feb. 18.—Nine events were run off to-day, some eleven men participating. Weather conditions were favorable to good scores.

Events 3, 4, 5 and 6, 25 targets each, handicap, prize a box of shells, were won by Messrs. Cockfair, Wallace, Wheeler and Harrison.

Messrs. Harrison and Wallace showed the greatest improvement over past performances, while Mr. Moffett made the highest percentage of breaks, .877. Mr. Moffett also made the longest consecutive run, 22, thus winning a box of shells.

Some 1,500 targets were thrown during the afternoon—a goodly number when one considers that it was the regular weekly shoot and only members in attendance.

Table with 9 columns (Targets 1-9) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Montclair Gun Club event.

Handicaps apply only in events 3, 4, 5 and 6.

Feb. 22.—The tournament scheduled for to-day brought out some twenty marksmen, some 2,600 targets being thrown during the morning.

Event 1, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicaps added targets, the first prize, a set of silver oyster forks, was won by Mr. Thos. Doremus; the second prize, a set of after-dinner coffee spoons, going to Mr. P. H. Cockfair. Mr. Moffett won third prize, a leather wallet, Mr. Bush taking fourth, a box of shells.

Event 2, 15 targets, all left-quartering, was won by Mr. I. S. Crane, who took home a set of tea spoons. Mr. Moffett won second place and a set of after-dinner coffee spoons. Mr. Cockfair, in third place, captured a silver cream ladle, and Mr. Winslow, in fourth place, won a box of shells.

Event No. 3, miss-and-out, was provocative of a good deal of fun and excitement. Messrs. Cockfair, Moffett, Batten, Crane and Robinson all stayed in till the sixth round, and then all fell down together; but on the final shoot the four prizes, a set of dessert forks, a berry spoon, a cream ladle and a box of shells, went to Messrs. Moffett, Batten, Cockfair and Crane respectively.

Event No. 4, 25 targets, added handicaps, was won by Messrs. Babbage, Budd, Bush and Holloway, the first, second, third and fourth prizes being a set of dessert forks, set of oyster forks, a cream ladle and a box of shells.

Event No. 5, same conditions as No. 4, with prizes of a set of dessert forks, berry spoon, cigar case and a box of shells, went to Messrs. Crane, Moffett, Bush and Doremus in the order named. Mr. Bush was also the winner of the silver prizes for the longest consecutive run, and high gun, he making a run of 18, and breaking 77 per cent—very fair, considering weather conditions, which were not favorable to high scores, a strong gale blowing across the range all the morning.

Table with 9 columns (Targets 1-9) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Montclair Gun Club event.

Handicaps, as indicated, apply only in events 1, 4 and 5. One-half these handicaps apply in event 2. All ties to be shot off in succeeding event.

Feb. 25.—A goodly number of members of the gun club were in attendance to-day, it being the last Saturday of the month and the regular cup shoot for the members' trophy of 1905, as well as the last chance to qualify in the gold medal event.

The first four events were for practice only. Messrs. Moffett, Kendall, Wallace and Howard each did some very good shooting.

In the members' trophy for 1905, event No. 5, 50 birds, unknown angles, handicaps added birds, Mr. Winslow broke 43, plus 7 handicap, giving him a perfect score of 50, and puts his name on the cup for the month of February.

Mr. Howard qualified in the gold medal event. During the month of March the finals will be shot in this last event.

Table with 9 columns (Targets 1-9) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Montclair Gun Club event.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 19.—The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., held its first shoot for February on this date. The day was rather favorable for shooting, as the weather had moderated somewhat, the only handicap being the snow.

There was a fair number of the members present, which seems to prove that the sport has a fascination that weather conditions cannot control.

The club has reduced the price of targets to 1 cent for members and 1½ cent to non-members. This was the old price, but as the club needed money to make repairs to the house, the price was raised to 1½ cent for all shooters.

The club is on its feet again, and as the main object is to give shooters a good time, not to make money, the members at the last shoot arrived at the above conclusion. The next shoot will be held on March 5, rain or shine. Scores:

Table with 9 columns (Targets 1-9) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Hudson Gun Club event.

JIM HUGHES, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Feb. 22.—Event 6, handicap trophy shoot for gold watch charm, presented by Mr. L. Schortemeier; second prize

case of shells, presented by Mr. A. Schoverling. Greatest number of wins until June 30, 1905, takes the prizes. To be shot for every Saturday:

Table with 9 columns (Targets 1-9) and 15 rows of names and scores for the North River Gun Club event.

Feb. 25.—Event 6, contest for Mullerite medal, won by Mr. F. Vosselman, with a handicap of 6 targets. Event 6, 50 targets, handicap event, for a solid gold watch charm. Messrs. Truax and Reynolds tied.

Table with 9 columns (Targets 1-9) and 15 rows of names and scores for the North River Gun Club event.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Pleasure Gun Club.

Englewood, N. J., Feb. 25.—Several shooters from the Westwood Gun Club attended our shoot on Washington's Birthday and added greatly to the sport of the day. Valuable and useful prizes were given to first and second in each event. Everything ran smoothly, and every one pronounced the day well spent. The score follows:

Table with 9 columns (Targets 1-9) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Pleasure Gun Club event.

C. J. WESTERVELT, Sec'y.

Plainfield Gun Club.

Plainfield, N. J., Feb. 22.—At the silver shoot to-day shooting began at 10:45. During the day 4,730 targets were thrown. Only local shooters were permitted to shoot for prizes in events 6 and 10. The weather was cloudy, raw, with a strong east wind blowing.

High professional average was made by J. S. Fleming. He broke 130 out of 145. High amateur average by Mr. Staples, 132 out of 145; second amateur average, Mr. Markley, 130 out of 145.

The trade representatives were Messrs. J. S. Fleming, R. G. Schneider, H. P. Vosseller and J. Terry.

Mr. Vosseller was manager. Sandwiches and coffee were furnished free of charge.

Prize winners were as follows: Event No. 1, first, Staples; second, Pardoe; third, Hendricks; Event 2: First, Staples, second, Williams; third, Piercy. Event 3: First, Staples; second, Williams; third, Hendricks. Event 4: First, Staples; second, Hendricks; third, Markley. Event 5: First, Markley; second, Mathews; third, Hendricks. Event 6: First, Brantingham; second, Piercy; third, S. Terry; fourth, McCarthy; fifth, Sebring. Event 7: First, Hendricks; second, Piercy; third, Gavin. Event 8: First, Gavin; second, Markley; third, Pardoe. Event 9: First, Gavin; second, Pardoe; third, Staples. Event 10: First, Brantingham; second, S. Terry; third, Van Nest.

Table with 9 columns (Targets 1-9) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Plainfield Gun Club event.

Table with 9 columns (Targets 1-9) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Plainfield Gun Club event.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Feb. 22.—Shooters displayed their enthusiasm by coming to the shoot of the Bound Brook Gun Club and taking part in the programme when the wind and cold were both very severe.

The wind, blowing across the trap, made the left-quartering target soar skyward, while the right-quarterer ducked and dodged, which made shooting everything but easy.

The scores were not high, and some of the shooters were surprised when they found they had won a prize on the score of 4 or 5.

Mr. Hooley did the best shooting and secured a prize in each event. Dr. J. B. Pardoe, Mumford and Cowdry also did good work, and each secured several merchandise prizes.

The club cups for this month were won by Mr. Prugh first, A. Crater second and Mr. Hooley third.

Mr. Hooley made high average, and secured the cake.

Mr. F. Lawrence, a trade missionary, was present looking after the interests of his company.

Table with 2 columns (Shot at, Broke) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Bound Brook Gun Club event.

Twenty-five target handicap: Bache (8) 19, Prugh (12) 23, Crater (11) 21, Dr. Pardoe (4) 19, Stelle (10) 19, Hooley (7) 20, Du Four (14) 18.

Chicago Trapshooters' Association.

CHICAGO.—At the tournament of the Chicago Trapshooters' Association, held Feb. 25 and 26, at Burnside, Ill., fair weather prevailed, but the shooting was difficult. Gilbert was high in the special handicap with 48.

Feb. 25, First Day.

Table with 2 columns (Shot at, Broke) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Chicago Trapshooters' Association event.

Feb. 26, Second Day.

Table with 2 columns (Shot at, Broke) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Chicago Trapshooters' Association event.

General averages, 360 targets: F Gilbert 342, H. C. Hirschy 336, J. Graham 323, L. Willard 322, E. Graham 319.

Aetna Park Club.

HEREWITH are scores made at the Aetna Park Club's monthly medal shoot, St. Louis, on Feb. 19. Weather was heavy and snowing, but good crowd and high scores notwithstanding. Pete Baggerman and Joe Lenharth won the amateur honors, landing away up in the 94 class. Riehl, who was the only representative present, broke the ground record, with a run of 114 straight, and total of 146 out of 150. The scores:

Table with 2 columns (Shot at, Scored) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Aetna Park Club event.

Long Lake Shoot.

LONG LAKE, Ill., Feb. 24.—Appended are the results of Graham's live-bird shoot, held here to-day. The birds were trapped by John Watson and were very good. The weather was fair and the sport was fine. No. 3 was a miss-and-out:

Table with 2 columns (Targets 1-3) and 15 rows of names and scores for the Long Lake Shoot event.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 25.—As the days get longer, the boys turn out in larger numbers. The day was cloudy, rainy and disagreeable, with a strong wind blowing. Some of the scores made would be a credit to any of the experts. In the third contest in the Peters trophy series, Don Minto and Barker tied for high gun in actual breaks with 48 each. Gambell was close up with 47, and Pfeiffer was third with 46. Nineteen men shot in this event, and all but five broke 41 or better. Several team matches were shot, and a couple of 25-target matches ended the day's sport.

Falk has been absent for some time, but showed up to-day, a little out of practice, but the same old John as before. Gambell did good work, missing in the trophy, team and match races—only 20 targets out of 275. Lutie Gambell had just recovered from a sprained ankle, and to-day carries his left arm in a sling, having sprained the wrist. He says he don't do it for fun, but it almost looks that way.

Peters trophy, 50 targets, handicap allowance: Don Minto, 5, 50; Pfeiffer, 4, 50; Pohlar, 5, 50; Boeh, 18, 50; Barker, 48; Gambell, 1, 48; Hesser, 7, 48; Williams, 4, 47; Peters, 2, 47; Faran, 2, 46; Bullerdick, 1, 45; Osterfeld, 2, 45; Roll, 2, 44; Ilernan, 3, 44; Falk, 5, 44; Harig, 2, 44; Maynard, 39; Block, 2, 39; Ahlers, 1, 36.

Team race, 50 targets:

Gambell	47	Pohlar	45
Pfeiffer	46-93	Osterfeld	43-88
Team race:			
Targets	50	Targets	50
Barker	48	Gambell	47
Osterfeld	45	Peters	45
Hesser	44	Bullerdick	39
Pfeiffer	40	Pohlar	21
Totals	177	Totals	171
Targets	50	Targets	50
Gambell	45	Ahlers	42
Harig	43	Faran	42
Hesser	38	Peters	41
Williams	43	Bullerdick	39
Herman	41	Roll	36
Totals	210	Totals	200

Sweepstakes, 50 targets, 50 cents entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.: Faran 49, Barker 47, Bleh 46, Don Minto 45, Ahlers 45, Roll 45, Hesser 45, Maynard 44, Bullerdick 44, Williams 44, Pfeiffer 43, Gambell 41, Peters 40, Pohlar 38, Herman 37, Jack 36, Sunderbruch 48.

Sweepstakes, 20 targets each, 50 cents entrance and three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. in each. Total, 100 targets. Totals follow: A. Sunderbruch 97, Barker 94, Peters 90, Faran 89, Williams 91, Bleh 93, Don Minto 89, Hesser 88, Gambell 88, Ahlers 85, Bullerdick 84, Maynard 84, Pohlar 79, Pfeiffer 79, Roll 33.

On Feb. 18 the second contest in the Peters trophy series was shot, and the seventeen members who took part made a remarkably good showing, only one man breaking less than 40, or 80 per cent. Maynard headed the list with a straight score, including his handicap. R. Trimble was high in actual breaks, accounting for 48. Pfeiffer's good score of last week put him in scratch class, and he finished with 82 per cent. Next week he'll have a few added targets. Supt. Gambell is still unable to get around without the aid of his crutches, but says he'll shoot on the 22d anyway. The old regulars are beginning to come back, and it seems good to see Roanoke, Faran, Medico and Don Minto once more on the firing line.

In the practice events some good shooting was done, Williams making a better showing than in the trophy event, breaking over 91 per cent.; Roll 90 per cent. E. Trimble broke 48 out of 50, making a straight in one 25-target event, and shooting better than a 94 gait. Bullerdick also made a straight 25, and broke 85 out of 100 at practice. Altogether the scores to-day were better than for some time past.

The day was pleasant and not cold enough to interfere with outdoor sport, and the boys kept things going until dark.

Peters trophy shoot, 50 targets: Maynard, 4, 50; R. Trimble, 45; Block, 4, 47; Roll, 3, 46; E. Trimble, 2, 46; Roanoke, 8, 46; Barker, 46; Bullerdick, 2, 46; Herman, 3, 45; Peters, 43; Medico, 43; Faran, 43; Pohlar, 2, 42; Pfeiffer, 41; Williams, 41; Don Minto, 40; Hesser, 1, 39.

The final contest in the series of nine shoots for the silver cup, presented by the Bowler & Burdick Co., was held on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 11, and proved to be one of the most enjoyable of the series. The contests in this series have all been hotly contested, and 7,500 targets were thrown in the nine events. The cup was won to-day by Geo. Sanford, who broke 49 out of 50, being the best score made on the club grounds in the past year. On April 22 the annual smoker and field-day contest, at 50 targets, will be held, beginning at 2 P. M.

Feb. 22.—On Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, there was a good attendance of members and guests, and the day's sport was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The weather was cloudy and the light very trying. Still some fine scores were recorded.

Lou Ahlers, having returned from his extended trip to California, was present. The long controversy between the pump and double-barreled gun advocates was definitely settled in a 5-men team match, at 100 targets per man. It was a closely contested race, the "Pumps" having the best of the argument until the last round, when the "Doubles" braced up and won with a lead of 3 targets, 448 to 445.

In the team match, A. Sunderbruch was high gun, with 97. Gambell was able to get out to the firing line once more, and accounted for 88 out of 100, a good showing, considering the fact that he has by no means fully recovered from his fall.

Match, Pump vs. Doubles, 100 targets:

Double guns—A. Sunderbruch, 97, Peters 90, Don Minto 89, Hesser 88, Bullerdick 84; total, 448.

Pumps—Barker 94, Bleh 93, Faran 89, Ahlers 85, Maynard 84; total, 445.

Notes.

The Recreation Gun Club, of Cleveland, will make extensive improvements at the shooting grounds at Corlett Station, and when completed, the club will have one of the finest ranges in the country. The Broadway cars, which run direct to the grounds every six minutes, make access easy. A popular change will be the reduction of the price of targets to one cent each. Shoots are held on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. At the annual meeting Charles Ducommun was elected president for the third consecutive time. Other officers elected were Geo. Burns, Vice-President; W. Carter, Captain; R. C. Osborne, Treasurer; Carl Bingell, Secretary. Directors—F. Burns, Chas. McMeans, A. Fuhrmeyer.

In Other Places.

The managers of the Detroit tournament thought they could

not have chosen a better time for their tournament, as the dog and the automobile show were both on, and many shooters came also. But the weather! Just imagine Gilbert, Spencer and Crosby coming from Texas direct to the frozen north—and it was frozen, too!

The Elizabethtown, Ind., Gun Club holds a matinee shoot every Friday afternoon. The club boasts of some fifteen good members, and all shoot clay targets—no live birds.

Alexander Tolsma, of Detroit, Mich., was high gun on Feb. 15 at the shoot held at his home town, thus with 176 out of 200 he broke ahead of all the big guns present. Pould Wood came next, and thus it would seem that their fingers were more used to answering pull! in cold weather.

The final contest for the Bowler & Burdick cup, for which the members of the Cleveland, O., Club have shot nine times, was decided on Saturday last. It was the most satisfactory of the whole number. Mr. George Burns won the cup the greater number of times and became the permanent owner. George Sanford, on this occasion, made the highest score of the whole season. Scores, each 50 targets: Sanford 49, Toby 46, Jack 44, Hogan 44, King 44, Burns 42, Eadie 41, Hull 39, 'ug 25. There is prospect of some new clubs being organized around about central Illinois.

There were something like one hundred persons gathered at Kittanning, Pa., at the residence of James Claypool in North Buffalo on last Friday to witness the pigeon shoot. There was plenty of sport, but for business reasons there was a request made to keep scores from the public.

Another Illinois duck preserve has been leased. This time it is the Rushville, Ill., Gun Club who have leased 453 acres of the best of the far-famed breeding grounds, which are located near the mouth of the Sangamon.

Out at Morrison, Wis., the shooting will not be a thing of the past for this year, as the new officers will keep it going. They are C. Rohrschneider, President; H. Schwensow, Treasurer; H. Rohloff N. Bellock and L. Plageman, Directors.

The Follansbee, O., Rod and Gun Club have started out with a capital of \$5,000, the purpose being hunting and fishing and general sport for pleasure.

What a pity, that the best grounds in the West for holding the Grand American Handicap should be abandoned. The following news will be sad to many trapshooters: "At a meeting of the Illinois Gun Club, held last week, it was decided that the lease on the grounds, where the Illinois State shoot was held and where the most wonderful records ever known were made on live birds, will be abandoned, even the club house will be sold." Such a large number of gun clubs are held together by one man's influence. How will the Indian shooters know that, when Col. Von Cleve let go the shooting game at the town of Springfield the great club began to wane. It is still good news to know that, though the club will not have a house, the club organization will not disband. It is to be hoped that it will participate in the State shoot as a club and shoot at targets, as there are no more live-bird races on the programme of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

The enthusiasm of Charley Budd's crew, out at Des Moines, was frozen up during the last two weeks, as with the 26 below, it was too bad for even Iowans. But now there will be some big smashing of targets during the next two weeks. Just think of it, only about ten days from date of this issue until the first State shoot for 1905 is to be pulled off!

Fowlerton, Ind., Gun Club, in their last shoot with Sims, was victorious, with a score of 3 to 1.

The spring tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club comes early in the spring, as the dates are set for Monday and Tuesday, March 6 and 7.

In the far-off G. Hopper country, the report comes that a gun club with fifteen active members has been organized at Cowitland, Kan., and that practice has begun.

The Boon, Ia., Gun club held a shoot on Feb. 23.

It has been some years since Hoisington, Kan., held a shooting tournament, and it is surely a holiday attraction, as what else could stop the duck hunters from getting busy in the marshes?

This is the way that seems good to run a shoot. There is no longer any use for a shooter to cart shells to a tournament as there he can find his favorite load on sale. The Amelia O., Gun Club last week gave a shoot, and advertised that not only shells, but guns would be on the grounds for any and all present. Best shots will always prefer their own gun.

This writes an Arkansas friend: "But did you ever think how few people take part in these shooting contests? The depletion of the game of the State has had the effect of abating interest in such affairs. There are thousands of people who never handle a gun and manifest no interest in sporting events. There is no promise of a revival of these pleasures, as the incentive is lacking. Those who belong to the gun clubs of the State and who are credited with being fine shots are born sportsmen, and their natural inclination has led them to acquire the necessary skill in handling a gun."

So here we have the Janssen Club from the Swedish portion of the Great Sunflower State. On last Tuesday, the Janssens and a few others made the following scores at 25 targets: A. Matoush 22, John Janssen, H. D. Janssen 17, J. H. Janssen 18, Geo. Tarn 20, H. Janssen 10, Lew Janssen 15, John Ouches 13.

Herington, Kan., Feb. 25.—The sixteenth annual shooting tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Herington, Kan., May 16, 17, 18 and 19. The first three days will be target shooting, and the fourth day has been assigned to live birds. The interest will center in the amateur championship, the trophy now being held by Fatty Arnold, of Larned. It is thought that our own town will have a fair show to land same, as George W. Lewis will be among the top-notchers. There will, no doubt, be some seventy-five of Kansas and western trapshooters present, and then the professional cracks will be here in all their glory. The local gun club has but a few members, and yet they are enthusiastic and will do their part, it is most too big a task for them to raise all the money necessary to conduct the shoot. It is an honor to have Herington selected as the place for this event, and, no doubt, the citizens will assist with a proper donation to see the boys through, so that there will be no lacking in the prizes.

Wm. Clayton and William Veach shot for the Elliott cup one day recently at Falls City, Neb. In their first contest, held at Kansas City, Mr. Veach was an easy victor.

The regular shoots of the Infallible Gun Club, Buffalo, N. Y., will hereafter be held on the second and the fourth Sundays of the month. Shells will be kept constantly on hand and be for sale on the grounds.

The Winona, Minn., Gun Club, on Memorial Day, will hold a tournament, to which all the shooters are invited. There are many shooters in the vicinity of Winona, and when La Crosse, Wis., and other towns join with them, there is always a large crowd.

Word comes from Duluth, Minn., that the Central Gun Club

will be obliged to seek for a new location for their club house for the coming year, as the owner of their present location contemplates improving the property. Some of the visiting shooters would be pleased if a ground, not having the lake for a back-ground, should be chosen. There are very many who cannot shoot well over the water.

A reorganization of the old Franklin Gun Club was effected recently at Columbus, O. Some dozen or more of the old members met and selected a committee, which was authorized to canvass the old members and get them to join in and place the old club on its former footing. Prominent quarters will be selected, where weekly practice shoots and contests will be held. The temporary officers selected were C. A. Graham, President; Christian Siebert, Vice-President; John Glick, Secretary and Treasurer; Edward Corodi, Warden; Earl Burkert, Harry Holly and Ephraim Harris, Trustees.

The gas belt cities of Indiana will prepare for a big tournament during the coming summer. The members of the gun clubs of the city of Muncie are especially alive. It is stated that when the spring opens up, that there will be several clubs in action.

Some of the disciples of Izaak Walton, who experience each year with the coming of spring that irresistible habit to locate alongside a lake or stream and drop a struggling worm in the cooling waters, are about to identify themselves with the Valotia Rod and Gun Club of Chatham, N. Y. The membership of this club is reported to be steadily increasing, and it has already accomplished much from the standpoint of the true sportsman.

The Sportsmen's Club of Winona, Minn., have lately held a meeting to arrange for a big tournament on May 30, and to make it a big one. There will not be the interstate tournament this year to stimulate effort in the shooting line, so that this shoot, as in the past, will be the shoot of the year.

This city has a good territory to draw from, and shooters from the four great States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa can reach this town readily.

West Virginia Sportsmen's Association.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., Feb. 29.—A few weeks since, when we called the attention of the sportsmen and trapshooters to the fact that the ninth annual meeting and target tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association would be held on the grounds of the Ohio Valley Shooting Association, Parkersburg, W. Va., May 16, 17 and 18, 1905, we recall that we promised to have something more to say about the event later. Well, we propose to keep our word, and the following will doubtless be of interest to the trapshooters throughout the country:

It will not be necessary, however, for us to say anything more about the grounds and club house of the above Association, as it is a well-known fact that they are not only by far the finest in the State, but in this part of the country, costing over \$6,000 to equip. They are reached by one of the best trolley lines in the United States, and cars pass within a hundred yards of the club house every fifteen minutes. The club house, a three-story, \$5,000 structure, is simply a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The second story is occupied by the superintendent of the grounds, who will, during the above tournament, turn the entire building into an up-to-date hotel, and besides serving meals to all present, will do everything in his power to provide for every comfort and convenience of our visitors.

The regular programme each day will consist of twelve events at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance and \$15 in cash added to each one. In other words, there will be \$600 added during the three days, \$60 of which will be reserved for averages; \$15 for high amateur average, \$10 for second, and \$5 for third; \$15 for lowest average, \$10 for next, and \$5 for next.

Immediately after dinner on the first day the first State event will take place. This will be for teams of two for the Peters trophy, emblematic of the two-man team championship of the State; entrance \$3 per team; each contestant to shoot at 50 targets. Of this entrance, \$1 from each team will be reserved to be thrown into a purse to be divided between the second and third high guns, 60 and 40 per cent. A full explanation in reference to this race will appear in programme.

On the second day, after dinner, the most interesting race of the entire tournament will take place. It will be a friendly five-man team race between the Mallory team, composed of F. E. Mallory, S. T. Mallory, John F. Mallory, L. E. Mallory and L. E. Mallory, Jr., of the Ohio Valley Shooting Association, and the famous Du Pont team of Wilmington, Del. While there will be no money consideration in this event, the winners will be provided with a suitable trophy, and the race will prove interesting.

It will be recalled that the first race between these two teams a few weeks since resulted in a victory for the Mallorys by a small margin.

On the third day, after dinner, the individual State championship event at 50 targets per man, will be pulled off. The conditions governing this event will be the same as heretofore, and will be explained fully in programme. One of the most handsome programmes ever sent out for a shoot in the country will tell all about what we propose to do during the above three days, and can be secured for the asking. They will be ready for the mail by April 20. Put your name on a postal and address to F. E. Mallory, Parkersburg, W. Va., and you will not be overlooked. E. O. BOWER, Sec'y-Treas.

Wilmington Gun Club.

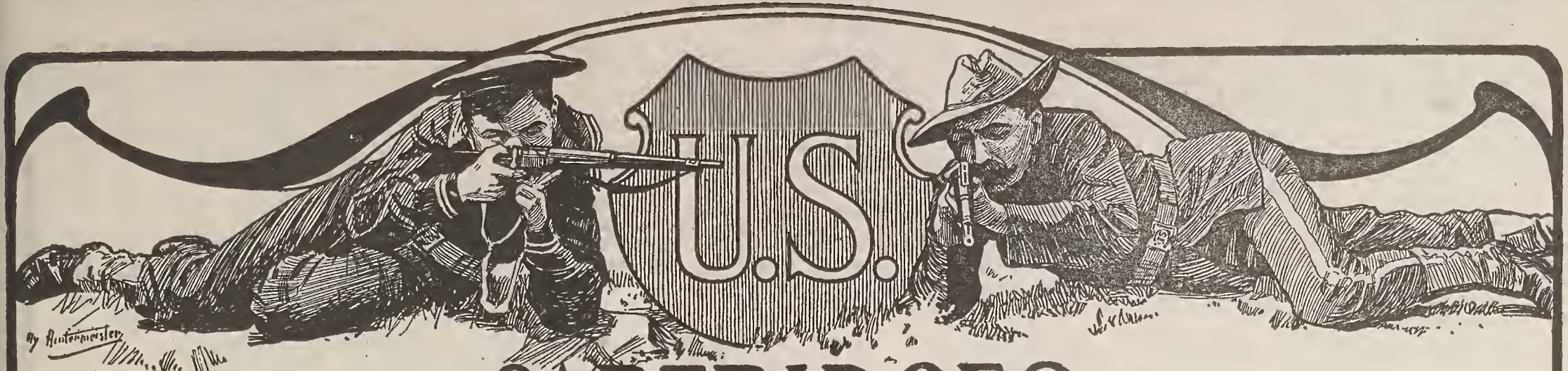
WILMINGTON, Del., Feb. 23.—The Wilmington Gun Club is making energetic preparations for the first annual spring tournament of the Delaware State Trapshooters' League, which is to be held under its auspices on April 12-13 next. The programme for their shoot will be ready for issue about the middle of March, and in the meanwhile the club is getting together a long list of valuable merchandise prizes for the benefit of its guests on that occasion.

The plan is to have the first day's programme open to all, with good added money inducements for amateurs. The main feature of the first day's programme will be, however, a merchandise event, for which some thirty prizes have already been either donated by friends or purchased by the club out of its funds. The merchandise event will be open to all amateurs, whether residents of Delaware or not. Among the prizes are two guns, either of which is well worth winning.

The second day will have several open sweeps, and also the two State events, the individual championship, and the five-man team race.

In connection with these events optional sweepstakes will be decided, and these, like the merchandise event on the first day, will be "open to amateurs, whether residents of the State or not."

Anybody wishing a programme should send their name and address to H. J. Stidhan, 111 East Fourth street, Wilmington Del., and one will be mailed as soon as they are out of the printer's hands.



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LOWELL, MASS.

Arkansas Championship.

The open contest for the live-bird championship and the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy emblematic thereof, was held at Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 17, and, considering the adverse weather conditions, drew a good field of entries, and, as is usually the case, resulted in a battle royal between Pemberton, Sonny Dickinson, Powell, and Miller. It was finally won by Pemberton by the close margin of one bird. Pemberton shot a splendid race and won not only on his merits, as he lost two birds out of his first 6 and finished out with an unbroken string. The best shooting of the day was really done by little Sonny Dickinson, the thirteen-year-old son of J. W. Dickinson, Jr., who proved to be one of the winners up in the contest. This little fellow was not only handicapped by youth and inexperience, but owing to his size, was compelled to shoot a 16-gauge gun; but with his little gun loaded with 2 3/4 drams of powder and an ounce of shot, he cut down all the birds in slashing style, and finished within one of the winner, and beat his father two birds, who last year won the trophy at the open contest. Turner Hubby and Hood Waters, two trade representatives present shot along in the contest for the birds, as none but residents of the State can compete for the trophy. Both made a very creditable showing. The birds were a good lot. In addition, it was raw and cold, with a good wind at times which chilled one enough so that quick, snappy shooting on the fast bird was difficult to acquire.

After the main event was decided, a miss-and-out was shot. In this Miller scooped the pot, \$22, on 6 kills, shooting out all the birds, including the experts. The conditions of the match were live pigeons, 30yds. rise, Interstate rules. This is the first time Pemberton has ever won the trophy.

Peters Trophy.

Table listing names and scores for the Peters Trophy: Pemberton, Hubby, Dickinson, Loyd, Waters, Powell, Miller, Dickinson, Jr., Larkan, Bird, H. Lenow, Brown, Litzke, Younts.

Lloyd Challenge Trophy.

Mr. J. T. LLOYD, the well-known sporting goods dealer, in order to stimulate interest in pigeon shooting, offered for competition a very handsome medal, the open contest for which was held on Feb. 22. With ideal weather conditions, this brought out sixteen competitors, and while the scores are not very high, it was a stubbornly contested race, and ultimately resulted in Pemberton's wing with 22 out of 25. It was nip-and-tuck between Pemberton, Hubby, and Cromwell and Powell, with several others just a bird behind. Pemberton showed the best staying qualities, and went through the route, while the others fell by the wayside. This makes Pemberton's second win within a week, and until some one else wins one of the trophies from him, he must be recognized as champion. The weather conditions were superb, and the birds, taken collectively, were the finest lot ever trapped in the State, with no doubt to aid them, as was the case on this occasion. Little Sonny Dickinson was again present, and while his score was not as good as that of the previous Friday, he beat out a number of the other competitors, and displayed his ability to shoot good fast birds by the manner in which he cut down some of the fast ones with his second barrel. The little fellow is coming fast and within another year he will be carrying off the honors.

The conditions governing this new trophy are that all contests must be at 25 live birds, 30yds. rise, Interstate rules. Holder is subject to challenge and must defend the trophy every thirty days, if called upon to do so. Challenger must post \$101 forfeit against the medal, which the holder must cover with a like sum; winner takes money and medal, while each contestant pays for his share. Mr. Lloyd will redeem the trophy once annually, paying the holder \$25. The trade representatives present were Turner Hubby, Roy Bennett, Hood Waters, Wm. Frenz and Paul R. Litzke. The following are the scores:

Lloyd Trophy.

Table listing names and scores for the Lloyd Trophy: Pemberton, Powell, Hubby, Litzke, Cromwell.

Table listing names and scores for the Arkansas Championship: J. T. Lloyd, Geo. W. Clements, Hood Waters, J. P. Wright, C. D. Conroy, J. A. Dickinson, Dr. Breathitt, W. B. Miller, A. L. Morgan, Dr. J. H. Lenow, W. W. Brown, Calvin, J. E. Mons.

Target Trophies.

All the emblems representing the various championships were held by the Pine Bluff Club, and as Camden sent a delegation to the shoot, they decided to try for all of them. J. P. Wright challenged J. E. Well for the individual flying target trophy, but owing to the latter's illness, this contest could not take place. Mr. Wright states he will not find time to return before the State shoot, and has withdrawn his challenge. The two-man championship was held by Geo. Clements and E. C. Arnold; A. L. Morgan and J. P. Wright challenged for this. The result was an easy win for Camden by the following scores: Morgan 20, Wright 17; total 37. Arnold 18, Clements 17; total 35.

Camden also won the three-man team trophy, the scores being as follows: Morgan, 21, Wright 20, Brown 19; total 60. Pine Bluff—Clements 22, Howell 14, Arnold 13; total 40.

This practically started the ball a-rolling, and the indications are that considerable shooting will be done in the State during the spring and summer.

Centerville Tournament.

The two days' shoot given by R. S. McMillan, at Coulterville, Ill., Feb. 21-22, had thirty shooters in all.

Targets: Riehl high with 94.4 per cent. Amateur average for the two days was won by J. D. Smith. Mermod and T. Robbins were second and C. Heiligenstein (West) third.

Good weather and good shoot. Twenty birds, \$10, birds extra; handicaps 27 to 32yds.: H. Spencer (32) 17, Mermod (32) 18, Cabanne (31) 18, Jacobs (28) 19, Riehl (32) 16, J. Robbins (28) 15, McKinley (28) 17, Armstrong (27) 8, McMillan (28) 15, Craig (28) 18, West (30) 19, Reickert (31) 18.

Table with columns: Name, First Day, Second Day, Total. Lists scores for various shooters like Smith, West, Reickert, etc.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—Please call the attention of the members of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club and the shooters at large, that the management of the club has discontinued the weekly Thursday shoots, and has inaugurated instead monthly tournaments, to be held the first Saturday of each month, beginning with Saturday, March 4, the date of the first tournament.

All the club events, club cups, individual cups, etc., will be shot for on these tournament days. A programme has been arranged consisting mostly of 15-target events, and targets will be trapped to the public at the same price as to club members, 1 cent each. Shooting begins promptly at 1 P. M., and will continue throughout the afternoon. The club house and grounds will be thrown open to the public the same as on other tournament days and any one is welcome to come and shoot either for the targets or for the purses. Ammunition for sale on the grounds. ALEXER TRAYER, Capt.

Cleveland Gun Club Company.

CLEVELAND, O.—At the shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club Company, the Cleveland team defeated the Akron team, thereby establishing a permanent ownership of the championship trophy presented by the Akron Club four years ago. This was the fourth consecutive win.

The shoot was a success. In the 50-target event, Mr. J. K. Williams, of the Akron Gun Club, scored 47, and was high.

Galt of Akron, and Sheldon, of Cleveland, tied for second with 45. After his first half dozen targets, Allyn, of the Cleveland Gun Club, broke 30 targets in succession.

The scores in the championship team match were as follows: Cleveland. Akron.

Table comparing scores between Cleveland and Akron shooters: Sheldon, Hull, Allyn, Goss, Krammer, Sanford, Snow, Jack, Doolittle, Tryon vs. Bradley, Metzler, Galt, Dunn, J. K. W., Tracy, Wagoner, C. A. W., W. W. W., Keppler.

In the five events open to all, Tryon and Doolittle, both of the Cleveland Gun Club, were high for the day, having 67 a piece. Sheldon and Snow were one point behind. The scores:

Table with columns: Name, Score. Lists scores for various shooters like Latham, Hull, Saffold, Hogen, G. Burns, Sheldon, Ducommun, J. I. C., Frank, Snow, Wagoner, Bradley, Val, Leggett, Goss, Brock, Sanford, Cathan, Kramer, Hopkins, Tobey, Blakeslee, Tryon, King, Doolittle.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Feb. 25.—A very interesting club shoot was held on the grounds of the Ossining Gun Club, Feb. 22. The prizes, two handsome silver berry dishes, presented by Col. Franklin Brandreth, were hotly contested for in two 25-target misses-as-breaks handicap events. The first in event four was won by J. Hyland; second, No. 5, was won by G. B. Hubbell after a shoot-off with A. Bedell. Event 6 was for a meerscham pipe, and was marked by best score of the day, in which W. Coleman made 24 out of 25. No. 8 was from 23yds.:

Table with columns: Name, Score. Lists scores for various shooters like A. Bedell, H. L. Stratton, C. G. Blandford, G. B. Hubbell, D. Brandreth, A. L. Harris, R. Hendricks, A. L. Burns, F. Brandreth, W. Coleman, F. Hahn, E. Ball, J. T. Hyland, E. McDonald, Dr. Tompkins, W. S. Smith, S. Mullen, W. Fisher.

Sherbrooke Gun Club.

SHERBROOKE, Can., Feb. 24.—The annual meeting of the Sherbrooke Gun Club was held on Feb. 18, and the following officers elected for the year: President, J. B. Goodhue; Vice-President, C. H. Clark; Captain, G. M. Howard; Directors, N. G. Bray, C. G. Thompson, T. M. Craig; Secretary, C. H. Foss.

The date of the annual tournament was set for July 1. It is expected that the shooting will commence by the first Saturday in March, and a successful season is anticipated.

The spoon competitions which proved so interesting last year will be continued, and in addition a club trophy is to be arranged. C. H. Foss, Secy.

Detroit Tournament.

DETROIT, Mich.—It is said by old-timers such as Gilbert, Crosby and Budd that there was never a three days' tournament pulled off with more success than this of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association, under such bad weather conditions.

We had thirty-three shooters through the entire programme and twenty-six entries for the Gillman and Barnes international live-bird trophy, four more entries than ever before. It was won by Mr. R. R. Bennett, of Pittsburg, with 24 out of 25 at 30yds. The work of Tolsma, Crosby, Spencer, Gilbert and others was phenomenal under the conditions and handicap.

A number of Canadian boys were with us, and we enjoyed them very much, as they are all true sportsmen and good fellows. It is said the boys all enjoyed the entertainment furnished them by Manager Foster, through the courtesy of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association at the smoker, but a number of them were heard to sing, "Go way and let me sleep" as their bell rang for breakfast the following morning.

Feb. 15, First Day.

The weather conditions were unfavorable. There was a sharp north wind, a bright sun and a glare from the snow. The targets did not revolve, and therefore were difficult to break.

Gilbert, Crosby and Spencer came from Brenham, Tex., and the veteran Budd from Des Moines, Ia.; H. W. Vietmeier, Chicago; C. W. Phellis, Mechanicsburg, O., and L. H. Schortemeier, New York.

Alex. Tolsma, of Detroit, holder of the Gilman and Barnes trophy for 1904, was high gun for the day, breaking 176 out of a possible 200. Gilbert and Wood were tied for second at 173, and Spencer and Fisher for third at 172. Tolsma wins the diamond badge offered by Messrs. Foster and Parker, the promoters of the shoot. Scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of shooters with their scores. Includes names like Tolsma, Gilbert, Wood, Spencer, Fisher, Schortemeier, Crosby, Schuman, Tripp, Scane, Cox, McMacken, Phellis, McKall, Conover, Stanley, Taylor, Budd, Clark, Vietmeier, J E Reed, L A Reed, Gaylord, Chapman, Dalton, Albion, Jarvis, Sparks, Gill, Lamerand, Nacker, Johnson, and Rcnick.

Feb. 16, Second Day.

A strong west wind helped the birds materially. There were four events on the programme, but the last, a miss-and-out event, was omitted owing to the lateness of the hour.

In the 6 bird event there were sixteen shooters who scored straight; in the 9-bird shoot five scored straight, and nine scored 10 in the third event.

C G Spencer, of St Louis, Mo., was high man; Charles Budd, of Des Moines, Ia.; A. H. King, of Pittsburg, Pa., who at one time was holder of the Gilman and Barnes trophy; I. Chapman, of Fulton, N. Y., and Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., were tied for second with 24 each. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill.; R. Coffee, Mort Mayhew, of Marcy, N. Y.; H. Scane, of Ridgetown, Ont.; H. G. Taylor, of Mecklin, S. D., and Spring Smith of Detroit, were in for third money with 23 apiece. The scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of shooters with their scores. Includes names like Scane, R Coffee, Chapman, Tolsma, Jarvis, Gies, Alban, Galton, Gaylor, Doods, McCall, Mayhew, Taylor, Fischer, Scott, Cox, and Crosby.

The conditions were: Event 1, 6 live birds, entrance \$5; \$10 added. Event 2, 9 live birds, entrance \$7; \$15 added. Event 3, 10 live birds, entrance \$10; \$25 added.

Feb. 17, Third Day.

The contest of the day was the international live-bird event for Gilman and Barnes International live-bird championship trophy, 25 live birds, \$25; \$100 added; high gun division of moneys.

A strong wind from the west favored the birds.

Mr. R. R. Bennett, of Pittsburg, won the trophy. He is the fifteenth winner. It was presented to Jack Parker in 1890 by Gilman & Barnes, proprietors of the Hotel Des-Chree-Shos-Ka, and was first shot for on Fighting Island that year. Those who have won the medal since then are: L. T. Duryea, Glencove, L. I., 1890; H. L. King, Cincinnati, 1891; Rolla Heikes, Dayton, O., 1892; A. H. King, Pittsburg, 1893; Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, 1894; J. H. Bortel, River Rouge, 1895; T. W. Latham, Cleveland, 1896; Jake Klein, Detroit, 1897; R. D. Emslie, St. Thomas, Ont., 1898; R. Bates, Ridgetown, Ont., 1899 and 1901; William Ellison, Nashville, Tenn., 1902; Frank Weatherhead, 1903; Alex. Tolsma, Detroit, 1904 and R. R. Bennett, Pittsburg, 1905.

The scores for the trophy shoot follow: King (30) 22, Bennett (29) 24, Crosby (33) 23, Gilbert (33) 22, Spencer (32) 21, Gill (26) 21, Phellis (29) 22, Marshall (31) 21, Tolsma (31) 22, Mayhew (30) 22, Scane (30) 23, Smith (27) 22, Taylor (29) 21, J. Marks (29) 21, Chapman (30) 23, Coffey (29) 22, J. E. Reid (28) 22, L. H. Reid (29) 18, Sparkins (27) 16, Clark (28) 21, James (27) 21.

Riverside Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 22.—The Riverside Gun Club's midwinter tournament had about fifty participants. The target championship was won by Mr. John Watts, of Deerfield Corners, a well-known and popular sportsman of central New York.

In the merchandise event No. 6, the winners were Messrs. Clifford M. Teller, Kretzer, Bert Biddlecome, G. Walling, D. Loughlin, S. Walling, Walter L. Race, John Watts, A. E. Conley, W. A. Lewis, Walter Milgate, Wilson.

Shooters came from Cohocton, Norwich, Albion, Little Falls, Marcy, Herkimer, Richfield, Springs, Waterville and Sherburne, J. H. Briggs was the trade representative present. Messrs. John McElwaine, George L. Waters and D. and E. J. Loughlin had the tournament in charge.

About 5,000 targets were thrown:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of shooters with their scores. Includes names like Conley, E Loughlin, C Teller, W Lewis, Carney, Race, D Loughlin, Kretzer, M Teller, Visscher, Lawrence, Ballistite, Gangloff, Pierce, Mayhew, Fleck, Biddlecome, Johnson, Deck, Schultz, Jones, G Walling, Graham, S Walling, Cann, A Walling, Wheeler, Clarke, Palmiter, Miller, Morgan, Weber, Hubbard, Wilson, Sabine, Cook, Watts, Crossman, Bacon, Milgate, Maine, Wickham, Kaley, Dooley, R Hughes, De Bee, and Davis.

At Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 24.—The scores of this shoot, held on the grounds of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, Feb. 22, are appended. The birds were a fine lot. Weather very raw and cold. The following day the tie was shot off at 10 o'clock, Wellington winning the shoot-off, with Hoffner second. Both of these men are from our city. Mr. Stephens is from Oxford, Pa. There were two miss-and-outs after the ties, of which Wellington succeeded in winning both of the miss-and-out races, killing 29 birds straight.

We had a very successful shoot throughout.

Keystone Trap Shot Wad Co.'s trophy, 20 birds, entrance \$10, birds included; four moneys:

Table with columns for names of shooters and their scores. Includes names like Oliver, L C Smith, D H Herrold, Stanley, Hawley, Fritz, Sylmar, Stephens, Godcharles, McKelvey, Walls, Curtis, Derk, Woods, Roy, Boyd, Wellington, Hoffman, Patrick, Parker, Albert, and Steward.

Ties for trophy shot off at 10 birds:

Table with names of shooters and their scores for the tie. Includes Stephens, Wellington, and Hoffman.

Dickey Bird Tournament.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 21.—We wish to withdraw our dates of March 20 to 25, for a tournament, and in doing so make the following explanation, which we hope you will publish in your columns:

It was our intention to give an indoor tournament in Kansas City's celebrated Convention Hall. We intended to make it a very elaborate affair, and in addition to a tournament, have a small-sized sportsman's show, confining the displays to lines closely allied to trapshooting.

We expected to make backstops of iron, on which would be painted signs of the firms interested. We found that we could arrange the hall so that the targets would have a flight of 30yds. right and left, and 45yds. straightaway before striking the backstops. We proposed to add \$100 per day to the regular programme, and further, to purchase a return ticket (no matter how far) for every man shooting 1,000 targets during the week. Arrangements were made for continuing the programme through the evening and including a number of special features, sure to attract a large crowd.

We have received considerable encouragement from the firms interested in promoting the shooting game. They all recognize the novelty of the tournament and the fact that it will attract universal attention. A number of them write us, however, that they will be unable to get together a suitable exhibit in so short a time. We have therefore decided to postpone the shoot until just before or just after Jan. 1, 1906. We intend to make this tournament and exhibition the biggest thing of its kind ever held in this country.

As we will not hold the shoot in the hall, we will postpone our outdoor tournament until later in the season, giving way to the Omaha and St. Joseph gun clubs who have taken dates for the same week. Our dates were published Jan. 5, 1906.

W. S. DICKEY CLAY MFG. CO.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Feb. 22.—First high average was won by Warnick, 93.5 per cent.; second high average. Sanders, 92.1 per cent.; third, Adams, 82.1 per cent. Money was divided Rosé system. Scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of shooters with their scores. Includes names like Keller, Wallburg, Adams, Jones, Ferguson, Sanders, H E Grecne, Warnick, Livingston, Valentine, Huyck, Hancox, Holloway, Price, Bryan, Harvey, Underhill, Steves, Lovejoy, Miller, Fitzjohn, Welling, and Knight.

V. WALLBURG, Sec'y.

Target Velocities.

DAYTON, O., Feb. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: Will you kindly find space in your columns for the following target problem? If at 10yds. from the trap the target is thrown 12ft. high, what height will it have to attain to keep it in the air long enough to go 40yds.? At what distance from the trap will its highest rise be? And what will the velocity per second be to carry it the 40yds.?

I would be pleased if some ballistic expert—reader of your, I won't say valuable paper, for that goes without saying—would give a solution to the above. I have tried to work it out, but am not satisfied that I have got the solution to it. TRAP.

[The problem cannot be solved definitely because it has no constants. The wind, gentle or strong, from any direction; the variable power of the springs of different traps, and of the same trap at different times; the targets flying edgewise or sidewise offering variable resisting surfaces; their spinning fast or slow, or not at all are all variants. However, in a general way, they follow the law of all projectiles, describing approximately a parabola; and their highest point of flight is a trifle less than two thirds of the distance thrown.]

Springfield Shooting Association.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—This club celebrated Washington's Birthday by holding a shoot on our grounds at Red House Crossing on the afternoon of Feb. 22. The day was very unfavorable for trapshooting, being cold and windy. However, some good scores were made, all things considered.

Only six shooters turned out, many staying away on account of the weather. Scores follow:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of shooters with their scores. Includes names like Finch, Kites, Snow, Cheesman, Le Noir, and Hawes.

Interstate at Colorado Springs.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 25.—Kindly announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Colorado Springs Colo., Aug. 29, 30 and 31, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs Gun Club. The Colorado Springs Gun Club advises me that it will add \$1,000 cash to the programme events, and in addition to this amount will give professional averages either in cash or suitable trophies. This will undoubtedly be one of the biggest tournaments of the year.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Washington.

Low-Rate Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

MARCH 9 is the date on which will be run the next Personally-Conducted Tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington. This tour will cover a period of three days, affording ample time to visit all the principal points of interest at the National Capital, including the Congressional Library and the new Corcoran Art Gallery. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip and hotel accommodations, \$14.50 or \$12 from New York, \$13 or \$10.50 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points, according to hotel selected. Rates cover accommodations at hotel for two days. Special side trip to Mount Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupon.

Similar tours will be run on March 23, April 6 and 24, and May 18.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; C. Studds, Eastern Passenger Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad street station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

The card of Messrs. Lorillard & Walker appears this week for the first time in our advertising columns. Mr. Frank H. Walker was for a number of years connected with the brokerage department of Messrs. Gardner & Cox. His experience there was varied and thorough, and he is known as a man of rare business and executive ability. Mr. Ernest Lorillard comes from a family of famous yachting men. For a number of years he was in charge of the brokerage department of Mr. A. Cary Smith's business. The practical experience gained there, coupled with his great knowledge of yachts, fully equips him for the new undertaking. Messrs. Lorillard & Walker will carry on a general yacht brokerage and insurance business at 41 Wall street. On their lists will be found practically all the yachts that are in the market.

The Philadelphia Arms Co., makers of fine shotguns ranging in price from \$50 to \$500, have enlarged their plant, and are now better prepared to meet the constantly growing demand for their excellent guns. In our business columns this firm call attention to the strength, symmetry, excellent workmanship, boring, etc., of which more is fully set forth in their illustrated descriptive catalogue, which is sent free to applicants.

Evans' ale is a beverage that has had a popularity extending over a great many years and increasing all the time. It is more generally used to-day than ever before, and has made the brewers, C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, N. Y., widely known throughout the whole country. Men who drink ale or beer would do well to make a trial of Evans' ale, for they will then know the reason of its wide popularity.

Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, etc.

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SMITH GUNS SHOOT WELL.

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Is an indication of strength of character, and the man who possesses it usually knows just what he wants. **INDIVIDUAL GUNS** express the taste and judgment of such men. We make **INDIVIDUAL GUNS**, and we cater to the man who knows just what he wants. Guns and Gloves alike should fit well to give comfort, and comfort makes success doubly sure.

Our purpose in using this valuable space in *FOREST AND STREAM* is to bring ourselves into closer contact with the individual American Sportsman.

Long experience in making Fine Guns to order enables us to assure the sportsman that we can meet his individual requirements. We do not make **cheap guns**. We do not know how. Our energy and experience cannot be wasted in that way.

If you are interested write us now. One who is interested in the best of English gun making will do us a favor by writing us on the subject. We have many interesting details to send to correspondents, showing the records made by the individual Cashmore Guns.

WILLIAM CASHMORE, Maker of Fine Guns, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

For the Sportsman's Wall

FOREST AND STREAM offers to sportsmen a number of beautiful pictures, suitable for framing and hanging on the wall of dining room or den. Of these, four appeal especially to the big-game hunter, and show four characteristic species of North American animals. They are artotype engravings by Bierstadt from original paintings by the celebrated animal painter, Carl Rungius.

- Moose**—Single figure. Plate 12 x 19 on plate paper 22 x 28.
- Elk**—Several figures. Plate 12 x 19 on plate paper 22 x 28.
- Antelope**—Several figures. Plate 9 x 14 on plate paper 19 x 21.
- Mule Deer**—Two figures. Plate 12 x 19 on plate paper 22 x 28.

Two other artotype engravings by Bierstadt, from original paintings by Edmund Osthaus have a vivid interest for the upland shooters. These are

- Close Quarters**—Ripsey, the pointer, on point. Plate 12 x 19 on plate paper 22 x 28.
- Quail Shooting in Mississippi**—Plate 12 x 19 on plate paper 22 x 28.

The price of each of the above is \$3.00, mailed safely in a pasteboard tube. Two will be sent for \$5.00.

The duck shooter will be interested in a series of colored photographs which we now offer for the first time. These are

- The Goose Shooter**—Two photographs showing the gunner in his blind surrounded by decoys.
- Canada Goose**—Large figures of a goose standing on a bar.
- No Rubber Boots**—The gunner wading out in shoal water to recover his birds.
- The Duck Hunters**—The gunner in the bow of a gunning float being paddled by his companion up to ducks on the water.

Each of these prints is 6 x 8 inches in size, mounted on a card 11 x 14 and all are beautifully and naturally colored by hand. Price \$2.00 each.

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A volume of 32 full-page pictures of popular subjects, similar to those in Christmas issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

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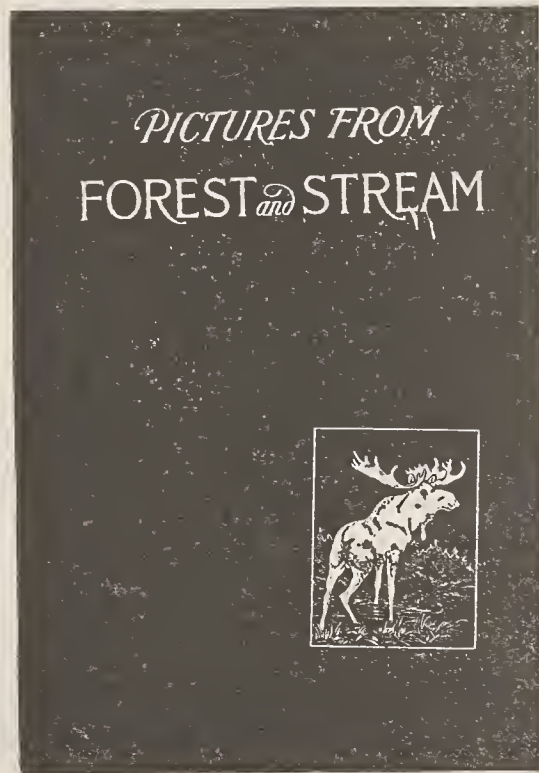
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Moose, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, Virginia deer, mule deer and buffalo are shown in scenes which have in them the spirit of the wild creatures and their surroundings. Each picture is an accurate portrait of the subject and has a pleasing landscape setting as well. Of smaller game there are field scenes in which figure the quail, ruffed grouse; and a number of splendid reproductions of Audubon bird pictures. The dog pictures by Osthaus and the yachting scenes round out the volume, and make it all in all a very comprehensive volume of American outdoor sports.

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| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - - - J. J. Audubon |
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| 5. "What's That?" (Antelope), - - - - - Carl Rungius | 21. The American Plover, - - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 6. The Home of the White Goat. Photo by H. T. Folsom | 22. Rap Full, Schooner Constellation in a North Easter, - - - - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair off Larchmont, - - - - - Photo by Jas. Burton |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - - - Carl Rungius |
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| 10. Calling the Buffalo—4 Packing the Meat. E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer) - - - - - E. Osthaus |
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| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - - - - J. J. Audubon | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), - - - - - W. P. Davison |

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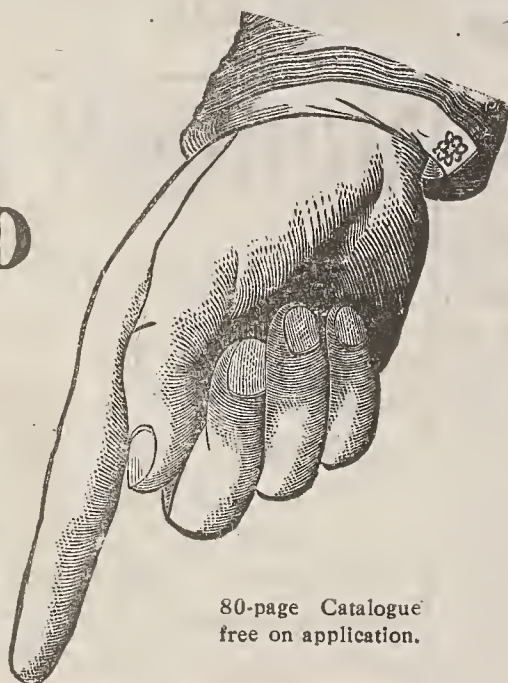
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W. W. Greener special presentation quality Imperial Ejector, with Sir Joseph Whitworth fluid steel barrels. Shown at the World's Fair at St. Louis and greatly admired for its splendid balance. Has a dark Italian walnut full pistol grip stock, with Silver's anti-recoil pad. Carved shell fence. Action and guard completely covered with the most elaborate relief engraving. Both barrels full choke. Dimensions: 12-ga., 30-in. barrels, 7 lbs. 8 oz. weight, 2½-in. drop, 14½-in. stock. This magnificent gun has never been shot and is like new. Special net price...\$400.00

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Greener double 4-bore, weighing 22 lbs., and cost new \$450.00. It has a fine pair of Damascus barrels without pit or flaw, 40-in. long, stock, 14 in., heavy Silver's recoil pad, half pistol grip, 3-in drop, and it is one of the most powerful guns we have ever seen. Price.....\$200.00 net

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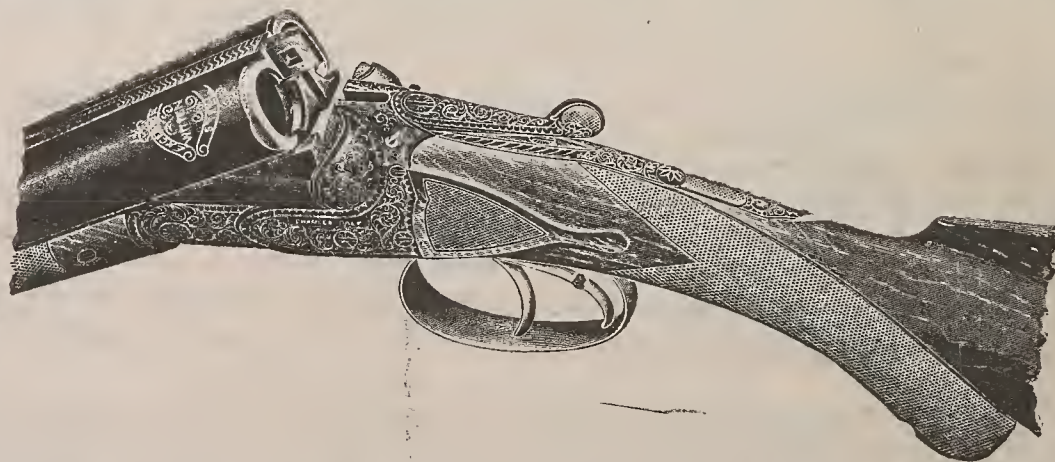
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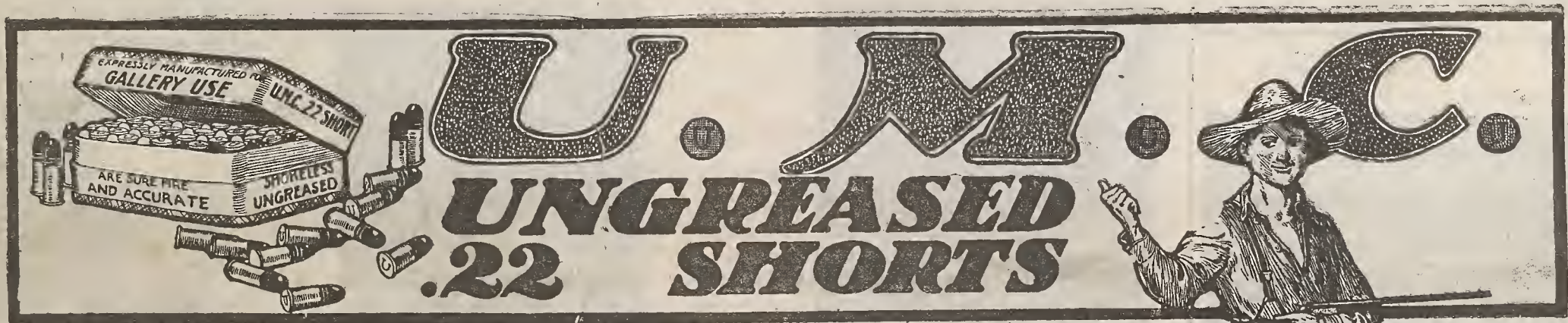
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FACTORY LOADED "LEADER" SHELLS

This highly important event, which is annually sought by the best shots of America, was the principal match of the Second Grand Sportsman's Handicap, which was held at Detroit, Mich., Feb. 15-16-17, there being in all 26 entries. Mr. R. R. Bennett, of Pittsburg, Pa., won with the score of 24 out of 25 birds, from the 30-yard mark, receiving the Gilman & Barnes Trophy, which is the emblem of this championship. The weather conditions under which this match was shot were severe enough to test the eye and nerve of the greatest expert—and the experts were there. This, of course, reflects great credit upon Mr. Bennett's skill, but—suppose he had used unreliable or inferior shells? Skill in shooting is of little avail if faulty ammunition is used. Mr. Bennett looked out for that part of it, and supplied himself with the best shells he could buy so as not to take any chances; in other words, he used Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, which are unequalled for reliability, pattern, penetration and killing qualities under any conditions. Winchester Factory Loaded Shells were also used by Alec Tolsma, who won high average the first day; and by Chas. Spencer, who won high average the second day with a straight score of 25 birds, which was remarkable under the circumstances. If you are not satisfied with your shooting, the trouble may be with your "load." Next time you shoot, change to Winchester Factory Loaded Shells and you will never change again; for they are

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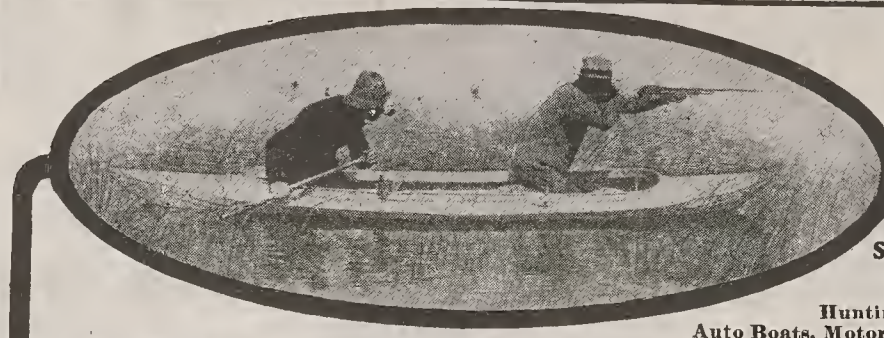
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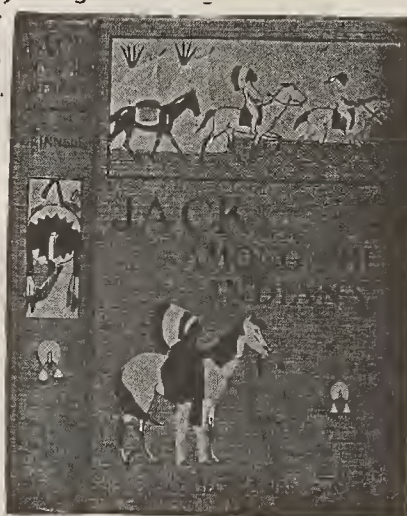
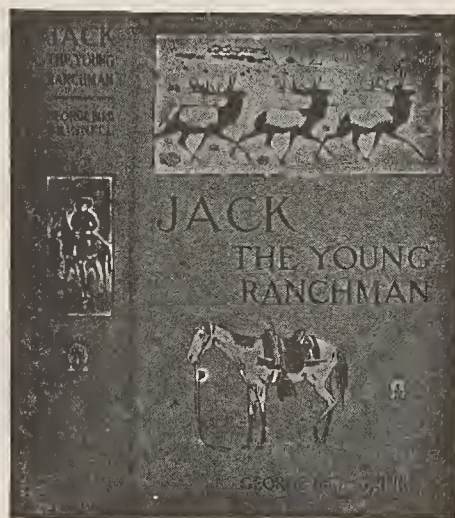
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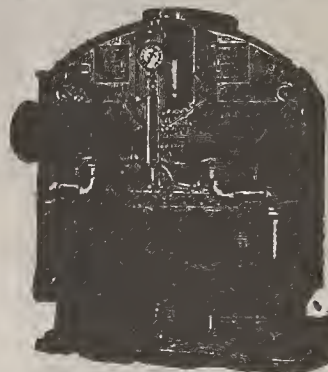
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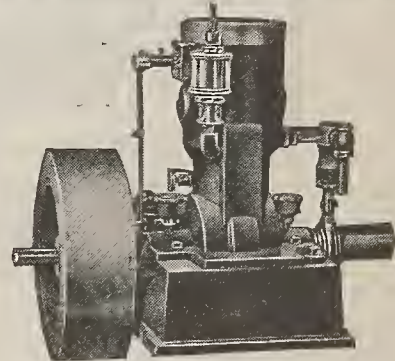
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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LAKE CHAMPLAIN FISH.

THE big fish cat the little ones. Basing his argument on this familiar axiom, Mr. Bainbridge Bishop, in an article printed in our angling columns, argues that the present system of fish protection on Lake Champlain is wrong in principle. The fishing in the lake is not what it used to be; and while New York and Vermont and Canadian anglers have been working on the theory that the depletion is due to netting, Mr. Bishop strongly contends that it is the result of unwise protection of redaceous species. In the pickerel, garpike and masinongé he finds the agencies of destruction with which it purposeless to endeavor to cope by restocking. It may be recalled that a similar argument has been employed to account for the poor fishing of the St. Lawrence River. The remedy proposed is simple. Outlaw the pickerel and the garpike; permit gunning and spearing, and allow netting under restrictions. In other words, reverse the present system of protection. It would be profitable to learn the views of others familiar with the Lake Champlain fishing situation.

WYOMING BIG-GAME REFUGE.

THE State of Wyoming has recently taken a long step forward in the direction of big-game protection, and the law published in another column shows just what has been done.

The Yellowstone National Park is an inviolable sanctuary for big game, but a great part of the Park contains merely summer range. While the flats of the Yellowstone and Gardiner River furnish good winter grazing grounds, most of the southern portion of the Park is uninhabitable for game in the winter on account of deep snows and insufficient food. Thus, at the coming of the winter snows, most of the large game that summers in the National Park is obliged to leave the high mountains where it is safe, and go down into the lower and more wind-swept country. When it leaves the Park it is likely to become—in that sparsely settled country—a prey to pretty much whoever may wish to kill it. Unless they are protected while in this winter range, the numbers of the elk that summer in the southern portion of the Park must constantly grow smaller, and the final outcome would be that in the Park there will be left only that herd which winters along the Yellowstone River.

The greatest number of elk now existing in America is found in and immediately about the Yellowstone Park, and it is here that the greatest effort should be made to protect them. For several years unremitting efforts have been made to induce Congress to authorize the President to set aside game refuges within the forest reserves, and Congress had given such authority no doubt we should before this have had a great refuge adjacent to the National Park. Congress did not do this, however, and was left to the State of Wyoming to take this wise action, and to set aside a great State game refuge—a tract of about 1,100 square miles—equal to one-third of the Yellowstone Park, in which hunting is absolutely prohibited at all seasons of the year. This State refuge is in many respects well adapted to a winter range, for it has wide valleys and many high, bald hills, which the winter winds sweep free from snow.

The idea of having the State of Wyoming establish such a game refuge originated, we believe, with Mr. A. A. Anderson, the artist, who also bears the title Special Superintendent Yellowstone Forest Reserve. Mr. Anderson has spent much time in the region south and southwest of the Park, and knows it very thoroughly. The work of protecting it is with him a labor of love, and within a year or two he has done a great deal of good in keeping the foreign sheep off this forest reserve. Not long ago he went to Wyoming and urged upon the Legis-

lature, then in session, the action which was soon after taken. That this action was wise no one who has studied the subject can doubt. Looking at the matter purely from the most cold-blooded viewpoint of dollars and cents, it is evident that the protection of game here during the whole year will very greatly increase the supply of game which each year comes down into the hunting country of Wyoming, and will thus bring into the State a constantly greater number of hunters, whose good money will benefit the State of Wyoming and its residents. All sportsmen and all persons interested in game legislation will congratulate the Wyoming Legislature on its wise and far-seeing action.

THE SENSE OF DIRECTION.

NO CLASS of dog stories is more common than is that of the dog which, taken a long way from home, finds its way back over an unknown road by the exercise of observation or sense of direction. In a recent letter, Alfred R. Wallace, the distinguished scientist, points out that though such printed stories are innumerable, they do not contain all the data essential to drawing conclusive deductions; and he suggests that the mystery of the dog's performance is to be solved only by experiments several times repeated, for the purpose of ascertaining exactly what a dog does when left in a strange place many miles from home, to which it has been brought by a circuitous route and so confined as to be quite unable to use its sight. For such an experiment to be conclusive, Mr. Wallace points out it is essential "(1) that the dog's history is known, so that it can never possibly have been in the district it is taken to; (2) that a person quite unknown to the dog is present when it is turned loose, and keeps it in sight during the whole day, making careful notes of all its actions. If this were done with, say, half a dozen carefully chosen dogs, two or three times with each, a great deal of real knowledge would be obtained which would probably settle the question as to the possession of a sense of direction. In these first experiments the distance need not be great, ten to twenty miles being sufficient if it were quite certain that the intervening country was unknown to the dog." Here is an inviting field of experiment which many persons are in a position to undertake; and properly conducted the tests would result in the securing of valuable data.

WATER POLLUTION AND FISH.

TO PUT an end to the mill waste pollution of fish-inhabited or inhabitable waters, is one of the most perplexing problems we have to do with in the whole field of fish protection. As a rule, the laws are everywhere inadequate; if they are sufficient in the letter of their provisions, they are weak in the execution. Everywhere the country over, streams once yielding a bounteous supply have long since been utterly and permanently ruined by having been converted into sewers for refuse which destroys all life. To deprecate this, to denounce it, to demand a remedy, to enact laws, to call for their enforcement—all this is the natural and conventional course of procedure. But it usually ends just there. The mill interests are so enormous and so powerful that, as experience amply shows, it is practically impossible to cope with them. They defeat effective legislation. They defy the execution of laws which actually interfere with their interests. They are so powerful that they have been able and are now able to carry on their water polluting operations with practical immunity.

No more important thing remains to be done to-day in the field of fish protection and restoration and maintenance than the clearing of the waterways of these pollutions and the keeping of them clear in the future, to the end that fish may live in them. We have accomplished wonders in the development of the art of producing fish. Given the waters to mature and maintain the stock, our National and State commissioners could provide the fish in illimitable supply. The cleansing of brook and river and lake would add millions of dollars' worth of food to the people of this country annually. And the solution of the water pollution problem ought not to be beyond the wisdom of the time to discover and apply.

THE United States Geological Survey has just published a preliminary report of the investigations made by Marshall O. Leighton, Chief of the Survey's Division of

Hydro-Economics, of the waters of Lake Champlain with reference to their pollution by wood pulp mills. It may be recalled that the investigation was undertaken at the request of Governor McCullough, of Vermont, some time ago, who represented that as Lake Champlain was an interstate body of water, such an investigation should appropriately be conducted under national authority. As to the Bouquet River, which flows into Lake Champlain from the Adirondacks, Mr. Leighton finds that the waters of the river below the Champlain mills of the New York and Pennsylvania Company, at Willsboro, are "preferable to many waters which are used daily for domestic purposes and concerning which no complaint is ever made." An extensive series of analyses of the water of the lake itself at this point demonstrated that it was not affected by the waste from the Willsboro pulp mill beyond the maximum distance of 2,000 feet, and usually not beyond 1,000 feet from the mouth of the Bouquet River, provided that the sedimentation bed installed at the Willsboro mill is used.

In the Ausable River Mr. Leighton found a much more serious condition of things. Here the sulphide pulp waste from the pulp and paper mills of the J. & J. Rogers Company is seen in a black or very dark purple discoloration of the water. At certain points of slack water the bottom of the stream is covered with this waste pulp, and considerable putrefaction takes place, the whole mass flows along the twenty miles intervening between Ausable Forks and the lake, "inky black in color, and generally unattractive in appearance. Analysis shows that there is no doubt whatever concerning the damaging effect of the waste upon the river. This sulphide waste is carried for considerable distances into the lake, and undoubtedly a certain amount of damage is done to the water. The waste pulp itself can, however, exert no harmful effects."

Again, Mr. Leighton claims that practically the entire shore from Colchester Point to Shelburne Bay, including the intake of the Burlington city water supply, is contaminated by sewage from the city of Burlington and from Winooski River.

STILL MARCHING ON.

THE FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank—Forbid the sale of game at all seasons—has just won a new indorsement. Missouri has incorporated it in the game law prepared by the Audubon Society. The anti-sale principle has in these later years come into general recognition as the basis of an effective system of protection. It is of almost universal adoption. In the States where it has not yet been incorporated in the law, the game dealers are making strenuous efforts to prevent its application, as they did in Missouri. When one remembers that the St. Louis game market has in times past been the collecting and distributing point for vast quantities of game, the tremendous import of the anti-sale law may be appreciated. The anti-sale system is now of almost universal application. It has come to stay, because it strikes at the root of a great evil.

By another section of the new game law, Missouri has come back into the Union. That is to say, it has retreated from the position so long held of forbidding hunting by non-residents, and henceforth will permit shooting by citizens of other States under a \$15 license.

THE imported pheasants which have been put out in the neighborhood of Canandaigua, Fairport and other towns of central New York, are reported to have done well, multiplying and appearing to be healthy and well fed. With all other game, they have suffered severely this winter. If they survive the season of 1904-5 it may be accepted that they can stand the climate, and the stocking enterprise may be regarded as a demonstrated success. Just how valuable an acquisition as a new game bird the pheasant will prove, is still a subject of conjecture. It is said that the farmers in the localities where the birds have been put out are by no means friendly to them, for they assert that the pheasant is a destroyer of grain.

THAT was a wonderful performance by Mr. R. C. Leonard in the rubber frog casting competition in Madison Square Garden last week, when he made the score of 143 feet 7 inches. It is the record to date, and a cast which is not likely soon to be surpassed unless by Mr. R. C. Leonard.



After Caribou with the Crees.

PHILLIP WARD and John Sampson were the two full-blooded Crees that the Hudson's Bay Company had procured for me for a winter's hunt into the caribou country of northern Quebec, and from previous arrangements with them they had erected somewhere in the woods a little cabin of logs and bark. This, of course, they did slowly on their journeys to and from the post and their own country further to the north, where their tribe borders on the Esquimaux.

Phillip was talkative—very much so for an Indian—and this exceptional trait helped a long way to pass some of those cold, cold days and nights that we found in the frozen land of Canada. Sampson, poor fellow, who, just a few days before we arrived had lost his son by drowning, was reticent, but reliable. They were good hunters, and up to within a few years lived on Hudson Bay where cold and hunger pinches even the Indians. They related their experiences, which were very interesting, when we once had them launched in story-telling.

It was the wish of my wife and me to try the woods in midwinter, and as moose were out of season, caribou with some trapping was to take its place. It did not take long to reach Quebec, where we procured our heavy woolen undergarments, much better and cheaper than can be bought in this country; soft moccasins, socks, duffle, snowshoes, mitts, caps and blankets were awaiting us at the post, and everything was reasonable and of the best. The four-point blankets I consider far superior to any sleeping bag; they are large enough to fold in three parts, then held by large safety pins in this position made nine thicknesses of blanket to be used as the temperature warranted. I found that it took almost as much covering under one's body as over to keep warm, but we had enough. With a rubber air bed one thickness is sufficient under you, but they cannot be carried in cold weather without great risk of breaking; the rubber seems very brittle and one small break or crack would make them useless. That is why we had to endure the "com-

hardest place to fill satisfactorily was that of the leader. A dog that pulled a good stroke was a loafer when in the van, and vice-versa. The most satisfactory way we eventually found was to put the largest and most unruly one next to the toboggan. The leader that showed the most intelligence was a small spaniel-like dog, and he would follow a trail very well, even when the Indian who was breaking the trail was out of sight. We all had gotten on so far in fairly good shape; the loaded toboggan had capsized a number of times, and we had lost a little food, broken a piece out of the spare snowshoes, and had a shaking up generally. Already the fatigue of snowshoe walking was commencing to tell on us tenderfeet, for we had had frequent falls, and how those bushes would smart when they stung our cold faces! A couple of hot cups of tea with a few pieces of toasted bread that we had brought from the post, together with a can of emergency ration made into a nice mush, gave us a good lunch, and we were off again. Along toward dusk, and when we were getting a wee bit uneasy, we came to a lake, and the teams—with which we could not keep up during those last few miles—had not waited at the lake; the tracks were very plain, however, but the approaching darkness made one feel sort of queer, besides the Indians had showed us any amount of wolf tracks on the way in. This had been a discouraging sign as far as game was concerned, for the chances were that they would drive the deer away. Anyhow, we kept on over the lake, and just as we rounded a point at the far end, our little shack loomed up. Every dog was tied to a separate tree, the men were busy cutting wood. We soon got some of the "stuff" unloaded, the fire started, water on and supper under way, then retired. I am sorry I could not say, as did Mr. Stewart White, "Instantly it was morning," but the morning eventually came, and the greater part of it was spent in improving that bed and fixing up things. The roof leaked a little from the heat of the stove; but by sweeping all the snow off and keeping it so, we had no more trouble. It seems strange the amount of annoyance a trifle will cause one sometimes. The cold, hard work

and our plans were mapped out for the day. Our first day was to be spent in setting traps, of which we had fifteen; about one-half were set that day and the rest of the following day. The weather was very poor for trapping, as invariably it would snow a few inches every night, completely covering up the bait or trap, although they were set in the usual way with a brush covering. The wind helped to do this, and then we usually found a rabbit (or more properly speaking a hare) for our pains. After spending a few days in resetting the traps we found it took so much time that it was impossible to hunt, a was necessary to find caribou, so we gave it up; but late a mink and a lynx were added to our collection. To fill the larder, snares were set around the lake, and every morning while Phillip and I were out looking for tracks my wife and Sampson were gathering in the white ones. Now and then a live rabbit would be found with the noose around the poor thing's neck, but he was always let go. They were so plentiful and so easy to catch that in a few days enough had been bagged to keep us for some time, and that branch was stopped. But the partridges, although not plentiful, were in sufficient number that we could generally get two or three in a morning's hunt, and that sport now occupied the time of the "stay-at-homes."

My wife had a Parker 28-gauge, and for that purpose it couldn't be beaten; it was so light for her to lug through the woods, and when snow is on the ground the walking is much harder; at least that was our experience. The weight of five and three-quarters of a pound is fine especially for a woman, and the load strong enough for grouse and rabbits; besides, for the same weight, one can carry almost twice as many shells as you can with a 12 gauge. A little .22 was along, but the .28 was the favorite. The little noise the gun makes is a great factor while in big-game country.

The late spring was the reason given for there being so few birds, but there were enough for a good stew now and then both of birch and spruce partridges, mostly the latter.



THE PARTY—THREE BUCKS AND A SQUAW.



LUNCH AT 30 BELOW ZERO.

fort" (I can't see it) of a browse bed. Each day the Indians added more spruce, but with a few hours' use the bed would be flat and hard as ever, it seemed. Anyhow, we slept and shivered.

After everything had been bought and packed, and after the dogs (two teams of four each) were beaten a few times, we were off. Experience came fast and furious to us on this novel and exhilarating hunt, and one of the first things found out was to not use anything that has or had a drop of oil in it. The amount of flour, rice, etc., distributed along the trail due to the oiled canvas bags cracking open with the least jar or rub, taught us this. Another thing was to wear loose clothing, keep away from the fire no matter how cold you were, and "go lighter next time." Our course was almost due north, and by the time we "boiled the kettle" for our noonday meal we had put, I suppose, ten miles to the dogs' credit. I say to their credit and my disgrace, because I rode on the toboggan over the lakes; going through the woods on the snowshoes was most laborious work, mostly because the fall was light and very soft, this causing a sinking of about nine inches and lifting a good deal of snow at every step. How my wife stood it I don't know; anyhow she said nothing, but trudged along. I will admit that she rode a little more than I did and had nothing to carry. This was the dogs' first trip this year, and they were very wild and green, constantly fighting or tangling themselves up. I believe the dogs and their antics caused more inward swearing and outward laughter than anything else. Each animal had its characteristic, and I enjoyed watching and trying to study them. Some were husky, some straight dog and the rest a mixture. About every mile or so Phillip—who was the possessor of this live stock—would change their relative positions. The

and bad luck at the traps were nothing compared to the bother a miserable little mouse made for this camp. No sooner were we in bed and the candles out than he commenced, first in the woodpile, scratching and gnawing, then among the tins, and many an hour of sleep was lost on account of this little creature. Into traps he would not go, nor did we have any poison, but by great patience he was finally shot, only to find that on the next night the racket continued, and then we gave it up, as there was no telling how many there were.

To return to the arrangement for our hunting and trapping; that was to commence with as little loss of time as possible. We spent the balance of the first day in getting everything in first class shape; there were the provisions to put in individual bags and suspended from the roof where the rodents couldn't get them; the blankets shaken and made into bag form, wood cut and stowed; camera, gun, field glasses, and all such fittings placed that they could be easily found, and lastly a small store house made outside for meats and supplies that had to be kept cold. The camp had a couple of tables, so the only fixing necessary to do in that line was to cut a couple of extra seats. That night was better, and we dispensed with getting up every few hours to build the fire, although ice formed in the camp every night. Before daylight one of the Indians would come in and build the fire, recut the hole in the ice, fetch water and depart to his tent to await the first and only call to breakfast. My wife did all of the cooking, preferring to do the work herself than let either of the men do it. In less than an hour from the time the fire was started a good meal was ready, generally consisting of biscuits, ham (until we got caribou), boiled rice or potatoes and tea; sometimes we had stewed fruit, onions, chocolate, beans and preserves. After breakfast, and when the dishes were washed, daylight would come,

Many miles with rifle, ax and lunch pail did Phillip and I travel before we found tracks, and then, after following them until it was time to go home, did we get the first sight of the barren's own child. The wolf tracks were everywhere, and some nights the dogs would keep us such an infernal barking that sleep was out of the question. They either heard or smelled them, as we ran across their fresh tracks often on the lake we were camped on. They were never seen, and I only heard them once, and that in the late afternoon. A few deer were seen, but not shot at, besides they were especially shy. The wolves were hot on the trail, and many times did the telltale tracks show where they were in full pursuit. Jumps of fifteen feet were found made by these brutes, and the foot-prints larger than any dog's I ever saw. About the second week, within a few miles and after a light snow had fallen, we found fresh caribou tracks; they had been a number and we lost no time in following. They were going right against the wind, and up to noon were still going. A short rest with a cold lunch and thermometer that registered 29 degrees below zero when we left in the morning, caused us to tarry but a short while, and within an hour we saw them lying down in a fairly open spot in some burnt woods. Look as we could no large heads were to be seen, but as we needed the meat we picked out apparently the largest and let the .405 do the rest. It did, and the animal only went about fifty feet. There must have been a dozen that jumped up, but none had heads any larger than the one down. He was dead when we got to him, and the bullet had gone completely through, but a little too high considering we had gotten so close to him—not over fifty yards. After getting the head and a small piece of meat off, we completely covered him with snow to keep him from freezing, and then hurried to camp, which was fully six miles, and it was

ll into the afternoon then. The days are so short at that time of the year, and we were so far north, that I better when about dusk we came out on our own lake. The Indians are wonders in finding their way in those woods. There were no hills or other landmarks, and though they had not been in this particular locality for years, they could go straight through the brush and strike the lake just about where they wanted to, nor did they use a compass. That night we fairly gorged on meat, and consequently I had a good dose of nightmare; but at that time was more careful, and had no second attack. Taking our lunches and our dog team, we went straight to our caribou and got it out with little trouble; nothing disturbed it, and there was enough meat to last for a long time—in fact, a shoulder was brought home.

We were entitled to another head, and as I wanted a better one and the Indians could use the meat, we continued to hunt. Caribou hunting in that country was the best work I ever had, and at night I would be entirely unaided. We always carried the snowshoes, but only used them about half the time on account of the density of the trees. The snow was light enough to do without them in places; besides, the heavy underbrush made walking with them almost impossible. The wrenches, strainers and falls we got (I in particular) made it very laborious work, but that was part of the hunting, and had to be endured. From the way caribou are hunted and shot in New Foundland, one is apt to lose respect for the sport. My friend just returning from that country tells me that he saw and counted over two hundred caribou in a couple of weeks, he simply having to sit behind a blind and raise his head. The New Foundland caribou are magnificent animals, and it seems a shame that they can be so easily slaughtered. They are there by the thousands, they say, but so were the buffalo, by the millions, but now nothing remains.

The hunting as I found it on this trip was the nearest approach to true hunting and stalking that I have ever seen, and the only pity is that the Quebec caribou are superior to those of New Foundland. No moose tracks were seen at all, and the few deer we ran across we let pass.

My limited experience has made me think moose are the easiest animal of the deer tribe to get; and why is it so large and valuable an animal appears so stupid? I have seen them and caribou stand and look at you for the longest time, and in the case of the caribou even after they had been fired. Where would the Virginia deer have been by that time?

We had been on these long tramps every day now for a week in quest of the second head, and had visited the likely marshes and bogs, but without success. If I had been after deer or moose we would have known where they were none about and moved; but caribou are here today and somewhere else to-morrow, and so we hunted and one day (the coldest we had, 30 below with a dead wind) we set out as usual only with a sweater and extra clothing, and had gone to a small lake about ten miles to the northwest, when we struck a couple of

more pain. There he was down and had not seen us, about fifty yards off. One shot now killed him almost instantly, and such a sight he was! How this or any other animal had gone so long or lived at all was a wonder; the bullet had struck about the middle of his back, just under the backbone. It had made a very small hole in entering, but the exit showed a hole as large as a saucer; in fact, so large that without touching him you could look right down and into his entrails. He had bled very little externally on account of the wound being so far up, but had filled up completely inside. So much for the shocking power of this new rifle, and without exception I believe it



THE LYNX, AND A GOOD SIZED ONE.

the best hunting arm made in this country to-day. I have killed instantly other game with it, but that is another story. The trajectory is very flat, the recoil I felt less than the .35, real or imaginary, and I found it very accurate. There was not much excuse for such poor shooting, but the intense cold, excitement and fatigue had helped to unsettle me. We did nothing but clean and cover him with snow, as the day was going very fast and he would keep providing the wolves did not find him. They did not, and the dog team, after their usual one-meal-a-day of rolled oats, took him out, and, outside of the head, was all used by the Indians. The hide will make many a pair of moccasins, and such footwear as they make. I was afraid of cold feet and had foolishly taken rubber and oil-tan shoe packs; the first nearly froze me, and the second cracked open besides blistering and

form and rust or fog the glass when you bring them in a warm place.

Every one going out with an Indian or alone should carry a small ax and a hunting knife (the latter should not be the usual kind with six or eight-inch blade, but one of four or five-inch blade), matches, compass, and last, but not least, a "ditty bag" containing string, salt, fish-hooks and line, a few ounces of chocolate, a field cleaner for your rifle, rags, and any little thing that you think might be useful in case you miss your way.

After spending several days in cleaning the heads of the caribou, the mink and the lynx, gathering in the traps and picking out a couple of good hares and partridges for mounting, we were ready to start, and as the Indians intended coming back for a few days in the near future to get more winter meat, we left all their belongings, and one dog team took in everything we had left. During our stay at the little shack the men had lived in the tent; in fact, they had two "A" tents fitted together, and with a stove were fairly comfortable. They kept the fire going all night, while in our hut toward morning it was nearly as cold inside as it was outside.

The travel was very rough going in, the extra snow having covered the holes and uneven places so that every place looked alike, and you did not know where to step. The post was reached in good time, the men paid off, and a most novel and enjoyable trip ended.

STEPHEN P. M. TASKER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Theory of the Canyon Wind.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writer of "As It Happened in the Cañon," in the "Game Bag and Gun Department" of February 25, incidentally states the fact that the wind always blows up a cañon in the daytime and down it at night, and says he never has figured out why it is so. Doubtless most persons who have been much in the mountains have noted the facts, which are substantially as stated by the writer of the sketch; but out of my experience I ask leave to modify the statement thus: In the daytime, when the wind blows, it blows up a cañon; in the night there is always a down-cañon wind. My observation is confined virtually to the mountain regions of the West.

Many windless days have I known in the mountains—days when the air in the cañons was without movement, hot and oppressive; but always at dusk a gentle breeze flowed down the cañons, and continued through a great part of the night. Often toward morning, however, movement of air currents ceased.

In some cañons I have observed that during the summer the atmosphere was at rest through the morning and early forenoon, and that the up-cañon wind started at a regular hour, as if it were running on a fixed schedule. I recall to mind how my team of sharpshooters was beaten in a 500-yard rifle match, shot over a range at the



IN THE LAND OF THE CREES.



OUR WINTER QUARTERS.

h tracks that were apparently but a few hours old, must have followed three or four miles, but luckily were taking us nearer the camp when we saw them. A cow and a bull were looking right at us about thirty feet off. Neither of us expected to get that close, though we were tracking them with extreme caution, the signs showed we were getting very near; they had been feeding, which accounts for our overtaking them in slow stalk. If they had been wise one look would have been enough, and they would not have waited; but this is the nature of the poor creatures, I guess. I shot the bull, expecting they would be off, and, as usual, he was a poor shot. He was hit and off, but I was certain saw some blood on his side, and further knew a shot that rifle would kill sooner or later with a body wound. When we got to where he had been, we found after taking a few steps, just enough to put him out of sight, he had started to walk around in a circle, and a few drops of blood were on the snow, and after he had started straight no more at all showed. That was the end; a bullet from a .405 broadside, close range, and, new, in the body, had not made him bleed. Anyhow, he followed, and at the end of a mile the Indian was induced to give it up, but the more I thought of the poor creature possibly dying a lingering death, the more determined I was to follow it. Another mile and we found a few drops of blood where, strange to say for a caribou, he had jumped over a log about three feet high instead of going around it. This was encouraging, and at the end of another half mile we saw where he had lain down, and at the next half mile he had lain down four or five times, and in all of these beds there was blood. We had been going fast, but now moved very carefully, as he was so far off, and if he heard or scented us he would be only to lead another long chase and cause himself

boards. Four pairs of heavy woolen socks, a duffle—neep, as they call it—(a piece of blanket material cut into a strip and wound round the foot, not so much for cold as to protect the foot from the snowshoe thongs), and then this soft, dry moccasin over all. As long as you kept away from the fire and water you could keep warm in the coldest weather, but once wet, and then the trouble started. The fear of getting our feet wet made the walks very much longer than otherwise they would have been, as we could have cut across lakes instead of going around them. The snow on top of the water kept it from freezing in the coldest weather, but if your feet were wet through and through, you had to be quick about a change or they would freeze, and some very quick back steps saved us with only the moccasins and one or two pair of socks wet. The next few steps and this would freeze the water already absorbed by your moccasin, and such a weight as one had to carry! You simply had to sit down and pick the ice off, and even then the weight was very noticeable. This is one of the little things to guard against in such cold weather hunting, and then when you are having lunch at 25 to 30 below zero, keep away from the fire, as the snow on your clothing melts rapidly and is quickly absorbed, to be frozen when you move from the fire. Gloves of any sort were out of the question. Woolen mitts inside of leather ones were the only things to keep your fingers warm. They should be large and easily pulled off when you want to shoot; heavy-weight woolen underclothes, flannel shirt, a good strong and warm business suit made quite large, with the addition of a sweater (the latter I rarely used), would be the proper clothing, with the exception of a woolen cap covering the ears and over this any kind of a hat. Rifles, binoculars and camera should be kept cold, otherwise moisture will be cutting one's feet terribly. The cold made them like

mouth of San Gabriel Cañon in Southern California, by that same scheduled wind. The local team knew the wind and fixed the hour for the shoot accordingly. Our sighting shots were fired in a calm, and my first shot on the score, following two bullseye sightings, missed the target. There were no flags where the wind drew up the river bed, and there was no wind at the firing point, and before we caught on we had too many wig-wags to make a decent showing.

This is my theory of the cañon winds: During the day the air near the ground becomes heated, of course, and as the sun's rays strike the mountain sides more nearly perpendicular to the surface than in the valley, the rising of warm air begins first or most markedly on the mountain, and an upward draft through the cañons is created. At night the air at higher altitudes cools off more quickly than in the valley. That is a fact, whatever the explanation of it may be. It is cold on the mountain at night when it may be warm in the valley.

After sunset, the warm air continues to rise from the valley, and the cooler air flows down the mountain to take its place. This movement goes on until the temperature of the surface layers is nearly equalized, and the atmospheric equilibrium being restored, we have the dead calm that usually precedes the dawn.

Such seems to me to be a reasonable explanation of the cañon wind. If there is a defect in the theory, I would be glad to have it exposed.

A. K.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "take the chalk and draw us a trout." "What kind, ma'am?" inquired Johnny. "Oh, the kind old Mr. Tibbs says he catches." Johnny made great sweeps with the chalk. "Hold on, Johnny. That looks more like a whale than a trout." "It is the kind Mr. Tibbs says he catches." "Well, it is too large. Rub it out and start all over again." Johnny did so, and drew a tiny fish. "Why, what in the world is that? It looks like a minnow." "That is the kind of trout Mr. Tibbs catches."—London Fishing Gazette.



NATURAL HISTORY



Peculiar Moose Antlers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the season of 1904 in New Brunswick I shot a moose with such a peculiar set of antlers that I write in hope of finding some explanation of what seems to me to be a curiosity, and also to place the head on record. The moose came quickly to call early in the New Brunswick season at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The antlers show a spread of a little over 51 inches, and are covered with coarse hair over half an inch long, in three distinct colors, white, light brown and brown-black.

The light brown and brown-black hair is arranged in alternate irregular bands, from half an inch to three inches wide, with a tendency to curvilinear arrangement, which is most pronounced upon the anterior aspect of the right blade, where the lines run more horizontally than they do upon the left, upon which antler less distinctness of the bands and a more perpendicular arrangement is to be seen.

The posterior appearance of the antlers closely resembles that of the anterior in its general arrangement of bands except that there is a little more irregularity seen. One prong of the right antler is covered with white hair. The upper edges of the blades, instead of bearing prongs, merely show a few indentations, are curved and almost smooth, and are covered with a dense leathery skin without hair upon it.

For the spread of antler there is but a relatively small blade, and there appears to be an attempt at a reversion to

and have so modified the velvet that not only a greater growth of hair occurred, but that the pigmentation of the latter was also affected? Any light upon this subject, or reference to a similar case, will be appreciated.

MORRIS J. LEWIS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Wood as Fuel.

From Forestry and Irrigation.

HAVING watched for more than three-quarters of a century the burning qualities of wood in an open fire, I have become somewhat familiar with the peculiarities of many species.

Snapping first attracts our attention. Some woods burn quietly, others always snap—some only occasionally. I do not know what causes snapping. It may be the production of an explosive gas, the result of heat or combustion, or the liberation of an explosive vapor from resinous products in the wood, but neither of these theories explain all cases and conditions.

I will first name some species that I have never known to snap and give some of their burning qualities.

Apple is always a quiet burner and when dry burns freely. It leaves an abundant and beautiful white ash, which tradition says was used in cooking in place of pearl ash not many generations ago.

Pear, quince and shad bush burn in a similar manner, but less freely.

all woods for fuel, and keeping fire in buried coals. ordinarily burns quietly, but sometimes it throws live coals viciously across the room. Hard maple, beech and white oak sometimes throw out hard coals from the heart wood. When well seasoned they are little inferior to hickory in free and enduring burning qualities. The other oaks rarely, if ever snap, but do not burn as freely as the white oak, nor make as firm coals. The common poplar, though a soft and spongy wood, will snap, and when made into charcoal has the reputation of holding fire in the inside of the large pieces, unseen on the outside, and later starting fire in the coal bank or wagon.

Woods to burn green, are: White ash, hickory, black birch, hard maple, and white oak. They are more enduring than when dry and kindle almost as readily. To get the best value of wood, it should be cut and split when green and soon housed in a shed or well ventilated wood house, where it will dry without molding. White pine allowed to lie with the bark on the logs, or without splitting, will be devoured by worms during the first summer. They make such a noise in their work that they can be readily heard.

All wood that is left without working up, suffers from worm and incipient decay, mostly in the sap wood. Live wood makes better fuel than when it has died from fire, or other causes. When the butt cut is sound, it will make better charcoal, more weight than the higher cuts, and has relatively the same value as fuel. In old timber, the butt has sometimes lost its life and substance, and is inferior to the rest of the trunk. In most trees, but especially the evergreens, the knots have more fuel value than the straight-grained wood.

In the hickory and paper birch, the outer bark has high fuel value, prized for kindlings, otherwise the bark and sap would have less value than the heart. Slab wood, as usually treated in the slab pile, makes poor fuel, but worked up fresh and dried under cover, the bark still adhering, it makes a lively fire.

Wood grown in the open will give more heat than the same variety grown in the forest, and up to full maturity wood improves as a heat producer, but later it diminishes as it does in strength and elasticity. The increase of pitch or turpentine in old trees gives them a fuel value far above that of the soft pine or immature growth.

A few observations on heat may appropriately follow: The most vitalizing heat is that of the sun in its direct rays; next is the radiant heat from burning wood or coal. The shepherd and the poultryman know that the direct rays of the sun have a vivifying effect upon the young lamb or chicken, surpassing that derived from any other source, excepting perhaps that from the body of the mother. The heat radiated from a close stove or steam, or hot water pipes, may warm the body, but it seems to lack something that is conveyed by the sun's rays.

An open fire is company, with its brisk flame, and lively crackle demanding frequent attention, ungrudgingly bestowed by any one who accepts its companionship. It whiles away the idle hour between daylight and dark, called "candle-lighting" in the old times, when the blazing hearth bore the backlog and fore stick with high piled lighter wood; with an ample bed of red-hot ashes and coals, fit to receive chestnuts or potatoes, to season them while you wait with the peculiar flavor that those embers alone bestow.

The open fire is always drawing the family together with an unconscious force that no radiator or furnace possesses. It gives a silent lesson in good behavior, though often enforced in words, "Don't go before the fire," "Don't stand before the fire" (that is, before some other person). This is a lesson in unselfishness that is the foundation of all good manners. An old friend standing with me before a blazing fire, recently said: "An open fire is better than a minister in a family any time."

One of the great pleasures of the open fire is in watching the decaying embers as the white ash encircles the burning stick, or the decaying coal still retaining its size and form to the last. There is a great difference in wood in this respect, and on familiar acquaintance it becomes companionship, so that it is hard to conceive of lonesomeness in the presence of a lively fire, with a store of wood to replenish it.

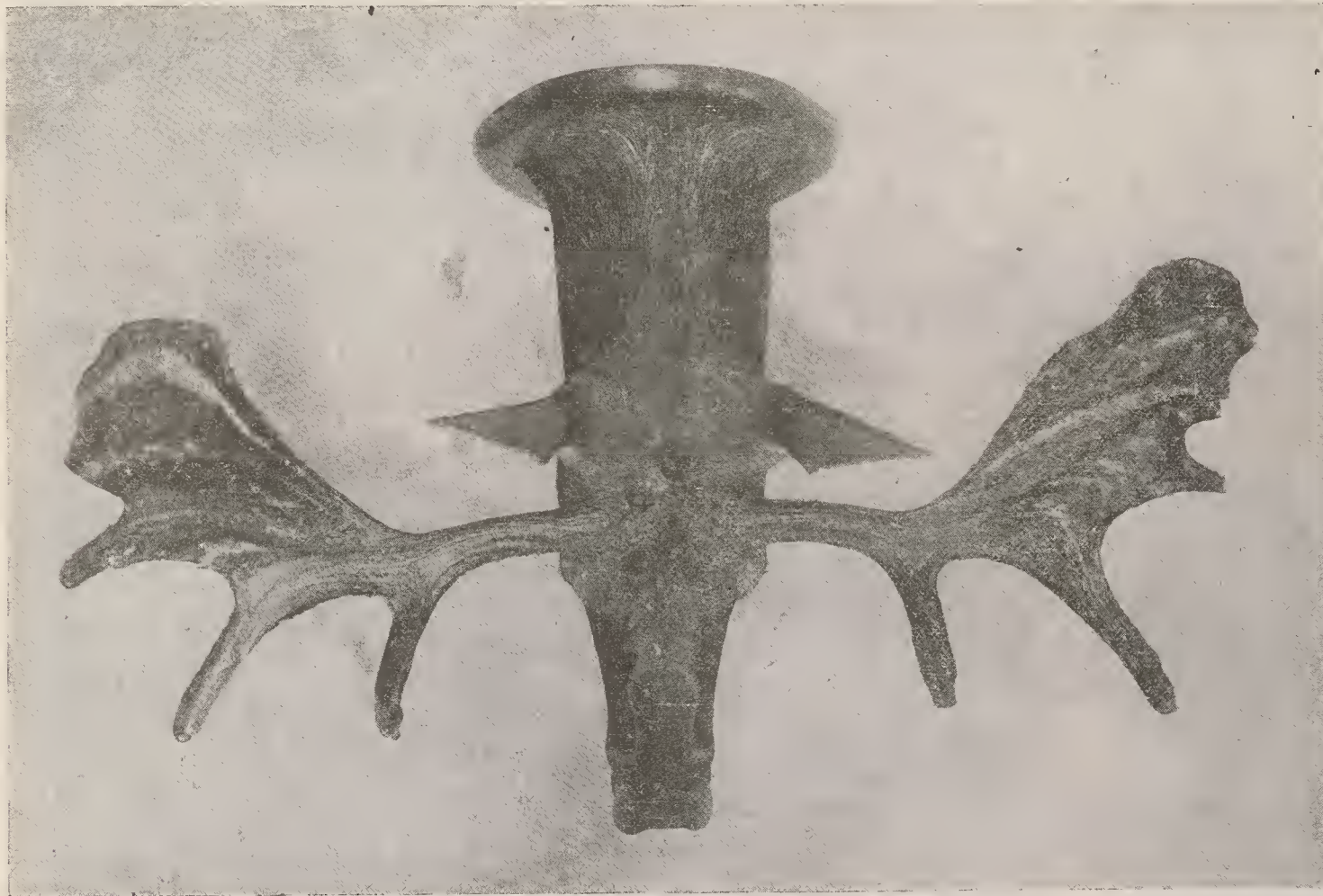
The weight of opinion is largely in favor of dry wood, and in most varieties this is true, yet there are some hard facts in favor of some kinds of green wood, or conditions of the fire, that cannot be disputed.

Men who run engines for sawing lumber use the green slabs for fuel, and as soon as the fire is well started, do not hesitate to feed in the green slabs covered with snow and ice, claiming that such make the hottest fire.

In the olden times, with their big fireplaces, green hickory brush was highly prized for fuel; piled high in the old fireplace, it made a roaring fire, stronger and more durable than dry brush. So green hickory wood has the preference to-day in many cases. Is there not a highly inflammable volatile oil in the hickory bark while green, which is lost in drying? So with the black birch. What boy would expect to find in the dry birch bark that delicate aroma and flavor which he finds in the green bark? That volatile oil is all gone then, and the farmer says birch burns the best.

Where else do we find the odor of woods and fields, the odor of spring in more sublimated form than when the bursting buds of the birch unite with the fragrance of the wild grape in a perfume unsurpassed by the odors of Araby?

Now the old farmer who has watched on his hearthstone the burning of different kinds of woods, as well



A PECULIAR MOOSE HEAD.

a more primitive type of antler, as is shown by the deep groove which passes along the base of both blades, as if there was an attempt to eliminate them. The right antler shows this peculiarity to a greater degree than the left, and it is more clearly seen in the original than in the accompanying photograph, which otherwise shows well the conditions above described. The hair of the rest of the animal showed no stripes, but was considerably lighter than usual, that of the inside of the ears being almost white, while the hindlegs were very light in color.

The head has been beautifully mounted, and shows the peculiarities mentioned as well as it did during life. I have been unable to find anyone, either guide, sportsman or scientist, who has seen or read of a set of antlers in any manner resembling these, whose strange appearance must be due to a modification of the ordinary moose "velvet," although in no way resembling this.

The points of interest appear to be:

1. The long retention of the velvet past the ordinary time of shedding.
2. The varied coloration of the hair and its unusual length.
3. The arrangement of the colors in zebra-like bands.
4. The unusual shape of the antlers.

It is a recognized fact that disease or injury of the genitalia causes a long retention of the velvet, and it is also the experience in zoological gardens that when the operation of castration has to be performed upon any of the deer tribe, on account of unusual viciousness of the animal, that as a rule the antlers are shed in about three weeks, and that the animal the following spring usually grows horns, but that both the velvet and the horns are permanent.

Unfortunately in this case no investigation as to injury or disease was made at the time the animal was skinned, as the intimate relationship between these two parts was not appreciated at the time.

May not some injury or disease, in the direction alluded to, late in the animal's life, have altered the development of the antlers, and thus account for their strange shape,

Cherry of all varieties, peach and plum make fair fuel, but are inferior to apple. I have never known them to snap, except one tree of black cherry. It is reported that the peach is planted in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres for use as fuel, as the fastest growing tree.

Birch of all varieties burns quietly. Black birch is the best, and will burn well green. All species of birch should be cut and split while green, that the wood may season properly. Locust burns quietly, but slowly, resisting the fire and melting away with little blaze, as does also the mulberry. White ash and black ash burn quietly, but the former is the best fuel, especially for burning green. The wood choppers of charcoal-wood have their own fuel free, presumably from the dead wood, which is not suitable for charcoal, but make free with any nice white ash or hickory standing near their cabins. In the days of the old ovens, white ash was the favorite wood for heating them, as it split readily and burned freely with an abundant blaze.

Elm, willow, and alder are rather soft, spongy woods, that burn quietly, but are not very lasting, nor do they produce very much heat. Hornbeam and blue birch I have never known to snap, and are free burning hard woods. Soft maple never snaps, and when dry makes a very pleasant still free-burning wood. The tulip-tree or white wood, is too valuable for lumber to be consigned to the wood-pile, yet the refuse is easily worked up, and is a free-burner, making a quiet fire.

Spruce, hemlock, fir, cedar, tamarack, and larch always snap; if well seasoned and put in a close stove with a good draft, as soon as the fire is lighted, they give the sound of a pack of exploding fire-crackers, and a sensation of warmth before the cold iron is heated through. All kinds of pine are liable to snap, but the sparks from all these soft woods will die before they scorch the rug, or singe the floor.

Chestnut and butternut are lively snappers, and when dry burn freely, and, being easily worked up, make satisfactory fuel for close stoves. Hickory, the best of

as the collier who annually burns his thousands of bushels of charcoal, have some notions about these things that do not exactly harmonize with the claims of the scientist in his laboratory, and it belongs to the latter to investigate and explain the apparent discrepancies that exist. The old farmer, as he covers up the half-burnt brands with the burning embers or reinforces the bed with a stick of hard wood, almost as sure of fire in the morning as he is of sunrise, is an experimenter in a practical way, and his conclusions are worthy of consideration. The housemother, too, sometimes takes up this job, if the husband lacks in force and ingenuity, and becomes a true vestal to keep the fire alive on the family altar. Such a one was the good wife who, when the old curmudgeon tested her temper by bringing all crooked and knotted wood for the kitchen fire; as deftly arranged it about her pots and kettles and the flames wrapped around them, she called his attention to how nicely they fitted their purpose, and pleased her. She was a true philosopher, upon whose hearthstone the fire would never smoke, grow dim, or expire.
T. S. GOLD.

The Corbin Buffalo.

BOSTON, March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Those who visited Fanueil Hall Market, in Boston, this week saw the carcass of "McKinley," the monarch buffalo of the Corbin preserve in New Hampshire, on sale at 35 cents per pound. The salesman explained that this splendid bull specimen of a fast declining race became so unmanageable and dangerous that it was found necessary to shoot him.

What a pity! One wonders if it was the confinement which rendered this noble animal dangerous, or the lack of knowledge as to the ordinary care which nature furnishes for its property and paternal usefulness. With so few of its species in existence, it was sacrifice and sacrilege to kill this animal. Are there no ranges where it could have been given the freedom of its forebears, that it, with its kind, could be safe from the fostering care of civilized man's efforts to improve on nature with the aid of a wire-fenced preserve? One's heart strings are pulled hard at the contemplation of the end of this species, which seems sure in the East, as there is not the natural

food or environment for its propagation in any State east of the Mississippi.
A BOSTON SPORTSMAN.

Mid-Winter Hummingbirds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Do hummingbirds nest in February? The affirmative is made obvious by an instance within arm's reach; for close by in a garden there is a diminutive hummingbirds' nest with three little eggs in it, which were there on February 10. The parent birds are sitting, and the female comes many times a day to our yard to feed on the blooms of the (?), which I inclose. Strange to say, I have not seen a male feeding yet. Does he occupy the female's place while she is absent, or does he sit and fast while she gathers honey all the day?

The inclosed is a tree shrub which is generally trained against the side of a building and grows some 15 feet high. I find no one to tell me the name of it, although it is not uncommon.
CHARLES HALLOCK.

[The blossom inclosed for determination is that of *Tecoma capensis*, a member of the Bignonia family.]



GAME BAG AND GUN



Federal Protection of Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the article by Mr. Shiras in FOREST AND STREAM of the 18th inst. in relation to Federal protection of game, which seems to me to be mostly directed to the popular ear, and to the question that the power of the Federal Government ought to extend to such protection rather than that it does.

While his article goes somewhat into detail on minor differences between us on the merits of his bill, as well as into criticisms, some fair and some, I think, not entirely fair as to my position, I take it that further discussion of these minor matters will not interest the public, and will try to ascertain and confine myself to the main issue between us.

He makes the following statement (the italics being mine):

"It is here that Judge Beaman and myself part company on the question of State ownership of game and fish, and it is at this juncture that it becomes my duty to show, if I can, that the right of the nation to the control of its migratory game birds and migratory fish for the benefit of the people of the entire United States is just as clear and just as righteous as is the claim of the State to the control of the non-migratory species of game and fish for the benefit of the citizens within its own borders."

Again he says:

"The bill gives the Government control of the shooting seasons, and puts the migrants in the 'custody' of the country at large whenever they tarry long enough to need our protection. A very different thing from a declaration of ownership, though, of course, there are some varieties of migratory birds which live wholly within the confines of the United States, and which kind we, doubtless, could declare an ownership therein which would be just as tangible as in the case of local birds within the State."

Just what he bases the Federal jurisdiction on is not entirely clear to me; but I take it that he will scarcely contend that the Federal Government can control the "shooting seasons" on private lands if the States at the same time retain the ownership of the game in question, or that he would rest his contention on that if he can make "just as clear" the Federal right to the control of migratory game as is the State right of control of that which is non-migratory, which latter he concedes in the following language:

"To me the proposition is a simple one, that game having its permanent habitat within the State—like grouse, quail, wild turkey, etc.—should be controlled by the State laws, and any Federal interference in such a case would be utterly wrong in morals and in legal principles."

He thus, in effect, states what he regards as the test of jurisdiction, namely, that the animal whose migration is not interstate is under State protection solely, while the one whose migration is interstate is under Federal protection solely.

As one reason why this should be, or is, so, he states as a "general maxim of law that possession is essential to the ownership of personal property, or that such property is so subject to control that it can be reduced to possession, or so brought within the sphere of action as to amount to a practical dominion thereover."

Referring then to a flock of geese passing over Colorado four miles high (which at that height, however, would need no protection), he states that ownership of these geese must in such case rest on the sole fact that they are within the State boundaries.

I need take no issue on this proposition, as the rights of the owner of a mere town lot extend from the center of the earth to the sky, and even to the sun itself, to the extent that no other person can lawfully shut off the light by any structure directly over the land owned.

But does not the same argument which denies the State ownership and control of geese, also deny a similar right of control by the Federal Government, in that neither has actual physical control of birds in flight whether it be high or low?

Mr. Shiras misstates my position when he assumes that the State statutes declaring the game within a State to be the property of the State is the origin or foundation of such property right, and that I say "in effect that such statutes end the matter of Federal custody of migratory game birds."

These statutes are merely confirmatory of what has been the common law for a hundred years or more, and are put into the game statutes of the States more for the

information of laymen and government of inferior courts than for any other purpose, and I have never claimed that these statutes had any real effect on the status of the game.

In *Geer vs. Connecticut*, the leading game case in this country, the Supreme Court of the United States says: "Undoubtedly this attribute of government to control the taking of animals *feræ naturæ*, which was thus recognized and enforced by the common law of England, was vested in the colonial governments, where not denied by their charters, or in conflict with grants of the royal prerogative. It is also certain that the power which the colonies thus possessed passed to the States with the separation from the mother country, and remains in them at the present day, in so far as its exercise may be not incompatible with, or restrained by, the rights conveyed to the Federal Government by the Constitution."

This ownership to that same extent must be in every State of the Union, as each was admitted (except as to the ownership of public lands, etc.) "upon an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatsoever."

And this doctrine Mr. Shiras concedes as to non-migratory game in the language I have before quoted.

It will not, I assume, be questioned by anyone that as between Germany, France and Spain (or any other independent nations) there exists no such comity, legal or otherwise, as would entitle one to demand of the other that it should not control the game birds that pass into it in course of migration between the Baltic and Mediterranean Seas.

Is there, then, under the doctrine of the *Geer* case any escape from the conclusion that each State of this Union has, the same as any independent nation, the sovereign control of all game, migratory or otherwise, so long as it is within its boundaries, unless that right has been surrendered by the terms of the Federal Constitution?

There has been thus surrendered the control of interstate commerce, navigation, etc., but nowhere in express terms has the control of the game been referred to.

In the *Geer* case it was claimed that the State law prohibiting the taking of game out of Connecticut which had been lawfully killed in that State was an interference with interstate commerce, but the Court held otherwise, and the language above quoted from that case implies in the strongest terms that the right of State control as to game was not "incompatible with or restrained by the rights conveyed to the Federal Government by the Constitution."

The migratory woodcock was one of the birds in question in that case, although no distinction was claimed or made on that account.

The only definite suggestion of Federal constitutional power over migratory game thus far coming to my notice is, that under that clause of the Constitution giving Congress power to "provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States," it may legislate on migratory game, and if I understand Mr. Shiras' position, it is his sole contention that the migratory character of the game must be the test of Federal jurisdiction. It seems to me that the difficulties in the application of this doctrine are insurmountable.

In Western Colorado the summer range of the deer is in the high mountains. Every fall the majority of them migrate to regions of less altitude, one hundred miles or more to the west, large numbers going into Utah, returning in the spring to their summer homes. The same is true as to Wyoming, and in fact all of the Rocky Mountain States, the migration being between varying altitudes, east and west, as the case may be, and the nearer the State lines are to the high ranges the greater the number that pass from one State into another.

Thousands of ducks stay their northern flight in Colorado and other inland States and breed there, while others go on to British Columbia and elsewhere. Most of our song and insectivorous birds are also migratory.

The trout of the States which embrace the Continental Divide move down the streams to the deep water to winter, often in adjoining States. In the sea, the tarpon, tuna and other big coast fishes winter at Tampico, Mexico and the Gulf of California, but summer on the Atlantic Coast, in Aransas Pass, Texas, and on the Pacific Coast; and the salmon go back and forth from the sea to the headwaters of the rivers in several different States.

So that the question of migration is, in most cases, one of degree merely, and a permanent State habitat depends much on the size of the State, or the proximity of a State line to the summer home and breeding ground

of the animal in question, and if it is to be the test of Federal jurisdiction, the limit or dividing line between State and Federal jurisdiction will be so indefinite that the personal habits of each animal will have to be investigated to determine whether it is entitled to fly the Stars and Stripes or the less imposing standard of a State.

It is not the distance traveled by an animal after crossing a State line that is the test of migration, but the fact of crossing.

I can see also that many of the inland States might get the worst of it in case shooting was prohibited during the migratory period, as they would get little shooting except at the birds which stopped in those States to breed, although I believe the proposition is to prohibit spring shooting only, which would protect only on the northward flight. This would, in many places, however, prevent their getting any canvasbacks or redheads, as they breed far north and do not usually stop on their southward flight, except at night, and not always then. I imagine that some opposition would come from representatives of such States, and that they might plausibly contend that such a law did not promote the "general welfare" of all the States.

The idea of the proprietorship of a State in the game within its boundaries has, on account of the transitory character of its stay, given many people a great deal of trouble, but it is really no more difficult to apply than that of the citizenship of people or the taxation of personality, both of which are quite as transitory as the game. I think this proprietorship has become so firmly established by such a multitude of decisions—indeed, I believe it has never been judicially denied—that even the "general welfare" clause of the Constitution cannot be used to overthrow it, for, if it can, it would seem that no sovereign right of a State can stand against it.

If and when aerial navigation shall come, a murder committed on an air ship bound from New York to San Francisco, and four miles high, can there be any question of the jurisdiction to try and punish the offender in the courts of the State over which the vessel was at the time, notwithstanding he may never have set foot on its soil?

Some enthusiastic patriot has suggested in the discussion of this bill that State sovereignty did not survive the Civil War; but that is too radical a view. I will go to any reasonable limit in favor of Federal protection of game, but it will not do to assume that an unconstitutional game law will stand, as the dealers in game are strong and will not give up until they are beaten in the courts.

As I stated in a former article, there can be no doubt of the power of the Federal Government to control the occupancy and use of the public domain, wherever situated, hence no doubt of the power of Congress to prohibit or regulate by law the entrance upon the public domain for the purpose of hunting.

The same principle is thus involved as is involved in the unquestionable right of any owner of land to prohibit others from coming at any time on his land to hunt or hunting thereon, while permitting them to enter it for other purposes; and notwithstanding the State laws may give the right to every one to hunt at particular seasons, such right to hunt confers no right to trespass on another's land for that purpose.

The distinction between such a prohibition and one based on the protection of game alone is obvious.

Mr. Shiras and I agree perfectly on the desirability of Federal game protection to the utmost extent that it can lawfully go; our only difference being as to the basis of procedure and the extent; he basing the right on the migratory character of the animals and limiting the extent to such animals, while I base the right on the ownership and right of control of the land and water on or in which the animals for the time being are, and extend it to all game quadrupeds, birds and fish.

I have endeavored to treat the question not captiously, but fairly, and to point out what seem to me to be objections and difficulties in the way of his plan.

The proposed establishment of forest reserves as game preserves is too narrow even to protect the big game of the West, except in its summer range. In winter it ranges far below the altitudes of the forest reserves, yet nearly always within the public lands.

I suggest a Federal law regulating the entrance for hunting or fishing upon the public domain so comprehensive that it will cover all the public lands, forest and Indian reservations, coast lands, navigable streams and inland waters, and the waters of bays, inlets and coasts;

in short, covering all lands and water over which the Government has jurisdiction and control.

Such a law will cover a large proportion of the habitat of the big game, water fowl, shore birds and fish in the United States, migratory and non-migratory, and greatly deter the market and lawless hunter and fisherman, who would have little definite knowledge as to just what regions such a law did, in fact, cover; and between the fear of Federal officers on one hand and State officers on the other, would be pretty well restricted.

I believe that within the next two years spring shooting will be pretty generally abolished by State action, and the bag limit generally applied, and that these, with such a Federal law as I suggest, will accomplish the end which we so much desire, in so far as it is practicable to accomplish it.

D. C. BEAMAN.

DENVER, Colorado, Feb. 25, 1905.

Massachusetts Doings.

BOSTON, March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Friday, the Legislative Committee on Probate and Chancery gave a hearing upon a bill to prohibit the sale of the automatic gun. Representative Evans, of Everett, who put in the bill, opened the case, urging that the use of an automatic shotgun would prove a weapon too destructive to birds, especially the quail. He said, with such a weapon the hunter would be able on flushing a covey to kill nearly all the birds, while with a double-barreled gun used now he is not likely to get more than a couple of them at the first flushing, however expert he may be. So far as the destruction of game birds and animals was concerned, he said there was no objection to the automatic pistol, and in Massachusetts not much to be feared from the automatic rifle, as large game is not hunted in this State at the present time, although deer may be in a few years if their increase in numbers continues. Mr. J. M. Van Huyck, of Lee, secretary of the Berkshire County Fish and Game Protective Association, appeared in behalf of his club in support of the bill, and Mr. Ernest Russell, in behalf of Worcester sportsmen. He expressed the opinion that the general use of this gun would prove the beginning of the end of quail in Massachusetts covers. Mr. E. Howe Forbush, State ornithologist, said there were several species of ducks and shore birds that are already nearing the vanishing point in this State, and the use of such a gun in the hands of reckless boys and foreigners would tend greatly to the destruction of bird life. Representative Nowell, of Wakefield, supported the bill in behalf of the Game Protective Association of Eastern Massachusetts, of which he is president, and the secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association and the Central Committee testified that both those bodies were in favor of the bill.

The House chairman of the committee before which the bill was heard is George M. Poland, Esq., of Wakefield, who is at present the chairman of the Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game. Unless there is some constitutional obstacle to be feared, there is no doubt the committee will make a favorable report, but the question of constitutionality may stand in the way. Should this prove to be the case, I believe some way will be found to prevent the use of such a weapon in the shooting of quail.

As the result of a hearing on Wednesday before the Fish and Game Committee, there is reasonable expectation that the length of trout that may be legally caught in Berkshire county will be made the same as in the rest of the State. Mr. Van Huyck represented his association at that hearing.

The advocates of a hunters' license have not slackened their efforts; and a correspondent sends me information from Hartford that on March 2, in the Senate, the Committee on Fisheries and Game reported favorably a bill to license hunters. The bill establishes a fee of \$1 for a person hunting on land of another, but if the hunter is an alien the fee is to be \$10. Half the money derived from sale of licenses is to be expended by the commissioners in payment of salaries of game wardens, and half for the purchase and liberation of quail. Under the bill no man is prohibited from hunting on his own land. It is said the bill has the approval of the commissioners and the sportsmen of the State. The bill before the Massachusetts Legislature on which there is a hearing appointed for Wednesday next, is similar, but excepts not only the owner of land, but the occupant under lease and members of the family of owner or lessee "acting under his authority or consent." To my mind, this exemption of the owner or occupant is on a par with what has always been regarded as a bad feature in our game laws, the exemption of the owner from application of the law against snaring birds. If wild animals and birds belong to the people in their sovereign capacity, what more right has the owner of land to them than any other citizen? All exemptions of whatever sort increase the difficulty of enforcing the laws. Another feature of the license bill (House bill No. 336) contained in section 6 is the limiting of the bag of ruffed grouse to five in one day. No one will claim that this is not a reasonable limitation, but how can it be enforced without wardens are given authority to make personal search of the man with the gun without a warrant? That the wardens would be able to do much more effective work with the aid of such a law is very evident, and so much importance was attached to it by the late Captain Collins that he several times stated to the writer that he would never cease his efforts to secure it so long as he held his position.

Your readers will be interested to learn that the 12 carcasses of venison and 167 partridges shipped a few weeks ago to Clara Wilson, Boston, as household goods, from Calais, Me., have been declared forfeited by Judge Fessenden, on the ground that the game was illegally in the State.

Three young men who were instrumental in causing the death of a doe in the outskirts of Lynn recently have been convicted and fined \$100 each. Evidence that the doe would have given birth to offspring had her life been spared is to be seen in the contents of a glass jar in the Commissioners' office at the State House.

The Clearwater Club is composed of old anglers and amateur fishermen of Boston and vicinity, and is accustomed to gather for an annual reunion and dinner about this season just before overhauling fishing tackle, etc., for the spring campaign. This year they took a fancy to go

to Keene, N. H., where they have had the satisfaction of dining in a prohibition State (à la clear water). Some of the members are Hon. Wm. A. Morse, Dr. Bishop, D. J. Flanders, of the Boston & Maine Railroad; Conrad Gerlach, W. G. Rose, of Boston, and E. Sterne Wheeler, of Saugatuck, Conn. The menu, as planned, included brook trout, caribou, quail and moose.

Deputy Thomas Stackhouse, of Marshfield Hills, has secured the conviction of C. H. Leonard, of the same place, for trapping wild ducks. Mr. Leonard was fined \$20 for one duck, also \$20 additional for trapping. Mr. Stackhouse had as counsel Representative Davis, of Plymouth, where the case was tried.

CENTRAL.

"As it Happened in the Cañon."

Editor Forest and Stream:

An account is given in the number of February 25, under the caption of "As It Happened in the Cañon," of how the writer of it, when only armed with a shotgun, met an elk. I once had an adventure very much like this one, only it was a black bear that I met.

A party of about twenty of us under a lieutenant were out on a scout west of the Wichita River in what is now Oklahoma. We camped one afternoon in a small valley, and about an hour after going into camp a man who had been up this cañon, as they called it, came in and told me that the cañon up above us was full of quail. These were what we called the mountain quail; they were the California quail—the kind that roost at night in trees. I have told our northern quail hunters here of this habit of these quail roosting in trees, and have been laughed at for telling it; they had never seen them in trees. They might have seen it had they been here, though. The quail roost in trees, I suppose, to keep out of reach of the coyote.

I had my shotgun; it was carried on a pack-mule with me. With some officers a gun would not have been allowed in the pack, we generally having more stuff to put in the packs than we had mules to carry it; but this lieutenant wanted my gun himself part of the time. This is not a shotgun country, and I should have taken my pistols also, but did not. I had two of them, and on account of their weight I carried them in a narrow belt drawn in close around my waist, while the Mills field belt full of carbine cartridges was buckled on higher up. In camp I threw it off, then, if necessary, left the pistols on. I seldom left camp without them, but did it to-day, and it was the last day I ever did it in this part of the country.

When I had got up to where the quail had been seen, I saw them myself, but they were all leaving, going over a low bank to the right. They would no doubt stop to feed on getting across this bank, then I could get close to them and flush them. I need not pot them on the ground; we were not so badly off for grub as was your correspondent who went after quail and found an elk; we had plenty of both bacon and buffalo in camp; it was before we or some one else had killed all the buffalo. The wind, what there was of it, blew straight toward me down the cañon. I would sooner have had more of it, for the afternoon was hot. When I had got on top of the bank, over which the quail had disappeared, I saw them again, but they had not stopped here, but had kept on across an open, running all the way across it, and were now just going in through some bushes that grew along the bank of a small creek emptying into the one we were camped on, as I found out afterward.

I kept on after them, but went in through the bushes fifty yards below where they had entered, and forcing myself through the bushes was just ready to step clear of them when I almost stepped on top of the bear. He was not exactly as big as an ox; I had killed larger ones, but not with a shotgun. The bear was about twenty feet from me when we first saw each other, and was over close to some bushes that grew next to the creek; and above and below this open spot that he and I were now in were other bushes. The bear had not known I was in the country, it seemed, before I stepped on top of him. I had a poor opinion of his sense of smell, but then the wind blew straight from him to me; I should have done the smelling. I stopped the moment I saw him, and my first thought naturally would be to "draw pistol," but I must have been worse rattled than the bear was now. I forgot for the moment that I had no pistol to draw just at present.

The bear got on his hindlegs. I had him covered, or he would not have wanted to ask any questions; and I knew enough about bears now not to waste any bird shot on this one. They won't fight unless you have them cornered, or they think you have; and a bear in the position that this one was now in can be killed with a knife—at least the books say he can—but I had no knife, and would not have used one had I had it; I would be afraid of his claws.

While crowding my way through the bushes I had been carrying my gun under my right arm, in order to avoid just what now happened. I drew it forward quickly, meaning to pass it into my left hand, then draw that pistol that I still forgot that I did not have with me, when a twig must have caught the right hammer, drawing it back to nearly full cock, then releasing it; for the right barrel now let go with the muzzle pointed at the bear's head. I had seen bears make some very quick movements when in a hurry, but this one made a quicker one. He seemed to roll to one side in one time and one motion, then getting on his legs made a dive in among the bushes at his back, just as I sent my remaining charge of No. 8 shot after him, and I next heard him go plunging into the small creek.

I lost no time in getting back to camp, letting the quail go for to-day. I wanted to get a carbine and pistols, then hunt that bear some more; but just as I had got to camp the trumpeter sounded his stable call. I would have to groom my horse now, if I could not get the lieutenant's permission to let someone else do it for me; and going to him I gave him a history of the bear and asked leave to go and hunt him. "Oh, let him go to —" He mentioned where the bear might go to; it is not necessary to mention the locality here. "This is no doubt that bear's reservation that we are camped on, and he will be here to-morrow, and so will we. I am going to remain here a day; you can hunt him then. Attend to your horse now."

I started out early next morning, taking the carbine and pistols this time, leaving the shotgun for the lieutenant to hunt quail with. He got the quail. Then going to where I had parted with the bear last night, I took up the trail, crossing the creek where he did, and found where he had climbed up the bank leaving it. I did not stop to look for any blood spots here; if my charge of No. 8 had hit him—and it could not very well miss him—it had hit him in the neighborhood of where he wears his tail; there would not be any blood to find.

Off to the southwest, and at least ten miles away, was a range of low hills, and his trail led toward them. After I had followed it nearly half way to them, the trail turned back again. He was going back to the creek now to hunt either me or the doctor, or a place to sleep last night more likely.

I kept on after him, and had got back to the creek, but a mile above where he had been before, when I found his trail leading into the bushes on the creek; he had had to pass through some tall grass to get into the bushes. I was tired, and having the bear where I wanted him, I sat down to rest before exploring the bushes. I did not want to be in too much of a hurry doing it—that bear might not be in a good humor to-day; he would not be if he had to sit down on top of that charge of shot he very likely was carrying. While I sat here out on the prairie watching the bushes, I saw them move, and had just time to throw myself flat on the ground when the bear came crawling out of the long grass not fifty yards from me, and getting on my knees now I sent him the first shot out of the carbine. He got it, and turning to his right now ran up along the creek, keeping in among the tall grass. I did not stop to reload. I had a Springfield carbine, but threw the gun down, and drawing a pistol ran after him, shooting as fast as I could raise the hammer, until I had sent him six shots; then he fell. Going to him I found that I need not have used the pistol at all; I had only hit him twice with it anyhow; it was the carbine ball that had killed him.

I got his skin off, leaving his carcass here to be taken to camp if anyone wanted it. I lugged the skin into camp, getting there just as dinner was over. The lieutenant claimed the skin, but paid me for it, as he always paid for all of my shells he used, five cents for each of them, though they only cost me about a cent each. All I paid for was the shot and wads. I used the Government powder and primers that they sent us to load the Springfield shotguns that we were given to do our hunting with. I had no business using these for my private gun, but the Government is often plundered for more than that.

They wanted the bear's meat, so I told them to take up a pack-mule and get it; they would be welcome to my share of it. I would rather have bacon for mine.

CABIA BLANCO.

A Wyoming Game Reserve.

THE new Wyoming law creating a State game reserve reads as follows:

An act creating a game preserve and prescribing the boundaries thereof, and the penalty of violations of the provisions of this act.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Wyoming:

Section 1. For the better protection of birds and game animals, and for the establishment of a breeding place therefor, the following described area within the State of Wyoming is hereby set aside and designated as a game preserve: All that portion of the State of Wyoming embraced within the following area:

Beginning at a point where the southern boundary line of the Yellowstone National Park intersects the western boundary line of the State of Wyoming, thence south along said boundary line to a point where Badger Creek intersects said State boundary line, thence easterly along said Badger Creek across the summit of the Teton range to the head of Moran Creek, thence easterly along said Moran Creek to Jackson Lake, thence easterly along the southern shore of said Jackson Lake to the outlet thereof, thence easterly along said outlet to the mouth of the Buffalo Fork of Snake River, thence easterly along said Buffalo Fork and the south branch thereof across the Continental Divide to the head of the west fork of the Yellowstone River, thence northwesterly along said fork and Yellowstone River to a point where said Yellowstone River intersects the south boundary line of the Yellowstone Park, thence west along said boundary line to the point of beginning.

Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons, at any time, to hunt, trap, kill, capture or chase any birds or game animals of any kind or description whatever within the limits of the said boundary, and any person violating the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction, be fined the sum of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five hundred dollars, or imprisoned in the county jail for a period of not less than three months nor more than one year, or both, such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court; provided that the provisions of this act shall not apply to the killing or destruction of predatory wild animals, as the same are defined in the laws of the State of Wyoming, and providing for a payment of bounty thereon, under such regulations as may be prescribed from time to time by the State Game Warden of the State of Wyoming.

Sec. 3. All acts or parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 4. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved February 21, 1905.

New Missouri Game Law.

BOTH Houses of the Legislature have passed the Audubon bird and game bill, which was one of the most carefully drafted and considered bills ever presented to any Legislature. Under the masterful management of Representative H. R. Walmsley, of Kansas City, a member of the Audubon Society, the bill was pushed through both Houses in spite of the great opposition of the market-hunters and game dealers of this State.

The new law provides for a State game warden at a salary of \$2,000, and also provides for a deputy game warden for each Congressional district, to be paid only

for actual services. A license of \$1 is required for all hunters who hunt outside of their own counties, and a non-resident license of \$15 is also provided for. The sale of game is absolutely prohibited. The wardens will have power to arrest without warrant, and also have authority to search for illegal game. Netting for fish in the interior waters of the State is prohibited, and a size limit is placed upon fish which may be taken or sold.

Missouri now takes her proper place among her sister States in the protection of the wild life of her fields, forests and streams. In the State Senate the bill was ably handled by Senator Ely, and to Representative Walmsley and Senator Ely the thanks of the Audubon Society of this State are due, as well as members of Audubon Societies throughout the United States. I think it is safe to assert that Missouri now has the most complete game law of any State in the Union.

P. H. FELKER,

Vice-President Audubon Society of Missouri.

St. Louis, March 4.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Hawk and Quail.

NEW YORK, March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing you last week about foxes killing quail, we have found another enemy which is as bad as the fox, if not worse. That is the hawk. We had put out six quail in the scrub oaks next to an old corn lot near the house, where we knew the foxes seldom came, as our kennel is near and there are always a few dogs about. Some of the corn still stood in the shock.

We had given these birds very little attention, as we knew they had plenty of food, and so gave our attention more to the care of the quail further away. Last week we thought we would look them up. What was our surprise to find only two birds left. We hunted high and low for the other four, but could not trace them, until our friend Will got near the shock of corn nearest the feeding place of the quail; there he found a few feathers. In searching further we traced the feathers to the top of the shock of corn, then we found bunches of them, and saw where a hawk or some bird had eaten them. We at once sent the boy home for an ax and small steel trap, and cut a pole about ten feet long and four inches wide on top. We then drove the pole down through the center of the corn shock, and fastened and set the trap on top. The next morning we went back to the lot to see what

was doing, and found a large hawk in the trap with both feet. A charge of shot soon put him where he would harm no more quail. We now intend to erect poles and traps all over our preserves, and I am confident we will save a good percentage of our birds, as we are sure this hawk killed four out of that covey in a few weeks.

This all goes to show how many enemies this little game bird has to contend with. But I consider our club quite fortunate in this, that with all the hard winter and everything combined we have saved 80 per cent. of our birds. We must give great thanks to the farmers from whom we lease the grounds. Every one of them has been feeding and doing their best for the quail. It seems they all want quail on their fields, although most of them never shoot a gun. They claim they are a great help to their crops, as they kill off the bugs and other insects, and most of them say they are lonesome unless they hear Bob White whistle during the summer. A few farmers would not let out their fields to us unless we promised to stock them with quail.

It is hard for one or two men to take care of many birds during winter, and unless they can get help from the farmers they cannot make much of a success of it. As I said before, we owe them great thanks, as they used their own time and food, never asking anything in return, just for love of the dear little gamy quail. G. E. J.



The Anglers' Casting Tournament.

Held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, in Connection with the Motorboat and Sportsmen's Show, February 21 to March 9, Inclusive.

(Continued from page 178.)

THE tournament still holds the attention of a large number of fly and bait-casters and anglers, and promises to be one long to be remembered, as there is a daily increase in interest. This is particularly true of the bait-casting events, which have been hotly contested and closely watched. The most notable performance so far was that of R. C. Leonard, on Wednesday night, when he cast a half-ounce rubber frog 143 feet 7 inches and won event No. 44, breaking the Garden record. The results up to and including Monday night of this week follow, the figures having been taken from the official records:

Event 11, Tuesday Afternoon, Feb. 28.

An open contest without limit on weight of rod or length of leader, but cast with fly rods and trout flies. Thirty feet down the tank from the platform a bar was placed 6 feet above the water level, on posts 10 feet apart, and all casts had to be made under this obstacle to count. E. J. Mills won the gold medal with a cast 6 inches longer than his nearest competitor, L. S. Darling, while W. H. Hammett got the bronze medal for third place. The judges were H. B. Leckler and C. G. Levison, while R. H. Klotz was the referee. Distance alone counting, the scores made were as follows:

E. J. Mills.....	Ft. In. 65 06	H. G. Henderson, Sr.....	Ft. In. 52 00
L. S. Darling.....	65 00	Harold De Raasloff.....	49 00
W. H. Hammett.....	59 10		

Event 12, Tuesday Night.

Black bass fly-casting, distance only, open to all save those who had records of 85 feet or further in similar events. No. 4 hooks were used, but there were no restrictions on weight of rod or length of leader. J. D. Smith and Arthur C. Mills were the judges, while Milton H. Smith was referee. The scores:

King Smith.....	Ft. In. 82 00	W. H. Hammett.....	Ft. In. 76 06
D. T. Abercrombie.....	77 00	Harold De Raasloff.....	58 00

Event 13, Wednesday Afternoon, March 1.

An open contest with half-ounce rubber frog, distance only to count, with no limit on method of casting save that casts could not be made from the reel, and that the frog must touch the water on the back cast and must be raised therefrom for each forward cast; in other words, Greenwood Lake style. After the contestant announced his readiness to begin, he was allowed five minutes to score. For the benefit of readers unfamiliar with this style of casting a frog it should be explained that it is totally unlike any other style of bait-casting, for heavy bass or salmon fly rods were used, and only one contestant had a reel on his rod, the rest using large wood salt-water reels placed at one side of the platform after some 40 yards of line had first been coiled at their feet. These lines were all heavy enameled ones, and the rods were quite stiff and very powerful in lifting them from the water at the rear before the forward cast was made. Instead of casting the bait in the same manner as with bass flies, in which the fly (or spinner) is permitted to strike the water as far to the rear as possible, in order to gain force in shooting the line forward after it is raised from the water at the rear, the line was pulled in with the left hand, leaving only 10 or 12 yards off the rod. The frog was then dropped some 30 feet to the rear, in the tank, then shot forward with a powerful swing of the rod, and so on throughout each inning. Mr. Marsh, who was first to cast, lost several feet on one cast by his line snarling. It being a heavy enameled one and having been on a reel a long time, it was almost as unwieldy as so many feet of copper wire off the spool, and the frog, which was high up and moving fast, stopped in mid-air and dropped to the water some 40 feet away, whereas it seemed good for 100 feet until

the unfortunate accident that stopped it short. Mr. Brandreth, using a two-piece 12-foot split bamboo salmon fly-rod, faced half-round to the left and swung his frog overhead with beautiful accuracy, the frog striking squarely in the center of the tank at the far end on his longest cast, which would have been good for 2 or 3 feet further had it not landed on the end of the tank and fell back an inch, giving him first place with 99 feet 9 inches. Mr. Darling won the silver medal with 96 feet 6 inches, while Mr. Marsh was third. G. M. L. LaBranche and W. D. Cloyes were the judges, R. H. Klotz, referee. The score:

D. Brandreth.....	Ft. In. 99 09	A. J. Marsh.....	Ft. In. 69 06
L. S. Darling.....	96 06	D. T. Abercrombie.....	60 06

Event 14, Wednesday Night, March 1.

During the afternoon Reuben Leonard, the famous split bamboo rodmaker, of Central Valley, N. Y., together with his fellow-townsmen, Hiram Hawes, was watching the game and practicing bait-casting now and then in company with a number of others who stood in need of practice at this uncertain game. He was using a rod which, in view of the seeming faith in abnormally large ring guides placed 2 to 3 feet apart, and equally large agate tops, seemed woefully old-fashioned. The writer, who had listened to so many theories relative to immense and few guides that he had begun to feel uncertain about the position he was in on the subject, asked Mr. Leonard what his theories were on the subject, and got some information which, in the light of subsequent events, had without doubt been arrived at only after long experience with rods, guides and lines of every sort. This rod is a six-strip split bamboo bait-casting rod, weighing about 5½ or 6 ounces, in three joints, with a solid metal reel-seat about 5/8-inch in diameter. It is 5 feet 6 inches in length, and almost as stiff as a whole cane walking stick. The most remarkable thing is that it has six agate guides and an agate top placed at an angle to the plane of the tip. The first three of these guides have openings almost, if not quite, 1/8-inch in diameter, but the three near the top have openings not more than 1-16 inch, or barely large enough for the thin line to run through them. All the guide centers are at least 3/4-inch above the rod. Mr. Leonard asserted that a wet line would stick less to the six agate guides and agate top than it would in dragging across the windings on the tip of the rod, and that the numerous guides were therefore an advantage, as they held the line out of contact with the rod but guided it straight through the guides, which were amply large for the purpose. One thing more. Mr. Leonard is unusually tall and very powerful, with a wrist which, through constant practice, is as hard as iron. He casts the bait with high velocity and an unusually flat trajectory, and in this differs from many other casters, who depend on a high curve and a comparatively slow-moving frog to attain distance. In this, two casters sent their frogs over the decorations far up in the dome of the garden, a thing which seemed utterly impossible until one saw the frog hanging from the wires; and another one knocked a light out of the great chandelier. As a matter of fact, it was not possible for one to locate his frog after some 50 feet of line was out, and back-lashing was not uncommon in consequence during the evening. Mr. Leonard used a very small reel and a fine line. The event was open, distance only to count, with half-ounce rubber frogs, which must be cast from the reel. Each man was allowed three preliminary and five record casts, the longest one to count. The judges were H. G. Henderson, Sr., and Robert Lefferts, while the referee was Milton H. Smith. Several ladies were present, and among others noticed were Robert B. Lawrence, Harold Henderson, Jr., Charles Stepath, Lody Smith, Thomas B. and Arthur C. Mills, and numerous other anglers. If some of the other events had been rather tame, this one furnished enough excitement to make up for them, for Garden records went kiting when Reuben Leonard extended his long right arm and longer silk line. C. G. Levison led off with 103 feet. He used the rod mentioned heretofore and a fine special Kingfisher line. He was followed by G. M. L. LaBranche with a 6-foot bethabara rod made by Perry D. Frazer. This rod has an agate and two two-

ring German silver guides and an agate top, all with 1/4-inch openings. The reel was a metal take-apart, one of 60-yard capacity. His line was a No. 53 Natchaug, very fine. His best cast was 90 feet 6 inches, followed with 83 feet 4 inches. Hiram W. Hawes was third to cast. His best was 114 feet 3 inches, and another cast measured 111 feet 6 inches. Eddie Mills, using a Leonard rod with large agate guides, cast 114 and 124 feet 3 inches. L. S. Darling followed with 90 feet 4 inches, 98 feet 4 inches, and 99 feet 9 inches. Then Mr. Leonard took the platform and limbered up with 114 feet 2 inches, and as that would only tie third man, tried again and was given 131 feet 9 inches. Sensation.

The Garden record was something like 125 feet, made by Mr. Levison another year. Everybody was growing excited, but the next cast was made before the location of the frog could be determined, and by that time Mr. Leonard had taken up some three or four feet of line. The measurement gave him 138 feet for the cast. Then followed his fifth and last trial, the frog going far over the end of the tank, which is 130 feet long, and on to the stairs of the bridge over the lake at that end of the Garden. The first measurement gave him 152 feet 6 inches, but this was amended by the committee, which finally announced that the figures should be 143 feet 7 inches, and this is the Garden record—not with a weight, but with a soft rubber frog weighing one-half ounce, and a much more difficult thing to cast than is so much solid rubber. But if the successful contestant was elated over his wonderful work, it did not show in his face or speech, and no one was more serene than Reuben Leonard. The other contestants were almost forgotten, although C. M. Lucky made a good showing and C. R. Woodward, using a steel rod and a rubber reel, gave promise of greater things in the future, he being somewhat new at the game. The score:

R. C. Leonard.....	Ft. In. 143 07	C. G. Levison.....	Ft. In. 103 00
E. J. Mills.....	124 03	L. S. Darling.....	99 09
Hiram W. Hawes.....	114 02	G. M. L. La Branche.....	90 06
C. M. Lucky.....	106 06	D. T. Abercrombie.....	Withdraw
C. R. Woodward.....	106 00		

Event 15, Thursday Afternoon, March 2.

This event was open to all without any restrictions, but was for trout fly-casting for accuracy only. Thirty feet from the casting platform and at the side of the tank there was a target with marks counting 10, 9, 8, etc., out to 5. Over it hung a bush, and the contestant had to use nice judgment in order to score on the target without fouling the obstacle. A contestant was allowed five trial casts unless he signified his readiness to score, after which his next five casts were scored, 10 being perfect, and so on. There were ties for both first and third place, and these were afterward cast off, D. Brandreth taking the gold medal; L. S. Darling, the silver one, and G. M. L. LaBranche, the bronze medal. W. H. Cruickshank and R. H. Klotz judged the event, with F. L. Metcalfe as referee. The score:

D. Brandreth.....	5	6	6	7	5	Total
L. S. Darling.....	3	8	7	3	8	29
G. M. L. La Branche.....	3	3	9	7	0	29
J. D. Smith.....	3	3	6	9	6	27
E. J. Mills.....	5	5	3	0	7	20
F. M. Spiegle.....	3	3	3	3	7	19
D. T. Abercrombie.....	0	7	3	3	3	16
H. G. Henderson, Sr.....	3	3	3	3	3	15
Cast-off, first:						
Brandreth.....	5	6	6	7	5	33
Darling.....	6	5	7	0	5	23
Second:						
La Branche.....	3	8	4	6	4	25
Smith.....	3	3	3	0	3	12

Event 16, Thursday Night, March 2.

An open event to all who had never cast further than 80 feet under like conditions, with four-ounce fly-rod. There were no restrictions on length of leaders, and distance alone counted. Rods with solid reel-seats were given the allowance named in rule 16, as mentioned before. L. S. Darling won with 84 feet. The judges were Milton H. and J. D. Smith, R. H. Klotz again acting as referee. The score:

L. S. Darling.....	Ft. In. 84 00	King Smith.....	Ft. In. 78 00
W. D. Cloyes.....	82 06	D. T. Abercrombie.....	72 00

Messrs. Darling and Abercrombie used 4%, and the others 4%oz. rods, with solid metal reel-seats.

Event 17, Friday Afternoon, March 3.

Another quarter-ounce frog contest off the reel for accuracy and distance, and a hotly contested one, with averages for accuracy only a few points under perfection for three of the men. The conditions were exactly like those ruling event No. 7, mentioned in last week's issue, but a slight change was made wherein the judges instructed the contestants to follow their accuracy casts with those for distance, thus saving time and completing each score before another contestant was called up. In this way one trial and five casts were made at the 60-foot target, then an equal number at the 70-foot target, after which the score was completed by five distance casts. The total of the accuracy casts was divided by 10 and the result deducted from 100, counting as the accuracy per cent. The average of the five distance casts added to this constituted the score. The judges were H. G. Henderson, Sr., and Lody Smith, with R. H. Klotz as referee. C. M. Lucky was first to cast, and his score for accuracy was unusually high, his furthest cast being less than 6 feet from the center at both distances. Backing this up with four casts of 100 feet or further, he left those to follow with a heart-breaker to excel or equal. L. S. Darling almost equaled his accuracy average, but had two unfortunate backlashes, which pulled down his distance average. Reuben Leonard, with a short rod fitted with large agate guides, fell slightly below both men on accuracy, but averaged well for distance, while Hiram Hawes made a remarkable showing after he had made only 87.3 average accuracy, by rolling up a distance average of 81 3-5 with one cast outside the tank. Eddie Mills started off well, but got three distance casts outside, evidently through trying too hard to exceed Dr. Luckey's high average for distance. The score, percentage to count:

	Distance Average, Feet.	Accuracy Average, Per Cent.	Total Average, Per Cent.
C. M. Luckey.....	94.0 100.0 110.0 108.0 110.1	104.5	97.1
R. C. Leonard.....	91.3 97.9 104.1 105.9 96.6	99.4	96.8
H. W. Hawes.....	81.3 101.0 111.6 113.0	81.6	87.6
L. S. Darling.....	40.6 15.0 58.6 84.0 70.0	59.6	96.9
E. J. Mills.....	90.0 57.0	93.9
D. T. Abercrombie	28.0 11.0 47.0 51.0	79.7

Event 18, Friday Night, March 3.

This was open to all, distance only to count, with four-ounce rods and any leader, with the usual allowance for solid reel-seats. R. C. Leonard, using a five-ounce rod, with separate hand grasps and solid reel-seat, scored 96 feet 8 inches and won first place. H. G. Henderson, Sr., and M. H. Smith were the judges. The referee was Robert B. Lawrence. The score:

	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
R. C. Leonard.....	96 08	82 00
H. W. Hawes.....	85 08	78 06
L. S. Darling.....		
E. J. Mills.....		

Event 19, Saturday Afternoon, March 4.

An open event restricted to dry fly-casting for accuracy only, at buoys 20, 30, 40, 50 and 60 feet from the casting platform. Each contestant, when ready to score, was required to make one cast at the 30-foot buoy and allow the fly to float on the water a few seconds. It was then retrieved as delicately as possible and the next buoy cast at, and so on until the five casts had been made. When the fly fell within a foot of the proper buoy, the accuracy was scored as perfect; but if the fly failed to float, or fell more than a foot from the buoy, a demerit of 1 for each fault was scored. Robert B. Lawrence and H. B. Leckler were the judges; referee, R. C. Leonard. The score:

	Accuracy.	Average.	Per Cent.
J. H. Cruickshank.....	1 1 2 0 2	6	98.80
G. M. La Branche.....	1 1 1 4 4	11	97.80
D. Brandreth.....	4 2 1 7 20	34	92.20
L. S. Darling.....	1 2 3 6 30	42	91.60

Event 20, Saturday Night, March 4.

This was an open event, in which each contestant was required to cast for 1 1/2 minutes with each hand alternately until 6 minutes' time had been consumed, the largest cast with each hand to count, while the average for the four casts constituted the score. R. C. Leonard scored 99 feet and averaged 88 feet 9 inches, winning first prize. The judges were C. G. Levison and M. H. Smith; referee, R. H. Klotz. The score:

	Right hand.	Left hand.	Average, Ft. In.
R. C. Leonard.....	99 94	81 81	88 9
H. C. Hawes.....	85 93	80 84	86 6
L. S. Darling.....	92.6 90	71.6 75	82 3
King Smith.....	89 88	67 68	75 9

Event 21, Monday, Afternoon March 6.

Trout fly-casting for accuracy only, open to all, without restriction on weight of rod or length of leader. Five casts were required at each of three buoys placed at 40, 45 and 50 feet, with time to extend line between each distance. A fly alighting within a foot of the buoy was scored a perfect cast, with a demerit of 1 for each foot or fraction the fly fell from the buoy. The demerit per cent. divided by 15 and the total deducted from 100 was scored as the average per cent. L. S. Darling won, although N. S. Smith tied this score on his 14th cast. The judges were G. M. L. LaBranche and Perry D. Frazer; referee, R. H. Klotz. The score.

	Total.	Per Cent.
S. L. Darling.....	0 0 0 0 1	99.47
N. S. Smith.....	0 1 1 0 1	99.47
J. H. Cruickshank.....	1 2 3 1 0	98.40
D. T. Abercrombie.....	3 4 2 2 1	97.66

In practice this afternoon Miss E. J. Cruickshank cast a trout fly with a light rod with accuracy in every way creditable to this family of fly-fishermen.

Unwise Fish Protection on Lake Champlain.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to call the attention of your readers, and especially of the game legislators, to the results of mistaken game legislation as applied to Lake Champlain. The kernel in the nut-shell is this: Prohibitory laws have protected big fish until they have grown and increased to the extent that they have become able to completely devour and exterminate each year's fish crop; very few small fish are allowed to mature. By big fish I mean all varieties of *Esox*: *Esox lucius*, common pike, called pickerel; also *Esox nobilior*, channel pickerel or maskinongé; also gar pike, the bill fish of the natives. They are of the largest fresh-water fishes, and are known to be the most voracious and destructive of all fresh-water fish. What the sharks are to the ocean, these fish are to fresh waters. I have fished in Lake Champlain for the last fifty years, and in that time have visited nearly all parts of this lake; it has always been one of my greatest pleasures to watch the actions and to investigate the varieties and numbers of fishes, whenever I had the opportunity.

Now I am on deck to tell the truth, and will give you my testimony. Fifty years ago, and for about twenty years after, the lake was splendidly stocked with fish everywhere. Large pickerel were not plenty or much in evidence. During the above time I could count, on any rocky shore, on a sunny day, from twenty to fifty black bass of all sizes from fingerlings to large-sized fish. Also, on rocky reefs I could often see schools of large bass lying on the surface with their fins out of water, sunning themselves. It was a common thing to see the whole outline of a reef in-

dicated by the leaping bass and pike-perch chasing small fish. At this time a person with a box of worms and a sapling rod or pole could go down to the shore almost anywhere, throw out, and catch a fine mess of fish of a number of varieties. This I used to do myself. The fish could be seen close up ashore. Perch could be seen in schools acres in extent, out in the lake. I used to see around the rocks fine schools of fall fish, or silver chubs, sometimes called the trout's cousins, because they take a fly and fight precisely like the trout when hooked. They are fine fish on the table. Years ago it was common to catch in Lake Champlain the whitefish of the western lakes. The local fishermen called them lake shad—they used to catch them with a worm or a small minnow. Rock bass and pond-fish were numerous everywhere, and were a nuisance if one was fishing with live bait for bass and pike-perch. Smelt and herring could be caught in quantities everywhere through the ice in winter. I used to spend days fishing for bass with good success; it would be useless to do so now. Mark you, the time above spoken of was the time, and many years before, when free netting, spearing, shooting fish with guns, and no close season, was the rule. One thing I know, the great bulk of fish taken by spearing were pickerel, because they lie close up ashore in the night, and in the spring they lie close up ashore with their backs out of water, when they can be shot with guns. I think the above goes to show plainly that seining, spearing and shooting with guns kept the big fish in check, allowing each year's fish crop to mature, thereby keeping the lake finely stocked.

Let us take a look at the condition of the lake now. For the past few years I have looked in vain for bass on sunny days around rocky shores; they are not there. I have not seen nor caught any silver chubs, the trout's cousin, in a number of years. The rock bass and pond-fish have practically disappeared from the lake; I have caught only four or five of them in the last three years. I find it useless to fish for black bass alone, and only once in a while get one, then seemingly accidentally, and find him poor in flesh and lanky for want of food. Years ago they were fleshy and plump like well-fed porkers. By the best of my judgment, pike-perch and yellow-perch, also smelt and herring, have decreased in numbers fully 50 to 80 per cent. from what they were twenty years ago. Besides this, the pike-perch are thinner and more snaky than they used to be. Furthermore, I do not see schools of bass or pike-perch jumping on the reefs as I did years ago. For the last ten years I have fished on the Vermont side of the lake, where the fish were much more plenty than they were on the New York side, thanks to the seining allowed by Vermont. But I do find enormous pickerel on nearly every reef. I manage to save some of them, but the largest break loose. I got one thirty-eight and one-half inches in length. One I managed to get to the surface, and had a good view of, he appeared to be fully five feet long; he broke away. I think he was a maskinongé. Next season I will rig up with shark hooks and cod lines; then we will see if there is a God in Israel.

I will here copy an article in regard to *Esox lucius*, from the Encyclopedia Britannica, which is of the highest authority: "Pikes are proverbially voracious; there seems indeed to be no bounds to their gluttony, for they devour indiscriminately whatever edible substances they fall in with, and almost every animal they are able to subdue. 'It is,' says M. de Lacepede, 'the shark of the fresh waters; it reigns there a devastating tyrant, like a shark in the midst of the ocean; insatiable in its appetite it ravages with fearful rapidity the streams, lakes, and fish ponds where it inhabits. Blindly ferocious, it does not spare its species and even devours

its own young; gluttonous without choice it tears and swallows with a sort of fury the remains even of putrefied carcasses.'" I have caught pickerel that I had to throw overboard, on account of the foul stench they emitted. "This blood-thirsty animal is also one of those to which nature accords the longest duration of years; for ages it terrifies, agitates, pursues, destroys, and consumes the feeble inhabitants of the waters which it infests; and as if, in spite of its insatiable cruelty, it was meant that it should receive every advantage, it has not only been gifted with strength, with size, with numerous weapons, but it has also been adorned with elegance of form, symmetry of proportions, and variety and richness in color." A singular instance of its voracity is related by Johnson, who asserts that he saw one killed which contained in its belly another pike of large size, and the latter, on being opened, was found to have swallowed a water rat!

I have seen a statement of an experiment tried with some pickerel, *Esox lucius*, that were kept in confinement. Live fish were fed to them to see how much the gluttons would devour. It was found that on the average they would eat their own weight of fish in about every three and one-half days. Think of it! A pike of twenty pounds would eat nearly one ton of fish each year; one of ten pounds weight would devour nearly 1,000 pounds in a year; a six-pound pickerel would destroy more fish in one year than a summer sportsman would catch in one season. Now, a channel pickerel, maskinongé, grows to weigh from forty to sixty pounds. Give them a fair chance and they would get away with fish by the ton. In my younger days there was a shallow lake near my home, three miles long, and three-fourths of a mile wide. It was full of suckers and dace, and there were more frogs to the square rod than I ever saw in any water. We thought it would be fine to introduce pickerel. Sixteen were placed in the lake; in three years' time all the suckers, dace and frogs had disappeared.

The garpike is a fiendish invention of the evil one. Imagine a thin clipper-built fish, two to four feet in length, armed with a bill of hard bone three to ten inches long, opening like a pair of shears, whose edges are armed with sharp-cutting teeth locking together like two carpenter-saws placed edge to edge. Give this fish an impenetrable armor that will turn the edge of a knife, and you have the garpike. This fish will dart like an arrow and is the swiftest fish in the lake. Like its cousin, *Esox*, it delights to lurk among the lily-pads and weeds, ever ready to dart out and kill any unfortunate fish that happens along. It is almost impossible to take this fish by angling, as it generally cuts a fish in pieces before devouring it. On sunny days they can be seen in some parts of the lake in large schools, basking on the surface. As the game laws of New York entirely prohibit, by heavy penalties, spearing, netting and shooting of fish, these garpike have it all their own way. They are left entirely alone; none are destroyed by man. Years ago, in the time of seining, when the seine was drawn the fishermen could detect the presence of bill-fish before they saw them, by the bloody water and the condition of the poor fish enclosed. Some of these would have their tails cut off, others would be horribly cut and wounded. In the days of wooden plows farmers living near Lake Champlain used to nail to the mold-boards of their plows the skins of the garpike to preserve them from wear. It seems to be the mission of the garpike and pickerel family to devastate, ravage and destroy. In this work they have been practically protected by the game laws of the past years. The supply of fish in Lake Champlain at the present time is in a bad way, but worse is to come. Maskinongé, or channel pickerel, have been introduced. These grow to forty or fifty pounds in weight; they will increase like common pickerel, and what minnows and speckled trout are to common pickerel as a prey, will be the pike-perch and black bass, and all other fish under six pounds weight. I am afraid the sudden depletion of fish in the lake for the last few years comes from this cause. I understand that New York has been propagating channel pickerel for distribution. This goes to make good the words of one of Shakespeare's characters, Puck, when he exclaims, "What fools these mortals be!"

Some people think the use of explosives has much to do with the scarcity of fish. It is true the explosion of dynamite on a reef makes barren ground of that particular reef for a number of years. It destroys all insect life on which the small fish feed, thereby causing them to desert that particular locality—the small fish having left, the larger fish leave also. When the reef is in the region of strong currents, these results are not so bad. Of course this causes only local damage, but it is bad enough, and should be prohibited by heavy fines or imprisonment.

Now, I do not wish to dictate or to say to the game legislator what laws should be enacted, but I suppose every person has a right to express his opinion. Therefore I would like to suggest what changes might be made to meet the adverse conditions that confront us.

First—I would suggest that *Esox lucius* and garpike should be outlawed. All persons should be authorized to take them at all times and by any means, excepting the use of explosives placed in the water, which should be prohibited by heavy penalties.

Second—Allow spearing and gunning for fish, both night and day, at all times of the year, for the reason that the bulk of the fish taken by these means are pickerel. (This I know to be true.) If some other fish are taken the benefit of killing the pickerel heavily overbalances the harm done.

Third—Give licenses for seining and netting, but under supervision as to localities, size of the meshes of nets, etc. Exceptions: No seines or nets to be used on or in the immediate vicinity of rocky reefs or places where the pike-perch and bass frequent and inhabit plentifully. No seines or nets to be used that will take fish of one-half pound weight or under. No close season for seining and nets, except where pike-perch and bass resort for spawning purposes. The last clause, regarding netting, to be kept in force at least until the pickerel and garpike are thinned out of the lake.

Fourth—All licences to be issued with the understand-

ing that the owners of all nets and seines shall destroy all garpikes taken.

Fifth—Fish protectors to be well paid only for actual time and service put in. It is an outrage on the people to appoint an incompetent fish protector and pay him a good salary for simply bearing the name.

Perhaps the above changes in the game laws I suggest may seem too radical, but in Lake Champlain we are confronted by desperate conditions, which only radical measures can meet. Stocking Lake Champlain with young fish is useless, under the present conditions, so is the eight-inch law for bass. In fact, there are scarcely any small bass remaining to protect.

BAINBRIDGE BISHOP.

NEW RUSSIA, N. Y.

Fish and Fishing.

I HAD hoped to have remained silent as regards the recent attempts of The Old Angler to entice me from my modest retirement to re-enter the field of personal debate, more especially as the work of satisfactorily replying to his mistaken attacks upon certain of my statements was being so admirably done by others, notably by Mr. Jasper J. Daly, managing director of Pleasant Lake Club, to whom I here express my thanks for his public proof of the correctness of my reference to the salmon of that body of water, and of the errors into which The Old Angler had fallen in connection therewith. But the latter is too old and too experienced a fly-tier and fly-caster not to be able to discover some gay deceit that will succeed in raising an obstinate fish; and the pertinacity with which he returns to the attempt to convict me of scientific error in my writings upon the sea trout, seems at last to

classification of fishes—and I assert without fear of successful contradiction that no more competent ones exist than Gunther, Garman, the late Dr. G. Brown Goode, and Doctors Jordan and Evermann—that the species is *Salvelinus fontinalis*, or the brook trout; of which, as stated by Jordan and Evermann, "many local varieties occur, distinguished by shades of color." Personally, I prefer the use of the word "type" to "variety" in speaking of these differences of coloring, though this is all a matter of personal preference, for "variety" has come to be regarded by many scientists as inapplicable to a form differing from the typical individuals of a species that are not capable of being perpetuated through two or more generations, while "type" is equally applicable to an individual, a species, a genus, a sub-family or a family. It was in illustration of this idea of the word "type," as standing for the picture or representation of distinct individuality that I referred in FOREST AND STREAM of the 24th of December last, to the many distinct types of fish to be found in the same trout stream or pond, adding "I know more than one spot in a small trout stream, and have no doubt that almost every one of my readers can think of just such another vantage ground, where it is quite possible to stand and catch two distinct types of *Salvelinus fontinalis*. On the one side is a rapid, running over bright golden sands, where the fish are as brilliant as coin fresh from the mint. On the other is deep, still water, under the shadow of an overhanging tree, containing fish so much darker in their markings and tints that the uninitiated would be apt to declare them a distinct variety from the first. When the differences are so marked as this in the external appearances of fish inhabiting the same water, it is surely not to be wondered at that, as Mr. Hallock points out, the marine and fluvial trout, though identical in both species and variety, should constitute two distinct types."

done for so many years past, will readily testify. The residents of that coast, as almost every salmon fisherman visiting those streams well knows, give the name *truite de-mer* or sea trout, to the river type, when found in the estuaries with the silver-armored prodigal from the sea, which latter they nickname *truite saumonee*, or salmon trout, because of its resemblance in color to the salmon. If The Old Angler were familiar with the habits of the trout of these northern streams, he would know that while the typical river fish are frequently found with the others as far down stream as the estuaries, the marine type ascends the river to spawn, often above the spawning grounds of the salmon, of which it is one of the most ravenous despoilers.

My friendly disputant's assurance that it was without the least wish to misrepresent that he jumped to the conclusion, from my original contribution on the subject, that I was, previous to last summer, a stranger to the sea trout, is gladly accepted, though I entirely fail to follow the process of reasoning by which he was led up to that conclusion. However, this is purely a personal matter, after all, to which I only now refer for the purpose of mentioning my acceptance of his explanation, and possibly I was not quite as explicit as I might have been when I made the statement which caused his misapprehension.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

In California Waters.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., March 1.—Striped bass are now being caught in the San Francisco Bay off the Tiburon shore by anglers. The salmon recently put in an appearance, and for some weeks to come the fishermen who take pleasure in trolling from boats look forward to the enjoyment which comes from the hooking and playing of large game fish. The striped bass have not as yet shown themselves in anything like satisfactory numbers, but the few that are in evidence go to prove that the big run is not far off, and that fishing in the straits will afford anglers a fine measure of sport during the present month.

"Pop" Carroll, who is fond of salt-water angling for big fish, succeeded in landing two large salmon and one striped bass last Tuesday. The largest of the salmon taken put up a game fight, and proved to be a beautiful prize. Not until the capture of striped bass by a system of trolling from boats was attempted, had anglers the remotest idea, that the salmon, while on its journey from salt water to fresh water, would pay attention to a spoon trolled in any part of the bay.

Several fine salmon were taken last year during March and April, which is evidence that local anglers could have enjoyed many days of grand sport in past years, if only aware that salmon could be taken by means of spoon-spinning.

Several boats were engaged for last Sunday, and many of the occupants who trolled along Tiburon's shores enjoyed the pleasure of hooking some of the large fish that were waiting to be caught in the straits.

Now that the water in San Antonio Slough is in good condition for fishing, some members of the California Anglers' Club will prospect for bass with spoon and clam.

Fishing in Lake Merritt remains poor, and the outlook for anything like favorable sport on the placid sheet of water will not be good, as long as the pile-drivers are at work on the logs anchored near the old fishing grounds.

Fish spearing on the Paper Mill and Lagunitas creeks continues without interruption from game wardens and fish officials.

J. D. C.

The Kennel.

A True 'Dog' Story.

JOHN CHASE, a stage driver, on the mail line from Saratoga to Dillon, is the owner of a remarkably bright shepherd dog, which money would not buy, for he helped his master out of a very difficult matter and probably saved the lives of four horses.

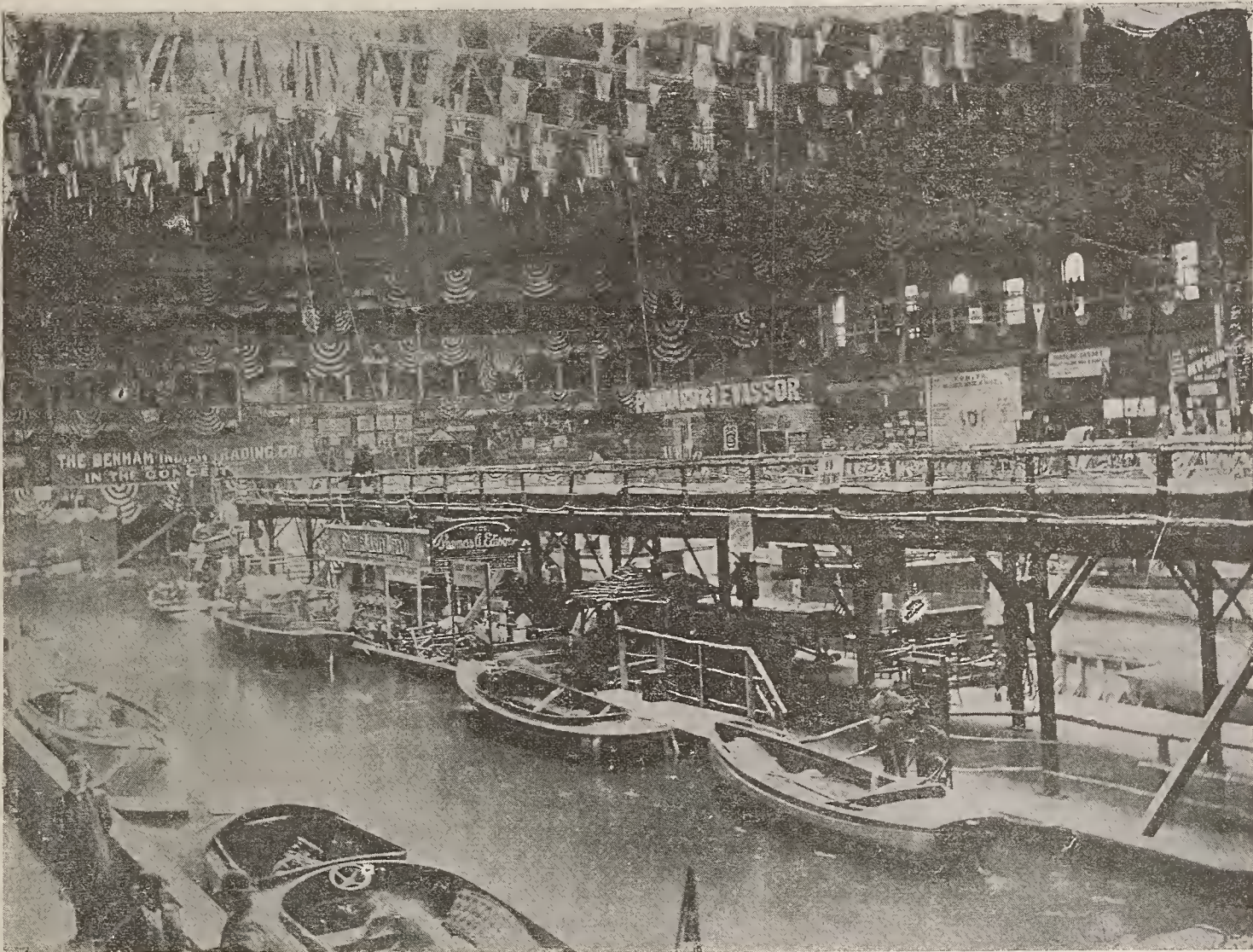
Mr. Chase was on the road to Dillon, with a four-horse sled-load of mail, last week, and reaching a point near what is known as "Snow-slide hill," when his horses got off the road and all four of them got down in the snow. Chase worked for hours, trying to get them on their feet again, but in vain. After most heroic efforts, all four of the horses remained "belty-up." It was growing toward night and the weather was sharp. Chase was desperate. He saw that all his efforts to get the horses up were in vain.

Joseph Farrell and two or three other men occupied a cabin about a mile back on the road. Having this in mind he turned to the dog, who was an interested, but helpless spectator, and said: "Go down to the cabin and tell those men to come up and help me." He had no thought that the dog would understand, but it seems that the dog did, for he at once started down the trail on a run. Chase has often said that the dog knew all he said to it, but all his stories of the dog's intelligence were taken with a grain of allowance, his hearers knowing how much Chase valued the canine.

It was not very long, however, before the men, armed with shovels made their appearance, accompanied by the dog, which seemed to be leading the way. They said the dog had come and scratched at the door, and had shown so much anxiety for them to follow him, running off up the road, barking and whining, that they felt that its master must be in trouble. So they bundled themselves, procured shovels and determined to find out, if possible just what was the matter.

With the help of the men the horses were gotten on to their feet once more. There was hay in the sled, but as it was still on the trail, it was too high for the horses to reach it. So the snow was shoveled away to let it down to a point where the horses could feed with comfort, and the outfit left for the night, Chase and the men returning to the cabin for the night.

The next morning Chase was able to get the team on to the road once more and finished his journey without further mishap. Chase says that money could not buy that dog, and he never makes a trip over that road without the dog along.—Saratoga (Wyo.) Sun.



THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. Showing the elevated tank for the fly-casting Competition.

call for a repetition of what I have already said upon the subject, lest frequent iteration on his part should lead to misapprehension upon that of others.

The closing paragraph of his letter in your issue of the 18th of February is nothing at all if not an attempt to make it appear that as a result of the recent discussion in FOREST AND STREAM I have been led to renounce certain ichthyological errors which he would insinuate that I had previously advanced in this column. As well might I have expressed gratification that both Mr. Hallock and The Old Angler "are now agreed that when *Salmo fontinalis* is caught in salt water he is a sea trout, but when taken in fresh water he is a brook trout, which has been all along the contention of" the undersigned; for The Old Angler knows that many years ago I wrote to this effect of the fish in a book of which I sent him a copy at the request of a mutual friend. Furthermore, no intelligent reader of my contribution to this paper of the 24th of December last could fail to understand that the marine and fluvial trout, as Mr. Hallock describes them, and with quite as much justification as The Old Angler calls them sea and brook trout, are "identical in both species and variety." And I added, further, "Differences in coloring, as we all know, cannot constitute distinct varieties, and the sea and river trout are identical, not only in bone structure, but also in fin rays, in the number of pyloric appendages and in the arrangement of teeth upon the vomer, which are all taken into consideration by scientists in their study of what is known as comparative zoology."

All this had been written before any discussion of my original contribution on the subject had come to my notice at all. And nearly a month earlier I had made it clear that the so-called sea trout was simply a sea-run trout, since I showed that it was born in fresh water and returned there to spawn. The article in which this was plainly stated appeared in this column on the 19th of November last.

While his letter is before me, I must take exception to the statement of The Old Angler that "Authorities competent to give an opinion now agree that the species is *Salmo fontinalis*, and the variety brook trout." As a matter of fact they do nothing of the kind, though in former times there were those who undoubtedly did so. Nowadays it is agreed by the very best authorities on the

The Old Angler, or anyone else, is welcome to all the comfort he can extract out of his ridicule of this contention. It suits my purpose to retain the form of expression I have already employed, and I shall continue to do so, though I have no more inclination to force it upon others than I have to permit others to force their forms upon me.

There is, of course, neither argument nor proof in the allegation of the "crass ignorance" of such keen and observant sportsmen as J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, and John Manuel, of Ottawa, and of the "errors of description and classification," the "ignorance," etc., of such widely recognized authorities as the late M. H. Perley, Frank Forrester, Charles Hallock, Thad. Norris and others; and wide, indeed, is the gulf that separates such garrulousness from the calm, dignified, scientific and judicial spirit which enabled Darwin, in his "Origin of Species," to say of this question of varietal and individual differences, "Certainly no clear line of demarcation has as yet been drawn between species and subspecies; that is, the forms which, in the opinions of some naturalists, come very near to, but do not quite arrive at, the rank of species; or, again, between subspecies and well-marked varieties, or between lesser varieties and individual differences. These differences blend into each other by an insensible series; and a series impresses the mind with the idea of an actual passage."

It is unfortunate for those of us who only desire a calm and dispassionate discussion of the differences to which Darwin refers, that The Old Angler should so facetiously demand, "how far up river does the marine trout change into the fluvial trout, or how far down river does the fluvial type change into the marine type?" Premising once for all, since I have already many times repeated the statement, that the marine and fluvial trout are one and the same fish—varietally and structurally—differing only in coloring and the other conditions resulting from the anatomy of the one and the non-anatomy of the other, which differences Mr. Hallock and myself have elected to describe, for reasons of convenience and perspicuity, as individual types, my questioner is informed that these two types are frequently found together, as any angler who has taken them in the estuaries of the rivers on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as I have



YACHTING



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION NO. IV.

We publish in another column the prize winners in the competition given by this journal for a 60ft. waterline cruising launch, together with the judge's criticisms of the designs submitted. The name of the winner of the cabin plan prize will be given next week.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow went over the drawings with great care, and besides giving all the points and features due consideration, checked all weights and calculations. This was a great undertaking, and we congratulate the competitors upon having so conscientious, painstaking and thorough a judge pass upon their work.

In criticising the designs, Mr. Gielow has adopted a rather different policy from the one pursued before. As he states in his report, he assumes that the good points in the designs speak for themselves, and in order to make the competition of especial benefit and value to the participants as well as others interested in the study of the subject, he calls particular attention to such weak features as the designs may contain.

In giving these designing competitions, our sole purpose has been to increase the interest in this absorbing study, and add in some way to the science of the subject. In this regard we believe we have been successful, and that in the future these competitions will continue to act as educators and add to the interest of the yachting department.

The conditions governing the competition produced in almost every case the type of boat which we believe to be best adapted for cruising along our coast. This in itself was gratifying, and, coupled with the high grade of the designs, brought about a condition eminently satisfactory.

Competitors in all our competitions have had the advantage of a criticism by one of our most prominent naval architects, something which they would not have been able to secure in any other way, and in addition their work has been given a most desirable and beneficial publicity. Competitions are apt to be a source of ill feeling, but so far we have yet to hear of a disgruntled competitor. Men who take up so serious a work as yacht designing, are usually above petty disputes and controversies that too frequently arise in purely sporting contests. It is our idea to make friends by these competitions and add to our prestige as well as to afford valuable instruction to all yachting men. If we cannot accomplish this, we shall feel that we have labored in vain.

A number of men have written us regarding future competitions. Their letters have proved, without exception, suggestive and helpful. We urge all those interested to let us have their views, for we wish to make our next competition, which is to be open to amateurs only, the most popular and successful of them all.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition.—IV.

Design for a 60ft. Waterline Cruising Launch.

JUDGE'S AWARDS AND CRITICISMS.

In considering the merits of the different designs submitted, due consideration has been given to the conditions outlined in the FOREST AND STREAM, and in awarding the prizes it was assumed that each boat was built strictly in accordance with the plans and specifications, and the boats so built selected in accordance with their desirability, in accordance with the general conditions named, and as practical boats.

It is assumed that the good points in the various designs speak for themselves, and need no especial commendation. The criticisms are for the purpose of pointing out the weak points of the designs, so they may be overcome and prove profitable and useful to the competitors.

The first prize, \$100.00, is awarded to Moccasin.

Harold Lee, Mariners' Harbor, S. I.

The second prize, \$60.00, to Bilgewater.

Albert W. Crouch, New York city.

The third prize, \$40.00, to Navahoe.

A. C. Mair, Attleboro, Mass.

MOCASIN, FIRST PRIZE.

The best planned boat of all submitted. The details substantially correct. Liberal displacement and construction verging on heavy. Lines fair.

BILGEWATER, SECOND PRIZE.

A nice arrangement with few minor defects. The companionway slide will have to be widened so as to give headroom over the lower part of companion stairs. Upper berths in forecabin have rather limited head room. Displacement and scantling generally about right. A nice looking boat. Estimated speed is correct.

NAVAHOE, THIRD PRIZE.

Liberal displacement and substantial scantling. The

lines indicate fair form and good seagoing qualities. Arrangement of accommodations is good, except that floor space in stateroom is rather contracted; the toilet rooms are too small, and the stairs from cockpit into engine room are too steep. Ventilation hoods should be provided over engine room for use when too stormy to keep companionways open. Companionway in forward end of engine room is objectionable. The maximum speed of this boat would be about 13 statute miles per hour.

WINDSOR.

A unique design, but having limited accommodations. Displacement liberal, verging on heavy. Insufficient head room over stairs. Seats in main saloon and berth in owner's stateroom rather narrow. Insufficient light and ventilation in forecabin and engine room.

LONG ISLAND.

Too much displacement, too heavy construction, and unusual lines. Transoms in saloon and dining room too narrow; passages to port aft and forward of owner's stateroom only 17in. in width; they should not be less than 24in.; in fact, 26in. would be preferable. Stairs in cockpit leading to top of cabin extend too far aft. Not enough room above owner's bed for his feet. The boat will not hold galley as laid out, and engines as shown on drawing go through the vessel's skin. Engine room and crew's quarters in one is not very attractive in warm weather.

NO. 13.

Scantling dimensions a trifle heavy, except frame spacing, which would be better with 12in. centers. Ample displacement. Lines not enough sheer, too flat aft, too hard bilges. General arrangement good, but details faulty. Insufficient head room over companion stairs. Steps should not exceed 8in. in height, drawing shows 12in. Rudder is too small and improperly placed.

BARNACLE.

The cost of this boat would exceed the \$9,000 limit by 20 to 25 per cent.

ESTMAUMAR.

Too heavy construction and too much displacement. The use of 5,000 pounds of ballast is unjustifiable, as a boat of this type properly designed needs no ballast. Passage to owner's stateroom shows only 18in. in width, which is too narrow. Companionway hood over circular stairs is too narrow to afford proper headroom over the bottom step. Companionways with entrance in forward end or on side are objectionable, and ought to be avoided. The arrangement of galley and engine room is unsatisfactory and too contracted. The top berths in forecabin are practically useless by reason of insufficient head room. The portion of propeller shaft strut extending below shaft is useless. Rudder is too small. The maximum speed will not exceed 10¼ miles.

BARLEY.

If the interior arrangements were reversed, the owner's quarter's placed aft, etc., it would make a more satisfactory arrangement. Lines fair, general construction good, but just a trifle heavy. Too much power; 40 horsepower would be ample, as the lines are not suitable for a speed greater than this power would give. There should be a skylight over engine room, or the one over galley might be lengthened and moved back one frame space. Companionway entrance from side is objectionable. In order to drain leakage from gasoline tanks outboard, the bottoms of these compartments should not be 6in. below the load waterline, but should be several inches above it; this will allow proper drainage and in rough weather will permit the sea water to flow in and keep it sweet and fresh, while with floor 6in. below, the space would simply fill with sea water with gasoline floating on top.

HENRY J. GIELOW.

The Cruise of Whitecap.

BY L. S. TIEMANN.

Aug. 14 to Sept. 7, 1903.

It was a typical midsummer afternoon when at 3 o'clock on August 15 we started the engine and headed out of Echo Bay for our long-looked-forward-to cruise.

The real start should perhaps be said to have been made the previous evening, when the Doctor and I ran the boat over from Glenwood, Long Island, to New Rochelle in order to purchase necessary stores and fill the tank, but Saturday saw us actually under way with three weeks of holiday before us.

Our plan was to sail east to Newport, around Rhode Island, and then go as far toward Cape Cod and Nantucket as time permitted, returning home by way of Cuttyhunk, Block Island and Montauk.

The boat, a good old-fashioned South Bay model built by "Gil" Smith at Patchogue, measures 23ft. 6in. on the waterline and draws 3ft. 6in. This draft may seem rather excessive for a South Bay boat, but is explained by the fact that a fin of oak and iron 7ft. long by 18in. deep has been bolted to the keel, and the centerboard is below the cabin floor. Two years ago when this change was made, a 3 horsepower Palmer gasoline engine was installed, which, under all ordinary conditions, can be depended upon for about 4½ miles an hour, and has many times proved a great comfort.

Our crew was strictly amateur, consisting of Dr. W., my brother and myself, who, as owner, was supposed to act as captain and engineer.

After clearing Premium Point, we drifted eastward under sail for an hour, with barely steerageway, and when this became monotonous, started the engine again. About this time we sighted the warships sailing up the Sound bound for Oyster Bay, where they were to be reviewed by the President on Monday. They made a splen-

did show, coming on in a double column, the battleships first, followed by the cruisers and then the destroyers and torpedo boats. When opposite Centre Island, they turned and headed for the entrance to Oyster Bay, but instead of going inside, as we expected to see them do, swung to the east and anchored in Huntington Harbor. We were now abreast of Stamford Light, and as it was almost six o'clock, decided to run in and anchor off the Stamford Y. C. for the night. It being the first night, our enthusiasm was sufficient to have dinner on board, a practice we had decided in advance to avoid, and which we gave up as soon as possible. Cooking and eating meals on a small boat may theoretically be great fun, but after a more or less extended experience I have decided that it pays to arrange to go ashore to the best hotel available for dinner. The actual preparation of a really very satisfactory meal in these days of improved blue-flame oil stoves is easy, but the aftermath of "washing up" eventually takes the keen edge off the enjoyment. Our first dinner on board convinced us that we had no reason to change our views on this subject, and confirmed us in our intention to have dinner ashore whenever possible.

The next day, being Sunday, we were in no hurry to start, particularly as there was no wind, so the Doctor went ashore for milk and I started the stoves to have water boiling by the time he returned. This gradually became the regular morning routine, and with plenty of boiling water it was a very simple matter to boil the milk in one of the double saucepans, and twenty minutes after the Doctor's return our breakfast of cocoa, cereal and eggs would be ready. While at breakfast a number of launches passed us, all crowded and all headed across the Sound to see the warships. We were rather tempted to run over for a look ourselves, but finally decided to continue eastward. When we hauled up the anchor at ten o'clock, there was not a ripple in sight, with not even a cloud to hold out a hope of a breeze later in the day. Curiosity and a desire to relieve the monotony of launch sailing, decided us to run inside the Norwalk Islands, the channel, according to the chart, being well buoyed and quite easy. Had we followed this we should doubtless have gotten through without difficulty, but when half way through we discovered what appeared to be a short-cut, and reference to the chart seemed to confirm this, showing only one shoal spot in our vicinity. This seemed so easy to avoid that we at once changed our course to suit the new route, and five minutes later brought up with a thump at what proved to be a ledge just near enough to the surface to catch our fin. A rising tide and fifteen minutes of pushing set us afloat once more, satisfied for the future to let the Government do the sounding and stick to the results given in the chart. Free from the perils of inland navigation, it was time for lunch, which came together with a good beam wind from the north. Once more making good progress under sail, we began to talk of Black Rock for the night, but reaching Penfield Light by four o'clock, this was changed to Stratford. With the breeze we then had it seemed possible to reach Stratford in time for dinner, but on the water conditions change so quickly that it is well to be prepared for disappointments, and our dinner that night was one of them. Arrived at the entrance to the river at six o'clock, with only two miles to go to reach the town, it still seemed possible to get ashore by seven, but we began the attempt half an hour too late, and caught the full strength of the ebb tide. For two long hours the engine did its best before we were able to drop anchor opposite the town, our only consolation being the knowledge that the current would be going our way in the morning.

Monday another calm, but a bank of clouds to the south gave promise of better things. The run outside the breakwater was as easy as coming up had been difficult, and soon after reaching open water the promised breeze came up from the southwest and held steady until sunset. Encouraged by the improved conditions, my brother improvised a spinnaker and club topsail from our awning and two tents. As two of these were striped blue and red, our appearance was no doubt ludicrous, but the added sail pulled well and helped us finely. Saybrook came to be regarded as our natural destination for the day, but our experience with the current at Stratford made us finally decide to push on to Niantic. This was again changed to New London, when we found that a fair tide, which we had neglected to calculate on, had carried us past Niantic in the dark. Our first realization of this was picking up the red sector of New London light, which we held until we had the white clear, and then ran in, anchoring off the Pequot House at ten o'clock. The Doctor, being a family man, had felt compelled to give a few addresses where mail might reach him, and the Pequot House was one of them, making a trip ashore necessary as soon as the anchor was on bottom. One letter was our only reward, but that reported the children still alive and promised more news later, necessitating another call at the hotel in the morning before leaving.

The next day was scheduled for one of the eventful days of the trip. Friends were expecting us at Stonington, and pleasant anticipations of at least one square meal with no dishes to wash hurried our departure in the morning. This time we had wind to start with, but it was too good to last, and from Groton Long Point into Stonington the engine had to be called on. The interval before reaching Stonington was busily employed by all hands in removing the traces of previous neglect from ourselves and the boat, and we were able to present a very creditable appearance on arrival. That evening was a very happy one, delightful company and lots to eat, and even the discovery later on that our dinghy was not where we had left it, with visions of having to swim out to the boat, which, fortunately, was not necessary, could not destroy our serenity.

To small boat sailors cruising between New London and Cape Cod, tides and current become of the utmost importance, and from here on we made a nightly study of Eldridge's current tables which became our Vade Mecum. For the morrow's run to Newport we found, to our satisfaction, that things were going our way. The ebb, with a strength of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots, began running to the eastward at seven o'clock, which gave us until one to round Point Judith when the flood would begin setting in to Narragansett Bay. Being anxious to have the benefit of all the favoring current possible, we reluctantly decided to start next morning at six o'clock, but no wind and a badly flooded engine changed this to seven. As it turned out, the delay was of no consequence, for we picked up a fine southwest breeze off Watch Hill that gave us all we could take care of by eleven o'clock, when we rounded the Point, reaching Newport at one in spite of the strong tide running out of the Bay. This was our first taste of the "real thing," and we enjoyed it immensely.

Newport claimed our attention for two days, spent in driving or walking about town and along the cliffs, with dinner each night at New Cliffs. Here we said a regretful good-by to my brother, who had to return to New York, and the regret was very genuine, for being the youngest member of the party, all the dish-washing, hauling up anchor, etc., had fallen to his lot, and would now have to be done by one or the other of the survivors.

We chose Bristol as our next port, and on the morning of the 21st started out with a fair wind and tide, but had hardly cleared Fort Adams when the engine became necessary. Two hours of this, with a red hot sun overhead, brought us to Prudence Island, where we anchored for a swim. Once more luck came our way in the form of a good southwest breeze, which gave us a capital chance to sail to the upper end of Prudence Island, and at four we ran into Bristol for the night. Bristol naturally suggests the Herreshoffs, and this was partly our reason for choosing it rather than Warren for our port; but we found that an inspection of the famous shops was out of the question, and had to content ourselves with dining at the new hotel, owned by the Herreshoffs and largely built by their workmen during the quiet season. That night it blew hard from the southwest, and the harbor having no protection from that direction we pitched about most uncomfortably. As a result, we had a tug of war when it came to breaking out the anchor next morning. With the cable up and down and made fast, and all sails set, it refused to budge until a particularly strong puff did the trick. According to programme this was to be a peaceful day's sail around Rhode Island by way of the Sakonnet River to the Breakwater, but the delightfully unexpected that always happens on cruises came to our rescue and saved us from monotony. Leaving Bristol at six o'clock, we planned to carry the last of the flood tide to the north end of Rhode Island, and the first of the ebb through the Bridges, anchoring below the last Bridge for breakfast. This all came true up to the passage through the first Bridge, but from there on things happened faster than expected. The southern of the two Bridges is really a stone causeway with only one opening in the middle with a draw, giving a passage for small boats. In effect, this is practically a dam, causing the water to rush through the single opening with great velocity. Having a chance to study this for a few minutes while we waited for the bridge turner to open the draw, we saw that the water on the south side was at least a foot below the level of that on the side we were on, and the strong southwest wind blowing against the water rushing through, put a curl on it that looked decidedly unpleasant. We had not bargained on shooting rapids with a boat the size of ours, so prepared for trouble by making fast the jib and starting the engine at half speed. By this time the draw was wide open and it took us very little time when the current caught us to drop through into a nasty chop that knocked us about without regard to the sail or engine. The wind had now increased to half a gale and made it necessary to reef as soon as possible, so we worked over under the western shore to get a lee, and at nine o'clock anchored for breakfast. To put in a couple of reefs and go on after breakfast seemed, while at anchor, to be the simplest sort of a proposition, but this was on the supposition that the Sakonnet resembled in a measure other rivers, and although blowing hard the water could not get rough enough to be troublesome. This was a mistake, the Sakonnet being built on the plan of a funnel with the large opening facing the ocean; in a southwest blow the seas run into this opening and follow up the river for several miles. We had hardly started again when we found all this out, but not wishing to go back, decided to keep on and take advantage of the next shelter to anchor and wait for better weather. The wind had increased to a gale, with so much sea that going to windward in a small boat was almost impossible. We made fast the jib and started the engine, using the mainsail to steady her, but even then it was decidedly unpleasant going, the shores on both sides being lined with nets, only leaving about a half mile channel in the middle, which obliged us to keep in rough water or take the chance of fouling a net. Not caring to risk this, we held on down the middle, tacking back and forth until we were half a mile from Black Point, which we had picked out as the best shelter. We found then that we either had to keep on for a mile further down the channel in order to weather two big nets or take the chance of going over some small ones inside. We chose the latter and went over all right, running in close to the land before anchoring. A trip to shore confirmed our fears that there was no hotel nearer than Newport, so we resigned ourselves to the inevitable and dined aboard. Midnight found me on deck wrestling with the dinghy, which was acting like the veriest goat, dragging back the length of the painter and then charging at us, bringing up with a smash. The wind had gone down and the swell running past us was reflected by the shore, causing the antics of the small boat. Sunday was one of our red letter days. We turned out fairly early and with a light wind started for Sakonnet Breakwater, where we anchored for breakfast. On shore we learned that the sea the day before had run completely over to Breakwater, making it impossible for the regular steamer to land, which reconciled us in having lost half the day flying behind Black Point. Under way after breakfast, a splendid southwest wind met us just

as we were starting, which gave us a fair wind after we had rounded the light and headed for New Bedford. A bright sun, plenty of wind from the right direction, and a big swell left from the previous day's glow made ideal sailing for anyone not troubled with emotion. We ran off the distance to Dumpling Rock Light in short order, and should have reached our intended anchorage off Popc's Island early in the afternoon, but a squall, met just as we were entering the harbor, made it necessary to take in the mainsail. To add a touch of local color, a whaling schooner passed us on the way up the harbor, evidently just arrived from a long cruise, and later when we passed her at anchor below the city a small schooner crowded with people from the shore was sailing around her, one man holding up a boy, no doubt to break the happy news to some father aboard.

Some engines are equipped with a bilge pump which serves the purpose of saving the crew the necessity of doing any pumping; but ours was not, and for several days we had noticed that when the engine was running it was necessary to pump about every hour to keep the water below the flywheel and avoid a wetting down. Evidently the stuffing-box on the stern bearing was leaking badly, and we became anxious to have the boat hauled out and the bearing tightened. New Bedford seemed a likely place to accomplish this, and we learned of two railways below the city owned by a Portuguese. Immediately after breakfast, which we had ashore for a change, we ran the boat over to his place, but much to our disappointment there was not water enough to put her on the cradle until the evening tide, and this meaning the loss of a whole day, we put off the repairs for a more favorable opportunity. Going on board again to get under way, I started the engine, which, much to my disgust, refused to run, and obliged us to anchor again to avoid fouling other boats. Ten minutes of hot and rather profane work accomplished nothing, when suddenly the Doctor remembered that while I was ashore he had shut off the gasoline at the tank and forgot to mention it when we were ready to start. This little mystery cleared up, we headed down the harbor, drifting under sail around the Mosher Ledge Buoy in the general direction of Buzzard's Bay (town), which, as the home of an ex-President, was thought to be worth a visit. No wind and little progress discouraged us from this, and when the breeze did come it found us ready to go to Woods Holl, if we could get through the passage before dark. The breeze lasted just long enough to get us to the passage and the engine did the rest, enabling us to reach the anchorage beyond the Fish Commission Dock at six o'clock.

Tuesday was disappointing. We had planned to go to Nantucket on the morning tide, but one look at the weather on running out put an end to our hope of being able to start. It was blowing hard with every indication of more to come. To counteract the depression this caused, we breakfasted ashore. Returning on board it came on to squall with heavy rain, and we watched a boat that had started earlier in the day come back, and another large schooner yacht ran in and anchored near us. Evidently no improvement could be expected for several hours, so we settled down to finish some odd jobs and sleep. By one o'clock it had stopped raining, and at two we thought well enough of the weather to start for Cottage City. In leaving the harbor we made the mistake of following the buoys through the main channel into Vineyard Sound instead of keeping along the shore to Nobska. This cost us an hour, the lesson being pointed out very forcibly by a boat which started after we did and followed the course we should have taken. The current between Nobska and Martha's Vineyard is something easily remembered by anyone who has "bucked" it, as we did for three hours, and we made several mental notes about timing our future movements to go with instead of against it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

British Letter.

OCEAN RACE FOR KAISER'S CUP.—From the latest report received with regard to the entries for the German Emperor's ocean race from Sandy Hook to the Lizard, six vessels are down to start. Three of these are American, two British, and one German. The report states that all the yachts are auxiliaries except the German yacht and the yawl Ailsa. If that is the case, it seems as if Ingo-mar is not among the list, but perhaps she will be entered later; or very probably the news on this side is incorrect, and she has been entered all along, as was supposed to be the case. The British yachts are the Earl of Crawford's fine ship-rigged Valhalla and Lord Brassey's well known Sunbeam. The first named is a very handsome vessel of close on fifteen hundred tons. She was built by Ramage & Ferguson, of Leith, for Mr. Laycock in 1892, and although fitted with engines capable of driving her at a speed of 11 miles per hour, she has a full sail plan, including studding sails and presents a fine spectacle when under canvas. She was built after the style of the old privateers—a fancy of Mr. Laycock—and had a crew all told of a hundred men. Her original owner did not make much use of her, however, and she was laid up for some years. She has been considerably altered of late, but many of the old features have been preserved. Valhalla is an ideal ship for the ocean race, and will probably be the most comfortable vessel in the contest. Sunbeam is too well known to need any description. Suffice it to say she has been the ocean home of Lord Brassey for thirty-one years, and has been all over the world. Two years ago these two vessels sailed a race with Mr. Armour's beautiful Utowana, which was then in British waters, the course being from Cowes, round Cherbourg breakwater, thence round the Eddystone Lighthouse and back to Cowes. Only sail power was used, and the race, which took place in light, baffling airs, resulted in a runaway victory for the American yacht, whose fore and aft canvas gave her a great advantage in the windward work. The German schooner is of course the Watson-designed Rainbow, which was built in 1898 for the late Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing. She was bought two years ago by a syndicate of German yachtsmen, and is now known as Hamburg. Rainbow was the last of Watson's schooners, and is a fast vessel, but is not handled as smartly as could be wished, and her German skipper and crew do not get as much out of her as they might, especially by the wind.

All these yachts named are fine vessels and fit to go anywhere, but they are very different in point of speed, and if there is to be no time allowance the race, as a race, must be devoid of interest, although as a voyage across the Atlantic it ought to be a most delightful trip. However, one thing seems to be assured, and that is the German Emperor's object, which is to swell the already large fleet of yachts in the Dover-Heligoland race and later on at the Kiel regattas.

SUPPORT GIVEN TO FOREIGN REGATTAS.—The undoubted success of the Baltic regattas during the last six or seven years has been due in a very great measure to the presence of British yachts which have found their way to Kiel in ever-increasing numbers since the first race from Dover to Heligoland. So great has become the exodus of racing yachts from British to German waters, that some of our principal fixtures have suffered severely, and the once famous Clyde Fortnight is now only the shadow of what it used to be. Yachtsmen are beginning to wake up to this fact, and the Royal London Y. C. has taken the matter of reviving the glories of the Clyde by offering valuable prizes for a race for yachts exceeding 95 tons from Cowes to the Clyde on June 22, and the Royal Clyde and Royal Northern Y. C.'s will offer prizes for a return race to Cowes after the Fortnight. It is hoped that British yacht owners will support this movement, for the German regattas have cut so badly into our own that it is quite time British yachtsmen realized the fact and did not continue to support foreign racing at the expense of their own clubs. It is hoped that there will be a great improvement in the quality of the Clyde Fortnight this year.

E. H. KELLY.

NEW OWNERS FOR YACHTS.—The schooner yacht Harbinger has been sold by the estate of Henry G. Russell to Mr. George H. Clark and J. R. White, jointly, of Rochester, N. Y., through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox. This boat is 80ft. over all, built by the George Lawley & Son Corp. in 1884, from designs of Mr. A. Cary Smith. The boat will shortly be fitted out and taken to the lakes via the St. Lawrence. The schooner yacht Ivanhoe has been sold by Mr. E. D. Thayer, of Worcester, Mass., to Messrs. Pierce & Mount, of Belmar, New Jersey, through the same agency. This same firm has also arranged the sale of the sloop yacht Electra, belonging to Mr. George H. Frazier, of Philadelphia, to Mr. Joseph E. Brown, of Brooklyn, and the houseboat Rudder Grange to Mr. F. C. Moore, of the New York Canoe Club, Brooklyn.

DERIVATION OF A JAPANESE NAME.—Hummono, 23 tons, Mr. Miall Green, is expected at Monaco shortly. Her tender, Takumono, is entered in the 6.5m. class for the Monaco races. The route taken is via Paris, the Seine, the Canal de Bourgogne, and the Rivers Saone and Rhone. The derivation of the name Hummono is perhaps not without interest. It is derived from *Mono*, Japanese for "thing," and *Hum*, A.S., "to smell;" therefore, "smelling-thing." Such a compound of Neo-Aryan and Turanian elements might make a philologist shudder, but she is a good boat and belies her name.—The Yachtsman.

HILDEGARDE AND ARIADNE FOR THE OCEAN RACE.—It is quite possible that the auxiliary schooner Ariadne, owned by Mr. H. W. Putnam, Jr., and the schooner Hildegarde, owned by Mr. E. R. Coleman, will start in the German Emperor's ocean race. There is also a rumor that Mr. W. Gould Brokaw will enter the yawl Sybarita. She is generally looked upon as a likely boat, and many men feel that should she start her chances of winning would be of the best. Mr. Brokaw seldom loses an opportunity to participate in any sporting event, and it is to be hoped that he will not miss this one.

CALYPSO SOLD.—The 25ft. waterline cabin sloop Calypso, designed and built by Hanley, and champion of the Y. R. A. of M. for the years 1901 and 1902, has been sold by Commodore S. F. Heaslip to Vice-Commodore A. M. Cooke, of the Southern Y. C., through the agency of Mr. L. D. Sampson. Calypso won the "cock o' the walk flag" in her class in the Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. for the past season. Commodore Heaslip, president of the S. G. C. A., recently purchased Cadillac, champion 30-footer of the Great Lakes.

PEGGY, NIKE AND REGINA TO RACE AROUND LONG ISLAND.—The ketch Peggy, owned by Rear-Commodore Hastings, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.; the sloop Nike, owned by Mr. Victor I. Cumnock, and the sloop Regina, owned by Mr. Francis G. Stewart, are to race around Long Island during the coming season. The start will be made off the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. anchorage, and the finish will be off the Atlantic Y. C. at Sea Gate. All three of the participants are enrolled in the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

A THIRD CANADA CUP CHALLENGER.—The third boat to be built for the trial races for the Canada Cup comes from the board of Mr. William Johnson, who has turned out a number of successful small boats. The Canada Cup boat is for a syndicate headed by Mr. J. M. Fearnside, and she will be known as Hamilton II. The boat will be built at Hamilton, Ont.

CRACK SKIPPER ENGAGED FOR ATLANTIC.—Captain Charles Barr has been engaged by Mr. Wilson Marshall to command his yacht Atlantic. Captain Barr will be in charge of Atlantic in the ocean race for the Kaiser's Cup, and will retain the position until another challenge for the America's Cup is forthcoming.

BROOKLYN Y. C. DINNER.—The annual dinner of the Brooklyn Y. C. will be held at 7 P. M. on Saturday, March 25, at the Underwriters' Club, No. 16 Liberty street, Manhattan. The secretary is F. W. Bradford, 123 Bay 19th street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

COUNTRY CLUB CUP RACES.—The Detroit Country Club has named the dates September 5, 6, 7 for the Country Club Competitive Cup Races for 1905.

The Motorboat and Sportsman's Show.

NEVER before in the history of the present or old Madison Square Garden structure has there been an exhibition so popular, instructive, and on the whole, profitable to exhibitors, the associations interested, and the public generally, as the present show. One can visit the show several days in succession, and each day find something to interest, amuse or of use to one. As a rule, it is not a listless sight-seeing crowd, but one of animation and expectancy. Sales that have been booked are in some cases beyond the most sanguine expectations, in general good and the exception where the amount of sales, saying nothing of the moral after-effect, has not fully paid the exhibitor.

It would be hard to let the incident pass without just one or two criticisms, however. The principal one heard is that the fifteen days' exhibit is too long, in that it becomes tedious to the demonstrators, but more particularly it takes the attention of those in charge from the duties of supervision in the various manufacturing establishments. The only other noticed, and it is hardly of sufficient importance to be mentioned, is that while nearly all the boats in the lake were provided with right-hand propellers, they were compelled to make the turns to the right instead of the left, against the wheel. Capt. Dressel certainly has managed his department well; Mr. D. T. Abercrombie has been an indefatigable worker, and Mr. Alfred Reeves, who has had charge of the press arrangements, has shown uniform courtesy, and proven himself, as ever, the right man for this extremely important position.

The collection of birds and animals, shown in the upper north gallery, by Dr. Cecil French, of Washington, is one of the most unique yet shown. His collection of albinos, including the coyote, opossum, woodchuck, squirrel, raccoon, deer, etc., is worthy of especial mention. The Motorboat and Sportsman's Show is over, but its memory will remain until new wonders, already planned, are unfolded in 1906.

Among the Exhibitors.

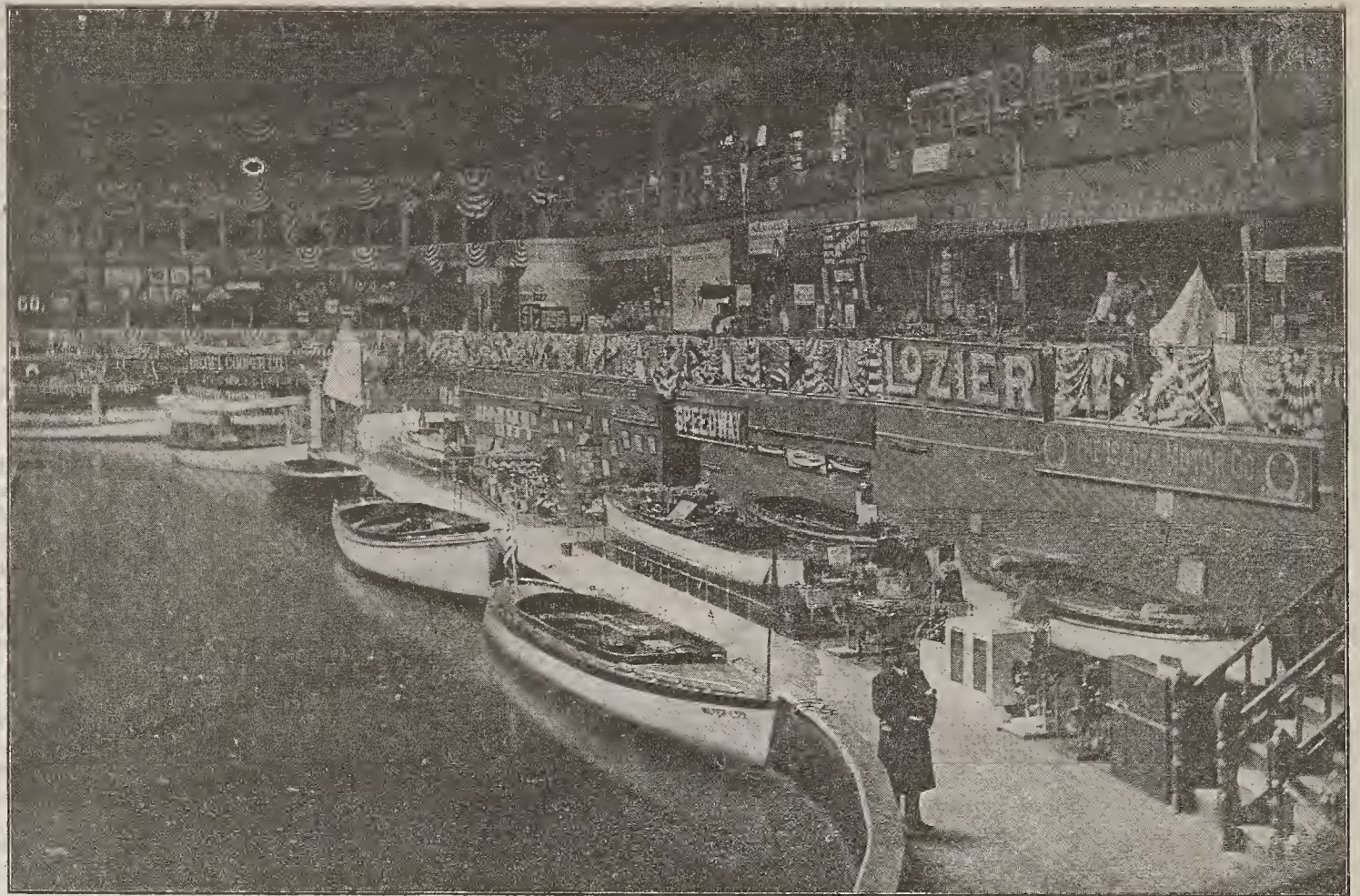
In addition to the exhibit of the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consol., mentioned last week, they have a 3 horsepower two-stroke engine, also 7 horsepower two cylinder, 10½ horsepower three, and 28 horsepower four, all of the four-stroke type. Models are shown of such well-known yachts as Niagara IV., built in 1903, Claymore 1893, Adroit, ex-Vixen, 1901, Helenita 1902, Margaret 1902, Vixen 1905. Models are also shown of Japansky and Comanche power boats that did creditable work last summer. The propeller wheel in Commodore F. G. Bourne's yacht tender shows much more blade surface than usual in high speed construction. It is beautifully formed and exceedingly well located. The engine is a 14 horsepower type B of four cylinders, and has both make-and-break and jump spark ignition.

The Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury Co., Consol., have made the following sales at the Garden: A Speedway launch to Mr. F. B. Chesbrough, of Emerson, Mich. This is the sixth boat purchased by Mr. Chesbrough from this corporation. A 40-footer similar to Speedway to a member of the New York Y. C.; a 45ft. high power launch to Mr. E. T. Schroeder, of Jersey City, N. J., with a guaranteed speed of 26 miles; a 63ft. cruising launch with two 28 horsepower motors to a New York yachtsman; a 25ft. naphtha launch to Mr. J. Heuber, of the Yonkers Corinthian Y. C., and a 33ft. high speed launch with a 25 horsepower engine to Mr. Nathan Strauss.

James Craig, Jr., 556 W. 34th street, New York, has on exhibition the engine built for Com. Harrison B. Moore's Onontio. It is of eight cylinders, and rated at 250 horsepower at 800 to 850 revolutions per minute. Cylinders are 7¾in. bore and 9in. stroke. It is a beautiful piece of work, and the master hand is shown in design and detail throughout. The valves and igniters are all operated by a single cam shaft driven from the crank shaft by spiral gears and a vertical shaft. The valves are all double, one opening slightly in advance of the other, and closing a little later. This construction allows of smaller diameter, less danger of distortion, and not over one-half the work to be done by valve actuating parts. Magneto ignition is provided through two series, one for each four cylinders. Heads and valves are thoroughly water-jacketed, and the water connections are outside instead of ports connecting the cylinder and head jackets. Bed plate is of manganese bronze in two parts. The crank shaft and columns supporting the cylinders are of nickel steel. The brass piping of the inlet and exhaust is a marvel of symmetry, and reflects great credit on author and builder. Regular models were shown of 16 horsepower two cylinder and 25 horsepower three cylinder engines. A framed picture of Onontio doing 28½ miles on Newark Bay was also displayed. In course of manufacture at present is a duplicate of Onontio's engine for Mr. Alex. Stein, Indian Harbor Y. C., for a 56ft. boat, building at Montells' yard, Greenwich, Conn., with 30 miles as the goal.

Clifton Motor Works, Cincinnati, Ohio, report several sales. This firm is closely identified with Carlisle & Finch, who manufacture gasoline engine ignition dynamos and magnetos as well as other similar goods. Their exhibit of three engines is a good one. In double cylinder there are both 8 and 14 horsepower and 28 horsepower in quadruple cylinder. Jump spark is used in all. These are the only engines sold, so far as we know, for marine work where the center of the cylinder is offset with the connecting rod. This gives much less side thrust and consequent wear on the walls of the cylinder, as well as less angularity of the connecting rod during the power stroke. Pistons can be removed without removing the cylinders, which are cast integral with the head. Cam relief of compression is used, also positive inlet valves. Governor is wholly within the flywheel, and the engine is throttle-controlled.

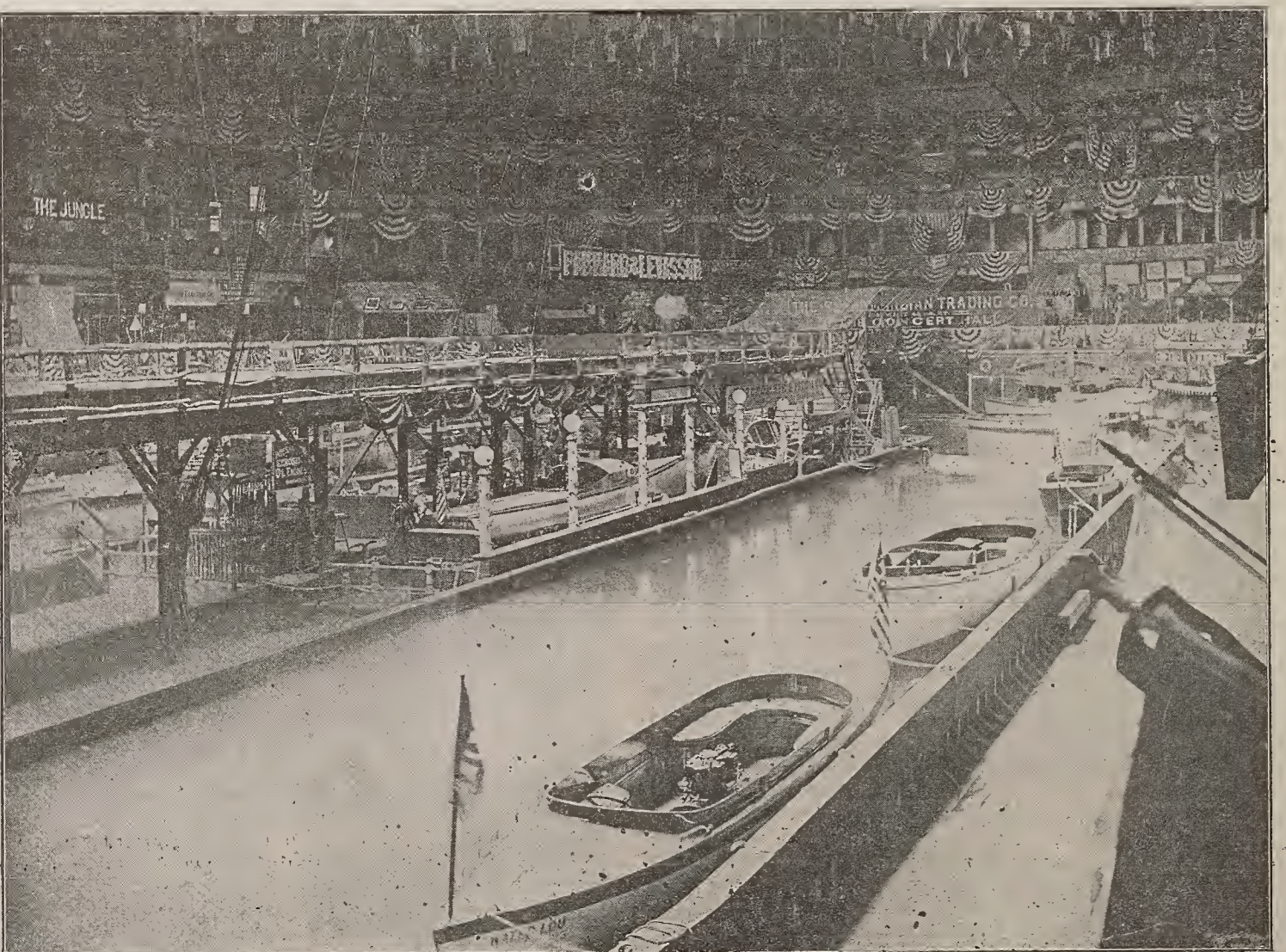
The cups and trophies exhibited by the Standard Motor Construction Co., of Jersey City, N. J., won by the celebrated Standard in two seasons are as follows: Atlantic Y. C. 1904, Columbia Y. C. 1904, Knickerbocker Y. C.



View of the north side of Madison Square Garden during the Motorboat and Sportsman's Show—Lozier, Gas Engine & Power Co., Standard, Electric Launch, James Craig, Jr., and Siegel-Cooper booths.



General view of the Madison Square Garden looking down the Lagoon from the west. The De Dietrich, Williams-Whittelsey, and Palais de L'Automobile are on the right, with Smith & Mabley and Truscott on the Island.



View of Madison Square Garden from northeast corner of promenade, showing the decorations at the westerly end and the elevated fly-casting pool on the Island.

1903, American Y. C. 1903 (2), Atlantic Y. C. 1903.

Mention should have been made last week in describing the very compact reversing gear with which the Standard yacht tender was equipped. The bevel gears are all cut from solid steel case-hardened and run in a bath of oil, giving the tail shaft three-fourths speed, compensating for loss of power due to extra friction when going astern. The way she was handled shows this device to be highly effective.

Electric Launch Company, Bayonne, N. J., have two launches on Sport Lake. The Buster Brown is a lap-streak or clinker-built yacht tender with 20 oxide cells of battery and a 1½ horsepower General Electric motor. She carries passengers almost constantly around Garden Island. The large pleasure launch Rest-a-While is an especially comfortable looking creation. Her equipment of power is a 10 horsepower General Electric motor and 48 cells of oxide battery. She is also supplied with a mercury rectifier such as is shown in their booth, by means of which any alternating current becomes available for charging accumulators, a very valuable feature, as heretofore it has been necessary to use the direct current only for the purpose. The 26ft. autoboat equipped with a new four cylinder French engine and a Carlyle Johnson reverse gear, is a beautiful boat. The circular perforated aluminum back seats is a novelty and makes the boat an exceedingly easy and comfortable conveyance. The installation of the gasoline tank with copper drip pan is especially safe and commendable.

Buffalo Gasolene Motor Company, Buffalo, N. Y., have a showy exhibit. A decided novelty is their 2 horsepower two cylinder four-stroke engine, the only one of the kind manufactured here or abroad for marine or any other purpose. They show in addition to this size double cylinder 5 and 7½ horsepower and four cylinder 10, 15 and 20 horsepower. Planetary reverse, throttle and spark control, jump spark or make-and-break, ring oiling crank pins, multiple feed-to-every-journal, oil drip pan and brass cover over the reverse gear, are noticeable features. Their new carburetor shows an auxiliary heated air conduit. All engines of four cylinders have whistle, air pump and tank. The Bison, ex-Hard Boiled Egg, is shown in the tank. She has been so often mentioned that a description at this time would be superfluous.

A. C. Neubauer, the Palais de L'Automobile, 500 Fifth avenue, shows 30ft. yacht tender 6ft. breadth, finished in natural mahogany. Planking is double mahogany with oiled silk fabric between. She was built by Wood, of City Island, and is an exceptionally fine looking boat. The design was by Tams, Lemoine & Crane. A 20-horsepower Renault engine is used for power, and with 75-gallons tankage she is guaranteed to do 450 miles at a full speed of 15 miles per hour. The engine is controlled forward, but a tiller is placed aft for use if desired. In this exhibit is the autoboat La Manola, 35ft. long, which has a 24 horsepower Panhard engine. In a run last summer from New Rochelle to Newport, less than nine hours was the running time. She was built by L. D. Huntington, Jr., and Tams, Lemoine & Crane were responsible for her design. They show 24, 35 and 60 horsepower Panhard engines, also a 25 horsepower Barriguan & Marre engine which weighs complete but 500 pounds, built specially by the only French concern making auto-marine engines exclusively.

The American De Dietrich Company, 7 West 34th street, New York, have in the lagoon the launch built in 1902 for Mr. Du Benet, now the property of the exhibitors. She is called the Pi-ouit, which translated means "Hey there." She developed a speed of better than 18 miles, and was exhibited at St. Louis. The power is a 30 horsepower De Dietrich engine. A Sims-Brosch low tension make-and-break magneto furnishes current for ignition. In the booth 30, 50 and 60 horsepower engines are shown, all four cylinder. New models show mechanically operated inlet valves directly over the exhaust, actuated by rocker arms from the same shaft that operates the exhaust valves, while a cam shaft on the opposite side is for the igniters only. Their own make carburetor is used, a rotary gear-driven pump, cylinders cast in pairs with heads are also features. Material and design is practically the same as in their automobile engines, but parts are somewhat heavier. On account of 45 per cent. import duty they will hereafter build their boats here.

Hubbard Motor Company, Middletown, Conn., at the extreme easterly end, show some six engines all told. In actual operation they have a 3½ horsepower two-stroke single cylinder engine, with make-and-break ignition and water-jacketed head. Throttle control is used without early and late changing devices, exceedingly economical on batteries. The 1½ horsepower has the head and cylinder cast together, while the 2½ and 3½ have removable heads. The 7 horsepower double cylinder has heads and cylinders likewise inseparable. The pistons, bore of the cylinders and general machine work show a thorough knowledge of engine requirements. A four cylinder high speed four-stroke engine 16-25 horsepower is also shown. Every bearing is positively lubricated by a gravity feed multiple lubricator. The ignition is always in sight of the operator, and accessibility is well in evidence.

August Mietz, 128 Mott street, New York, shows the Mietz & Weiss engine, for the first time seen by the public, adapted to marine work. He shows all told three engines, two in actual operation. One is the standard 2 horsepower, direct-connected to an electric light generator which lights the exhibit, and the other is a double cylinder 10 horsepower marine vertical engine. This is of the three-ported two-stroke type, and in this respect alone is an entirely modern construction. Air is taken into the crank case and forced into the cylinder while the kerosene is injected under high pressure into the heated domes on the engine, where it mixes with the air until an explosive mixture is produced, when it is ignited by the incandescent condition of the heated dome. Bevel gear reverse is shown with ball-bearing thrust. Engine is of exceedingly good appearance, and shows up well, although running light.

The International Power Vehicle Company, of Stamford, show three two-stroke kerosene oil engines, single cylinder 1½, 5 and 6 horsepower. A 1½ horsepower is also shown in section, with the method of timing the explosion and adjustment of fuel supply shown. The kerosene is atomized by the air passing from the crank case

to the combustion chamber, never under any more pressure than necessary to give it gravity feed. A new torch is supplied with the 1905 model. No demonstration of its good points was made, but it was claimed that without preliminary heating of the torch the engine could be started indoors in 35 seconds. Planetary reverse was shown with thrust adjustable both longitudinally and vertically. All clutch adjustments are on the outside, easily accessible. Ring oilers are used on the main bearings.

Many engines at the show were equipped with Monarch vaporizing valves, manufactured by John A. Murray, 112 Front street, Brooklyn. The Monarch valve is standard equipment with Hubbard, Mianus, Woodhaven, Smalley, Palmer and many other engines.

Siegel-Cooper Company, New York, in their space at the left of the main entrance show an 18ft. canopy top launch with 2 horsepower engine, and 23ft. standing top with 6 horsepower. In the water they have a commodious 22ft. open launch with folding chairs and aftside and transverse transoms. Power is a 4 horsepower engine. Siegel-Cooper Company are the eastern agents for the well known Pierce launches and engines manufactured in Racine, Wis. These engines are all provided with under-water exhaust and jump spark. They are all of the two-stroke type single cylinder. The lower part of the cylinder is air-jacketed, something not noticed elsewhere in the Garden. Heads are not water-jacketed. Reversing gears are of the bevel type, and as the engines will run in either direction, they may be dispensed with if desired.

In mentioning John Wanamaker's exhibit last week, we inadvertently erred in saying that they sold the Pierce launches, when we should have said Truscott.

The Mianus Motor Works, Mianus, Conn., is one of the busiest exhibits. Their demonstrations are selling ones. Mr. Allen, of the firm, says they are there to do business. They show 2, 4 and 6 horsepower single cylinder and 8 and 12 horsepower double, all two-stroke engines. Exhaust is water-jacketed when using an expansion muffler and odorless under-water exhaust, but regular type of muffler is supplied when exhausting above the waterline. Monarch vaporizers are standard equipment, and Kingston float feed carburetors special. An exceptional selling feature is their new drop-forged I section steel connecting rod with bushings which can be removed and replaced without removing the piston. They have two finishes, one in baked enamel and nicked parts, and the other air-drying enamel and polished brass. Reversing wheel or planetary reversing gears at the option of the buyer, or direct-connected solid wheels are furnished.

Palmer Bros., Cos Cob, Conn., have several engines shown, a four cylinder 15-18 horsepower and a two cylinder 8 to 10 horsepower four-stroke. A two cylinder 10 horsepower modern three-ported two-stroke engine especially attracts attention, it being in very good proportions, and of the high speed popular type. Engines are equipped with either jump spark or make-and-break ignition. The 1904 model 3 horsepower is a favorite with buyers at the show. The representative in charge of the exhibit made a very apt remark when he said that "Palmer Bros. made the first successful two-stroke marine gasolene engine in New England, and they or their successors may make the last. It seems incredible, but their books show that over 15,000 Palmer engines have been sold up to date." Float feed carburetors are used or Monarch vaporizers, as may be selected by purchaser.

The balance of the exhibitors will be mentioned next week.

Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

(Continued from page 179.)

In order to decide as to the best width for the exhaust port, it is a good plan with the first engine to make the length as long as possible with good strong partitions therein and make the width of the port approximately ⅝ in. for every 1 in. stroke. By this rule an engine of 5 in. stroke would have exhaust port ⅝ in. wide, and 6 in. stroke would be ¾ in. wide. It is comparatively easy to widen the exhaust port on the side of the cylinder by filing or chipping the upper edge, so that the exhaust will occur earlier. The correct width, or that which gives the best results all around, can be determined when later you come to test the engine, which will be carefully treated later under that head.

The inlet port should open slightly later than the exhaust port, and should be fully as long as the exhaust port, although not so wide by one-third. If the exhaust is ¾ in. wide, the inlet could be well but ⅝ in. Some designers advocate a wider exhaust, making a ⅝ in. wide inlet with a ¾ in. wide exhaust. If there is ample length there is but little to be gained by making the inlet open so early, and there may be more danger of pre-ignition. As a general thing exhaust ports open too early, wasting power thereby, because they are not sufficiently wide. Please note that the length of the ports is measured around the circle of the cylinder inside, while the width is in line with the bore, or vertically. Some engines are so designed that the exhaust is on one side and the inlet on the other, while some have the inlet on the front and the exhaust at the rear. For various reasons the former is preferable if the cylinders are to be doubled, but in single cylinder construction I consider the latter the better, as it makes rather easier to connect the exhaust piping; there is less danger of getting burned by accidentally coming in contact with it, and, in case the firing chamber gets too much oil or gasolene, it is all driven out into the exhaust piping at the first opening of the ports. There is another reason for this construction that I have never seen advanced. In case there is too much cylinder oil in the crank case, it will not be so liable to be splashed up into the pass port connecting the crank case with the combustion chamber and be carried therein with the inrushing gas, resulting in a smoky, ill-smelling exhaust.

The thickness of the cylinder walls should be as uniform as possible. It is better to have them a little thicker than necessary, although if too thick, they will be cumbersome and will not radiate the heat as they ought. Occasionally they are made of steel castings, and in that case they can be considerably thinner than

when made from cast iron. From 1-12 to 1-10 the diameter would be a fair allowance for thickness. If the very best results are to be obtained, a careful watch of the temperature of the cooling water is essential, as the water can leave the cylinder very much hotter with a thin than a thick cylinder wall, remembering that the inside wall is bound to be hotter than the wall against which the water is circulating, and whose mission it is to take the heat from the cylinder. The thickness of the water jacket does not matter particularly, so long as it can be molded with no danger of breaking down when the hot metal reaches it. It is a good plan to have the thickness equal to, or slightly thicker than the cylinder wall. The outer part of the cylinder enclosing the water jacket should be as thin as it is possible to make it, and get a good casting free from "cold shucks," and needs to be no heavier than one-half the thickness of the cylinder walls.

By using special metal with carefully made patterns and improved methods which have followed the construction of automobile engine cylinders, it has been found that those who have made a careful study of the art of molding gasolene engine cylinders have been able to cast some remarkably thin, well-cored cylinders; but before going to the extreme in lightness, you had better consult with the foundry people, and be in a measure guided by their advice. You will find that medium heavy castings will cost you much less, and there will be less danger of lost castings, either before machining, during the process or when completed, perhaps when testing. People who are experienced in this line, who have perhaps sunk a considerable amount of money before they were able to get the "knack of it," may try to get back some of their money, but you will usually save money by patronizing them.

In the two cycle engine several methods of construction are employed. In some the engine and base is cast together and the crank shaft bearings are put on the ends over each end of the crank shaft. While this construction may seem cheaper to you, it may, and probably will be found necessary to make more special tools than some other way, and if ever it becomes necessary to remove the forward bushing, the first one to wear, you will have quite a job to remove the flywheel as perhaps you may have found by experience.

Another method often employed is to part the crank case in line with the center of the shaft and put in the forward crank shaft bushing in halves. This is a little more expensive, but it saves removing the flywheel when renewing.

Still another method is being employed, and it has become quite popular of late. It is to have the crank case parted in the middle, as in the previous method, and the cylinder bolted to the upper half of the crank case. It will cost more to machine, but it can be done with rather less tools, and has these advantages: The jacketed cylinder will cost less, as there will be less danger of losing in the operation of casting, and the crank case, if they can be cast without baked cores, using "green" sand for the purpose, will not cost one-half as much per pound. There is one especial advantage that may be lost sight of, and that is, there is much more liability of getting the crank shaft at right angles to the connecting rod and axis of the cylinder, otherwise in line. Again, lathes or planers might be able to machine the three pieces, when it would be absolutely impossible if in one piece or even parted in line with the crank shaft.

I have seen one engine that was a combination of the first two methods. One crank shaft bearing in that case was parted in the center, while the other was in a round plate bolted to the after side. This is very unusual. One manufacturer at least has the forward plate cast with the crank case and cylinder and the after one only removable. In this case it is of course necessary to remove the flywheel the very first thing when ready to dissemble.

There are some models that have hand-hole plates on one or both sides, through which the crank pin connections can be reached, others reach the lower connections by removing the lower half of the crank case; but in the three part construction, or where the base separates in line with the crank shaft the hand-hole plates are not absolutely necessary, still they are very handy if you desire to get access to the crank case to make examination or wash out dirty oil or grease. While possibly unnecessary, it is often convenient, and its extra cost is not very much.

If the engine is to be of the older type, taking its gas through a check valve, there is but little more to be explained, except the clearance in the crank case and the lugs for fastening it to the engine bed; but if it is of the more modern type, known as the tree-ported, or, as one manufacturer has termed it, the piston intake, the third port will have to be explained, but as its relation is more particularly to the crank case, it will be treated in that connection.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WASSERSPORT'S ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.—Wassersport, our German contemporary, now issues each week in connection with the paper an illustrated supplement which is known as Von Fluss und See. The supplement is about half the size of Wassersport, and is profusely illustrated by handsome half-tones and numerous designs. It is splendidly printed on coated paper, and adds much to the interest and value of Wassersport.

HOLYOKE Y. C. OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of the Holyoke Y. C., held recently, the following officers were elected: Com., E. S. Towne; Vice-Com., F. H. Metcalf; Rear-Com., C. R. Dunbar; Purser, E. B. Cooley; Regatta Committee—J. B. Newton, Harry Gault and Russell Magna.

RECENT TRANSFERS.—The following sales have been made through Manning's Yacht Agency: The steam yacht Sentinel, by Col. W. E. Haskell to Mr. William Garner; the yawl Hoodoo, by Mr. E. W. Searles to Mr. Justice Street, of Toronto; the knockabout Smokc, by Mr. L. H. Dyer to Mr. J. D. Flower, of Cuba; and the launch Bunco, by Mr. J. H. Wainwright to Mr. W. D. Salter.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

INSURANCE COMPANY TO REPAIR DELAWARE.—Commodore F. G. Bourne, New York Y. C., will have his small steam yacht Colonia repaired and refitted at once, so that he can use her as a flagship next season. Delaware was so badly damaged by the fire that much time will be consumed in putting the vessel in shape to turn over to her owner. The work will be done by the insurance company.

UNWARRANTED CRITICISM.—Our esteemed English contemporary, The Yachting World, mistakes when he observes that we "appear to confuse the matter somewhat between the high speed motor vessel and the one merely fitted with a high speed automobile type engine—two things by no means synonymous." We cannot see anything in the article in question to lead one to suppose anything of the sort. American high speed autoboats are usually built very light, and their engines are frequently of the automobile type. No one could suppose that such a craft would long survive hard usage, but a high speed heavier engine, with any ordinary care, would not be short-lived. We have no quarrel against the autoboot, nor are we "unthinking."

Cruising Schooner Blackhawk.

LAST week we published the lines, construction and sail plans of the cruising schooner Blackhawk. This week we reproduce the cabin plans and details of iron work and rigging.

The accompanying plans have been very carefully worked out, and the unusual amount of detail drawing will appeal to those who have had experience in yacht building. Many times there is too much left to the discretion of the builder, and the results are apt to be disappointing.

Canoeing.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. Frazer's article on "Camp Medicine" in February 18 issue puts me in mind of an experience I had last August, during the A. C. A. meet on Sugar Island. It was the second day of our arrival on the island, when I was taken sick right after supper, and if it wasn't for that little bottle of Sun cholera drops friend Louie happened to have, I believe I would have died. Never in all my experience have I suffered as I did that night, and it was more than four days after before I felt like myself again. To this day I don't know what to blame for that attack of cholera—whether it was the grub at the mess or the water of the St. Lawrence. But anyway I will never again leave the cholera drops out of my kit. I would also suggest Friar's Balsam in place of shellac or varnish for cuts, it being an antiseptic and very healing. And never travel without a small pair of tweezers—the kind jewelers use. For extracting thorns and deep-seated splinters it can't be beat; and after a blackberrying trip they will prove themselves to be a Godsend sure.

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CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

THE officers of the Hiawatha C. C. for 1905 are as follows: Com., George Gorman; Vice-Com., George R. Stark; Sec'y, Arthur C. Brandt; Treas., H. F. Donaldson; Meas., W. A. Roos, Jr. The club now numbers 32 members, with boat house at Hiawatha Bay, Kingsbridge, and club house with bowling alley on Johnson avenue, Marble Hill.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

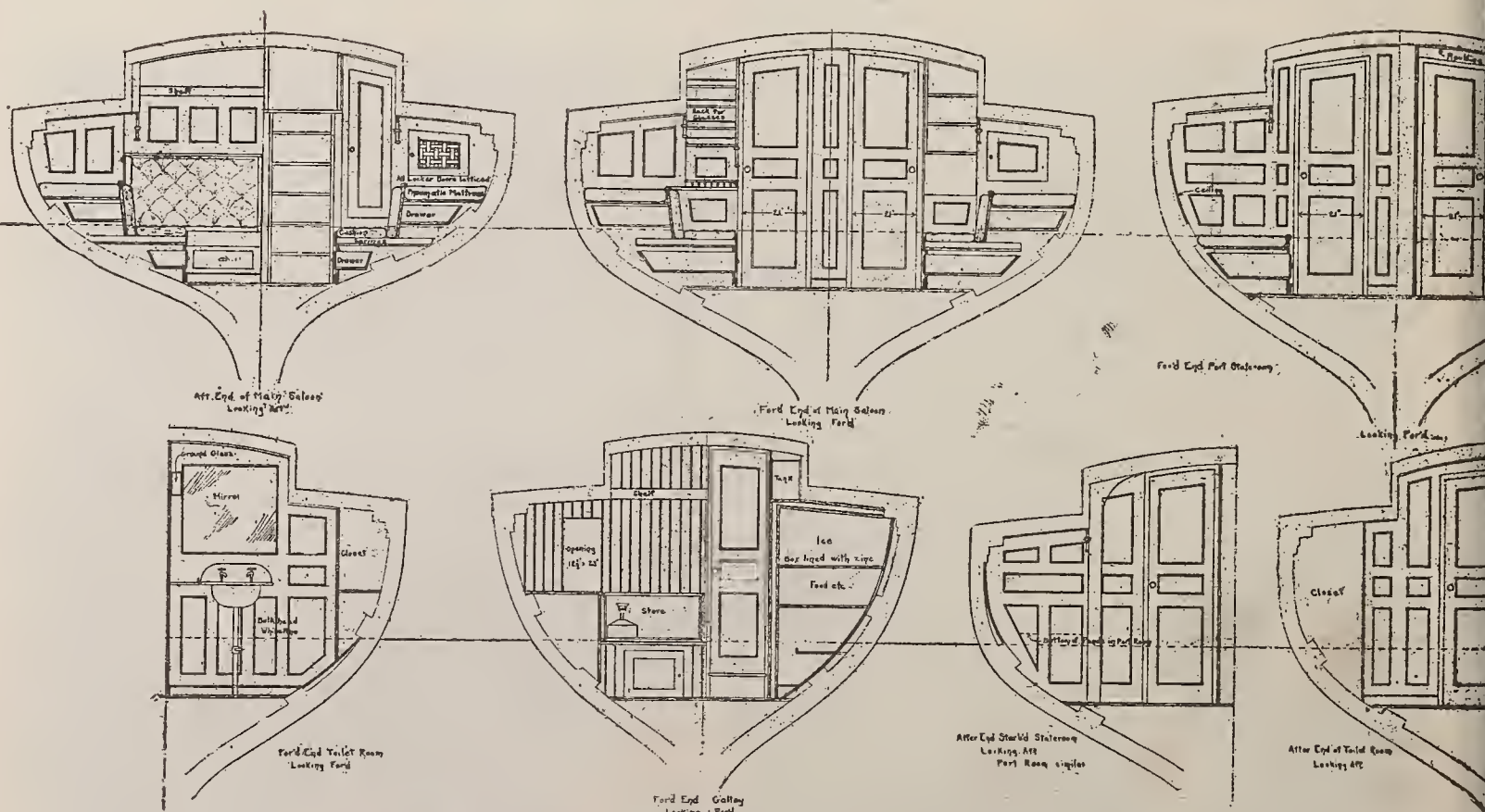
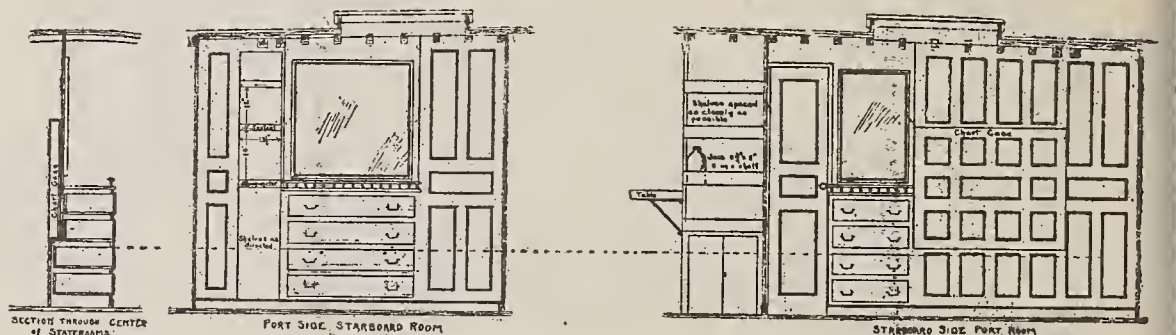
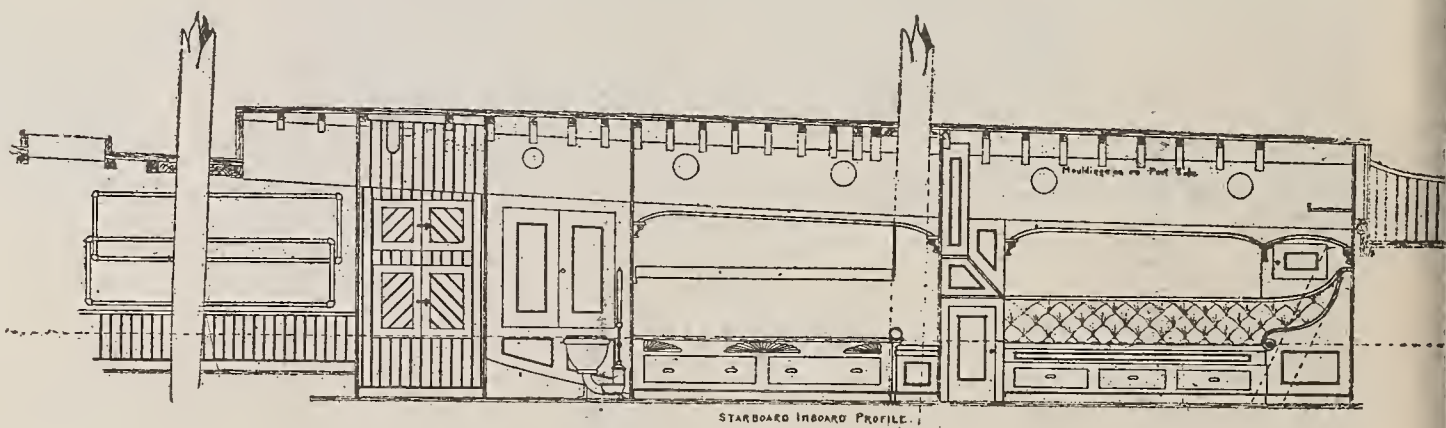
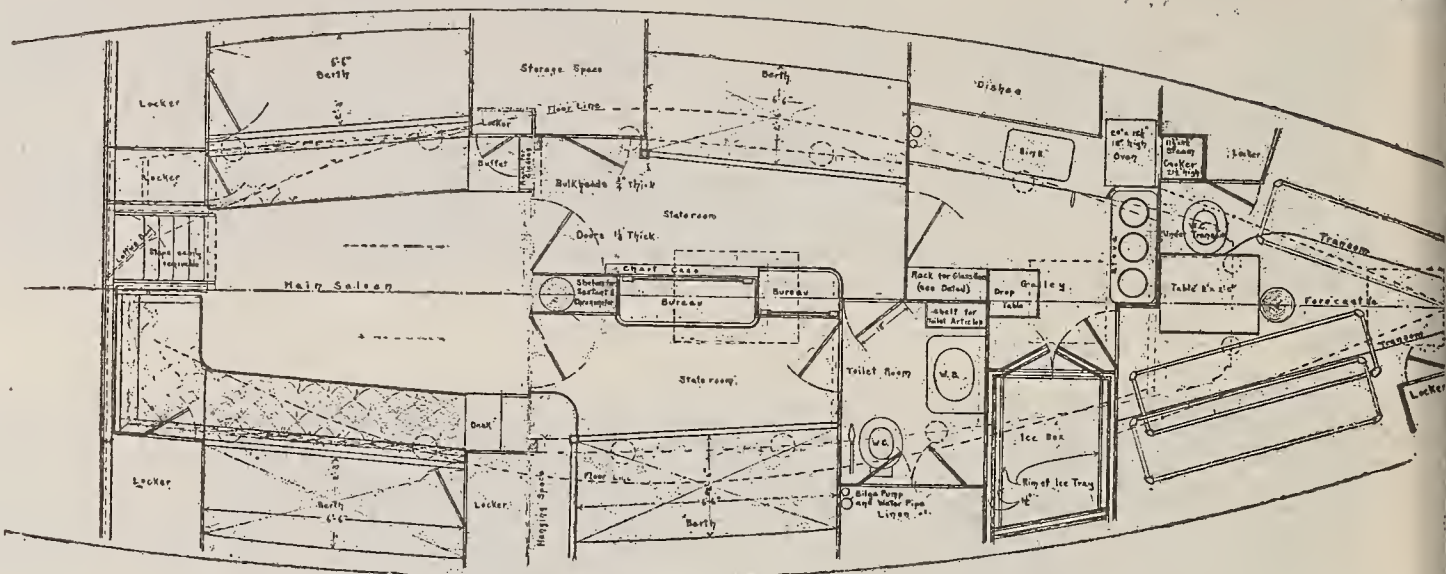
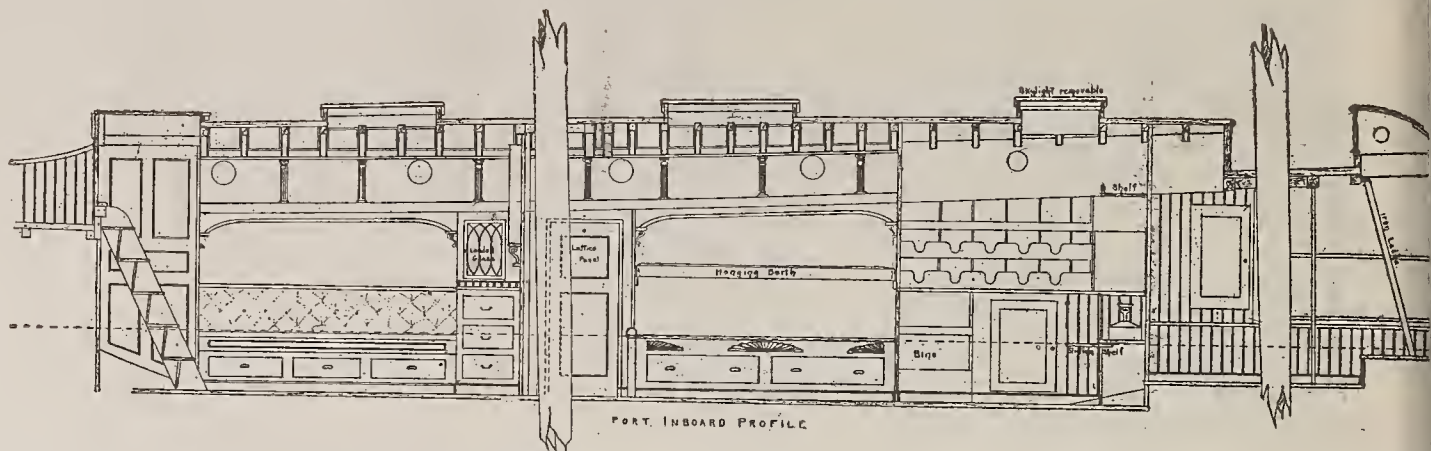
Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association. July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.

The Indoor Championship Match.

ONE of the most important matches to be shot annually by the riflemen of New York City and vicinity is the championship 100-shot gallery match, now in progress at the headquarters of the Zettler Rifle Club, 159 West Twenty-third street, this city. Although the 100-shot championship at 200yds., shot every year on Election Day, is regarded as the true test of a marksman's ability, so much interest is taken in indoor shooting—and this interest is increasing year by year—that the annual tournament held by the old Zettler Club during the Sportsman's Show is watched closely by riflemen everywhere, and those who cannot attend consider themselves unfortunate indeed, while those who do attend revel in powder smoke and rifle talk every day for almost a fortnight, and are happy. This indoor shoot differs from the Election Day affair in that it is really a tournament in which the 100-shot championship is the principal event of several in which cash and valuable merchandise prizes may be won by those who try hard enough. That all do make strenuous efforts is evident after the affair has warmed up, for scores are close and the interest at fever heat.

This year's tournament began at 10 o'clock on the morning of March 1, and will continue until 11 o'clock Saturday night, March 11. It is being shot with all sorts of rifles, but there is a limit on the kind of cartridges that may be used, so that all must shoot the .22 caliber short cartridge. Heretofore telescope sights have been barred, too, but these are admitted this year, and numerous marksmen who have become accustomed to using these sights on other ranges are happy. But if this record shows (it is too early now to say anything further) that the glasses did not make as good a showing as their advocates predicted they would, it must be remembered that a number of the marksmen have not had much practice with them, and some did not have sufficient time to learn the peculiarities of their new telescopes, did not feel absolutely certain they could do as well with them as with their old peep sights, and stuck to the latter pending more thorough practice. But now that the glass is to be used,



SCHOONER BLACKHAWK—CABIN PLAN, INBOARD PROFILES AND SECTIONS.

Designed by Norman L. Skene for Charles C. Gibson.

Providence Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—We had a very pleasant and interesting visit from the Messrs. Morris, of the Electric City Rifle Club (Scranton, Pa.), Thursday evening, and their description of their organization's plans, matches and system gave us several valuable points.

Revolver and pistol scores: Arno Argus (revolver), 78; Wm. F. Eddy (military revolver), 76; D. P. Craig (military revolver, Creedmoor count), 40, 43; Fred Liebrich (pistol), 68.

Rapid fire, five shots, 20 seconds; Hurlburt, 40, 42; Argus, 30. Messrs. Jordan and Gardiner are preparing a range in the Saylesville Hall, which we can use on Saturday evenings, and we believe it will be better adapted to match shooting than our present facilities.

Detailed scores: Almy vs. Goggeshall, Feb. 13: F A Coggeshall 10 6 5 6 7 10 9 9 9 7-78

William Almy 8 10 9 8 9 7 10 10 9 9-89
Feb. 18: William Almy 5 5 7 9 9 10 9 6 10-79

F A Coggeshall 5 7 7 10 10 10 10 9 6-84
F A Coggeshall 5 9 6 10 9 10 10 9 9-86-393

The foregoing completes a series of six matches, calling for 400 shots, the men tying for number of matches, but Almy leading in number of points, as follows: William Almy, 3185; F. A. Coggeshall, 3157

Feb. 20, the two men tried 20 shots each with the following result: William Almy 9 8 10 6 10 9 6 9 8 8-83

In this last match Mr. Almy tied the range score of 90 points out of a possible 100, standard American target, with .22 rifle at 50yds.

March 2.—Our Thursday evening practice shoot was well attended, and a variety of weapons tried, ranging from the regular .22s to a .41 Deringer, and finally a Luger automatic.

Some of the lovers of trapshooting have suggested that we add that department to our summer range, and the idea seems to meet with favor. If there are any trapshooters who want a good place to practice, we would like to hear from them, and would be glad to plan that attraction for the Cranston shooting house.

Capt. Bowen, one of our regular pistol team, spent the evening with us, and tried several arms. He has done no shooting this winter, and is of course out of form, but a little warming up would get him into line in short order.

Rifle, 25yds., German ring target: S. K. Luther, 239, 243, 240, 238, 243; L. A. Jordan, 238, 234, 239; W. Bert Gardiner, 232, 228, 231; C. L. Beach, 229, 229, 232; Collins 228, 227, 225.

Pistol, 20yds., Standard target: Wm. Bosworth, 87, 76. Revolver, 10yds., Standard target, 5-shot strings: A. C. Hurlburt, 40, 41; Maj. Eddy, 32, 35, 41, 40; Arno Argus, 29, 20, 34; D. P. Craig, 20, 23, 30.

Rapid-fire, 20yds., Standard target, 5 shots, 20 seconds: Argus, 44, 39, 45, 39, 45, 40, 44; Craig, 43, 34, 45, 43, 42, 41, 44, 39; Hurlburt, 42, 42.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Feb. 26. Conditions: 200yds. offhand, at the 25-ring target. Nestler was champion for the day with the fine score of 233. This creates a new record for him, his former being 231. It also ties the former range record held by Gindele, and which was recently eclipsed by Mr. Hasenzahl's 235.

Nestler 233 222 220 215 213
Payne 226 226 223 216 211
Bruns 223 223 211 210 206

West Sonora (O.) Rifle Club.

At the shoot of the West Sonora O., Rifle Club on Feb. 25 the weather conditions were not good. A strong wind blowing across the range caused a number of the men to shoot below their average. C. W. Matthews was high man with 213 out of a possible 240. The scores:

C W Matthews 39 44 43 43 44-213
L Hinea 42 43 41 41 42-209
B Tice 37 41 41 43 44-206

United States Revolver Association.

THE indoor championship contests of the United States Revolver Association will be conducted under the supervision of official representatives of the association on March 20 to 25, inclusive, in New York City, Boston, Springfield, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and such other places as may be arranged for later.

In New York City arrangements have been made with the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association to hold these contests at their gallery at No. 2628 Broadway (near 100th street) on the nights of March 22, 23 and 24.

The gallery will be open for practice and match shooting from 8 until 12 o'clock.

Indoor Revolver Championship.—Open to everybody; distance 20yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target reduced, so that the 8 ring is 2.72 inches in diameter. Arm, any revolver. Ammunition, any suitable smokeless gallery charge approved by the executive committee. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance, \$5; no re-entries.

Prizes: First, a silver cup to be held until the next annual competition, the cup to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 425 or better.

Indoor Pistol Championship.—Open to everybody; distance, 20yds., 50 shots on the Standard American target reduced, so the 8 ring is 2.72 inches in diameter. Arm, any pistol. Ammunition, any suitable smokeless gallery charge approved by the executive committee. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, \$5; no re-entries.

Prizes: First, a silver cup to be held until the next annual competition, the cup to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 435 or better.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE following scores were recorded on the Zettler ranges Feb. 24: N. C. L. Beverstein, 202, 197; H. Beckmann, 231, 233; W. J. Behrens, 204, 194; C. J. Brinkama, 221, 226; J. C. Brinkmann, 211, 215; A. Beckmann, 215, 195; G. N. Bohlken, 212, 172; C. Boesch, 185, 201; J. C. Bonn, 238, 233; F. W. Dierks, 217, 225; H. Decker, 203, 205; W. Dahl, 222, 225; M. V. Dwingelo, 212, 217; D. Dede, 207, 200; F. Facompre, 234, 234; D. Ficken, 199, 220; J. Facklamm, 227, 232; G. H. Fixsen, 224, 206; L. L. Goldstein, 167, 207; F. Gobber, 168, 196; H. Gobber, 227, 227; Dr. C. Grosch, 228, 229; R. Gute, 243, 246; Capt. J. H. Hainhorst, 216, 204; H. C. Hainhorst, 212, 230; H. Haase, 219, 226; H. Hoenisch, 204, 212; H. Hesse, 211, 195; P. Heidelberg, 232, 228; N. W. Haaren, 157, 190; L. C. Hagenah, 215, 216; J. N. Herrmann, 217, 230; J. Jantzen, 218, 211; N. Jantzen, 204, 177; H. Kahrs, 209, 211; C. Konig, 222, 214; J. H. Kroeger, 209, 206; B. Kumm, 201, 205; F. Lankeau, 205, 211; A. Lederhaus, 164, 204; H. Leopold, 216, 223; A. W. Lemcke, 217, 233; G. Ludwig, 241, 244; Von der Leith, 198, 202; C. Mann, 217, 211; J. H. Meyer, 210, 221; H. D. Meyer, 229, 237; C. Meyer, 228, 234; H. W. Mesloh, 228, 218; H. Martens, 188, 212; H. Meyn, 196, 217; H. B. Michaelsen, 227, 226; H. Nordbruch, 214, 227; N. Offermann, 213, 216; G. W. Offermann, 223, 227; C. Plump, 224, 226; P. Prange, 192, 211; J. Paradies, 219, 214; D. Peper, 231, 230; F. von Ronn, 227, 233; H. Quaal, 204, 218; W. Schults, 221, 222; W. Schaefer, 194, 192; C. Schmitz, 214, 217; O. Schwanemann, 234, 235; J. N. F. Seibs, 238, 238; C. Seivers, 230, 232; Capt. J. G. Tholke, 211, 226; G. Thomas, 213, 201; M. J. Then, 214, 214; G. J. Voss, 202, 216; G. H. Wehrenberg, 203, 224; J. Willenbrock, 221, 219; B. Zettler, 234, 228; A. Sibbens, 216, 223; W. Ulrich, 188, 166.

Bullseye target: O. Schwanemann, 61½; H. R. Michaelsen, 65½; M. J. Then, 77½; H. Mesloh, 78; P. Prange, 85½; J. Facklamm, 85½; C. Mann, 97½; D. von der Leith, 98; H. Leopold 47½; C. Meyer, 46½; J. H. Hainhorst, 33½; J. N. F. Seibs, 32; H. Nordbruch, 27½.

Seneca Rifle Club.

NEW YORK.—The Seneca Rifle Club was organized on Feb. 11, 1905, the membership being exclusively from the West Side Young Men's Christian Association. It held its first meeting on that date.

Charter members and officers are as follows: President, Fred Ryan; Secretary and Treasurer, Stilwell Nevins; Shooting Master, Warren Alabaugh; Official Scorer, Clarence Simms. Members: Frank Call, J. G. Schroeder, W. Henderson, J. Armstrong, Allen Dick, E. Alabaugh, C. A. Norton, W. Kruger, C. G. Keller, C. Winne, P. Cushing, T. Smith, S. Adler.

At a meeting of the club, held on Feb. 25, it was decided that membership would be limited to members of the West Side Y. M. C. A. The objects of the club are to teach shooting and to promote good fellowship. Prize contests, and contests with other organizations will be instituted.

The scores at the first shoot were as follows: Frank Call, 115, and high average, 105½. S. Nevins was a close second, with an individual score of 110, and an average of 105½. Chas. G. Keller was 107, with an average of 104.

The next shoot will be held on March 18, at Zettler's.

Seneca Gun Club.

UNDER date of Feb. 11, the above club was organized by members of the West Side Young Men's Christian Association to further the promotion of rifle practice among its members. The Zettler ranges, 159 West Twenty-third street, will be used for their practice shoots, the next shoot taking place March 18. When things are running smoothly, it is the intention to arrange competitive matches between other organizations. The following were elected officers for the present year: F. Ryan, President; S. Nevins, Secretary and Treasurer; W. Allabaugh, Shooting Master; C. Simms, Official Scorer.

Harlem Independent Corps.

FRIDAY, March 3, the above society occupied the Zettler ranges. Scores follow, all shooting on the regular 25-ring (¼ in.) target: A. Fegert 229, 231; Dr. Altonse Muller 229, 229; F. Koch 228, 221; A. Muller 218, 223; H. J. Behrmann 222, 213; G. Thomas 210, 225; F. Monatsberger 213, 219; B. Eusner 207, 230; C. Wolf 206, 225; J. H. Blumenberg 207, 217; C. Thiebaut 203, 217; L. Levinson 211, 208; E. Modersohn 206, 211; F. Fenninger 198, 214; W. Mensch 205, 204; C. Hopf 210, 197; A. Olsen 189, 207; P. Zugner 188, 193; J. Holtrieth 153, 183; J. Fey 125, 174; J. Lanzer 104, 133.

Cottage Rifle and Revolver Association.

ON Feb. 22, at Armbruster's range, Greenville, N. J., seventeen riflemen contested in the American record match, conditions, 100 shots, Standard American target, 200yds. A strong, variable wind, shifting from 11 to 2 o'clock, and a raw temperature were the weather conditions.

The contestants and their scores were as follows: Dr W G Hudson, New York..... 79 89 88 95 87 92 93 84 88 90-885
W A Tewes, Jersey City..... 90 86 89 89 86 88 82 83 93 92-878
W H French, Newark..... 79 84 90 92 87 90 81 87 87 77-854

Zettler Rifle Club.

L. P. HANSEN was high man in the weekly contest, Feb. 18, with the good total of 1218. Scores follow: All shooting on the regular 25-ring (¼ in.) target:

L. P. Hansen... 244 243 244 246 241 B Zettler ... 236 233 238 236 235
O Smith... 242 244 240 246 241 A Begerow ... 234 240 239 231 234
C Zettler, Jr. 241 239 242 242 244 L Maurer ... 225 239 239 237 237

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- March 11.—Lakewood, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
March 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
March 21-22.—Omaha, Neb., Gun Club spring tournament.
March 25.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club.
March 28-29.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of trapshooters' first tournament, at Schmelzer's Shooting Park. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
April 3-5.—Atchison, Kans.—Forest Park Gun Club second annual tournament. Lou Erhardt, Mgr.
April 4.—Bethlehem, Pa., Rod and Gun Club all-day target shoot. Howard F. Koch, Sec'y.
April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club. Chas. C. Needham, Sec'y.
April 8.—Richmond Valley, S. I.—Ninth all-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on grounds of Aquehonga Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
April 12-13.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club. H. J. Stidman, Sec'y, Wilmington.
April 15.—Newark, N. J.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Forester Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 22.—Easton, Pa.—Independent Gun Club second annual tournament. Jacob Pleiss, Cor. Sec'y.
April 26-27.—Scottsdale, Pa., Gun Club shoot.
April 26-27.—Hopkinsville, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hopkinsville Gun Club. A. F. Gant, Sec'y.
April 27.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot on grounds of Freeport, L. I., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenslager, Sec'y.
May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
May 4-5.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club spring tournament. E. M. Storm, Sec'y.
May 9-10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.
May 11-12.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Foord, Sec'y.
May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 16-18.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association ninth annual meeting and tournament; \$600 added money and prizes. F. E. Mallory, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 17-18.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club. James Lewis, Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (Incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 173 Mill street, Toronto.
May 23-25.—Lincoln.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.
May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Praggoff, Sec'y.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Analoatan Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
May 31.—June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
June 5-6.—New Paris, O.—Cedar Springs Gun Club tournament. J. F. Freeman, Sec'y.
June 6-8.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament, June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt.
June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
June 13-15.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament.
June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secy-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament.
July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.

July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md.—Target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.

Toronto Tournament.

TORONTO, Can.—The annual tournament of the D. Pike Company, Limited, was held at the Woodbine race track, Toronto, on Feb. 22 and 23. There was, considering the weather, a fairly good attendance. The trade was represented by Messrs. E. G. White, Ottawa; and Forest H. Conover, Leamington. Both are very popular with the shooters, and are always welcome.

Mr. White was professional high average for each day and also for the tournament. The high amateur for both days and for the tournament was Mr. Thomas A. Duff, Toronto.

A feature of the second day's shooting was the marvelous work done by Mr. G. W. McGill, Toronto. For several years the record has stood at 97 broken targets out of 100, but Mr. McGill succeeded in breaking 98—a mark which will no doubt stand for a long time.

Two miss-and-out pigeon events were shot and the money divided by Messrs. Wakefield, Kingdon and Duff.

On the first day a squad composed of Messrs. Duff, White, Downs and Rasberry made 56 out of 60, and on the second day Messrs. Duff, Conover, White, Downs and McGill made 120 out of 125, all of which was fairly good work for the middle of winter. The scores follow:

Feb. 22, First Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Duff, White, Downs, Rasberry, Williams, Wakefield, Fletcher, McGill, Granger, Roberts, Patterson, Coulter, Hicks, Best, Jennings, Crew, Callendar, Lewis, Davies, Chapman, Upton, Rose, Vivian, Matthews, Thompson, Kehn, Pike, Miller, McDowall, Sheard, Almack, D Chapman, Lavender. Includes Shot and Broke columns.

Feb. 23, Second Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Duff, Conover, Downs, White, Williams, McGaw, Kohn, Moore, Turp, Thompson, McGill, Temkins, McDowall, Beatty, Vivian, Wakefield, Roberts, Hicks, Reese, Kingdon, C Chapman, Granger. Includes Shot and Broke columns.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 4.—At the regular practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Saturday, March 4, there were three handsome prizes offered by Mr. E. F. Ball. These were put in one 50-bird handicap (events 4 and 5), as first, second and third prizes.

Birds were thrown hard, and a brisk wind made good scores impossible. J. Curry Barlow was the bright particular star, making a string of 22 out of 25, tying W. S. Smith for first and second, a traveler's toilet case and gun metal match safe, Barlow winning on the shoot-off. Coleman got third prize, a pair of gold sleeve links, without a tie.

The next shoot will be on Saturday, March 25, when a 100-bird match will be run, misses-as-kills handicap, entrance price of birds, at 1 1/2 cent each. The prizes will be four in number, and fine ones are promised. The donor will be Col. Franklin Brandreth.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, E F Ball, W H Coleman, J Hyland, C G Blandford, J C Barlow, A Bedell, Mrs E F Ball, W S Smith, D Connors, S Mullen. Includes Shot and Broke columns.

Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, March 5.—During the latter part of 1904 a number of gentlemen who take a great interest in trapshooting met for the purpose of forming a league among the many gun clubs situated in Toronto. Notices to that effect were sent to the secretaries of the different clubs, with the result that five clubs, namely, Balmy Beach, National, Parkdale, Riverdale, and Stanley gun clubs, entered into and formed what is known as the City Trapshooters' League, under the following conditions: Clubs to shoot home and home matches, making eight in all. Season to commence Jan. 7 and end April 8. Shooting every alternate Saturday during March and April until finished. Balmy Beach, National and Stanley gun clubs to shoot not less than fifteen men on a side, 25 targets per man. Parkdale and Riverdale, owing to so many of their members whose occupation requires them to be at their place of business on Saturday afternoon, were allowed to produce not less than ten men. The matches to be shot on a percentage basis.

One of the main objects of the promoters of the League was to help the younger shooter along, as, no matter how well he may shoot on his own grounds, will often be found to take a streak of nervousness when shooting in strange company or on the grounds of a sister club.

How admirably the promoters of the League have succeeded will be seen in the percentages of the first matches, shot on Jan. 7. Nationals vs. Balmy Beach, sixteen men a side: Nationals 45.50 per cent.; Balmy 44.25 per cent., and the percentage of the teams on Saturday last, which are hovering around 70 per cent.

The following matches took place in the League on Saturday: Balmy Beach vs. Parkdale, Balmy Beach grounds. Stanleys vs. Riverdales, Riverdale grounds. The day was clear and cold, with a bright sun on the glistening snow, made a very bad light, especially on the Riverdale's grounds, which face the west, and toward the end of the match the shooters were shooting into the setting sun, which accounts for the lowness of the scores at the bottom of the Stanley and Riverdale list. The following is the result of Saturday's score, also the standing of the League to date:

Balmy Beach Gun Club—J. G. Shaw 25, Adams 22, J. A. Shaw 20, Ross 20, Booth 20, Pearce 19, Pearsall 19, Casci 16, Smith 16, Segar 15, Ten Eyck 13, Radcliffe 11, Spencer 10, Hunter 10, Draper 9; total 245; percentage, 65.30.

Parkdale Gun Club—Reed 19, Bongard 19, Maywood 19, Thomas 19, Sanderson 17, Kent 16, Wolf 15, Dailey 16, Carlyle 15, Fegan 14, Birch 9; total 179; percentage, 65.09.

Stanley Gun Club—McGill 24, Thompson 25, Rock 21, Hampton 21, Buck 22, Dunk 20, Logan 21, Hulme 21, Thomas 16, Day 18, Fritz 21, Herbert 20, Morshead 17, Hogarth 12, Green 10; total 289; percentage, 77.06.

Riverdale Gun Club—Jennings 16, Hirows 17, Hare 18, Best 21, Edkins 18, Hooley 16, Mollon 14, Powell 18, Ware 17, Johnston 13; total 13; percentage, 67.20.

Table with columns: Stanleys, Riverdales, Nationals, Won, Lost, Parkdale, Balmy Beach. Includes Alex. Day, Sec'y of League.

Death of John C. Morrison.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Feb. 27.—You will please find subjoined clipping from our daily papers regarding the passing of a grand old man. He, in his early days, was in full sympathy with live-bird shooting, and while at Lockport, where he conducted a hotel, he took part and was closely identified with the events of those times. He was a great lover of good dogs, and always had a brace of the best. His interest has never ceased for field sports. Though vigorous and well, his sight for years has prevented his taking part either in field or trap work, but he has kept in touch with the boys. On Jan. 1 he went with me to our club and witnessed our shoot, although he was compelled to go into the trap house in order to see the flight of bluerocks. Kindly make mention of the incident. Many old friends who read the FOREST AND STREAM will remember Uncle John.

The clipping follows:

The funeral of the late John C. Morrison will take place from the residence of James A. Wetherell, 622 Juliana street, at 3 o'clock this afternoon, under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity. Parkersburg Lodge 198, B. P. O. Elks, of which Mr. Morrison was a member, will also attend the funeral in a body.

At the home the services will be conducted by Rev. J. W. Frances, assisted by Rev. Dr. S. S. Moore.

Following are the pallbearers: E. R. Patton, Judge L. N. Tavenner, T. R. Cowell, J. L. Cramer, James W. Dils and S. Reitzenberger. C. L. SLAYTON.

Florists Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., March 4.—Two well-bred pointer puppies were the chief prizes in the main event of the Florists' Gun Club shoot. The programme consisted of 50 targets, divided into three 10s and one 20 target event. It was a sliding handicap contest, open to all. Mr. L. P. Huber, of the Clearview Gun Club, won first with 44 out of 50. Huber had two chances, and also shot for Peachin. On his first attempt he broke 37. He shot for Peachin and scored 43, thus Peachin tied Tansey for second prize. They tossed for the dog, and Tansey won. Huber then shot his third string out and won first trophy by breaking 44 targets. St. Clair scored 42 on his first attempt and 37 on his second. Scores:

Table with columns: Targets, Huber, Peachin, Tansey, St. Clair, Stevenson, Griffith, Huber, Garter, Parry, St. Clair, Brenner, Pratt, Sheeler, Firth, Cantrell, Graham, Schilling. Includes Targets and Scores columns.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 6.—The first monthly shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, since the change has been made from weekly shoots to an open tournament held the first Saturday of each month, was held on the afternoon of March 4. The weather conditions could not be worse for holding a tournament, snowing throughout the forenoon, and the wind, well, it kept one guessing to stay on the platform, not to mention trying to find dodging targets. Ten men shot through the programme. The next tournament will be held Saturday, April 1.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Hans, Traver, T Rhodes, Du Bois, Wicker. Includes Shot and Broke columns.

Event No. 4 was for the Bissing cup and was won by Du Bois with 20. Traver, Bissing and Perkins shot from 18yds.

Event No. 5 was for the Captain's cup, and was won by T. Rhodes with 19, all shooting from 19yds. DUB.

"There's a man whom I envy," "Why; is he rich?" "No, not very; but he has acquired an ability to look interested, and at the same time not hear a word, while other people are telling him about their achievements."—Chicago Times-Herald.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Cedar Springs Gun Club, of New Paris, O., are actively at work in promoting all the preliminaries of their tournament to be held on June 5 and 6.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, Secretary, announces that the Mullerite Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on the grounds of the Freeport, L. I., Gun Club on April 27.

Owing to the conflict of dates with those of the New York State shoot, the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association has changed its dates to June 6, 7 and 8, instead of June 13-16, as at first claimed.

Mr. F. Truax won the Mullerite medal for the third and final time at the shoot of the North River Gun Club, Edgewater, N. J., March 4. Mr. C. Richter was victor in the 50-target handicap, the prize being a solid gold watch charm.

In a match at 100 targets between Messrs. H. Landis and A. Armstrong, of Sewell, N. J., the latter won. The scores were: Armstrong 89, Landis 87. A strong wind and a glare from the snow were not favorable conditions for the highest scores.

The Wilmington, Del., Gun Club has changed to larger grounds, with an up-to-date club house, all of which, if possible, are completely in readiness for the annual spring tournament of the Delaware State 'trapshooters' League, as more fully set forth by a correspondent elsewhere in our trap columns.

Four events are provided for the live-bird shoot to be held at Easton, Pa., on March 15. The first and second are at 4 birds, \$5 entrance; the third is at 20 birds, \$15, and the fourth is a \$3 miss-and-out. A \$20 gold piece will be given to high gun in the 20-bird event. Shooting begins at 10 o'clock.

A St. Paul, Ind., correspondent writes us as follows: "Mr. Geo. M. Kanouse, President of the St. Paul, Ind., Gun Club, broke 98 out of 100 targets. E. G. Bless, secretary, broke 50 straight. We will have a big shoot Thursday, March 30. All trapshooters and ammunition men invited. For particulars, address E. G. Bless, Sec'y."

Mr. D. V. B. Hegeman scored the first win of the series for the March cup at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, on Saturday of last week, Messrs. T. W. Stake, A. W. Higgins, F. P. Wilcox and W. C. Waidron have donated valuable special prizes, which, in addition to the regular trophy events, will insure that the March competition will be of sustained interest.

Mr. Geo. W. Mains, McKeesport, Pa., writes us that at a meeting of the Enterprise Gun Club, held March 3, the following officers were elected for the year: M. W. Good, President; Wesley Hale, Vice-President; Geo. W. Mains, Secretary; J. F. Calhoun, Treasurer; Harvey McFarland, Captain. Executive Board: M. W. Good, Harvey McFarland, Fred Gross, John Hall.

With the energy and precision which are characteristics of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner's business management, he has the whole trapshooting circuit of the Interstate Association now well in hand. The circuit now extends to the Pacific Coast, where the Pacific Coast Handicap will be held Sept. 12, 13 and 14. This event gives promise of being a close second, if not an equal of the Grand American Handicap.

Mr. W. M. Foord, Secretary, writes us that, beginning at 1:30 on March 14, the Wilmington, Del., Gun Club will give a complimentary shoot to Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and J. Mowell Hawkins. The programme consists of ten events, alternately 10 and 15 targets, 75 cents and \$1 entrance. There will be a contest at 100 targets for the individual State championship cup between Mr. Edw. Banks, holder, and Mr. W. M. Foord, challenger. Purses open to amateurs only.

The first tournament of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut series, will be held at Rockville, April 4. There are twelve programme events, 10, 15 and 20 targets; entrance 65 cents, \$1.22 and \$2.30. Totals, 190 targets, \$17.82 entrance. No 6, at 20 targets, is the five-man team event, and the clubs entered are New Britain, Waterbury, New Haven, Bristol, Willimantic, Norwich, Hartford, Bridgeport and Rockville. Rose system will govern. Ratios 5, 3, 2, 1. Targets, 1 1/2 cent. Shooting commences at 9:30. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore, Secretary, South Manchester.

BERNARD WATERS.

Edward the Confessor, during his lunch hour, was tempted to patronize a shilling fish ordinary at Billingsgate, consisting of three courses, with potatoes and bread. For the first course, a small and somewhat dubious fish was placed before the monarch, who regarded it for some moments in a fit of gloomy abstraction. Presently calling the waiter, he asked, "Sirrah, what callest thou this fish?" "Smelt, sir," replied he of the grimy shirt front. "It is well named," replied the King, standing up and taking his crown from the hat rack, "for it hath smelt so loud that I cannot hear myself talk. I must seek some other place."—London Fishing Gazette.

Gun Room Topics.

Live Pigeon Shooting.

THE advent of February gives a truce to the pheasant and the partridge, and signifies the beginning in earnest of the season of the trapshooter, which may be said to open with the decision of the Grand Prix competition at Monte Carlo. The spring and summer months, when the game birds are breeding in peace and quietness, are the time of travail for the blue-rock pigeons that have to bear the brunt of the long campaign against them at the various gun clubs in London and throughout the provinces. Unlike game shooting, the shooting of trapped pigeons has many opponents, who have made many determined attacks upon the pastime, but without success. Threatened lives live long, and it cannot be denied that live pigeon shooting at the clubs still lives, if it can scarcely be said to thrive as it did, say, fifty years ago, when the cream of English sportsmen took pleasure in competing with each other at the Old Hats or the Red House, or even at Hornsey Rise. We have lately been reading some of the records of these old competitions and matches in the fifties and sixties, and they are very instructive and interesting even to present-day gunners. They prove, for one thing, the immense strides we have made in the accessories of sport with the gun; they also show very conclusively what splendid shots were many of the predecessors of present-day trapshooters. The most interesting historian of pigeon shooting in England is Lord William Lennox, who writes with all the enthusiasm of a keen gunner who was in the thick of it about fifty years ago. Writing, as he did, before the adoption of driving of winged game to any extent, he was right in describing a morning's live pigeon shooting at Hornsey Wood, the Rosemary, or elsewhere, as "furnishing excellent practice to all classes of gunners from the youth fresh from school to the more experienced marksman, who can remember" what he calls "the good old days of flint and steel." He maintains that to make a man a quick shot at that time there were few better plans than to let him practice at six traps, two of which should contain a pigeon and a sparrow each, the uncertainty as to which trap would be pulled making "the gunner keep his eyes open." Further, he held that shooting at pigeons improved men for general game shooting as then pursued, giving coolness, decision, and, above all, quickness, which, in his lordship's opinion, are the first characteristics of a really good shot, by which we see that he means a man who gets his gun off at everything within thirty yards, and kills two out of three fired at.

Handicapping.

Sweepstakes and matches were the fashion fifty years ago in pigeon shooting, handicapping by distance from the traps being at that time unknown. Any bore of gun was permitted apparently, and any loading. At the Red House, 10-bores, 8-bores and even 6-bores were to be seen in use, which led, though, to the sport dying away at that spot, the whole shooting being left in the hands of a few crack shots with whom no new man had any chance. It was in consequence of a match shot between Mr. Dudley Ward with a 10-bore and Mr. Gilbert Heathcote with a 14-bore that the idea occurred to Mr. Frank Heathcote, as an old racing man, to get up a handicap by distance, stipulating for 12-bores and an ounce and an eighth of shot. He had forty-four subscribers, of whom twenty-nine came to the post, and the handicap was won by Mr. Stirling Crawford, who was handicapped at 31½yds., Mr. R. Bateson coming in second, and Mr. C. Molynaux third. There were more gunners shooting together in this first handicap than had ever been known before, and Heathcote was complimented all round. The second handicap had fifty-four subscribers, and was won by Colonel Annesley at 29½yds., Mr. F. Craven being second, and Mr. D. Damer third. The champion of all pigeon shots in these days was Lord Huntingfield, handicapped at 32½yds. from the traps, but in the first and second handicaps shot he was easily beaten, owing to his distance. Lord William Lennox describes his style as perfect. "Legs level, and wide apart—a cigar in his mouth—he stands at his post like a falcon looking at his prey. He clicks his trigger two or three times, raises the gun once or twice to the shoulder to see all is right, looks straight at the center, coolly takes his 'weed' out of his mouth, places it between the little finger and next of his left hand, says, 'Pull,' and is on the bird in a second. When he kills, which is pretty often, the bird has all the shot—no winking—no rising again, dead he falls, spreads his wings, and dies." In the third handicap there were sixty subscribers, and the winner was Captain Wyndham, 28½yds.; the Hon. G. Craven, 26½yds., second, and the Earl of Bective, 27½yds., third. A breechloader was used by a Mr. Robinson for the first time at this shoot, and dice were first thrown to decide the traps to be pulled, also the suggestion of Mr. Frank Heathcote. The result was that thereafter handicaps increased up to an average of nearly one hundred subscribers, though it was regarded as impossible to do justice to more than sixty starters. This was in 1860, at Hornsey Wood, which by that time had succeeded the Old Hats at Ealing, and the Red House at Battersea.

The Best Shots Then.

The best pigeon shots forty-five years ago, placed as nearly as possible in their order of merit by Lord William Lennox, were Lord Huntingfield, quick and perfect; Mr. Stirling Crawford, steady; Hon. Dudley Ward, a steady, cool shot; Mr. R. Bateson, quick, gun too much up; Hon. G. Heathcote, quick, excellent with his second barrel; Hon. Captain Wyndham, perfect master of his gun; Mr. S. Lucy, quick and nervous; Hon. F. Craven, quiet, but quick; Lord Stormont, good; Mr. A. Walsh, steady; Colonel Annesley, very quick, too quick; Sir T. Moncrieff, quick; Captain Berkeley, quick; Lord Bective, good; Mr. E. Batson, quiet and quick; Mr. A. Wigram, quiet and steady; Mr. E. Coke, very quick and brilliant; Mr. F. Milbanke, steady and sure; Colonel Jenyns, quiet; Hon. A. Fraser, quiet; Mr. D. Damer, good, but holds his gun a little too low; and so on for another score of names, all of them crack pigeons shots, Lord Hartington being described as "better at game than at blue-rocks," and Lord Sefton as quick, but requiring to take a little more care in taking aim. The most curious thing about pigeon shooting before a crowd of spectators, even though most of the crowd may be personal friends of the shooters, is the extraordinary manner in which the desire to excel renders men unsteady. Men who shoot well in small sweepstakes get so excited in a match that they cannot win; the eyes are straight, but the hands will not answer them. Other excitable men get still more excited in a match, but shoot none the worse for it, fighting, we presume, successfully against it. Men are differently constituted; some men perform better the closer the competition and the heavier the prize money. In matches, it must be remembered, the birds are the very best that can be selected, whereas

in a large handicap it is impossible to get the quantity required of the very best birds. This makes the winning more of a chance, a fast bird after a slow one puzzling the shooter, however cool and experienced he may be. So it is that some men excel in sweepstakes and some in matches, though the best shots, in spite of all obstacles, usually come to the front at the finish, forty years ago at Hornsey Wood very much as they do now at Hurlingham and the Gun Club, where the sport is still carried on in the same good old-fashioned manner, notwithstanding the fact that the shooting of winged game has gone far ahead of it, both in skill and results, through the universal popularity of the modern method of driving. Could it not be possible to imitate driving at clubs for live pigeon shooting, just as driving now is so faithfully reproduced at the various schools and parks by means of inanimate birds?

Modern Gun Clubs.

Though a hundred crack shots or more may meet each other next week on the grounds of the Monte Carlo Gun Club, it must be admitted even by its best friends that live pigeon shooting has greatly declined in popularity since the days we have been describing at Hornsey Wood. Even during the International week at Hurlingham and the Gun Club, when competitors are gathered at the traps from all parts of the earth, there are nowadays seldom more than fifty or sixty entrants for each competition, a number that forty years ago was often doubled at an ordinary meeting. That shooting should have increased so much in popularity, while live pigeon shooting has undoubtedly decreased, is mainly due, it is thought, to the fact that the latter has not kept up to date in its methods so as to afford something coming as near as possible to driven winged game. The pigeons are sprung from the traps just as they were fifty years ago, or nearly so, when game-driving was unknown, and all winged game of every kind were shot over dogs. Then the inanimate pigeon of clay can be sent over the guns in imitation as closely as may be of driving; but experts in live pigeon shooting one and all set their faces against any attempt to send the trapped live pigeon over the guns. It would, of course, be difficult to drive live pigeons, but difficulties only exist to be surmounted where we are in earnest. If a wild duck can be driven with accuracy over the gunner, what can there be in a wild blue-rock pigeon that would prevent its being similarly treated with some care and skill on the part of the trappers, and an improvement, if necessary, in the apparatus for trapping? There would be much greater variety at any rate, in the presentment of live pigeons sent over the guns than in the present very primitive mode of opening the door of a trap, and simply letting the birds fly out as best they may under a shower of leaden pellets. Monotonous to many gunners is such shooting. Apart from all humanitarian scruples, they do not care to cultivate skill in achieving success at it. But if their birds were sent to them from behind a wooden erection, say, six feet in height or more, so that they could get fully on the wing before they were seen, and from there be induced to fly over the guns, as would winged game, there could be little question of the greater interest imported into the shooting. Perhaps we may some day see some such desirable variation on the monotony inseparable from live pigeon shooting as conducted even at Monte Carlo.

American Gun Clubs.

While the term "gun club" with us invariably conveys the idea of trapshooting, it has a very different signification on the other side of the Atlantic. There it means an association of game shooters, joined together to preserve large tracts of good shooting ground, on which a club house is built for the accommodation of the members shooting. The quarry is not the blue-rock pigeon trapped, but the wild duck and the quail free to come and go only to be found and flushed by the use of pointers or setters. In Baily's for February is an excellent description of these American shooting clubs written over the well-known initials "G. T. T. B." The writer of it evidently looks to such institutions, which are rapidly increasing every year in the United States, for the future preservation of American small game, which for some years past has been threatened with almost absolute extinction in all accessible regions. In fact, winged game has already been almost entirely exterminated in large tracts of country, where State laws restricting the slaughter of it have been passed too late to save it. "Those who profess to admire the freedom of American shooting," writes "G. T. T. B.," "are not very practical, for the freedom only exists, first, where there is no game, and second, at such distances from habitations as to make expeditions after game both very troublesome and very expensive. For a New Yorker to get free shooting at quail (partridges) he must make a journey of nearly a thousand miles. Even when this is done there is always this difficulty in America: where free game abounds, there is no hotel accommodation, and where the latter exists there is no game." It is here very evidently that the club and the club-house come in so conveniently for the American sportsman who combines with his fellow-sportsmen to form a club for the preserving and shooting game. It has often been suggested that our English gun clubs might very well extend their programmes beyond trapshooting to the renting and preserving of good game shootings, letting their members take part in the shooting of game in rotation or by other arrangement, leaving trapshooting entirely for the close game season. Such clubs, it is believed, would be even more successful on this side than in the wilds of America, where they seem to have recently so greatly caught on.—County Gentleman.

Union Gun Club.

THE programme of the Union Gun Club of San Francisco, Cal., for April 30, provides a live-bird and picnic shoot. The club shoot for members only, entrance fee, 50 cents, 25 targets, 16yds., has \$400 to be divided every shoot, Rose system. Four classes, as follows: Champion, first, second, third; \$10 in each class, divided on the basis of 5, 3, 2.

Second event, medal event, for members; entrance 80 cents; four gold medals, value \$50. Four classes, as follows: Champion, first, second, and third. All contestants to begin at 16yd. mark; winners of medals will shoot from 18yds.; if winning medal a second time, winner will shoot from 20yd. mark. Winners to wear medal during the month. Medals to become permanent property of members winning same the greatest number of times during the season. Mr. A. M. Shields donates \$40 to be divided into four classes to the second high gun in each class, to be decided at the final shoot.

Third event, Secret Handicap for Tuckey & Kline trophy—silver cup, valued at \$50. Limit, 25 targets; entrance 50 cents, for members only. Trophy to become permanent property at final shoot of season. In case of ties at final shoot, contestants shoot at the original handicap for that day. Every score counts. One back score can be made up in this event as specified heretofore.

Fourth event.—Open to all; entrance, 75 cents; 5 pair doubles

from 14yds., 15 singles from 16yds. Class shooting, three money. Club adds money at each shoot.

Special Event.—Open to all; entrance \$1; 25 targets. All contestants shoot the first 10 targets from 16yd. mark and handicapped as follows. Contestants breaking 9 and 10 shoot remainder from 20yds. Contestants breaking 7 and 8, shoot remainder from 18yds. Contestants breaking 5 and 6, shoot remainder from 16yds. Ties in this event to be shot at 25 targets at the original handicap. Entrance fee, 50 cents.

The officers of the club are: C. A. Muller, President; Dr. W. A. Hansen, Vice-President; H. P. Jacobsen, Captain; T. L. Lewis, Secretary, 86-88 First street, San Francisco.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Find scores herewith of shoot held March 5, at Hudson Gun Club. Each event was at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Schorty	19	23	21	21	22	Cocklin	15	19	16	17	17
Piercy	17	23	23	21	21	Finley	11	17	14	17	17
Staples	25	22	24	24	23	Akers	16	17	20	20	20
Schoverling	20	22	20	18	20	H Pearsall	13	13	13	13	13
Scheubell	13	15	17	19	19	W Pearsall	24	21	19	19	19
Gille	20	17	15	15	15	Kurzell	11	12	11	11	11
C V L	18	17	16	16	16	Ferger	9	11	13	13	13
Jenkins	15	12	18	18	18	Evans	20	22	21	19	21
Cottrell	21	15	20	21	20	Wright	18	20	18	18	18
Bolat	12	13	15	11	15						

JAS HUGHES, Sec'y.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., March 4.—Nine events were run off this afternoon, over 1,800 targets being thrown and seventeen men participating.

Mr. J. S. Fanning, trade representative, was present and shot through five events.

Events Nos. 2 and 3, 25 targets each, unknown angles, were won by Messrs. C. L. Bush and F. W. Moffett, who each took a box of fine cigars as a reward for their skill.

In event No. 4, Mr. J. S. Fanning broke 15 straight, making the only perfect score of the afternoon. Mr. Fanning was also high man in event 6, 12 pairs of doubles, breaking 17 out of a possible 24.

Mr. C. L. Bush did particularly well, breaking 154 out of a possible 175, or 80 per cent.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	25	25	15	10	24	25	25	25
C L Bush	21	24	22	14	5	22	23	23	23
F W Moffett	15	22	23	12	8	11	19	21	21
P H Cockfair	20	16	21	13	8	14	22	19	19
W T Wallace	17	12	15	10	8	10	10	10	10
J S Fanning	22	24	15	9	17	17	17	17	17
C W Kendall	20	18	18	11	8	16	23	23	20
G Batten	19	14	21	10	9	10	10	10	10
J Batten	17	15	13	12	6	11	11	11	11
C Babcock	21	18	20	7	7	11	11	11	11
T Doremus	18	15	10	6	6	11	11	11	11
G Boxall	18	20	10	9	9	19	19	19	19
I S Crane	20	20	9	7	7	11	11	11	11
E Winslow	20	16	9	6	6	11	11	11	11
F H Robinson	16	11	7	7	7	16	16	16	16
B T Bush	5	6	6	6	6	16	16	16	16
W Rohn	4	4	4	4	4	16	16	16	16
T Badgley	6	1	1	1	1	16	16	16	16

Event No. 6 was at 12 pairs of doubles.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 4.—Event No. 3, final shoot for Mullerite medal, won by Mr. F. Truax for the third time. Events 4 and 5, 50 target, handicap event for solid gold watch charm, won by Mr. C. Richter.

Targets:	10	15	25	25	25	25	15
Jap, 0	9	15	22	21	23	22	22
Dr Richter, 8	8	10	20	21	21	21	21
C E Eickhoff, 8	7	12	19	16	14	21	21
F Truax, 4	7	12	23	21	24	22	10
F Reynolds, 6	7	10	19	19	19	19	19
F Vosselman, 10	5	13	14	18	16	16	16
Bingmann, 0	8	12	19	20	18	25	25
H B Williams, 0	7	13	16	20	17	17	17
McClane, 0	5	9	13	12	15	15	15
Dr Paterno, 20	4	8	12	11	17	14	8
S Allison, 8	20	19	14	14	14	14	14
H Schramm, 10	19	14	18	18	18	18	18
Dr R E Paterno, 0	13	18	18	18	18	18	18
R E Bingman, 0	22	20	20	20	20	20	20

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

WHEN this Association claimed dates of June 14 to 16 for its annual tournament, no definite announcement had been made for the New York State shoot, which is now advertised for June 13 to 16; the dates conflicting.

In deference, therefore, to the wishes of the older organization, the executive committee of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association has decided to change its dates to the week before, June 6, 7 and 8, and will, if possible, arrange an extra date for a team match between the New York and New Jersey amateur shooters, the same as was done at the last tournament.

SECRETARY.

Wilmington Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 6.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: You know that the first annual spring tournament of the Delaware State Trapshooters' League is to be held under the auspices of the Wilmington Gun Club on April 12-13 next. The present grounds of the club are altogether too small for any large tournaments, and the club house is too limited for the accommodation of anything like the number of members that ought to be present at any practice shoot. The club has ninety-nine members on its list now, and of course needs more spacious grounds than it did when they had only ten members.

It has been decided to move to larger grounds, which have been secured along the line of the Brandywine Springs trolley, about twenty minutes at the outside from Market street, and it is fully expected that an up-to-date club house and all the necessary appurtenances will be in position before the date of the shoot.

X.

Bonesteel Gun Club.

BONESTEEL, S. D., March 1.—The club assembled at 1 o'clock this afternoon, and the following gentlemen took part in the shooting. Le Roy Leach, R. B. Forbes, E. L. Forbes, M. Woodring, Wm. Bonekemper, W. A. Leach. Following are the scores: Le Roy Leach shot at 33, broke 35; W. A. Leach 25, 24; Woodring 37, 23; Bonekemper 25, 12; R. B. Forbes 25, 10; E. L. Forbes 15, 7.

The Messrs. Forbes and Mr. Bonekemper are all beginners at trapshooting, and show an earnestness which will probably make them run much better scores as the season gets fairly well opened. It is the intention of the club to hold their regular weekly shoot Thursday afternoons hereafter.

W. A. LEACH, Sec'y.



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LOWELL, MASS.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—Over fifty men gathered at the grounds on March 1 for the purpose of welcoming a delegation of members of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, witnessing a team match between the two clubs and taking part in sweepstake and other events. The visitors arrived about 10 o'clock, eleven in all, and were given as cordial a reception as they extend when acting as hosts. It must be that the Cincinnati boys were successful in their efforts to entertain, as the visitors, one and all, united in saying, "Let's come back to-morrow." There was a little preliminary practice shooting and a team match before the dinner call was sounded, the boys being summoned to enjoy a "Gambell spread" at 10 o'clock, and all trapshooters in this section know that this part of the day's programme was thoroughly enjoyed.

The day was partly cloudy, with a strong wind blowing across the traps. Thirty shooters took part in the practice and sweepstake events, and some good scores were made, although many of them shot below their average.

The home team did very good work, taking the lead in the first round by 26 and increasing this in the second round by 34, finishing with 386 to 326, the team average being 85.7 per cent. The visitors did not shoot their usual gait, finishing with 72.3 per cent. as a team, when, ordinarily, they would have made at least 90 per cent. Mr. Schwind was high gun for the match with 46. Will E. Kette and John Hohn, two of the Rohrer's Island Club, were unable to be present on account of illness. In addition to the team race, sweeps and a 25-target match were shot, besides a number of practice events. Some of the shooters did better than in the main event. The scores:

Match, 25 targets:	
Trimble 24, Williams 17, Whitacre 23, Lockwood 21, Oldt 20, Smith 17, Schwind 24; total 146.	
Peters 22, Miller 18, Gambell 19, Bullerdick 17, Oswald 15, Hodaff 22, Muhle 20; total 133.	
Team race, 50 targets, for price of targets:	
Cincinnati G. C.	Rohrer's Island G. C.
Peters 23	Schwind 22
Don Minto 21	Miller 24
Sweeney 21	Smith 23
Faran 22	Oldt 18
Williams 21	Whitacre 18
Gambell 20	Schaeff 16
Hesser 22	Lockwood 18
Bullerdick 19	Oswald 14
	Hodapp 12
191 195 386	165 161 326

The following scores were made in the third contest for the Peters trophy by members who could not attend on Feb. 25: Fredericks (8) 50, Altheer (15) 47, A. Sunderbruch (0) 45, Medico (2) 44, Davies (5) 43, Bleh (0) 40.

The fourth shoot for the Peters trophy was held on March 4. The day was cloudy and chilly, with some wind. Ahlers led with a straight score, including his handicap. Trimble, who has been doing some fine shooting lately, tied for second with Maynard on a total of 49. He was high man in actual breaks, scoring 48.

Several team races were shot, and a number of practice events. In the last, R. Trimble accounted for 54 out of 55 shot at, and he and Maynard were the only ones to break straight in a 25-target event. The match between Gambell's and Barker's teams was closely contested. The first round resulted in a tie on 51. In the second round Gambell's men scored 54—2 more than Barker's team. In the last round the latter team were 1 ahead, with 72 to 71, losing the match to the Gambellites by 1 target—176 to 175. The second 50-target match was won by Gambell's team, 183 to 163. In the last match, at 25 targets, Gambell's boys scored 93 out of 100, Faran making a straight and Hesser 24. On Barker's team Harig and Williams did the same, 25 and 24 respectively, but the team lost, 93 to 88.

Peters trophy shoot, 50 targets: Ahlers (10) 50, E. Trimble (1) 49, Maynard (6) 49, Roll (3) 48, Harig (3) 48, Herman (4) 48, R. Trimble (0) 47, Bullerdick (1) 47, Hesser (4) 47, Black (8) 47, Gambell (0) 46, Falk (6) 45, Williams (2) 46, Boeh (7) 45, Peters (0) 44, Faran (1) 44, Don Minto (0) 43, Pohlar (0) 43, Pfeiffer (0) 42, Barker (0) 41, Phillips (0) 34.

Match, 50 targets:	
Gambell 8 13 18—39	Barker 12 13 16—41
Ahlers 15 14 19—49	Harig 14 12 19—45
Hesser 13 13 17—43	Peters 12 13 19—45
Faran 15 14 17—46	Williams 13 13 18—44
51 54 71—176	51 52 72—175
Match, 50 targets:	
Gambell 24 21—45	Baker 18 21—39
Ahlers 25 23—48	Williams 22 19—41
Faran 23 22—45	Peters 20 10—39
Hesser 22 23—45	Harig 21 23—44
94 89—183	81 82—163

Match, 25 targets:	
Gambell 22	Barker 20
Faran 25	Williams 24
Hesser 24	Peters 19
Don Minto 22—93	Harig 25—88

Notes.

The Springfield, O., Gun Club held a largely attended and enthusiastic annual meeting at which plans for the coming season were discussed, and the old board of officers, with the exception of the directors, re-elected. The annual handicap tournament of the club will be held on May 3 and 4, and every effort will be put forth by the officers and members to make it a success. The officers elected were: Wm. Poole, President; Dan Snyder, Vice-President; Chas. A. Young, Corresponding Secretary; Geo. W. Morgan, Recording Secretary; Chas. Stout, Treasurer; Ben Downs, Field Captain; Chas. Rice, Ground Manager. Directors: John D. Foley, John R. Strong, Chas. Henderson, John Reid, Ben Downs.

Seattle After Big Tournament.

Seattle, Wash.—At a meeting of the Seattle Gun Club it was decided to make an effort to secure the big Interstate tournament to be held on the coast. Portland is very anxious to secure the shoot, but it is said that Seattle has the first chance and claim on it. The gunners here are very desirous of drawing all the best shots of America to the coast for a grand gathering.

It was decided to improve the grounds at Interbay, where a set of Sergeant system electric traps has been installed.

Portland will hold their big shoot in June, and as \$5,000 will be hung up, there will be trouble in sending a full delegation from this city to enter the competition, and surely there will be some of that pot carried away by the shooters of this club. When the State shoot is held at Wenatchie, this club will be represented.

The medal shoots are scheduled to begin April 19, and shoots will be held every two weeks during the summer. There will be three classes and four prizes for each class, so that all will get a show. There are some fifty members, and each one appears interested in the club having a prosperous season.

The new officers for this year are: Dr. P. A. Purdy, President; Fred Cluvley, Vice-President; B. J. Hall, Secretary and Treasurer; Capt. Swift, Director, and E. E. Ellis, Captain.

At Anaconda.

Anaconda, Mont., Feb. 27.—The day was a fine one, and there was much popping of guns down by the traps. Anaconda and Livingston had her best shots here, and the contests were hot, and the winner had no walkover.

In the Twohy medal, at 25 singles, there were two who tied on 25, and then Nalbach broke 24 to Goddard's 23, thus making a great score. In the Klepetco medal, which was at 20 pairs, Confarr won with 29, and Walker was but one behind. Walker went him one better, and captured the Confarr medal. Anaconda won the team contest with 215 to Butte's 206. Scores:

Anaconda—Mathewson 19, Nell 21, Peckover 22, Drumgoold 24, McMillin 21, Confarr 24, Mayo 14, Hagan 15, O'Brien 19, Allen 21, Beel 15; total 215.

Butte—Walker 21, Goddard 23, Young 22, Morley 17, Nalbach 24, Carmichael 20, Wilson 17, Sandahl 16, Nickey 16, Doty 16, Smith 14; total 206.

South Side Gun Club.

Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 26.—When the club gathered for its last shoot it was found that Mr. Hirschy was present, and that he was in good form, his score will show, as he lost only 5 out of seven events of 15. Homan was making a trip across the State with Monroe as his objective point. It is a pleasure to shoot with the G. A. H. winner. The scores follow:

Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15
Gropper 13	13	10	10	12	12	..
Moll 12	10	12	14	12
Hirschy 15	14	13	15	14	15	14
Weter 12	15
Dreyfus 10	13	13	10	11
Williver 12	11	10	8	8
J T Drought 9	13	12
T M Drought 10	11	13	9	11
Black 10	13	11	10
Hammersmith 13	11	12	13	13

In Other Places.

Now, who will tell the readers of this journal what is meant by snap shooting. The Houghton, Mich., Gun Club states that "snap shooting" will figure in the year's contest for the club medal.

At the first meeting held by the Gainesville, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club, the following officers were chosen: President, Chas. E. Bristol; Vice-President, J. M. Eastman; Treasurer, W. C. Wiseman; Secretary, John M. Skiff; Committee: John Hickey, F. M. Grupe, Chas. Hickey, A. J. Edwards, H. E. Hardy, H.

J. McColl, E. K. Lucas, W. W. Streater, Irving Charles, George Grasby, A. W. Heath, C. Smith.

The shoot held last week at Falls City, Neb., was only partially a success. The weather was very bad, and Mr. Clayton asked a postponement of his challenge match for the Post trophy, as he was sick and unable to attend. The home contingent and those who came from a distance, put in two days, and though scores were not good, the three highest were fair, viz.: Out of 200 Veach 181, Timberlake 170, Townsend 167.

Some of the well-known shooters of Norristown, Pa., held a live-bird shoot Tuesday of last week on the grounds of the Jefferson Gun Club. With a very strong wind, the birds were so lively that scores were low. There was, however, a \$25 a side match, in which McFarland made 16 and Anderson 11, total 27, as against Jackson 19 and Beaver 7, total 26. In the 5-bird event it was Riehl 5, Kipe 4, Geist 4, Anders 4, Beaver 3, McFarland 3. In the miss-and-out sweeps the scores were: Riehl 7, Geist 6, Knipe 5, Anderson 5, Farmer 5.

The Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, will change the shooting grounds after April 1, as the Oak View Park will not be used after that date.

The Montana sportsmen usually do not hesitate at spending money if there is some showing for it. But then when they were asked \$10 per dozen for quail for stocking purposes, there was a hesitation and a final backdown.

The writers for daily papers do not get away from the old stereotyped word "kill." Thus we read in an Anaconda, Mont., paper that the gunners went out to kill (?) bluebirds. When the goody-goody people read of the great slaughter of bluebirds, it is little wonder then that laws are passed to stop live-bird shooting. How long will it take to educate the daily press up to the word "broke" instead of "kill"?

The Nicholas Park Gun Club, of Jacksonville, Ill., held its shoot on Tuesday last. James Graves made highest score, 90 per cent.

A letter from Springfield, O., gives the new officers for 1905 of the gun club, viz.: President, William Poole; Vice-President, William Schnyder; Recording Secretary, Chas. A. Young; Treasurer, Chas. Stout; Directors, John D. Foley, John Strong, Ben Downs, John A. Reid and Chas. Henderson.

There is a rumor that the Red Lion Gun Club, of York, Pa., has raised \$30 to be used in securing quail for restocking purposes. If the little "bobber" cost the same as asked, the Montana boys, that will be just three dozen. But then three dozen would help amazingly.

News come to us from Aberdeen, S. D., that the Deadwood Gun Club, assisted by sportsmen, have drafted a bill to present to the Legislature, which looks to the protection of game and animals. It is proposed to have a game warden at a salary of \$1,200, and one for each county at \$75 per month. No deer to be killed under one year old, and to be unlawful to bait upland birds or kill them from ambush, and to prohibit the selling of game birds at any time of the year.

The central Ohio shooters will do well to remember that on May 3 and 4 there will be a team shoot together with a tournament at Springfield, O. Teams from all over the State will be eligible. I do not recall any State having as many good shooting teams as may be found in Ohio. Nothing gets up as much enthusiasm as does a team shoot, and it is to be hoped that other States will speedily fall into line.

The Houghton, Mich., Gun Club report that the last Tuesday's shoot was a great success, as there were sixteen members present who were after the Edwards cup.

The Blue Mound, Ill., Gun Club holds a shoot every two weeks. It has a fine silver cup, which is awarded to the highest score. It changes hands regularly at each meeting. The last winner was T. L. Bankson, with 14 out of 15.

Last Wednesday there was an all-day shoot held by the Bradford, Pa., Gun Club. The weather was bad, and yet there were twenty present with guns.

The initial shoot of the Larksville, Pa., Gun Club was held last Wednesday. The unfavorable weather was not what it should have been to draw a crowd, yet those present report having spent the time to advantage. Dr. Gerhart went straight on doubles, and Jones caused some enthusiasm by his target smashing.

The O. C. S. A. Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., has announced a shoot which last year proved the most popular of all shooting events, that of giving merchandise prizes with only one cent charged for targets; no other entrance. This will draw and hold the crowd.

Secretary Townsend, of the Omaha, Neb., Gun Club, feels that the responses he has received to his invitation for the spring tournament, March 20, 21, 22, to follow the Iowa State shoot, warrants a big crowd. The five-man team contest will be the drawing card. So far there has been assurance of a team each from South Dakota, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, and at least three

from Nebraska. A gold watch will go to the one making the largest score in this team shoot.

Paducah, Ky., is now out with an announcement of a live-bird shoot for March 7, and this is to be the opening of the 1905 campaign at the traps.

The Secretary of the Luverne, Minn., Gun Club, has announced that a tournament will be held April 26 and 27.

The shoot to be held by Omaha and then St. Joseph, followed by the Missouri-Kansas League at Kansas City, will compete the circuit, and keep all the shooters busy from the 14th to the last days of March.

W. W. Winniford, secretary of the Abilene, Tex., Rod and Gun Club, will hold a tournament at this northern Texas city on May 24 and 25. It will be a handicap shoot, and traveling men to shoot for the targets only.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., March 1.—Twenty-eight shooters presented themselves on Wednesday, March 1, to do battle with 2,500 bluecocks, and in most cases than is ordinary turned the trick in the best of shape, which gave encouragement to every one, and now that all are in good form, good scores must follow.

As usual, Griffiths and Dickey, our 21yd. markers, fought it out tooth and nail, Griff's bad half hour in the second event giving Dick a 2-target lead, which the old reliable took great care of, and never permitted those two bases to be retrieved. Almost 90 per cent. broken, with two-thirds of the targets from the 21yd. line, is certainly shooting. More later, both Griff and Dick say, so we are waiting patiently for the next move.

G. M. Wheeler was evidently bent on being in the swim, and tied for first average on the complete programme. Gil is always up to funny tricks anyway, and has a habit of sneaking in somewhere, but surely he did paste them, and now Freddie Sawyer mourns the loss of two New England boiled dinners, which the aforesaid Gil pinched from him at an .896 per cent. gait, Fred's .826 per cent. being just a little wanting. The Whitinsville boys were not much outdone, however, as Johnson's match score of 28 was good enough for second, and his percentage high enough for second average, with Burbank and Searles, his team mates, not so far behind.

Dr. Gleason's match score was a pretty piece of work, but the Doctor did not like to see the nineteenth target escape, and vowed vengeance on the remainder, a good resolve which he kept by. Other scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and Av. Scores for various shooters like Griffiths, Dickey, Frank, Bell, Kirkwood, etc.

Table for Merchandise match, distance handicap, 30 targets, listing names and scores.

"George," she said, "before we were married, you were always bringing me rings and breastpins, and things like that. Why don't you ever bring me anything now?" "My dear," replied George, "did you ever hear of a fisherman feeding bait to a fish he had caught?"—London Fishing Gazette.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, March 4.—There was the usually good attendance of members and high class competition. The first win on the March cup was scored by Mr. D. V. B. Hegeman with a full score of 25. The month has special inducements in the way of extra prizes. Mr. T. W. Stake has donated a Winchester repeating shotgun, to be shot for each Saturday of the month; and other donations are a silver mounted cut glass loving cup by Mr. F. P. Wilcox; a fine traveling bag by W. C. Waldron, and a case of shells by Mr. A. W. Higgins. The scores follow:

Table showing scores for March cup, 25 targets, handicap, and trophy shoot, 15 targets.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Bennett 14, G. G. Stephenson, Jr., 13, Snyder 13.

Table showing scores for trophy shoot, 15 targets, and shoot-off, same conditions.

Table showing scores for trophy shoot, 15 targets, and shoot-off, same conditions.

Table showing scores for trophy shoot, 15 targets, and shoot-off, same conditions.

Table showing scores for special prize shoot, 50 targets, and trophy shoot, 15 targets.

Table showing scores for trophy shoot, 15 targets, and shoot-off, same conditions.

Chicago Trapshooters' Association Tournament.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—The Chicago Trapshooters' Association winter tournament, held in Chicago on Feb. 25 and 26, was another crowning success. With perfect weather conditions, the sun shining brightly and warm both days, made it ideal for target shooting.

Chicago has come to the front in the past year as a successful tournament town. Forty-five shooters competed the first day, and over fifty on the second day. This shows well for the efforts of the management in conducting the tournament on strictly fair and up-to-date principles.

We feel highly complimented when Fred Gilbert will say that it was one of the best managed tournaments he has had the pleasure of attending for some time.

Seven trade representatives were in attendance during the two days, of whom were Fred Gilbert, Fred Lord, H. C. Hirschy, Frank Riehl, Cadwallader, Sternberg and H. W. Viemeyer.

Mr. E. B. Shogren and Fred Lord had the management of the tournament. Mr. Fred Teeple, compiler of scores, proved a valuable man in the right place.

The programme called for 180 targets each day. On the first day Fred Gilbert topped the list by breaking 172, Hirschy was second for the professionals with 168. Fred Lord, third, 158; Frank Riehl, fourth, 151.

E. S. Graham, of Long Lake, Ill., made the best score for the amateurs with 168. J. R. Graham, second, 164; Lem Willard, third, 162; Fred Gibson, fourth, 157.

On the second day Harry Dunnell, of Fox Lake, beat Fred Gilbert out for the day, breaking 17. For the professionals, Gilbert again led with 170; Hirschy, second, 168; Riehl third, 163; Lord fourth, 146.

For the amateurs, Harry Dunnell, 171; Kit Shepardson second, 162; Winesberg third, 161; Lem Willard fourth, 160.

For the two days general average, professionals, Gilbert was first with 342; Hirschy second, 336; Riehl third, 314; Lord fourth, 304.

For the amateurs, J. R. Graham was first with 323; Lem Willard second, 322; E. S. Graham, third, 319; Kit Shepardson fourth, 314.

At the close of the programme on the second day a 50-bird special was shot off, with handicaps ranging from 16 to 19yds. Fred Gilbert led in this race, although not competing for the purse, from a distance of 19yds., breaking 48. Winesberg, J. R. Graham and Lupel divided first money, 45 each.

Close to 18,000 targets were thrown in the two days.

The programme began at 10 A. M. each day, and the last event was finished each day by 3 o'clock. Without a hitch of any kind, everything moved in clock-like precision.

The Chicago division of moneys proved entirely satisfactory to the contestants. Nearly all indorsed it as the fairest and most equitable system.

[The scores of the above-mentioned tournament were published in our last issue.]

Fulford Memorial Fund.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been advised that the committee in charge of the Fulford Memorial has selected a monument and made arrangements to have it ready by the time of the New York State shoot, which will be held at the late E. D. Fulford's former home, Utica, N. Y., in May next. I am also advised that this committee has contracted for an expenditure of \$600. When the last report of the amount of money on hand was sent to you, it amounted to \$400.50; since then \$143.50 has been received, and to date there is on hand \$544. With the subscriptions, that are coming in slowly, by the first of April this should be brought up to the amount necessary to meet the indebtedness.

At first it was the intention to close the subscriptions on Feb. 1, but since this extra amount is essential, of course the fund will have to be kept open until all the money necessary to defray expenses is secured. I hope it will come to hand by April 1, as on that date it is my desire to hand to the committee in charge all of the cash that is in my possession.

Since the last list showing the donors was sent you, contributions have been received from the following: B. D. Nobles, J. F. Bailey, F. F. Mason, F. A. Ross, F. N. Osborne, Otto Miller, H. J. Varley, J. M. Chapman, C. J. Miles, H. B. Bozard, all of the Olean Gun Club; G. T. Little, W. A. Long, C. M. Powers, West Branch Rod and Gun Club, W. M. Foord, S. S. Johnston, August A. Glade, Carl Moore, F. C. Bissett, Chas. F. Kneil, John Watson, H. C. Watson, Baltimore Shooting Association, Max. E. Hensler, J. E. Avery, E. E. Neal, J. H. Chapin, J. T. Atkinson, Paul North, Chris. Gotlieb, John H. Brinley, H. W. Greenhagan, Tom Cassetty, W. Tramp Irvin, P. B. Plummer, Ossining Gun Club, Ed. O'Brien, E. L. Kipple, J. R. Hull, Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, Rider Walker, W. E. Scott, T. E. Hubby, Fred Schmidt.

Interstate Association Matters.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: Please announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Hopkinsville, Ky., April 26 and 27, under the auspices of the Hopkinsville Gun Club.

The Interstate Association has made arrangements to give the Pacific Coast Handicap target tournament at San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 12, 13 and 14, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. This tournament will be conducted on the same equitable lines as have characterized the Grand American Handicap, and while the Interstate Association looks upon the Pacific Coast Handicap more in the nature of an experiment than anything else, it feels confident that the tournament will meet with the approval and support of the trapshooting fraternity on the Pacific Coast.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Concerning Proctor's.

MANY European novelties have been booked to make their American debut at the Proctor houses; among the most important of them is Dida, which is described as the creation of a woman out of nothing, and which is really one of the most wonderful illusions of the present day. Another act of much interest is Co-Co, the mimetic monkey, one of the cleverest and best trained simians ever shown in public.

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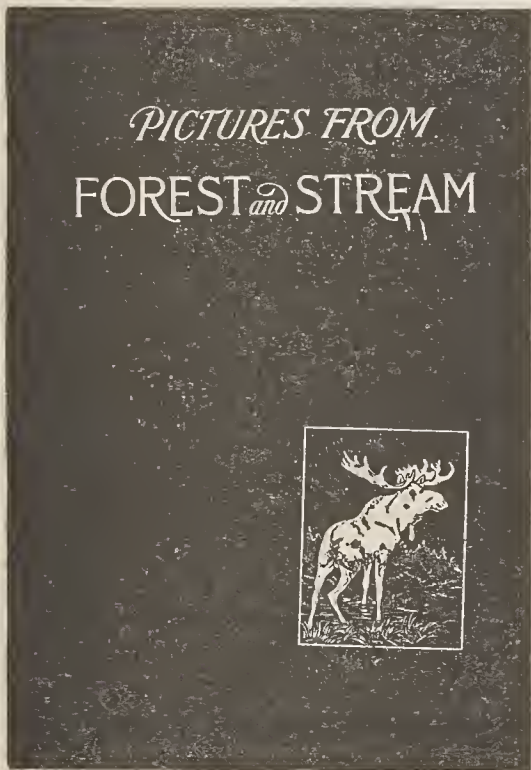
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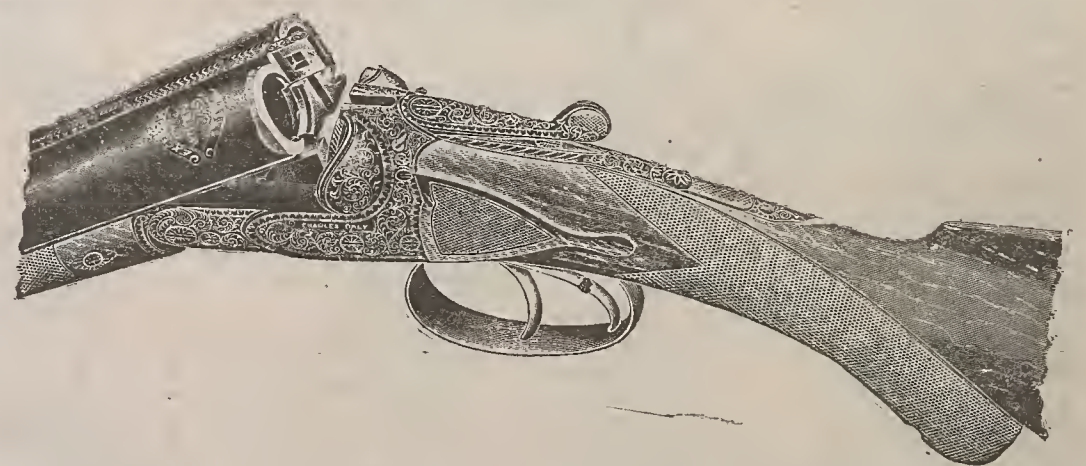
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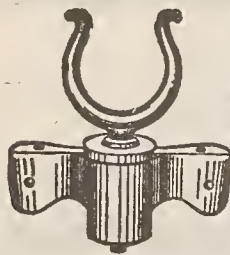
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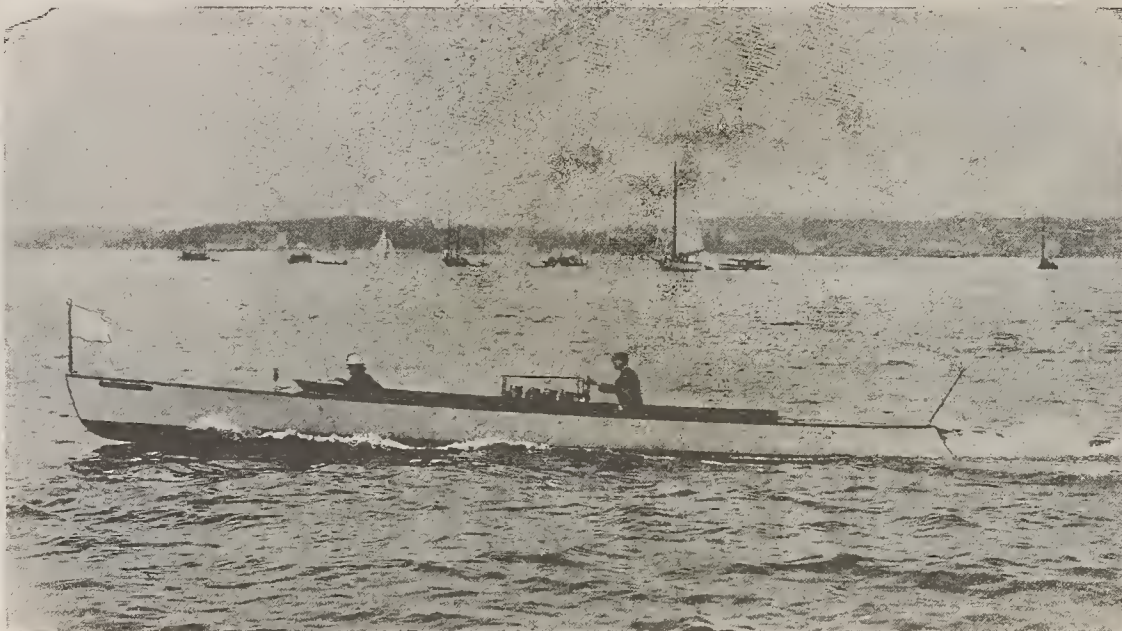
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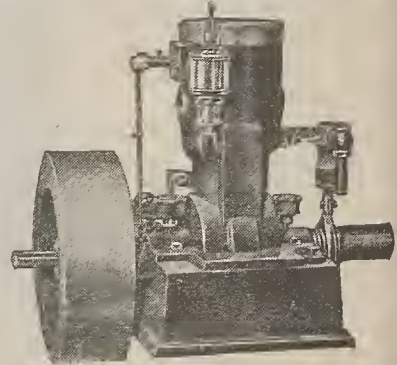


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FEDERAL CONTROL OF PUBLIC WATERS.

IN his discussion the other day of the question of Federal control of migratory game, Mr. Shiras suggested at the regulation of fishing also, in so far as it affected anadromous species and fish planted in public waters by the Bureau of Fisheries, might properly be exercised by the National Government. The subject has been considered further by Mr. Shiras in a speech on the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, in which he urges that the scope of Federal jurisdiction over public and navigable waters should be enlarged to prevent their pollution, and thereby secure the protection of public health and the valuable food fishes indigenous to them. The navigation interests are important, but the prevention of disease is incalculably more so. We venture to say that few persons who have not given the subject special study have any conception of the mortality caused by the pollution of public waters. As a deduction from the results of an investigation undertaken by Surgeon-General Wyman some years ago, it was estimated that there are every year "no more than 45,000 deaths caused by typhoid fever alone throughout the United States, not to speak of diarrhoeal diseases, which latter will augment the number by half, and based upon an estimated mortality of 10 per cent., it is within reason to assume a yearly prevalence of 450,000 cases of this disease." Not all of this, of course, is due to polluted water supplies; but "the carrying of the disease from one city or town to another by means of water-courses has been definitely proved both abroad and in the United States, and the presumption is strong that in the Ohio River, taken as an example, which is the sewer and at the same time the source of water supply for nearly all the cities located upon its banks, this and other diseases are annually disseminated thereby."

That Congress possesses the constitutional power to protect public health under the regulatory rights the Government has over public waters, Mr. Shiras thinks must be unquestioned when the matter is given due consideration, "for it is manifestly impossible for the States ordering upon the same waters to enact either efficient or uniform legislation or make the same enforceable against an offending State which may with impunity so contaminate the public waters passing beyond its borders as to utterly destroy the purity and usefulness of the same."

With the increase of population and the growth of the cities on the rivers of the continent, this question of pure water supply is one of ever-increasing magnitude. If, as Mr. Shiras argues, the remedy of waterway pollution may be found in Federal control, Congress should act and act promptly.

Mr. Shiras would also have the Government assume control of the fish in public and interstate waters. The diversity and conflict of State legislation governing the Great Lakes, the Columbia River and other waters, and the unsatisfactory conditions which have resulted from them, are matters of common repute. Were Federal supervision of the fisheries substituted, it is estimated that the marketable value of the product might be increased \$1,000,000 a year. With such results in view, Mr. Shiras contends, the nation should assume its rightful control over the public waters and assure the preservation and growth of the great commercial fisheries. To this end he introduced two measures in Congress in the closing days of the session. H. R. 19164 provides, since experience has demonstrated the inefficiency of laws passed by the States to protect fish which are migratory in their habits, and which for the greater part of each year remain in the high seas, beyond the jurisdiction of the United States or of any State:

That all migratory fish of commercial value which frequent the sounds, estuaries, rivers and lakes of the United States during the spawning period, shall, during such periods, be under the control and protection of the United States, and shall not be taken or destroyed in the manner and at the time specified in the regulations established by the Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries of the United States, and any person or persons convicted of violating any of the said regulations shall be liable to a fine not exceeding \$200, or imprisonment, or both.

Sec. 2. That the spawning period referred to in Section 1 shall be understood and construed to mean that period commencing with the migration of said fish from the ocean into said bays, sounds, estuaries, rivers and lakes of the United States and terminating upon the completion of the act of spawning.

The second bill, designed to protect food fishes in pub-

lic waters, provides that all varieties of fish which either pass through or do not remain permanently each year within the waters of any one State, shall be declared to be the property of the United States for the benefit and use of the people, and shall not be taken at any time or in any manner prohibited by the Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries. The Commissioner is empowered to provide fishways when necessary in public waters, and to investigate the pollution of public waters, when such pollution injures fish, and to provide regulations therefor.

By the adjournment of Congress these measures lapse; if any legislation of this character shall be adopted it must be introduced anew at another session. The purpose of Mr. Shiras in presenting the bills as he has done was to bring the subject to public attention for consideration and discussion of the principles involved. In our issue of next week we shall print the full text of the speech to which allusion has been made. The subject is one which demands and should have careful study, and concerning which there may well be a public awakening.

FRESH AIR AND FUMES.

THE conflict between civilization and nature is irrepressible. We destroy nature by our civilization, and then as we become more civilized we try to restore it, with the result usually that we have an artificial nature; a poor one, indeed, but perhaps better than none at all. We exterminate the buffalo and other large game for their hides and fur, great auks for the oil they yield, passenger pigeons for their flesh or for sport at traps. We pour into our streams waste from the factories, mineral oils, acids and other vile things, and so kill the fish that used to crowd their waters. We build factories for the manufacture of things that civilized man needs, and the smoke and fumes belched from their chimneys destroy the vegetation for miles around. What is to be the end of all this?

Probably many of these things that are so destructive to natural life are actually necessary to our civilization, but the destruction which follows these necessary operations is not necessary. It is simply the result of doing things heedlessly in the easiest way—the neglect of the rights of others—in order that we ourselves may add a few dollars to those that we have already earned. The last thing the thoroughly right-minded man ought to do is to inflict injury on his fellowmen for the purpose of benefiting himself, and the many right-minded men who do inflict such injury, unquestionably inflict it without evil intent. Yet after they have been doing this thing for some time, it comes to seem the natural thing to do, and they cling to it in the face of every effort to make them change their ways.

On the New Jersey shore of the Hudson River, opposite New York, are great factories for the manufacture of chemicals of one sort and another, and when the wind is right the fumes from the great chimneys drift over New York city, and are said to have killed or injured the trees along the Riverside Drive. The great mining city of Butte, Montana, lies in the midst of a desert. It is an arid country, but before mines were discovered and smelters were built, there were a few green things there, and for a month or two in spring, verdure and beautiful mountain flowers clothed the hillsides. They are all gone now—killed off by the poisonous fumes from the smelters.

Near Redding, in Shasta county, California, there is a large copper smelting plant, and over a considerable area surrounding it plant vegetation has been killed or very seriously injured. The injury done by this smelting plant is especially serious because it is situated in the farming country where many fruit trees are grown, and it is found that these fruit trees, in particular the peaches, are especially susceptible to these fumes.

The ore used in these smelters contains much sulphur, which is burned off in a number of operations, with the result that practically all that was originally in the ore is given off to the air as sulphur dioxide. This chemical is present in the limbs and leaves of many trees, but in extremely small proportion. Increased in amount it destroys the foliage, and after a little the life of the tree. A suit was recently brought by the United States against the copper smelting company whose plant is at Redding, and the Department of Justice asked the Bureau

of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture to investigate the injury done by the fumes coming from the smelters. A careful study of the subject by Mr. J. K. Haywood shows that an area about twelve miles from north to south by eight miles from east to west has been greatly injured by these fumes, and that the water of the Sacramento River is polluted by the waste material from the smelter. Thus in the neighborhood of this factory vegetable life and fish life alike are wiped out. Mr. Heywood's conclusions are that sulphur dioxide, when present in very small quantities in the air, kills vegetation, and that this injury to vegetation is likely to continue and even to increase its limits unless the fumes are condensed. The fumes can be condensed to form sulphuric acid, for which a market could be found.

THE AUDUBON WORK.

THE changes in public opinion which take place from time to time in the direction of better things are very encouraging, and in few matters has there been more progress than in subjects to which FOREST AND STREAM has long been devoted. A newspaper may keep hammering away for years, striving to manufacture public sentiment in behalf of some good object, and may be able to detect absolutely no sign of response from the public to which it appeals. But suddenly, and apparently without any reason, a change will come, converts will begin to be made, and before long the desired good is attained. One of the matters which has shown such a gratifying response to effort is the Audubon movement, which was practically set on foot by FOREST AND STREAM as far back as the year 1883. The matter is brought vividly to mind by the report of the recently organized association of Audubon Societies, together with the history of the Audubon movement by Mr. Wm. Dutcher, whose continued energy in this excellent work is so well known and so wholly praiseworthy.

The Audubon movement was started in 1883 by FOREST AND STREAM. A year later the American Ornithologists' Union took up the matter, while soon after the first Audubon Society was founded. A few years later the tide of public interest in bird protection seemed to lessen, but in 1896 it revived again, and became, and still is, of very great interest to many people. At present more than two-thirds of the States have Audubon Societies, most of which are very active. The bird protective law modeled by the American Ornithologists' Union is in force in twenty-eight States, while the general Government, through many of its branches, is aiding the work in a number of ways. The work of bird protection is being well carried on in Mexico, while the Federal Government has extended its protective influence to the islands of the far Pacific. Meantime, President Roosevelt has set aside a number of islands to be used under the Agricultural Department as preserves and breeding grounds for birds.

It is a well recognized fact that most people desire to do and to support what they believe to be right, but on many subjects they are quite ignorant of what is right, and must be taught. This is the mission of the Audubon Societies—to educate the public, which as yet is ignorant of the economic value of our birds. To do this money is required, and not a little money. There are few objects to which persons interested in bird protection could better contribute than to the work of the Audubon Society. Direct contributions in money are not asked, but it is earnestly desired that the list of members shall be enlarged. Of these there are several classes; the sustaining member pays an annual fee of \$5, while the life member pays \$100, which frees him from subsequent dues. The contribution of \$1,000 constitutes a patron, and \$5,000 a founder.

The National Committee of Audubon Societies wishes to raise an endowment fund of \$1,000,000, and of this \$100,000 has already been promised. Yet we may imagine that just at the beginning a number of persons, each willing to contribute a small sum, would be more welcome than a single person who would contribute a large amount.

We heartily recommend all persons interested in our birds or interested in the progress of the country, whether they are interested in birds or not, to apply to Mr. Wm. Dutcher, 525 Manhattan avenue, New York city, for copies of the application blanks for membership to the Audubon Society.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Fall of a Cliff Climber.

THE early summer of 1888 found me cruising, alone in a small open Indian canoe, among the islands off the coast of British Columbia. I was collecting specimens for museums of natural history in the East, and was armed with a double shotgun and equipped with instruments for skinning birds, preserving eggs and detaching fossil shells from the seaward faces of the cliffs. A large water-tight zinc case contained the perishable objects and a change of clothing. A few cooking utensils, some provisions, a small opera glass, notebook and pencil, and a diminutive shelter tent with blankets, completed the outfit.

Thus armed and equipped, I cruised from island to island and from one rock or ledge to another, dug shells from the cliffs, shot sea birds, or gathered their eggs from the shelves of the rocks or the isolated seawashed "hog-back" ledges, and camped wherever night overtook me. My food was largely game and fish, which were so plentiful that there was no danger of starvation. There was nothing to fear from man or beast, as the sea birds always gave warning of the approach of Indians, and there were no large land animals on the islands. The only dangers encountered were those incident to boating and cliff climbing. The tides on the northwest coast are strong, with dangerous tide rips, and in some places, whirlpools which might engulf a small canoe. It was impossible to make headway by paddling or rowing against the full strength of the tide, and high winds occasionally sprang up without warning; but by taking advantage of favorable winds and tides, I was able to get safely from one island to another. Thus the long days were filled with work and adventure, and the short nights were passed in dreamless sleep beside the camp-fire—sleep broken only by the hoarse growling of the seals or the wild cries of sea birds.

The formation of these islands was such that each offered, at both its north and south ends, a little harbor which was protected from the sea by flanking walls. Within each harbor the rocks shelved to a natural landing place and made access easy to the top of the island; but the sides descended precipitously into the sea and could be reached only from above. Most of the islands were topped with scattering trees, and a few were wooded.

In searching for birds' eggs my usual method of descending a cliff was to pass a rope around a tree trunk at the summit, throw the ends over, and climb downward, holding both lines in my hands. On attempting sheer descents I would make one end of the rope fast and let myself down, hand over hand, to some shelf, returning the same way. By passing a bight of the line about my body and making it fast with a bowline, I could hang over the edge of a cliff in a "bo'swain's chair" and use both hands in digging into the puffins' burrows, which honeycombed the three or four feet of earth that covered the top of the rock.

On the last island of the group, which was treeless, there was no point of attachment for a line, and as there were clefts in which sea pigeons made their homes I determined to try a descent without a rope. To see how this might be done, I lay down at the edge, and examined that portion of the cliff which could be seen from my position. The rock sloped irregularly downward for about twenty feet, and then assumed the perpendicular. Along its visible portion there were occasional vertical fissures; also some horizontal and diagonal seams with narrow projecting shelves, which offered footing and hand-hold. Where the seams intersected the vertical fissures, little caves were formed, and in these the birds were nesting. A cleft larger than the others could be seen some distance to my right. Projecting from it and overhanging the verge was a weather-beaten stump or "snag," all that remained of a lone tree that had once grown out of this miniature chasm. Just beneath this the cliff overhung its base and was inaccessible.

Choosing for a foothold a shelf running diagonally downward, and descending it with great care by thrusting my fingers into such crevices as happened to be within reach, I gained the first deep, vertical cleft. Inserting my head, arms and shoulders, I secured a set of guillemot's eggs, but could reach no more, for they were far back out of sight in the very bowels of the rock. The next shelf was hardly five inches wide. I carefully let myself down to it, and, finding such hand-hold as presented itself, crept cautiously on. I had almost reached the large cleft, when an unexpected horror happened. The surface of the rock must have been undergoing disintegration, for the whole shelf gave way bodily beneath my weight. My feet shot out and down so quickly and my body followed with so sudden an impetus that my hands were torn away from the cleft which my fingers had just reached to clutch. In an instant I was hurtling down the rocky slope. My body was battered against the projections of the surface, but they did not check my descent. In sliding past the place where the shelf had been I involuntarily turned in the air, throwing my body toward the cleft and reaching downward for the snag, on which my whole mind was now centered. My hunting coat caught on the cliff and was dragged up over my shoulders. This may have checked my progress a little, but the only

noticeable effect was that my field glass fell out of my pocket and my knife dropped from its upturned sheath.

Half falling, half sliding down that steep and rugged slope toward that fearful verge, hurried toward certain destruction, I clutched at the snag in passing, as a drowning man clutches at a straw, reached it and held on with a death grip. My whole soul went into that grip. The weeks of rowing, paddling and cliff climbing that had hardened my muscles and strengthened my fingers now served well their purpose. As my body, checked at arm's length, swung beneath the snag, it seemed as if the strain would tear my arms from their sockets. The snag, giving under my weight and the impetus of the fall, sank crackling downward toward the shelf at the bottom of the crevice. Then for an instant I was conscious of an awful tingling sensation running through my whole frame. It pierced like a rapier! It burned like fire! It seemed to check the processes of reason, and to convert me into a maniac.

Cling! Cling! Cling! This one thought, unshaped in words, rang through my brain. With the frenzy of a madman I clung to that creaking wood. It may have been the mere instinct of self-preservation as manifested in the stiffening grip of the drowning man. It may have been a touch of that insane panic that stampedes animals, or in a moment changes a crowd of sensible people into a maddened mob that blindly tramples out human life in the effort to escape death. Whatever it was, it transcends all the experiences of a lifetime. I never shall be able to blot it from my memory while life remains.

As my reeling senses became clear and reason asserted her sway, the thrill of horror still remained tingling through nerve and muscle to my finger tips; but their grip never relaxed.

And so I hung there and felt the rending wood give and creak as I swung. Every sound, every motion of it, sent a poignant shock through my frame. I heard the clink of the knife as it struck the jagged rocks far below and the surge of the sea ceaselessly washing about them. It is said that in such moments all the events of one's life pass through the mind. No such thoughts came to me. My whole mind was now concentrated in holding on to the last breath, or until the straining wood should part. But at last the old snag rested on the ledge. Its roots were firmly anchored under the solid rock, and though splintered, they held. I was now hanging over the very verge of the cliff, with my feet dangling below the overhang. There was no foothold there, and it seemed that when strength failed I must fall into the abyss. Still I was alive; I felt a stern joy that, hanging there, on the brink of eternity, I was able to hold on and defy death a little longer. My heart was strong again. I was ready to fight for life. And here my experience as a lone hunter came to my aid. There are many compensations for the isolation of such a life, chief among which is the spirit of self-reliance which it implants in one's nature. I knew that my life must be saved, if at all, by my own efforts. I cast no despairing glances over that sailless sea, nor wasted breath in useless shouts for help. My eye ran over the face of the rock, while my fingers worked nervously in an effort to bring my body nearer the cleft. With this effort came the dawn of hope. A little to my right was a widening of a small crevice, which I managed to reach with my right foot by working up the snag with both hands and then raising both body and limbs. It was a nerve-racking task, for at every movement the wood cracked again, sending shocks of agonizing apprehension through my frame.

Getting the toe of my right shoe well into the crevice, and leaning my body against the rock, I hung panting for breath, hopeful, yet fearing every instant lest the splintered snag should part.

Having regained breath, I unclasped my right hand from the saving wood, and reached another crevice still higher up. Working my hand along this to a safe hold, I put up the other hand, and then drew my body up until, by bending my back and contracting my stomach, I could throw my chest and shoulders forward over a projection of the rock. Then, lying close to the cliff with my head and chest against the foot of the slope down which I had come, my weight was partially resting on the rock, and there was no danger of falling unless the rock crumbled as before. Both hands were now in the cleft above my head, and although the rock here crumbled a little, it gave me a fairly good hand-hold while I thrust my rubber-soled climbing shoes into the cleft below, and not daring to look down, edged my way diagonally upward by inches. Soon my whole body was on the slope, and then I climbed with the utmost caution, hanging tooth and nail, working slowly from cleft to cleft, until at last I hauled myself painfully over the edge and around on the turf, which I had thought never to see again. Here I threw myself down, bruised, strained, exhausted, but happy, feeling the joy of a man who, standing on the scaffold, is saved by a reprieve at the last moment.

Those who have never been near a sudden and horrible death may not realize that in the joy of escape there is a certain compensation for the pangs endured. I never afterward went over a cliff without a good rope in my hands.

When the tide went down, baring some of the rocks below, I went round in the canoe, and at some risk ef-

ected a landing at the base of the cliff. The battered glass, minus its case, lay in a crevice where it had fallen or been tossed by the sea. The knife could not be found.

I coasted around the island and examined critically the rocks. The snag to which I had hung was the only vestige of a tree to be seen on the face of the seamed and sea-worn cliffs. I wondered at its being there. How came that seed in the recesses of that cleft, high on the brow of that barren rock—the seed that grew into a tree which for years must have overhung the waste of waters until some great tempest tore it bodily away, leaving barely enough wood to check my fall and support my weight? What nourished it there and enabled it to grow until it had fastened its roots deep in the seams of the rock from which even the hurricane could not tear them away? Probably since the beginning of time that rock had never upheld another tree. The isle is probably of comparatively recent origin, for there was very little soil upon its summit and there was no sign that any tree ever grew there. What planted the one tree upon that island in the only place where its weathered stump could check my fall?

Seeds that are winged, like those of the ash or pine, are carried short distances by the wind. Others float on lakes, rivers and seas, but the position of this cleft, high, deep and facing seaward, made it impossible for seeds to reach its depths by any of these agencies. Even if the sea washed up seeds on the rocks, there were no squirrels to hide them away. The seed must have been taken to the crevice by a bird, probably a crow, and either stored there for future use, or, what is more likely, ejected with other indigestible portions of its food. Crows were the only land birds I saw on the island. They robbed the nests of the sea birds and caught shell fish. Crows feed also on acorns, berries, wild cherries and plums. Years ago, perhaps, some crow having made a tour among the neighboring islands, or a trip along the coast of the mainland, visited this island in the late summer, found shelter in the fissure of the rock, and while there threw up the remains of its last meal gathered among the trees. This is a habit common to all these birds. Digestion removes the pulp of the fruit, but leaves the seeds or pits unharmed. At least one seed reached a favorable crevice, where it vegetated and sent out its roots. Finding accumulating fertility in the fine fragments of the weathering rock, mingled with the ejecta and the excreta of the sea birds which lived in the same fissure, it grew apace. It may have been a wild cherry or a mulberry tree; at any rate the wood was tough, else this story would never have been written.

In the meantime, more than three thousand miles away, a boy was growing up to manhood whose life would one day hang upon the ruin of that tree. Is there such a thing as chance in the ordering of the universe? As for me, I trust that heaven blessed that tree and made the life of that bird one grand sweet song.

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

A River Town, Helena, Ark.

ONE gets his best view of Helena from the foot of Growley's Ridge, which runs down into the alluvial bottoms in little spurs. Because the spurs are steep-sided, the town does not climb them, but runs back in the gullies for considerable distances. Although Growley's Ridge is only a few hundred yards from the river, and would be perfectly safe in any river flood, practically all the business part—stores and sawmills—is protected by the levee alone from high water. But when high water does come—as in 1897—and rises to the levee top, every man able to tote a bag of sand is forced into "saving the levee." The water has been held back in places on the river after it rose upward of two feet above the top of the levee, so well laid were the sand bags. Unquestionably, the most remarkable recurrent natural phenomenon in the United States is the Mississippi flood. In times of extreme heights the makers and owners of skiffs reap a harvest selling them to families in positions exposed to inundation. The boats are kept on the porch, or tied to a rear window. A \$25 skiff will sometimes sell for \$75 or \$100.

It seems to me that there is more poetry in the manufacture of wood than in other things. The whole process is like a tragic play—minerals are simply dug out of the ground, wool is clipped from sheep glad to be rid of the stuff, and cotton is picked from low shrubs already almost dead. But with trees it is different. They are best for manufacturing when they are in their prime, and best able to withstand the storms, fungi and insects. Beginning in the chopping, where the trees are done to death, through the process of skidding, hauling, floating and milling, each course has features most capable of idealizing. At Helena, the logs come on the cars, on barges and on rafts. I watched the great derrick sling the big gum logs to the inclined railway car from a barge, and then followed the car into one of the mills.

It was a most noisy place, much different from a factory where metal is worked. Metals, whether in cogs or boiler plates, give piano notes, while wood is like

an organ—the difference between a rattle and a hum. The big mill was sawing gum on that day. The logs were anywhere from twenty-five to forty-five inches in diameter. They came up the incline on a car, and were rolled bumping down a slight incline by an iron-toothed arm. They rolled into a big iron V-maw, which held the log until the saw was ready, when the V flopped over and the log went on to the carriage, where it was clinched by two negroes at the upright holds. Before the log was fairly still, a lean, reddish man, with his two hands on levers, had worked one of them, and away went the carriage with a jerk, which the riders had learned to meet by bending. In a moment the whining band-saw began to scream as it bit down through the dripping wood. It was wonderful to see the speed at which the log was cut in two, and brought back to be quartered. Water poured on the saw to keep it cool. Once quartered, the pieces were run into boards in a jiffy, and as they rolled away into edging machines, the V-maw flopped again and another log was flung lengthwise against the whining band-saw. From the mill, the boards were scattered all over the yard on small handcars and piled up in sweet-scented heaps, which are characteristic of the sawmill town, and the size of every board was noted down, as the size of every log to be sawed brought in had been. Every thing seemed to be rushing in a breathless hurry, but the workers moved about without haste. Even the two clinchers on the carriage had time to rub their hands once in a while. But one man was plainly the nerve center of the whole visible business. He was a lean, sunken-eyed sawyer, who shoved his levers and shot keen glances from the incoming load of logs to the outgoing lumber, but no further and not elsewhere. Every board passed under his sharp eyes—and he gauged each one before the saw ran into the quartered log, if not before. He decided whether the stick would make inch boards or three-inch planks.

In another mill nearby was a young fellow in relatively the same place. He was a wide-eyed, smiling individual, who wore his hat slightly a-slant and whistled snatches of song music at intervals—judging by the pucker of his lips. He yelled at the negroes, joshing some and telling others to move. He saw most of what happened anywhere in sight, but didn't look his part of nerve-center, save that when he leaned one way, a four-ton log jumped to destruction, and when he leaned another, the bedlam of a breaking log jam rolling on boards broke loose. He wasn't tense, but just free and easy—happy-go-lucky. They said that in proportion to the power, he breaks more saws and saws more lumber than any other sawyer on the Mississippi. A day's work here is 100,000 feet of cottonwood, 45,000 to 65,000 of oak.

Just over the levee from the sawmills, the government was putting in a mattress to save the bank. A mattress is made of willow trees, a couple or three inches in diameter at the butt, which are tied up in bundles as long as the mattress. The bundles are a couple of feet in diameter and a hundred yards long. Each bundle is tied with wire rope and quilted into the next bundle, until the matting is as wide as the place to be covered. A couple of hundred men were at work on the mattress. The quilting barge had an inclined plane on it, on which the mattress was made. Levers pulled the wire ropes, and when the mat was done, it would stand the weight of tons of rock used to sink it on the worn bank. The sinking process is said to be the most thrilling of the government operations. It has to be done flying, and the men throw the stone hand over fist. Speed is necessary because sometimes a mat gets to "weaving" in the swift current—begins to undulate—and then rolls up lengthwise and tears loose in spite of ropes and rock. When it is torn loose, the mat whirls away down stream, hooks upon the bottom somewhere, and an island builds forthwith. Opposite Greenville is one such mattress, and above Memphis another mattress worked loose. Above Cairo was another. At such places \$10,000 or \$20,000 worth of work goes to smash in a very few minutes. Nevertheless, the engineers of the River Commission have proved that they can handle the river about as they please, providing the value of property saved is worth the expense.

A good deal of government money is spent in dredging, but one hears that steamboatmen do not usually follow the ditches made. The snag boats, however, have saved countless boats and countless lives by digging on the big trees that lodge in sand where they were a constant menace from the days of the first keelboat—if not canoes. It is probable that at some time in the future matting and riprapping will be the chief work done on the Mississippi—but this will not be until the river bed has outgrown the levee system.

A great deal of the work done along the river is by contract; and many men grow rich doing work on the levees, getting out willows, furnishing supplies and the like. But they must do the work they contracted to do as well as they said they would. "The commission is not unreasonable when a man has bad luck," a man, thoroughly familiar with one phase of the situation, told me. "The commission will even seem blind in little things for a time. But the man who presumes on their leniency suddenly finds himself just off the road that leads to preferment, and it is done so nicely that he never knows what hit him. But if a man does his work right up to the mark, and sometimes washes over the line, he is just as thoroughly marked as in the other cases, and his future is assured. The government wants its work well done, and gets what it wants."

If the levee system is right, the levees are as good as they can be made. Every detail is watched, every care is taken. The contractor is held responsible for his work—and there is plenty of work for contractors in keeping the levee system intact. The big river is almost like drops of water on a window pane. The floods are the drops that go chasing down the glass, darting first one way and then another. The high water cuts into the bank on one side and fills in a sand bar on the other. On the cutting side the banks are worn to the levee, and behind this another levee must be constructed a hundred or a thousand yards behind it. The land in between may be washed away soon, or a new

vagary may send the current gnashing through a peninsula neck, leaving a beautiful green lake, where a yellow torrent had previously been pouring. To place a levee, and sink a mattress where they will do the most good are the great tasks of the River Commission. If the government was to make passenger boats of its river fleet, the fleet would rival that of other river fleets combined, one would say. The government's tender care for river commerce is shown by the million dollars put in at Mussel Shoals, on the Tennessee, in order that a couple of \$70,000 steamboats might go through if they wanted to.

On the Mississippi, however, the towboat business, which brings countless millions of bushels of coal down the river, has proved so serious a competition to railroads that railroads once attempted to control it. They bought a big towboat or two, and tied them up. Railroads did good business until other towboats, larger and more powerful, could be built when towboats knocked them again. There are many phases of the Mississippi River commerce, control and condition questions, some of which it would be worth the time of an analytical statistician's research—such things as whether it is worth while spending a million dollars in order to give a single steamer a "show" could be decided upon, for instance.

Chief of Police Clancy, at Helena, Ark., is a big, burly, florid sort of man. His corrugated face was what a policeman might be expected to have, if he faces weather, temptation and arbitrary control often enough. A most positive kind of man is the chief. He speaks almost exclusively in the indicative mood. "There's no honest man on the river—they're all thieves. I want a man, and I get him. A nigger's a thief."

Chief Clancy has had to deal with many bad men in his time, as desperate men are found in the Mississippi Bottoms as anywhere. The daring of a river thief is one of Clancy's chief troubles. Two men, Davenport and Nash, stole two big levee tents just below Helena. They set the tents up on Montezuma Bar, a few miles below town, and then proceeded to fill the tents with goods taken from Helena stores. Night after night, the little corner groceries, scattered in the lower part of Helena, were broken into and the contents looted. Canned, salted, woven and manufactured stuffs were toted away to the river side and floated down to Montezuma Bar. At last the police got a hint. They swept down the river on gasoline launches, cleared for action, and in line abreast. Had the officers only waited a few days, Nash and Davenport would have been able to go into the store boat business on a grand scale. As it was, the thieves were captured and sent to the pen. Davenport got out and was killed at Friar's Point. He had gotten into trouble there, and in trying to escape the Deputy Sheriff, Fitzgerald, by rowing away in a skiff, got killed. Fitzgerald followed his man in the gasoline launch ferry boat.

Nash and Davenport one time robbed a slaughter house below Helena of 300 green hides. They loaded the hides on a steamer, which they hailed in that night at the Helena wharf and sent them to Memphis, where Clancy got them. Nash was pardoned out to tell what he knew about a murder case, but when the pardon was signed and delivered, Nash forgot what he knew on the stand.

Clancy said that some of the largest fortunes in Phillips county were founded on old-time river thieving. He said that in the produce-boat days, gangs of river pirates operated from Porter's Lake, where they had their camp. The crews were run ashore or killed, and then the produce boats were taken in tow by a river steamer, owned by the thieves, and taken down to New Orleans and sold, three or four at a whack. Anderson, the old fisherman, told me some more things about this gang. He said it comprised nearly all of Helena's officials in those days—forty years ago. Finally matters got so bad that a lot of the plantation men back in the country organized a raid and came to town, five hundred strong. They killed the mayor, sheriff, most of the policemen, and many of the leading citizens. This disorganized the gang to a considerable extent.

But in these days, thieving is confined chiefly to stealing junk, and petty burglary and snack-thieving. This is done in organized fashion sometimes. An inconspicuous cabin boat drops into a landing late some day. A couple of river men saunter up town and buy things in various stores, invariably receiving the invitation to come again. Perhaps they lay around for a week. While they are there, a store is broken open and anywhere from a hundred weight of crockery to \$5,000 worth of firearms disappear. There's a hue and cry, of course. Cabin boats are searched and telephone messages and circulars distributed by the dozens. The two men go on down the river. A week or so later a big store boat comes down stream. It ties up at a sandbar, or a willow-thicketed bank. After a night, the boat goes on down stream, the sandbar or thicket having given up its buried booty. Two hundred miles or so down stream the guns and other things become a part of the things sold by the store boat.

At least twice in his river career, Anderson had met men who stole the entire contents of a country store, and then either built or bought a cabin boat, from which to sell the stuff down the river. On one occasion that he told about, the stuff was buried under a brush pile, and on the other he found a pit under an old fireplace, in which a lot of crockery was buried.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Faith and Works.

A pretty anecdote is related of a child who was greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied: "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said, "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps, and," as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, "I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."—Household Words.

The Great Fight with the Kiowas and Comanches.

THE main camp was on the South Platte River, and the Dog Soldiers were camped a day's ride from there. Porcupine Bear was the chief of the Dog Soldiers.

The Dog Soldiers determined that they would make a war expedition against the Kiowas and Comanches, and they sent Porcupine Bear to the main camp to ask the rest of the people to join with them.

After Porcupine Bear had reached the camp and had delivered his message, some one there who had whiskey gave him some. A good many people got drunk, and some men began to fight. Little Creek had Lean Bear, one of Porcupine Bear's relations, down on the ground, and was cutting him with his knife, when Lean Bear called on Porcupine Bear, who was also drunk, to help him. When his relation called on him for help, Porcupine Bear stabbed Little Creek, and his cousin then took the knife and killed him. After this, Porcupine Bear, and all who were concerned in the killing, were sent away from the Dog Soldiers, and the command of that body was given to White Antelope and Little Old Man. The Dog Soldiers and the rest of the Cheyennes now came together to consider the question of the expedition against the enemy.

This happened in the year 1838, and the men who took part in the killing were nephews of White Thunder, then the keeper of the medicine arrows. For the offense they were outlawed, and were not permitted to remain with the main village, but were obliged to travel and encamp by themselves, off to one side. There were a very few lodges of them, less than a dozen men in all. Soon after this the whole camp started south to find the Kiowas and Comanches. All the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches were together, and moving against them from the north were all the Cheyennes and Arapahoes together.

The outlaws, though not permitted to camp or to remain with the main village, accompanied it, traveling and camping by themselves, two or three miles to the westward. They were in constant touch with the main camp, and kept themselves informed of all that was happening.

After leaving the Arkansas River, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were sending out frequent parties of scouts to locate the Kiowa village. The first men sent were Pushing Ahead and Crooked Neck. They had been strictly ordered to find the village if possible, but on no account to attack any Indians that they might see. One day as they were watching from a hill overlooking Wolf Creek they saw two men coming down the stream, carrying shields and leading horses—evidently two Kiowas who had been on the war path. The Cheyennes watched them pass down the stream, and then returned to the camp and reported, saying that they believed that the camp must be lower down on the stream.

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes continued to move on south. From Crooked Creek, Wolf Road and Gentle Horse, with five or six others, were sent out to locate the camp. These scouts were sent out after the ordinary custom of the tribe. The chiefs assembled in the center of the circle and called out the names of men whom they knew to be swift runners and not afraid, ordering them to come to the center of the circle. When they had come, the chiefs told them that they had been chosen to go out to look for the enemy, and that each one must do his best. The chiefs told them all they knew as to where the enemy's camp might be, told them where the village would stop each night for the next few days, so that they could readily find it, and ordered them not to leave the camp in the daytime, but to start after night had fallen.

Following these orders, the scouts had gone on almost to Wolf Creek, and were traveling along in the bed of a little stream running into it from the north, when suddenly they saw people coming over the hills, prepared to run the buffalo which were all about them. The Cheyennes lay down in the high grass of the creek's bottom and saw the Kiowas killing buffalo. One man, riding a big bay mule, drove a bunch of buffalo close by them, and killed several on the hillside, not more than forty yards away. The mule was fast; he kept among the buffalo all the time. Afterward the man's wife and a Mexican came along and cut up the animals and took the meat to camp. Wolf Road, Gentle Horse and the other scouts saw all this through the grass. Just at sundown, after all the people had gone, the Cheyennes left the creek and climbed to the top of the hill and saw the smoke of the camp, and the horses feeding on the hills all about it.

The scouts returned. When they came in Wolf Road was ahead, for he was the leader. As a sign that he had seen something, Wolf Road carried in his hand the wolf skin which he always had with him. The approach of the scouts had been observed, and the chiefs had already gathered in the center of the camp to receive the report. They were singing, and some were piling up a heap of buffalo chips, some distance behind which the chiefs stood. The scouts came toward the village running swiftly, and just as they reached the entrance of the circle they began to howl like wolves, and to turn their heads from one side to the other, like wolves looking.

They entered the circle in single file. The men of the camp, who from all these signs knew what the scouts were about to report, were putting on their war clothing, getting out their shields, and jumping on their war horses, for they knew that good news was coming—that the camp of the enemy had been found. The scouts ran around in front of the chiefs and stopped. Wolf Road told what he had seen, then Gentle Horse, then each of the others. They passed on around behind the chiefs, and then from all sides of the camp all the young men on their horses charged toward the center, each trying to be first to reach the pile of buffalo chips and to strike it, for it represented an enemy. Three men might count coup on it.

Then all the mounted young men rode around the chiefs while they were singing, and afterward they dispersed.

All were now busily preparing to attack the camp of the enemy which had been found. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes were camping together in one big circle, the Arapahoes at the northeast end.

Now a crier mounted his horse and went to the southeast end of the circle, and from there rode about it, telling what these scouts had seen. He cried out that the village would move against the enemy that night. It was a time of great confusion—men singing their war songs.

painting themselves and their horses, fixing up their things and getting ready to start. During the night they set out for the camp of the enemy.

From the camp of the outlaws, off to the west, everything that was going on in the main village could be seen, and very likely one or more of the men may have been in the camp, for they often visited it.

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes left their camp as it was, the lodges standing, and all their possessions in them. The women and children, carrying light camping outfits, followed the men, who marched ahead. During the night they stopped four times for a little while to rest.

At peep of day they formed in a long line. White Thunder, the medicine arrow keeper, opened the bundle, and, with the usual ceremony, pointed the medicine arrows in the direction where he supposed the enemy's camp to be. Then he wrapped the arrows up again and held the points toward the sky, and told the Cheyennes to charge. They made the charge, but when they reached the river they found no camp there; but far up the river on the other side, people could be seen on the hills, and when the Cheyennes had ridden down into the bottom they could see beyond a point of the bluff the Kiowa village.

Meantime the outlaws, a little way to the westward, had gone forward somewhat faster than the main body, and approached the stream just opposite the Kiowa camp. Just after the dusk of the morning, Porcupine Bear—afterward called the Lame Shawnee—saw people ride over a hill before him—men and women going out to hunt buffalo. He was a little ahead of his party, when, looking from a crest of a hill, he saw them coming. He called to his men to keep out of sight, saying, "Keep down, keep down out of sight; I will deceive them." His men remained hidden, and he threw down his lance and began to ride backward and forward, making the sign that buffalo had been seen. When the Kiowas saw him, they thought it was someone from their camp who had gone out before them and had found buffalo. They began to move toward him faster, still riding their common horses and leading the running horses. Porcupine Bear did not turn his face toward the enemy, but kept gazing off over the prairie, as if watching distant buffalo. He kept

doing this until the Kiowas were so close that he could hear them talking.

Down in the ravine behind him were the other Cheyennes, lying down on their horses, some fixing their shields or putting arrows on strings, and some already prepared for the charge. Presently the Lame Shawnee called to them, "Be ready, now; they are getting close. We must not give them time to prepare for us."

At last, when he could hear them talking plainly, he reached down to the ground, caught up his lance, and turning his horse, charged the Kiowas, and all the other Cheyennes followed him. The Kiowas were so close that the Cheyennes were on them before they had time to think. They had no time to change horses, no time even to get their bows out of their cases. The Cheyennes lanced them and shot them down one after another until they had killed them all. They captured all their horses. The last Kiowa of all, with his wife, was so far behind that he had time to jump on his running horse, and turned to flee, but his wife called to him, "Do not leave me," and he turned and rode back to help her, and was killed. Porcupine Bear—the Lame Shawnee—killed twelve, Crooked Neck killed eight. There were seven of these Cheyennes, and thirty Kiowas, men and women.

Thus these Cheyennes gained the glory of counting the first coups in this great fight, but because they were outlaws the honor of it was not allowed to them, but to another man who counted the first coup in the general battle an hour or two later. Still, everyone knew what Porcupine Bear's young men had done.

When the main body of the Cheyennes found that there was no camp opposite to them, but saw the camp and the scattered people up the stream, they separated. A part charged across the river, and a part up the bottom. Those who crossed killed a number of men and women who were out gathering roots. Those who went up the bottom drove off a great number of horses, Gentle Horse alone getting between eighty and a hundred head.

The first man to count coup in the main body was a very young man, a Ponca captive—Walking Coyote—who had been adopted and brought up by Yellow Wolf, who had put him on a good horse for this fight. Walking Coyote was a Bowstring soldier.

Previous to going into this fight the Cheyennes had agreed that they would take no prisoners. A man who wished to take captive a girl who had a handsome elk-teeth dress, seized her and was about to carry her off, when another Cheyenne ran up and shot her and took her dress.

After the attack had been made on the Kiowa and Comanche camp, a Comanche chief, who early in the morning had gone out to run buffalo which were close by, heard the noise of the fighting, and came back to the village as fast as he could. He had ridden so hard that his horse was exhausted, but his people had his war pony ready, and he mounted it and charged toward the enemy, and other Comanches followed him.

The Kiowas and Comanches were fighting behind their lodges, and behind breastworks that they had thrown up, but when the Comanches charged, Crooked Neck called out to his men, "Come, let us run, and draw them away from the village." The Cheyennes all turned and ran and the enemy followed, riding hard, this Comanche chief being in the lead.

When they had gone far enough, Crooked Neck called out to his people, "This is far enough—now turn." The Cheyennes turned and charged, and the Comanches and Kiowas also turned and ran. Sun-Maker, who was on a fast horse, almost overtook them, and shot two arrows into the back of the Comanche chief.

Sun-Maker watched the chief, and, as he drew close to the village, saw him begin to sway, and then saw him throw out his arm to catch his horse's neck, and saw him fall to the ground. After the peace was made, the Comanches learned who it was that had killed this chief.

For most of the day after this there was fighting about the village, perhaps until four or five o'clock. Then they stopped fighting. Six Cheyennes were killed on the north side of the river, and six on the south side. Of these, two were important men—White Thunder, keeper of the medicine arrows, who was about seventy years old, and Big Breast. They do not know how many of the Kiowas and Comanches were killed, but it was a large number, women and children and men.

This was in the month of May, 1838.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.



NATURAL HISTORY



Some Bird Names.

Plover is only another way of saying "rainbird," copied from the French *pluvier*; and our killdeer or "killdee," is one of this noisy tribe. "Godwit" means good wight, or good creature, and, like the snipe, the curlew, the willet and others, takes its name from its cry. I am aware that "snipe" is usually traced back to an old Scandinavian word meaning snapper; but there is little or nothing in the habits of the bird to suggest such a term, while its characteristic spring note, so often written "scaip" by Frank Forester et al., might quite as truly be written "sn-i-i-pe." "Marlin," one of the names of the godwits, is merely "little sea bird."

The rail also gets its name from its cry, through an old Dutch root meaning to rattle. The common name of one of our southern species is "clapper" rail; "corn-crake" affords another instance of the same kind, and probably the Indian word *sora* has a like history. Another sort of marsh hen is the gallinule (Latin for pullet), which is also called "coot," though that word in this country is more particularly applied to some ducks, though properly belonging to the rail-like *Fulica*; "coot" means "bobtailed," and is the Welsh *cwtiar* from *cwta*, short, bob-tailed, and *iar*, a hen; so that coot is cognate with cut. Along the Florida reefs lives a curious bird known as the "courlan" (corruption of French for curlew), "crying-bird," and "limpkin," the last in allusion to its awkward gait; it is the *Aramus gigantieus*.

"Crane," the next name in order, comes from an ancient Aryan root which produces *gepaunos* in Greek, *grus* in Latin and *cran* or something like it in the old Teutonic tongues—all meaning long-legged. Its Welsh name is *garan*—a word of the same pedigree related to garter. "Flamingo" and "filimingo" (Florida) are corruptions of the Spanish *flamenco*—flame-colored. The Latin *cygnus* and our "swan" grew from the same root, and we still say cygnet for the young. It was "the great white bird" of several American Indian languages.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Song of the Wilderness Bird.

"EET rain t' night," said Toma.

Toma knew. Hadn't he been in and out of the woods for "mo'n thirt' year?" Anyway it was ten o'clock, and a late hour for the wilderness.

This was his parting word for the night, and I was soon left alone to find the faces in the dying embers of the camp-fire, and to listen to the voice of the rapid, now near, now distant, as the wind rose and fell. There was music in the sound—a mighty hymn, deep and swelling—nature's praise to nature's God—an evening song—a wilderness chorus, soothing us to lie at rest on nature's breast.

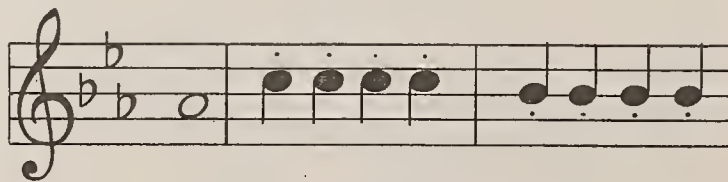
I must have dozed. The last stick of the fire burned asunder, and, falling, roused me. A little shower of sparks lighted up the darkness for an instant, and then died as quickly. The woods and the hills came closer. The stars receded and vanished. Darkness was all about. A thousand miles from home—in the midst of the wilderness, no white man near—and yet I turned in without a sense of fear or a wish to be elsewhere. The throb of the fall came through the earth to my ear as I lay between the blankets, listening for hours to the sound of the river

in its headlong plunge. A gentle rain began to fall, and I was lulled to sleep by the music of the waters.

A shower of rain drops is shaken from the tree over the tent, and half awake I open my eyes to the white mist over stream and woods beyond, visible between the flaps of my canvas door. Gradually in the gray dawn I distinguish the swift, dark water, still swirling along not a rod from my spruce bough bed. The blankets are so warm and comfortable, I am in no hurry to leave them. There is no need to get up—no train to catch, no will to follow but my own. And so the song of the rapid closes my eyes again and again, and I doze with a perfect absence of care.

Another shower of drops and I am wide awake. Was it the sound on the canvas that roused me? Nine liquid notes, repeated, as if the singer had forgotten the rest of his song. I lay entranced, listening to these bird notes so sweet and clear. And yet there was melancholy in the strain. Pitched in a minor key, it had a touch of sadness and of longing, of question without answer—the heart-cry of the patient sufferer asking for sympathy, appearing in its simple sweetness and touching in its pathos. Did it tell of the coming cold? Was it calling for its mate? What forest tragedy did it voice? Was there no answer to the questioning? It was the throbbing protest of all labor and of all suffering. I had heard it in the sounds of the great city. Here it was voiced by the sweet singer of the wilderness. At times the strain was whistled a staccato, then again rolling and swelling, swelling on the last note in final entreaty, as if to lengthen the song.

The morning breeze came hurrying up the river; the mist was brushed away before it, and through the tree-tops the rising sun shot a handful of golden arrows on tent and camp. My warbler took new life in the warmth of the morning rays, and trilled his ditty in a way that brought me from my blankets to see what feathered artist it was that had so worked up his theme from nine simple notes. Here they are; run them over—they will stay with you:



From my tent door I watched him swinging on a nearby birch, and there I stood for a full quarter hour, drinking in the sunlight, the morning air and the bird notes. Could I come nearer? But I was doomed to disappointment. Someone was up before me, and the sound of an ax in the hands of Toma, who was getting wood for our morning fire sent my songster to a distant tree-top, where I could just judge it a bird by its position on the topmost bough of a tall poplar, where it swayed to and fro in the breeze. It was no sooner lighted, however, than the same song came back over the water again and again. There were no husky notes from that throat; every one was round and clear as a bell, in all its liquid purity.

Toma answered my inquiry as follows: "They call heem hard time bird. Don' know why, unless 'cause eet hav' such hard time 'n Canady."

Later I had a closer view of this songster, and I found him a modest little fellow, no larger than a sparrow, and not much different in coloring, probably a little slimmer and lighter, and with white under wings. I heard the

song often afterward, and always listened attentively when the bird was moved to repeat his few notes. He never varied the programme, nor changed the key, nor uttered other sound except when disturbed, at which times he ended abruptly with a little impatient chirp as he flew away.

I have never found a name for my morning songster; but some day I hope to go again to the stream and the forest, and know him more intimately.

W. S. FERGUSON.

Hardships of the Winter.

MILFORD Conn., March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This winter has been phenomenal for snow and cold, and to show what it has meant to some of the wild creatures and how it has affected them, I give you some of my observations.

We have been feeding corn to six gray squirrels at the garden house for three weeks, and three hawks which have discovered this gather there daily and feed, or try to feed, on the gray squirrels. Eight gray squirrels infest the corncrib, and one gray squirrel lives in the Mansion House cellar.

Four quail come daily to feed in the cowyard, while six bluejays live in and about the barn. My man Carl has caught forty-eight rats, starving creatures which ordinarily live in the stone walls, but which had to get food and ate their way into the chicken house through four inches of concrete.

Two queer finches, which must have been lesser red-polls, have fed daily on the piazza. Not many days ago a red fox was seen at three o'clock in the afternoon of a bright day, apparently following the trail of a gray squirrel in the snow between the Mansion and the ponds. It was a bright day. I telephoned to the farm and had the foxhound loosened and put on the trail. The fox was seen again when he crossed the road, but too far off to shoot at.

This is what snow and cold weather have done in Connecticut.


M. G.

Two farmers were making purchases in a store. One had a team of mules hitched outside. He was negotiating for a pair of gloves covered with bear skin. The other farmer said to him that he would pay for the gloves if the first would put them on and go out and unbridle and bridle one of the mules. The man attempted to win the gloves. At the first sight of the gloves both mules stood on their hind legs and started a boxing match with their owner. It took four men to hold them until the gloves were out of sight. A mule has yet to be found that will stand for anything with fur, especially bear fur on it. The owner of the mules did not get the gloves.—Lawrence, Kans., Gazette.


The Chinese say that the marks on the forehead of the tiger form the character Hwang, or King, and that the tiger is in consequence to be regarded as the king of beasts.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is meant by "courting danger"?

Pa—Why, er—any kind of courting, my son.—Chicago Daily.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Days with the Deer.

THE advancement of civilization has not as yet erased from human nature a relic of savage ancestry which makes itself known to many by a keen love of hunting. Nevertheless, those following out the desire find in it a wholesome, exhilarating pastime—one that gives rise to health, vigor, activity and numerous other virtues, including self-reliance. Nobody, however, excepting persons who themselves shoot can comprehend such sensations as are experienced during the interminably long minutes that precede a shot at some variety of big game; lying motionless in a blind for a flock of lusty canvasbacks to wing over the decoys before firing, or waiting with tightly gripped gun for a ruffed grouse or covey of swift quail to flush in close cover. These tense intervals before or after a shot constitute one of the chief fascinations of game shooting in its various forms, and cause one either infinite satisfaction or other less agreeable and often remorseful sensations.

It has been my good fortune for the past six years to be in the Adirondack Mountains during some five weeks of the hunting season, situated where the woods are still enhanced by remote solitude and deer are fairly abundant. More than half a century ago my grandfather, an enterprising Englishman, whose unusual personality and warm, generous nature won for him the hearts of everyone, conceived the idea of turning into farm land a tract of the forest he then owned. Accordingly, after a little labor and expense, some seventy-five or a hundred acres were well cleared of timber, but unfortunately the climate proved too severe for cultivating the soil with any great amount of success, and the plan came to nothing. However, I should not say came to nothing, as in a certain sense it has turned out rich indeed, for the young growth of deciduous timber springing up in patches here and there, the broad open slopes or fields thickly grown with berry bushes of various kinds, and the dense cover afforded by the wild fronds ("breaks"), supply those conditions perfectly suited to a deer's habits, and also form an ideal hunting ground that has long proved a sportsman's Mecca.

As some of the most memorable and successful hunts included in my limited experiences, have been enacted here, it is naturally entitled to first place among the many pleasant reminiscences of the North Woods and pursuit of the Virginian deer. Moreover, I hold toward it a feeling deeper seated than affection, not merely for the sport it has afforded, but for the beauty of its environment; the serene sunsets, twilights and mystic moonlit nights witnessed there, when the sublime creations of nature were made manifest no matter which way the eyes turned, and filled one with joy and inspiration. Before relating, however, any of the episodes that occurred within its limits, I shall endeavor to describe a few incidents, successful and otherwise, which chanced to happen elsewhere.

Passing through the clearing above spoken of, and connecting a woodland lake with the outside world, ran a well-built wagon road, bounded on all sides by the forest. For seven miles or more it led over hills and through alleys, skirted mountain ridges clothed with smooth, stately birch, beech and maple trees; spanned clear, amber streams, whose purity was unsullied save for the brightly spotted trout that lurked in their swift, cold waters, or gained brought one to the summit of a steep hill, from whence the outlook was serene and expansive. The supreme art wrought by nature's hand, the virgin solitude and grandeur of the woods on every side throughout its entire length made the beauties of this road manifold, for no matter how often one traversed it some new delight waited the open eye and ear.

During favorable seasons a number of deer frequented its vicinity, there being any quantity of tender young vegetation growing on both sides where the trees had been previously cut away, while runways crossed it in various parts and intersected the low, swampy ground with high knolls or mountains so congenial to the cunning habits of large bucks. As the road was composed of sand and what is known as "hard pan," it could be still-hunted with little difficulty on wet or windy days, one making practically no sound in walking, provided ordinary caution was used; but then this method, although always full of keen pleasure and excitement, entailed one drawback—the tall undergrowth bordering the roadside often obscured a deer when one was hunting on foot that would have been visible from a higher level; so we therefore adopted the plan of hunting from a wagon or a light rubber-tire buggy, as then a far better outlook was obtained ahead and into the woods. Moreover, the deer, held by curiosity at the sight of a horse, would frequently stand longer, and sometimes give one the opportunity to get out of the wagon and take a shot from the ground; for let it not be imagined that shooting in the former was by any manner an easy task, as the slight motion caused by the horse's breathing would often deliver a bullet just at the moment of firing unless the deer happened to be within short range. However, we practiced both ways, enjoying them equally; but after all, the latter brought the most game to bag, and was the cause of a successful morning, afternoon or evening hunt on more than one occasion.

Although late afternoon and the twilight hours no doubt increased the chance of seeing deer along the road, and were therefore about the best times to hunt, especially during dry weather, many favorable opportunities presented themselves after a sharp shower or prolonged rainfall, when even in the middle of the day game was very liable to be on foot. Generally speaking, they might be come upon at the most unexpected moments from dawn till darkness. However, if it rained steadily all through the night, and then ceased or abated as the grayness of approaching day crept up into the sky, then to be

abroad early was in almost every case a surety of at least seeing and perhaps obtaining a shot at a deer.

The early morning hours are most alluring, with the prospect of hunting ahead, and more than once have I yielded to their fascination and started out at daybreak, but, except on one occasion, returned empty-handed. However, I can boast of many pleasant experiences and rewards for turning out in the gray darkness that precedes dawn under the dim light of a candle—rewards which I trust will not desert me in the years to come. For what are sweeter than the sweet fruits of memory?

A drizzling rain had set in one overcast September evening, and the wind springing up toward nightfall brought with it a steady downpour, which aroused our hopes for an early hunt the following morning. After a consultation with Wallace as to what time we would start if the rain abated, I was about to leave the room where he and several others were enjoying the genial companionship of a cook-stove, when I chanced to observe an expression on Al's face as he sat with his chair tipped back in the corner, that I had little trouble to comprehend.

"Would you like to go with us, Al?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, do come along," chimed in Wallace.

"You bet I'd like to go, if there's room in the wagon," he responded, with considerable animation. "What time will you start?"

"About four, I guess," said Wallace, innocently.

"Oh, pshaw! it doesn't get light till nearly six, and you can't hunt in the dark. Perhaps I'd better not—"

"Now look here, Al," I put in, "you've accepted our invitation, so don't back out; and at any rate we may need your help if I happen to get a deer."

"All right, I'll go if that's the case. But say, I wouldn't get up too awfully early, and you won't go, I suppose, if it rains?" This remark, however, failed to bring any relief as to the question of arising early, for I had closed the door and was out of hearing.

The dropping patter of rain drops on the roof was the second sound that greeted my ears after being aroused by a loud rapping knock, which, although it seemed to proceed from the depths of night, told me well enough the rising hour was at hand. After dressing and experiencing one or two teeth-chattering spasms, for the warmth radiated from a candle on a chilly September morning is hardly sufficient to give much comfort, I crept softly downstairs and around to the kitchen. Here was a sight that banished sleep in good earnest and brought cheer and enthusiasm to the front. A coffee-pot purred and bubbled on the glowing stove, while Wallace, with the aid of a lantern, was in the act of frying several venison steaks that sent forth a welcome, appetizing fragrance.

"Where's Al?" I asked.

"Asleep, I presume, for he didn't seem anxious to get up when I pounded on the floor a while ago," answered he.

"No, I'm not asleep, either," came a voice from the doorway, and we beheld the person in discussion, with hair unbrushed and a slumberous glint in his eyes, standing before us.

"My gracious! You're not going out when it's raining like this? Just hear it come down now, and we'll get soaked, sure," he continued, with a distressed expression, as the patter on the roof increased for a minute or so.

"Don't be discouraged; we can put the big umbrella up and manage to keep dry all right," I assured him, and presently as the acknowledgment of dawn was signaled by the clarion voice of a cock in the neighboring old log barn, the rain abated, mist clouds lifted from the lake, while the earth fairly teemed with moisture.

Breakfast finished and encouragement offered as to the weather ultimately clearing, we were not long in hitching up a powerful, sagacious mare to the long-bodied buck-board, in which room was made for Al by placing a box behind the seat, where, after some laborious efforts, he duly ensconced himself. Usually on starting out, Flora—namely, the mare above mentioned—was endowed with a vitality and spirit which failed to display themselves on the return journey, or even after a half a mile of the road had been traversed; and this morning, with the rain drops tickling her broad back, she evidently felt more than equal to the occasion. At any rate, just as we drove off she gave a half bounding kick and jump, sending the mud flying in a most uncomfortable manner.

"Hey!" cried Al, making a snatch at the back of the seat in an effort to recover the balance he had nearly lost, "don't let her do that again or I'll be jerked off backwards. By gracious, that old umbrella came near putting my eye out!" he muttered, in tones indicative of some wrath, but the shelter of the latter, however, which caused him so much discomfort was now no longer needed, for a short time later the rain entirely ceased. Pools of water standing in the road sent up a steaming fog, while the aspect of the woods on either side was strangely mystic and beautiful, a vapor hanging between the moist tree trunks that seemed to absorb and breathe forth the most fragrant essence of the forest. Moreover, I was especially struck by the appearance of those trees nearest the road, their individual symmetry and grace being intensified by the misty background. Smooth mottled beeches, gold-tinted silky birches, and huge slab-barked conifers stood out in clear-cut relief against the vistas of dim interior; here and there a twining maple glowed with subdued brilliancy, while the more sober hue of the frosted witchhopper might be seen nestling in the undergrowth.

Crossing the clearing, we saw a large, sleek doe standing in the edge of the woods some distance away, but as I was in quest of horns that morning, we simply halted and enjoyed the picture she presented, until, with a whisk of her long, conspicuous tail, she bounded from sight. The mud on the road being heavy, we moved along at a slow speed, which gave one ample opportunity to carefully scrutinize the wooded depths on either hand, and also keep a sharp look out ahead. After traversing about five

miles without seeing anything else in the game line, we came to a spring, whose crystal waters garnered with fallen autumn leaves invited refreshment, and one imagined the former imparted a sweeter flavor to the pure liquid which flowed in a perennial stream from somewhere on the mountain side. Just beyond here was a precipitous hill, and on the summit of this, framed by a noble maple that bent across the road, one obtained a transcending view over rolling undulations of forest-robed mountains, the latter in some places bearing the sad scars of fire, while nearer at hand the waters of a wilderness lake glimmered palely amid the first autumnal tints of the turning foliage. Plodding along a level stretch leading on for two or three miles after the foot of the hill was reached, Al suddenly bent forward and seized Wallace by the shoulder, whispering in a voice husky with excitement, "Whoa, hey, stop! Let's have the gun. Can't you see him standing down there looking up this way?"

"Where?" I said, breathlessly, imbued with a like emotion, pulling the horse up abruptly and taking my .40-65 Winchester from Wallace, who, backing the wagon, pointed down through a swampy piece of ground on the right hand side of the road. But, alas! the elements of good luck were against me that day, for just as I perceived the indistinct outlines of a very large deer standing some hundred yards away, and partly obscured by the underbrush, he wheeled in his tracks and melted from view like a blue-gray shadow. "Oh, if I'd only had the gun I could have bored him through two or three times," bemoaned Al, his voice plaintive with disappointment.

"Hush, don't talk so loud," returned Wallace, in a whisper, and silently we both dismounted from the wagon and entered the swamp, making for the spot where the buck had previously stood. As the ground was soaking, we were able to go very quietly, and in a few moments reached the spot, which proved to be an old log road. Advancing with the greatest caution, we found the hoof marks deeply printed on a muddy causeway, and displaying evidence of the animal's size and weight. For fifty yards or so we followed the course he had taken, and then the trail was lost in a maze of dead underbrush. No doubt this wild old chap, if he has not succumbed to the miserable fate so many deer have been subjected to during the bitter winters of recent years, still wanders in the freedom and seclusion of his forest home. Lucky the day for him when discovered by human eyes that Al did not chance to have a rifle in his hands. Then at least he would have suffered a severe fright, but probably nothing worse.

To start out at the late hour of ten o'clock in the morning and return before eleven with a buck is an occurrence that does not very often happen; but once such a short, sweet hunt fell to my lot, and in contrast to the former episode may illustrate the vicissitudes of good and bad luck which are invariably attached to deer shooting.

It was more our intention to enjoy a drive one golden autumnal forenoon than to go out for the sake of a hunt on the road, but nevertheless I was not loth in accepting the "Veteran's" suggestion to take along the big Winchester, whose companionship, by the way, I treasure most highly, as on many occasions it has done good service, for if we chanced to see a deer that was worth a shot, remorseful, indeed, would have been the sensations when it was realized there were no firearms in the wagon.

"Please do the shooting if we happen to come on a good deer, for I have already had more than my share of sport this season," I said to the "Veteran" as we trotted along in the rubber-tire buggy, making little or no sound.

"Very well," he assented, "but how do you expect me to shoot that cannon?" which insinuation at the weight and caliber of this favorite, however, failed to awaken the desired effect, as I knew he considered it a first-class all-around weapon, and had used it with success on many occasions himself. Thus we traversed the mile or more between the lake and clearing, chatting together and not keeping a very sharp lookout, as in reality neither of us expected to see a deer, the morning was so dry and transparently clear. As yet the snowy everlasting and golden-rod bloomed in a maze of delicate color over the broad slopes of the clearing, and as we drove through here the soothing murmur of insect voices and chirruping crickets fell pleasantly on our ears, while the surrounding hills were only to be compared with jewels, as the morning sunlight and clarified atmosphere brought forth the deep, brilliant hues of the deciduous trees which clothed them.

Entering the woods on the west side where the road was thickly carpeted with crisp, golden foliage, and was bounded by a sloping ravine, we had just turned a sharp bend when I perceived the form of a deer standing at the farther end of this valley, some fifty yards or so ahead. It was in the blue coat and appeared like a fairly large sized animal. Forgetting completely about the agreement I had previously made with the "Veteran," I pulled the horse up short, pushed the reins into his hands, and seizing the rifle, half fell and jumped out of the buggy. So much for the demoralizing excitement of deer shooting! Every thought except to get a shot in as quick as possible forsook my mind.

The buck presented a broadside position, and stepping a few feet ahead of the horse, I knelt down in the road with the idea of obtaining a knee rest; but instead of helping matters by making me steadier, the effect was exactly opposite, and the sights seemed to dance all over the gray form, until, made desperate, I stood up again, determined to shoot offhand without any further hesitation. The clearly outlined bead of the front sight was now more steady, and I pressed trigger just as it reached a center mark on the deer's shoulder. The woods resounded with a truly cannon-like roar as the 65 grains of black powder went off, and a cloud of blue fog hid everything from our vision for a second or two; but as it drifted away, we perceived the buck running wildly toward a knoll which arose on the opposite side of the shal-

low glen before mentioned, and the "Veteran," standing up in the buggy to obtain a better view, called out, "He's down, and I've marked just about the place where he fell."

By this time Jill, a faithful old setter who seldom failed to accompany us, and whose ambition went beyond her years, was filling the air with barks and yells of uncontrollable excitement, so the "Veteran," putting a rope to her collar, walked up the road and struck the trail, while I remained behind to watch the horse. Away they went, crashing through the underbrush, jumping logs and avoiding trees, for once started after a deer, Jill was imbued with the strength of ten, and it was no easy matter to hold her in. Presently they disappeared from sight, but after several minutes had elapsed I saw them coming back again, and then the former proved that scent is sometimes better than sight, for turning off sharply to one side, she brought the "Veteran" to the exact spot where the deer lay. He proved to be a two or three-year-old buck in prime condition, with a pretty pair of slim horns which were just about ready to peel, as the velvet on the prongs was quite torn and ragged. Although not what might be termed a forest king, he was nevertheless a very good specimen of an average sized Virginian deer buck, weighing a hundred and fifty pounds or more, and with an almost perfect coat of soft blue-gray hair. Everything connected with the episode, besides the unexpected pleasure of bagging him and the ideal environment attached to the scene of action, makes it a memory which very often returns during moments of hunting rumination.

PAULINA BRANDRETH.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Shiras Bill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Naturally I read with interest, in to-day's issue of your paper, Judge Beaman's reply to my article of February 18, in which he reiterates his conviction that Federal control of migratory game birds is unconstitutional, being in derogation of State rights in such game; and further, that the difficulties in the application of this doctrine are "insurmountable."

In support of the first position, he cites the case of Geer vs. Connecticut, in the United States Supreme Court, as not only "the leading game case in the country," but one that settles the question of Congressional legislation over migratory birds. The Geer case is not new to me; in fact, it is a rather near relative of the migratory game bill. My father was one of the members of the court delivering this decision, and being one of the few sportsmen on the bench, as then constituted, he had something to do with the preparation of the opinion, although handed down in the name of Justice White. If this case is my undoing, well might I exclaim, "the sins of the father are visited upon the son."

But, in my judgment, the case has no bearing whatsoever upon the real question at issue here, for it simply upheld a State game statute without, as Judge Beaman candidly admits, passing upon the right of Congress to legislate in behalf of migratory birds and fish. Had a Federal statute existed at that time, and the court held it void, then might this matter be considered settled.

So far as I am aware, the classification of game birds into local and migrants has never been made the basis for separate State and National jurisdiction. Being a new legal proposition, it is probably useless to enter into a prolonged discussion thereon, although I fully recognize Judge Beaman's right to differ with me. It may be proper for me to say that the bill has been submitted lately to some of the best constitutional lawyers in the country, and, after careful consideration, received their entire approval; so that I am content to await its test in the courts, if it is ever enacted.

The other objection, viz., the difficulty of defining migratory game birds, gives me little concern, for it seems a comparatively easy matter. These birds are practically all defined in the bill by species, with the additional descriptive qualification, "and all other migratory game birds which in their northern and southern migrations pass through, or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory." Among our migratory game birds, which variety fails to fall easily within this description?

Again, when we realize that the question is settled by the ease with which local game birds are classified—grouse, quail, turkeys—it is hard to conceive where any special trouble will arise. The fact that Judge Beaman illustrates the alleged difficulties by describing the erratic movements of wild animals, is wholly begging the question. Migrations, so-called, of most large game animals is altitudinal and not a distinct northern and southern seasonal migration, as in the case of wildfowl.

Since the bill does not cover game animals, it seems to me it is a rather far-fetched objection. The word "migratory" has a well defined scientific and popular meaning.

What is a "navigable" stream, what is a "public or private" nuisance, what is a "reasonable" rate, what is a "contagious" disease? Here we have several qualifying terms where the border line is often hard to define; yet it in no wise affects the validity of State and National statutes regulating the same.

The plain difference in the migratory and non-migratory habits of the wild goose and the quail, the curlew and the wild turkey, the canvasback duck and the ruffed grouse, is so patent that the classification is a reasonable one, to say the least.

Judge Beaman's suggestion that we have instead National laws protecting all game on all the public lands and public waters of the United States, is a sound legal proposition, and has been given considerable study the past two years. My migratory game bill mentions in the preamble "public waters of the United States outside the limits and jurisdiction of the several States and Territories," while in the fish bills, mentioned later, the public waters of the United States are especially included. The trouble arises in the case of game animals and birds on the public domain.

Our Committee on the Public Lands has attempted to have legislation passed giving the President authority to designate certain Forest Reserves as game refuges, but we have failed to get such legislation through the House of Representatives except in the case of one Forest

Reserve. Such reserves are easily defined and protected. The objection to Judge Beaman's suggestion to include all game on all public lands is twofold:

First—The opposition of the local Congressmen to putting the greater part of the wild game animals and local birds under Federal control, as they believe the State laws are fairly effective; which objection is somewhat easier to meet in the case of wildfowl, where State laws are notoriously ineffective.

The second objection—and a serious one in my mind—arises from the difficulty the average hunter would have in determining whether he was on private or public property. In many Western States there are millions of acres of unfenced prairie and forest lands where quite often alternate sections belong to the Government, and the remainder has been taken up under railroad and school grants, mining, timber, stone and homestead entries, with, of course, here and there large holdings acquired and held by purchase. Federal game laws on Government lands and State laws as to the rest would make a checker board of many States, and the ordinary hunter would often be unable to tell one kind of land from the other, unless he had the title examined, and then the absence of fences and section posts would make it hopeless, even if he had the county surveyor at his heels.

Such a situation rather seems to please Judge Beaman, for he says it would deter "the lawless hunter" from taking any chances through "fear of Federal officers on the one hand and State officers on the other." In my opinion the law-abiding sportsman would be in worse shape, for the market-hunter would willingly take chances where he could, with entire justice, plead ignorance of "where he was at."

Under the migratory game bill the law would be the same not only in each State but throughout a tier of States in the same zone of temperature, so uniformity would be attained in the highest degree.

The two fish bills, inclosed herewith, may prove of interest to some of your readers. One is based upon the same principle underlying the game bill, and the other on lines upon which Judge Beaman and myself are in entire accord. After these proposed acts have been thoroughly considered, the question of taking up legislation of this character at the next session of Congress will be in order.

GEO. SHIRAS JR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 11.

A Tiger Hunt in China.

TIGER shooting is, I believe, generally regarded as serious work, and not a picnic to be lightly entered on; but from the moment P. came round to my compound to say that four of the brutes had been located in the Yikma jungle, some four miles from the settlement, to the morning of the last disastrous beat the gods appeared to do their best to make fun of the whole expedition, and to rob us of that feeling of dignity due to those engaged in big-game shooting.

Perhaps I should not include P. in this. P. was different. He spoke knowingly of shikars, machans, and all the paraphernalia of a big shoot; he mused pensively in the heat of the day, when he should have been asleep, over Badminton on Big-Game Shooting and guide-books with blood-curdling pictures that made me nervous. Between whiles in a desultory manner he ran the camp mess, or sat in state receiving deputations of villagers bringing the latest reports of the movements of the enemy.

There was no doubt about the tigers, it must be understood. The recollection of journeys of several days' length to the reported habitat of some man-eater, only to find at each village that it was so many "li" further on, was still fresh in my recollection, and it seemed too good to be true that a whole family had taken up quarters so near to the settlement; but in the soft paddy and sweet potato fields bordering the cover one could hardly walk ten yards without crossing their spoor. Had we had the proper arms, it may be that our hunt had ended differently. P. had a Martini Henry of the old .451 bore and a Mauser pistol, and I a .44 Winchester repeating carbine.

We camped in the old, tumble-down building, half temple, half rest-house, that is common to most Chinese villages. P. insisted on cooking the dinner; also there was trouble about the bait, so that it was half-past nine and pitch dark when we sallied forth to the tree we had chosen for our watch. We had decided on a pig for bait, as he was likely to make the most noise. The grateful villagers, whom we had come out to rid of the blood-thirsty animals that were devouring their cattle, required some three times its value before they would part with it. Too late we discovered the deceitfulness of that pig. In the temple it had protested so loudly as to drown all negotiations, but when at last tied up on the field of action it was the most contented pig I have ever known, and frantic pulls at the string attached to his leg were utterly useless to stir him to a sense of what was expected of him. At length, bitten all over by mosquitoes, and covered with ants, tree frogs, and that delightful beetle known to the Chinese as the "water buffalo," I climbed down and charged out on the wretched animal, and by the light of the rising moon chased him round and round his tether till his squeals and the shouts of laughter from my companion in the tree might have been heard for miles. Hardly had I regained the foot of the tree when P. gave a shout of warning, and commenced firing rapidly over my head. An instant later one short wail from piggy announced that his duty was done, and I turned in time to see the tiger—a dark, formless mass—disappear into the cover with six dollars' worth of pork belonging to us.

It was against all rules and precedent. P. had struck a match and was lighting his pipe in calm disregard of my request that he would cover my sortie. I was on the ground within a few yards of the bait, while, I repeat, the noise of laughing and talking should have been, according to all our instruction books, sufficient to scare every tiger out of the province. However, fairly or not, the tiger had scored the first point, and there was nothing to do but to return to the temple.

Early next morning the headman of the village was summoned, and, after much argument, some twenty men were produced to beat the cover for us. We started across the paddy like the chorus of a comic opera, with hoes, pitchforks, executioners' swords, and halberds. One man preceded the party with a huge gong, which he smote lustily, to the great delight of scores of children, who were enjoying holiday by reason of our occupying the village schoolroom, and the rear was brought up by half a dozen kerosene tins at the village flautist. It was as impossible to keep the quiet till we should reach the ground and take up positions as it was to get them to stay there when we had done so. Gradually and imperceptibly the beater—who commenced by prodding gingerly at the extreme edges of the jungle—melted away, and P. and I concluded that, since beating was impossible, we must wait over bait again.

This time we were ensconced in our tree long before sunset, with a goat for bait. Hardly had the moon risen than out stalked, at about 100 yards' range, a enormous tiger, who strolled nonchalantly across the glade and disappeared into the opposite cover. Again we pulled furiously at the bait. Not a sound followed, and, after some hours' wait, we descended, to find poor nanny—whether of pure fright or because she was possibly in extremis when purchased—was dead!

After a long whispered conversation as to whether the tigers took carrion or not, we again trudged sadly home. Personally, I incline to the opinion that we did not talk and laugh enough, also that a cigar would have much improved our chances. Be that as it may, our third attempt was made from a machan. P. and I built it next morning, and an interested audience of some fifty old women and children sat round and commented. We hollowed out a large bush, and built the platform up inside; on the top we put a cunning roof of plaited leaves. Derisive acquaintances, who had never even seen a tiger running wild, rode out from the settlement and asked if it was a race meeting or a Punch and Judy show? But we were satisfied; at least it was better than roosting in trees with all manner of nocturnal insects, and we made it very comfortable with a mattress and cushions. Here we watched over Piggy II. for three nights without result. On the fourth we tried to tempt the tiger with a dog which, however, apparently gnawed through its rope and escaped, the most serious part of the incident being that neither my companion nor I were awake at the time.

Alas! that such a trivial incident should cause even temporary estrangement between two fast friends. Even if it was my watch, there were plenty more dogs to be had; besides, the dog had been sleeping comfortably when I last remember. However, P. gathered up his text-books and his punkah coolie—whom he now called a shikari—and pegged out a claim at the other end of the jungle; while I decided, since our quarry would not follow the rules as laid down in books, to try to deceive him with a simple plan of my own. At sunset then, with several natives, I proceeded to a tree some 100 yards from the one I intended to occupy. Here we tied up a lean, scraggy pony and made the most noise, and shameless preparations for snaring the tiger. Soon after dark settled down I crept quietly out of the tree, stole back to the camp, and enjoyed the first night's rest I had had for a week. At three I was called, and went down to my own tree. Now, I will not guarantee this plan as infallible, and it may be that the result had nothing to do with what I still regard as rather an original idea; but about half an hour after the first streak of dawn, and in a light by which a .44 carbine is my only excuse for not dropping him there and then, a magnificent tiger emerged from the dense cover and passed within fifty yards of my tree. At my first shot the brute bounded into the air and made a dash in my direction, approaching to within twenty yards of the tree, where I gave him a second through the right shoulder. With a snarl like that of a dog, the animal disappeared into the cover again, and I determined, in spite of our last fiasco, to try a beat again.

Within an hour I had collected thirty men, and sent out coolies to find P. The animal's trail was easy to follow, for the bushes were splashed with blood, but the undergrowth was so thick that in some places it was necessary to crawl on hands and knees. In this position I suddenly heard a roar from the right of the line—of which I was the center—and a howl from one of the men. Pushing through as fast as I could, I found an unfortunate beater had literally stumbled on the tiger, and got badly mauled, his heel and the sole of the foot being half torn off. I directed two men to carry him out, and was just about to follow when I saw through the foliage the yellow and black stripes of the tiger, standing a few yards off and perfectly motionless, evidently listening to the banging and the howling of the beaters, who were closing round. I took a steady shot at what I imagine to have been his ribs, and the brute went down with a roar, at which all the men near me fled.

There were many trees around me, and I hurriedly selected one, for trees under certain circumstances were meant for climbing. Before, however, I had got as high as I wished a branch broke, and I came down some fifteen feet on to the ground. There was, however, no sign of the tiger, and I returned to the open where I found P. had arrived. Between us we bound up the mauled beater—who had actually been dropped by his carriers, and had crawled out alone—and sent him into the settlement. Guided by the beaters, who were now all up trees, and gave one the impression of sailors clinging to the masts of sunken ships, P. and I made another assault on the cover. The tiger was snarling and tearing up the grass within a few yards of the edge. It was impossible to aim at a vital spot owing to the foliage, so we each gave him a bullet, and again the brute went down with a roar, evidently (by the subsequent gasping and "thundering") shot through the lungs. Here we left him to stiffen or die, while we poured buckets of water over each other and cooled down. Within an hour the panting sounds had ceased and soon the treed beaters called out that the brute was dead, but not a man would accompany us even those

w yards to find the carcass. It was now getting late, and, as it was imperative that we should secure our game, and induce the frightened villagers to come down from their trees before it grew dark, I started into the forest alone. As I crawled cautiously in a man called it something I could not catch, but which was a warning that there were two tigers. An instant later the brushes to my front were shaken violently, and, with a terrifying roar, a smaller tiger, probably the female, sprang out at me, knocking me down backward. With the brute standing right over me, I doubled myself up, covering my body with my arms and legs, and, after biting me several times below the knees, the animal sheered off, and I crawled back to the open. The tiger had won the second point and the rubber, for this ended our amateur tiger hunt. For several days after bringing me back P. was laid up with a stroke, while the villagers refused to go near the river. For all I know, the mouldering skeletons of ninety-nine beaters may yet hang in the trees of the kuma jungle. At least, somewhere hidden in the undergrowth lies a tiger, whose skin is destined never to grace the hearth of his enemies. Some day, when I have recovered from the effects of big-game shooting, I am going to take possession of what is left.—F. AYLEY BELL in London Field.

License in Massachusetts.

This bill (House Bill No. 336), sometimes called the Springfield bill, has been the subject of much discussion by the sportsmen and farmers of Massachusetts several weeks, and on Wednesday the most largely attended hearing of the season was held upon this measure before the Fish and Game Committee. On Tuesday evening the Board of Management of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association met to consider what should be the attitude of the Association at the hearing. At this meeting all agreed that the section exempting the landowner and members of his family from the necessity of obtaining a license to shoot on his own land, was open to serious objections. The section limiting the bag to five ruffed grouse in one day was declared to be one of those measures so difficult to enforce, that it would prove of little value as a protective measure. At the same time, the general opinion of most of those who participated in the discussion was that the bill had some merit, but was finally decided that the Association should take a position as against the bill, and Mr. C. W. Dimick was requested to appear in behalf of the Association at the hearing.

Former Commissioner Edward H. Lathrop, Esq., of Springfield, opened the case in favor of the bill. He said thirty-five States require a license of some sort, and he thought it time for the old Bay State to fall into line with the others. He believed such a law would serve to protect song and insectivorous birds, as well as game—a matter of much importance, as there had been more prosecutions for the killing of such birds in the State for killing game birds in his section of the State. He said more money is needed to carry on the work of stocking with quail and the strict enforcement of the laws. Legislators are reluctant to impose heavier taxes by increasing the appropriation for the work of the commission, and sportsmen should be willing to contribute at least one dollar a year for the enjoyment of their favorite recreation. He urged that many States place a limit upon the bag, and every hunter should be satisfied with five birds for a day's shooting. Birds are exterminated more by natural causes than by the gun, which is thought responsible for not more than 10 per cent. of the killing. To keep up the supply of quail, which, about once in five or six years, are destroyed by a severe winter, it is necessary to procure them from other States, and the bill provides for doing this—one-half the income from license fees to be used for this purpose. The bill shall become a law, funds will also be provided for the enforcement of protective laws. Representative George M. Poland, of Wakefield, representing the Game Association of Eastern Massachusetts, said members of that society were a unit in support of the bill, and many of them are farmers.

Hon. Charles A. Gleason, of Springfield, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the State Agricultural College, said he was greatly interested in song birds, which had been decimated in the neighborhood of cities. "The bill does not go far enough," he said, and the objections raised against it he declared to be "petty."

Mr. S. D. Sherwood, of Springfield, claimed that the bill would be of great value to fishermen by "bracing up" the enforcement of fish laws. Support of the bill, he said, is based on the principle that any business or following subject to abuses should be regulated by licenses. The men who favor the bill belong to a class that is always considerate toward the "farmers' rights," and not to be regarded as in the same class as pot-hunters.

The committee took up in connection with this House Bill No. 288, which provides for a license fee of \$10 for unnaturalized foreigners, and Representative Woodhead, of North Adams, spoke in its favor. J. M. Van Huyck said the Protective Association of Berkshire County, of which he is secretary, approved both bills, but especially No. 288. He said there are no quail in his county, and there are many Syrians, Greeks and Italians living in the towns who slaughter everything. The quail planted by W. C. Whitney on October Mountain a few years ago have disappeared and their only game bird is the ruffed grouse.

Dr. J. W. Bailey, of Arlington, said the Middlesex Sportsman's Club was heartily in favor of the Springfield bill. Prof. W. L. Underwood, for the Massachusetts Audubon Society, upheld the bill. Mr. Ellerton James, of Nahant, was specially desirous of the bill to license unnaturalized foreigners should be passed.

In opposition to the bill, Hon. Ledyard Bill, of Paxton, made a rather lengthy argument, apparently omitting no valid (?) objection he could think of. From his standpoint his position was impregnable. "No new arguments have been presented since the Legislature of last year kicked it out," he said, and the Worcester Fox Hunting Club could see no merit in the bill. "Cut the open season for shooting in halves," is what he prescribes as a remedy for a scarcity of game birds. Representative Gleason, of Pittsfield, presented a lengthy petition against the measure from his constituents in the Pittsfield Gun Club. The testimony of Representative Ward, of Buckland, House chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, was very emphatic, and was important as voicing the sentiment of the farmers of his section. He spoke "as a man from the farm," he said. "All the freedom of farm life is to be taken away by this measure, the smallness of the fee having nothing to do with the question. Pass the bill and every farmer will post his land." He said it would inaugurate a radical departure from the established usage of the Commonwealth in the disposal of funds, taking from the Legislature "all control over appropriations." Appropriations for specific purposes and a direct accounting are the rule in Massachusetts, he declared. Senator Gerrett, of Greenfield, Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, gave the movers for the bill credit for an "honest purpose," but did not think it would accomplish the desired result. Mr. C. W. Dimick entered the objections of the State Association. Senator Burns expressed the opinion that such a law would be a hardship on the common people for the benefit of city hunters. Mr. George L. Ladd, Master of the State Grange, entered a protest in behalf of thousands of farmers in the State. Other remonstrants were ex-Senator Wm. A. Morse, of Boston; Representatives Bodurtha, of Blandford, and Chapin, of Bernardstown.

The writer draws two conclusions from the testimony presented: First, the sentiment in favor of a license has gained much since last year. Second, the feeling in the western part of the State among farmers toward city sportsmen is not as cordial as in some sections.

CENTRAL.

Henry Norcross Munn.

HENRY N. MUNN, for many years one of the publishers and proprietors of the Scientific American, died on Friday, March 10, at his home, 281 Lexington avenue, this city. He was nearly 54 years old.

Although for the last ten years a great sufferer from the painful disease which finally caused his death, Mr. Munn was for a long time a keen sportsman. He was a good

cross-country rider, having been master of the Essex County Hunt, and was an enthusiastic hunter, and years ago spent every hunting season in the Rocky Mountains in pursuit of big game. He owned a large preserve in New Jersey which was admirably kept up and very fully stocked with native and foreign birds. Before ill health compelled his retirement, he was a member of the South Side Club and the Blooming Grove Park Association. He was also a member of the New York Association for the Protection of Game and of the Boone and Crockett Club, as well as of social clubs such as the Union, Riding and Merchants clubs, and of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

Mr. Munn was a more or less frequent correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM, and an account of an old powder horn descended to him from a prerevolutionary ancestor will be remembered as having appeared in our columns a few years ago. He was devoted to sport, and when the time came when he could no longer enjoy the recreations which had meant so much to him, he took his pleasure largely in the recollections of the good times he had had out of doors, and in reading about the good times of others.

Death of William W. King.

MR. WM. W. KING, General Superintendent of Norfolk & Southern Railway and a keen field sportsman, died last Wednesday in Norfolk, Va., at the home of his brother Morris K. King. Mr. King was born in Geneva, N. Y., and early undertook railway work. He assisted in building the Manhattan Elevated Railway in New York city, and later in Virginia was occupied in the construction of the Norfolk and Southern Railroad. Mr. King was interested not only in quail shooting and duck shooting, but was also a big-game hunter and had made more than one trip to the moose country of the Northeast. Personally he was a man of great charm. He was 51 years old.

Albany Legislation.

ALBANY, March 14.—The Hubbs spring duck shooting bill has been amended in the Assembly out of all semblance of its former self. As it now stands it permits the shooting of ducks in the spring, not only on Long Island, but in a dozen or fourteen counties up State. It is to be reprinted for further consideration. Governor Higgins has signed Assemblyman Wade's bill (Int. No. 249), amending Section 63 of the game law so as to provide that the meshes of nets used in Lake Erie shall not be less than 1 1/2 inch bar.

The Assembly has passed the following bills: Assemblyman West's (Int. No. 469), in relation to the placing of carp in certain waters.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 265), in relation to taking fish through the ice in the town of North East, Dutchess county.

Assemblyman Yale's (Int. No. 771), relative to the close season for lake trout in Putnam county.

Assemblyman Bisland's (Int. No. 476), relative to the close season for hares and rabbits in Sullivan and Schenectady counties.

Assemblyman Gates' (Int. No. 651), relative to the protection of beaver.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the following bills:

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 266), in relation to the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in certain counties.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 264), in relation to the close season for trout in Dutchess county.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 263), relative to the close season for squirrels in certain counties.

Assemblyman Gates' (Int. No. 651), for the protection of beaver.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood's, in relation to the compensation of game protectors.

Additional bills have been introduced as follows:

By Assemblyman Miller, by request (Int. No. 970), amending Section 101 so as to allow the hunting of deer in Nassau county with fox or staghounds, where deer are owned by residents of the county and are marked so as to indicate their ownership, from Oct. 1 to April 31, both inclusive; but if the dogs kill any deer the offense shall be punishable in each case by a fine of \$100.

By Assemblyman Plank (Int. No. 958), amending Section 6 so as to provide that pickerel, pike and muskallonge shall not be taken in the St. Lawrence River below the city of Ogdensburg from Jan. 1 to April 30, both inclusive; nor elsewhere in the river from Jan. 1 to June 9, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Stevens (Int. No. 1206), amending Section 47 so as to provide that the close season for trout in Rensselaer, Warren and Washington counties shall be from Sept. 1 to April 30, both inclusive.

By Assemblyman Miller (Int. No. 994), amending Section 52 so as to forbid the pollution of streams inhabited by fish in Queens, Suffolk and Nassau counties.

By Assemblyman Whitney (Int. No. 1019), amending Section 59a so as to permit the use of tip-ups and set-lines in fishing through the ice in Big Sandy Pond, Oswego county.

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SEA AND RIVER FISHING



The Anglers' Casting Tournament.

held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, in Connection with the Motorboat and Sportsmen's Show, February 21 to March 9, inclusive.

(Concluded from page 196.)

THIS interesting event came to an end with the casting of Event 28 on the last night of the show, and our notes are completed in this issue. Taken altogether, the tournament was a success, and in view of what is said elsewhere on, it must be inferred that while tournament fishing and fishing are two somewhat different propositions, the one is of immense help in the other, provided the angler gains all the information he can through experience on the casting platform and the friendly advice and criticism of tournament casters and anglers of the school, to whom these affairs are like water to a fish—almost a necessity to their complete happiness throughout the year. In all thirty-six persons took part in the different events, and of this number thirty won some medals which they can wear as watch fobs or put up in their rod cabinets as pleasant reminders of an event in which only good will and friendly rivalry ruled. No objections were made to the management of the

events, and the decisions of the judges were accepted in the same spirit of fairness in which they were given out.

In the fly-casting events the rods and reels and lines were about the same as are generally found in tournaments of the kind, and while it must be admitted that the extremely large and heavy enameled lines used in some events were not adapted to fly-fishing, still they were employed as such things generally are in tests of skill in which there are no restrictions against them. The featherweight rods for which the United States rod makers are becoming famous everywhere were used with success in this tournament, as they have been in others in recent years, and the criticism of English writers for some of the fishing papers—that they are mere toys, and therefore impractical for fishing—was certainly not borne out in these severe tests. It is an easy matter to make a four-ounce split bamboo rod that will prove worthless, but our rod makers do not stake their reputations on stuff they cannot warrant to be as near perfect in workmanship as it is possible for human beings to make it. Most of the rods used had solid metal reel seats, but as the rules admitted 4 5/8-ounce rods so fitted as four-ounce, an allowance of 3/4-ounce being given for such reel seats, those which weighed four ounces, but had tiny reel bands instead of German silver reel seats, were in no wise handicapped.

The bait-casting contests attracted no little attention, due to many causes too well understood by readers of FOREST AND STREAM to be mentioned further; but it was noticeable that freak rods and fittings were conspicuous by their absence, and the conditions were almost identical in the more important respects to those found in actual fishing. It is true that finer lines were used than in fishing, but lively old bronze-backers would have their work cut out for them should they attempt to break such lines as were employed. If their use served no other purpose, it proved that the bait-casters are getting in line with the procession which favors finer weapons and greater skill on the part of the man who shoots or fishes. The rods were 5 1/2 to 7 feet in length, fitted with sensible guides in which agate was largely used. In fact, the implements used were all equal to service conditions.

A few Garden records were broken. R. C. Leonard made three new ones. The first was when he cast 143 feet 7 inches with a half-ounce rubber frog; the second when he cast a quarter-ounce rubber frog 115 feet 7 inches, although credit must be given for a longer cast that was not inside the tank and made on a very dark afternoon; and third, for his cast of 96 feet 8 inches with a four-ounce fly-rod. H. W. Hawes deserves mention in connection with this quarter-ounce frog event, for he made a cast that was almost, if not fully, 125 feet in length, but

unfortunately for him, the frog fell on the edge of the tank, it being impossible to see clearly to cast so light a weight.

Dr. C. M. Lucky is entitled to the plaudits of all casters for his wonderful skill in Event 17, which he won easily. His casts for accuracy were within 3, 5, 2, 1 and 1 feet of the center of the 60-foot target; within 4, 2, 4, 5 and 1 feet of the 70-foot buoy, and he followed this up with casts of 94, 100, 110, 108 and 110 feet 1 inch respectively, his average for accuracy being 97.1 per cent., and his average distance 104 feet 5 inches.

L. S. Darling also made a fine showing in his average casting, and in the dry fly-casting for accuracy J. H. Cruickshank in five casts made one perfect score, two casts within a foot of the center, two within 2 feet, and one of 6 feet. G. M. L. LaBranche, who followed him, scored 1, 1, 4 and 4, but just at this time, when he was in fine form to cast at the furthest target, his fly came off, and in his next attempt the best he could do was 11 feet. The exhibition was thoroughly enjoyed by all, however.

The events cast off since our last issue went to press follow in proper order:

Event 22, Monday Night, March 6.

This event was not filled until long past the hour set, and then only three contestants entered, Mr. Darling winning the gold medal. It was for five-ounce trout fly-rods, distance alone to count, with the usual allowances for solid reel seats. Harold DeRaasloff and J. D. Smith were the judges; referee, H. G. Henderson. Robert B. Lawrence tried for the first time to cast a fly without a reel, but while he has often made long casts in practice and in these tournaments, said he could not get accustomed to the change. A great many of the fly-casters use a large wood salt-water reel for their lines, the reel being placed near the platform and 100 feet or more of line uncoiled from it before they begin to cast. From the reel the line runs through the first guide, as usual, and is more easily controlled after one becomes accustomed to the change in the balance of the rod. The heavy enameled lines used in tournament fly-casting do not become set in small spirals if kept on the big wood reels, and run more freely through the guides in consequence. The score:

	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
L. S. Darling.....	89 07	Robert B. Lawrence	65 06
D. T. Abercrombie.....	69 00		

Event 23, Tuesday Afternoon, March 7.

While similar to Event 17, the distances in this one were 60 and 80 feet instead of 60 and 70 feet, but in other respects the conditions were alike. It was open to all, casting from the reel with quarter-ounce rubber frogs. Each contestant made one trial cast and five record casts at the 60-foot buoy, then a trial cast and five record casts at 80 feet, followed by two preliminary and five record casts for distance. The conditions were much more difficult than in the 60 and 70-foot accuracy casting, as more line was in the water between casts, and numerous backlashes resulted in consequence, the lines becoming soaked after the preliminary practice and the twenty casts at the buoys. Mr. Lucky, whose casting on Friday afternoon was much discussed by the old-timers, who repeatedly congratulated him on his phenomenal performance and splendid average, spoiled his second distance cast by the line sticking and overrunning, while the next attempt netted him only 56 feet, and the same thing caused him to lose several points on his second cast at the 80-foot buoy. Mr. Darling again had trouble with his reel, which would overrun at times despite his skill in manipulating it, while Mr. Frazer, a novice on the tournament platform, had entirely too much line on his reel, and could not control it after it had become soaked. There were comparatively few persons in the Garden during the afternoon, and only a handful on the casting platform, evidently as a result of the difficulty of getting about town because of the strike on Elevated and Subway trains. F. L. Metcalf and G. M. L. LaBranche were the judges; referee, Chancellor G. Levison. The score, per cent.:

	Distance Average.	Accuracy Average.	Total Average.
C. M. Lucky.....	54.6	50	160.60
L. S. Darling.....	61.8	79	153.90
Perry D. Frazer.....	38.4	320	106.40

Event 24, Tuesday Night, March 7.

Only those who had records of 90 feet or more in similar events were barred from this one, which was for trout fly-rods, distance alone to count, and no restrictions on weight of rod or length of leader. The conditions referred to above were responsible for a very small attendance of visitors to the Garden during the evening, and those who were present evidently remained down town and went to the Garden in preference to trying to get home on the Elevated and Subway trains, which were almost out of commission after the rush hours. The judges were J. D. Smith and R. G. Thomas; referee, Milton H. Smith. The score:

	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
R. F. Cruickshank.....	85 00	W. F. Cruickshank	75 00
D. T. Abercrombie.....	78 06		

Event 25, Wednesday Afternoon, March 8.

Single-hand bait-casting from free running reels, with quarter-ounce rubber frog, distance alone to count, and open to all. Any rod could be used. Each contestant was allowed three trial casts, after which he was required to make five record casts, the longest one to count as his score. He must lose the count for every time the frog went outside of the tank, and every man lost one or more casts in this event by the frog going outside, because of the lack of light necessary in judging direction. The event was started about 4 o'clock. The sky was heavily overcast and rain was falling lightly. In the Garden the light was so faint that it was absolutely impossible to see the frog until it reached a point on a level with the caster's eyes, when it was too far away and too low down for him to control it, and this was the cause of missing the tank or casting short. Mr. Leonard, who was last to cast, had more light than the others, for when he was midway of his score some of the overhead lights were turned on, making conditions slightly better than they were at first; but this was after he had scored 115 feet 7 inches and made a new Garden record for this style of bait-casting. His other cast measured 106 feet 2 inches,

and he had three outside the tank, one of them far beyond his record cast. He used a 5½-foot split bamboo rod fitted with three large agate narrow ring guides and an agate top. His reel was a small multiplier and his line so thin that it seemed like a bit of spider web floating in the air; but it reached out for distance in a manner compelling the admiration of all. The frog used was in fact a soft rubber frog, and not a weight such as has been used in some tournaments elsewhere and called frog-casting. As a matter of fact, the half-ounce frogs used in this tournament were much more difficult to cast than a solid rubber weight or a bit of wood weighted in order that it might be projected through the air like a bullet, heavy end first, and the quarter-ounce frogs, while offering much less resistance to the air, were not easy to cast. Hiram Hawes was first on the platform. The light was very bad, indeed. His preliminary cast was the best one so far made in the Garden with quarter-ounce frog, and his longest cast was almost, if not quite, 125 feet, but it went outside the tank and therefore did not count, much to everybody's regret. Altogether he got three casts outside, and had to be content with 63 feet 5 inches, much to his own amusement, so well satisfied was he with the good showing he had made at the start-off. He used a rod and line very similar to those employed by Mr. Leonard, and after he had finished loaned his outfit to Mr. LaBranche, who had brought no rod with him, but went in on the chance of mastering a strange rod in three trial casts. And that he did this amused everybody, particularly Mr. Hawes, for no man ever yet objected to being beaten with his own outfit. The judges were H. G. Henderson and L. S. Darling; referee, R. H. Klotz. The score:

	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
R. C. Leonard.....	115 07	H. W. Hawes.....	63 05
G. M. L. LaBranche.....	79 09		

A good deal of fun was had after this event had been finished over a reel one of the visitors was trying but could do nothing with, as it overran so badly at every cast that it was next to impossible to cast further than 50 feet with it even when the click was on and acting as a drag. The owner was tendered all sorts of advice, and finally an old-time angler tried the outfit himself, and failing to cast further than about 15 feet, was challenged to a test by a friend. This was accepted, and the challenger lost, he scoring 14 feet to 15 feet for his friend, whereupon a third man tried his skill and scored almost 20 feet. The writer loves the fresh air and life too well to mention names; but the owner of the reel extracted some comfort from the fun, as he was at once acquitted of blame for the eccentricities of the reel, which seemed to start hard, then run backward instead of forward, as it should.

Event 26, Wednesday Night, March 8.

Only those who had records of 100 feet or more were barred from this event, which called for single-hand trout fly-casting for distance only with any rod and leader. The judges were H. G. Henderson and Robert B. Lawrence; referee, R. H. Klotz. The score:

	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
L. S. Darling.....	93 00	N. S. Smith.....	77 06
King Smith	81 00	D. T. Abercrombie.....	70 08

Event 27, Thursday Afternoon, March 9.

The rain, which had been falling intermittently during the past two days, and the rapid transit difficulties, kept many visitors and anglers away from the Garden. Still the faithful ones were on deck for the afternoon event, which was for black bass fly-casting, distance only, and open to all without restrictions on rods or leaders. Mr. Darling won the gold medal easily with a score of 95 feet. Messrs. Lawrence and Henderson again acted as judges, and J. D. Smith as referee. The score:

	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
L. S. Darling.....	95 00	Dr. J. G. Knowlton.....	73 00
N. S. Smith.....	75 07	D. T. Abercrombie.....	71 00

Event 28, Thursday Night, March 9.

The concluding event was not started until late because of the dearth of anglers present, the rain continuing to keep the visitors away. It was open to all without any restrictions, single-hand trout fly-casting. Mr. Darling was short of the century mark but a few inches on his longest cast and won first place again. The judges were C. G. Levison and Robert B. Lawrence, with R. H. Klotz as referee. The score.

	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
L. S. Darling.....	98 04	D. T. Abercrombie.....	72 00
N. S. Smith.....	77 06	Milton H. Smith.....	50 00

A summary of those who contested in the twenty-eight events, and the number of first, second or third places won by them, follow, first winning a gold medal, second a silver medal, and third a bronze medal, respectively:

	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.
L. S. Darling.....	8	5	2
R. C. Leonard.....	5	1	0
King Smith	2	1	1
E. J. Mills.....	2	1	0
W. H. Cruickshank.....	2	0	1
D. Brandreth.....	2	0	1
C. M. Lucky.....	2	0	0
R. F. Cruickshank.....	2	0	0
G. M. L. La Branche.....	1	2	1
H. G. Henderson.....	1	0	3
J. H. Cruickshank.....	1	0	2
D. T. Abercrombie.....	0	4	1
N. S. Smith.....	0	3	1
H. W. Hawes.....	0	2	4
W. D. Cloyes.....	0	2	0
H. G. Henderson, Jr.....	0	2	0
W. H. Hammett.....	0	1	3
C. R. Woodward.....	0	1	1
W. T. Morrison.....	0	1	1
Charles Stepath.....	0	1	1
Will K. Park.....	0	0	2
Lody Smith.....	1	0	0
Harold De Raasloff.....	0	1	0
E. B. Rice.....	0	1	0
A. J. Marsh.....	0	0	1
R. B. Lawrence.....	0	0	1
J. G. Knowlton.....	0	0	1
Albert Barends.....	0	0	1
R. H. Klotz.....	0	0	1
Perry D. Frazer.....	0	0	1

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The Log of a Sea Angler.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "ANGLING," "THE ADVENTURES OF TORQUA," ETC.

On the Trail of the Cobia—Wading and Casting—A Gam Fish—The Ocean Maskinonge—Diving for Fan Shells—The Beating of the Cavalry—Insatiate Jacks—A Menacing Wreck.

I NEVER wearied drifting over the clear waters of the mosaic-like reef. There was always some new fish, some rare bit of marine scenery, some fresh delight given to catch the eye. I had left the outer keys, the Bull Pu was anchored at Harden Key, and the men were playing seven-up in the long rangy quarters. There was an abundance of Pain Killer, and peace reigned on the outer reef. Every day I took the dinghy and sculled out over the lagoon formed by Long and Bush keys and the long barrier reef that stretched to the south, and poled over the glass-like surface with my grain pole, picking up crawfishes, diving over for large conchs and watching the constant and varying throng of fishes. Here were the true pastures of the sea, the groves where fishes roamed, and what at night was a vast fishes' rialto, all sorts and kinds of creatures climbing up the side of this lofty mountain to graze and feed on its summit.

At the head of the shallow lagoon stood four or five mangrove trees. At high tide they were in the water but at the ebb Bush Key appeared like an island, and here it had not been for a particularly heavy hurricane, which I understand visited the islands a few years ago, would still have been above water. Now Bush Key was making a hard battle, and out in the lagoon and all about were numerous old mangrove trunks and roots which had succumbed to gales long ago, and were now the homes of countless birds of the sea. Each root was the dwelling place of radiant angelfishes, crabs that vied with sapphires in beauty, and worms whose breathing organs were like flowers of dazzling hue.

One day when skirting Bush Key I saw out from the shore a bunch of old mangrove roots, and in the shade of one, lying in fairly deep water, a graceful fish at least five feet in length. I do not know that I ever came near having buck fever, as I tried to stop the dinghy and back her off without alarming the game, which I took for a very large barracuda. But fortune favored me, and I pushed the dinghy inshore and exchanged the grain pole for the rod—a bamboo affair about the size used for striped bass or yellowtail on the Santa Catalina ground. My line was a 21-thread, and the hook a 7/0 O'Shaughnessy, which I baited with a small mullet, then cautiously waded out in the direction of the stump, having slipped on an old pair of brogans kept in the dinghy for the purpose and known as "coral skates." The water was clear as crystal, and seemed to have a magnifying effect, intensifying the size and color of everything. Within twenty feet from the mangrove stump I could distinctly see it, and far into the blue water beyond, as the rod dropped away here into unknown depths—a toboggan sliding down the coral mountain.

Presently I could see about half of my fish's tail, which was moving gently, like the tail of a cat, though not with the same purpose; then I saw a stripe, black and pronounced. No barracuda this. I moved carefully to the left a few steps on the dead coral rock that I might not alarm this vision, and suddenly had a glimpse of the dorsal fin under jaw of the fish. The truth broke upon me—it was the cobia that Bob had promised me time and again, but always failed to produce! Here it was, the king of the tribe, and in the best of locations.

I stood a moment eyeing it, and if water transmitted sounds, the fish might have heard my heart beat. I stepped it move ahead a few inches, the splendid eye came in view, then it backed in again and I fancied that on the opposite side of the mangrove root there was a projection, a sort of roof beneath which the fish was lying in a wide open-eyed siesta.

How long I stood in this garden of the sea I know not, but I took in all its beauties—the turquoise sea beyond the wealth of sea fans in purple and lavender, and peering over them the fish which might be called the maskinonge of the sea. It was a fascinating situation, and the sun had killed the wind. The bait was reeled well to the tip, and stepping back so the fish could not see it, I made an overhand half cast, tossing the mullet into the water a few feet beyond the cobia, then reeling somewhat rapidly, so that the bait appeared to be swimming along before it, not ten feet away.

I have watched many fishes strike, but it seemed to me somewhat exhilarated senses that this was the most remarkable one I had ever witnessed. There was a flash of a streak or blaze of black and white, and the cobia I saw my bait. It jerked several feet from the taut line by a savage swing of its big head to the right, and with a swirl on the surface that tossed the water nearly to where I stood, was away. I fancied that it attempted to retreat to the root, but saw me as I slipped at the sudden strain and lunged outward; then it made for the turquoise sea swimming down the side of the reef into deep water, animated whirlwind.

My rod and reel had hysterics. The former bowed and bent in the savage manner that a large amberjack yellowtail (*Seriola*) can accomplish, and the reel saw the weird barcarole of the line stealers of the sea. I long and continued a wail I have rarely heard, and was continually edged out until I stood in water waist deep on the very borders of the deep, down into which I could see deep and deeper blues.

How long this splendid rush continued I have no recollection, but at least two hundred and fifty feet of line melted away before I stopped the game, and then it hampered on the rod with a viciousness that made it crack and all but buckle. Pounding, shaking its head, it seemed to stop a moment, then shot around in a half circle, then at me like an arrow. I reeled as rapidly as fingers could move, the powerful multiplier eating up the line gallantly but the cobia swept in like a flash of light, towing a great bend of line after it; then turning, it made an offshoot rush demoralizing in its intensity.

For fifteen minutes this splendid fish amused itself at my expense, forcing me to prance up and down the reef where more than once I tripped and sat down in the water, head and heels. For fifteen minutes it rushed, plunged, fought and hammered, until I was filled with

miration at its gaminess and began to develop an amiable weakness which I confess to—wishing so game a creature might escape; but the cobia was hooked, and, fighting to the last, it came slowly in, always hunting for some coral head or some old root on which to cut the line. But I led it up the reef, and having no gaff, hauled it on to the sands of Long Key. There in the shallows I took base advantage, and as the fish doubled and thrashed, grasped it by the throat and dragged it up the sandy slope, as fine a game fish as one could wish in a thousand years.

It was nearly five feet in length, must have weighed between 20 and 30 pounds, and when fresh had two remarkably distinct stripes from head to tail, one passing through the eye. The head was flat, the back a rich dark green, a reflection of the *Zostera* that grew in its meadows. Over its neck was a dark collar-like mark; but the most striking feature was the tail, which was twice as large as that of a pike or maskinongé of that size, which served to detract from the general size of the fish, and explained its fighting quality. One good whisk of that organ, and *el carte conada* would shoot ahead like a cannon ball.

Its dorsal and ventral fins were large and sail-like, the highest point being amidships. The head was sharp, but flat, the lower jaw protruding, expressing determination, the eye bright. In a word, this cosmopolite, this fish that is found in many seas under many names, this game creature with few kinsmen, and rarely taken with the rod, was a game fish in every sense, and that night, when it was baked and served on a pine plank with a Havana lemon in its mouth, I found compensation for the crime of taking its life. Later I caught a number of cobias, which made splendid battle for liberty, while several caught me unawares.

The fish has all the fierceness of the maskinongé, which it resembles in a general way, and I invariably found it lying in the lee of some old wreck or mangrove root, ready to dart out at prey of various kinds. I lured it with live bait, spirit crabs—in fact, the latter were irresistible—and live sardines were fatal to its peace of mind.

One of the charms of this great reef was the variety of its game. Something new was always turning up. In drifting along the edge of the reef one morning I found a remarkable forest of sea fans. They were at least three feet in height. I dived down to see if I could not wrench some of them off. When reaching the grove I saw upon them a number of fan shells that are in a sense parasitic on gorgonias; at least I never found them elsewhere; about an inch or a little longer in length, of a rich yellow hue, in shape like sleeve links, and sometimes used as such. They are among the most beautiful of shells, and on the yellow gorgonia, from one of which I took five, it was almost impossible to distinguish them, so well did the colors assimilate with that of this living fan of the sea.

While diving for these shells and enjoying the clear water that changed its temperature so quickly ten feet below the surface, I heard as I came up a peculiar roaring sound. It came rapidly, like the rustle of dried leaves on an autumn day, then increased until it became a roar. As I climbed into the dinghy I saw on the adjacent Long Key a region of foam on the otherwise clear water reaching from the end of the island alongshore for some distance and fifty feet out into the lagoon. In a few minutes the dinghy shot into the center of the disturbance, and I found myself in a school of large cavally or jacks (*Caranx hippos*), a fine fish of indomitable spirit. They had surrounded a school of sardines, and the noise was occasioned by their rushes along the surface in search of their prey.

Having a rod at hand I cast on the edge, the game striking on the second, nearly jerking the rod from me. It made a splendid rush out and around, taking several hundred feet of line and making the reel hum. As a demonstration of power it was magnificent, and before I could stop the rush the big jack turned of its own volition and came in like a race horse, passing under the dinghy. I think the line must have been cut by the hundreds of jacks dashing to and fro; in any event, we parted company. The demonstrations became so extraordinary that I poled the dinghy through the throng of fishes, hauled her on the beach, and literally waded out into the school, rod in hand.

It was an absurd position for an angler, as all I had to do was to stoop down and pick up the jacks, which I shortly did, grasping them by the tail. I fancied that some of them gave me an electric shock as I held them, the fish wriggling violently. Perhaps it was fancy, but anyone who has attempted to hold a freshly-caught bonito by the tail will recall the peculiar sensation. The beach was lined with a mass of sardines three feet wide. Utterly terrorized, they were packed in a solid mass, so that I stepped on them and could pick them up by hundreds, as they paid no attention to me. Into this and the outer masses of apparent millions the jacks were plunging. The desire for carnage had seized them, and long since satiated with food, they were now killing for the mere lust of it, and rapidly the water became painted encarnadine, while a ribbon of blood marked the long and sinuous shore line.

As I waded out into the throng, the jacks completely ignored me; they repeatedly struck my legs, and I easily caught big fellows by the tail and lifted them where they were massed. In a few moments they apparently had driven the sardines inshore, where they formed an almost solid line about two or three feet thick, which they now charged with great fury, with the result that they threw themselves high and dry upon the sands. I saw as many as fifty cavallies, weighing from seven to twelve and some fifteen pounds, bounding up and down on the white sand, so reaching the water again, their silvery sides, the dark green of their backs and the flashes of vivid gold of their fins presenting an animated spectacle. I had heard Bob speak of "jack beats," the noise of which could be heard a mile distant, and had considered it a reef fish story; but here was the reality to confound the skeptic, and I soon saw my men coming across the channel. They had heard the deafening roar from the other key, and in a short time were in the thickest of it.

They pulled up the boat and rushed into the "beat," catching the jacks by the tail, tossed them out upon the sands by the dozen, jacks being in demand at any and all times. Other spectators began to appear—every gull, pelican and man-o'-war bird on the reef within a radius of

three miles seemed to scent the prey, and the water was soon covered with them, creating a scene difficult to describe and beyond the bounds of imagination.

For twenty minutes the roar continued, then the jacks, apparently worn out or satiated, drew off like cavalry and finally disappeared; but for a long time the sardines hugged the shore and permitted the birds to gorge themselves upon them. The jacks had demoralized them so utterly that they ignored other foes. I recall Isaac McLellan's verse:

"Swift speed crevalle over that watery plain,
Swift over Indian River's broad expanse,
Swift where the ripples boil with finny hosts,
Bright glittering they glance;
And when the angler's spoon is o'er them cast,
How fierce, how vigorous the fight for life!
Now in the deeps they plunge, now leap in air,
Till ends the unequal strife."

The poet of the rod must have seen a jack beat in the happy land of fishes, where butter is a drink and milk grows on trees. Nearly every day in May and June the roar of a "jack beat" could be heard on the reef, and I can compare the peculiar fascination it exerted only to that of a fire to some people, who rise at any hour of the night to indulge in the gratification of seeing the flames lick up house or forest. I rarely missed a jack beat, and often lying off a school had sport that would have charmed the most critical angler, as the jack is the incarnate spirit of war. The word defeat is not in his vocabulary. He may be outfought, but he is never defeated; he may have been whipped, but he has never discovered it.

There are several varieties of jacks. One, the jurel, which Chief called the *Cajinua*, was a splendid game, and with a 10-ounce rod I found the smaller ones delight makers.

I had a strange experience a few nights ago. The nights have been clear and beautiful, with a full moon, and Bob proposed that we run down to Marquesas Keys, some forty miles to the eastward. We started in the afternoon, running before the wind. The water was smooth, and when the moon came up every wave seemed to catch its effulgence and change to silver, while the Gulf itself, that silent, mysterious stream flowing along so quietly, was ablaze with phosphorescent light. We appeared to be sailing down a river of silver, when suddenly a deep black mass caught my eye dead ahead, a black hole in the river of moonlight it appeared; yet around the lower line the phosphorescence blazed.

Bob hauled the sloop into the wind, and a few minutes later we rounded up alongside the hulk of a large schooner, a total wreck, drifting along in the great river or stream that poured through the Straits of Florida to sweep up the coast.

She was half full of water and the waves were sloshing over the deck. Bob ran alongside and I went aboard. The vessel had evidently been struck by a hurricane somewhere, as the masts were broken off flush with the deck, and her rigging had gone with the masts. She was deserted, and was the picture of desolation; yet apparently her hull was sound. The cabin was half full of water, and chairs and clothing were washing about, nothing being disturbed. She had the appearance of a ship that had suddenly been deserted, every man leaving her without going below. There was not a living thing to be seen except a tarantula, which, when I placed it in a saucer, could touch the edges all around with its furry legs. The crew were either drowned, or supposing that the vessel was sinking, they had taken to the boats, leaving her a wreck and a menace to navigation. She hailed from the island of Trinidad, and was loaded with a cargo of jelly and brandied fruit. We stood by her some time, then sailed east, where we reported the wreck, and a few days later she was towed into port. The sale of that wreckage ruined the Key West and Havana markets for guava jelly for many a day.

The keys of this reef have been the scene of many tragedies. There is little doubt that freebooters and pirates frequented them in the early days, the harbor of Garden Key being eminently fitted for a refuge in days when there were no long range guns or steamers. There are several entrances to the first harbor, so that a fleet of schooners could easily elude the crew of a large vessel. In the period up to 1860 the reef was dotted with wrecks after a hurricane, and many wreckers made their headquarters at Key West.

Their skippers seemed to have developed a sixth sense, which enabled them to scent a wreck. Wrecks in the early days were often prearranged. A ship was heavily insured and deliberately wrecked. In 1903 I passed the reef to the west of Loggerhead. The sea was making a clear breach over it, and the teeth of the coral was plainly visible, though the Gulf was perfectly smooth. In a word, no one could fail to recognize the spot as deadly in the best of weather; yet in 1862, during my first trip to the reef, I saw a big ship under full sail crash into this coral reef on a bright day. Twelve hours later she was surrounded by a fleet of wreckers that came steaming down from Key West like birds of prey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Fly-Casting Tournament.

WHILE the fly-casting competition in connection with the New York Sportsman's Show attracted much interest and resulted in the making of notable records, much dissatisfaction has been expressed, both by participants and spectators, with the facilities provided for the contests. The casting was done over an elevated tank, which was sadly deficient in length for the skilled work of the long distance casters; and by reason of its elevation above the floor was beyond the view of spectators except from the galleries. The fly-casting, it is pointed out, is always a drawing card, and it deserves the most perfect arrangement practicable to be secured. All who are interested in the sport will hope that another year the provision made for the competitions will be more adequate. As an outgrowth of the competitions, a fly-casting club is forming, of which particulars will be given in our next issue.

Economic Aspects of National Fish Culture and Acclimatization.*

BY HUGH M. SMITH.

The question is often asked, "Does government fish-culture pay?" or, "Are the economic results of national fishculture commensurate with the cost?" The people who entertain doubts on this point are mostly those who have not taken the time or had the opportunity to familiarize themselves with what has been attempted and what has been accomplished by the national and State fish commissions.

Much evidence can be adduced to show that the fish-cultural operations of the general government are of direct financial benefit to the country at large. The results, in the case of some species, have been so striking and so widespread that it would be almost as supererogatory to refer to them as to discuss the utility of agriculture; in the case of other species there can be no doubt of the value of the work, although it may be, only occasionally possible to distinguish the effects of human intervention on the fish supply from those due to natural causes. Some of the important results of the Commission's efforts, which have previously been cited in the reports, may appropriately be again referred to, if only to draw attention to the continuance of the results.

The leading river fish of the eastern seaboard is the shad. No other anadromous species has been more extensively cultivated, and none is now so dependent on artificial measures for its perpetuation. Inasmuch as the principal fisheries are in interstate or coastal waters and the movements of the fish from the high seas to our rivers and back to the high seas place it beyond the claim to ownership which might be urged by the various States were the shad a permanent resident within their jurisdiction, it has seemed especially desirable and necessary that this species should be fostered by the general Government for the benefit of the entire country. The shad was one of the first species whose artificial propagation was taken up by the Fish Commission, and its cultivation is to day a leading factor in fishery work. Almost every large shad stream has been the site of hatching operations, and during the ten years ending in 1903 the number of artificially hatched shad returned to public waters by the Government was over one and a half billion. An important point is that these eggs are taken from fish that have been caught for market, and hence would be totally lost if the Commission did not collect them from the fishermen.

The great multiplication of all kinds of fishing appliances on the coast, in the bays, in the estuaries, and along the courses of the rivers results in the capture of a very large part of the run each season before the shad reach the spawning grounds, and hence the natural increase is seriously curtailed, and, in some streams, almost entirely prevented. The steady increase in the shad catch in the face of conditions more unfavorable than confront any other fish of our eastern rivers is conclusive evidence of the beneficial effects of artificial propagation. In 1880, prior to which year shad cultivation had been on a comparatively small basis, the total yield of this species from Maine to Florida was 18,000,000 pounds; during the four succeeding years the supply in many of the streams decreased to such an extent that the abandonment of the fishery, as a commercial enterprise, was imminent. From 1885, when the largely increased plants of fry began to produce results, until the present time, the trend of the fishery has been steadily upward in every stream. Against a product of 18,000,000 pounds, worth \$995,000, in 1880, is to be placed an annual catch of over 50,000,000 pounds, valued at \$1,700,000, at the present time. As a result of the increased abundance of shad, the cost of this toothsome food has been materially reduced, but even at the price actually received the value of the increase in the annual catch at this time is upward of a million dollars, or more than three times the amount expended by the Government in the propagation of shad in twenty years.

Evidence is not lacking to show that the long-continued and increasingly extensive fishcultural operations on the Great Lakes have prevented the depletion of those waters in the face of the most exhausting lake fisheries in the world. The luscious whitefish, the splendid lake trout, the excellent pike-perch or wall-eyed pike, are hatched in such numbers as to assure their preservation without further curtailing the fisheries.

The magnitude of the salmon fisheries of the Pacific States has required very extensive artificial measures to keep up the supply. Hatcheries have been established on tributaries of the Sacramento and Columbia, in the Puget Sound region, and on some of the short coast rivers; here are taken the eggs of the royal chinook, of the scarcely less royal blue-back, and of other species, and here each year millions of young salmon are started on their way to salt water. Having grown and waxed fat on the rich pasturage of the ocean, these fish return to the rivers to spawn in from two to four years. Some seasons as many as 75,000,000 salmon eggs have been collected, a quantity representing nearly 21,000 quarts, or 650 bushels.

A remarkable fact in the history of the Pacific salmon—of which there are five species—is that without exception all fish which enter any stream on the entire coast, from the Golden Gate to the Arctic Ocean, die after once spawning, none surviving to return to the sea. This wise provision of nature to prevent the overstocking of streams has been made foolish by the appearance of man on the scene; he not only catches the salmon in the coast waters and the lower courses of the rivers with gill nets, seines, and pound nets, in the upper waters with the same appliances supplemented by the fish wheels, and on the spawning grounds with all sorts of contrivances, but in certain sections even carries his foolhardy greed to the extent of barricading the streams so that no fish can reach the waters where their eggs must be deposited.

Natural reproduction, thus so seriously curtailed, is not sufficient to keep up the supply in many of the streams where fishing is most active, for many of the eggs escape fertilization, many more are eaten by the swarms of predaceous fishes that haunt the spawning beds, and many are lost in various other ways during the long hatching

*Extract from a lecture by Hugh M. Smith, deputy commissioner, entitled "How the Government Maintains the Fish Supply," delivered before the Geographical Society of Baltimore, January, 1903, and printed in the Report of the Commission of Fish and Fisheries.

period; while the helpless fry and alevin fall a ready prey to the same fishes in the upper waters and the young salmon have to run the long gauntlet of the rivers only to meet new foes in the estuaries, on the coast, and in the open sea.

It is, therefore, no wonder that artificial propagation on a large scale is imperatively demanded in the western salmon streams, and is actively urged and highly commended by fishermen, canners, business men, and the public at large. The beneficial influence of the work of the Government, supplemented by that of the three coast States, has been unmistakable in some sections, and cannot be doubted in general; but it has not often been possible to distinguish definitely the increase due to natural from that due to artificial propagation; recently, however, some striking evidence of the benefits arising from the hatchery operations has come from the experimental marking of young salmon before liberation. Thus, a lot of 5,000 fingerlings incubated at the Clackamas (Oregon) station in 1896 were released after being marked in such a way that they could be recognized if again caught. In 1898 375 of these marked fish, averaging 27 pounds, were caught in the Columbia and 5 in the Sacramento; and in the two following seasons probably 70 more were taken, the aggregate weight of the salmon known to have been recaptured being not less than 10,000 pounds.

The outcome of this experiment is of extraordinary significance. It means that for every thousand fingerling salmon hatched and liberated by the Fish Commission on the Columbia, 2,000 pounds of adult fish were caught for market two, three and four years later. Let us reduce this to a financial basis and see what a striking exhibit is made: The total expense to the Government of hatching and planting salmon is under \$1 per thousand fish of the size in question; the value of the resulting salmon caught by the fisherman is, at a very reasonable estimate, 5 cents per pound, or \$100 for the 2,000 pounds actually taken. It is not claimed or expected that such extraordinary results are regularly attained, but, if the average outcome is only one-tenth as large as shown by these figures, then the salmon work of the Commission is yielding an actual money return of 1,000 per cent. per annum.

Man's possible influence on the fishes of the open sea is problematical, but there is no doubt of the effects of human intervention on the abundance of fishes and other

animals which regularly frequent the bays and coastal waters, more especially the bottom-living species like the cod, the flounders, and the lobster, which are hatched in large numbers at the marine establishments of the Commission. The utility of fishculture as applied to the cod is scouted by some people in the United States and abroad; singularly enough, however, some of these same people are willing to admit the injury done by overfishing or indiscriminate fishing.

In taking up the culture of the cod many years ago, and in continuing it to the present time, the Fish Commission has proceeded on the principle that the effects of man's improvidence may be counteracted by the application of man's ingenuity and power in aiding nature. The ultimate success of cod culture on the Atlantic coast was therefore confidently expected, and the expectations have been more than realized. Practical results of an unmistakable character were first manifested in 1889, since which time a very lucrative shore cod fishery has been kept up on grounds that were entirely depleted or that had never contained cod in noteworthy numbers in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. There is much unsolicited testimony on this point from many people who have profited from the past twelve or fifteen years' operations at Gloucester and Woods Hole stations. The benefits have not been confined to the immediate vicinity of the hatcheries, but have extended westward and southward along the Middle Atlantic coast and eastward along the whole coast of Maine.

A very important line of practical work conducted by the Commission is the transplanting of aquatic food animals into waters to which they were not indigenous. This work is addressed not only to lake, pond and stream fishes like the basses and trouts, but also to the sea-going species like the salmon, shad and striped bass. Examples of the results of such efforts have been published in the annual reports from year to year, and some further data will appear elsewhere in the current report; but attention is particularly drawn to two of the most successful instances of acclimatization of native fishes. About thirty years ago the shad and the striped bass of the Atlantic Coast were introduced on the Pacific Coast; the slender colonies became established, flourished, extended themselves widely, and multiplied to such an extent that these two species now rank among the leading food fishes of

the Pacific States, and in certain localities exist perhaps in greater abundance than in any waters on the Atlantic Coast. The economic results of what was at first only an experiment may be thus stated:

Total cost of planting shad and striped bass on Pacific Coast, under	\$5,000
Average annual catch of these fish at present time, pounds	2,500,000
Yearly market value of the catch	\$100,000
Aggregate catch to end of 1902, pounds	18,900,000
Total value of the catch to end of 1902	\$670,000

The figures to 1905 follow:	
Total cost of planting shad and striped bass on Pacific Coast, under	\$5,000
Average annual catch of these fish at present time, pounds	4,000,000
Yearly market value of the catch	\$165,000
Aggregate catch to end of 1904, pounds	26,400,000
Total value of the catch to the end of 1904	\$955,000

Striped Bass on the Pacific Slope.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the exceedingly interesting and valuable contribution to the 4th of March number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, entitled "Striped Bass of the Pacific Coast," the writer (J. D. C.) who is entitled to the thanks of the angling community for his article has made a little slip of the pen in stating that striped bass were "brought from the East and placed in these waters half a score of years ago."

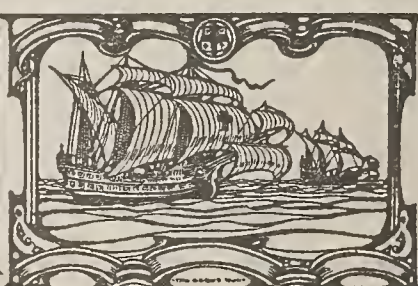
In point of fact, striped bass were brought from the East and placed in the waters of the Pacific in 1879. In the summer of that year Mr. Livingston Stone left New England with several Atlantic varieties of fish for the Pacific Coast, among which were some striped bass, numbering, as nearly as I can remember, 135 small bass (probably two-year-olds) and 35 large ones. These were deposited in good order in brackish inlets of the lower Sacramento.

Some years after a later shipment of striped bass was made to the Pacific, but by that time the bass that were planted in 1879 had become firmly established on the Pacific Slope and were spreading rapidly.

MYRON GREEN.



YACHTING



The Motorboat and Sportsman's Show.

In our last three issues we have mentioned many of the exhibitors at the Motorboat and Sportsman's Show, held at Madison Square Garden. The following firms include all those exhibitors who have not been commented on before.

The Brown-Cochran Co., Lorain, Ohio, exhibited the Lacey engines in both two and four-stroke. The 3 horsepower was running for demonstration with propeller connected in a tank of water, while the 20-30 horsepower was running with no load. The width of the bed was unusual and, together with the counter-balanced flywheel, tended very much to reduce excessive vibration. It was not even necessary to fasten the engines to the floor. The assembling of the valve complete, including the seat itself, makes it extremely easy and convenient for removal in case of necessity. All parts being under the eye of the operator makes it an accessible engine.

The exhibit of the Lamb Boat and Engine Co., Clinton, Ia., showed a better assortment of sizes to suit the customer than any other. In two cylinders they had 10 and 18 horsepower; in three cylinders, 15 and 27, and in four cylinders, 30 and 36. Seamless brass water jackets were an innovation. Water jacketing of all valves was noted. Multiple feed pressure lubricator and especially large reversing mechanism, five piston rings to each piston, and modern jump spark were other features. The thrust bearing is of the familiar regulation steam type.

Fairbanks Company, of New York, exhibited more engines of their own make and those of the Smalley Gas Engine Company, Bay City, Mich., than any other exhibitor. The number of inquiries and the interest shown in this exhibit was remarkable, it being not an unusual thing for several hundred inquiries or requests for catalogues to be recorded during a day and evening. They showed several sizes in one, two, three and four cylinders. The engines up to 12 horsepower use either feathering blade wheels or solid connected propeller, while engines of 12 horsepower and over use the Smalley reverse as standard equipment. In stationary engines they showed a 4 horsepower stationary, demonstrating a new type of ignition, which operated very regularly and with excellent results. The 1½ horsepower pumping engine made a very compact outfit and especially adapted for country places or in the city, as it can be operated on either gas or gasolene.

The 70-80 horsepower model B giant engine of E. H. Godshalk & Co., was of extreme interest, it being the only eight cylinder engine ever built of the two-stroke type. Nada was exhibited with the trophies she won the past season in various competitions. She was undoubtedly the fastest boat of her rating last season. A 15 horsepower giant motor was installed in a 20ft. mahogany yacht tender on the lagoon and was of especial interest. It was built by the Williams-Whittelsey Co., of Astoria, L. I., and shows some very fine lines, and a particularly fine arrangement of the interior, convenient and of more than usual care in design.

Carlson Motor Vehicle Co., of Hartford, Conn. ex-

hibited the only double opposed four-stroke engines in this show. The crank case was of aluminum with brass plates covering the tops and bottoms of water jackets. Cam adjustments were decidedly novel and of especial utility, in order to correct usual uncertainty in key-seating, which has been so often mentioned in gasolene engines and automobile journals.

Trebert Auto & Marine Engine Co., Rochester, N. Y., exhibited their 34 horsepower 340-pound four cylinder, four-stroke, high-speed engine, with planetary reverse, jump-spark and mechanically-operated valve engine. A rectangular brass water-jacket, similar to but one other shown at the Garden, was noticed. Brass is used in fresh water, but on account of electrolytic action it is never used in salt water, nickel steel being substituted.

The Spaulding Gas Engine Works, of St. Joseph, Mich., are represented by Maltby & Harding, who are located on Gravesend Bay at the Marine Basin adjoining Ulmer Park. They showed 3½ horsepower single and 7 horsepower double cylinder engines, with both make and break and jump spark. An especially new and valuable feature connected with the new Spaulding reversing wheel was that the thrust from the propeller can never be upon the crank shaft, as it is taken up on the outside of the boat against the stern bearing. The Maltby Cooking Muffler allows making of coffee or cooking while the engine is running, utilizing the heat of the exhaust for the purpose. By using the Maltby vaporizer, the engine can be operated either by gas or gasolene, simply by shutting off one or the other and making adjustments.

Carlyle-Johnson Machine Co., Hartford, Conn., had a demonstration of a reversing mechanism for power boats, which has been used extensively by the Electric Launch Co., of Bayonne, N. J., and several other important builders, which is composed entirely of cut gears with jack shafts, the whole equipped with Johnson clutches. The expanding all-metal type is used. American and French engines are in this country being generally supplied with his clutch on account of its light weight and small diameter. The Smith & Mabley boat for Mr. Billings and several others in the show were equipped with this gear.

The Victor Non-Corrosive Silver, exhibited by the Victor Metals Co., 29 Broadway, N. Y., and manufactured in East Braintree, Mass., attracted a great deal of attention from yachtsmen and power boat men. The tensile strength is very high, and the metal itself is non-corrosive. Many yachts have been fitted with this metal, which is giving good satisfaction.

E. Louvet & Son, Woodhaven, N. Y., had a small exhibit of 1½, 4 and 8 horsepower, two-stroke engines. The head and cylinder is in all cases cast together, and head is not water-jacketed, in order to get maximum expansion at the time of explosion. What others seemed to have ignored in this respect this firm has attempted to compass. The brass cap on the top of the cylinder protects the operator from getting burned. Monarch generator valves are also shown in all styles.

The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co. show the Apple igniter belt, gear and friction driven with its adaptation for light and ignition.

The Lackawanna Valveless Motor Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., gave a good demonstration stopping, starting

and reversing their engine without touching the fly-wheel. Double cylinder 10 horsepower was the only size shown.

The reversing propeller, shown by the Fairbanks-Grant Co., of Ithaca, N. Y., was of especial interest. There are but few three-blade reversing wheels on the market. On the extreme ahead position, the wheel is approximately a true screw. The two-stroke, 2 horsepower engine, with a diaphragm pump attracted a great deal of attention. This pump is of an entirely new construction and for the first time noted in connection with the gas engine.

Snecker engines of several sizes were shown. These are manufactured by the Stamford Motor Co., of Stamford, Conn. Spherical combustion chambers, and the engines being started without any danger of back kick, as long as admission is delayed, makes them especially attractive to those who have suffered injury from dangerous back kicks.

Chas. D. Durkee & Co., 2 and 3 South street, headquarters for yachting goods of various description, had one of the most elaborate displays in this line in the whole show. Durkee's catalogue includes almost everything that is needed on a yacht or power boat.

Imported carburetors, spark coils and the superior line of goods manufactured by themselves, were shown by Herz & Co., 187 Elm street, N. Y. These goods are strictly high grade, and while perhaps expensive, are well worth the money.

C. F. Splittorf, 17 Vandewater street, N. Y., had a full line of the celebrated Splittorf coils. In the ignition line for gasolene engines, any articles, if not made by this enterprising house, will be made on short notice. The quality of the goods manufactured is strictly of the best.

The Ever-Ready Batteries, as exhibited by the American Electrical Novelty & Mfg. Co., Hudson and Vandewater streets, N. Y., were shown to excellent advantage. These batteries have been so long on the market that their good qualities are fully appreciated by the power boat men.

Charles Miller, 97 Read street, N. Y., exhibited the Michigan Motor Co.'s feathering propeller wheel. Michigan reversing gear, an 8 horsepower Barber engine, Miller marine spark plugs, Hirschell-Spillman four cylinder four-stroke 20 horsepower engine. Pittsfield coils, pumps, Perderson oilers, Splittorf timers, searchlights, and so many power boat accessories that it would be hard to enumerate them. Miller's trade is not alone to the consumer, but to the manufacturer as well.

The perfection reversing gear of W. H. Brodie Co., 45 Vesey street, N. Y., was of the mitre gear type, all parts running in oil. The clutches are all of the expanding all-metal type, and on the forward motion a direct connection is made with two inch interlocking slots, which is an especial novelty.

The section of a launch cabin, exhibited by the Richardson Engineering Co., showed a 3½ horsepower De Dion gasolene engine, single cylinder direct connected with a 1½ K. W. generator switchboard, voltmeter and ammeter, automatic circuit breaker and switch for charging batteries. Electric arc and incandescent searchlights were also shown. The full set of copper-plated instruments on a marble switch-

board was complete in every detail. This outfit is sufficient for use on any yacht or float.

The engine built by James Craig, Jr., 554 West Thirty-fourth street, N. Y., which was installed in Commodore Moore's Onontio last summer, late in the season, had many admirers. This engine has eight cylinders 7 3/4 in. diameter with a stroke of 9 in., and develops more than 250 horsepower. The new point of the double inlet and exhaust valves was a pleasing feature. A single cam shaft operates all the valves, as well as the igniters. Regular 7 horsepower single, 18 horsepower three cylinder, and four cylinder 25 horsepower engines were also shown.

The Eagle Bicycle Mfg. Co., Torrington, Conn., had two engines, one two and the other four-stroke. The experience that this concern has had in finishing Eagle bicycles is made use of in the baked enamel finish of their product. The engines are compact, simple, easily started and as economical as the general run of gasolene engines. The Abercrombie & Fitch power canoe was equipped with a 2 horsepower Eagle, and an order for 100 3/4 horsepower engines has been placed with them by Abercrombie & Fitch for power canoe installation.

The Remy Electric Co., of Anderson, Ind., exhibited high-tension magnetos, which have been adopted by automobile manufacturers in several instances, taking the place of the jump spark. This is a very strong argument in their favor and a step in a new direction. These people were among the first to pay any particular attention to high-tension magnetos, the supply of which has been furnished for the past two or three years by French manufacturers.

C. L. Altemus & Co., of Philadelphia, were among the first to bring out a secondary distributor. They make also protected commutators for distributing the primary current. Something entirely new in jump-spark coils is the ventilated coil with switch connected. McCanna force lubricators, Breeze automatic carburetors and Muro accumulators are carried in stock by these people.

Grant-Ferris Co., Troy, N. Y., for several years interested in the building of gasolene engines, are out with some new types. Of all, the four-stroke 12 horsepower engines, with rectangular brass water-jacket, causes the most attention. Bevel reversing gear and Altemus high-tension distributors are used. In this engine the rotary circulating pump takes the place of the usual reciprocating.

Working models of various lubricating devices, single and multiple, generator valves of several patterns are shown, as well as standard and special fittings for gasolene engines, all manufactured by the Luckenheimer Co., Cincinnati, O., and unsurpassed for their excellence. The amount of business done by this concern in such goods, as exhibited, is something enormous.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Design for a 60ft. Waterline Cruising Launch.

AWARD OF CABIN PLAN PRIZE AND CRITICISMS.

OF the numerous designs submitted there were only two boats whose interior arrangements were well worked out in all details. Most of the cabin plans needed more study and knowledge of the requirements of such craft. Some designs embodied good qualities but were lacking in important features. The cabin plan prize of \$25 is awarded to Moccasin, submitted by Mr. Harold Lee. This design received the first prize of \$100, as announced last week.

MOCCASIN.

General arrangement excellent, particularly layout of owner's rooms and main cabin. Passageways and companionways liberal, and the quarters are not cramped. Drawer room in stateroom generous, locker space limited. Set berths would greatly improve the stateroom. Good ventilation and light throughout the boat. Bathroom utilized space that might have otherwise been lost. It is well arranged, convenient and accessible either from stateroom, main saloon or pilot house. Lockers in passage afford good storage space for luggage, oilers, etc. Main saloon roomy and well arranged. Sideboard would be more accessible if placed on after bulkhead, desk would prove convenient and is a necessary feature on a boat of this size. The plan of dividing main cabin by curtains is good. Pantry might be eliminated and could better be used as a place for the steward to sleep, as it has been found from experience that it is better to keep the steward away from the crew. A door in the after end of house opening to ice-box would afford easy access when filling, and would avoid carrying the ice through the boat. Engine room sufficiently large, but engine is not accessible, being too close to partition. The placing of berths for crew in engine room is bad practice. This should be avoided whenever possible. Crew's lavatory is of good size; water and gasolene tanks are of liberal capacity and are well placed.

BARLEY.

The author of this design has adopted the old style trunk cabin, which is hardly suitable for an offshore cruising boat. Arrangement generally good. Boat would have been improved by dropping the floor and reducing freeboard. Companionway with side entrance is unusual and undesirable. Toilet room is accessible, but occupies valuable space, and could be arranged to better advantage elsewhere. Stateroom would be improved by stationary berths, and if this were done the room would be cramped. It is also lacking in locker and drawer space. Space not well utilized in main cabin, lockers being necessary and sideboard should be nearer galley. Galley is roomy and well arranged. Engine room of good size and all parts of motor could be easily reached. Pipe berths in engine room unnecessary, as there is ample room for four men in the crew's quarters aft. Crew quarters being separated from engine room and galley excellent.

NO. 13.

Sheer too straight and freeboard too high amidships. Pilot house too far forward, and as shown spoils much

of the room below. Engine room, galley, passageway and forecabin occupy the better part of the boat. The low head room in passageway is undesirable. The placing of the pilot house above galley is objectionable. The tub is crowded into the bathroom at the expense of other fittings. Irregular cabin house aft very objectionable, and would look anything but shipshape in practice.

BILGEWATER.

A very good and simple arrangement spoiled by irregular cabin house aft. Boat well ventilated and lighted, and would make a livable cruiser.

WINDSOR.

Drawings superbly rendered. By far the best submitted, and plainly the work of a very capable draughtsman. Arrangement excellent. Owner's quarters not quite so roomy as those of the first prize design. Layout aft unusually good. A few minor changes would make this boat's interior ideal.

NAVAHOE.

Narrow breadth restricts cabin accommodations. Stateroom entirely too cramped. The floor room is insufficient and the berths too narrow. Toilet room very small. Main cabin cramped, berths too narrow to sleep on, and if extended would greatly reduce floor space. Head room lacking over forward part of engine, which would be a great inconvenience for both engineer and steward. Tanks occupy valuable space amidships. Galley small and incompletely fitted. Crew's toilet room impossible as shown.

BARNACLE.

Old-fashioned cabin house and excessive breadth enable designer to secure large accommodations.

ESTMANMAR.

Arrangement poor. Lacks care in working out details. Objectionable irregular cabin house. Criticism was made of this design last week.

LONG ISLAND.

This design was also criticised last week.

Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

(Continued from page 201.)

THE crank case of a two-stroke engine is an extremely important part. It is here that the charge of air and gasolene vapor is drawn in by the partial vacuum formed each time the piston ascends. If there are leaks anywhere, this vacuum will be insufficient to aspirate a charge of gas and air sufficiently rich in gasolene vapor to stand the admixture of the air which leaks in through some defect in design or machining, or possibly resulting from wear of the bushings on the main bearings. If these leaks allow air to take up a part of the space in the crank case by reason of leaks, the same cause in turn will allow a leakage of the gas, a reduction in the amount of compression, there will not be sufficient pressure to force cut the burned gases and get a full charge of gas into the cylinder following each explosion, and the result is a loss of power that is frequently misunderstood. In this connection we are supposing that there are no leaks by the piston and rings.

The cubical contents of the space below the piston, when it is on the lower or inner center, should be as little as it is possible to make it. By the rule explained in a previous installment of this article, when the clearance is equal to the piston displacement, which in this case, in the crank chamber, is always a little more than in the combustion chamber. In correcting the piston displacement in the combustion chamber, we deducted from the length of the stroke the distance between the top of the exhaust port and the point reached by the piston on the lower center; but in correcting for this displacement, the distance from the top of the inlet port to that point which the piston reaches, as there can be no compression after the inlet port in the cylinder opens, should be deducted instead.

Frequently a two-stroke engine is designed so that the charge enters through a valve in the top, which opens as soon as the pressure in the cylinder is lower than that in the crank case. On the very largest two-stroke engines made this construction is followed, and in this case the correction of the clearance in the crank case would be the same as in the combustion chamber. There is still another modification of construction, the result being the same as above, only a part enters through a valve into the top of the cylinder, followed by the greater part of the charge through a port.

In the large engine mentioned above, the charge of air and gas is compressed in the proper proportions by two outside separate pumps, and the exhaust ports extend the whole circumference of the cylinder at intervals, while smaller sizes rarely have any such widely extended exhaust ports. In this large engine the charge enters the firing or combustion chamber at a pressure of 9 pounds approximately, and there being no compression in the crank chamber, it is left open or partly so.

By having the compression controlled by outside pumps, it is possible to increase or decrease the pressure by increasing or decreasing the clearances, but where crank case compression is used, it cannot be well increased above a certain pressure, rarely above 5 pounds, and allow sufficient room for the crank and connecting rod to revolve. When you hear of a two-stroke engine with a crank case compression of 15 pounds, as I have frequently heard claimed, it might be well to investigate before taking it for granted. In order to prove the highest crank case compression possible, not knowing the clearance, it will be necessary to employ the same means as for finding the compression in the combustion chamber, by filling the crank case with oil through the draw-off cock, with the piston on the inner center; that is, as near the crank shaft as it can be put, and carefully measuring it. If then the number of cubic inches is known, and the corrected piston displacement as well, the compression can be figured, provided you will bear in mind that clearance equal to the displacement will give two atmospheres, about 29.4 pounds absolute, or 14.7 gauge. If clearance once the displacement gives 14.7 pounds, twice the clearance would give one-half of 14.7 or 7.35 pounds, while four times the

clearance would give 3.925 pounds. The proportion would therefore be the amount of clearance : the amount of displacement :: 14.7 : x. As an instance, with a piston displacement of 64 cu. in. and a clearance of 144, the proportion would be 144 : 64 :: 14.7 : x = 6.6 + lbs. per sq. in.

Having found the theoretical crank case compression, to prove it you would connect a piece of pipe to the crank case with a check valve to prevent the pressure from returning to the crank case, and a piece of larger pipe or other receptacle surmounted by a pressure gauge. The engine should be belted up and the pressure shown on various speeds should be noted. This would be a good object-lesson to many of our two-stroke engine manufacturers, five per cent. of which I think I can safely say have no definite idea of the amount of crank case compression they have. The higher this compression the more gas the engine will lose from slight leaks, amounting to more or less loss of power and increased gasolene consumption as well.

If now instead of a passage into the crank case at a point which is never covered by the piston, and the egress of the air so taken in is prevented by a check valve or seat feed vaporizer, there is an additional port in the cylinder which is not opened until the piston is near the upper or outer center, it becomes the modern three-ported engine. It will readily be observed that this construction has greater need of close fitting bushings, for if the crank case were to fill, or partly fill, with air, there would be little or no gas enter, particularly on slow speed; and if it happened that the carburetor was one with no great velocity to the air on aspiration, if leaks were to develop, there would be insufficient gasolene vapor to support combustion, and the result would be crank case explosions or the engine would not even start without "priming" with a few drops of gasolene in the combustion chamber, the engine would run intermittently for a few revolutions and then stop. Occasionally is met a two-stroke engine with a stuffing box on one or both ends of the crank shaft, but this construction for various reasons is unsatisfactory in the long run, and is expensive as well. Some manufacturers use adjustable bushings, and these, if properly made, give fair satisfaction; but no device has yet been designed and put into practical operation that will effectually prevent the loss of a certain amount of your crank case compression.

In order to reduce the clearance, I have been told that one authority advises that a quantity of vaseline be put into the crank case. My advice to such as contemplate any such senseless a trick is—do not, for the vaseline would be dissolved by any gasolene that might come into contact with it, and it might be found hardly practical to run your engine on vaseline.

I can only advise that your clearance be made as little as possible, and that extra care be taken to get good fits on the main crank shaft bearings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORK AT CITY ISLAND.—Mr. Robert Jacob has had more new work in his yard this winter than at any other time since he acquired the property from Mr. Henry Piegras some years ago. Mr. Jacob has had six orders for new boats, and one of these, a launch for Mr. Charles W. Lee, is entirely completed. Four of the new boats were from designs by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, one by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris, and one from his own designs.

The largest of the boats building is an auxiliary schooner for Mr. W. T. Colbron, New York Y. C. She is 60ft. waterline, 84ft. over all, 19ft. breadth and 8ft. draft. Her auxiliary power will consist of a 45ft. horsepower Craig engine. She is a centerboard boat, and will be known as Witoco. This boat was designed by Mr. Gielow, who also planned the 51ft. over all auxiliary sloop building there. The latter boat is for an old client of Mr. Gielow's and is a shoal draft boat intended principally for cruising. The other two boats building from Mr. Gielow's designs are power craft. The larger of the two is the boat for Mr. Lee. She is a beautiful boat, and the work on her is of the highest order throughout. This boat is called Dreamer, and will be given a trial trip as soon as the weather gets warmer. The smaller of the two power boats is for Mr. Charles M. Gould. This boat, which is now in frame, is 46ft. 6in. over all, 42ft. waterline, 16ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. She will be fitted with a 15 horsepower motor and will be lighted by electricity.

Venona is the name selected by Mr. Robert Olyphant for his cruising schooner building from Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris' design. She is 65ft. 6in. over all, 45ft. waterline, 16ft. breadth and 9ft. draft. She is a powerful vessel of substantial construction, and has a good deal of room below under a flush deck. Her keel was laid on December 31, and she was ready for launching on February 22. The interior woodwork is now completed.

The high speed power boat building from Mr. Jacob's design is for a member of the New York Y. C., and is 40ft. long.

Ailsa is being put in readiness for the ocean race, and considerable work is being done on the boat. Her copper has been stripped off and a good many of her planks have been removed and replaced. Her frames and fastenings have been examined and all necessary work to make the boat thoroughly seaworthy will be done. The repairs are being carried out under the direction of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Mr. Grenville Kane will act as Mr. Redmond's representative on Ailsa, and he may be accompanied by Mr. Paul Eve Stevenson, well known to yachtsmen as the author of several books on sea life.

The 70-footer Virginia is also receiving extensive repairs. Her planking has been ripped off as far aft as the mast, and steel plates have been placed outside the frames under the stringers which extend forward to the stem. She will be replanked with two thicknesses of yellow pine, and when the work is completed she will be stiff and rigid and in good shape for a season's racing. Virginia was the only one of the four "seventies" that was not strengthened before.

The yard is filled with many interesting and famous boats, principal among them being Reliance. Close by are the three largest and best known yawls in the world—Sybarita, Ailsa and Vigilant. With these three fine vessels lying so close together, one has an excellent opportunity to compare the work of three of the world's famous designers—Watson, Fife and Herreshoff.

Boston Letter.

ANNUAL MEETING OF Y. R. A. OF M.—The annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will be held at Young's Hotel on Thursday evening, March 16. Several important amendments will come up for the consideration of delegates at this meeting. One of these provides that the judges must hail a yacht which has crossed the line before the gun, but that failure to recall shall not relieve the yacht from recrossing. Such an amendment, in view of the fact that the rules at present put the obligation on the judges of recalling a yacht which has crossed the line. It being assumed that the judges have the intention of enforcing the rules governing starts, it may be inferred that failure on the part of judges to recall a yacht that has actually crossed the line too soon is because those judges did not actually see the transgression. This being the case, a protest by another yacht will result in a question of veracity between two skippers, or if the transgressor did not really believe his yacht to have crossed before gunfire, a question of fact; and consequently a hard one for any board of judges to decide. It is proposed to adopt a new class to be known as Class H, to conform to the limits of the Catboat Association. The association was formed to preserve the interest in the Cape cat by providing classification for this type of boat in the general racing throughout the bay. Another amendment proposes to strike out Classes D, 25-footers; S, 21-footers, and X, 15-footers. From what has been shown in the racing of the past two or three years the elimination of these classes from the lists of the Association is in keeping with the practical conditions that are now known to exist. Class D, 25-footers, was intended, as were all of the former restricted classes of the Y. R. A., to provide for a wholesome type of cruising boat. The manner in which loose places in the restrictions were taken advantage of was evidenced in the boats that were built to race in this class during the season of 1903. The warning for this class, given by the tendencies in it and in other classes in previous years, were deliberately set aside, and boats that were nothing more or less than freak racers were built. While it is, perhaps, unfortunate that these productions of 1903 were not given opportunities of racing as Y. R. A. 25-footers last season, such an ending to the class appeared inevitable to all lovers of good form in boats who looked upon the matter in an impartial light. So far as any future development of 25-footers under the rules by which these last boats were built, is simply impossible, for sane yachtsmen will not build new boats. One of the boats now in existence is so far superior to the others in point of speed, that no sport can be obtained from racing the others with her. So, for all practical purposes the class has died a natural death, and may as well be stricken from the lists of the Association now as any other time. The Little Haste gave all the warning that was necessary in Class S, 21-footers, during the season of 1902, and since that time the class has not been raced. Those owners in the class, who were fortunate enough to have boats that were not so extreme, sold them, and these boats are now scattered along the coast and inland. No yachtsman will build under the rules that then governed the class, and so the proposed amendment to strike it from the lists comes in natural sequence.

Class X, of 15-footers, was an unrestricted class, for which no boats have been built for several years, and has been practically forgotten as a factor in Massachusetts Bay yachting. There is at present a restricted class limited to 15ft. waterline for which a few boats were built last season, and still fewer new ones during the present winter. The class, a new one, has not developed with any great furor, but it is better than the old one, which it was intended to succeed, and so the old one must go. The new uniform rule of measurement for rating is to be considered at this meeting, and is likely to be discussed at length. With the passing of the before-mentioned classes, the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts is somewhat bare of classes under its direct control, although it does have jurisdiction over classes that are directly controlled by associations of their own. So the Association is in the best position it could be to adopt the new universal rule. If this is done, it is likely that it will only be after considerable discussion, for there are many yachtsmen who are opposed to the rule, whether or not they have studied what types are possible under it.

BOSTON Y. C. SMOKER.—A smoker will be held at the town house of the Boston Y. C., Rowe's Wharf, on Friday evening, March 17. Mr. Louis M. Clark will be the speaker of the evening. He will give a talk on the New Uniform Measurement Rule, illustrating his remarks by blackboard sketches. Mr. Clark is one of the best men who could advocate the new rule for the club, as he has made a deep study of it and is familiar with all of its possibilities. He was one of the committee to represent the Eastern Y. C. at the conferences, which resulted in a more or less general adoption of the rule, and he has been a most ardent advocate of its adoption throughout Massachusetts Bay. The adoption of the rule was discussed at the last meeting of the Boston Y. C., and a compromise was made by the vote to race the handicap classes of the club under the rule during the coming season. Mr. Clark desired an opportunity to present the benefits of the rule at greater length than was possible at the meeting, so that the members might understand it more fully, and he suggested the smoker for the purpose, which suggestion met with the approval of the majority.

CHANGES IN PLANS OF MR. R. A. RAINEY'S SCHOONER.—It has been decided to change the measurements of Mr. Roy A. Rainey's new schooner, which is to be built at Lawley's from designs by Mr. A. S. Chesebrough, assisted by Mr. Fred D. Lawley. It was originally intended to have the waterline length of this schooner 90ft., but it has been decided to change that measurement to 95ft. This is said not to be because of any possibility in classification, but rather to obtain more room, cruising accommodations being the main feature of the yacht. On account of the change in waterline length, the over-all length has been in-

creased to 136ft. 3in. The breadth of 25ft. 6in. and the draft of 14ft. will not be changed. The schooner's displacement is about 170 tons, and her sail area is 9,400 sq. ft., which is comparatively small.

ELMINA II. TO BE LAUNCHED SOON.—The 90ft. schooner *Elmina II.*, designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith and Ferris, is nearing completion at Lawley's, and it is expected that she will be launched in about ten days. There will still be considerable finishing up to do about the deck and in the cabins, but this can be done while she is afloat at the dock. Over the plating there was placed a complete covering of specially prepared cement, which served as a priming coat, and the work of painting is now going on. *Elmina II.* is 125ft. over all, 87ft. waterline, 25ft. breadth and 15ft. 6in. draft. She will carry about 10,000 sq. ft. of sail.

MOTORBOAT SHOW OPENED.—The Motorboat Show, which is being held in connection with the automobile show in Mechanics' Building, was successfully opened Saturday evening. It is estimated that there were in the neighborhood of 15,000 people present. The show is quite an extensive one, and will undoubtedly furnish lots of information to power boat men of the present, as well as of the future. The exhibits take up an immense amount of space and include showings from some of the most prominent builders of hulls, engines and equipment in the country.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

BOSTON, March 18.

The Boston Power Boat Show.

MECHANICS' HALL was crowded to suffocation last Saturday, 11th inst., at the opening night of the Automobile and Power Boat Show. At 7:30 there was a large gathering of people on Huntington avenue awaiting the opening of the doors. There were no season card tickets issued, and everyone, exhibitors and press representatives as well, had to give up a ticket or coupon. When these were counted up on Sunday the number was found to be in excess of 47,000.

The power boat end of the show was in unexpected proportions. The large number of engines and boats of all descriptions was something wonderful. There were fully twice as many engines and fully six to eight times as many boats as were exhibited at New York. On the main floor there were but two boats exhibited, the greater part being on the lower or basement floor. Unlike the New York show, owing to insurance regulations, no engines were run except those operated by gas or kerosene. This made easier work for demonstrators, and harder for those who had to explain the engines in detail.

Geo. Lawley & Son Corporation, South Boston, had a 64ft. boat on the floor, designed by Arthur Binney, 70 Kilby street, Boston, for Mr. C. H. Clark, Jr., of Philadelphia. Boat will be named *Hupa*, and power is the six cylinder Standard engine, which was exhibited at the New York show. *Hupa* is a high speed autoboat of exceptionally fine lines, and shows to excellent advantage.

On the whole, the boats exhibited were very creditable. The power dories and cruising launches attracted rather more attention than the more radical type of high speed craft.

Very many manufacturers of engines did not show at New York, while several exhibited at both places.

Next week we will give our readers a description of the exhibits and exhibitors directly associated with yachting and power boating. The total number of exhibitors being approximately 250, makes the undertaking somewhat arduous; but luckily there are a good many automobile exhibitors, which will reduce the number to be reported.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

EAGLE AND CYRILLA SOLD.—The following sales have been made through Mr. Stanley M. Seaman's agency: The knockabout *Vanage*, by Mr. J. W. Nelson, of Brooklyn, to Mr. Parker Vanamee, of Newburgh, N. Y.; and the cruising yawl *Cyrilla*, by Mr. W. D. Turner, of Boston, Mass., to Mr. E. B. Newell, of New York. She was designed by Mr. Isaac B. Mills and built by W. B. Smith, at Quincy, Mass., in 1901. *Cyrilla* is 40ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 5ft. draft. Mr. Newell will bring the boat around the Cape himself some time during the spring.

SCHOONER FLEETWING NOW A HOUSEBOAT.—The old schooner *Fleetwing* was purchased some time ago by Mr. Charles D. Vail, and under his direction was converted into a houseboat. The boat's spars, masts and interior fittings were all removed and sold. In the future she will be used on the Shrewsbury River by her new owner. *Fleetwing* was a keel boat 126ft. 4in. over all, 104ft. 9in. waterline, 23ft. 10in. breadth and 12ft. draft. She was built at Van Dusen's yard, New York, in 1865, for Mr. Frank Osgood.

SCHOONER FORTUNA NOW A FISHERMAN.—The well-known schooner *Fortuna* was sold a short time ago by Mr. Henry R. Walcott, New York Y. C., to a southern concern who have made some changes on the boat in order to make her more suitable for fishing, for she is to be used for that purpose in the future. The vessel was examined when the transfer was made and her hull was found to be perfectly sound, and the only work of importance done on her was to reduce her rig. *Fortuna* was built in 1883 by C. & R. Poillon, of Brooklyn, N. Y., from plans by Mr. A. Cary Smith.

BOAT FOR HARMSWORTH CUP RACE.—Mr. E. R. Thomas will have a 40ft. power boat built from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and she will probably start in the races for the Harmsworth Cup next season. The boat will be equipped with an eight cylinder 150 horsepower Smith & Mabley Simplex engine. Messrs. Smith & Mabley guarantee that the boat will make 30 miles an hour; otherwise Mr. Thomas will not be asked to accept the boat.

RACING BOAT FOR COMMODORE PRICE, CHICAGO Y. C.—Last year there was built at Wood's Yard, City Island, a racing 21-footer for some Detroit yachtsmen. She was known as *Ste. Claire*, and was designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. *Ste. Claire* was the Detroit Country Club's entry in the races at Chicago for the Lipton Cup last season, and she won the series handily. The Chicago yachtsmen are making every effort to win back the trophy next season, and Commodore Price, of the Chicago Y. C., has ordered a 21-footer from Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, the designers of *Ste. Claire*. The new boat will be built by the Electric Launch Company, of Bayonne, N. J., and is 31ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. over all, 21ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth, 6ft. draft, and will carry 850 sq. ft. of sail in the mainsail and jib. The boat will be double planked, and she will be fitted with hollow spars.

RACE FROM MIAMI TO NASSAU.—Considerable interest is being taken by the racing enthusiasts in the plans for an ocean race of 150 miles across the Gulf Stream that has been projected for next winter. The idea is to start the race from Miami, Fla., and run to Nassau, New Providence, in the Bahamas. On this trip the boats would practically enter harbor immediately after crossing the forty-two miles of the Gulf Stream, and as that current of warm water would be crossed at right angles, the race would be a much less strenuous one than would be a race to Cuba, in which the boats would have to race against the current of the Gulf Stream.

RACE FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO CALAIS.—Advices from Calais state that a motorboat race from Southampton to Calais will take place on July 14, and that on the following day there will be a similar race from Calais to Ramsgate, the races being under the auspices of the British and French Automobile Clubs.

EXPRESS II. SOLD TO W. R. PROCTOR.—Mr. Morton F. Plant has sold his steam yacht *Express II.* to Mr. William Ross Proctor through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones. *Express II.* is 90ft. over all, 10ft. 6in. breadth, and 3ft. 6in. draft. She is similar in appearance to *Scout*, *Mirage* and *Tramp*, and can do better than 20 miles. The boat is now at Bristol, but will soon come to the westward. She will be overhauled at the Jacob yard, City Island. *Express II.* will be used as a tender to Mr. Ross' 70-footer *Mineola*, and her name will be changed.

CHRISTENSEN TO COMMAND MINEOLA.—Chris Christensen, Captain Charles Barr's right-hand man, will command *Mineola* while Captain Barr is away on Atlantic in the ocean race. When Captain Barr returns, he will take charge of *Mineola* and Christensen will act as mate.

SPRINGFIELD Y. C. INCORPORATED.—The Springfield Y. C. of Brooklyn, has secured articles of incorporation and the paper has been filed with the county clerk. The incorporators are Henry Kahl, 206 Woodbine street; Jacob Port, 249 Montrose avenue; Paul C. Schmidt, 470 Hamburg avenue; Charles Ougheltree, 315 Nostrand avenue, and Henry Liebst, 196 Ralph street. The club burgee will be red, white and blue, the latter color forming the field of the pennant, with a broad red stripe running lengthwise through the center and with three white stars in a line. The new organization expects to acquire property suitable for a club house.

ANNUAL MEETING GRAVESEND BAY Y. R. A.—The annual meeting of the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. was held at the Assembly, Brooklyn, on the evening of March 8. Seven delegates from the various clubs belonging to the Association were present. The new measurement rule was adopted, so that all the racing at Gravesend will be under one rule.

NEW YORK Y. C. RACING SCHEDULE.—The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C., composed of Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, H. de B. Parsons and Ernest E. Lorillard, have laid out the following schedule:

Tuesday, May 30.—The spring cups, off New York Y. C. station No. 10, Glen Cove; open to all regular and special classes.

Saturday, June 17.—Annual regattas; open to all regular classes.

Saturday, July 8.—The Glen Cove cups, off New York Y. C. station No. 10, Glen Cove; open to all regular and special classes and classes too small for enrollment.

Saturday, September 9.—The autumn cups, off New York Y. C. station No. 10, Glen Cove, open to all regular and special classes and classes too small for enrollment.

The annual cruise will start early in August, and the fleet will probably go around the Eastern Y. C. boats, and the combined fleets will proceed eastward to Bar Harbor.

BRISTOL Y. C. OCEAN RACE.—The Race Committee of the Bristol Y. C. have arranged for an ocean race for small craft during the coming season. The start will be off the club house Saturday afternoon, July 1, at 5 o'clock, the course to be down the East Passage of Narragansett Bay, out to sea, past Block Island, to and around the black buoy on Great Eastern Rock, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Montauk Point; thence back to the Bristol Y. C. house, a distance of about 95 miles. The sailing lights along the course, Beaver Tail, Point Judith, Block Island and Montauk, near the turn, are of the first order, and will materially assist the navigators.

The race is to be sailed under the racing rules of the Bristol Y. C., with certain restrictions or requirements as to cruising outfit to be carried.

Yachts will be measured for racing length according to the rules of the Bristol Y. C., and time allowance fixed by the Herreshoff table. In addition to the time allowance as thus determined, yachts will receive an arbitrary handicap, which will be intended to put boats of a cruising or old-fashioned type on an equal footing with boats of a more pronounced racing type. Ac-

According to these conditions sloops, yawls and catboats would race in one class, each being allowed to carry the sails allowed by the Bristol Y. C.'s racing rules, for which the boat had been measured.

The race will be open, without entrance fee, to any yacht under 31ft. l.w.l., measured without crew aboard, and belonging to any recognized yacht club. The first prize is to be a specially designed solid silver cup, to be known as the Bristol-Montauk Cup, to go to the winner of the race to be held permanently. Second, third and special prizes will be offered if the number of starters warrants. In addition, suitable pennants will be awarded to every yacht that completes the course. The other regular open races of the Bristol Y. C. will be held Saturday, June 24, one during the week of the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A., and Saturday, Sept. 9.

BROOKLYN Y. C. OCEAN RACE.—Provided the 40ft. sloop *Lively* of the Capital Y. C., Washington, D. C., meets with the requirements, she will be entered for the Brooklyn Y. C.'s ocean challenge cup race to Hampton Roads, Va., June 29, 1905. Great interest is taken in this race all along the east coast. Several of the New England yacht clubs have signified their intention of joining in the Brooklyn Y. C.'s annual cruise, which starts shortly after the racers for the same destination. The Hampton Roads Y. C. is arranging for a gala week beginning July 3. Regattas for the visiting yachtsmen and various other entertainments are being planned.

THE 52-FOOTER AT BRISTOL.—The most important work of construction at the Herreshoff shops at Bristol is the fine 52-rater, designed and built for Mrs. Turner Farley, of London. The new sloop is nearly ready for launching, and will probably go into the water in about a fortnight. She is something over 70ft. over all, and is of deep draft. The interior accommodations are ample for a craft of her size, including two saloons and commodious quarters for the officers and crew. She will be commanded by Capt. Fred Stokes, of Tollesbury, Eng., who arrived in Bristol about a week ago. Capt. Stokes is a young man, but he has had a lot of racing experience, both in the smaller classes on the Solent and the Thames, and in more important events in German waters. Last year he was skipper of the 20-rater *Nebula*, which boat captured a number of prizes in England and Germany. After the trials the new sloop will be sailed from Bristol to New York and there transferred to the deck of an Atlantic liner for London, about the largest boat ever to be transported in this manner.

NEW HOME FOR RHODE ISLAND Y. C.—At the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Y. C., held recently, the directors were authorized to proceed with the construction of the proposed club house at Prudence Island. The land necessary for the purpose was purchased the latter part of February and comprises a tract 300ft. deep and with a water frontage of 360ft. The new club house is to replace the former Potter's Cove house, which was about a half mile north of the new site and was lost to the club through a transfer of that entire section of the island. The new rendezvous will be called the "Prudence Island Station." Dr. F. T. Rogers was re-elected Commodore for the ensuing year, and the other officers elected were as follows: Vice-Com., William Halkyard; Rear-Com., W. O. Todd; Sec'y, and Treas., George E. Darling; Measrs., S. C. Burlingame and F. S. Nock; Directors-at-Large, F. P. Eddy, H. E. Barlow and G. H. Huddy, Jr.; Regatta Committee, F. A. Barnes, G. W. Evans, F. S. Nock, C. L. Dunbar and Samuel Gee; Committee on Admissions, E. L. Fuller, F. L. Davenport, E. M. Clark, W. B. Wood, G. R. Alexander; House Committee, W. W. Bloomer, A. L. Young, H. B. Wright; Potter's Cove Committee, G. E. Darling, B. W. Comstock, B. L. Barnes; Social Committee, C. G. Easton, S. C. Burlingame, A. G. Pearce, J. B. Sweet, Jr., and E. L. Clark; delegates to represent club in the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A., F. A. Barnes, G. W. Evans and F. S. Nock.

The following named people have written us asking for catalogues of engines exhibited at the Motor Boat and Sportsman's Show, as described in our columns. Manufacturers should see that their requests are complied with: B. P. Woodford, Dixon, Ill., and Frank P. McFarland, P. O. Drawer 672, New Orleans, La.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. East, Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.
Executive Committee—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York; E. M. Underhill, Box 262, Yonkers, N. Y.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Commodore—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg.
Purser—J. C. Milsom, 736 Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Executive Committee—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.; H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—D. S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Rear-Commodore—Wm. W. Crosby, 8 Court St., Woburn, Mass.
Purser—William E. Stanwood, Wellesley, Mass.
Executive Committee—Wm. J. Ladd, 18 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.; F. W. Notman, Box 2344, Boston, Mass.; O. C. Cunningham, care E. Teel & Co., Medford, Mass.; Edw. B. Stearns, Box 63, Manchester, N. H.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 James St., Montreal, Can.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto, Ont.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Charles J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—George O. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I, Section 1, of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Amendments.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Kindly publish the proposed amendments to the "Racing Regulations of the American Canoe Association" as per Rule XIII of the Racing Regulations. The Racing Board would be pleased to receive from the members, their objections and comments on same.

H. LANSING QUICK,
Chairman Racing Board.

Amend Rule XIII to read as follows: The paddle shall not be used in sailing races, except for steering, when no rudder is used, or when rudder is disabled, for back strokes to leeward, in tacking, or for shoving off when aground, afoul of anything or in extreme dangers, as from a passing steamer or from a squall.

Note.—The above wording is the same as the rule was until 1890, when it was amended to read as it now does.

Amend Rule III.—Third paragraph to read as follows: The crew of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the programme of the regatta states to the contrary.

Add new Rule XXIII.—Tilting Tournament: In the tilting tournament, when more than two crews are entered, they shall be paired off in heats by drawing lots.

The contestants must use open canoes. In selecting canoes for the contest, the Regatta Committee must select the two most unstable boats obtainable within the A. C. A. classification and place the sparsman as far forward as possible, the object being to make it a test of skill in spearing and balancing, rather than one of strength.

The tilting poles to be not less than 7, nor more than 9ft. long. The Regatta Committee will furnish tilting poles.

The canoes to pass each other to starboard in engaging, no back thrusts allowed, sparsman to stand when within sparring distance. Only the padded end of spear to be used, and this for pushing or thrusting only. If a canoe is pushed or pulled with the spear, it will be counted a foul.

Voluntary or forced squatting, kneeling, sitting down or taking hold of opponent's spear will be called a foul.

A crew getting five fouls, called by the judges, forfeits its heat.

Change number of Rule XXIII to XXIV.

Change number of Rule XXIV to XXV.

Change number of Rule XXV to XXVI.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership:
Western Division—George O. Groll, of Cleveland, O.
Atlantic Division—Carleton N. Bonfils, of New York City; Frank Fell, of Trenton, N. J.
Eastern Division—Emil Roth, of Providence, R. I.; H. W. Brown, of Newport, N. H.
FREDERIC G. MATHER, Treas.

It is essential that all members of the A. C. A. pay their dues before April 1, as the lists will then be made out for the Year Book, and the names of members who have not paid will be dropped.
FREDERIC G. MATHER,
Treasurer.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.

The Indoor Championship Match.

A NUMBER of years ago the management of the Sportsmen's Show, held annually in Madison Square Garden, New York city, decided to include a rifle tournament as one of the attractions of the affair. The management of this tournament was placed in the hands of a number of well-known shooters, who carried it through with credit to themselves and to the Association. Other tournaments were held at these shows, but finally the feature was dropped, and the show management declined to support it another year. This decision was received with genuine regret by the riflemen of this city and vicinity, and of other States as well, for they had come to take a great deal of interest in the 100-shot indoor championship matches, and wanted to take part in other ones like them.

For a while no steps were taken to provide for a continuance of the affair; but finally the Zettler Rifle Club, one of the oldest organizations of its kind in the United States, and one which is honored everywhere by riflemen, stepped forward and declared that if the show management would not promote the tournament, it would, provided the riflemen would support it and see that the club would not be compelled to take on its shoulders not only all of the hard work, but all of the expense as well.

This was a nice thing, and a bold one, for a club to do, and had it been a younger organization, or composed of less influential men in the business and professional walks of life, its decision

might have been accepted with ridicule, its tournaments been poorly attended, and the result a worse condition of affairs than before. But riflemen knew that the Zettler Rifle Club usually knew what it was talking about when it made a proposition, and the first tournament it held was successful; not as much so as it deserved, for some regarded it as an experiment, and others said that, whereas the Garden tournaments had been shot at 100 feet, more or less, this one must be shot at 75, the full length of the Zettler range, and that comparisons of total scores would amount to nothing. But the second affair drew a large attendance, and each year has witnessed a steady gain in the number of contestants, until the one of which we are writing, with its showing of upward of one hundred contestants and its fifty men who finished scores of 100 shots each.

In one respect these tournaments are slightly different from those held at different times elsewhere. Until the present year telescope sights were barred, and nothing but .22cal. short cartridges could be used. This year any rifle and any form of sights were allowed, but still there was the restriction to short cartridges only. This is necessary, as the ranges are in a thickly populated part of the city, where noise is objected to at night. Allowing all .22cal. cartridges to be shot might increase the list of contestants slightly, but it is not regarded as good policy to do this. The short cartridges to be bought in the open market ten years ago were much less accurate than those obtainable to-day, however. It seems to be conceded that, while the ammunition is almost perfect, or capable of keeping on or within the 25-ring at 75 feet, in 100 consecutive shots, the limit of the shooter's holding ability is being crowded year by year until future tournaments may see few changes in the total scores. Certainly it will be difficult for any man to hold better than did Mr. Ittel, and many persons seem to think that 2475 is the limit. Time will tell.

Meanwhile, a goodly measure of credit is due the ammunition makers, and the men who perfect rifles that will place 100 consecutive shots in so small a group if held properly. And, finally, the telescope makers whose glasses surely aid the marksmen in seeing clearly where he is holding, although no glass will make a good shot out of a man who cannot hold well, albeit with practice he may come to do better shooting than with non-magnifying sights. At any rate, this match has created an increased demand for rifle telescopes, already being adopted very rapidly of late years by squirrel and woodchuck hunters and by many marksmen. Mr. Ittel corroborates the statements of other riflemen, who have always claimed that using telescope sights helped them to shoot better, but he says—and we wish to emphasize the truism—that not all forms of diaphragms will suit every shooter, and he must learn by experiment whether he can do his best work with crosshairs, an aperture, or a pinhead. Mr. Ittel informed the writer that he could not hold the simple crosshairs well in target shooting, he preferring the double crosshairs—that is, two horizontal and two vertical wires. Other shooters do their best work with a simple stem, and still others with a true aperture diaphragm. For a long time mountings did not keep pace with the telescopes, but these have improved until it is possible to have these in a variety of forms, some of them permitting the owner to remove the tube entirely and attach it again at will without in the least disturbing the perfect alignment of the sights.

We cannot give too much credit for the success of this, one of the greatest tournaments ever held in the United States, to the famous old Zettler Rifle Club, its president and its hard-working officers. Taking on their shoulders the responsibility for an affair of this sort is more or less of a thankless task for any shooting committee, but it must be said that there was nothing during the fortnight this tournament lasted to mar its success. Good nature and the keenest rivalry went hand in hand; but always Charles and Barney Zettler were here, there and everywhere, looking after the comfort of the shooters, answering a thousand and one questions and keeping the shooting in progress without the least friction of any kind. Secretary Hecking had his hands full, but proved the right man for the place, while the other officers and members did all in their power to make the shoot the record-breaker it proved to be.

Last week we gave the standing of contestants up to Monday night, March 6. Mention of happenings from day to day thereafter until the close of the tournament follows:

Daily Standings.

Friday night, March 3, the best scores so far finished were as follows: Best bullseyes, in degrees, Gus Zimmermann, 21½, and H. D. Muller, 22½. Felix Kost had the most bullseyes, 60; second man was C. Ludwig, with 51. Mr. Ludwig was also high on the Zimmermann trophy target, with 30, 30. R. Gute then had five perfect scores of 75 points on the ring target, H. M. Thomas being second with two 75s and two 74s. E. H. Van Zandt was high on the 100-shot championship target, with a total of 2402.

On Monday, March 6, considerable shooting was done, the ranges being occupied all of the time until 6 o'clock, at which time R. Gute finished his 100-shot score which broke the record made by L. P. Ittel in 1903, 2457 out of the possible 2500 points. Mr. Gute kept up his high average throughout his shooting, and finished with 2466, leaving the other contestants with a hard nut to crack. But the advocates of the telescope sights were pleased, for Mr. Gute used a telescope in all his shooting. Other high men and their scores this day were: Ring target, R. Gute, with five possibles; Zimmermann target, G. Ludwig, 30, 30. Best bullseye, R. Bendler, 18 degrees, and most bullseyes, Felix Yost, 60.

On Tuesday, L. P. Ittel came over from Pittsburg, and Harry M. Pope from Springfield, Mass. Those using telescope sights so far were L. C. Buss, R. Gute, H. M. Pope, L. P. Ittel, F. L. Smith, J. T. Humphrey and Michael Dorrier. The latter afterward removed his glass. George Schlicht, the veteran of countless matches, finished his 100-shot score, using two different rifles, with a total of 2402. Messrs. Thomas, Hubalek, Louden-sack, Gabriel, Worn, Young, Ludwig, Meyer, Morris, Muller, Keller, Jr., Schwanemann and Kittler also finished their long scores. Mr. Ludwig was still high on the Zimmermann target, Gute remained top man in the championship and ring matches, Bendler had not been beaten for best bullseye, and Ludwig had rolled up a few more bullseyes and had 90, the highest number so far, to his credit. From this time on things warmed up rapidly.

Wednesday morning the bulletin showed that F. Herpers had completed his championship score with a total of 2322, while Haze Keller had 2312. H. F. Barning, L. C. Buss, L. P. Ittel, W. A. Tewes, H. M. Pope, P. J. O'Hare and Charles Zettler, Jr., finished two or more scores on the ring target, on which Gute was still high man. G. Ludwig was still high on the Zimmermann target, R. Bendler had the best bullseye, Ludwig had the most bullseyes so far, and the newcomers had very much of an uphill game before them. Fred C. Ross, the old champion, came over from Springfield, Mass., during the day, and W. H. French, at

one time an active member of the Leadville, Colo., Rifle Club, and Dr. W. G. Hudson, of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, were among those who tried their skill during the day. Outside, the rain and dull skies served to make the attendance good, and the ranges were crowded during shooting hours.

The bulletin Thursday morning showed that P. J. Donovan had completed his championship score with a total of 2374, while H. C. Zettler finished with 2368. A. F. Laudensack had the most bullseyes, 117; while L. P. Ittel had 45 so far, and two scores of 74 and three of 73 on the ring target. H. F. Barning, W. A. Tewes, H. M. Pope, Charles Zettler, Jr., P. J. O'Hare had also added scores to the ring target list, with Gute still high man on the 100-shot, second for best bullseye, third on the Zimmermann target, and well along on the bullseye target. This was a short day, as the ranges were closed at 7 o'clock, while the rain did not serve to raise the spirits of the contestants. Toward the close Stephen Van Allen, who had been giving exhibitions of fancy shooting in Madison Square Garden, came over and tried his skill with the target rifle, and Michael Dorrier, the old champion, shot along with the rest and helped to keep shooting lively.

Friday was a beautiful day, bright and warm, and, while there was but one more day to shoot, nearly all of the contestants rested during the afternoon, most of them going to some of the theatres, so that by 4 o'clock the ranges were almost deserted. Shooting during the evening was lively, however, but nearly all had finished their 100-shot strings by this time, and more time was devoted to visiting among these friends from many States, who meet but seldom, and generally at matches of this kind. Mr. Ludwig was still high man on the Zimmermann target, Mr. Gute's score was still good for first place on the 100-shot match, but Dr. Hudson made a splendid showing against the heavy odds by rolling up 2458 points, or one point higher than the previous record. William A.

fearful odds against him, and win handsomely; but the temperament of these two men differs widely, Mr. Ittel seemingly taking matters very coolly, but hanging on with bulldog tenacity until he wins or loses. Of late years he has not lost many matches, and as he is still a younger man than many of the old champions, one wonders what he will have up his sleeve the next time. After dinner Saturday night, one of his Pittsburg friends, in sending him congratulations by wire, asked what he had done with the other 32 points, and if he uses a few more to swell the total of his next championship string, it will hardly surprise his friends.

Louis P. Ittel scored 2451 points in the championship match of 1900, which Fred C. Ross won. In 1901 Mr. Ittel scored 2458

ring target. Messrs. Thomas, Clock and Dorrier divided second, third going to Dr. Stillman and Mr. Tewes, fourth to Messrs. Kronsberg and Conti, while fifth was divided between Messrs. Laudensack, Minervini, Hubalek, Buss, Muth, Owen Smith, Glenn, Ross and Hansen. The premiums on this target were then given out, Mr. Gute taking first, while Messrs. Dearborn, Geisel, Ittel and Pope divided the rest.

The prizes on the bullseye target were distributed as follows: First, R. Bendler; second, L. P. Ittel; third, fourth and fifth, Messrs. Muth, Gute and Stillman divided; sixth went to J. W. Dearborn, and seventh to H. D. Miller; eighth and ninth were divided by Messrs. Kittler and Zimmermann; tenth was handed Mr. Hubalek; eleventh to Mr. Clock; Messrs. Laudensack, Ross and Schlicht divided twelfth to fifteenth inclusive; Messrs. Pope and Dorrier divided the next two prizes; eighteenth to twenty-first inclusive went to Messrs. Vogel, F. A. and H. C. Young and Kronsberg; C. Meyer took twenty-second prize and R. Busse the next one, while the last two went to Messrs. Kost, F. L. Smith and Schwanemann. The premiums came next, they being taken by Messrs. Laudensack, Ludwig and Zimmermann respectively.

Although not a little cash had changed hands up to this time, the table still contained more, and what seemed to prove almost equally tempting, a number of fine merchandise prizes, worth several hundred dollars all told. Mr. Muller called for order and threw a few bouquets at Louis P. Ittel, complimenting him roundly on his spunk in telling his Pittsburg friends—as he assumed—that he was coming over to try to win the championship again; in going in with the determination of beating Mr. Gute's score, and in finally winning against the heavy odds. He took great pleasure, he said, in pinning on the champion's breast the club's gold championship medal, but in calling for three cheers



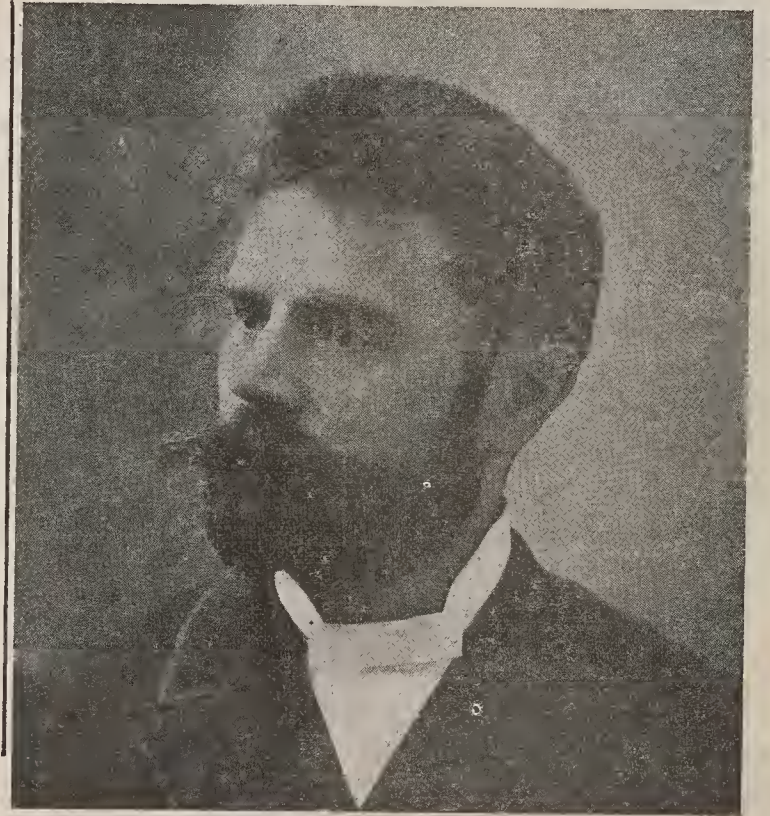
MR. LOUIS P. ITTEL, PITTSBURG.
The Champion—2468 out of a possible 2500 points.

points, and was the winner. Again he won in 1902, with 2457 points. Louis C. Buss tied his score in 1903 and won, Ittel scoring 2455. Last year his total was 2459, and 2468 this year. His average for the six championship matches is 2458, a truly wonderful showing.

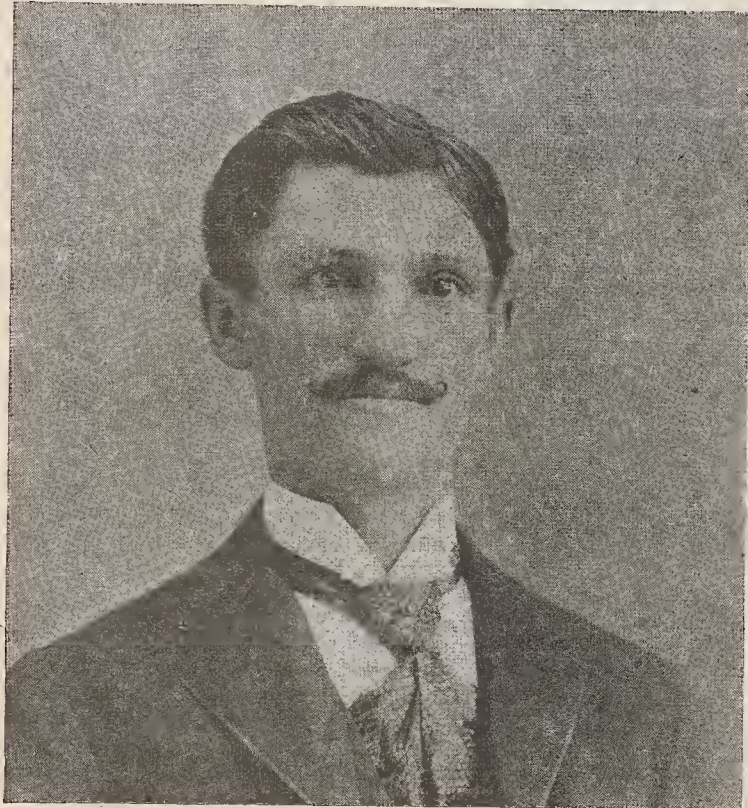
Dr. Walter G. Hudson, whose strong point is outdoor shooting, but still a hard man to beat at any shooting game, won third place with a total of 2458 points, with Fred C. Ross in fourth place, with 2455, and genial William A. Tewes fifth, while Harry Pope and Dr. Stillman were tied with 2447. J. E. Kelley, one of the best shots of the old Massachusetts Rifle Association, of Boston, and winner of one of the National Schuetzen Bund tournaments at Glendale, L. I., came over to take a hand in the game, and acquitted himself with great credit, his total being 2444. Michael Dorrier, the veteran from Greenville, and Louis P. Hansen, his opponent in hundreds of matches, scored 2443 and 2423 respectively. Theodore R. Geisel, of Springfield, pulled his score up a great many points after starting in bad with four targets, counting less than 120, and he was one of the last to shoot on other targets, after the sale of tickets had closed on Saturday night.

After the Tournament Had Closed.

No shooting tickets were sold after 9 o'clock Saturday night, and at 10 shooting stopped. Thereupon H. D. Muller, chairman; F. Hecking, secretary; Barney Zettler, shooting master, and E. H. Van Zandt, corresponding secretary, got together and arranged the winners' scores and the prizes. The tables in the club room were cleared, the prizes placed on them in most tempting fashion, chairs were drawn up, and Bullseye Muller, the chairman, and always master of ceremonies at events of this kind, rapped for order. In the interest of the sport of rifle shooting, and in the name of the old Zettler Rifle Club and its president and mem-



MR. RICHARD BENDLER, NEW YORK.
First in Bullseye Target Match.

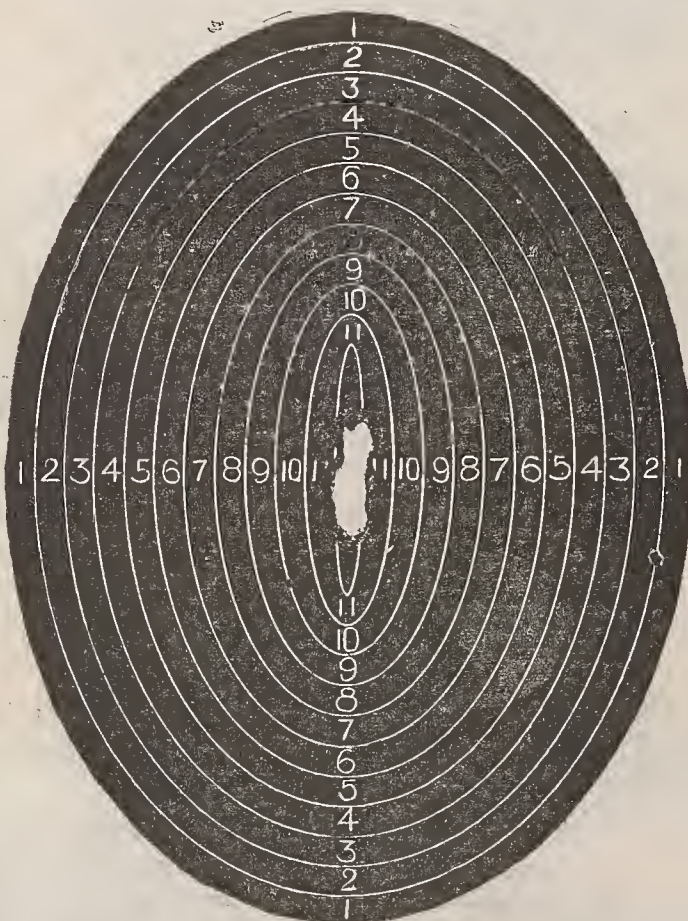


MR. R. GUTE, MIDDLE VILLAGE, N. Y.
Second in Championship Match—2466 out of a possible 2500 points.

Tewes, of Jersey City, quit with 2450 to his credit, while Harry Pope had to be content with 2447. Dr. A. A. Stillman, of Syracuse, partly finished his score, and several others had by this time fired fifty or more shots. So far forty contestants had finished their 100-shot scores, and out of this number, twenty-three scored 2400 points or better, which speaks well for the rifles and ammunition, as well as for the men themselves. It was useless to ask the question often heard at tournaments like this: "How is the ammunition running?" for while all makes of short cartridges were being used, they all seemed to be equally accurate. Stephen Van Allen made a fine showing in view of the fact that he had been doing snap shooting almost every hour from noon to 11 at night in Madison Square Garden, and while he is a splendid all-round rifle shot, it was not to be expected that he could do his best work with a heavy target rifle and peep sights after shooting with a half dozen light rifles and open sights for so many days. He shot much more rapidly than most of the contestants, and was in seventh place at the end of the day.

Mr. Ittel's Great Score.

The only topic during Saturday was Mr. Ittel's great performance. Coming to New York city after it was known to him that Mr. Gute had completed a score higher than any so far made in these annual affairs, and not being in the best of form after an all-night journey on the train, it was considered little short of marvelous that he should start in as he did, with one purpose in view, that of making a better score than 2466 points—and not only accomplish that purpose, but lower all of his own and everybody else's records, with a total of 2468, an average of 246.8 for each ten shots, and with but two shots all told further than three points from the tiny center of the bullseye. And while the rifle-men had said all along that Mr. Gute richly deserved to win the contest, in view of the hard preparatory work he had done, Mr. Ittel's victory was popular with all, as any one could see, so often was he congratulated. Indeed, the fact that thirty-one of the fifty contestants had finished their championship scores with totals of 2400 points or better, and that Mr. Gute and Dr. Hudson had exceeded, while Fred Ross had equalled the records of other years, was almost forgotten in the face of what Ittel had done under such heavy odds. But what he said, when asked by some one what was the highest score he had ever made in practice, was characteristic of the man. He replied that he had never made but one 100-shot score in practice, so far as he could remember, and that he could not seem to shoot well while practicing, as there was no incentive for him to do his best. Another thing, just to show how hard he tries to make perfect scores: In Pittsburg one day another shooter challenged him to a match, in which Mr. Ittel scored 247 points to his opponent's 246, whereupon the latter said, with some show of annoyance, "I suppose, now, if I should make 249, you would make 250." Mr. Ittel merely replied, "I certainly will try to do so." Again they fired ten shots each, and Mr. Ittel got his perfect score of 250, to 249 for his opponent. Fred Ross at one time had the reputation of never being beaten until he had fired his last shot, and many times the writer has seen him start in almost at the eleventh hour, with



MR. R. GUTE'S ZIMMERMANN TROPHY TARGET.

bers, he thanked the gentlemen assembled there for the remarkable interest they had taken in this year's tournament; for the good fellowship that had always existed among them, and for their support of the sport, which made it possible for clubs to hold such affairs. He then announced that the first prize to be given out was the Zimmermann trophy, presented by Gus Zimmermann, the club's president, called for Richard Gute, the winner, and invited Mr. Zimmermann to make the presentation. This was done, the president remarking incidentally that he was sorry more interest had not been taken in this match; that shooters seemed to regard the target as too difficult. He said he wanted to make it as difficult as possible, but he wanted to see more interest taken in it, adding that he was willing to give three or four times as much in prizes, but if he did this, shooters must show their appreciation. The second and third prizes were then handed Messrs. Geisel and Ittel.

The chairman announced that Messrs. Gute, Dearborn, Pope, Ittel and Geisel would divide the first five cash prizes on the

for the winner, and in hearty fashion in which they were given the chairman forgot all about the appendage that rightfully went with the trophy. His attention was called to this, however, and Mr. Ittel chose the Peters trophy, which consisted of \$25 in gold in a plush case. After his response it was doubtful if Mr. Ittel could have made any kind of a score at all, so flustered was he; but he thanked everybody for their good will, and said that he could not explain how he had made his big score; that he simply went in and won.

Richard Gute got a lot of cheers as he was called up again, and selected as his prize in the championship match a beautiful Schuetzen rifle given by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Dr. Hudson chose as his reward an order for a Stevens Schuetzen rifle, No. 52, to be made to his specifications. Fred Ross took \$15 in cash. W. A. Tewes selected the Colt's Patent Firearms Mfg. Co.'s prize, an officer's model revolver. Mr. Pope took \$12 in cash, Dr. Stillman \$10 in cash, Mr. Kelley \$9, Mr. Dorrier \$8. Theodore Geisel selected the silver cup given by the Zettler Rifle Club. The \$7 prize went to Mr. Van Allen; \$6 to Mr. Thomas; \$5 each to Hansen and O'Hare; Mr. French took a Barning rifle action, to be made to his order; Kronsberg, \$4; Laudensack, a Bristol steel fly-rod, given by the Horton Manufacturing Company; Dearborn, Buss, Owen Smith and Barker took \$3 each; Hubalek a set of target sights, given by the Lyman Gunsight Corporation; Barning \$3, and Glenn \$2; F. L. Smith took a Marble axe and cleaning rod, somebody remarking that he needed the axe more than anything else in his business; Gabriel, Schlicht and Worn took \$2 each; Minervini took a set of tools, given by the Ideal Manufacturing Company; McCartney got an order on Schoverling & Welles for 200 loaded shells; H. C. Young chose an order for a case of mineral water. Mr. Muller then called for G. L. Clock, stating that the Zettler Bros. had offered a handsome trophy for the man who failed to win a prize in this match, but whose score was next below that of Mr. McCartney. As Mr. Clock had this score, he offered him the trophy, and three very hearty cheers went along with it.

This wound up the meeting, but all who did not have to catch trains for their distant homes went to the Medallion Hotel as the guests of Gus Zimmermann, who had prepared a substantial lunch for them.

The scores made in the several matches follow:

The Championship Match.

Open to all, 100 shots at 75ft., offhand, with any rifle taking .22 short cartridges, any sights, palm rests, etc., on the regular 25-ring target, with 1/4in. rings. Entrance fee, \$5. Scores to be shot in strings of five shots each, at any time during the tournament. The possible for each five-shot score was 125; for ten shots, 250, and for 100 shots, 2500 points. The prizes were a gold badge, twenty cash prizes and upward of a dozen merchandise prizes. The scores of those who made 2400 points or more are given in detail, and the totals for the rest, as follow:

Louis P. Ittel,	122	121	122	124	124	122	124	123	125	124
Pittsburg, Pa.	121	124	124	123	124	124	124	124	125	124
	243	245	245	247	248	245	248	247	250	249-2493



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



11.—Showing the full target.



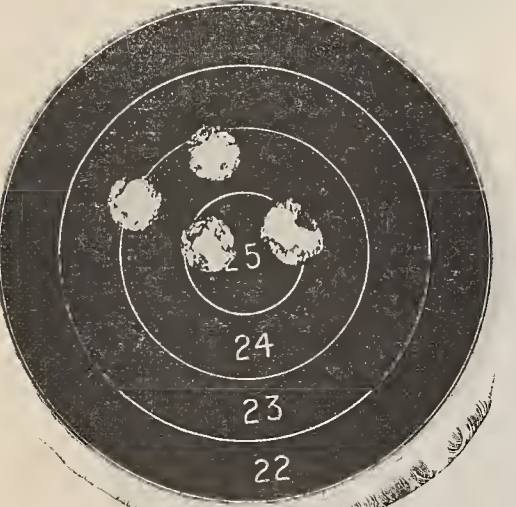
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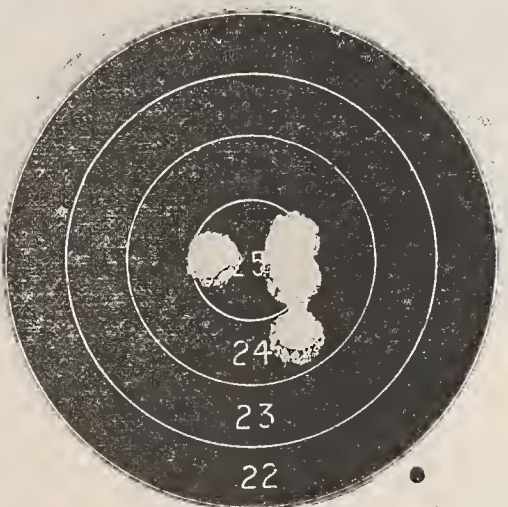
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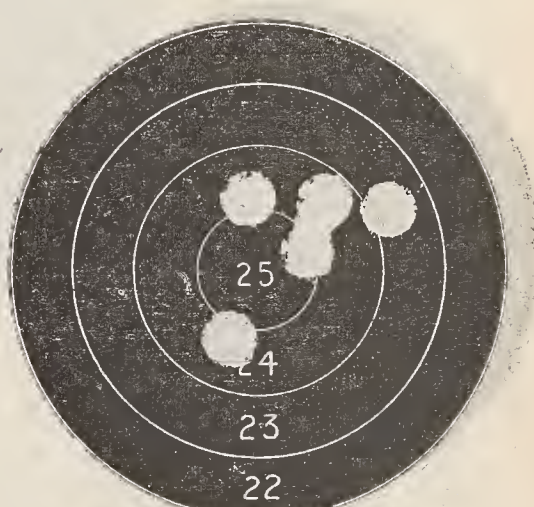
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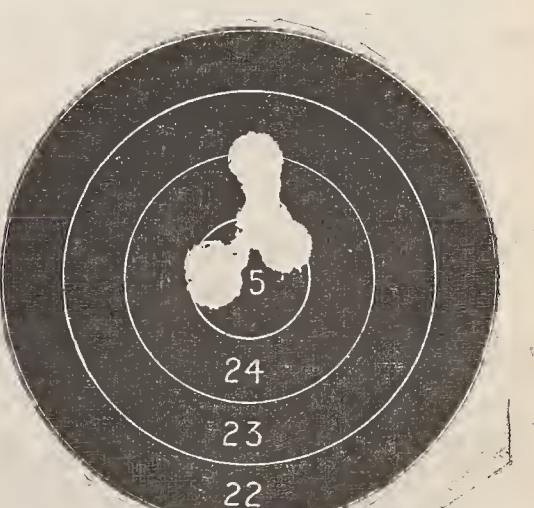
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18



19



20

R. GUTE'S 100-SHOT TARGET.

Score of 2463 out of possible 2500, made by R. Gute, of Middle Village, L. I., at the 100-shot Championship Gallery Match of the Zettler Rifle Club, March 1 to 11, 1905, with Stevens-Pope rifle, Stevens short telescope sight and Winchester .22 short cartridges.



LOUIS P. ITTEL'S RECORD 100-SHOT TARGET.

Record score of 2463 out of possible 2500, made by Louis P. Ittel, Pittsburg, at the 100-shot Championship Gallery Match of the Zettler Rifle Club, March 1 to 11, 1905, with Stevens-Pope rifle, Stevens short telescope sight, and Winchester .22 short cartridges.

R. Gute, Middle Village, L. I.	123	123	122	123	124	125	123	123	123	122	245	247	246	246	248	247	246	247	248	246-2466
Dr W G Hudson, N. Y. City	124	123	122	119	123	122	121	123	124	124	248	245	246	243	247	245	245	247	245	247-2458
F C Ross, Springfield, Mass.	120	121	124	124	122	120	125	124	122	123	241	245	247	247	244	244	249	249	242	247-2455
Wm A Tewes, Jersey City	124	123	123	122	123	121	122	124	123	123	243	245	246	243	247	245	245	246	245	245-2450
H M Pope, Springfield, Mass.	123	123	123	121	122	122	122	123	120	123	244	245	243	245	244	243	244	244	244	244-2447

Dr A A Stillman, Syracuse, N. Y.	122	123	121	121	122	124	123	120	121	122	244	246	245	246	246	247	245	239	244	245-2447
J E Kelley, Boston, Mass.	120	122	125	120	123	124	121	120	124	123	238	244	250	241	247	246	244	241	247	246-2444
M Dorrier, Jersey City	118	122	123	122	123	124	123	124	122	122	238	245	246	244	247	245	244	246	243	245-2443
T R Geisel, Springfield, Mass.	118	119	121	123	123	121	121	121	123	121	237	238	243	247	246	243	245	244	246	245-2434
S M Van Allen, Jamaica, L. I.	122	122	122	120	120	121	123	120	121	124	240	244	245	240	243	244	247	242	242	241-2427

C Zettler, Jr, N Y City	122	123	122	125	121	121	122	120	119	119	243	246	244	245	245	243	244	238	237	239-2424
H W Thomas, New Haven, Ct.	124	120	119	120	122	121	122	121	122	120	247	242	238	240	246	241	242	243	242	242-2423
P J O'Hare, Jersey City	121	121	117	121	123	120	122	120	120	121	244	241	239	245	244	241	245	241	243	240-2423
L P Hansen, Jersey City	121	120	122	120	123	121	121	121	119	123	242	238	241	244	244	242	245	241	240	246-2423
E H Van Zandt, N. Y. City	120	120	120	125	119	123	124	119	121	120	239	245	236	245	242	246	243	233	244	244-2422



MR. R. GUTE'S RING TARGETS.

W H French, Leadville, Colo.	121	119	122	123	122	122	123	122	121	124
	240	236	244	242	242	242	241	244	243	245-2419
A. Laudensack, New Haven, Ct.	120	120	121	125	121	120	124	123	119	118
	241	244	241	242	240	242	244	246	240	233-2418
A. Kronsberg, N Y City	121	120	124	117	119	122	119	121	120	123
	241	241	246	233	238	244	240	243	240	247-2418
J W Dearborn, New Haven	123	120	121	123	120	121	120	121	121	118
	244	239	243	247	240	239	243	243	240	233-2418

L C Buss, N Y City	121	123	122	122	122	123	122	124	117	121
	242	247	244	240	241	247	238	244	230	243-2416
Owen Smith, N Y City	121	122	122	120	123	118	117	124	125	123
	240	246	245	240	241	241	231	242	246	242-2414
W A Barker	117	121	121	117	123	119	122	120	119	124
	238	240	241	238	245	239	246	244	238	243-2412
A Hubalek	119	118	122	122	119	120	124	122	122	122
	239	239	242	240	241	243	242	240	241	244-2411
W E Glenn, Bridgeport, Ct.	116	117	125	121	119	119	119	119	121	122
	240	238	246	244	238	240	239	239	240	245-2409
H F Barning, Jersey City	120	120	122	119	119	121	115	120	119	120
	246	244	245	242	241	241	238	237	237	238-2409
F L Smith, Springfield, Mass.	120	121	121	117	119	120	123	118	123	118
	236	241	243	239	242	240	247	239	244	237-2408
T Gabriel, Newark, N. J.	118	118	121	119	121	122	121	121	121	123
	241	238	245	240	244	241	239	243	241	233-2405
G Worn, Brooklyn	115	123	119	118	121	122	116	122	120	119
	236	246	238	240	239	245	239	240	241	240-2404
G Schlicht, Guttenberg, N J.	117	121	122	110	122	120	117	122	122	120
	238	240	243	229	244	242	238	244	245	239-2402
E Minervini, N Y City	122	120	117	120	124	119	117	120	123	120
	241	240	235	243	243	240	239	241	239	239-2400

Ring Target.

Ring Target.—This was a re-entry match, open to all, and shot on a 2in. target, having twenty-five 1/8in. rings. Three shots con-

stituted a score, the possible being 75 points. The best three targets made during the tournament counted for the first five prizes, the best two targets for the next five prizes, and the best single target for the rest. The prizes were \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$9, three of \$8, two of \$7, two of \$6, two of \$5, two of \$4, \$3 and \$2 respectively. There were also three premiums: \$5 for the best five targets, \$4 for the next five best, and \$3 for the third best five targets. The winners' scores follow:

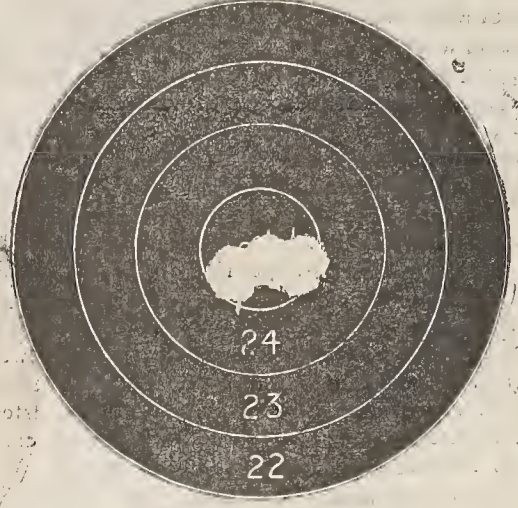
Ittel	75	75	75	H J McCartney	73
J W Dearborn	75	75	75	J E Kelley	73
T R Geisel	75	75	75	C Meyer	73
Richard Gute	75	75	75	M D Kittler	73
Harry M Pope	75	75	75	George Schlicht	73
H M Thomas	75	75	75	A F Laudensack	74
G L Clock	75	75	75	E Minervini	74
Michael Dorrier	75	75	75	A Hubalek	74
Dr A A Stillman	75	74	74	Louis C Buss	74
W A Tewes	75	74	74	Philip Muth	74
August Kronsberg	75	73	73	Owen Smith	74
G T Conti	75	71	71	W E Glenn	74
W A Barker	73	73	73	Fred C. Ross	74
Dr Hudson	73	73	73	Louis P Hansen	74

Bullseye.

Bullseye target.—Open to all, three shots on a 4in. bullseye, the best single shot, by measurement, to count. Shooters could enter

as often as they chose. There were twenty-five cash prizes, as follows: \$25, \$20, \$15, \$10, \$8, \$7, \$6, two of \$5, two of \$4, three of \$3, and eleven of \$2. In addition, there were three premiums for the greatest number of bullseyes made during the tournament. The scores of the winners follow: R. Bendler 18 degrees; L. P. Ittel 18 1/2, Dr. Stillman 19, Philip Muth 19, R. Gute 19, J. W. Dearborn 20 1/2, H. D. Muller 21, M. D. Kittler 21 1/2, Gus Zimmermann 21 1/2, A. Hubalek 22 1/2, G. L. Clock 23, George Schlicht 24, A. F. Laudensack 24, Fred C. Ross 24, Harry M. Pope 24 1/2, Michael Dorrier 24 1/2, L. Vogel 25, H. C. Young 25, F. A. Young 25, August Kronsberg 25, C. Meyer 25, R. Busse 26, F. L. Smith 27, Felix Kost 27, O. Schwannemann 27.

Other scores were: T. Cassidy 28 1/2 degrees, G. Ludwig 29 1/2, H. L. Seckel 30, H. F. Barning 30 1/2, W. A. Tewes 31 1/2, H. Fen-



FIVE SHOTS BY A. LAUDENSACK.

with 33, G. T. Conti 35, T. H. Keller, Jr., 36, H. M. Thomas 39 1/2, T. H. Keller 43, August Begerow 43 1/2.

Premiums for most bullseyes: A. F. Laudensack 138, G. Ludwig 90, Gus Zimmermann 71.

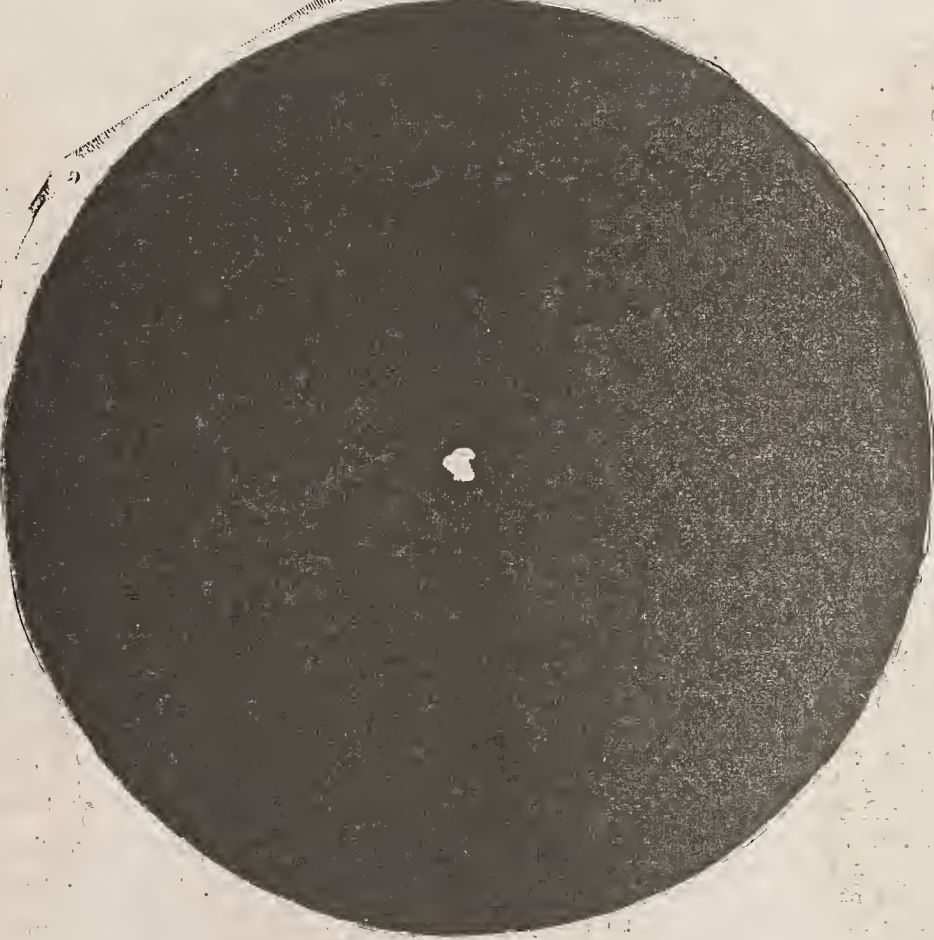
Zimmermann Trophy Match.—Open to all, re-entries unlimited, three-shot scores on a special target, the best two tickets to count. The prizes were a handsome framed trophy, \$10 and \$5. The scores of the winners:

Richard Gute 39, 38; T. R. Geisel 38, 38; Louis P. Ittel 37, 37. Other scores follow: G. Ludwig 30, 30; C. Meyer 34, 30; R. Bendler 35, 33; A. F. Laudensack 28; H. Fenwirth 36, 34; H. C. Young 34, 33; W. A. Tewes 32, 32; H. M. Pope 37, 35; Philip Muth 30, 33; August Begerow 32; O. Smyth 34, 34.

The Rifles and Ammunition.

This is always an important matter to rifle shooters, and particularly now, that telescopes are being adopted so generally for target as well as field shooting. Those used follow:

H. F. Barning, a Barning-Winchester rifle, lens sights and Winchester cartridges. T. Gabriel, a Ballard-Winchester rifle and Peters cartridges. G. Worn, a Ballard-Zettler rifle and Peters cartridges.



DUPLICATE OF BULLSEYE SHOT, MADE BY MR. RICHARD BENDLER.

George Schlicht, a Stevens-Ballard rifle and Peters cartridges. E. Minervini, a Winchester rifle and Peters cartridges. Louis C. Buss, Peters cartridges in a Ballard-Remington rifle; Stevens telescope sights. A. Hubalek, a Ballard-Stevens rifle and Winchester cartridges. Charles Zettler, Jr., a Ballard-Zettler rifle and Peters cartridges. H. M. Thomas, a Winchester Schuetzen rifle and Winchester cartridges. P. J. O'Hare, Peters cartridges in a Stevens-Pope rifle. E. H. Van Zandt, a Ballard-Remington rifle and Winchester cartridges. W. H. French, a Ballard-Pope rifle, Peters and U. M. C. cartridges. A. F. Laudensack, a Winchester Schuetzen rifle and Winchester cartridges. R. Gute, a Stevens-Pope rifle, a Stevens short telescope sight, and Winchester ammunition. Dr. Hudson, a Ballard-Pope rifle and Peters and U. M. C. cartridges. W. A. Tewes, Peters cartridges in a Stevens-Pope rifle. H. M. Pope, a Stevens-Pope rifle, Stevens telescope and Peters cartridges. M. Dorrier, a Pope-Ballard rifle and Peters ammunition. S. M. Van Allen, a Winchester Schuetzen rifle and Winchester cartridges. W. A. Barker, a Barning-Winchester rifle and Winchester cartridges.

T. R. Geisel, a Stevens-Pope rifle and a Stevens telescope.
 H. J. McCartney, a Barning-Winchester rifle and Winchester cartridges.
 M. D. Kittler, a Winchester Schuetzen rifle and Winchester ammunition.
 C. Meyer, Peters cartridges.
 H. D. Muller, Peters cartridges in a Winchester rifle.
 G. J. Bernius, a Ballard-Zettler rifle and Peters cartridges.
 Felix Kost, a Ballard rifle and Peters cartridges.
 G. T. Conti, a Zetter rifle and Peters cartridges.
 G. Ludwig, a Stevens rifle and Peters ammunition.
 T. H. Keller, Jr., a Zischang rifle and Peters cartridges.
 O. Schwanemann, a Zettler rifle and Peters cartridges.
 H. C. Young, a Winchester Schuetzen rifle and Winchester ammunition.
 H. C. Zettler, a Ballard-Zettler rifle and Peters cartridges.
 F. Herpers, a Ballard rifle and Peters ammunition.
 Philip Muth, a Ballard rifle and Peters cartridges.
 F. L. Smith, a Stevens-Pope rifle and a Stevens telescope.
 G. L. Clock, Winchester rifle and ammunition.
 Dr. A. A. Stillman, a Zischang rifle, a Malcolm telescope and Peters ammunition.
 Owen Smith, a Barning-Pope rifle and Peters ammunition.
 Louis P. Ittel, a Stevens-Pope rifle, a Stevens aperture telescope and Peters cartridges.
 Fred C. Ross, a Stevens-Pope rifle, a Stevens crosshair telescope and Peters ammunition.
 August Kronsberg, Peters cartridges.
 J. E. Kelley, a Stevens-Pope rifle, a Sabin four-power crosshair telescope, and Peters ammunition.
 P. Selvaggi, Peters cartridges in a Ballard-Winchester rifle.
 Louis P. Hansen, a Ballard-Pope rifle and Peters cartridges.
 All targets shown are exact size of the original.

Providence Revolver Club.

At our regular Thursday evening practice shoot we made up a team of four men to shoot at 10yds. under the conditions as laid down by the Louisville club, and with few exceptions, there will be noted a marked falling off in scores as compared with go-as-you-please practice. Even in minor events there is found the usual tendency toward buck fever or stage fright, and that little 10yd. Standard, instead of looming up like the ogre audience before the stage novice, shrinks and fades into the backstop.

Major Eddy was holding his military .38 in fine shape in practice. Arno Argus, disgusted at what he called poor work at 10yds., drew himself together after the "match," went back to the regulation 20yds., and planked out a nice 86 and went home better satisfied.

William Almy's first trial at the 10yd. line netted him a 45. You can put Billy anywhere, give him any gun, and he's right in the game.

We have set the date for the Louisville-Providence match for Saturday, the 18th, and have arranged for the use of the hall at Saylesville, which we can hire for that evening. The change from gas to electricity may bother the men somewhat, as well as new surroundings, but we hope some of the fluid may be assimilated in the four-men system and give us good scores.

Scores shot March 9, 10yd. revolver practice under Louisville match conditions, 30 shots per man. Strings of five shots, 15 shots deliberate and 15 shots rapid; time allowance 20 seconds per string. Standard American target, .38 Colt's revolver used:

	Deliberate.			Rapid.			Total.
Arno Argus	37	41	34-112	40	41	44-125	237
A C Hurlburt	40	32	31-103	40	41	41-122	225
Wm F Eddy	46	34	37-117	32	34	39-105	222
D P Craig	29	23	26-78	28	28	42-98	176
	410			450			860

Wm. Almy 45, Wm. F. Eddy 44, 43, 33, 39, 32, 34.
 Twenty yards practice, Standard target: Arno Argus 86, D. P. Craig 69, 69; Fred Liebrich 65.
 Rifle, 25yds., German ring target: W. B. Gardiner 229, 234, 236, 239.

A Sensation in the Deacons' Pew.

"SOME curious stories are told in connection with old Puritan church customs," said Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth to a Boston Journal reporter. "Some of the old customs seem very funny as we see them now. It was little less than a crime not to attend church in those old days, unless detained by sickness. In fact, a person was thought very little of who even came late to Sunday worship."

"One Sunday morning in early autumn a Puritan woman, whose reputation for housekeeping, spinning and church attendance was excellent, was belated in her morning work. She took her long-necked pitcher and went to the pasture where her cow was waiting to be milked. This duty done, she found—for she could see people on the road—that she hadn't time even to carry her milk back to the house and get to church in season. So she took her long-necked pitcher along with her, and sat in the gallery right near where the singers and bass viols were displayed. After the singing was over and the long sermon had begun—sermons were an hour or two long in those days—she grew sleepy. Her long-necked pitcher sat on the floor nearby, and near the front of the gallery. She was soon oblivious of either milk, sermon or a dog that came pit-pattering up the gallery stairs. The milk soon attracted the dog. He smelled and wagged his tail, then smelled and wagged again, then looked inquiringly at the unconscious milkmaid. He made up his mind very soon, and into the long neck went the dog's head, and neck, too. He couldn't get much milk, and wanted to pull back and try again.

"But he couldn't. His head was wedged fast in. He pulled and used his paws and tried to back away. Blinded of course by the pitcher, his steps were erratic, and suddenly, to the astonished people below, there appeared a sudden parting of the balcony curtain, an almost blood-curdling yell was heard, and there was a flash and down-pouring straight in among the four unconscious deacons in the deacons' pew beneath, of snow-white milk, long-necked pitcher and a milk-soaked frightened dog.

"For once, there was a great awakening in that church, but the poor woman was frightened nearly out of her wits, and the superstitious deacons were greatly scandalized."

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- March 21-22.—Omaha, Neb., Gun Club spring tournament.
- March 25.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club.
- March 28-31.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' first tournament, at Schmelzer's Shooting Park; \$500 in cash and trophies added. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
- March 30.—Edgewater, N. J.—Grand spring target tournament of North River Gun Club. James R. Merrill, Sec'y.
- March 30.—St. Paul, Ind., Gun Club tournament. E. G. Bless, Sec'y.
- April 3-5.—Atchison, Kans.—Forest Park Gun Club second annual tournament. Lou Erhardt, Mgr.
- April 4.—Rockville, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut first tournament of series. Dr. D. Y. C. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester, Conn.
- April 4.—Rittersville, Pa.—All-day shoot of Lehigh Rod and Gun Club. H. F. Koch, Sec'y.
- April 4.—Bethlehem, Pa., Rod and Gun Club all-day target shoot. Howard F. Koch, Sec'y.
- April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club. Chas. C. Needham, Sec'y.
- April 8.—Richmond Valley, S. I.—Ninth all-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on grounds of Aquehonga Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
- April 12-13.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club. H. J. Stidman, Sec'y, Wilmington.
- April 15.—Newark, N. J.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Forester Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
- April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- April 19.—Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club Patriots' Day tournament. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
- April 22.—Easton, Pa.—Independent Gun Club second annual tournament. Jacob Pleiss, Cor. Sec'y.
- April 26-27.—Scottsdale, Pa., Gun Club shoot.
- April 26-27.—Hopkinsville, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hopkinsville Gun Club. A. F. Gant, Sec'y.
- April 27.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot on grounds of Freeport, L. I., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
- May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenslager, Sec'y.
- May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
- May 4-5.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club spring tournament. E. M. Storm, Sec'y.
- May 9-10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
- May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.
- May 11-12.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Foord, Sec'y.
- May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 16-18.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association ninth annual meeting and tournament; \$600 added money and prizes. F. E. Mallory, Sec'y.
- May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
- May 17-18.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club. James Lewis, Sec'y.
- May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (Incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 178 Mill street, Toronto.
- May 23-25.—Lincoln.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.
- May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Prago, Sec'y.
- May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y.
- May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Analan Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
- May 31.—June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- June 5-6.—New Paris, O.—Cedar Springs Gun Club tournament. J. F. Freeman, Sec'y.
- June 6-8.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament.
- June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt.
- June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
- June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
- June 13-15.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament.
- June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
- June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
- July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
- July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
- July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
- July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament.
- July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
- July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md.—Target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
- Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
- Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
- Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament.
- Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap.
- Sept. 12-14.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
- Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
- Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
- Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

While hauling logs in the Sinnemahoning logging district, Clinton county, Pa., Winslow Eastlake needed a lever, and secured what appeared to be a piece of springy wood. He made up his load and used the lever for a twister, fastening it with chains. When he arrived at the sawmill he took it off and flung it into the yard. As he was about to return home he noticed a peculiar bulge on the stick and decided to saw it in two on the shingle saw. It was then discovered that the supposed stick was a black snake seven feet four inches long, frozen stiff and so covered with mud as to disguise its real nature. The bulge proved to be Eastlake's pocketbook, containing \$11, lost near where he loaded the logs last fall. The money was in good condition.—Springfield Republican.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

This year the tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club will be held on Sept. 18 to 21.

Mr. Lou Erhardt, manager, writes us that the Florist Park Gun Club, Atchison, Kans., claims the dates April 3, 4 and 5 for its second annual tournament.

Mr. S. G. Miller, Secretary, writes us that the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club's ninth Patriots' Day tournament will be held on Wednesday, April 19, 1905, and that he will mail programme soon as printed.

We are informed that the tournament of the Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters, to be held at Schmelzer's Shooting Park, Kansas City, March 28-31, promises to be a great success. Trophies and cash to the amount of \$500 will be added.

At Lakewood, N. J., March 11, a team of the Freehold Gun Club was defeated by a margin of 9 targets. Each man shot at 50 targets. The totals were 264 to 255. Mr. Geo. Fisher, of the Lakewood team, made high individual score, 48 out of 50, a 96 per cent. performance.

The Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of Rittersville, Pa., announce an all-day tournament, to be held on April 4. The programme consists of twelve events, each at 15 targets, \$1 entrance. Shooting will begin at 10 o'clock. High average, \$5; amateur high average, first and second, \$3 and \$2. H. F. Koch, Sec'y.

Mr. J. A. Howard writes us as follows: "The regular monthly shoot of the Castleton Gun Club will be held on the grounds at Castleton Corners, Staten Island, on Saturday, March 18, at 2:30 P. M. Visitors are always welcome. Targets will be thrown at 1 cent each. Take Silver Lake trolley to Castleton Corners."

At the Point Breeze track, Philadelphia, there were three programme events on March 11. The weather was pleasant. The first event, 5 birds, \$3 entrance, high guns, resulted in a tie between Brown and Aiman on 4. Second event, 10 birds, sweepstake, Brown was the only one of the twelve contestants to kill straight. The third event was a miss-and-out in which three tied on 5.

The successful Florist Gun Club team won its tenth straight victory by defeating a team of the Hill Top Gun Club in the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League series, on Saturday of last week. The scores were 198 to 166. North Camden defeated Narberth by a score of 199 to 197. Meadow Springs defeated Hillside, 173 to 154. S. S. White defeated Clearview, 190 to 183.

The Mullerite Gun Club, Mr. A. A. Schoverling, manager, 2 Murray street, announces a shoot on April 15, to be held on the grounds of the Forester Gun Club, Newark, N. J. The programme of the Mullerite Club, provided for the shoot at Lakewood, N. J., on Saturday of this week, contains eight events: 10, 15, 20 targets, and one a handicap at 50 targets, \$3 entrance, for merchandise prizes. Shooting begins at 11 o'clock. Targets, 2 cents.

Following is a copy of the invitations sent out, which are self-explanatory: "Chartered June 23, 1888. The Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., requests the honor of your presence at the fifteenth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, May 2 to 5, inclusive, 1905, Pittsburg and Allegheny Driving Park, Brunots Island." An inclosed card conveys the following information: "Programme ready April 1; \$2,000 added. Not guaranteed. Three days at targets; one day at live birds. Manufacturers' representatives shoot for targets only. A 100-target distance handicap event with \$1,000 added. Committee in charge: Louis Lautenslager, Chairman; Charles G. Grubb, Elmer E. Shaner."

The programme of the Interstate Association trapshooting tournament, given for the Augusta, Ga., Gun Club, April 5 and 6, provides ten events each day, each at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$10 added. Other information as follows: Lunch will be served on the grounds each day. Targets (2 cents each) included in all entrances. Grounds will be open for practice the afternoon of April 4. All contestants will shoot from the 16yd. mark. All standard target loads will be for sale on the grounds. Rose system, four moneys, ratios 7, 5, 3, 2. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, care of Messrs. Bowen Bros., 954 Broad street, Augusta, Ga., will be delivered to the shooting grounds free of charge. The Southeastern Passenger Association has granted a one and one-third rate on the certificate plan for this tournament, provided there are fifty or more in attendance holding certificates. This rate is good on all railroads south of the Ohio and Potomac and east of the Mississippi rivers. When purchasing tickets, be sure to ask for certificate. BERNARD WATERS.

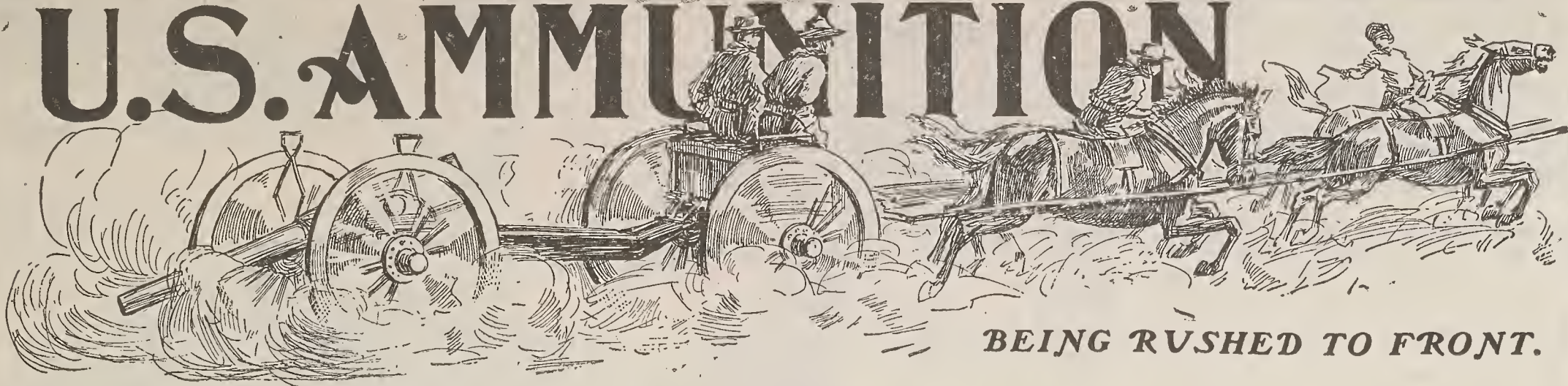
Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Though our shoots are supposed to be bi-monthly, and last Saturday, the 4th inst., was the regular club day, several of the boys couldn't wait for the big prize handicap schedule for the 25th inst., therefore the scores herewith appended. In the last event, a match between Hyland and Blandford, the latter got back in his old form, breaking his last 22 straight.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
G B Hubbell	8	7	4
J T Hyland	7	7	3	6	5	8	9	6	10	8	19
C G Blandford	..	6	8	7	7	8	7	6	7	6	23
D Conors	7	6	8	6	6
W S Smith	8	4	7	6	7
D Brandreth	7	7	8	10	7
H L Stratton	6	7	4	6	6

C. G. B.

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WESTERN TRAP.

At Boone.

BOONE, Ia., March 5.—The shoot held here Thursday, while not largely attended, was much enjoyed by all present. This being the first of the season, found many of the boys ready to shoot the rust out of their guns.

The medal shoot was the center of attraction, as James Tilly was due to win the medal as his personal property. He became a trifle anxious and lost out, there being two who beat him. He had 41 to Mr. Backwaldt's and Mr. Hartman's 43. The latter two must shoot off the tie.

At Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., March 7.—The last month's shoot, held by the Kansas City Gun Club, was well attended when you consider that 25 live birds is the match that holds this old club together. The day was fine, and the birds were fine, and though only 22 were scored, that was not a poor score by any means. There are three prizes that go to the best scores at each monthly shoot. Scott took first prize, Reno won the tie for second and Dr. Millett took third. The scores: W. Keyes 19, Geo. Stockwell 18, A. H. Glassner 21, W. L. Moore 19, S. S. Miller 20, F. Scott 22, P. J. Smith 18, A. Reno 21, C. B. Leavel 18.

An annual meeting was held, and the election of officers resulted as follows: Frank J. Smith, President; Dr. Shirley Millett, Vice-President; R. S. Elliott, Secretary; F. Wickey and W. L. Moore were placed on the executive board. Several new members were admitted, and thus does one of the oldest live-bird clubs in the State prosper. It has the distinction of being one of the oldest in the United States, and is likely the most prosperous one that shoot live birds in this country to-day. All the old-time shooters will recognize in Frank Smith, the president, the man who has never missed a meeting of the State Sportsman's Association. And as it will be held in Kansas City this year, there will be one more opportunity for Frank, even should he go to the shooting park and stand on crutches.

In Other Places.

The social gathering of the Tobasco Gun Club, of Yuba City, Cal., held last Sunday was much enjoyed by the twenty-five members present. There was a duck broil at noon and a duck stew in the evening. These were washed down with numerous corked side dishes, while wit and humor flowed freely. Mayor Eckart, of Maryville, was toastmaster. He called on all the members, and most of them made speeches, all of which were enjoyed and applauded.

The Pastime Gun Club, of Scranton, Pa., is now in a position to hold shoots, as the new officers are George Fenne, President; Paul Shorten, Vice-President; Herbert Chatfield, Secretary; William Mott, Captain; George Phillips, Shooting Master.

The cold winter and late spring has delayed the duck shooting in Michigan. It could be hoped that it be delayed altogether, and give the ducks a chance to breed on the lakes of that State.

O. Isme was high man in the North Side Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., Sunday last. He scored 24 out of 25, and in the second event E. Koehn was high with 21 out of 25.

M. Feser was the only man to make a clean score in any event at the shoot held at the Milwaukee, Wis., South Side Gun Club on Sunday last.

It is claimed that a bill for the prevention of pigeon shooting passed the Illinois Senate on Tuesday last without a dissenting voice.

Now that the Iowa State shoot has been held, we await but to hear how the weather favored the promoters. It is something very unusual to hold a State shoot in the middle of March, the usually treacherous month as to weather.

The announcement comes from Crawfordsville, Ind., that the state league shoot will be held there on May 17 and 18. Crawfordsville has one of the best clubs and grounds in the West, and did you note the big scores usually made there? All the shooters go there to make records. All the conditions are well on to perfection. Ed. Vories is now the Mayor of the city, and he will get you out of trouble.

The St. Joseph, Mich., Gun Club will this year contest for a loving cup that will be presented to them by a shell firm. The local dealers secured same, and it will go to the one making the highest score.

Bloomington, Ill., Gun Club made money last year, and it takes money to build club houses and run shoots; but this club will soon announce another tournament.

The Shell Rock, Ia., Gun Club has leased the hunting on the land owned by Jim Amick. The club propose to rent other land

adjoining, and will then have some good duck shooting during the season's flights.

Duffy outshot a field of fifteen on last Thursday at Pottsville, Pa., where a shoot was held by the Game and Fish Protective Association.

A party of Denver, Colo., shooters left last week for the lakes near Barr. They were Dave Lees, Jack Cullerton, Frank S. Kinner, Harvey Shemmill, George Braid, J. S. Smith, Howard Sterling and B. Dolan.

The Grinnell, Ia., Gun Club is composed of the prominent professional and business men of the city. Two factions have arisen, but they are friendly ones. J. H. McMurray, Jr., will captain a team composed of C. C. Phelps, F. M. Card, E. H. Spaulding, J. E. Anderson and R. M. Haines. While R. R. Rust will have A. C. Rimefort, Shepard Marvin, F. E. Spaulding and E. D. Gates. The shooting will be singles and doubles. R. M. Haines, with 84 out of 100, was high at last shoot.

H. C. Colburn won the Gentry trophy at the last shoot held by the Colorado Springs Gun Club. J. W. Garrett made a run of 120 targets. Few shooters keep in as good practice as this John W.

The Rt. Rev. John L. Spaulding, bishop of Peoria, Ill., is out with the following: "Trapshooting is a brutal and brutalizing practice. It may not be called sport, and no one who has the true spirit of the sportsman would engage in it. I sincerely hope that earnest efforts will be made to induce the Legislature of Illinois to pass a law which will make what, in itself, is cruel and degrading, also criminal."

As the Illinois weather grows warmer, the enthusiasm of the shooters increases, and in a very few weeks the shooters of McLean county will all be in line.

The Boone, Ia., Gun Club will go ahead for another year with the following officers and directors: President, W. R. Mott; Vice-President, John Ives; Secretary, Fred Cray; Treasurer, Andrew Hildberg; Directors, Jack Randall, Charles Otis, Fred Cordts.

The Grinnell Gun Club, of Iowa, is this year going to the front. Already a team shoot has been arranged, and that will develop an interest that will strengthen the club.

Adolph Gropper, of Milwaukee, Wis., states that a proposition is on, whereby all the clubs of that city will fall in line with that of Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Grand Rapids, and other cities and have only one large club. It is proposed to organize and incorporate a company having at least \$15,000 stock to purchase about twelve acres of ground and put up a club house costing \$4,000 to \$5,000, to fit up all the traps necessary to conduct large shoots, to employ a man to keep the grounds open the year round.

The members of the Bradford Shooting Club, in the great State of Pennsylvania, are contemplating holding a shoot in June that will be a winner. The prizes to be offered will be something like \$1,000 in cash. And this will draw the best of all the eastern gunners, for rich purses will be worth going after.

It is to be hoped that the western circuit of shoots, held this month at Des Moines, Ia., Omaha, Neb., St. Joseph, Mo., and Kansas City, will not be interfered with; but past experiences have proven that April and May are rather early in the year.

An enthusiastic meeting of the shooters of Lancaster, Pa., was held Saturday, and a club, to be known as the Bob White Gun Club, was organized. The protection of game will be the object sought, and for a pastime there will be weekly shoots held with clay targets. The officers of the club are Edward Glenn, President; Chas. Mott, Len Weaner, Vice-President; Nat. Ressler, Secretary; Walter Gruel, Treasurer, and I. Greibfield, Captain.

A rifle club will shortly be organized at the city of Columbus, O. All the Dayton, O., trapshooters were invited to a shoot held at Lebanon. It was no doubt a good shoot, as the events were all 10 targets, so that all had a show to get in on the money.

Mr. Cicero Winne, keeper of Toussaint Shooting Club at Port Clinton, O., was in Cleveland last Wednesday, where he was employed for another season as game keeper for the club.

The McLean County Gun Club, of Bloomington, bids fair to have another prosperous season this year, as shoots are scheduled to be held regularly whenever the weather will permit.

Word has been received that the Langston Gun Stock factory, Peoria, Ill., was broken into one night, and many valuable tools were stolen.

Paul Swift won the Edwards cup at the last meeting of the Houghton, Mich., Gun Club meeting. The club medal was won by J. H. Rice.

The Kaukana Gun Club, of Wisconsin, held their annual election at their grounds on last Sunday, after which a practice shoot was held. The new officers are, viz., President, L. C. Wolf; Vice-President and Secretary, Jos. Dietzler; Treasurer, Fred Ott; Captain, A. Luedtke Assistant Captain, D. Robideau.

At Lewis, Kansas, on Saturday last, the Wendell Gun Club was

deterred from holding their shoot on account of bad weather. The grounds being near to the school building, there is no other day, save Saturday for the meeting.

Some Columbus, O., pencil pusher is out with the statement that the Columbus trapshots, assisted by those of nearby towns, are endeavoring to get the State shoot, that was last year assigned to Canton. There are no reasons, nor intimations that Canton wishes to give up the shoot. There are other shoots to be given, and the best way is for Columbus to put in a bid for the 1906 shoot, when the whole State will join in assisting the Columbus shooters in their efforts to pull off a great tournament.

The boom in the Boone, Ia., Gun Club is still booming. The shoots are held regularly.

The Avoca, Ia., Gun Club has been reorganized with some twenty-five members, and there will be trapshooting galore during 1905.

A gun club for bluecock shooting is now being organized by "Tom" McCreary, the ex-outfielder of the Pittsburg League club team. The purchase of traps and clay targets has already been made, and arrangements are under way for leasing grounds on the Ohio River front. This will give to Beaver, Pa., a much-desired source of amusement in so far as the gunners are concerned.

The weekly live-bird shoot of the Troppe, Pa., Gun Club was held Saturday last. There were many of the Schuylkill Valley wing shots present, and the scores were good, considering the class of the birds. In the first race at 10 birds, Gust 10, Knipe 9, Smith 9, Scatcher 8, Gregor 8. Second event, Knipe 10, Gust 9, Gregor 9, Smith 8, Scatcher 8.

The Alert Gun Club, of Phillipsburg, Pa., defeated the Mountain View Gun Club by a score of 181 to 174. Several sweepstakes were shot, in which E. Markley made high score.

Get your eye on the Elks, as some of them are shooters, and they know what it is to enjoy sport. The gun club connected with the Wilmington Elks shot a match last week at Oakview Park with the Norristown Elks. Wilmington won with 202 to 193, there being five men to the team with 50 targets the man.

There is a town in Illinois not far from Kankakee that is little known, but if the gun club there keeps up shooting and sends the scores out to all the sporting papers, it will soon be known the world over. We refer now to Irwin, where a target match was held Saturday last.

In the town of Enterprise, Ia., near where Chas. W. Budd has his headquarters, there has been organized another Iowa gun club. This new club will start with twenty members, some of whom expect to take in the great Iowa State shoot.

It is reported that Frank Parmelee, the only Frank, will return to Omaha in time to take in the spring tournament. This is not the first time that rumor has connected Frank with the shooting game as a "prodigal son."

Many years ago the name of Lou Erhardt was often seen connected with western shoots; then there came a time when Lou was indisposed and his health was impaired. Hence all the old-time shots will rejoice to see that Lou—the same old airy Lou—will manage the big Atchinson, Kan., shoot, which comes off in April, same being held under the auspices of the Forest Park Gun Club.

As the spring opens up there will be many of the Indiana gun clubs come forth from their winter quarters. The Converse Club met last week and got things in shape by electing officers, viz., Morton Garrison, President, and Al. McDaniels, Secretary.

Ralph and Ed. Trimble state that there will be a gun club organized in Covington, Ky., this spring. These boys are a "good pair to draw to."

The old gun club at Krouse, Wis., which disbanded some years ago, has been reorganized. It was found necessary to buy new traps, and when they arrive, there will be shooting each week at the old tournament grounds. The following are the new officers: Joseph Gohres, President; Henry Gohres, Vice-President; Albert Roberge, Secretary, and Ray Hiscox, Field Captain.

E. M. Hyzer, of Milwaukee, Wis., is out with a challenge. He proposes to shoot a match at 100 live birds for \$500 a side, with loser to pay all the expenses. On last Saturday he scored 85 out of a possible 100 and won the Wisconsin-Minnesota championship. He should find plenty of men who would "call him."

Keller won the honors at the Riverside Gun Club, Detroit, Mich., Sunday last. It was a handicap from 16 to 24 yds.

The St. Joseph, Mich., Gun Club will hold their opening shoot March 19. There will be much rivalry as to who captures the trophy this season, which is a beautiful silver loving cup.

The members of the Ishpeming, Mich., Rod and Gun Club propose to conduct a shooting tournament during the summer. There will be a gathering of all the upper peninsula sportsmen of the State of Michigan. There are now about eighty members, not all of whom reside in this city, and Dr. Deadman is president,

The secretary is of the opinion that the more the members become interested in target practice, the greater will be the success of the club. Many new members were taken in during the winter.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—There was something doing at the grounds on March 11. The day was a good one for outdoor sport.

In the Peters trophy contest, twenty-four shooters took part. Don Minto and Farran tied for high gun on straight scores of 50 including their handicaps. Harig tied them for high gun in actual breaks on 48. Peters and Roll were second with 47 actual breaks.

Several visiting shooters were present and participated in the sport, among them Messrs. Chaudet and Shaw, of New Orleans, both of whom shot a 90 per cent. gait; H. N. Kirby also went a 90 per cent. clip in the medal contest, and Stan Rhoads showed that Columbus still has a few good shots.

A challenge was sent the Newark Gun Club to shoot for the Phellis trophy, now held by them, on March 22. In a letter received this week the secretary acknowledges receipt, and states that his club will consider the matter later. He states that they are looking for grounds in a new location, their present grounds having been practically spoiled by a line of poles which has been erected by the Electric Railway Company. Two of these poles interfere badly with the flight of the targets. The club is anxious to give the Cincinnati boys a show to win the trophy, but wish to postpone the match for the reasons stated.

In reply to this, Mr. Gambell writes as follows:

"Dear Sir—The rules for the Phellis trophy in regard to challenges are that they must be accepted in ten days or cup forfeited. A club having no grounds to shoot on is hardly a desirable one to hold a trophy which is in competition, as much as this one, and it is not our club's intention to give any other holding it a chance to do so very long without a challenge. Now as your grounds are not acceptable to you, we will offer you ours, pay your team's railroad fare and show you a good time, if you will come here on the 22d. If that is not satisfactory, we hope you can manage to accommodate us at your place on that date. Telephone poles will not annoy us any, I assure you, as our team uses guns that shoot around them, and loads that shoot through them. Hoping to have a favorable reply at an early date, I am yours truly,

ARTHUR GAMBELL."

A number of team shoots and matches were shot, and twenty-eight men took part in the various practice events. Willie was on hand to-day for the first time in many weeks. He accounted for 42 in the trophy event and made good scores at practice.

Peters medal contest, 50 targets: Don Minto (2) 50, Faran (2) 50, Harig (0) 48, Peters (0) 48, Roll (0) 47, Sunderbruch (0) 46, Rhoads (0) 46, Maynard (2) 46, Osterfeld (2) 46, Ahlers (2) 46, Shaw (0) 45, Block (6) 45, Gambell (0) 44, Herman (1) 44, Pfeiffer (4) 44, Barker (4) 44, Falk (6) 44, Chaudet (0) 43, Hesser (2) 43, Willie (7) 49, Williams (1) 42, Boeh (7) 42, Bullerdick (0) 41, Kirby (0) 45.

Team match, two men on team, 50 targets:

Harig 47, Gambell 46; total 93. Faran 46, Don Minto 47; total 93. Kirby 41, Rhoads 42; total 83. Peters 45, Bullerdick 41; total 86. Sunderbruch 46, Ahlers 44; total 90. Chaudet 43, Hesser 41; total 84. Team race, 25 targets: Peters 24, Harig 23, Gambell 22, Herman 22; total 91. Faran 23, Barker 22, Pfeiffer 20, Roll 16; total 81. Gambell 23, Hesser 21; total 44. Peters 22, Rhoads 24; total 46.

Match, 25 targets, two high men out: Faran 25, Hesser 23, Peters 23, Rhoads 23, Gambell 21.

Team match, 50 targets:

Gambell 44, Hesser 43, Faran 48, Rhoads 45; total 180. Peters 47, Bullerdick 44, Sunderbruch 45, Harig 44; total 180. Shoot-off, 25 targets: Gambell 25, Hesser 24, Faran 23, Rhoads 23; total 95. Peters 23, Bullerdick 21, Sunderbruch 23, Harig 24; total 91.

Notes.

The Greenville, O., Gun Club will hold a series of twenty handicap club shoots this season. The first of the series was held on March 6. The club is making great preparations for its spring tournament on May 9 and 10, and expects to entertain a large crowd.

At the shoot at New Lebanon, O., March 3, the weather was a trifle chilly, but nevertheless a pleasant little contest was held on the grounds of the Junior New Lebanon Gun Club. The programme consisted of fifteen 10-target events, 50 cents entrance and two moneys in each. Isaac Brandenburg was high gun with 120.

The New Berlin, O., Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament at Canton on March 17, and a number of the club members will attend.

The St. Paul, Ind., Gun Club will hold its annual tournament on March 30, shooting to begin at 8:30. A good crowd is expected, and a number of Indianapolis shooters have expressed their intention to be present.

Indianapolis (Ind.) Gun Club.

COMMENCING March 1, 1905, and every three months thereafter, the club will donate a trophy to be shot for by the members of the club, and to be known as the club trophy.

This will be a handicap contest, and will represent a weekly event of 50 targets to each shooter. A shooter must compete eight times to be eligible, and the party making the six highest scores, including handicap allowance, shall be declared the winner and owner of said trophy.

Also commencing March 1, we will commence a contest for a badge emblematic of the championship of 1905. This badge was donated by the Peters Cartridge Company, through Mr. Gus Habich. This will be a weekly shoot, and the party winning the badge the greatest number of times during the year 1905 shall become the owner thereof. This will also be a handicap event, and shall consist of 25 targets each Saturday. This shall be known as the medal contest.

The winner of each shoot shall hold the badge in his possession until the following Saturday, and shall then return same to the secretary for that week's contest. Handicaps changed each month. Monday was clear and cold. On Tuesday it rained all day, which accounts for the poor scores and small attendance.

J. W. BELL, Sec'y.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., March 11.—The fine spring weather added to the pleasure of the Crescent Athletic Club shoot, held to-day on the grounds at the country house.

In the contest for the February cup, Messrs. W. W. Marshall and C. E. T. Foster scored a win with full scores. Other events were equally well contested. Messrs. Brigham and Palmer, scratch men, scored 45 in the 2-man team race, but were tied by Messrs. Lott and Vanderveer, and Messrs. Grinnell, Jr., and Bedford, Jr. The scores follow:

Table with columns for shooter names and scores. Includes February cup shoot, 25 targets; Prize shoot, 50 targets; Team shoot, 25 targets; and Shoot-off, same conditions.

Table with columns for shooter names and scores. Includes Match, 15 targets; Match, 15 targets; Shoot-off, same conditions; Trophy, 15 targets; Match, 25 targets; and Shoot-off, same conditions.

Table with columns for shooter names and scores. Includes Match, 15 targets; Match, 15 targets; Shoot-off, same conditions; Trophy, 15 targets; Match, 25 targets; and Shoot-off, same conditions.

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Table with columns for shooter names and scores. Includes Match, 15 targets; Match, 15 targets; Shoot-off, same conditions; Trophy, 15 targets; Match, 25 targets; and Shoot-off, same conditions.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., March 9.—There was rain and a poor light. G. Morris, won first prize, an oil painting given by B. Thier. Gewest took second, donated by an unknown.

Schorty and Montanus withdrew from prize event. Schoverling, Cottrell, B. Thier, Charles and Spinner were guests.

Table with columns for shooter names and scores. Includes Events; Targets; McKane; Montanus, Sr.; Montanus, Jr.; Morris; Williamson; F Thier; B Thier; Schorty; F Schoverling; Buckwurst; Charles; Gewest; Spinner; Fransiola; Allen; Cottrell.

Prize event, 50 targets: McKane, 12, 53; Montanus, Sr., 39; Morris, 16, 60; Williamson, 16, 38; Gewest, 26, 56; Spinner, 8; Fransiola, 38, 46; Allen, 38, 52; Cottrell, 34; Freyler, 17, 47.

Shoot-off: McKane, 3, 15; Morris, 4, 25; Gewest, 7, 25; Allen, 10, 19.

Shoot-off: Morris, 2, 23; Gewest, 4, 21.

IN NEW JERSEY.

South Side Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J.—The shooting at the grounds of this club, at the foot of Broad street, on Saturday, March 11, was participated in by ten men and was for practice only. Geo. H. Piercy, of Jersey City, made high average, while R. A. Parker, of Nutley, was second high man. Messrs. Pearsall, Whittlesey, Gaskill and Henry are all capable of better work, but on this occasion were handicapped by shooting borrowed gun.

Mr. Gaskill, who is a member of the Rahway Gun Club, was accompanied to the grounds by J. Frank Way, another member of that progressive shooting organization. Among those present, besides Mr. Way, who did not come prepared to shoot, were Messrs. Toffey and Wilson, of Jersey City; Melchoir, of Newark, and M. Herrington, of Arlington. Among those who were greatly missed was Asa Whitehead, a charter member of the club, who is confined to his home by illness. Two barrels of targets and two cases of shells were disposed of during the afternoon. The scores:

Table with columns for shooter names and scores. Includes Events; Targets; Geo H Piercy; M Jenkins; Geo Gaskill; F A Nott.

Table with columns for shooter names and scores. Includes C Henry; C E Talbot; R A Parke; W Pearsall; I H Terrill; H D Whittlesey.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 11.—Event No. 5, handicap trophy shoot for Schortemcier watch charm, resulted in a tie, Morrison winning the shoot-off.

Table with columns for shooter names and scores. Includes Events; Targets; C E Eickhoff, S.; A Schoverling, 6; Hans; Brugman; J Morrison, 8; F Vosselman, 10; F Truax, 3; Dr Richter, 6; H B Williams; Dr Paterno; C McClane; H H Schramm; Buchanan, 20; J Merrill, 16.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., March 11.—To-day marked the opening of what will be known as the Charles Daly gun contest. The club has offered a \$185 Daly gun to be shot for by members of the club, under the following conditions: Fifty targets, unknown angles, automatic handicaps, \$5 entrance, Walsrode powder to be used exclusively. To be shot for on the second Saturday for twelve months, the winner of the greatest number of contests to be the owner of the gun.

Mr. Wallace was high man in this event (No. 3) to-day, breaking 43. This, with his handicap of 5, gave him a score of 48.

In the gold medal event Mr. Howard broke 85 out of a possible 100 targets, and up to date is high man.

The club expects to send a team to the Freehold shoot on the 15th.

Table with columns for shooter names and scores. Includes Events; Targets; F W Moffett, 4; C L Bush, 2; G F Howard; W T Wallace; E Winslow; G Hawkey; P Cockeair; C W Kendall; G Batten.

Handicaps apply only in event 3.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Club Handicaps.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Anolotan Gun Club is now considering the best system of handicapping, for a series of prize shoots lasting the season.

Last year we used the class system and distance handicap. A few shooters developed very rapidly, and could shoot better from 20 yards than the rest of the class could from 16 yards, and the poorer shots stopped shooting, and stopped quick.

From the reports in your paper, the best clubs in the country (Cincinnati, Crescent, Florists', etc., etc.) are using the added-birds system, which, personally, I consider fair, as you can then change the handicap to fit the shooter.

I would thank you for your personal views on the subject, as you have had experience, and are in a position to know what is being done. More than half our shooters are beginners, many shooting below 50 per cent.

M. D. HOGAN.

[The distance handicap is for thoroughly trained shooters, and is properly best for tournament use. It is not at all good for use in the average club, where there is a wide variation in the skill of the different contestants, or the same contestant one time compared to another. Where a contestant cannot shoot well from the 16-yard mark, no distance handicap, within reason, applied to a contestant who can shoot well, will counterbalance the lack of skill of the 16-yard man.

The most equitable system for use when novices, poor shots and semi-experts or experts compete together, is the handicap allowance. Give the poorer shots an extra number of targets as breaks to be added to their scores, not an extra allowance to shoot at. It should be considered that no shooter scores more than the maximum; that is to say, in a 25-target event a shooter scores more than 25 with his allowance added, all over the 25 is cancelled, and he scores 25. It is self-evident, that in a 25-target event, it should not be possible to score more than 25. To determine the handicaps, it is best to take the most expert shot as the basis. Make him scratch man; or, if there are several equally good, make them all scratch men. Let us assume that the best men are 90 per cent. performers. Then the 80 per cent. men should have 10 targets added in 100, or about 3 in 25. Other handicaps in a ratio to establish equity. The handicaps should be changed at least once a month. The best that any handicappers can do is to make an approximation. It is not desirable to have too many ties, nor is it desirable to have one man win all.]

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The cut in his advertisement shows one of the attractive fishing baits made by John J. Hildebrandt, who long ago, because dissatisfied with the baits on the market, devised one for his own use, which later suggested others. The fame of these spoons spread, and dealers wanted them, so Mr. Hildebrandt began to manufacture them. These baits are all hand made, and of the very best material. They are in ten different styles, and a circular describing them will be sent on application.

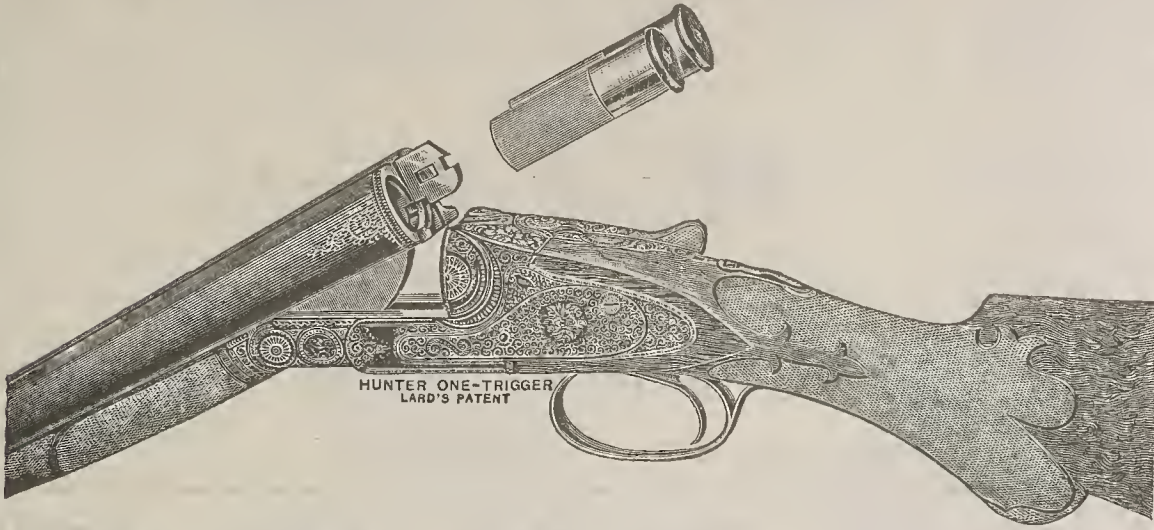
It is unnecessary to speak to the sportsman of the comfort to be had out of a pipe, but unless one's tobacco is good, a pipe is only a disappointment. Many tobaccos burn the tongue, and so give discomfort where only pleasure should be had. The Castle Dome Cut Plug, manufactured by Jasper L. Rowe, of Richmond, Va., does not burn the tongue, and gives a good and satisfactory smoke. It is manufactured from Old Virginia sun-cured tobacco.

Most readers of FOREST AND STREAM live in the country, or have country places and raise gardens, and of every vegetable garden the potato is the great standby. The new potato Noroton Beauty, advertised by J. M. Thorburn & Co., of 36 Cortlandt street, New York, is very early, very productive, handsome and uniform in shape and size. Besides this, it is said to keep longer than any other sort, early or late. Persons interested in vegetables, or indeed in anything that grows in the garden, will do well to write to Messrs. Thorburn & Co., for a catalogue of their seeds, which will be mailed free on application.

One of the greatest desiderata of the man who lives an outdoor life is footwear that will keep out moisture and yet permit circulation of air. The rubber boot is the only thing that will keep the feet dry, but the rubber boot, besides being water-tight, is air-tight, and so in many respects uncomfortable. The National Waterproof Boot Co., in their advertisement in another column state that they have a leather boot that is waterproof, soft, pliable and most comfortable. For such a boot one would think there should be a great sale among sportsmen.

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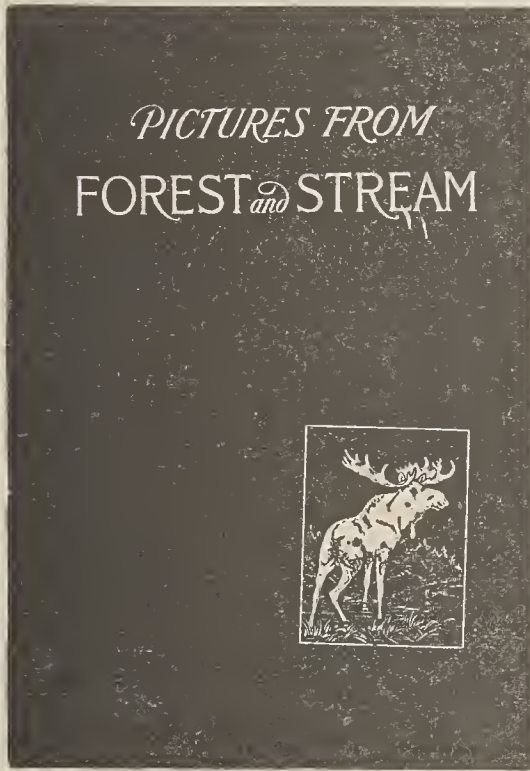


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Address **WILLIAM CASHMORE, Gun Maker, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.**

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is well represented in the collection of *Pictures from Forest and Stream* Moose, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, Virginia deer, mule deer and buffalo are shown in scenes which have in them the spirit of the wild creatures and their surroundings. Each picture is an accurate portrait of the subject and has a pleasing landscape setting as well. Of smaller game there are field scenes in which figure the quail, ruffed grouse; and a number of splendid reproductions of Audubon bird pictures. The dog pictures by Osthaus and the yachting scenes round out the volume, and make it all in all a very comprehensive volume of American outdoor sports.



LIST OF THE PLATES.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 5. "What's That?" (Antelope), - Carl Rungius | 21. The American Plover, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 6. The Home of the White Goat, - - - | 22. Rap Full, Schooner Constellation in a North Easter, - - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| Photo by H. T. Folsom | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair off Larchmont, - - - Photo by Jas. Burton |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - Carl Rungius |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - - E. Osthaus |
| 9. Calling the Buffalo—3 The Fall, E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer) - - - E. Osthaus |
| 10. Calling the Buffalo—4 Packing the Meat, E. W. Deming | 27. Between Casts, - - - W. P. Davison |
| 11. Sail, Sea and Sky, Navahoe on the Solent, Photo by West & Son | 28. Home of the Bass, - - - W. P. Davison |
| 12. The Trapper's Camp, - - - E. W. Deming | 29. In Boyhood Days, - - - W. P. Davison |
| 13. Pearl R. (Setter), - - - E. H. Osthaus | 30. A Country Road (Partridge), W. P. Davison |
| 14. The Purple Sandpiper, - - - J. J. Audubon | 31. When Food Grows Scarce (Quail), W. P. Davison |
| 15. The Black Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), W. P. Davison |
| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon | |

The plates are carefully printed on heavy coated paper and handsomely bound, making a most attractive volume. The size of page is about that of the **FOREST AND STREAM** or about 16 x 11½ inches. Price, postpaid \$2. In response to numerous enquiries from those who desire to frame these engravings, rather than to keep them in a volume, a special price of \$1.75 each has been made for sets of unbound sheets.

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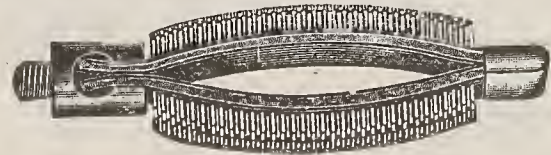
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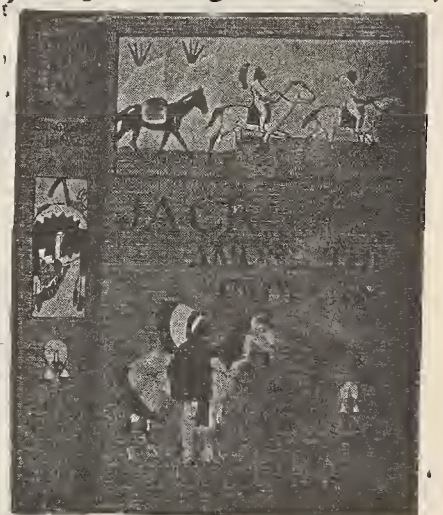
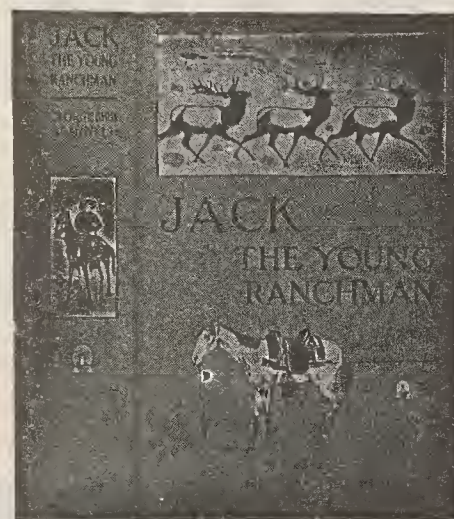
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Stephen Grant Highest quality Ejector, Hammerless. A rare opportunity to get a best Grant field gun, and in as perfect condition as new. The gun has Sir Joseph Whitworth fluid steel barrels, a magnificent dark curly stock, the action covered with beautiful scroll and game engraving, an ornamental fence carved in relief, triggers, lever and top safety in gold. Shooting modified with the left and improved cylinder with the right. Dimensions: 12-ga., 28-in. barrels, 6 lbs. 5 1/2 oz. weight, 1 11-16 to 2 11-16 inch drop, 14-in. stock. Gun complete in a Stephen Grant solid leather trunk case. Special net price\$325.00

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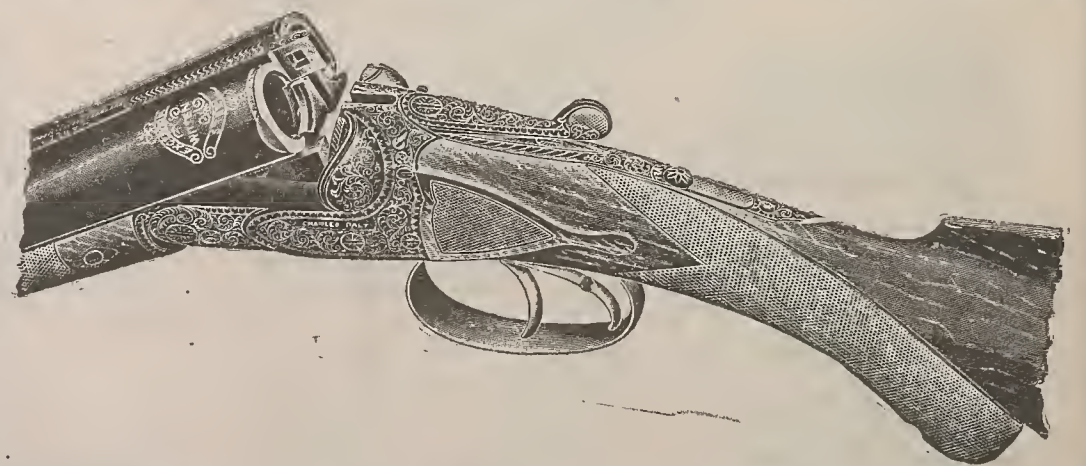
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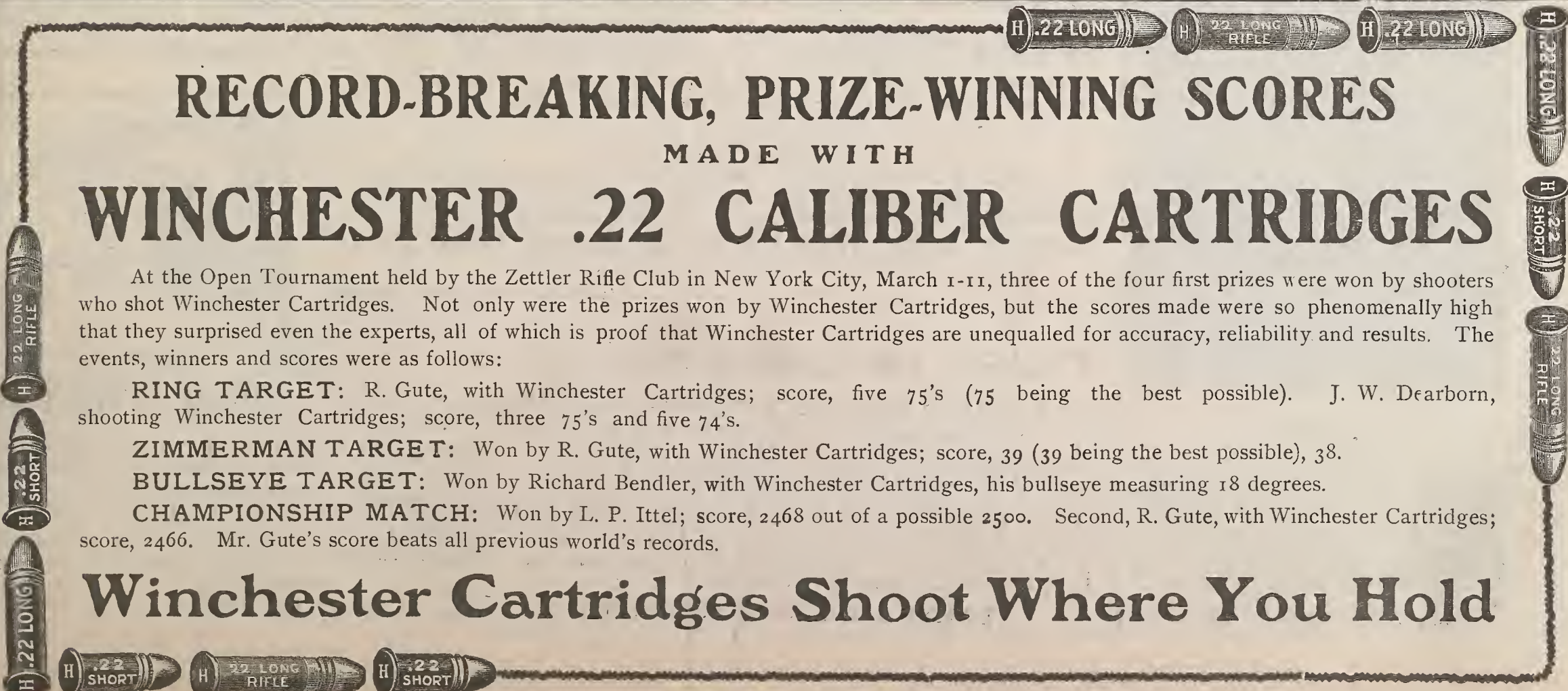
RING TARGET: R. Gute, with Winchester Cartridges; score, five 75's (75 being the best possible). J. W. Dearborn, shooting Winchester Cartridges; score, three 75's and five 74's.

ZIMMERMAN TARGET: Won by R. Gute, with Winchester Cartridges; score, 39 (39 being the best possible), 38.

BULLSEYE TARGET: Won by Richard Bendler, with Winchester Cartridges, his bullseye measuring 18 degrees.

CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH: Won by L. P. Ittel; score, 2468 out of a possible 2500. Second, R. Gute, with Winchester Cartridges; score, 2466. Mr. Gute's score beats all previous world's records.

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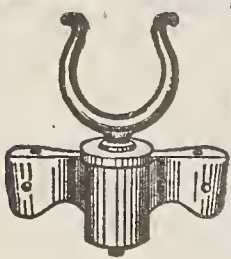
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The successive chapters give an admirably complete picture of a people in whom, as we read of them in these vivacious pages, Mrs. Churchill compels us to feel an unflagging interest. The book is well balanced; there is just enough of the history of Samoa to give an understanding of the events which have brought a portion of the islands under the flag of the United States; and just enough of description to make an appropriate and effective stage setting. But the chief characteristic of this brightly written book is action of incident and story. It is writing of the sort that has movement, and leads one on from page to page.

"Samoa 'Uma" is not exclusively about the Samoans; there is a chapter on Papalangi life, from which it appears that living in Samoa is so different; and some of the best things in the book are the personal experiences and adventures of this particular Papalangi woman, whose love of outdoor life led her on frequent excursions amid the coral reefs and into the dark jungles.

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CONTENTS:

- I.—The Real Samoa.
- II.—The Samoan Family.
- III.—The Samoan Housewife.
- IV.—Courtesy and Ceremonies.
- V.—Kava—The Ceremonial Drink.
- VI.—Music and the Siva Dance.
- VII.—Handicraft and Art.
- VIII.—Fishers and Sailors.
- IX.—Shooting the Apolima Passage.
- X.—The Weed that Catches Fish.
- XI.—Torches on the Reef.
- XII.—The Palolo Anniversary.
- XIII.—The Chase of Rats.
- XIV.—Things that Creep and Crawl.
- XV.—The Wreck of the Schooner Lupe.
- XVI.—Samoan Fickle Brides.
- XVII.—The Vampires of the Tuasivi.
- XVIII.—Beachcomber and Missionary.
- XIX.—Copra and Trade.
- XX.—Papalangi Life.
- XXI.—The Story of Lualu's Hunt.
- XXII.—The Great Vaiala Steeplechase.
- XXIII.—Some South Sea Hoodoos.

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- His Pronunciamento—the Orator.
- The Land-Locked Waters of Pago-Pago.
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- Baked Pig Becomes a Triumph.
- The Village Taupou and Her Attendants.
- A Taupou and Her Tuinga.
- Manaia with Heading-Knife.
- Everything that Makes the Kava.
- The Taupou's Duty is to Prepare the Kava.
- The Siva is Danced Sitting.
- The Brush is a Pandanus Nutlet.
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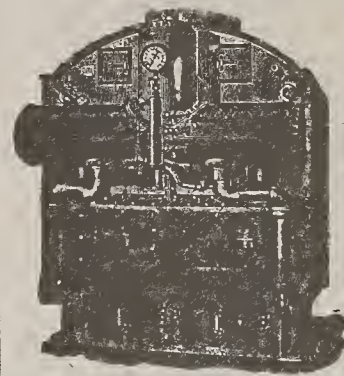
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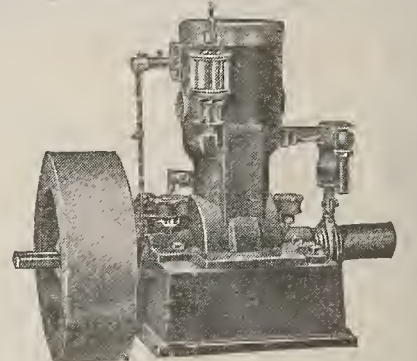
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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ADIRONDACK TIMBER THIEVES.

THE Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks has made public certain charges which it has preferred with Governor Higgins implicating Commissioner Middleton and Chief Protector Pond, and it has given out letters written by its president, Judge Henry E. Howland, urging the Governor not to reappoint these officials. The letters are printed on another page.

It is alleged that Adirondack timber thieves have stolen large amounts of timber from the State lands, and have then informed upon themselves and paid small penalties and have been permitted to remove the stolen timber. Evidences of the criminal operations of this character as contained in the records of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, the Game Protectors and the Justices of the Peace show, the Association asserts, that the depredations of timber thieves have been extensive, and the penalties exacted from them ridiculously small in comparison with the value of the plunder. In one case, as cited by the Association, a North Elba thief who stole 1,600,000 feet of lumber, settled for it by paying a penalty of \$440, or at the rate of twenty-one cents a cord, and kept the wood. In another instance a thief who stole 5,677 green trees paid a fine of \$2,000, or less than forty cents a tree, the penalty prescribed in the statute being \$10 for each tree. The fines thus paid were in amount so far below the actual value of the timber taken that the transaction was equivalent to the buying of the wood for a song. The aggregate of the fines in the several operations specified was \$30,111.93, which represented stolen timber worth many times that sum.

The Association charges that systematic robbery of this character was conducted openly, that mills were set up on the State lands and lumber operations were carried on for months, the timber stacked up along streams or hauled into the streams awaiting the spring floods to float it to market. The thing was done so openly, it is declared, that the authorities must have known of it and should have suppressed it. In the letter sent to the Governor by the secretary, Henry S. Harper, the Commissioner and the Chief Protector are charged with acquiescence in this criminal violation of law. This amounts to saying that Commissioner Middleton and Chief Protector Pond have been in collusion with the Adirondack timber thieves.

The membership list of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks includes many well-known names. Among the trustees, in whose behalf and by whose authority the letters embodying the charges have been written, are William G. Rockefeller, William G. De Witt, Archer M. Huntington, Edwin A. McAlpin, James MacNaughton, J. Pierpont Morgan, Henry Phipps, the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Whitelaw Reid, William H. Boardman, William F. King, William J. Schieffelin, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, W. G. Ver Plank, Alfred L. White and Harry Payne Whitney. The body is one, we may reasonably assume, which would not prefer charges of this nature against public officials unless well convinced of their truthfulness, and confident in the possession of evidence to sustain them. Such grave accusations, however, are not to be accepted without question until they shall have been proved to be true; and it is well to remember that at this time they are accusations only. The reply to them, if there be one, has not been heard.

There are two sides to every case. The public has heard only one side of this one. The other side may not be wholly to the credit of the authorities; it may not show that they have been so diligent or alert or efficient as they should have been; but it is incredible that a full ascertainment of the facts would show any such complicity with evil-doers as the letters of the Association charge. Pending the rigid official investigation which should be insisted upon by all concerned, the public may wisely suspend judgment.

That the statutes on the subject are imperfect and inadequate is to be assumed from one of the recommendations contained in the forestry message which has been sent to the Senate by Governor Higgins. It reads as if written with a knowledge of the condition of affairs complained of in the Association's letters, and a recognition of the necessity of new legislation to apply to them. The Governor recommends:

"That the forest laws be so amended as to insure the prevention of trespasses, to compel the prosecution of malicious trespassers, both civilly and criminally, to the full extent of the law, and the seizure by the State of all timber cut or removed by trespassers from State lands, and to prevent the condonation of trespasses."

The Association urges a modification of the law to the effect that the care of the forests and their protection from depredation shall be taken from the game protectors and vested in the forest wardens. This suggestion has already been acted upon; a measure was introduced in the Senate last week assigning to the superintendent of the forests the duty of enforcing the laws for their protection, and the prosecution of trespassers and timber thieves.

HUNTING THE CARTED STAG.

THE members of a Long Island fox hunting club recently attempted to revive in New Jersey the old British sport of chasing a liberated tame deer with horse and hounds; but the authorities promptly suppressed the enterprise. The same individuals have gone to the New York Legislature with a proposition to legalize such hunting in this State. They explain that they have no intention of killing the deer, nor even of injuring it; and their bill provides that if by any untoward mischance the dogs should do the game to death, the owner of the hounds would be liable to a penalty of \$100. In short, the Long Island deer hunting as practiced under the narrow restrictions of this measure would be as merciful and harmless to the hunted deer as would be consistent with getting any fun out of the chase for the huntsmen; and the promoters of the scheme may not justly be accused of abnormal bloodthirstiness. Their hunting of the carted stag would be strictly in an up-to-date twentieth century style. Nevertheless the cold truth is that no hunting of liberated deer can be in consonance with the sentiment of the day. We have passed beyond sport of that character. Public feeling will no longer tolerate it, and those who want it and endeavor to gratify their taste, for it are out of their place in history. Had they been born long ago they might have ridden to hounds after deer to their hearts' content. They may not do it now, but if they are philosophical they will try to make the best of the situation, and find some solace for the "demnition grind" of life in such sports as are lawfully open to them, being always careful never to do anything which is really useful or really worth doing.

QUAIL RESTOCKING.

THE New Jersey State Game Commission had laid out a plan of extensive stocking with quail this spring, the entire number of birds to be put out exceeding a thousand and dozens; and they had received and distributed several hundred dozens, when the supply was suddenly cut off, the express companies having been notified by the authorities that they would be permitted to handle no more birds. The New Jersey Commissioners are not the only ones whose plans have thus been balked. The extreme hardship of the past winter with its destruction of birds has left the covers sadly depleted, and the demand for new stock is very general in the North and East. Clubs and individuals are anxiously inquiring where they may procure the birds; some of them, as the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, have laid out extensive plans of restocking, and have given orders for extensive deliveries of birds. Under existing complications all such enterprises will be thwarted. The winter-killed game may not be replaced. Man may not come to the aid of nature in renewing the supply. The stock destroyed, the covers must remain barren. This is a condition which should not exist, provided a better way may be found. It is well worth while considering the possibility of effecting changed conditions more favorable to the replenishing of the game supply.

This is the situation; There are extensive regions of the United States where the quail, what with the severity

of certain winters and the increased tax upon the stock by its pursuit for sport, cannot maintain itself in anything like abundance. There are other and more extensive regions where the birds, by reason of favorable climatic and food conditions and immunity from pursuit by the gunner, breed with such fecundity as to maintain in all years a superabundant stock.

In the regions where the species has a precarious foothold, it may be maintained in goodly supply only by restocking. In the regions bountifully adapted by nature to the multiplication of the species, it may be drawn upon for restocking purposes without in any appreciable degree impairing the native supply.

The desirable thing then to be achieved is the provision of some way in which the surplus of one section may be transferred to supplement the paucity of the other. To accomplish this end there might well be provided a system of transfer of the game by official agencies or under official direction between the States or between Territories and States. There is no good reason why this might not be done as successfully, extensively and advantageously with game as it is now done with fish. In regions like the Indian Territory, breeding grounds should be set apart and maintained and used expressly for the supply of birds for stocking purposes. This is an enterprise which might well be undertaken by the Department of Agriculture.

NORTH CAROLINA QUAIL IN NEW JERSEY.

THE fight of the game protectors against the cold storage people, their most bitter enemies, still goes on, and the last attack was made in the State of New Jersey, where the statutes—as interpreted by the laymen—would seem to be all on the side of the game protectors.

The lawful time to kill or have in possession ruffed grouse, quail, English pheasants and various other birds, ends the 31st day of December. Section 19 of the last issue of the Game Laws, 1904, provides that dealers may sell game not killed in the State for the period of fifteen days after the close of the season. Section 38 declares that whenever the possession of fish or game is prohibited, reference is had equally to fish or game coming from without the State as to that taken within the State.

A few days ago the game wardens made a raid on a cold storage warehouse in Newark, N. J., and are said to have found there three cases of southern quail marked squabs, and tagged with the name of Mr. Jos. S. Mundy, a Newark manufacturer who shoots much in the South. The quail numbered one hundred and ninety-two, and the legal penalty for that number is \$20 each, or \$3,840.

The same day wardens searched a cold storage warehouse in Jersey City, and there found a large number of birds, the penalties aggregating, it is said, about \$55,000. In each case the boxes or packages were labeled with the owner's name, and the cold storage people disclaim any responsibility in the matter, declaring that they are ignorant of the contents of the packages. Action will be taken, it is said, against the owners of the birds in each instance. The quail were seized by the authorities and carried off to be distributed among the hospitals.

Mr. Mundy's quail, however, are said to have been shot in North Carolina, whence the law permits a single individual to send out fifty quail and no more in a season; so that if one hundred and ninety-two were brought out by one person the North Carolina law has been violated. If, then, the laws both of North Carolina and New Jersey were violated, and no remedy is found in the statute of either State, an interesting situation arises in which the Federal authorities might take a hand.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that Mr. Mundy has retained a firm of Newark lawyers to contest any suit which may be brought by the State. He has so far declined to speak of the matter.

T. E. BATTEN.

CONTINUED ill health has made it necessary for Mr. T. E. Batten to relinquish his position as advertising solicitor for the FOREST AND STREAM and to withdraw entirely from his connection with the paper. Mr. Batten's many friends, both those with whom he has been associated in business circles and those who have shared his contagious enthusiasm in the sports of the field, will learn with extreme regret that he has been obliged to take this step, and will indulge a hope for his speedy and complete restoration to health.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Mike.

THERE were mountains ahead of us, huge and brown under the noonday sun; mountains powdered here and there with snow, reviving in our memories dreams of chocolate blanc mange well sugared, such as had pleased our pampered appetites even in those days of desserts and similar flesh-pots, and which now made our mouths water in soulful recollection. And those mountains had to be surmounted or circumvented, willy-nilly; the ground we had painfully traversed in these last few weeks held known dangers, while before us lay at least uncertainty; traveling might be worse, but there was the chance of its being better, and neither of us felt like retracing our steps through that ingenious imitation (if it was not the real article) of Hades, the desert.

That Mike, the mule, agreed with us, we had not a moment's doubt. He was a Missouri product, and you can't say much better of a mule than that. You would have guessed it, anyway, by the cynical, "show-me" expression of his eye, and his affection for a roll in a mud hole.

We had grown in these last three months since we had owned him—or, to be more accurate, since he had owned us—to have a deep respect for him, for he was a mule of parts—teeth and heels—and when we displeased him, which happened daily, we saw both, and sometimes a few stars. But that did not subtract from our dependence on his knowledge of the whereabouts of a waterhole, and when he decided to camp for the night we learned, after several attempts to change his mind, that his decision of character was to be revered. When Blondine, Carr's buckskin pony, departed this life some vague, mirage-tortured weeks back, Mike had literally taken the work of two upon his back, and with his usual cheerful cynicism, led us safely across the indefinite, sky-bound desert.

To-day he wore an air of relaxation; he would loiter over green spears of gramma grass that had found life in a few drops of moisture filtered from those cool, glistening snows, for by now we were well in the foothills. Or he would make friendly advances to Carr or me, advances which we met with caution, for in addition to his other traits, Mike was a practical joker, his humorous moods sometimes resulting in misfortune to the object of his attentions. I have occasionally thought we may have misjudged Mike; perhaps he was one of those unfortunates with affections which, like desert pears, grow prickly side out, but are sweet and wholesome within—though I always do say eating those cactus pears isn't worth the trouble of rubbing off such a pesky lot of stickers. Anyway, with Mike, the rubbing off process held too many fears for us, so he went through life a mule misunderstood, perhaps.

Carr and I noted these signs of a mind at ease with satisfaction, for always the rank and file reflect the mood of the officer commanding, and we permitted ourselves the luxury of an occasional rest on the shady side of a boulder. You can't be preoccupied on a desert; every step you take, every halt you make must be the result of calculation and experience, and though this caution becomes habitual after a time, still it helps to account for the peculiarly jaded expression of men just in from such an expedition as we were now on. Every rock may shelter some venomous lizard or snake; a Gila monster may be taking an airing in the neighborhood, or, of less danger but considerable discomfort, each particle of vegetation is at apparent war with the world and stands armed at every point; you live in an atmosphere of every man for himself, which has something of the effect on the nerves of a flyer in Wall Street, where everyone's motto is *sauve qui peut*.

So it was a relief to be out of the worst of it, for now our progress carried us from the desert lands behind into the beginnings of a normal vegetation. A stream—small, but promising better things nearer its source—trickled along, its way enlivened by bushes and low trees. Deeper we went into the heart of the hills, those towering mountains seeming to go up and up into the sky, and as the sun dipped behind them, Mike concluded it was time to camp, though two hours of the day still lay ahead of us. Knowing the uselessness of disputing the point, we unpacked our stuff and prepared for the night, making camp by the stream among the cottonwoods. Chaparral lined the gulch which we had been following, for we kept the course of the stream to make traveling easier.

Carr was preparing supper. I had attended to the needs of Mike, whom we allowed to wander at will, as we had found that if any losing was done it would be his losing us, not we him. He was deliberating over his meal as he always did: we called it saying grace, for he put on an air of sanctified displeasure which reminded Carr of a pious old chap he had once known who always made disparaging remarks about the food, after thanking the Lord for it in an extended and minute blessing.

We were comfortably settled to our supper, restfully watching the golden light climb the hill, drawing after it the amethyst shadows from gulch and cañon, thankful that the fates had seen fit to release us from the clutch of the desert devils, and though this lacked much of being the promised land, still by comparison with that strip of outside country which lay bare and glaring to every throbbing ray of sun, it was a paradise to our jaded minds and bodies.

Gradually into our consciousness broke the fact that

there was an occasional noise in the brush behind us, a sound increasing in volume and persistency till even Mike stopped munching and looked expectantly in the direction whence it came. Not suspecting anything more formidable than a stray coyote, we did not disturb ourselves till into the open tumbled the huge bulk of a bear, which projected itself toward us with a speed that sent us to our feet and toward a rock near-by, in too much of a hurry to pick up our guns, our one idea being to get out of the way of this unexpected guest. As we scrambled up the friendly rock which some thoughtful glacier had deposited there in ages past, the bear rolled at a sort of lope to where we had left the remnants of our meal, evidently with the idea of helping himself; but he had not reckoned on Mike—Mike the only really plucky one of the trio.

At the institution of learning where Mike had received his education bears evidently were not included in the curriculum, for he was plainly of a nonplussed and disgruntled mind. He stood and watched the visitor snuffing about till it seemed to occur to him that it was up to him to add to his various other duties that of watchdog. So he advanced with a rather tentative air, as one would say to an unexpected visitor, "Please give me your name and I will tell the boss you are here." At his approach the bear, without retreating a step, slowly sat back on his haunches, and rearing his great bulk onto his hindlegs, waved a facetious forepaw in the face of the now paralyzed mule. Mike's whole frame stiffened; his tail stood straight out, his legs grew rigid, and his chin gradually projected itself in apparent voiceless amazement; till, of a sudden, his lips parted, jaw dropped and the most soul-rending hee-haw, hee-haw woke the echoes in the hills. The very essence of the creature seemed to be poured forth in torrents of sound, ever with a louder and more joyous lilt to the final "haw," while the bear stood, in his turn, petrified by this tumult of hideous noise.

We clung to our precarious position on the rock, convulsed with helpless laughter, almost rolling off at each renewal of the cachinnations of mockery from Mike and the increasing amazement of the bear, who seemed to be striving to collect his wits to meet this change of front in his opponent. Slowly he dropped to all fours and began to shuffle backward, ever keeping a wary eye on the mule, who relaxed his attitude at the retreat of his erstwhile presumptuous enemy. The bear must have had an instinctive understanding of the ways of a mule, for he refused to present to Mike that part of his anatomy best suited, to Mike's idea, for assault, but beat a crab-like and deliberate retreat toward the brush. With head lowered and teeth still displayed, Mike paced after him, ever keeping just within stretch of the bear's nose. Finally, when the shelter of the brush was within two lengths of him, the bear turned in his tracks for a final rush to safety. At the same instant Mike showed one more instance of his many-sided genius. Whirling like a flash, his heels met the bear's flank with an impact that drew a howl from Bruin, who was pitched head first into the chaparral, and the last we saw of him he was frantically crashing his way through bush and brier, making all speed to his lair in the hills.

Mike turned and regarded for a few moments the waving bushes which marked the bear's retreat, and if he did not grin—well, then a mule never did. Shaking himself as if to be sure he was still intact, he strolled back to the fire and stood over the remains of his interrupted meal, evidently ruminating over his encounter. His old reserve gradually folded about him like a mantle, the youthful, joyous glimmer died from his eye, and he fell to eating once more, while Carr and I, assured that peace again reigned, slid from our perch and followed suit.

B. M. WADELL.

Grizzly Adams.

BY ALLEN KELLY.

SEVERAL books about bears have been written and published in the last ten years, and all of them together do not contain so many stories of what Theodore Roosevelt would call "bully bear fights" as are told in a volume entitled, "The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter, of California," written by Theodore H. Hittell, and published in Boston in 1861. Probably most of the old boys who love bear stories have read the book; but the younger men only know that there was once such a man as "Grizzly Adams," and the boys of to-day never heard of him at all.

It was a curious thing that the editor of FOREST AND STREAM should ask me if I could write for him something about Grizzly Adams. Curious because of the peculiar interest I had taken in the old hunter's history from childhood. I read the story of his adventures when I was a small boy, and a somewhat taciturn uncle—a Massachusetts farmer, and a cousin of James Capen Adams—had told me some things about the hunter's early career at a time when "Grizzly Adams" was my hero, and of course what he said stuck in my memory.

It was reading the adventures of Adams and the descriptions of California given in his book that first fired my boyish soul with desire to see that land, and eventually made a Californian of me. I doubt that the lure of California is so strong on any native son of the Golden West as it has been, and is yet, on me. From

the moment when I first looked from the western slope of the Sierra Nevada down across the green foothills and upon the broad valley ablaze with the golden orange poppy, I was a Californian. When I close my eyes, shutting out the bricks and mortar and skyscrapers of Bedlam, there come before them visions of mountain and forest, of cañon and of plain, of foothill and ravine bathed in purple haze; I hear the slumber song of the wind through the pines; I smell the faint aroma of manzanita blossoms, the resinous breath of the forest, the sweet perfume of the laurel, and the old lure is strong upon me—the lure of California, the land of heart's desire.

Strong as was the general impression made upon me by the book, of course the details passed from memory long ago. I came to know in California the man who wrote it, Theodore Hittell, and the artist who illustrated it, Charles Nahl. A few of the incidents remained clear, and I could recall distinctly at least two of the pictures; perhaps Nahl showed me the originals. When I got hold of the book again, however, the oddness of the coincidence that I should be asked to write of Grizzly Adams became more striking, for I found that in the course of my wanderings in California I had followed, unknowingly, Adams's trail, hunted bears where he had killed them, camped where he camped, even built a bear trap in the same cañon of the Tejon in which he once built a trap. Reading his story was like going back over the old trails, sitting by the old camp-fires. The headwaters of the Merced, the Stanislaus, the Tuolumne, Kern River, Tejon Pass, the long trail to Oregon and Washington—all familiar ground. Even the trip from above Sonora through the Sierra to Yosemite, where there was no trail, which Adams made in 1853 I had made on horseback more than thirty years later, looking for grizzlies, but not finding so many as he found.

Having circled about and cut the main trail at last, I will stick to it from this on, craving pardon for not hitting it sooner.

The adventures of James Capen Adams, although told in the first person, were written by another, for Adams was illiterate and could barely write his name, and the writer was more concerned with literary style than with facts with the bark on. The result, regretably, is a stilted narrative, larded with moralizing reflections, classical and historical allusions, pious preachings and pedantry, all foreign to the character of a rugged mountaineer, and therefore false in tone and unconvincing. The author evidently was influenced by "Robinson Crusoe," and he had to give Adams an Indian man Friday, and make him deliver solemn harangues to the poor devil, for the good of his soul and the improvement of his mind, between shots at raging grizzlies. Therefore we get little or nothing of old Grizzly Adams in the telling of his adventures, more's the pity.

Adams was born in Massachusetts in 1807, and grew up as a somewhat "shiftless" country boy. He learned the trade of shoemaking, but did not stick to his last very well, and those who knew him in his youth said he did not like to work. At the age when country boys go to school, he went fishing and shooting. He failed to acquire the rudiments of what is commonly held to be education, but undoubtedly he learned in the fields and woods much that was more useful to him in the vocation that he finally adopted.

According to his cousin's account, not his literary biographer's, young Adams got into trouble over some missing lumber, and found it advisable to leave his native village and join a traveling show. He became a trainer of animals, having the peculiar gift of control over them, and he spent some time in trapping animals for the show in the New England forests. A tiger finally did him up, and he went out of the show business.

In 1849 Adams went overland to California with the gold hunters. He had various luck in mining, trading and ranching until 1852, when he went broke altogether, became discouraged and took to the woods. He located his camp in a valley on a branch of the Merced, about 50 miles northwest of Yosemite, and supported himself by killing game for a year. Adams frequently saw grizzlies, but during the first winter he was careful to keep out of their way, and they showed no inclination to molest him. He says: "Not by any means that the grizzly feared me; but he did not invite the combat, and I did not venture it."

In 1853 Adams's brother William visited his mountain camp and proposed a business partnership, he to advance the capital and James Capen to collect wild animals for menageries. The contract was made, and in May Adams set out for Oregon, accompanied by one white assistant and two Indians. The party traveled along the western foot of the Sierra to Oregon, through the Klamath region and the wilderness between the Cascade range and Blue Mountains, turned the great bend of the Columbia, crossed the Snake River and established headquarters camp in eastern Washington.

Here Adams had his first bear fight. He discovered the den of a grizzly dam and two cubs, waylaid and shot the old bear, and attempted to lasso the young ones. He chased the cubs for a long time, and they finally turned upon him and put him up a tree. They were only about a year old, but had formidable teeth and claws, and he had to pound their paws to keep them from trying to climb after him. In the course of half an hour the cubs went away to their dead dam, and Adams returned to camp. A few days later he succeeded, with the assistance of several mounted Indians, in roping and capturing

the cubs, and eventually he tamed them, and made one of them, Lady Washington, his constant companion in camp and on the trail. He says he frequently snuggled up to the furry back of the bear at night to keep warm, and that she was as docile and companionable as a dog. He even taught her to carry a pack and draw a sledge, and frequently she assisted him in combats with wild bears.

Adams found a great variety of animals in eastern Washington, and spent the summer hunting and trapping there. He had many hand-to-hand encounters with bears, wolves, elk and buffalo, and caught a great number of animals in traps. The traps were solid log cabins about ten feet long, five wide and five high, the parts firmly pinned, with sliding doors at the ends, usually built between two trees for greater strength. From his description of the construction, setting and baiting of traps, I find that I followed precisely his methods, and a picture of one of my bear traps would do very well to illustrate his plan of operations.

Here is a passage from the book which, I think, must be credited to the author rather than to old Grizzly Adams. A coyote assailed him in the dark, bounding at him furiously from a clump of brush. He says: "I disdained to notice him, and passed on; but the whelp, imagining probably that my contempt was fear, followed, barking and howling, keeping just far enough behind that a kick would not reach him. Such conduct, even in a brute, provoked me, and, drawing my revolver, I cried: 'Die, base beast, unworthy the boon of life; take the reward of your audacity!' A shot felled him; when, placing my foot upon his neck and plunging my knife through his heart, I exclaimed: 'Die, coward of the wilderness!' and kicked the body from me."

Imagine old Grizzly Adams going through such a farago of theoric mock-heroics over a coyote!

Again the author of "The Adventures" makes old Adams say of the African lion and the cougar: "They both belong to a genus which I cannot better describe than by calling them sneaks." A cougar—Adams calls the animal a panther—had sprung upon one of his mules, missed his stroke and run away, whereupon he makes this comment: "We found where this sneak had been lying in wait for prey, and whence it had doubtless leaped. It was not far from a fountain where animals congregated, thus affording a fine field for treachery and assassination."

Fine sentiment to put into the mouth of one who, like the cougar, was making his living by lying in wait where animals congregated and killing them with guns, or

tearing grasp, ripped through his breast and drew out the heart, liver, stomach and intestines—presenting to my gaze one of the most awful sights that ever my eyes beheld.

"The bear pawed and snuffed at the poor man's entrails, and in a few minutes was joined by her cubs, which no sooner smelt the blood than they became frantic with fury. I was much agitated, but ran to a tree, and taking as deliberate an aim as was possible under the circumstances, pierced the old bear behind the shoulder. She fell, but in a few minutes got up and tried to rush toward me, when a second shot at the butt of the ear penetrated her brain and ended her existence."

Adams relates an incident to show the astonishing



ONE OF ALLEN KELLY'S BEAR TRAPS, "MONARCH" STYLE.

vitality of the grizzly. He and his companions fired a volley at a bear, and then followed the fleeing animal's trail for seven or eight hundred yards. They found her dead, with bullets through her head, heart and bowels, and several in the fat of her sides.

Adams's armament consisted of a Kentucky rifle, carrying a 30-to-the-pound ball; a Tennessee rifle, 60-to-the-pound; a Colt's revolver, and a Bowie knife. When hunting bears he appears to have carried both rifles, and evidently he needed both usually.

As a result of the season's work in Washington, Adams took to Portland a remarkable collection of live animals, furs and skins. His caravan consisted of thirty-eight horses and mules, packed with skins, meat and small animals in boxes, and this strange herd of driven captives: six bears, four wolves, four deer, four antelopes, two elk, and an Indian dog. He reached Portland after a hard journey down the Columbia, and shipped the entire collection, except Lady Washington, to Boston, where his brother sold the animals to museums.

Adams returned to his old camp at the headwaters of the Merced, and spent the winter in hunting for meat and preparing for a trip to the Rocky Mountains.

In 1854, Adams, accompanied by a man named Gray and several Indians, besides two pet bears, crossed the Sierra Nevada through the snow, hunted cougars in the Humboldt range, traversed Nevada and the Great Basin of Utah, and established his hunting camp in the Rockies. He returned in August with two bears, two panthers, two deer, two wolves, various skins, and a thousand dollars in coin. He found the Rocky Mountain silver-tip more inclined than the Californian grizzly to quarrel with man, but neither so large nor so formidable a foe. Of the varieties of the species he was acquainted with, Adams said:

"The grizzly of the Rocky Mountains seldom, if ever, reaches the weight of a thousand pounds; the color of his hair is almost white; he is more disposed to attack man than the same species in any other regions, and has often been known to follow upon the human track for several hours at a time. It was this bear which first became known to the enlightened world; and from him the species was appropriately named grizzly. Among hunters he is known as the Rocky Mountain white bear, to distinguish him from other varieties.

"The Californian grizzly sometimes weighs as much as two thousand pounds. He is of a brown color, sprinkled with grayish hairs. When aroused, he is, as has been said before, the most terrible of all animals in the world to encounter; but ordinarily will not attack man, except under peculiar circumstances. It is of this animal that the most extraordinary feats of strength are recorded. It is said, with truth, that he can carry off a full-grown horse or buffalo, and that, with one blow of his paw, he can stop a mad bull in full career. When roused, and particularly when wounded, there is no end to his courage; he fights till the last spark of life expires, fearing no odds, and never deigning to turn his heel upon the combat. It is to him that the appellations of science, *Ursus ferox* and *Ursus horribilis*, are peculiarly applicable.

"The grizzly of Washington and Oregon Territories resembles the bear of California, with the exception that he rarely attains so large a size, and has a browner coat. His hair is more disposed to curl and is thicker, owing to the greater coldness of the climate. He is not so savage, and can be hunted with greater safety than either the Californian or Rocky Mountain bear. In New Mexico, the grizzly loses much of his strength and power, and upon the whole is rather a timid and spiritless animal."

In the fall of 1854 Adams captured in the Sierra Nevada an immense grizzly whose weight was over 1,500 pounds. He named this bear Samson. The manner of capture, the incidents of moving the bear from trap to

cage, the animal's size and exhibitions of prodigious strength, as told in the Adams book, are substantially like the true story of Monarch—not the amazing fiction of Bre'r Seton's concoction.

Adams hunted during the rest of the season on Kern River, and made a trip to the Tejon region, where he built traps and tried in vain to capture a large spotted animal, presumably a jaguar. The jaguar is not believed to be a native of California, but it is probable that specimens sometimes wander up north of their usual range. The description given by Adams of the animal he saw fits the jaguar perfectly, and when I was hunting in the same region in 1889, mountaineers told me that they had seen a great spotted cat, larger than a cougar, in the roughest part of the mountains south of the San Joaquin Valley. I never saw the animal, although I did see tracks considerably larger than those of any ordinary cougar.

Hittell's account of the adventures of Grizzly Adams ends with the establishment of a menagerie in San Francisco, where Adams gave exhibitions with his trained animals. The closing words of the book, Adams supposed to be speaking, are: "If I could choose, I would wish, since it was my destiny to become a mountaineer and grizzly bear hunter of California, to finish my career in the Sierra Nevada. There would I fain lay (sic) down with the Lady, Ben and Rambler at my side; there surely I could find rest through the long future, among the eternal rocks and evergreen pines."

Grizzly Adams did not end his life as he wished. He brought his animals to New York by way of Panama and exhibited them to the wondering people of the East. But he was not a good business man, and did not make a financial success of the enterprise. When he got into difficulties, P. T. Barnum bought his outfit and hired him to exhibit the animals in Barnum's Museum. Samson was the star attraction, and was advertised by Barnum as weighing considerably more than a long ton. There was excitement on Broadway now and then when Samson was reported to be on the rampage and about to break out of his cage, and once, when workmen were moving the cage, the bear really did come very near to an escape; but James Conlin, later well known as a shooting master, punched him back with a crowbar, and prevented a panic.

One of the captive bears was a vicious, dangerous creature, and one day she reached through the bars and raked Adams's scalp half off his head. The old man went to a hospital for repairs, and while he was away there was nobody to put the trained animals through their daily performance, whereat Barnum became peevish, and insisted that Adams return to duty. The old man did return before he was entirely fit, and the cinnamon



SAMPSON.

reached him again and raked his half-healed scalp down over his face. Erysipelas or blood-poisoning ensued, and Grizzly Adams died in the hospital.

When Barnum's Museum was destroyed by fire, the last of Grizzly Adams's animals perished in the flames.

Another 100 Sportsmen's Finds.

SANDWICH, Mass., March 12.—Selectman E. W. Haines, who is also a dory fisherman, made an unprecedented catch in the bay here yesterday afternoon, pulling from the bottom of the bay, where the water is 66 feet deep by actual measurement, an old gray loon, hard and fast to a baited hook that had been set for codfish. It has always been supposed that loons made their feeding grounds in shallow places until Mr. Haines found the one caught in his codfish trawl yesterday, which would seem to prove that deep water is no hindrance to them when they are in search of food. Mr. Haines says the hook caught the loon through the breast, and it was so firmly imbedded that it had to be cut out. Since the finding of the loon on the cod hook some of the fishermen believe that these fowl have been in the habit of robbing the well baited hooks in the past.

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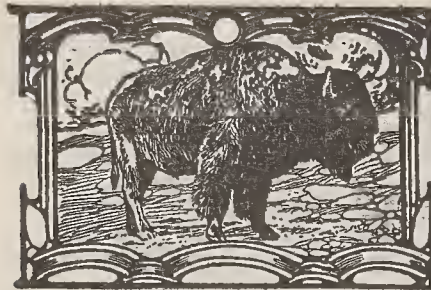
ADAMS AND "LADY WASHINGTON."

treacherously luring them into traps and assassinating them when they were helpless prisoners.

While in Washington, Adams joined forces with three Texan hunters, and the party made great slaughter of bears, deer, elk, buffalo, wolves, antelope, foxes and fur-bearing small animals, and had many thrilling adventures. One day they came upon a large grizzly and two cubs, and Foster, one of the Texans, thinking he could kill a bear as easily as a buck, attacked them prematurely. He wounded the old bear and then ran for a tree when she charged, but before he could climb out of reach the bear seized his feet and dragged him to the ground.

"Time and again," says Adams, "had I cautioned Foster, as also the others of my comrades, if ever they fell in the power of a grizzly bear to lie perfectly still and show no signs of life, however severely scratched and bitten they might be. I myself have tried the efficacy of feigning death, and there have been cases where a bear would leave a pretended dead man perfectly unharmed, but return and exhibit the greatest fury upon his attempt to move. It is therefore no more than prudence, in such cases, to remain perfectly passive and quiet until the animal is beyond sight and hearing.

"But poor Foster, in his extremity, forgot these injunctions, and not only shrieked for help, but struggled to get away. I immediately drew my knife and rushed toward him, with the object of attracting the brute's attention; but before I could approach, the bear, with one



NATURAL HISTORY



Capers of the Crow.

A CORRESPONDENT of Land and Water regards it as an extraordinary circumstance that a raven should swallow a four-bladed jackknife; and still more singular that he should disgorge it again. He thinks the feat may "defy imitation by the most accomplished of Oriental or European jugglers," and he expects everybody to be astonished. Nay, more, he declares "the incident to be so extraordinary as to be hardly credible," and he concludes his observations with the comment that "the raven was none the worse for its performance."

We should remark: Did he expect the bird to die?

Now, it so happens that all the Corvidæ and their congeners have this same faculty of swallowing all sorts of substances and ejecting them at will. Having had the pleasure of intimacy with tame crows for a number of years, during a residence in the Hampshire Hills of northwestern Massachusetts, the writer is most familiar with their tricks and their manners. One of their commonest was to feign hunger, and, when fed, fill their craws with food to their utmost capacity, and then fly off and eject it. The cheekiest of these pets was named Tom, and by the fuss and bawling he made at the kitchen porch, one would think he was at the point of starvation. But it wouldn't be ten minutes after he had flown off

two, and once in a while, by way of indulgence, the men would give him a nest of mice when they found one, doling out to him the pink, naked bantlings one at a time, and hearing them squeak for a minute after he had engulfed them in his insatiate maw! It was fun for the men and the crow, but death to the mice. Tom's black relatives were not friendly. They were even hostile, and their antipathy extended to their chasing him home whenever they happened to discover him off on a foraging expedition. At such times the strange crows were often tempted to make a swoop on the barnyard and snatch up a stray egg or a fledgling, carrying the chicks off to their eyries in the neighboring woods; and many a heart pang the children suffered when they heard the ominous gurgles of satisfaction with which the young crows in the tree-tops gulped down their callow pets. But Tom was never known to do murder himself. Indeed, his presence among the fowls was so unobtrusive, and his cute ways so interesting to the Polands and Plymouth Rocks, that they became unsuspecting of his tribe, so that he unwittingly became an accessory and decoy in helping the black pirates to make their reprisals. Nevertheless, he seemed to have a great dread of the wild crows, and whenever they pressed him sore in the meadows, he would fly to the mowers for refuge, and alight on their heads, persistently maintaining his perch

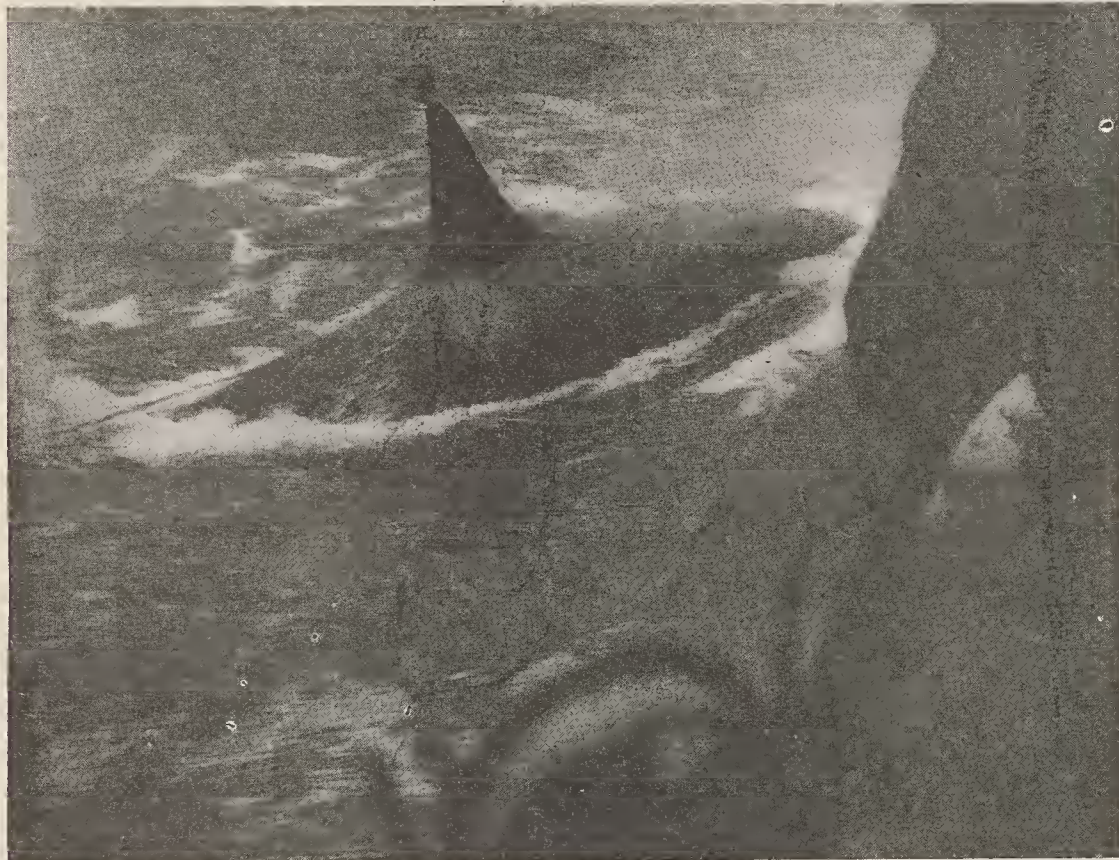
A Park for Beatrice.

BEATRICE, Neb., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking through your paper of Feb. 4, I find a most interesting letter from the pen of A. D. McCandless, Wymore, Neb.

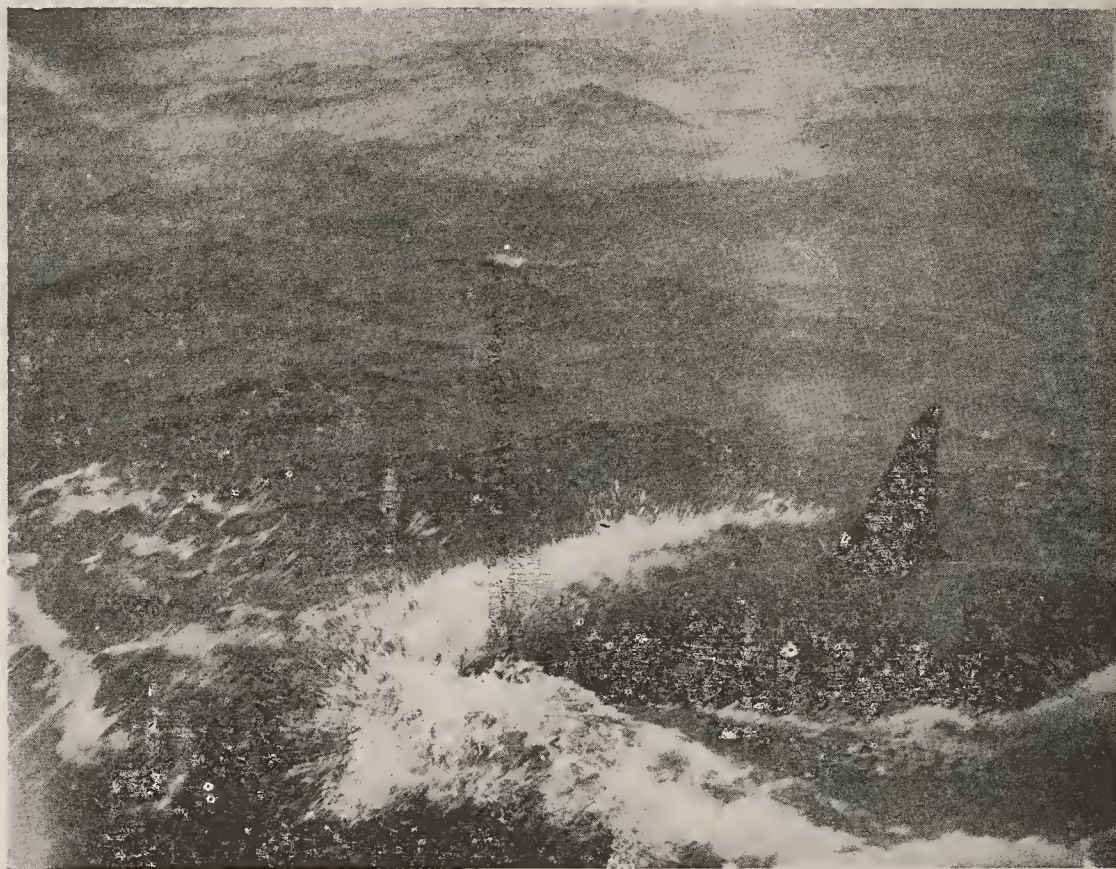
Since Wymore is our neighbor town, and Mr. McCandless a frequent and welcome visitor to our city, as well as a contributor to your pages, it seems quite the thing to give to FOREST AND STREAM a little account of a park meeting, held here (Beatrice), on the afternoon of March 10. The meeting was arranged by the Civics and Forestry Department of the Woman's Club, and Mr. McCandless was the invited speaker. The weather was fine and all things propitious, and not in many months has so large a crowd greeted a Beatrice platform speaker as upon this occasion.

Mr. McCandless not only knows a great deal about parks and nature in general, but he has a most delightful and interesting way of telling it to others. He not only knows and appreciates the advantages and enjoyment of parks and beautiful grounds, but he also has the faculty of bringing them into existence.

Some one has said that "One who ennobleth the world, is second only to Him who made it." Surely, the world, or at least one corner of it, is ennobled



ORCA OR WHALE KILLER.



A SNAPSHOT OFF THE PORT QUARTER.

Photos by Mr. R. J. Christman.

satisfied before he would be back again, crying for more. Oliver Twist wasn't a circumstance. It was a long time before the family "tumbled to his racket," as the saying is; but after many attempts to follow him, which he dexterously evaded by flying into the woods and dodging pursuit in other ways, he was at last detected in the very act of disgorging his plunder. He had a cache under a boulder behind a stone wall, which would hold a bushel, and when it was discovered it was two-thirds full of bread and miscellaneous benavilins which any flotsam-fed goat would have burst with envy to behold. After sitting a moment on the wall and casting about him to see that he was not observed, he would plump down by the boulder, and, getting a purchase with the point of his lower mandible against the surface of the stone, open his beak wide, and the natural result followed.

At first there was a disposition to give the black imp credit for being provident, and a charitable deacon in the neighborhood admired the wonderful forecast with which he hedged himself against possible scarcity and want; and pointed out this praiseworthy trait to all the Sunday school children as worthy of emulation. And some of the susceptible ones actually began to have a shade of reverence for the bird, until some missing sleeve buttons, a mustard spoon, innumerable iron wedges, screw bolts, and other articles of that ilk were accidentally discovered in his collection of edible bric-a-brac! Thenceforward he was branded for an impostor and a thief! It was a favorite occupation for him to hang around the men who were grinding their scythes under the shed, and to prig the iron wedges which lay near the snaths on the ground. He would pick them up and hold them in his beak and hobble about the place, but, if a persistent effort was made to take them from him, he would finally fly off to a fence, and, if closely pressed, swallow them. He would not always deposit them in his museum, either. Often he would fly to the roof of the barn and stow the wedge away under a cleat, where it would be recovered afterward if time and patience were allowed. But more than once he detected the men clambering up the roof, and would at once recoup the wedge before they could reach it. He was a sagacious rascal, that Tom!

Tom would swallow anything; but there were some tid-bits which he was not so ready to disgorge as iron wedges and jackknives. He would hunt for himself in the fields, following the mowers and picking up grasshoppers, frogs, beetles, and sometimes a small snake or

until they drew off and disappeared. Alas! it was this intimacy with the men that caused his death; for one day, while gleaning after the scythe in the field, he was struck by the blade and disabled—a judgment, it was said, for monkeying with the wedges.

I tempted a fate almost as tragic for myself when I gathered that crow from its nest in its infancy. The nest was built in the topmost branches of a sixty-foot hemlock



UNITED STATES SHIP PATTERSON.

which grew close to a granite ledge. A stout dead limb projected about ten feet above the rock, but the rest of the trunk was bare up to the frond, say a distance of thirty feet in all. Of course I slipped and fell at the moment when the prize was within reach. Boys always do. And that limb, which I happened to strike in my descent, clutching it desperately, was all that prevented my testing the hardness of the rock. But for the interposition of that dead branch I should never have got my crow. As it was, I made sure of a footing at the next trial, and the nest was mine. In it there were three of a kind.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

NATIONAL CITY, California.

and uplifted by the speaker who, upon a mid-March day can so talk about trees and streams and flowers, that his listeners can hear the purring of brooks—the swish of leaves and the breath of flowers; and, at the close of his talk, are ready to do the things necessary to make the imaginary a reality.

Such was the case at this March park meeting. A commission was organized, which is now at work, and the probabilities are that ere many months shall come and go, a large square of ground, containing many beautiful trees, may be converted into a public park, which shall be not only a "comfort place" to the city, but a monument as well to the cleverness and earnestness of Mr. McCandless.

MRS. A. HARDY.

A Social Whale.

On the morning of September 24, 1904, the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey steamship Patterson sailed from Kiska, Aleutian Islands, for Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, by way of Dutch Harbor, Alaska. About 10 A. M., when between the North Head of Kiska Island and Chugal Island, a large Orca, or "killer" whale, measuring about 25 feet in length, came alongside the vessel and kept her company for about an hour. During all this time the cetacean kept close to the ship and was plainly visible, even when beneath the surface, owing to the clearness of the water of that portion of Bering Sea. But as the monster came frequently to the surface to spout, rolling over somewhat after the manner of the *Delphinus*, and exposing above the surface its entire length, special opportunity was afforded not only to observe it with the eye, but to photograph it as well. Many exposures were made, though, as might be expected, quite a number of them failed to connect with the object at the proper moment. The accompanying photographs are among the best secured. The whale seemed not only to appreciate our society, but also to take a certain interest in the stern portion of the vessel. Perhaps the revolving propeller was a factor of attraction. For quite a while it maintained about the same place in relation to the ship—abreast the quarterdeck on the port side—but after a time it amused itself with frequently diving from side to side under the keel of the vessel. After keeping us company for quite an hour, the monster "sounded" and was seen no more.

DR. J. HOBART EGBERT,

HONOLULU, H. I., Jan. 20.

Surgeon U. S. S. Patterson,

This Loon Dodged Twenty Loads of Shot.

THE article in this week's paper, about the loon that was killed by a bullet after being hit by over a hundred No. 6 shot and was apparently none the worse of the shot, reminds me of one glorious June day some thirty years ago, on which the writer and a friend went fishing in White River below Indianapolis. As we drove several miles through forest-covered hills, the shotgun was taken along to take care of squirrels which might offer convenient shots. There was a loon on the river, the first one we had ever seen, and, of course, we just had to have him. The loon seemed to be about as curious about us as we were about him, and swam back and forth in front of us at a distance of twenty-five to forty yards. As head, neck, shoulders and back were exposed, he looked an easy shot, but he wasn't. Instead of being killed at the first shot, he was just gone. He soon came to the top of the water, but after the first shot showed nothing above the water but his head and about six inches of neck.

We shot at him twenty-two times at a distance of thirty to forty yards, and when my friend did the shooting, I could plainly see that the head and neck were gone before the shot struck the water. Had not some strategy been used, it is not likely he would have been killed at all. While the loon was under water my friend hid behind a pile of drift wood, and I, provided with a stick about the length of a gun, kept in sight, acting as though trying to get a shot. The loon presently swam within range of the gun behind the drift pile, and that time enough shot hit his head and neck to instantly kill him. The above does not agree with what Mr. Linkletter tells us about the loon he killed, but it is not intended to cast any doubt on his statement. It is doubtless a fact that his loon could not dodge shot, but mine could.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Birds in Migration.

COMING from Philadelphia yesterday, I observed a vast flight of birds migrating. The hour was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with a clear air and no wind. At first I thought the sky was becoming overcast, but on looking intently, discovered my mistake. The birds were at a great height, and I could not tell what species they were, but supposed they were robins. Formed in a dense column they stretched toward the south far as the eye could see. The train on which I was, was moving at the rate of about forty miles an hour, but the birds kept well up with it for a time; then suddenly they wheeled, dived, and ascended again. As a result of this evolution the column lost much of its compactness, and I observed several of the broken groups separating themselves completely, and taking flight in a different direction. I suppose this is how the birds scatter themselves over the country. It was a most interesting sight and a novel one—at least for the writer. Is it not very unusual for birds to migrate thus during the daytime?

NEW YORK, March 16.

F. M.

Foxes and Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A short time ago I sent you pretty positive proof that foxes do not harm poultry in certain mountain regions at Ticonderoga, New York, during the summer, even when the fowls are allowed to range at will and to roost in trees at night. I now have to offer the testimony of a trapper and hunter of that town who has lived in the vicinity all his life, and has killed and caught hundreds of raccoons, skunks and foxes during the fall and winter months. He says that it is his belief that very few, if any, ruffed grouse, or partridges, as they are called in his locality, are killed by Reynard, summer or winter. He has occasionally found a few feathers lying on the

snow as though a partridge had been pounced upon by some enemy, but he does not think the foxes did it, because there were no tracks of foxes about such places. There are many hawks in that country, containing, as it does, vast tracts of forest and heavily wooded mountain lands, and there are some owls. In addition to the goshawk, which visits that region in the fall, there is the horned owl, the great eagle owl, and the many varieties of the hawk family, from the sparrow hawk to the handsome red-tailed bird. A friend personally saw two large hawks make repeated attempts to capture some young partridges in that locality which were dodging them in a field of heavy clover and timothy where they had been surprised. The woods are full of small deer mice, which may serve as fox food.

PETER FLINT.

The Loon's Flight.

HOQUIAM, Wash., March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think from reading Mr. Dixmont's description of his experience with a loon in Minnesota that he received from my letter the impression that I thought that a loon always flew in a circle in rising from the water, but they only do so when they have no room to do otherwise. With a lake not more than a hundred yards across and land fifty yards high all around it, and tall timber on that, they would have no chance to rise, flying straight away. There are a great many small lakes in Michigan; if they were in New York they would be called ponds if they were ten times as large. The loon that I refer to is the great northern diver, for I am not acquainted with any of the other varieties.

W. A. LINKLETTER.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



GAME BAG AND GUN



The Shiras Bill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The correspondence which has been published in your paper recently in relation to the proposed law of Congress, known as the Shiras Bill, has interested me deeply, as it no doubt has done all those who are concerned in the protection of game.

I am free to say that I favor any and every means whereby the game of the country will be effectively protected; and while at times in recent years the slow progress of the sentiment in favor of such protection among the several States has been cause for occasional discouragement, on the whole, and taking a comprehensive view of the subject, it would seem that there is good cause for congratulation.

Everywhere the feeling is daily growing stronger in favor of adequate protection of the game and fish of the country.

Personally I would be glad to see the entire matter of this protection placed with the Federal Government if laws to that end could be effectively administered; but I fear that without a very elaborate and costly equipment any laws that Congress may pass, assuming them to be valid, would be incapable of proper enforcement within the States; at least from an economic standpoint. It would require such elaborate machinery and the employment of so many persons, that no Congress would assume the responsibility of appropriating the money necessary to carry on such work. The expense of successfully executing such plans as are outlined in the bills introduced by Mr. Shiras for the protection of game and fish, would be impossible from a merely economic standpoint. If such laws were enacted by Congress, and if they were valid, their existence upon the statute books would serve to make the State authorities lax and indifferent in the matter of game and fish protection; and thus the whole subject would receive a setback which years of effort would scarcely remedy.

My impression is that the laws proposed by Mr. Shiras would be unconstitutional. It is an old-fashioned notion, but one which has been repeatedly declared by such respectable legal authorities as Chief Justice Marshall, Justice Story, and other eminent expounders of the Federal Constitution, that that instrument is one of delegated powers; and that all powers not expressly given or necessarily inferred from those given, are reserved to the people of the several States. Among these powers so reserved are the powers to regulate personal and property rights among their people; the right to pass and enforce what are called police regulations, among the latter being the right to enact and enforce laws for the protection of game and fish.

It has been already clearly stated, it seems to me, under the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States as well as by the decisions of the highest courts of the various States, that the game of a State belongs to the people of the States in their collective capacity. This seems to me to be of common knowledge; and it is the foundation upon which the validity of all game laws rests.

In addition to this I will quote the language of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Lawton vs. Steele*, 152 U. S., page 133, as to laws for the protection of fish: "It is within the power of a State to preserve from extinction fisheries in waters within its jurisdiction by prohibiting exhaustive methods of fishing, or the use of such destructive instruments as are likely to result in the extermination of the young as well as the old fish."

The case referred to arose in Jefferson county, New York, on the Black Bay River; and in the case of *Smith vs. Maryland*, 18 How. (U. S.), page 71, the same court said, "that the State had a right to protect its fisheries

in Chesapeake Bay by making it unlawful to take or capture oysters by certain means determined by the Legislature to be harmful."

The same court said in regard to this police power, in the case of *L. & N. R. R. Co. vs. Kentucky*, 161 U. S., page 677: "What is contrary to public policy or inimical to the public interest is subject to the police power of the State, and is within legislative control."

Cases might be cited without end, almost, illustrative of this subject; but to go further in this direction seems wholly unnecessary.

There are, however, certain branches of legislation, certain attributes of government, wherein the Federal authority is supreme whenever it desires to assume the authority; and there are still others the authority to enact laws as to which is concurrent in the Federal and State governments. Are the subjects of the proposed legislation within either of these? I cannot be satisfied from what has been said by Mr. Shiras that they are so. Under what head can it be assumed or asserted that Congress has power to enact and enforce laws for the protection of migratory game birds? Not under the "general welfare" clause of the Federal Constitution, because that has only to do with revenue. Not under the power to regulate commerce among the several States, large and comprehensive as such power is, for the protection of game can scarcely be deemed a regulation of commerce among the several States. Not merely because the birds are migratory, for all game is such to some extent; and from its very nature and because of its wild state is incapable of individual ownership, and is thus owned, as has been repeatedly declared, by all the people of the States in their collective capacity. Indeed, as your editor knows, I have always contended that wild animals dead or alive cannot be the subject of commerce at all.

As to fish in navigable waters, there is no more reason to assume authority of Congress than in the case of game. Everyone knows that the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the several States extends—indeed, for the peace and good order of society, it must ever extend—to all the lands and waters within the limits of the several States; and it is immaterial that the waters are navigable.

This does not, of course, apply to lands owned by the Federal Government within the borders of the States, such as post-office and custom house sites and military reservations. Upon these the Federal laws are supreme.

Assuming, however, that a valid law might be enacted by Congress on either or both of these subjects, I think that the law as embodied in the Shiras Bill is invalid for the reason that it does not declare or define any of its punishment, but undertakes to leave these to the executive branch of the Government. Congress has no power under the Constitution or otherwise to delegate to make laws to any branch of the Government. If it is true, as had been done in several instances, to a department of the Government the authority to adopt and enforce regulation to carry into effect enacted by Congress, where these do not involve a declaration of what shall be deemed crimes or misdemeanors or fix their punishment. The latter Congress alone can do.

If Mr. Shiras will read the cases of *Merritt vs. Johnson*, 106 U. S., 446; and *U. S. vs. Eaton*, 144 U. S., 677, he will see clearly, I think, that if these laws are to be upheld at all they must be so framed as to expressly declare what shall be deemed crimes or misdemeanors, and fix the punishment for violations thereof. There are no common law offenses against the United States; nor can there be any crime unless Congress so declares in express terms; and Congress alone can regulate the punishment for violations of laws passed by that body.

NEW YORK.

JOSEPH B. THOMPSON.

Death of Col. Enos M. Stoddard.

BOSTON, March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*

death of Col. Enos M. Stoddard, of Marshfield Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, lost one of its most faithful and devoted members Saturday morning, March 11, he was sud- denly stricken with apoplexy. He was unable to speak and passed away at 5 P. M. the following day. He was born in Ledyard, Conn., in 1824. In Boston, as a young man, he engaged in a business in which he amassed a handsome fortune. Twenty years he has lived on his farm of several hundred acres and managed by his disposition and temperament Mr. Stoddard accomplished an entertainer, and he of a string is always out for all my friends, what might almost be called "a craze." The writer has heard him talk by the hour with all the charm and enthusiasm of a many trips he made to Nova Scotia (Maine), Currituck and other places. Among his companions on these trips were Nathan Holbrook, Noah Curtis of Somerville. Mr. Holbrook and Curtis a few months since, arranged for a dinner in February, arranged for the annual dinner in February, arranged for a never enjoyed an evening of heart the cause for which was always an active worker of protection. His natural combination with his devotion to outdoor sports kept him in a state of perennial activity and generosity. I believe he derived from aiding people in a private way. Or to pay who better in the

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Adirondack Timber Thieving.

THE following correspondence, which grew out of investigations made by the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, has this week been made public:

[Copy.]

35 Wall Street,
February 21, 1905.

The HON. FRANK W. HIGGINS,
Governor of the State of New York,
Albany, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

At a meeting of the trustees of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks held to-day, I was asked to convey to you the request of the Association that you take such immediate steps as may seem best in your judgment for the enforcement of the Constitution and laws of the State designed to prevent the removal of timber from State lands.

You are doubtless familiar with Section 7 of Article VII. of the Constitution, which says, with respect to the lands constituting the Forest Preserve: "Nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed."

This provision has been construed by two different Attorney-Generals, namely, by Attorney-General Hancock, February 16, 1895, and Attorney-General Cunneen, June 22, 1903. The latter gave his opinion on the request of Governor Odell. Both opinions are unequivocally to the effect that no timber, whether standing, felled by the ax, or killed by fire, can lawfully be removed from State lands.

Section 222 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law declares that "a person who cuts, or causes to be cut, or carries away, or causes to be carried away, any tree, timber, wood or bark from State lands in the Forest Preserve is guilty of a misdemeanor," etc.

We have evidence in our possession which shows that these provisions of the Constitution and statute have been treated by interested parties with as much indifference as if they did not exist. The law of the State is brought into contempt, and a situation has arisen which we do not hesitate to characterize as a scandal.

Subordinate officials, vested with the management of the State's forest interests, have failed to stretch out the vigorous arm of the law and enforce the prohibitions which the law imposes; but rather, by apparent inaction during the operations of trespassers, and by the considerate treatment of the offenders after their depredations have been completed, have virtually established a system of traffic by which timber from State lands is acquired by those who desire it as easily as by purchase from private parties, if not more easily.

Soon after the last Legislature adjourned, contracts were let by private parties for lumbering on State lands. By June, 1904, lumber camps had been erected on State lands and the woodsman's ax was at work. Operations continued until the various jobs were completed, or nearly so, and the timber either stacked up along the streams or hauled into the streams, to await the spring floods. Most, but not all of these operations, have now been finished. Then the jobbers, either personally or through mutual acquaintances, complained of themselves, appeared before the most convenient Justice of the Peace, the local game protector and confessed judgment violation of the Forest, Fish and Game Law. The fines, when compared with the market price of the stolen, were such as to make the transactions profitable for the offenders, provided they eventually get away.

Operating individually, the contractors themselves evaded the penalties. In other cases the penalties were paid by the pulp or lumber company which hired

operations of which we speak could not have been continued without having become notorious. We believe, could have been promptly prevented by vigorous action of the officials legally empowered of the law.

I respectfully request you to take such steps as you may deem best:

1. To cause any present unlawful operations on State land, whether penalties for removal or secure the recovery of the same, to be stopped or not, thus converting the same into a virtual sale of timber into a

2. To cause those who have cut or caused to be cut timber or wood

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that it is the opinion of this Association that the interests of the people will be best served by the reappointment of neither the present Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner nor the present Chief Game Protector under the Commission, for the following reasons:

First—Because of their acquiescence in criminal violations of the law.

Second—Because of their neglect or refusal to insist upon the imposition of an adequate penalty for these criminal violations.

Third—Because of their neglect to prevent the removal of the timber, which is the property of the State, from the State lands.

It was also resolved that this resolution be communicated to you with the earnest and respectful request that you do not reappoint the incumbent Commissioner and that you take such steps as may be proper to relieve the State of the services of the present Chief Game Protector. In behalf of the Board of Trustees, I remain,

Very truly yours,

HENRY S. HARPER, Secretary.

An Ohio Ducking Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in receipt of a copy of the Buffalo Sunday Illustrated Express containing an illustrated duck hunting drawing by W. P. Davison, a son of the J. L. Davison who is a frequent contributor to your columns. It is a realistic sketch which awakened recollections of a visit made many years ago to the oldest and most prosperous sportsman's club in Ohio, on the invitation of one of its founders. The members were not allowed to introduce visitors during the open shooting season, but an exception had been made in my case, inasmuch as I was making investigations with regard to the cultivation by an Adirondack club of which my host and myself were both members, of wild celery, the favorite food of the canvas-back duck, so called on account of the color of its back plumage, and most highly esteemed for the delicacy of its flesh. In passing, let me say for the benefit of others desiring to transplant this esculent, that it does not thrive in the vegetable mold of the Adirondack lakes, probably by reason of the absence of lime in the soil.

I had the unexpected pleasure of riding from the railroad station to the headquarters of the club with the late Felix R. Brunot, noted for his devotion to philanthropic measures, who went to the seat of the Civil War at its commencement in charge of a corps of volunteer physicians with medicines and comforts for the sick and wounded. President Grant appointed him one of the commission to investigate Indian grievances, and he was chosen president of the board, and spent five summers in visiting the different tribes.

I have never found elsewhere anything comparable to the extent and richness of the possessions of this club, or to the wealth of the members in duck shooting paraphernalia. The association owns ten thousand acres of water, islands and marshes, accurately mapped from surveys upon the ice at an expense of \$1,500. Few, if any, feeding grounds of the great duck tribe in the United States are more frequented than their waters. There is almost no species known to sportsmen that does not at one season or another halt there in migratory flight. Canvasbacks, redheads and mallards are the most numerous and most sought for. Wild geese are found in numbers.

Each member as he comes in from his hunting trip reports to the secretary the number of each species killed; and my examination of the record showed the annual average number of ducks shot by the members during the open season to be over 8,000. About a quarter of a mile across the water from the club house is a long island, and when I came down next morning after my arrival to the piazza, a large flock of ducks was feeding on the celery beds near the shore. My host, whose experience made his estimate quite probably correct, said there were at least 2,000 of them, and that they were mostly canvasbacks and redheads. The latter rank next to the canvasback in value and table excellence, and are so similar in appearance that a novice can scarcely distinguish them. But the redhead is an arrogant thief who does not dive and pluck the celery roots for himself, but relies upon what he can filch after the celery pulled by his enforced partner has floated to the surface. I had a very pleasant interview with this duck one evening. My host took me out with him one day and gave me a taste that lingers in my mouth yet of the royal sport enjoyed by the club members. On our way in at sunset, we opened up a small bay into which the wind might favor a flight of redheads at dusk, and my friend rowed into it, put out his decoys and prepared his ambush. Before darkness interrupted we brought thirty of them to grief. My host had the most complete contrivance of his own invention I ever hid behind. It was a screen made of rushes about five feet long woven together with cords, leaving narrow interstices, and attached at each end to a stake sharpened at lower end so as to be forced into the ground. One of these cute fences is staked on each side of the boat's bow and extended along the stern for about two-thirds of the way to the stern. The boat, thus screened in a boat placed among high reeds, becomes well-nigh invisible to the most keen-eyed hunter. The writer has seen all sorts of ducks, but this is the most artistic and successful one I have seen.

During my stay at this club my attention was called to the fact that the club members, although he did not to my knowledge any interest in the quest for ducks. Did the provisions of his brown study extend to any of the subsequent events of a life already of world-wide reputation and not unlikely to culminate on a still higher plane? Was not the club in its unconscious role of "entangling angels unaware" making political history of the utmost consequence? The listless day-dreamer was John Hay.

H. H. THOMPSON.

PASSAIC, N. J.

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Days with the Deer.

(Concluded from page 214.)

From sometimes four but generally five o'clock until late twilight I have sat behind the shelter of several fallen balsam saplings and watched a field in the old clearing, where, on favorable occasions, a buck in his wanderings or in search of an evening meal, might chance to show himself before dark. There were two such fields on the south side of the former, and one in the northeast corner, all of which were favorite hunting grounds with both the "Veteran" and myself. Numerous have been the afternoon and evening hunts enjoyed there, and many the splendid trophies they have yielded to the rifle. To sit quietly and watch a field for two hours or perhaps longer is far from a monotonous occupation. Every moment is taken up with the pleasant and exciting anticipation of seeing a deer walk out into view from the surrounding line of woods; and moreover the glimpses one obtains of wild life are most entertaining and amusing, although they occasionally verge on the tragic.

The sun no longer sent its warming rays across a small field hedged in by woods on every side, and the frosty breath of a late September afternoon made our mackinaws feel decidedly comfortable, as we sat behind a screen of spruce boughs and silently watched the open space before us. As soon as the shadows of evening had fallen and the atmosphere grown colder, the mosquitoes and "punkies" discontinued their feast and retired, much to my relief. The silence was absolute, and so magnified the noise made by a capricious red squirrel who scuttled over the leaves a short distance away from our position, that I immediately had visions of a buck, and looked hastily around to discover it was only one of these lively wood denizens. Presently the stillness was again broken by the sweet, plaintive whistle of a white-throated sparrow, and then in the woods to the left of the blind, and quite close by, came the low purring clucks of partridges. We could hear them distinctly, and every now and then there would be a loud rush of wings as one flew up to a roosting place. No doubt this was the same flock that a few nights previous had flown by one at a time directly in front of the blind where we were now concealed, and I heartily wished they would repeat the maneuver again, for to see eleven of these magnificent birds cross an open space of ground is a beautiful sight, although a trying occurrence when one is deer shooting, as the temptation is indeed great. These peaceful and contented preparations for the night, however, were destined to be rudely disturbed, and all at once there was a roar of beating pinions, accompanied by startled "quits" of terror from the birds that were evidently suffering a decided nervous shock. Reuben, who had maintained his usual reticent and silent demeanor until now, after scraping his throat and dusting a few remaining "punkies" from his long, patriarchal beard, leaned forward and whispered, "Guess a fox must have run into 'em." A second later this supposition was made apparent, for with a supple, almost snake-like motion, a red form glided out from the woods and halted when about half-way across the field. So he had not obtained his supper after all, and I was glad to think the scheme had failed, as it is a hard fate for such a noble game bird to replenish a crafty reynard's appetite. When the latter stopped, he crouched flat, made a sudden bound forward, and again assumed a cat-like position; repeating these actions, until we realized that he was having a rather strenuous hunt for field mice; it afforded a most amusing spectacle, as all his frantic rushes and bounds seemed to avail but little in carrying out his purpose. No doubt it was some slight movement on my part which caused him to suddenly cease these maneuvers and turning around look in our direction. Then without apparently the slightest hesitation he trotted toward the blind, and when about eight or ten yards distant, sat down in the grass and gazed intently at what he must have supposed was an animated brush pile. At least he had divined the fact that some hidden mystery lurked behind it, and he would first cock his head on one side and then on the other, exactly like an inquisitive dog. Presently, after having made a close survey, his courage was aroused to further investigation, and once more he started toward us, coming up to within a few feet of the blind, when he suddenly whirled about and trotted off like a red streak.

Another time I was watching this same field, and although we had been there nearly an hour, no sight or sound indicative of game in the vicinity had encouraged the prospect of obtaining a shot that evening. Having fallen into meditation, I was suddenly aroused by hearing a loud crash of twigs and undergrowth in the woods on the opposite side of the field. The noise continued, as if some heavy animal was running back and forth along the edge of the open, just out of sight, and cocking the rifle I nerved myself in the expectation of seeing a big buck or perchance a bear at any moment burst into view. To make matters more puzzling, a strange sound, something like a cat mewing, fell upon our ears amid the racket of smashing undergrowth, but after a minute's thought Wallace rightly divined that it was a fawn blatting. Then all at once, as we intently watched the place from which the noises seemed to come, a small red doe bounded into sight with a fawn running beside her, and followed by another big mule-eared doe. The three advanced to the middle of the field and commenced to feed, presenting a pleasant and interesting picture as they moved about, the lithe grace of every motion being a delight to witness. I am relating this incident in order to illustrate the gentle nature of the deer family, and especially with regard to the soft-eyed does, which are supposed by some never to display any traits of character except those which are beneficent and timid. While wandering aimlessly about the fawn happened to draw near the blue doe, and must have confidently come within too close proximity, for quick as a flash the other reared on her hindlegs and struck viciously at the inoffensive little creature, which luckily escaped a blow from the knife-like hoofs, and fled hastily back to its mother. Such behavior was too much of a good thing, and feeling thoroughly enraged, I pushed the rifle through an opening left for this purpose in the blind and put the sight on the big doe's shoulder; but she proved quicker to suspect the hidden danger than I had anticipated, and before I could shoot wheeled, and accompanied by the others, disappeared with long bounding

jumps. I have since entertained the idea that the noises we heard before the three made their appearance might have come from the fact that this doe was chasing the others back and forth through the woods; but whether it was the result of a playful or ugly mood is questionable.

As we came out from the field the same evening and reached the main clearing, I remember how perfect and serene was the aspect of the latter, while some bird—it might have been a tree sparrow—trilled sweetly once or twice in the gathering gloom. The full glory of the sunset's afterglow lingered in the west, where several rose-tinted clouds and the deep crimson glaze of the sky reflected their light on far distant clouds drifting in the north and east. The foreground appeared gray and indistinct, while along the horizon the woods were darkly outlined, and northward from the glow banks of purple clouds were piled in billowy folds like low mountain ranges, giving a new awe-inspiring beauty to the scene. A passage of Thoreau's came to my mind where he says in his journal: "A man is blessed who every day is permitted to behold anything so pure and serene as the western sky at sunset, while revolutions vex the world."

At one end of the clearing was a small pond which had originally been an old beaver meadow, and now in the darkening twilight a faint, bluish fog might be seen curling off its mirrored waters, or hanging in a vaporous veil over the field sloping down to the shore. It appeared almost akin to some phantom creation with a single spark lighting its misty surface, where the rising orb of Jupiter was translucently reflected, while the sun's pale satyr, visible in the western zenith, suspended its glistening sickle against the fading glory of the sky. The voice of an owl, uncanny in its human-like intonation, broke upon the silence and startled the listener's ear, for even if one is accustomed to hear the hooting of this sombre night wanderer, it nevertheless seldom fails to impress with its weird nature. The air, I remember, as we walked down the dusky road was as cold and sweet as a draught of spring water, and seemed to permeate the mind with some of its own clarity; but what else can one say of Adirondack ozone, except that it is an ambrosial oxygen, stimulating to both mental and physical resources.

Probably no hunting incident connected with this old woodland clearing retains a more pleasant recollection than one which occurred there in September of last year. Although I had bagged a six-point buck two seasons previous, yet this one was, however, the only large deer I could claim as a trophy up to the time above mentioned; but before the sun had sunk to its golden bed on that memorable autumnal evening, aspirations and ambitions were indeed gratified. However, for all the pleasure entailed in this hunt, I can alone give thanks to the "Veteran" as it was he who, in spite of some dissension on my part, ordered me off to watch the northeast corner of the clearing that afternoon; which place, by the way, constituted one of his own favorite hunting grounds, and therefore I have more than good reason to be appreciative.

Shortly after four o'clock, with plenty of lap-ropes, blankets, a lantern and the faithful old "cannon," we rattled off in the buckboard—C., Wallace and myself. Already there seemed to be a tone of brisk October mellowness in the breeze that turned the color of the lake to an unusually deep sapphire, as we left it behind and entered the woods, while not even the smallest island of a cloud

floated on the serene, azure dome above. When we at last reached our destination, Flora, the renowned steed of so many hunting episodes, was fastened to a rough hitching post, warmly blanketed and left to her own contemplations, which, however, were not destined to prolonged duration. It was quite a little distance from the road over the field we intended watching, while the trail which led there wandered through tangles of blueberry bushes and across knolls thickly grown with wild fronds, as well as sloping stretches of upland covered with wiry grasses and interspersed with groups of young poplars, pin cherries, birches and other trees. The pond previously referred to emptied its amber waters over a log dam near-by, and flowed on in a foaming brook through the sunny open until it melted into the shadows of the forest. As we walked quietly along, several flickers flew up from the grass in advance and an invisible cock of the woods mewed and clattered loudly close by. Nearing the field, I went ahead and moving cautiously made a good survey of it, in case anything might chance to be out, before we prepared to watch from the blind. The latter, by the way, did not deserve this name, as in reality a thin growth of fronds was the only shelter it afforded, and when seated on a low cracker-box they failed to conceal my head or shoulders. But as the field was below and our position on a knoll overlooking it, this fact was not as detrimental as it would otherwise have been, although some minutes later I tremblingly wished there was more to hide me. C. and Wallace ensconced themselves comfortably in a little depression just behind where I sat, and after throwing a cartridge (not a soft-nosed or explosive one, I would add with some feeling) into the barrel, I laid the rifle across my knees and the vigil commenced.

A steady murmur from the not far distant stream fell on one's ears with a soothing influence, and every splashing intonation might be distinctly heard until the listener was reminded of some dreaming, restful lullaby, or low talking musical voices and the sunlight striking on the rich crimson yellow orange and russet foliage of the trees in the woods opposite, intensified their wonderful coloring, broken by the bluish spires of the balsams in the foreground. The shadows of the trees behind us were clearly and sharply outlined on those across the way, while the small field or clearing below was thrown into quiet shade. There were numerous dark openings along the edge of the woods on the lower side of the latter, and knowing several of these were entrances to runways, I frequently scrutinized them closely. My eye happened to be on one of these openings when, as far in as was possible to see, I perceived the branches of a spruce swayed suddenly back and forth. The occurrence gave me a strange sensation at the time, but I thought no doubt an eddying breeze or perhaps some bird in the act of alighting, had caused the branches to move thus violently. In thinking it over, however, I could scarcely credit such surmises, and then, as I still watched the place intently, I caught a momentary glimpse of widespread, polished antlers, as a form moved across the open and disappeared. Instantly my heart commenced to pound unmercifully, and I watched the opening until my eyes watered from being fixed so long on one place. Several minutes passed without a sign of anything, and then from behind a stunted spruce along the edge of the woods a head came into view and was drawn back out of sight again. This time, however, I had

located where he stood, just behind the small tree, which effectually concealed all but part of his shoulder, and when every now and then he would peer cautiously out, the head displayed nearly upset my equilibrium. Finally, after more than five minutes of this nerve-straining business, the buck walked slowly with majestic tread out into full view, and never will I forget the picture he presented, nor the shivers of excitement that coursed through me as I sat waiting for him to turn partly broadside before firing. It was at this time that I wished the blind was a foot thick and two or three feet high, as he seemed to be looking everywhere, and I immediately recognized the fact that he was no "fool deer," but a wild, wary monarch of the forest. Presently he changed his position and stood with head turned in the direction of the stream, partly broadside and partly quartering. The right moment was at hand! Cocking the rifle, and taking an elbow rest on my knee, I put the sight as nearly as I could on the point of the shoulder and fired. At the report he wheeled and ran hard up the hill, diagonally with our position, giving long bounds with his white flag waving.

While C. and I remained in the blind, Wallace took the rifle and started out with the idea of making a cut across the fields, and thus if the buck happened to be wounded head him off or catch him unawares looking toward his back-track.

"Say, you pulled your gloves off with your teeth and threw them on the ground when you told us that buck was coming out," whispered my young brother, grinning at the thought of my excitement, although he, too, was suffering from a like malady.

"Did I really?" I asked, somewhat astounded, and just as he was about to reply, Wallace came back with the depressing information that he had not seen a sign of our quarry. Then we all walked carefully down to the field and took up the trail right from the spot where the deer had stood as I fired, following the tracks across the bare ground until they reached the undergrowth covering the knoll. Here we discovered the signs we had been searching for, and a plain trail led up the hill which we followed with ease. Nearing the top, Wallace, who was a little in advance, cried out suddenly, "There he lies!" just as we both saw the buck stretched out on a little level patch of ground within a few feet of where we stood, and quite dead. On closer examination I found that he more than fulfilled my expectations, having an unusually large and heavy set of horns for a Virginian deer, and when weighed the next morning touched the scales at two hundred and twenty pounds. Altogether he was a noble specimen of his kind, and I fear as we looked him over, noting his various handsome points, silence was not very strictly preserved, and no doubt if any other deer chanced to be lurking in the vicinity, he fled hastily to a more quiet or secluded refuge. The bullet had struck on the point of the shoulder, and proof of the buck's size and strength was the fact that he had run more than fifty yards straight up hill before succumbing to the shot.

Under the silver radiance of a full moon we rode into camp that evening, and the generous praise which was bestowed on the trophy filled the cup of satisfied elation to overflowing.

"Yes," said old Jerry, regarding the buck with hands in his pockets, "that's one o' them ole fellers," and emphasized the last two words heartily.

PAULINA BRANDRETH.



Tarpon Fishing at Tamos, Mexico.

MONTEREY, Mex., Feb. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to my having missed a connection for the north, I am stranded here to-day with nothing to do, consequently I take the opportunity to send you a statement concerning some tarpon fishing that I have been doing lately in the Pánuco River.

As some of your readers know, for the last five or six years I have spent about two weeks per winter at Tampico fishing for tarpon and other game fishes. I first went there in December, 1899, with my friend, Dr. Howe, of Mexico City; and in August, 1900, you published a record of our sport. Since then I have written other articles on tarpon fishing at Tampico and elsewhere for your paper. These articles and the fact that during the last three or four years I have induced a number of my friends in Mexico and the United States to go to Tampico for the fishing, have been the means of making that place quite a resort for tarpon fishermen during the winter months. Each year the number of sportsmen there has increased, and this winter it is not uncommon to find a dozen boats on the river, each containing one or two persons angling for the silver king. At present there is anchored in front of the city the steam yacht Saphire, with a party of sportsmen who have come from England especially for the tarpon fishing, and for beginners they have been fairly successful, although their methods of angling are by no means the best, as far as success is concerned.

From numerous inquiries that I have been making lately from both natives and Americans residing along the Pánuco River, I conclude that the good tarpon fishing begins about November 1 and lasts until April or perhaps even May. The best months, however, for visiting sportsmen are December, January, February and March, because it is liable to be hot in all the other months of the year, and when there is yellow fever at Tampico it is liable to continue until November and appear again in April. For two years, though, this locality has been entirely free from that much-dreaded plague.

As a rule the climate during the winter months there is delightful; but this season it has at times been uncomfortably cool, the thermometer once registering as low as 30 degrees. Last year during the first half of February the climate could hardly have been improved; for

although at times it was quite hot in the sun, there was nearly always a pleasant breeze, thus rendering the conditions for fishing ideal.

For several years I had been hearing rumors to the effect that for one tarpon in the neighborhood of Tampico, there were ten near Tamos, some eight miles further up stream, and these rumors were traceable to the captains of river steamers. Consequently it was my intention for several seasons to go up stream and test the truth of these reports; but twice I was prevented, the first time because the sport at Tampico was good enough to satisfy the most exacting fisherman, and the second time because I was called away suddenly by business affairs. Last year, though, I succeeded in reaching Tamos, and was followed immediately by two friends, and the next day by others also. Up to that time no tarpon fisherman had ever wet a line above the mouth of the Tamesí River, which joins the Pánuco about three and a half miles above the Government wharf at Tampico. The date, if I remember rightly, was the sixth of February, and my companions were Messrs. F. S. Eaton and H. G. Pickering, of Boston. The latter gentleman afterward sent you for your columns a statement of our catch; but, as it was his first experience with the silver king, he did not recognize what exceptionally fine sport we got; consequently he did not enthuse much about it in his article.

By the way, I must tell you my experience in introducing these gentlemen to the greatest of all angling sports. Mr. Eaton had been a friend of mine for five years, and I had often talked to and written him about tarpon fishing, and finally, in November, 1903, when I met him and his cousin, Mr. Pickering, in Boston, I induced them to join me in Mexico on February 1, 1904, by guaranteeing not only that they would catch tarpon, but would get as many as they wanted.

I arrived at Tampico on the night of February 1, and found awaiting me a telegram from them stating that they were at Monterey and would remain there until they heard from me, consequently they did not reach Tampico till the night of the third. This gave me a good chance to test the waters; therefore I started out early on the morning of the second, trying first at the mouth of the river that enters the Pánuco a mile below the railroad depot, then working up stream to The Palms (where I had had great luck in times past), and finally reaching the mouth of the Tamesí. After fishing faithfully all

day, I returned at night with two jackfish, and did not have a single tarpon strike, although I had seen some twenty-five or thirty fish during the day.

Next day I worked down toward La Barra and out to the end of the jetties, and even on to the Gulf without seeing a single tarpon. However, I landed seven fine jackfish and chased a devilfish on the Gulf for fully a quarter of a mile trying to get a shot at it with a revolver, but failed, owing to the cowardice of my boatman, who refused to back me up near enough to shoot. Returning to La Barra for lunch, I hooked and landed an exceedingly small tarpon; and in the afternoon, although I went back to the outer end of the jetties and fished up river to Tampico, I did not get another rise. By this time I was feeling pretty blue, not on my own account, but because of my friends; and when I met them that night and confessed to my hard luck, I had to ask them what kind of a fish liar they deemed me. They very kindly, though, told me that they still had confidence in my promises, and stated that they would not be ready to do any fishing till the next afternoon. This gave me still another opportunity to locate the fishing. Consequently, early next morning, in company with my friend, Mr. A. B. Ross, the resident engineer on the Government wharf, I started up river, but neither of us had a strike, and we saw only two or three fish. The same luck attended us on the return to our starting point, but when we reached there we saw some tarpon jumping a mile or more down stream. We went there for them and tried faithfully with no success, but just as we had turned up stream in despair, Mr. Ross had a strike and landed a 6-footer. I reached Tampico, however, without having had a single strike. You may imagine how downcast I was when I met my friends; and, to make matters worse, when we left the boat house at two o'clock, we found that there were only five mullet apiece provided. For such fishing conditions, however, this number was ample.

We started up stream once more for The Palms, but before reaching that place found the tarpon striking well. During the afternoon each of us had fully half a dozen strikes, I landing three and my companions one apiece, all large fish.

Next day, on the same fishing ground, the luck was still better, for I landed seven and my companions five between them, Mr. Pickering taking a 6½-footer weighing about 150 pounds, the heaviest catch of the season.

Either that day or later on, Mr. Eaton landed a male fish 6 feet 8 inches long weighing only 125 pounds.

But to return to the narrative of the fishing at Tamos. On the way up, after leaving the mouth of the Tamesi a mile or two behind, I landed two large fish and donated them to residents on the river bank; and a mile or two below Tamos I struck a big school of tarpon covering the entire width of the river for a length of nearly a mile. On previous occasions I had seen what I considered large schools of tarpon, but never anything to compare with this. They were there in countless thousands, not jumping, but rolling over on their sides and splashing the water. I hung several and landed two, besides several jackfish before my friends joined me, then we proceeded to Tamos, where we wasted two hours or more on lunch and in resting, then went at it again late in the afternoon. That day I had eighteen tarpon strikes and landed six, besides several jackfish. My friends took two or three tarpon each, besides a number of jackfish and two or three other fish that we could not name, and which proved to be very fine for the table. We left the boats and most of our paraphernalia at Tamos and took the evening train to the city, in order to make an early start the next day, the morning train arriving at 6:20. We fished at and below Tamos the next forenoon and found the tarpon as plentiful as ever, but not taking hold quite so freely; however, I found that by rowing swiftly through them they could be induced to strike. Before noon I had taken five or six besides some jackfish, the number of tarpon strikes being eighteen, the most that I had ever had in one day. My two friends and some other people who had come up the river had fair luck. In the afternoon there arose suddenly a stiff norther that put a stop to all fishing for the day. A passing tug took us all aboard and towed our boats to the city. We did not return to Tamos until the 15th, the last day that I spent on the river, and I put in three hours before lunch and three hours in the evening, getting fourteen tarpon strikes and landing eleven, besides two jackfish, the total estimated weight being over one thousand pounds. My friends did about as usual; in fact, they caught all they wanted and quit early. There were eight boats in the fleet that day, and all scored, one lady landing four, and the total catch being twenty-eight, exclusive of jackfish. In my opinion, such fishing as this is not to be had in any tarpon waters yet discovered.

Previous to the present trip all my fishing trips in Mexico were incidental to my work, but this last time I made a special trip alone from Kansas City for the fishing, arriving on the evening of February 1, exactly a year from the time of my last arrival. I found quite a number of fishermen at the Hotel Hidalgo, besides those on the yacht before mentioned, but nobody had as yet fished above the mouth of the Tamesi. The fishing had been fair, but no great catches had been made, the most successful fisherman having been my old friend, Dr. Louis Hough, a Missourian, who has spent many years practicing medicine in various portions of the Mexican Republic, especially where yellow fever has been rife, for he has been making a special study of that disease, and has been eminently successful in its treatment. He is working upon a theory of his own, and when he has carried his investigations a little further, the medical world is going to hear from him concerning the proper treatment of yellow fever. It is to be hoped, though, that he will have to leave Tampico temporarily in order to continue his investigations. There is always an opportunity to study the disease at Vera Cruz, as it exists there continuously; consequently he is figuring upon going to that city next summer.

The doctor did not take the tarpon fever till last October, his sole previous experience with the silver king being half a day spent in my boat during the preceding February. He has a bad attack of it, though, and the case bids fair to be incurable, as he spends all his spare time on the river with rod and reel, and, *mirabile dictu!* in a narrow 16-foot Canadian canoe. When I saw him starting out in the little coffin for fish as heavy as himself, I remarked: "Doc, after running the Horsefly in British Columbia last summer from Harper's Camp to the mouth (an almost continuous rapid for over twenty miles), I thought I had earned the distinction of being the greatest blooming idiot in North America, but I take off my hat to you." (It is to be hoped the doctor will not see this letter, for he told me not to mention his canoe when writing it, but I cannot resist the temptation.) Notwithstanding its crankiness, the doctor has landed with it (and sometimes in it) a number of large tarpon, and has not yet come to grief. The canoe is all right for legitimate purposes, as I have proved by using it for duck shooting; but it takes more nerve than I possess to tackle from it any large fish in waters that are shark-infested. By the way, I hear a great deal about sharks in the Pánuco River, but I had never seen any on the surface except near the outer ends of the jetties, and have never seen any caught from the bottom any further up stream than La Barra. There are far more sharks at Aransas Pass than there are in the neighborhood of Tampico.

On February 2, Dr. Hough in his canoe, I in my boat, and two others in another boat started up river at ten o'clock. The doctor killed one near the mouth of the Tamesi, but I did not see any till I reached the old fishing ground, some two or two and a half miles below Tamos. My first strike was from a small jackfish, which I landed, then when letting out line a 6-footer took hold and rather to my surprise I managed to get the hook set into it, for one is at a great disadvantage when a tarpon strikes while the line is being put out. Its first struggle resulted in the cracking of my butt piece, which continued to bend more and more until it finally snapped off, leaving me to finish the fight with reel and tip. This I succeeded in doing by tiring the fish, running the boat ashore, and having the boatman wade out in the mud and hand it up on the bank. Its girth proved to be a little over thirty-six inches, which would make its weight about 125 pounds. Fortunately, as usual, I had in the boat another rod fully rigged; hence my sport was not spoiled; but the occurrence for quite a while made me distrustful of my other rods.

This fish was hooked a little after one o'clock, and between then and 6:20, when I stopped fishing, I landed ten more tarpon, making for five hours' sport (half an hour being lost at Tamos for lunch) eleven tarpon and one jackfish, tying, as far as tarpon were concerned, my previous best record. I did my level best to

break it, and nearly succeeded, for I held a 6-footer for ten minutes, then lost it just before dark. In all I had that afternoon nineteen strikes, my record number to date for one day. After lunch the doctor fished from my boat, catching one while I took in three or four. Had I been above I might have taken one or two more; but, as there was quite a stiff breeze on, I was averse to the doctor's going out in the canoe, hence persuaded him to join me. The other boat, being overloaded with two men and badly handled by a lazy and incompetent oarsman, did not reach the fishing ground at all, therefore took nothing but a jackfish.

Leaving the boat and canoe at Tamos, the doctor and I returned to Tampico by train, he very kindly putting the canoe at my disposal for duck shooting, and I being only too willing to deprive him of its use, for, as I told him, his charming young wife has not yet been married long enough to desire to become a widow.

Next day I went up river in a naphtha launch as a guest of Col. T. A. St. Quintin, a retired veteran of the British Army, and an all-around sportsman and good fellow. He had yet to catch his first tarpon, but his traveling companion and relative, a Mrs. Wallace, who has been all over the world and who is an enthusiastic fisherwoman, had already taken one, although she claimed it was more by good luck than by good management, because neither of them knew anything at all about the science of tarpon fishing. It was arranged en route that when the fishing grounds were reached I should get into Mrs. Wallace's boat, stand behind her chair, and instruct her how to handle properly the first fish. This I did, and she landed it successfully without any aid from me other than advice—much to her delight. Meanwhile the Colonel had a strike or two, but failed to hold the fish. Then I took the launch for Tamos, fitted out my boat, and tried the fishing on my own account. In two hours I had eight strikes and landed three, one very heavy 6-footer; and at three o'clock I quit, stowed away the tackle, got on rubber boots, took out gun and cartridges, and went to a neighboring laguna for ducks. I had visited the place the year before for jacksnipe, and knew the locality. It consisted really of two shallow lakes connected by a short thoroughfare a gunshot wide, the ground being only a few inches higher than the water. At the narrowest part close to the edge there was some comparatively dry ground with a small clump of weeds or brush about fifteen inches high. By lying on the left side with my head behind the brush, I was sufficiently concealed. Then I sent the boatman, who had accompanied me to carry shells and game, around one end of the laguna to stir up the ducks. As anticipated, they almost all followed the thoroughfare to the other half of the laguna, flying low and within good range. Shooting about as usual, I made a number of good shots, but, of course, scored many misses. On several occasions I bagged a pair with one barrel, and once I made the most successful duck shot of my life. Four teal came along about three feet above the water in a perfect horizontal line at right-angles to the direction of the thoroughfare. After they had passed me only a few feet so that one duck would not protect another, I fired one barrel, using No. 8 shot, and all four birds fell everyone dead—not a cripple among them. Years ago I bagged five ducks with two barrels, four of them falling to the right and one to the left out of a flock of eight rising from the water; but this was the first time that I ever killed a whole flock of ducks with one barrel.

While lying in the blind—if such it could be called—a roseate spoonbill sailed over me pretty high up, but came down to the call of a load of No. 6's. This was the first bird of the kind that I had ever shot, but later I bagged four others. It is a wader with a spoon bill, standing a little less than three feet high, and is most magnificently colored, the general shade being a light pink running into scarlet toward the tail. Mrs. Wallace had it dressed for mounting.

After my boatman had made the round of one half of the laguna, he collected the dead birds and went around the other half, driving the ducks to me as before. In less than two hours I had bagged thirty-seven ducks and the spoonbill, and had fired seventy-three shells. It was then getting dark and time to return to the station, where I met the Colonel and Mrs. Wallace, also some other fishermen who had come up river later. All had had good luck except Mrs. Wallace, who had sprained her right thumb in handling a tarpon, and who in consequence had to stop fishing.

The Colonel had had a most exciting experience. He had hooked a fish that did not jump; consequently, thinking it a jackfish, he had reeled it close to the boat by keeping a steady strain on the line. Suddenly the fish, a 6-foot tarpon, jumped from close alongside the boat and landed between the Colonel and the boatman, making a turn of the line around the leg of the latter, and raising Cain generally. The excited Colonel grabbed the gaff hook and began to pound the fish with the handle, to which treatment the tarpon objected, and jumped overboard. Fortunately the boatman had by this time released his leg, consequently the fish ran clear of all obstructions except the hook, which still held. The Colonel seized the rod again and fought the fish to a finish, landing it in good style after a long, hard struggle. Dr. Perkins, of Des Moines, Iowa, who witnessed the entire proceeding from his boat, states that the tarpon was in the Colonel's boat for three or four minutes before it jumped out. Both the Colonel and his boatman were very lucky to escape being hurt; because an uninjured tarpon in a boat is liable to do considerable damage to the other occupants.

Next day we all took the six o'clock train for Tamos, and started fishing about seven, but there was nothing doing at that hour, therefore I went again for the ducks, and in two hours bagged twenty-five, returning to the river at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon I had eight strikes and landed three. The Colonel landed two besides some jackfish. His last fish was a big one, and gave him considerable trouble. Fearing that he would not land it before train time, I told him that if he would tire it out so as to bring it belly-up to the surface, I would shoot it for him with my revolver, an offer which he was very glad to accept, notwithstanding the fact that he had previously expressed the opinion that shooting a fish was not legitimate. He confessed next day to Mrs. Wallace that he could not have landed it in any reasonable time without shooting, and that for very large tarpon shooting is perfectly proper before taking them into the boat.

The Colonel was very proud of this fish, and in spite of the lateness of the hour, had it carried to the train, and took it to Tampico, so as to have it skinned and the skin sent to England for mounting. This was the Colonel's last day on the river, and he left Tampico more than satisfied with the sport, promising to return next year.

Next day I went alone to Tamos, bagged twenty ducks in the forenoon, and landed five tarpon out of seven strikes in the afternoon.

The next day I bagged nineteen birds in the forenoon and landed five tarpon out of six strikes in the afternoon. This brought my total catch to twenty-seven out of forty-eight strikes. As I am always striving to do better than 50 per cent., I was well satisfied with the record, which would have been better yet had I not broken three or four snells and one line and bent one hook so that it would no longer hold. Being pretty well tired out, I spent the next day in Tampico, not resting as I had intended, but in writing a reply to an attack in the Monterey News on my methods of tarpon fishing.

It seems that after my first afternoon's catch of eleven tarpon, a number of fishermen in the hotel who had hitherto been contented with averaging one a day, got together and scored me, although they were all tyros at the sport. A reporter for the Monterey News took it all in and wrote it up, giving me a most undeserved roasting that necessitated a reply. After meeting me and learning the true state of affairs, he was very sorry for his action, and did what he could in a later issue to remove the false impression concerning me which he had caused. I shall send you three copies of the News relating to the matter, so that you may draw your own conclusions.

Next day I took the canoe across the river, had it portaged to a large laguna full of vilely smelling weeds and filth, shot twenty-seven ducks and a roseate spoonbill, and returned to the river at noon, as I could stand the stench no longer, fearing malaria by inhalation. In the afternoon I had eleven strikes and landed four tarpon.

Next day I killed a few ducks and one roseate spoonbill at the old stand, then walked some two miles further to another chain of shallow lakes. Ducks were fairly plentiful, but wild, and although I killed several the boy could not find them. A short distance out in the lake I saw a pass opening into a larger lake, and waded to it, thinking it would be good for a duck flight, but it was not. However, I had not been there long before the cocos began to fly by, and I dropped half a dozen of them into the big lake. The boy coming along then refused to go for them, saying that it was deep and he could not swim. In consequence, after that, I let a number of fine chances go by so that I could drop the cocos in the swamp after passing in front of me, thus making the shooting much more difficult. However, I kept knocking them down and the boy brought them in from the swamp. Finally, without saying a word to me, he took off most of his clothes and waded into the lake for some birds that had fallen near the shore. The water, after all, was not deep, consequently I sent him for some of the first birds that had not floated too far away.

In about an hour and a half the flight stopped, and we tied the birds together preparatory to departing. There were twenty-four of the cocos, and I must have killed half a dozen more that were not retrieved. Had I known that the boy could wade the lake, I could readily have doubled the bag, as the birds flew comparatively close to my blind. Later on I discovered that it was fear of alligators and not inability to swim that made the boy balk the wading at first. I did not see any of the big lizards, but have no doubt that there were plenty of them in the lake.

The coco is a white bird of the curlew type, but larger, weighing about two and a half pounds, and standing about two feet high. It has a curved yellow bill and black tips to its largest wing feathers. It is a very choice bird for the table, and is preferred by many to ducks.

By the way, most of the ducks that I shot were green-winged teal, blue-winged teal, and spoonbills of two varieties, but there were also a few pintails, bluebills and widgeon. Occasionally I bagged a jacksnipe, but there were only a few in the marsh, and none of them got away. I shot also a few green ibis. These are not very good eating, but were acceptable to the residents of Tamos.

In the afternoon I had eight strikes and landed three tarpon. About this time there arrived a special car from Canada containing some ladies and gentlemen who desired to try the tarpon fishing, consequently I devoted two or three days to them generally without attempting to fish, although I still shot in the forenoon, with less success, however, as the laguna was becoming burned out.

One afternoon I went with one of the ladies in my boat and showed her how to handle tarpon. She had two strikes and landed both fish, the last one measuring five feet ten inches and weighing about eighty pounds.

Another afternoon, after catching four big tarpon in two hours, I took into my boat one of the Canadian party and instructed him how to fish. He had three tarpon strikes and landed one big fish besides a jackfish. About this time my percentage began to reduce, and after fishing ten afternoons I recorded ninety-five strikes and forty-seven tarpon, besides one jackfish.

One day, owing to carelessness, I let a little jackfish snap one of my rods into three pieces, then the boatman muffed the fish with the gaff and lost it. Toward the last of my stay the weather became so bad as at times to be unfit for fishing, consequently my personal sport was really confined to about ten days. I did not keep an exact record of the game killed, but the total must have amounted to 250 birds. On the 17th I made a trip on horseback with two other sportsmen to some marshes north of Doña Cecelia, a station half-way between Tampico and La Barra; but the birds were scarce, the walking was vile, and the guides did not know the country, consequently the expedition was a failure, although we managed to shoot and retrieve a few birds. This finished my outing, and early on the morning of the 19th I started for home.

Judging by my own experience and the information obtained by questioning both natives and foreigners, I have come to the conclusion that the best fishing early in the season is at La Barra and out near the ends of the jetties, for I had good sport there early in December, 1899, and

Dr. Hough commenced fishing there in November of last year with fair success, although he did not land many; then it moves up stream till it reaches Tamos. Of course, there is fishing at various places along the river for many miles during the entire season, but the main body of the fish is concentrated at certain points. At the mouth of the Tuxpan Canal, some two miles above La Barra, Dr. Hough found many large tarpon early in the season, and in December, 1899, I found them at the mouth of the river flowing into the Pánuco a mile below the railroad depot at Tampico, but since then I have caught but few there, although it is the first place I always try. In March, 1900, I caught only five in five days near Tampico, hence I conclude that they must then have been at Tamos. In February, 1901, I had fair luck at La Barra, but better near Tampico and at The Palms a mile or two up stream. In February, 1902, I had excellent sport for five days from Tampico up stream to the mouth of the Tamesí, and especially near The Palms. In February, 1904, I had good sport at The Palms, but far better at Tamos, and this year I caught no tarpon except in the neighborhood of Tamos, although on two occasions I fished all the way up from the city.

They tell me at Tamos that there are never many tarpon above the village, but that from December till April there are great numbers just opposite and directly below. On the other hand, I have heard it stated that the tarpon are numerous far above Tamos, and that some of them go as high up as two hundred miles from the Gulf.

During a stiff norther the fishing is not good anywhere, but it was during a *nortecito* (light north wind) that I made my best catch this year on February 2; and since then I have had fine luck when the wind was from the north, but light.

When the fish do not show themselves on the surface they are often below, and can be induced to strike by using a sinker, which, however, must shake off very easily, if one wants to land tarpon and not merely get strikes. Tarpon will strike when it is raining, and a ripple on the water is a better condition than a glassy surface. Even a fairly strong breeze is not bad, but a stiff wind is generally unfavorable.

At times the fish will show themselves by thousands, and few, if any, will strike; and at other times but few will appear on the surface, yet the fishing will be excellent. On the next to last day of his stay at Tampico this year, Mr. James, general manager of the Canadian Northern Railway Company, had his best luck when very few fish appeared on the surface, and, according to his own statement, he got that afternoon all the sport he wanted. Hot weather is not bad, provided there is a slight breeze.

If one desires other fishing than that for tarpon, he can obtain it in the Pánuco River; but, as a rule, very care to leave the greater sport for the lesser. Excellent jack fishing can nearly always be had near the ends of the jetties whenever the weather is sufficiently fine to go there, and sometimes it is better still on the Gulf itself. In four hours one day in December, 1899, I took at these places thirty-five jackfish averaging twenty pounds in weight, the large ones running as high as twenty-five pounds and the small ones no lower than fifteen pounds.

Near La Barra, and sometimes as far up as Tampico is occasionally caught the *pargo mulato*, or black snapper, a fish of the grouper class, and one of the best fish for eating that the Gulf furnishes. It varies in weight from a few pounds up to seventy-five or possibly even more, but a forty-pounder is considered a good sized fish. They are not abundant enough to warrant one in fishing specially for them, but they are occasionally taken on tarpon tackle and sometimes on shark lines.

The jewfish is found from the mouth of the river up to some distance above Tamos, generally close to the jetties or to the wharf at Tampico or at the mouths of rivers. They can be taken with tarpon tackle by trolling slowly near the bottom. They do not afford much sport, but are valuable for food. Large ones are often caught when fishing for sharks.

The *robalo*, or salt-water pike, is taken occasionally on tarpon tackle, but small hooks would be more effective and lighter tackle would afford more sport. It is quite a gamy fish, jumping clear of the water generally two or three times before it is captured. On account of its mouth being tender, it has to be handled with care. As the fish is one of the most abundant in the Tampico market, there must be places, either in the river or in the lagunas, where they exist in sufficient numbers to warrant one in going specially for them. No one that I know of has ever done so at or near Tampico.

A variety of small fish can be obtained by angling close to the jetties, preferably with a long cane pole. I have seen Dr. Howe catch a string of them as long as one's arm in a few hours while watching his shark lines. This sport is specially adapted to children who are not capable of handling the larger game fishes. These small fry consist mainly of sheepshead, young *pargos mulatos* and jewfish, small jackfish, and several other species, all excellent for the table.

When one goes fishing for sharks, he is liable to catch also jewfish, sawfish, stingrays, and large *pargos mulatos*. This sport is not of a very high order; but an occasional day spent on it when the weather is warm and the water calm, affords an agreeable change from the more strenuous sport of tarpon fishing.

There are quite a few gar in the Pánuco, but they seldom take the hook, although I have caught two or three on my tarpon tackle.

As for the shooting near the river, I believe that if the grounds were studied with the idea of locating duck passes and the flights of cocs, roseate spoonbills and a few other birds, sufficient sport could be obtained to warrant one in trying it occasionally. How healthy a recreation it would prove, I would not like to say. Thus far it has not hurt me, but I once nearly lost my second son near Lake Chapula from a malarial fever due probably to mosquito bites that he received when shooting ducks in the swamps; and, in my opinion, the Chapula district is far healthier than Tampico and vicinity, on account of its greater altitude. It might be found necessary in some cases to obtain permission to shoot in some of the lagunas and marsh adjacent to the Pánuco River. By going inland a few miles fine shooting can be obtained on deer, turkeys, peccaries or *javelines*, cats (called *tigres*), quail and other game; but ticks are so numerous and their bites are so irritating as to take away all pleasure

from the sport. Possibly, though, by washing himself all over every morning and evening with certain medicines—such, for instance, as a concentrated solution of California insect powder, in *aguardenie*, or highly diluted carbolic acid—one might avoid most of the discomfort. I have heard statements to this effect made on several occasions. While on a hunt in the woods up country some two weeks ago, Mr. W. A. Jones, a well-known sportsman of Chicago, got badly bitten by the ticks or *pinolias*, and he is suffering yet, or was when I saw him last three days ago. His body looks as if he was suffering from a severe attack of smallpox. I managed to pick up a few *pinolias* myself lately, consequently can vouch for how severely the bites hurt.

The conveniences for tarpon fishermen at Tampico are only fair, but will probably be improved materially by next season. The Hotel Hidalgo, where the sportsmen congregate, is fairly comfortable, but it is impracticable to purchase a really first-class meal in the city. One can put up with inferior food, though, because of the excellence of the sport.

Everyone should bring his own tackle if he has it or knows how and what and where to buy in the United States. Tackle of an inferior grade can be rented at reasonable rates from the proprietor of the hotel, but it is very unsatisfactory to anyone who has ever used a first rate tarpon outfit.

Boats without chairs can be rented from the said proprietor, but a few better ones with chairs and cushions can be obtained from Anuncio Ruiz, a former boatman of mine, whom I trained well in all matters relating to tarpon fishing, notwithstanding which he has still to be watched so as to make sure that he provides a suitable chair and fixes it firmly in the proper place.

With the exception of the two that I possess, butt-sockets are unknown in Tampico, and the gaff hooks used there are none of the best. Spare oars and rowlocks in each boat should be insisted on, especially if one is going to the jetties. Without such a provision one is liable to be carried out to sea and drowned. The boatmen are always ready to avoid the trouble of taking this precaution, hence it behooves the sportsman to look out for himself in these particulars.

In fishing at or near Tamos one has either to waste four or five hours per day in going and coming or else has to take the 6 A. M. train there and return at 7:30 P. M. by the passenger train from Aguas Calientes. Sometimes this is two or three hours late, but generally it is sharp on time. Making the trip to and from Tamos by rail daily cuts down one's hours of sleep to a minimum, and renders the sport rather strenuous for ordinary mortals. I can stand it for five consecutive days, after which it appears to me advisable to take a day's rest. It is true that one can rent a naphtha launch to tow his boat or several boats to the fishing grounds, but it requires the pocket-book of a millionaire to pay for it; besides, the infernal things are continually breaking down and leaving their passengers in the lurch.

The solution of this difficulty is the building of a hotel, or better still, a club house, about two miles below Tamos so as to be opposite the center of the best fishing ground. Such a club house could be built and outfitted for \$10,000, gold. Fifty members by putting in \$200 each, paying \$25 per annum as dues, and taxing non-members heavily for the privileges of the club, could build and operate it. Everybody, though, who uses the club, whether he be member or guest, should be required to pay certain fixed rates for meals, boat hire, boatmen, use of club tackle, etc. A good, reliable manager would be needed to see that the club is properly managed in every particular, and he should be somewhat experienced in tarpon fishing in order to know the needs of the sportsmen and how to provide for them. A good taxidermist would be an essential accessory for the club, and he undoubtedly could secure enough business from the guests and other fishermen at Tampico to pay him well. Mr. Robert Farley, of Tarpon, Texas, who, in my opinion, is the best tarpon taxidermist in America, could be induced to spend his winters at Tamos, for he has already passed one at Tampico for the purpose of mounting tarpon. If fifty of your readers would care to form such a club, I can put them in touch with certain reliable parties at Tampico who would see to the construction of the buildings and outfitting of the club so as to have everything ready by next November. The buildings should consist of one large house containing a sitting room and a room for meals with a detached kitchen near-by; and the residences should be small, one-room houses, constructed solely for sleeping in. There should also be a good bath house and several small, cheap wharves. The club should also own a number of skiffs, and it might be necessary to provide shacks for the boatmen to live in on a remote portion of the grounds. Later on it might be deemed advisable to build a good boat house and keep a naphtha launch; but these are luxuries that would not be required at first. The general sitting room should certainly have a large open fire-place, and should be provided with cheap tables to be used by the sportsmen in repairing tackle and manufacturing snells.

Such an organization, if properly managed, would be a very jolly and satisfactory affair, and everybody enjoying its privileges would be more than satisfied, because the tarpon fishing at Tamos is by far the best yet discovered, and the winter climate of the district is generally ideal.

The \$10,000, gold, that I mentioned is the least sum for which the club could be organized and put in satisfactory shape for operation. If anything more elaborate than that which I have described be decided upon, a larger sum would be required.

I would not only be pleased to join such an organization, but also would be glad to aid in every possible way, short of going to the site, the formation of the club and its installation and equipment. To this end I am prepared to correspond with tarpon fishermen; and if enough of them decide to join, to block out rules for the club's management and operation, and to arrange for plans, specifications, supervision of construction, and management. My address is New Nelson Building, Kansas City, Mo.

I believe it would be practicable for the club to secure exclusive shooting privileges from the owners of all swamp lands that are within easy reach from the club house, but the privilege of shooting on these grounds should be confined strictly to club members, and should be charged for pretty highly in order to cover rent and salaries of gamekeepers.

There are now in Tampico a number of fairly well trained boatmen for tarpon fishing, besides others who have had more or less experience. The number of such trained boatmen would naturally increase with the demand. Strange to say, I find that boys of eighteen or twenty years of age make the best boatmen and hunting *mogos*.

The best way to get to Tampico by rail is probably by way of San Luis Potosi over the Gould system. The route via Laredo and Monterey figures shorter in time, but the said figures cannot always be relied on; besides, the ride down the mountain on the Mexican Central from San Luis Potosi to Tampico is something worth journeying far to take. Those living in the West would of course go via El Paso, but those from the East should travel via Eagle Pass. The Laredo route, as far as I am concerned, has proved very unsatisfactory, requiring an extra twenty-four hours each way above the computed necessary time. Those who pass through San Antonio and change there from one depot to another, should not check their baggage through or intrust it to any transfer company, as such companies are unreliable; but they should hire an independent express wagon and drive over in it with their baggage to the other depot. By failing to do this I lost twenty-four hours going down, although there was a full hour at San Antonio for transferring baggage and although several of the M. K. & T. R. R. officials assured me that my baggage would certainly be delivered in good time—which it was not. I found afterward that such outrages are of almost daily occurrence, hence this word of warning to those who contemplate going to Tampico for tarpon fishing. By the way, there is still ample time this season for a good outing there, and I feel sure that fine fishing can be had until well on into April.

Since sending to your paper my last communication concerning tarpon fishing, I have had two outings on that sport, and have in consequence learned something more about tackle and outfit. This information I hope to give your readers soon in another letter that I purpose writing for the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Mr. Chambers and Sea Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Overlooking the violence done to Lindley Murray's syntax in the opening sentence, and apart from the personalities which make up three-fourths of Mr. Chambers' letter in your issue of March 11, which the Old Angler has no ambition to emulate, he is, on the whole, well pleased.

Your readers who have taken an intelligent interest in the identity of the so-called sea trout will also be pleased to see that, with some difference in nomenclature, Mr. Hallock, Mr. Chambers and the present writer are in substantial agreement, and that "such widely-recognized authorities" as Hamilton Smith, Dr. Storer, M. H. Perley, Frank Forester and Thad Norris, and "such keen and observant sportsmen as J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, and John Mannel, of Ottawa," were all wrong and showed crass ignorance and made great errors of description and classification when they described and classed this fish as a distinct species greatly differing from the brook trout.

Mr. Chambers now decides that "the marine and fluvial trout are one and the same fish—varietally and structurally—differing only in coloring, and the other conditions resulting from the anadromy of the one and the non-anadromy of the other." The only error here is that the fish is not "anadromous," as a reference to Webster or Worcester will show.

If Mr. Hallock and Mr. Chambers prefer to use the terms, "marine and fluvial types" when both mean the brook trout, The Old Angler has only this objection to urge—that the use of these terms, in a manner so unscientific, leaves the general reader in doubt as to the real identity of either type. A careful consideration of the extract from the "Origin of Species," which Mr. C. contrasts with the "garrulousness" of the present writer, will convince all thoughtful readers that Darwin is "dead against" any such use of the word "type," as Mr. C. prefers to retain. The great naturalist is arguing against the error of classifying into species and varieties from slight differences in which the line of demarcation is not clear; but Mr. C. has no hesitation in making distinct types of two fishes, which he says are "identical in both species and variety," and interchangeable in coloring according to habitat. A timely reference to what Webster's Dictionary says about the word type, as used in natural history, would have warned Mr. C. of his dangerous ground and saved your readers from the pseudo-science so prominent in his last letter.

While not questioning the nomenclature adopted by the recent authorities named, The Old Angler prefers to use the old name *Salmo fontinalis*, because it is best understood by general readers and leaves no doubt as to the species meant. But he strenuously objects to the dictum of Jordan and Evermann that "many local varieties [of the brook trout] occur, distinguished by shades of color," because, as Darwin shows, mere shades of color, which change with habitat and are never constant, cannot make a variety or subspecies.

I may have something to say next summer about the Pleasant Lake fish story; since, by other members of the club, the salmon are now said to be togue; but, until something new is offered, mere personalities will not interest

THE OLD ANGLER.

Morris Canal Bass.

THE Morris Canal in New Jersey is to be abandoned, and the State Fish and Game Commission will remove the black bass and other fish and use them for stocking purposes.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Federal Protection of Fish.

In a speech in the House of Representatives, on the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, Hon. George Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, discussed the right of the National Government to control public waters with respect to their pollution, and to the fish in them. Mr. Shiras said:

In connection with a brief review of the manner in which the National Government expends such large sums of money upon our national waterways, it seems an appropriate time to call the attention of the House and the country to the peculiar and, to my mind, unfortunate limitations placed upon such disbursements. Our seaboard and inland waters were from the beginning one of the great elements of our commercial prosperity, and their gradual development, through the liberality of the Government, has made our water transportation unsurpassed by any other country. The original theory on which the constitutional right to expend public money for the improvement of navigation was based on rather narrow grounds, viz., in the aid of interstate and international commerce on such public waters as were not only "navigable" in the ordinary sense of the word, but were of such magnitude as warranted governmental expenditures. The seeming legality of these early appropriations, therefore, depended upon a pre-existing navigability of the rivers, lakes and harbors. Gradually this has been changed, until now the test frequently is, Can the waterway be made navigable; and if so, will it be of sufficient commercial value to warrant the Government making the improvement? Streams that were navigable but one month in the year, and then only during freshets, when transportation was most hazardous, are now, by our system of slack-water dams and locks, made great highways of trade; other watercourses that were wide and so shallow as to be practically unnavigable, had deep channels excavated therein and thus adapted to the movement of our largest steamships; and, finally, not to be confined to the watercourses provided by nature, in our efforts to aid navigation we have from time to time (as in the present bill) expended considerable sums in building canals and artificial channels through solid ground for miles, so as to connect streams with lakes and lakes with tidal waters. We have even gone so far in some of our river and harbor bills as to grant franchises to private corporations to construct locks and dams on certain rivers and collect toll thereon—a practice that should be abandoned.

Thus it must be apparent at the present day that we exercise the most complete and exclusive dominion over our public waters in so far as navigation is concerned, and, further, that this right is wholly based upon the principle that the public waters belong to the nation and should be so protected and improved as to be a source of common benefit to all.

It must therefore be plain that our Government has assumed the right to so control our public waters as will best conserve the needs of commerce, quite irrespective of the original navigability of the waterway or route to be improved. At this point it seems proper to ask, Why is it, with such complete and exclusive control of our Government over the public waters, in so far as navigation is concerned, that no practical steps have been taken to extend national supervision over the same waters for the benefit of the country in two essential particulars, viz., the protection of public health and the valuable food fishes that are indigenous to such waters?

While the improvement of navigation is essentially and fundamentally right, the protection of public health is equally essential, whether it be gauged by morals or in a purely commercial sense. Though this bill carries the sum of \$32,000,000, not one cent is to be expended in the investigation or control of the many sources of contamination and pollution which are gradually converting our great rivers and harbors into open sewers, killing thousands of citizens each year, and imperiling the health of millions. If the time has now come when the mere driving of a stake in some petty creek renders the offender subject to fine and imprisonment, as an alleged interference with navigation, it would seem as though our Government should be given authority in the present bill or by other statutes to prevent all such injurious pollution of public waters as must inevitably render unfit for domestic use many streams and lakes owned by the public at large and needed for other vital purposes than the transportation of freight or passengers. Were the sickness and death arising from the corruption of our watercourses valued according to the "tables of expectancy" employed in such cases, and were we to add to this the untold millions expended by municipalities in the construction and maintenance of filtration plants, reservoirs, and distant conduit connections with uncontaminated waters, the sum total would be appalling. If, in the future, some of the money carried by the river and harbor bills, can be appropriated for the preservation of public health, it would do very much in furthering the popularity of such measures.

That we possess the constitutional power to protect public health under the regulatory rights the Government has over public waters must be unquestioned when the matter is given due consideration, for it is manifestly impossible for the States bordering upon the same waters to enact either efficient or uniform legislation or make the same enforceable against an offending State which may with impunity so contaminate the public waters passing beyond its borders as to utterly destroy the purity and usefulness of the same.

While not of equal importance with the question of public health, the failure of our Government to properly protect our valuable food fishes, which at one time fairly swarmed in the bays, rivers and lakes of our country, is of sufficient magnitude to justify some reference to the same in connection with the discussion bearing upon the intrinsic value of our public waters to the nation over and above the question of navigation. It is the opinion of well-qualified persons that Federal supervision over the fish within our public waters would advance the marketable product \$15,000,000 or more a year. As showing the interest of Government experts in the question of protecting our food fishes by national legislation, I submit a letter addressed to the United States Commissioner of Fisheries and his reply thereto:

Hon. George M. Bowers,

Commissioner, Bureau of Fisheries, City.

Dear Sir: The Federal Government in exercising control over the public waters of the United States has heretofore practically limited its action to the protection and promotion of navigation thereon. After considerable investigation of the subject I have reached the conclusion that the National Government should so extend its supervision over the public waters as to prevent the unnecessary pollution of the same, not only for the purpose of conserving the public health, but with the view of preserving from injury or destruction the valuable food fishes that are indigenous to our navigable streams. It likewise seems important that the Government in spending millions of dollars annually on such streams and public waters—whether for navigation or irrigation purposes—should so construct its dams and canals as to provide not only proper fishways for the free movement of the fish in their annual migrations to and from the spawning beds, but should so construct said improvements as to avoid the unnecessary accumulation of sewage and other deleterious substances in the slack-water pools (so menacing to the public health) by providing means for flushing the same.

While some of these subjects are not within your province to pass upon, I am anxious to obtain your views on the possible advantages that would accrue to your Bureau were additional Federal legislation enacted giving the Government authority to regulate fishing in those public waters where the fish are either of migratory character or belong to waters which are not wholly within the control of any one State.

Under the acts of Congress providing therefor the President of the United States appoints a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, whose duty it is to investigate the subject with a view to ascertain what diminution, if any, in the number of food fishes of the coast and lakes of the United States has taken place and from what cause the same is due, and whether any protective, prohibitory, or precautionary measures should be adopted in the premises, and report upon the same to Congress.

It is also provided that the heads of the several Executive Departments shall cause to be rendered all necessary and practical aid to the Commissioner in the prosecution of his investigations and inquiries, and Section 4398 of the Revised Statutes provides that "the Commissioner may take or cause to be taken at all times in the waters of the seacoast of the United States, where the tide ebbs and flows, and also in the waters of the lakes, such fish or specimens thereof as may, in his judgment, from time to time be needful or proper for the conduct of his duties, any law, custom, or usage of any State notwithstanding."

From the above last recited act it is clear that Congress has asserted its authority over fish in certain public waters and has, besides, invited such additional legislation as might be hereafter suggested for the proper protection of the food fishes of the United States.

I understand that by the placing of nets, weirs, and similar devices in or at the entrance of streams many valuable migratory fishes, such as the salmon and shad, are in many localities entirely prevented from reaching the fresh-water spawning beds, and in other localities such limited numbers succeed in passing such barriers that were it not for artificial propagation carried on by the Government the supply of these valuable fish would soon be exhausted.

It would seem, also, that some provision should be made for regulating the season and the manner in which such migratory fish should be taken, in view of the fact that our Government spends annually large amounts of the public money for the protection and propagation of the fish.

I would be pleased, therefore, if you would indicate in a general way "what protective, prohibitory, or precautionary measures should be adopted" for fostering our fishing interests in the public waters of the United States, and, further, that you detail such special instances of the insufficiency of existing legislation as will best illustrate the urgency and propriety of Congressional action.

In Alaska I understand that your Bureau possesses ample authority to insure the permanency of the salmon industry in such waters, both tidal and inland. If this is correct, may I ask if the passage of similar laws, so far as applicable to the United States, would be sufficient; and if so, to what extent in your judgment would the commercial fisheries of the country be benefited?

Yours, very truly,

Geo. Shiras, 3d.

Department of Commerce and Labor,
Bureau of Fisheries,
Washington, March 1, 1905.

Hon. George Shiras, 3d,

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Sir: In response to your request for an expression of opinion as to the advantages that would accrue to this Bureau were the Government in position to regulate the fishing for migratory fishes in public waters or the fishing waters not wholly within the control of any one State, I have the honor to make the following statements:

The operations of this Bureau so far as they relate to legal matters affecting the States, are in general quite satisfactory; and, in its own interests, the Bureau would not care to see existing conditions changed or disturbed. The State officials appreciate the beneficent and unselfish efforts of the Bureau to preserve and increase the supply of food fishes, and are willing to co-operate to the fullest possible extent. But from the standpoint of the fisheries I can see that in many, perhaps all, cases affecting migratory fishes and interstate waters great advantage would accrue from the ability of the General Government to prescribe uniform regulations and to impose necessary restrictions in the interest of the entire country.

The States would doubtless be greatly adverse to relinquishing their control over such matters, and this Bureau would be equally adverse to assuming jurisdiction; but if the welfare of certain industries and the preservation of certain fishes are the vital considerations, there is no doubt that these would be best secured through governmental control.

Attention may be drawn to the case of the fisheries of the Great Lakes. For fifteen years the States bordering thereon have been striving to secure uniform legislation, and many joint conferences have been held; but the desired end is not yet attained, and the fisheries have suffered in consequence. Other international waters in which the condition of affairs is most unsatisfactory are Puget Sound and Lake of the Woods.

With regard to the Columbia River, the States of Washington, Oregon and Idaho have never been able to agree on uniform legislation and regulations for the best interests of the salmon fisheries, and during the past season two of those States went so far as to ignore the law providing for a close season, with the result that the run of fish on which the Government hatcheries chiefly depended for their supply of eggs was practically annihilated and the season at the hatcheries was a failure.

Various other instances might be cited in which the States fail to give to the migratory fishes that protection which is clearly indicated, or in which protection is one-sided or inadequate, because of the lack of uniformity in the regulations. In all such cases governmental jurisdiction would easily accomplish the desired end.

Other directions in which governmental supervision of public waters would be beneficial to the fisheries and helpful to the operation of this Bureau are in the prevention of the pollution of public or interstate waters by mill, factory and city refuse, and in the prohibition of the construction or maintenance of dams, dikes, or other obstructions to the movements of fish unless such obstructions are provided with duly approved fish ladders.

Very respectfully,

Geo. W. Bowers,
Commissioner.

I herewith submit an extract from a communication of mine addressed to a publication devoted to the interest of sportsmen:

In Alcomar Sound the national shad fisheries, owing to the almost entire catch of the shad before they reach the fresh-water spawning beds by the intervening nets further down the sound, had obtained spawn amounting only to 10,000,000, while the hatcheries had the capacity for 100,000,000. If a fair proportion of the shad could reach the spawning beds, perhaps one thousand million additional spawn would be deposited and the shad industry overwhelmingly benefited. As it is, I have been informed that the shad industry of the Atlantic coast is almost wholly dependent upon the artificial propagation conducted by the Government; and yet while our nation spends the people's money for this worthy purpose, it has no power to protect this migratory fish from practical annihilation by certain States, except through its persistent efforts in obtaining annually enough spawn to provide for a limited catch each season. Can it be doubted that the shad and salmon, living far out at sea and

migrating annually to our waters for the purpose of reproduction, do not belong to any State, and yet a State, by reason of the public waters passing through its domain, may so net the streams and inlets as to exterminate a fish which surely belongs to the people at large, and for which so much of the public money is expended?

All ornithologists and fish culturists recognize a wonderful similarity in the migratory habits of certain fish and birds, each coming annually to the same locality, over the same general course, for the purpose of reproduction, and then returning to some distant locality on water or land, respectively. Destroy certain shore birds of the Atlantic coast and they are gone forever, so completely are some varieties confined to this narrow avenue of migration; destroy all the salmon which are accustomed to spawn in a particular stream or estuary and these waters are forever barren, so wonderful is the predilection of this fish for the same spawning bed. The State of Maine providently wiped out the vast salmon schools which once visited its streams; the State of Connecticut has largely lost its shad, and at present the great Pacific Coast States of Washington and Oregon are temporarily filling the pockets of their commercial fishermen, who are unrestrained by a Federal law so regulating the catch as to correspond with the maintenance of a permanent supply, and soon the Columbia River will be like those of Maine.

Therefore, in conclusion, let me ask if the time has not arrived when this nation, in the protection of general health and in the preservation of its great commercial fisheries, should assume its rightful control over those public waters not wholly within the dominion of one State now but partially exercised in the promotion of navigation? Let us have Federal statutes expressly recognizing public ownership in public waters, and the outcome will be the saving of countless lives and the protection of our material interests without a single substantial objection to negative such beneficial results.

Galveston's Fish Lottery.

GALVESTON, March 17.—Lest your readers forget what manner of fishing we have, I want to again remind them that they who have never fished from our jetties have missed an experience. Ten miles from our docks, five miles out in the Gulf of Mexico, you can stand on granite rocks of the jetties and cast in water thirty feet deep with the charming uncertainty of "most any old fish" taking your hook. The range of possibilities is from a pigfish (hogfish, grunt, sailor's choice, as variously called), the salt-water perch, to a shark or a ray or devil-fish, that skin your knuckles with handle of your reels and carry off your line as a joke on the fisherman.

Tarpon are abundant with us, as many as anywhere on the Gulf coast, but we land but few tarpon on the rocks, and it is so difficult to do and there are so many other fish that will give you all the exercise you want, and test twenty-five strand Cuttyhunk, hand-forged hooks and 300-foot reels, that we rarely fish for tarpon—in fact, generally reel in when we see one loafing around. To land a tarpon in shallow water and from a boat, where all the fisherman has to do is to keep twenty pounds strain on line with his brake and let the tarpon do the rest in pulling the boat until he is worn out playing tug-boat, is one thing; to stand on a rock where Bro' Tarpon can go down thirty feet and come up with slack of your line in three shakes of a lamb's tail, wink the other eye at you and throw the hook twenty feet out of the hole he made in his jaw in going down with the strain of the brake on the hook, is another thing. Well, yes, that is another story.

Spanish mackerel, the greyhounds of the sea, or rather the blue-greyhounds of the sea, give us the best of sport. Hang a mackerel, see your float go out sight as if shot from a rifle, and for a while you do not know whether it is a three-pound mackerel, a hundred-pound tarpon, or a five-foot shark or a jackfish (the first cousin of the tuna). Redfish, sea trout, kingfish, sheepshead, salt-water bass, juncfish that are called sea bass on the Pacific Coast, pompano, several kinds of rays and sharks, are all caught at times; so we fish with 20 to 25-strand, best linen, big reels and hand-forged hooks, ready for what the fish lottery may bring us.

The kingfish is rare with us, but if you ever caught one of those big cousins to the Spanish mackerel, you will know ever after when it is a kingfish that is making your reel hum and smoke and taking the skin off the ball of your thumb if the brake breaks. The moment the kingfish feels the hook, he recollects that there is a fish doctor in the Havana harbor, and he strikes a bee-line for the doctor. Fortunately for the fisherman, twenty pounds on the drag will so worry him that by the time he has gone a hundred yards he concludes that he will try the old anti-hook remedy of circling, and in fifteen or twenty minutes he just as lief be gaffed as not.

There is no fish that swims that, for its heft, ten to thirty pounds, is a better rod, reel and line prize than the jack. It is almost identical in appearance with the tuna of the Pacific, and for twenty minutes to half an hour is better sport than any tuna, as the size and weight of the tuna requires you to simply let him pull the boat about, when with the jack you can stand up on the rocks and fight it out to a finish—skill and strength of tackle against his strength, fair fight and no favors asked, and equal chance as to outcome.

We have as great a range in variety as in any fishing grounds in the world. Fish here have their fast days, when they will be excommunicated if they touch bait, and as a calendar of these days has not yet been published in the merman's journal, we sometimes have to fall back on pigfish or gaff-topsail cat, as not considered game fish, for dinner aboard the boat on our way home in the evening. But the beauty of fishing is the uncertainty of the catching, and, as President Cleveland says, it is a squaw fisherman who only wants to fish when he is certain the fish will bite. There is a charm in the wealth of life in the waters of the Gulf five miles at sea. Then the sail or boat ride to and from the fishing grounds, the yarns and explanations as to what was caught and what was not, and why the reel was broken, or how the shark took the trout off the hook and forgot to leave the line—an old, old story that never stales and the age of the fisherman never withers. There is a witchery that is as fresh to the man of seventy as to the barefoot boy of ten that calls us again and again to the rocks when judgment says wind and tide make chances of catching fish slim indeed. The time to go fishing is when you feel like going.

We have excellent facilities for the stranger to fish, and at small expense; there is what is called the Better-ton pavilion, about two miles and a half from the land

on the North Jetty, where a comfortable cot and a good cook are furnished at reasonable rates; there is a boat to the Pavilion twice or oftener a day. Then there are numerous combination power and sail boats with good sailors which can be had at very reasonable rates.

The Tarpon Club sends out a boat for its members twice a day at 5 A. M. and 1 P. M. to the fishing ground, and a sober set of fishermen—most of whom have fished over thirty years—compose the club and are ready to swap yarns, share bait and compare tackle with the fisherman stranger in our waters.

G. E. MANN,
One of the Club.

The Striped Bass.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing you in December last concerning Dr. Heber Bishop's article on the striped bass (see FOREST AND STREAM December 24, 1904), in "Forest, Lake and River; the Fishes of New England and Eastern Canada," by Frank M. Johnson. Boston, 1902, I have discovered the following facts:

Günther in his "Introduction to the Study of Fishes," Edinburgh, 1880, says:

"The best known European species is *Labrax lupus*, common on the British coasts. It is a voracious fish, with a remarkably large stomach, and received from the ancient Romans the appropriate name of *lupus*. By the Greeks it was so highly esteemed that Arcestratus termed this, or one of the two other closely allied species taken near Milet, 'offspring of the Gods.'" (Günther evidently looked up his authority before quoting.)

G. Brown Goode ("American Fishes," Boston, N. D.—The prologue is dated 1886), writing on *Roccus lineatus*, quotes Günther as above. It is undoubtedly by a printer's error that he calls the poet Arcestratus instead of Arcestratus. But having made the quotation, he distinctly says: "So writes Günther, concerning the *bass of Europe*, the *λαβραξ* and the *Lupus* of classical literature."

Dr. Bishop in his article applies this to the striped bass, misspelling the poet's name and showing clearly that he had not taken the trouble to verify the quotation. Further on he states that "they [striped bass] run up the Mississippi as far as St. Louis." Goode makes the same statement, giving Charles Hallock as his authority. But he qualifies this as follows: "It seems probable that Mr. Hallock was mistaken by the resemblance of this species to the 'brassy bass'—*Roccus interruptus*—which abounds throughout the Mississippi Valley." Since Goode made this statement in 1886, it has been pretty conclusively proved by the U. S. Fish Commission that *Roccus lineatus* is not "found as far up the Mississippi as St. Louis."

Then again he states that "the largest on record was taken at Orleans, Massachusetts, weighing a hundred and twelve pounds." This statement is also made without any attempt to verify it. As a matter of fact, the 112-pound fish taken at Orleans weighed 120 pounds, and was caught in shoal water between the Town Cove and Nausett Harbor, having been stranded by the falling tide. This fish was taken by Mr. Geo. T. Smith, of Eastham, Mass., some forty odd years ago. This information was

written me by both the town clerk and the postmaster of Orleans, Mass.

There lies before me as I write this a letter from the U. S. Fish Commissioner, in which he states: "An assistant of this Commission has seen several specimens of bass in Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, which weighed 125 pounds, which seems to be about the maximum."

The article is full of similar errors. Where are we to look for facts, if not in books of the character of "Forest, Lake and River"?

DANIEL B. FEARING.

Salmon River Possibilities.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM for March 11, I find in the editorial article on the subject of "Water Pollution and Fish," the statement that mill interests are so enormous and so powerful that it is practically impossible to cope with them. There is one place in which the matter can be dealt with to the advantage of salmon fishermen at present, and in just one way. The first six rivers to the west of the St. Croix River in Maine are all natural salmon streams, and a few salmon ascend as far as to the dams every year still, in spite of sawdust and slabs. The country has been lumbered so thoroughly that the mill properties can now be bought at rates which would allow salmon fishermen to take charge of the mills and of the streams. The mills could be managed in such a way as to make some return upon the investment, and the sawdust and slabs could be burned. None of the dams are high enough to make the placing of fishways expensive. All of the streams contain fine trout, and in the spring there is a run of herrings.

I have been told by residents, that with the exception of Denny's River, no salmon fishermen ever visit these waters. Now that salmon fishing is being sought so eagerly by men who have the means to buy up mill properties and restore streams to their original beauty and value, it may be well to keep these Maine rivers in mind. I had the offer of one mill property, together with control of all of the salmon water, and several thousand acres of culled timber land that will become valuable again, for about \$20,000, and would have taken it, excepting for the fact that I have so many other interests that it would have been impossible to give the time to the development of this stream. These streams are all so near, and so naturally attractive, that they ought to be in the hands of men who would do for them what would be done with the same waters in Europe; and I will give details to any one who cares to call and discuss the matter.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, March 15.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, March 19.—Bills amending the game laws have just been introduced in the Senate as follows:

Senator Armstrong (Int. No. 684), amending Section 173 so as to direct the game protector to destroy nets or other devices unlawfully used; also provided that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission may direct a game protector to retain certain nets and seines for the use of the State fish hatcheries.

Senator Goodsell (Int. No. 710), amending Section 29a so as to provide that no person shall take in the county of Orange more than twelve each of woodcock, grouse and quail at any one time or on any one day, nor shall any one person take in that county in any one calendar year more than six of either variety of such birds.

The Senate has advanced to third reading the following bills: Senator Prime's (Int. No. 98), providing for restocking the Adirondack region with wild moose.

Senator Alld's (Int. No. 486), providing for the publication of the forest, fish and game law, as amended by the Legislature of 1905.

The Senate has passed the bill of Assemblyman Foster (Int. No. 262) amending Section 48 so as to provide that muskallonge less than twenty inches in length shall not be possessed or taken, and if taken, shall, without injury, be immediately returned to the water where taken.

Bills just introduced in the Assembly are the following: Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 1076), amending Section 112 so as to forbid the use of nets which have meshes less than six-inch bar in Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters.

Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 1079) amending Section 113 so as to provide that there shall be in Coney Island Creek at low tide a passage not obstructed by nets not less than ten feet wide.

Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 1075), amending Section 139 so as to provide that for a violation of Section 127 a penalty of \$60 shall be imposed, and to an additional penalty of \$10 for each lobster taken or possessed in violation thereof, for every other violation of said article of a penalty of \$100.

Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 1077), amending Section 23 so as to provide that no person shall take more than thirty-six woodcock in an open season.

Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 1078), amending Section 173 so as to give game protectors power to execute commitments issued for the violation of the forest, fish and game law, and allowing them, without a search warrant, to examine the contents of any building other than a private dwelling house.

Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 1074), amending Section 27 so as to forbid the offering for sale of grouse or woodcock taken without the State, except as provided now by law.

Assemblyman Bedell (Int. No. 1087), amending Section 29a so as to provide that woodcock, grouse and quail shall not be taken in Orange county for the purpose of selling or offering for sale the same.

Assemblyman F. G. Wood (Int. No. 1181) amending Section 29b so as to forbid the taking, in Orange county, of more than twelve woodcock, grouse and quail each, at any one time or any one day, or more than thirty-six of either variety of such birds in a calendar year.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the following bills:

Assemblyman F. G. Whitney's (Int. No. 1019), allowing the use of tip-ups and set-lines in fishing through the ice in Big Sandy Pond, Oswego county.

Assemblyman F. G. Whitney's (Int. No. 784), allowing the use of nets from July 15 to Sept. 1 in Lake Ontario, in the towns of Sandy Creek and Richland, Oswego county, with certain restrictions.

Assemblyman Stevens' (Int. No. 1006), making the close season for trout in Rensselaer, Warren and Washington counties from Sept. 1 to April 30, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Apgar's (Int. No. 866), relative to the close season for deer in certain counties.

Assemblyman Hubbs' (Int. No. 113) relating to wildfowl on Long Island and in certain counties (spring shooting bill).

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 115), relative to penalties.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman F. C. Woods', (Int. No. 428), relative to the compensation of game protectors.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 263), relative to the close season for squirrels in certain counties.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 264), relative to the close season for trout in Dutchess county.



The Cruise of Whitecap.

BY L. S. TIEMANN.

Aug. 14 to Sept. 7, 1903.

(Concluded from page 198)

COTTAGE CITY is the ideal harbor for small boats. It is artificial, being a small lake, with a passage cut through the beach and protected by jetties. The Government has thoughtfully put down barrel moorings for cruising yachtsmen, a custom that might be followed to advantage elsewhere. The next day we again planned to make the run to Nantucket, but were once more disappointed. The high wind and frequent squalls through the night was still much too vigorous in the morning to make the thought of 25 miles of rough water agreeable. Knowing that these delays would have to be made up later on, if we persisted in carrying out our intention of going to Nantucket and Cape Cod, it seemed the part of wisdom to cut these out and head toward home. This gave us two extra days which came in useful later on, and we had no occasion to regret our decision. Our revised plan made Cuttyhunk the next stop, and reference to the invaluable current table showed that a start after lunch would enable us to reach there easily before dark. Starting with double-reefed mainsail, we soon had both reefs out and were making fine time, with a quartering breeze and the full strength of the flood tide, for Quicks Hole. We choose this for its size and because it looked easier than the other passages; but experience is a great teacher, and we should now be better satisfied to try one of the smaller openings. When fairly in the passage, we began to get the full strength of the wind, from which we had been sheltered before by the islands, and abreast of the Can Buoy had to stand by the main sheet to ease her in the puffs, there being no chance to luff. On the Buzzard's Bay side we had to take a very uncomfortable shaking up, as the strong northeast wind, blowing against the strength of the flood tide, kicked up a nasty chop, and with the sail we were carrying, gave us a very wet quarter of an hour. Once the sea scame on board both fore and aft at the same time, wetting us down pretty thoroughly. As soon as possible, we worked to the west out of the rip and lowered the mainsail. Having only a short distance to go to reach Cuttyhunk, we made it fast to save the trouble of reefing, using the jib to run into the harbor,

where we made that fast also and started the engine.

A good-sized sea, caused by the northeast wind, was running into the harbor, and, not wishing to repeat our Bristol experience of lying all night in rough water, we determined to get into the inner harbor or "Pond" if we could manage it, but were not very confident of success, both the Government Chart (No. 112) and Eldridge's Harbor Chart (No. 12) showing only one foot of water at the entrance, while we were drawing about 3ft. 6in. We ran the engine slow and kept working the lead, until we had less than 6ft., and then anchored. I took the dinghy and rowed in, following as nearly as I could the course I had seen a fishing boat take, that went in just before we anchored. Inside I found a fisherman who said he did not think we could get over the bar until high water at about 10 o'clock; and I was about to row out again, when a launch, lying close by, hailed me, and a man, who afterward turned out to be a New Bedford pilot, told me he had just come in drawing 3ft. 6in., and thought if we followed the channel, which was marked by some floats I had seen outside, we could get in without trouble. I at once rowed out, sounding every few yards with an oar, and found that the bar was only about 50yds. wide and seemed to have enough water over it for us to get across, so we hauled up the anchor and set the engine going at half speed. We touched twice, but were able to push off, and in twenty minutes were at anchor in 12ft. of water, so clear that we could see the anchor on bottom.

Cuttyhunk is exceedingly quaint. A dozen or so fishermen's cottages scattered about on a steep hillside in no particular order, and with no apparent way of reaching them, except through neighbors' gardens; not a horse on the island, and only one primitive little church with a bell rung by the first parishoner at the meeting. The settlement, as we scrambled up the irregular paths, gave very little promise of gratifying our appetites which grew while we climbed toward the house pointed out as the only one serving meals; but Mrs. Allen had prepared dinner for some fishermen, who had not returned from the day's sport. We arrived, and, with true New England thrift, Mrs. A. said it would be too bad to let the dinner get cold—we kept it warm.

The island is well worth a visit, but I should not recommend calling there in a small boat, unless of sufficiently shoal draft to get inside, the anchorage being wide open to the north and east, and even from

the south there is no protection from the wind, only a strip of beach separating the harbor, so-called, from Vineyard Sound. There is no other shelter near, and any one caught there in a blow would simply have to take whatever came.

The 27th was to be a banner day, with 45 miles of outside sailing to Block Island. We naturally wished to start as early as possible and avoid any chance of being caught between ports after dark; but 7 o'clock was the earliest we could hope to have water enough to get over the bar. Under these circumstances, patience became a necessity and we killed time until we could start, in vain hopes that the breeze, which showed signs of giving out, would hold after we were under way. Promptly at 7 o'clock we bumped over the bar, and once more in deep water lost no time in hoisting sail. The wind was evidently failing, but gave us about 4 miles an hour until 9 o'clock, when it became a case of engine or drife, and we chose the former. The compass course from Cuttyhunk to Block Island is W. by S., but we decided to steer W. by N., calculating that the flood tide in the morning would set us toward Sakonnet and we would there catch the ebb out of the river, and later out of Narragansett Bay, carrying us in a circle, never more than 5 or 6 miles from land. It was deadly monotonous with nothing to do but listen to the noise of the engine, and about 2 o'clock, when we saw a little breeze coming out of Narragansett Bay, we had great hopes that we should have a fair wind for the remainder of the day, but it only lasted an hour and at no time blew hard enough to encourage us to stop the engine. Our course of W. by N. carried us around a circle just as we had figured it would, and at 2:30, when about 5 miles east of Point Judith, we picked up Block Island, shifting our course to W. S. W. to carry us around the bell buoy on the north end. Rounding the buoy, we made the mistake of trying to cut it too fine, and were almost swept back over the bar. The tide, which had begun to flood, was running so strong that we were barely able to work away, and it took us fully an hour to get far enough out of the current to head for the harbor, which we reached at 6 o'clock. We had accomplished the run undertaken; but it was certainly not the pleasantest day of our trip. An engine is all right for getting in and out of harbor, but no launches in mine. After our experience, of the strength of the current on the way in, we had no desire to be caught between Block Island and Montauk Point on the ebb

tide. As the flood next morning would begin running at 8:25 o'clock, we decided to start at 8 o'clock, run as far south as possible, while the slack water lasted, and then head W. S. W., letting the current sweep us inside the point.

Tired from our long run of the previous day, we did not wake up until almost 8, which gave us no time for breakfast before starting. We ran down the harbor with the wind aft and outside, found the weather looking pretty threatening, rain commencing soon after we cleared the Breakwater. The wind was blowing strong from the southeast, with plenty of weight in the puffs, but we held on until we were off the southwest end of the island, and then slacked our sheets and headed across. Being too thick to see Montauk, we were obliged to depend on the compass, holding our course W. S. W. until we sighted the lighthouse, and then bearing off to the west, which, with a strong current running diagonally across our course, brought us well inside the port. This was undoubtedly the finest day's sailing we had. A strong wind over the quarter, gradually worked up a big sea, which had not yet begun to break enough to be dangerous, but still had a lot of push to it as it ran under our stern and swung us along. Going the other way, we should have had in at least two reefs, and been buried even then, while well off the wind; as we were, it was simply exhilarating. By 10 we had the lighthouse abeam, and at 11 dropped anchor at the upper end of Fort Pond Bay, having covered twenty-six miles in exactly three hours, which, allowing six miles for current, gave us a speed through the water of about seven miles, not at all bad for a boat like ours. The rain was coming down in torrents and the wind increasing every hour. We made everything snug for the gale, which was undoubtedly just beginning, and went up to the Montauk Inn for lunch, which was also breakfast, there having been too much motion on the way across to start the stoves. The afternoon was worse than the morning, and by 4 we had fully decided to take rooms at the inn and sleep ashore, for the first time since leaving home, two weeks before. During the night the gale increased, and in the morning was blowing harder than ever, but we went on board thinking we might run down to Sag Harbor by keeping under the lee of the land, which would give us some shelter most of the way. The weight of the wind in the squalls, coupled with imperative orders by telephone from the Doctor's wife at West Hampton, not to venture out under pain of severe displeasure, convinced us that it was not good enough, and we dropped our second anchor.

With all the comforts of home waiting for us at the Doctor's house at West Hampton, it seemed foolish to waste time sitting about in the wet at Montauk waiting for better weather, and it took us very little time to decide to catch the afternoon train if we could find some way of leaving the boat with a fair assurance of finding her again on our return. A trip ashore and full explanation of the situation, obtained for us the sympathy of one of the large fish dealers and his promise to look out for the boat in our absence, provided we would make it fast to a vacant mooring in front of his place. This was half a mile from where we were anchored, and somewhat to windward, with a fleet of fishing boats between—a rather difficult proposition in the wind then blowing. Apparently there was no alternative if we wanted to leave the boat, and we concluded to tackle it. Knowing that an extra man would be welcome, a fisherman offered to come on board and give us a hand, and we accepted gladly. A trial of the engine showed us that we could not hope for much from it, for in the squalls it would not even run the boat up to her anchors. Our fisherman friend thought it was blowing too hard to put any sail on, and we had better make a try with the engine alone, so started it up again, ran up to the anchors and began edging over toward the mooring. For a few minutes we did fairly well, when another squall struck us and we began to fall off. In trying to speed up the engine, I pushed it too far, and it stopped, compelling us to let go the large anchor, which fortunately brought us up. I had made up my mind that the only way was to hoist the mainsail, close-reefed, easing it with the engine, which we did; and in ten minutes were fast to the buoy. Our fisherman was a wonderfully handy man, and made a very neat job of running out one of our cables, and serving it to prevent chafing. Now that the boat was safe, we hurried through our preparations for leaving, stowing everything likely to damage out of reach of water in case it came above the cabin floor, and with a dinghy load of duds the Doctor thought would be more useful at home than on the boat, we rowed ashore. That night we had a real dinner, and next day there was no excuse to go out, as the gale still continued. We spent a most luxurious time congratulating ourselves upon having escaped from Block Island before the storm prevented us.

Monday the gale had blown itself out, and we returned to Montauk, finding the boat just as we had left her with no water inside—actually in better condition than though we had lived aboard through two days of wet. We squared our friends for their trouble, hoisted sail and headed for Shelter Island; but the breeze soon began to fail and the engine became necessary. Finding that we could not reach Shelter Island by dark, we changed our course for Sag Harbor, where we anchored behind the steamboat dock at 6. We went ashore for dinner and telephoned to West Hampton to ask the Doctor's wife to join us in a sail through the Peconics, which she agreed to do. On Tuesday we were out at 5. The previous evening we had heard of a small marine railway near the town, and determined to make another effort to have the boat hauled out, but were again unsuccessful, owing to lack of water. Returning to our anchorage, we spent a busy morning cleaning ship and preparing for our guest. Mrs. W. on board, we at once got under way, with a truly lady-like breeze that drifted us gently out of the harbor and then gradually picked up until we were moving nicely. Jessup's Neck, with a picnic ashore, had been the original plan, but lack of wind at the start caused us to modify this to Little Hog Neck, where we anchored and had lunch, slightly marred in the writer's case by spilling a can of boiling soup over one hand. The afternoon was perfect—a good breeze, bright sunshine and

just enough motion to the water to be agreeable. We stood across Noyack Bay to Jessup's Neck, and then through Little Peconic to Robin's Island, anchoring at New Suffolk for the night just at sunset, which gave us some wonderful cloud effects.

To give Mrs. W. a correct idea of the delights of cruising, I resigned my place on board, and, dinner over, the Doctor and his wife returned to the boat, while I remained on shore for the night. Mrs. W. expressed herself in the morning as altogether in favor of cruising, even on a small boat, but remarks dropped from time to time since have somewhat encouraged the belief that there is to be a good deal desired in the line of woven wire springs and other luxuries, notwithstanding the very superior hair mattresses on the boat.

A leisurely run next day brought us to Greenport in time for Mrs. W. to catch the afternoon train for home. Having seen her safely started, we at once turned our attention to finding somewhere to have the boat hauled out, knowing that this would be our last chance before reaching home. Our first attempt met with disappointment, but the second was more successful. Tuttle & Higbie agreed if we would bring the boat in at once, to haul it out and put it overboard again as soon as whatever repairs found necessary were completed. We lost no time in getting on board, and in fifteen minutes were being placed on the cradle astern of a large fishing boat. A very clever man in a flat-bottomed skiff, with one oar, took charge, pushed and pulled us about in the most wonderful way, considering what he had to work with, and giving a few final pokes with the oar to see that the fin rested fairly on two cross beams, had the cradle hauled up. An examination showed that the lag screws holding the stern bearing had worked loose, and the stuffing box also needed repacking. While a machinist, sent from the shops, attended to these repairs, we scrubbed the slime off the bottom, and when that was finished, gave the whole topsides a thorough cleaning with fresh water from a hose kindly offered by the engineer. The machinist reported as ready to go off, so we paid up and the cradle began to move. The entire job of hauling out, making repairs, and putting us in the water again had occupied just an hour and fifteen minutes, which I consider remarkably quick work. When fairly afloat, I tried to start the engine, but found it flooded, and while trying to coax it into running we drifted down with the tide against a lighter. Here the first casualty of the cruise occurred, when in trying to push off with a long sweep, the end, which was against a greasy pile, slipped, and overboard I went. The Doctor thoughtfully refrained from comment until later, and with a suspicion of the rather feverish energy generally following an unexpected wetting, the sails were hoisted and we drifted over to Shelter Island, anchoring in Deering Harbor, near the Shelter Island Y. C.

Thursday the weather was fine, with a nice S.W. breeze. Our destination was to be Saybrook, and upon studying up the tides, we found that we should have the current with us to Plum Gut until noon, which suited us exactly. As a preliminary, we went over to Greenport and filled up with gasoline. From there we beat through the channel, passed Bug Light and headed for Orient Point. We reached the Gut just at the turn of the tide, and went through that oft-times rough passage in perfectly smooth water. Once more on Long Island Sound, with a good breeze almost aft, we traveled steadily toward the Connecticut shore, passing between the jetties into Saybrook about 4. We chose an anchorage near the Hartford Y. C. and rowed ashore for dinner at Fenwick Hall. The night was magnificent, the nearly full moon making it almost as light as day, and one look at the Sound decided us to go on board and run outside the Breakwater for the night. We accordingly went on board, and at 10 were under way, running around the western breakwater into smooth water near shore, where we anchored. This was not only a much pleasanter anchorage, but saved us a tedious struggle with the tide next morning, when we were ready to start.

In the morning we were out at 5 with the idea of getting the benefit of the flood tide until 9. The day was dull and cold, with a moderate wind from S.W., which was not encouraging for the good day's run we hoped to make. To save time we started the engine until we could finish dressing and get up sail. By this time we had run out to the buoy on the western end of Lond Sand shoal, and came about for a long leg parallel with the shore. As the day wore on the breeze became lighter, and we occasionally ran the engine for a while to keep moving, until about 4 we ran into a strong S.W. wind and began beating around Stratford Point. Evidently the wind had been blowing here all day, and there was plenty of sea, as is so often the case in this part of the Sound. Heavy banks of clouds began to roll up, and we were soon glad to run into Bridgeport for the night instead of going on to Black Rock, as we had intended.

Bridgeport has never impressed me as a particularly hospitable place, and that night, the last of "home week," we had just given up all hope of finding any place to eat, when we discovered a likely looking restaurant, and at 9 sat down to dinner.

Saturday was no improvement on the preceding day. We turned out at 6, once more hoping for a good breeze from the eastward, and found, to our disgust, thick fog with a light west wind. Having only three days left, we wished to accomplish as much as possible, so hoisted sail and started. S.S.W. was the best we could do; even then our progress was slow, until finally the wind gave out altogether. The middle of the Sound in a heavy fog is not the ideal of pleasure, and the engine was started. We calculated our position as best we could and headed W.S.W. as likely to bring us somewhere within a few miles of Eaton's Neck. Much to our delight, we sighted the lighthouse at 2, and about the same time a good breeze from the south cleared away the fog and gave us a fair wind to Lloyds Neck, which we rounded and then beat into Oyster Bay, anchoring just in time to escape one of the good old-fashioned squalls the place is noted for. I at once went ashore to telephone to my brother and get him to join us for the last two days. To my satisfaction, I was

able to reach him, and he promised to meet us that evening. This disposed of, we had dinner and spent the time until his arrival purchasing needed supplies. By the time we were ready to go on board it had cleared and gave promise of fine weather next day.

In the morning the weather was all it had promised to be the night before, with a splendid northeast breeze, which held steady all day, and went a long way toward making up for the two days previous of calms and fogs. To celebrate the occasion my brother gave us for breakfast what he called a pan-broiled steak, which really did him great credit, considering that he confessed, when it had been generously applauded, that it was his first offense. The wind being fair, we made a quick run up the Sound, passed Execution Light and Stepping Stones, anchoring early in the afternoon in the cove to the west of Willet's Point to wait for the morning tide through Hell Gate. A walk through the fort and dinner at Garrison's, which was made a sort of farewell affair, finished the day.

Labor Day we turned out at 7 and ran down to College Point, where we anchored for breakfast. The tide began to run west through the Gate at 10:12, and 10 o'clock found us under way for the last lap. When we started there was no wind, but before reaching Lawrence Point a breeze came up, which, however, was too nearly ahead to do us much good. The engine worked well and made no objection to doing all the pushing, so we felt fairly confident that it would see us through. Down the river it blew hard in puffs, with calm spots between, so that we could not depend upon the sail to help us much, but we made fairly good time and had little trouble until near Catherine Ferry. Here on the Brooklyn side we ran into a bunch of floo boats, excursion steamers and a couple of car ferries which gave us plenty to think about for a few minutes, but we finally got out and were soon past Governor's Island, feeling that our troubles were about over. The rest was easy, and with a fair wind and tide we reached Gravesend Bay at 1:15 and made fast to our mooring with a total of 561 miles to our credit.

With the exception of Nantucket and Osterville, we had accomplished all that we intended to, and although we went through none of the startling adventures that seem to occur so frequently in some cruises, we had a thoroughly good time. For the benefit of others intending to go over this same route, I append a synopsis of the daily distances run:

	Miles.
Aug. 14.—Glenwood to New Rochelle.....	9
Aug. 15.—New Rochelle to Stamford.....	16
Aug. 16.—Stamford to Stratford.....	35
Aug. 17.—Stratford to New London.....	55
Aug. 18.—New London to Stonington.....	13
Aug. 19.—Stonington to Newport.....	37
Aug. 21.—Newport to Bristol.....	17
Aug. 22.—Bristol to Black Point (Sakonnet River).....	15
Aug. 23.—Black Point to New Bedford.....	33
Aug. 24.—New Bedford to Woods Holl.....	19
Aug. 25.—Woods Holl to Cottage City.....	10
Aug. 26.—Cottage City to Cuttyhunk.....	23
Aug. 27.—Cuttyhunk to Block Island.....	45
Aug. 28.—Block Island to Fort Pond (Montauk).....	26
Aug. 31.—Fort Pond to Sag Harbor.....	21
Sept. 1.—Sag Harbor to Suffolk.....	15
Sept. 2.—New Suffolk to Shelter Island.....	15
Sept. 3.—Shelter Island to Saybrook.....	22
Sept. 4.—Saybrook to Bridgeport.....	45
Sept. 5.—Bridgeport to Oyster Bay.....	35
Sept. 6.—Oyster Bay to Willet's Point.....	30
Sept. 7.—Willet's Point to Gravesend Bay.....	25
Total.....	561

Designing Competition Suggestions.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Are the sailboats going to be given another chance in the competitions? I would suggest that a desirable boat for the next competition would be a 28ft. or 30ft. water-line cruising sloop or yawl.

J. G. ALDEN.
BOSTON, Mass., March 18.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I notice you propose to institute a designing competition for amateurs, and am much interested. If I can find the time, I shall have a try at it, especially if you can find a judge who will give the competitors helpful criticism.

As you ask for suggestions, I will add one or two; if they do not fit in with your plans, no harm will be done.

1. Let us try a genuine cruiser; that is, let the element of speed be quite secondary, and seaworthiness and comfort be the main points.

2. If possible, make economy in first cost an item in the judgment of the designs. The men who want to make their own designs and perhaps build their own boats generally have to consider this point.

3. Be as specific as is possible in regard to the weight to be given to different points, so much for the design, so much for the sail plan, so much for draughtsmanship, and so on.

4. Would it not be well to call for a construction plan as well as specifications?

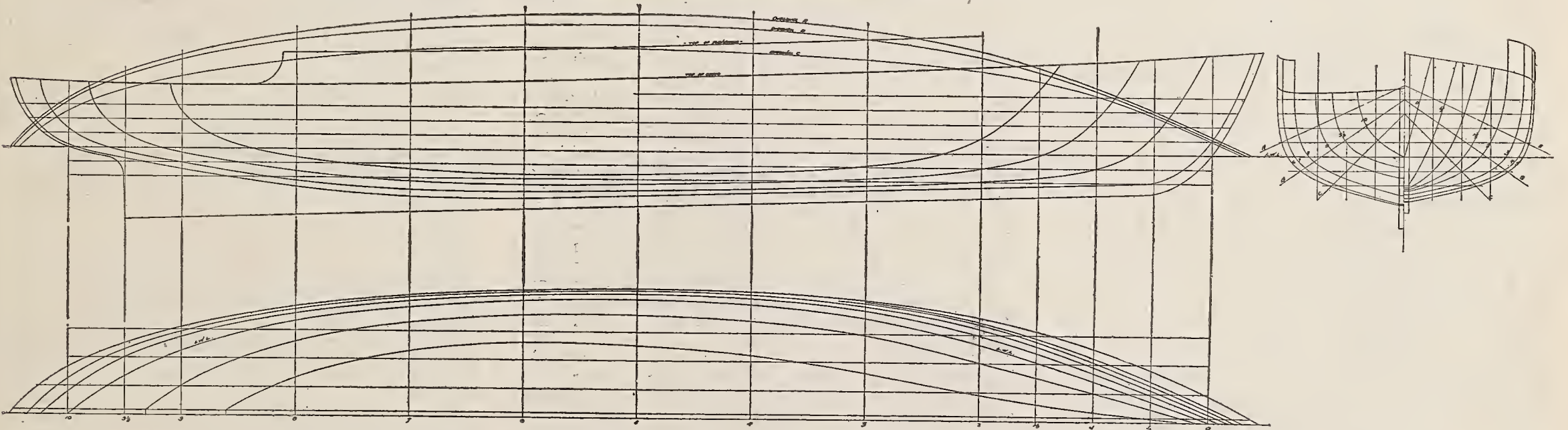
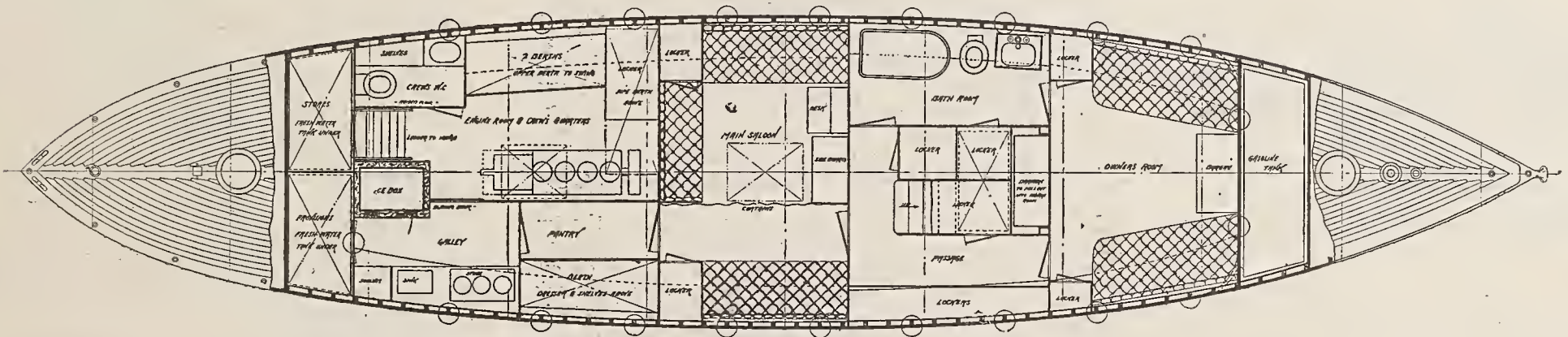
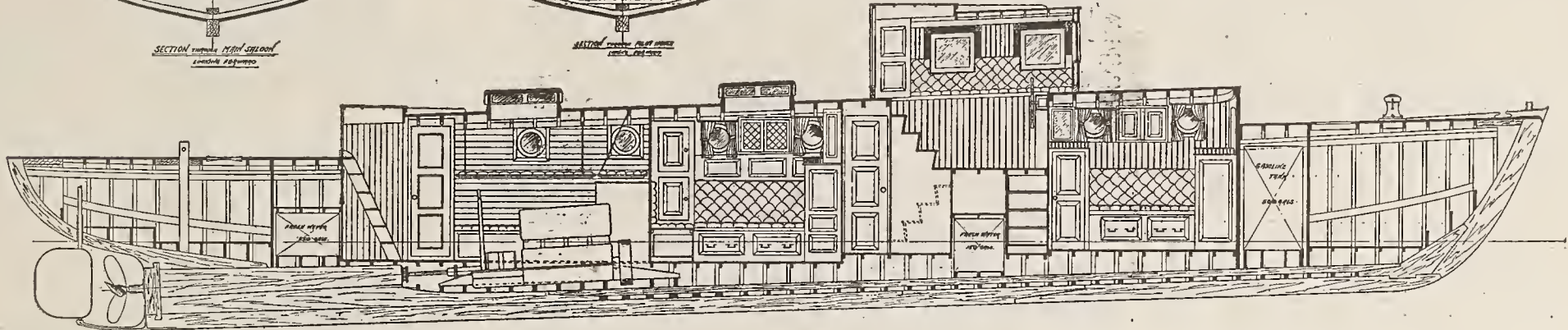
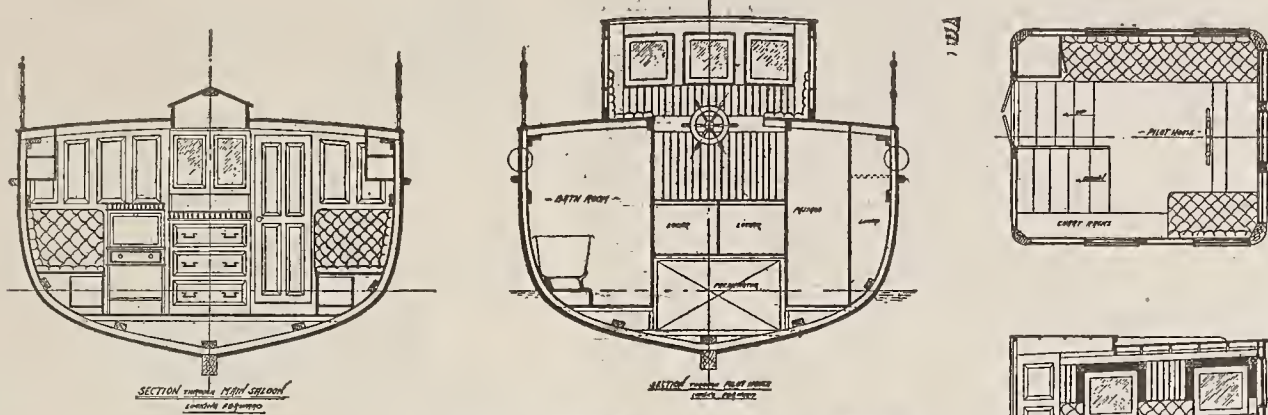
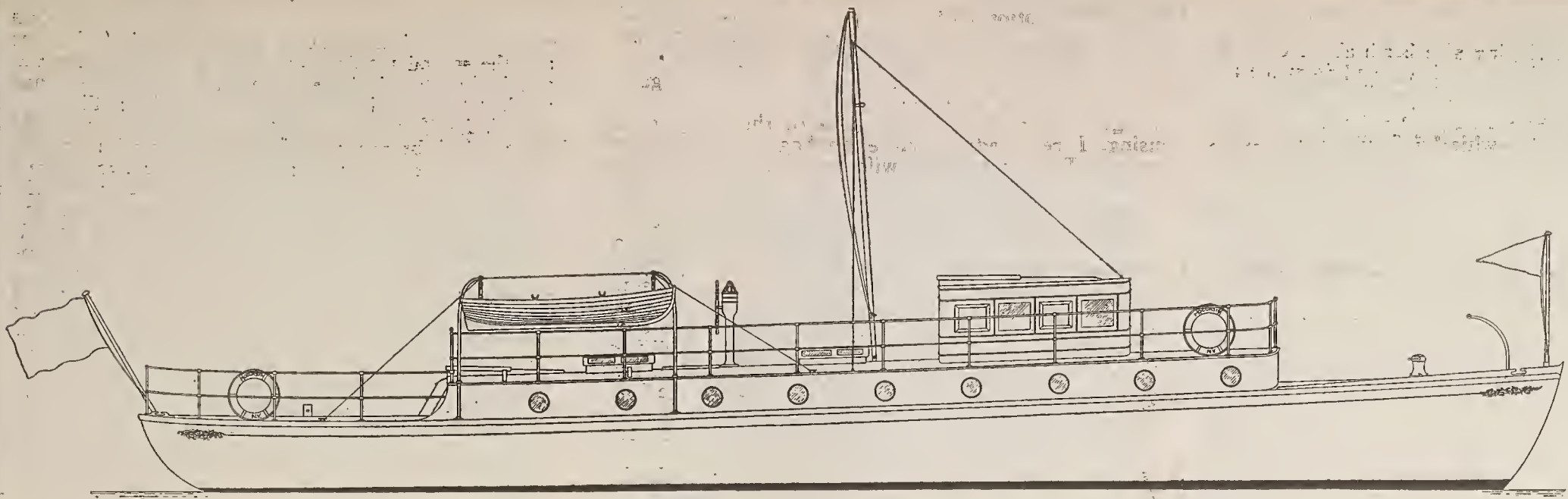
5. The object of amateur designers is, I suppose, instruction rather than prizes. I would suggest, therefore, that you make the prizes small and the criticisms large, going into detail and explaining errors and faults.

The boat I want myself is a keel boat of about 30ft., yawl-rigged, with small sail plan, and with a good ladies' cabin. But other people will of course have other ideas.

In any case allow me to express my interest in your plan, and count me in as a competitor.

E. P. MORRIS.
NEW HAVEN, March 18.

MANHASSET BAY Y. C.'s NEW FLAGSHIP.—Mr. Frederick Grinnell has sold the steam yacht *Quickstep* through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones to Commodore A. H. Alker, commodore of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. The boat's name will be changed to *Florence*. She was designed and built in 1902 by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company at Bristol, and is 124ft. over all, 102ft. 6in. waterline, 18ft. 3in. breadth, and 5ft. draft. *Florence* will replace the smaller steam yacht of the same name that Commodore Alker has used for several years past.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION No. IV.—WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE AND PRIZE FOR INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT—SUBMITTED BY H. LEE.

“Forest and Stream” Designing Competition No. IV.

For a 60-Foot Waterline Cruising Launch,
FIRST PRIZE DESIGN.

We publish this week the design that won the first prize of \$100, and also the \$25 prize for the best interior arrangement, in the FOREST AND STREAM competition for a 60ft. waterline cruising launch. The design was submitted under the pseudonym of Moccasin by Mr. Harold Lee, of Mariners' Harbor, S. I.

The main deck is raised 20in. above the sheer line for a distance of 38ft. amidships to allow plenty of head room for accommodations below. The frames and planking are carried up to the raised deck, forming the sides of the house.

Entrance to the owner's quarters and main saloon is through a pilot house, which is 8ft. 9in. long, 7ft. 6in. wide, and stands 3ft. 6in. above deck. The floor of this house is dropped below the level of the deck, giving ample head room; the pilot house is intended for use as shelter for the steersman during stormy weather, and arrangement is made so that the boat can be steered from this point or outside. There are three windows at the forward end of house, with drop sash; on each side there

are two windows with sash to slide fore and aft. Cushion seats are provided on both sides of the house, and there is sufficient head room for a person to sit erect. There is one locker on the port side and chart racks on the starboard side.

A stairway leads down from the pilot house to a passageway, and the entrance to the main saloon is opposite the foot of the stairs. The passage leads forward on the starboard side to the owner's room, which is forward of the pilot house; the bathroom is located back of the stairway on the port side, and opens into both the passageway and the owner's room. By this arrangement the main saloon, owner's room or bathroom can be entered directly from the passageway.

The owner's room extends the full width of the boat, and has wide transom berths on each side; two lockers and bureau with a mirror and clothes drawers are built under the transom and under the pilot house floor. There are six port lights, two on each side and two at the forward end of the cabin, allowing the occupants an extended view outside without going on deck, and excellent ventilation.

The bathroom has a 4ft. tub, basin and water closet. The fresh water for lavatory purposes is pumped from a tank under the pilot house floor. There are two hinged port lights.

The main saloon extends the full width of the boat,

with wide transom berths on each side to accommodate two people. There is also in this saloon a sideboard, writing desk, cushion seat, folding table, two large lockers, bookcases, with glass fronts, over the transoms on either side, and clothes drawers under the transom berths. The room can be partitioned off by curtains on the starboard side of the skylight to allow the steward to pass forward and aft without disturbing the occupants. Light and ventilation are supplied by four port lights and a skylight.

Ample locker room is provided for oilers, wet clothes, etc., under the stairs and pilot house floor, and on the starboard side of the passageway leading to owner's room are lockers for guns, rods, etc.

On the starboard side, aft of the main saloon and opening into the latter, is the pantry, which can also be used to accommodate a maid if desired. There is a transom berth which can be used as a linen locker, and over it are lockers and shelves for dishes and a dresser.

Aft of the pantry is the galley with ice-box, three-burner oil stove, sink and pump, and shelves and locker for cooking utensils under the sink and stove. There is a locker for provisions, etc., under the after deck, and accessible to the galley. A sliding door opens into the engine room, where accommodation is provided for three men. On the port side of the transom is a berth, with swinging pipe berth above, and at the forward end is a

locker with another swinging pine berth above extending athwartships. The engine room is entered from the after deck through a companionway with sliding hatch; on the port side at the foot of the steps is the crew's lavatory, with basin and water-closet. The companion ladder is arranged to hinge, for access to the locker under the after deck, which is used for stores and outfit.

Under the after deck next to the galley and engine room, and under the provision locker, are fresh water tanks, with a capacity of 250 gallons; these tanks are used for cooking and drinking. Forward under the pilot house floor is a water tank of 150 gallons capacity for lavatory purposes.

Aft of the water tanks under the after deck is the lazarette, with 18in. bronze manhole for access. Under the forward deck, next to the owner's room, is located the gasolene tank of 500 gallons capacity, and forward of that the fore peak with chain locker, with space for rope, anchors, etc. There is a railing 27in. high made of galvanized pipe and fittings, to go around raised deck and after deck. Two boats, one 14ft. gig and one 10ft. dinghy, are carried on davits and to house inboard on chocks on the raised deck. There is a signal mast with yard arranged so that it can be lowered if necessary in passing under a bridge or other obstruction. There are two hinged skylights with glass lights, one over the main saloon and one over the engine room.

The boat is propelled by one 55 horsepower four cylinder four-stroke Lozier engine, which will drive the boat at an estimated maximum speed of 11¼ miles. The gasolene tank has a capacity of 500 gallons, which provides fuel enough for a cruising radius of about 1,000 miles at a speed of 8 miles per hour.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—			
Over all	65ft.	9in.
L.W.L.	60ft.	
Overhang—			
Forward	2ft.	8in.
Aft	3ft.	1in.
Breadth—			
Extreme	13ft.	6in.
L.W.L.	12ft.	6in.
Draft—			
Extreme	4ft.	
To rabbet	2ft.	6in.
Freeboard—			
Forward	5ft.	3in.
Aft	3ft.	7in.
Least	3ft.	3in.

Specifications.

Construction.—Keel, white oak, 6in. x 8in. Stem, stern and dead-woods, of white oak. Keelsons, yellow pine 3in. x 6in. Bilge and side stringers, yellow pine, 3in. x 5in. Clamps, yellow pine, 2in. x 5in. Shell, yellow pine, 2in. x 4in. Frames, white oak, steam bent, sided 2in. and moulded 2in. at head and 2½in. at heel; spaced 12in. from center to center. Floor timbers, sided 2in. and moulded 2½in. Planking to be long-leaf yellow pine in long lengths and finished 1½in. thick. Deck beams to be white oak, steam bent, 1½in. x 3in. Raised deck to be planked with white pine or cedar, 1½in. thick, and covered with canvas. The floor and after deck to be covered with white pine 1½in. x 1½in., and seams to be caulked and puttied. There are to be three watertight bulkheads; one aft of fresh-water tank, one between owner's room and gasolene tank, and third forward of gasolene tank; bulkheads to be built of two thicknesses of cedar laid diagonally, with canvas between.

Joiner and Interior Work.—Side of house from guard up to raised deck, and round at front to be of mahogany. Skylights to be of mahogany; also outside of pilot house. Inside of pilot house and the rest of the joiner work in owner's quarters to be finished in butternut, tongue and grooved and beaded, except in main saloon, which is to be paneled. All doors, lockers and furniture to be paneled. Ceiling in owner's room, and main saloon to be paneled and finished in white enamel.

Galley, pantry and crew's quarters to be finished in yellow pine and painted. Ice box to be built of compressed cork between two thicknesses of wood and paper. Bath room to have four-foot roll trim, enameled tub, porcelain basin, pump water closet and necessary pumps and fittings, and beveled plate glass mirror. Port lights to be of composition, hinged and 10in. in diameter clear. All hardware, locks, knobs, skylights lights, etc., to be of bronze.

Deck Fittings and Outfit.—Steering standard to be of bronze, with brass binnacle for four-inch liquid compass. Wheel to be of mahogany. There are also the following:

Galvanized iron crank capstan, side and riding lights, two pairs of galvanized boat davits, anchor davit, one 150lb. and one 75lb. folding anchor, two 50-fathom 3-in cables and necessary mooring lines, bronze horn, chock with flag staff socket, all necessary cleats and chocks of bronze, two 6in. copper ventilators, for engine room, with deck plates, two 18in. diameter manhole plates for the fore and after holds, landing ladder of mahogany, 4 life rings and required life belts. There is to be one 14ft. gig and one 10ft. dinghy, clinker built, of cedar, and mahogany trimmed. Rail to be of galvanized pipe and fittings, 27in. high awning stanchions, to be supplied for raised and after deck.

Machinery to consist of one 55 h.p. four-cylinder, four-cycle Lozier engine, with bronze shafting, propeller stuffing boxes, power whistle. Gasolene tank to be of copper, 500 gallons capacity. Engine indicator, telegraph bells and speaking tubes to be connected with pilot house and steering platform on deck.

Rudder to be of bronze plate. Stock and rudder stock to be of bronze. Tiller ropes to be of flexible wire and lead to steering wheel on deck and pilot house, and arranged with a disengaging gear, so that boat may be steered from either place.

Exterior of hull to be painted with white lead above waterline and anti-fouling copper paint below load waterline, carved scroll on bow and stern. All bright work on deck and interior joiner work to be rubbed down, shellacked and varnished.

SUMMARY OF WEIGHTS.

	Tons.	
Hull	8.9
Joiner4
Deck fittings, boats, davits, anchors, ropes, railing, steering gear, port lights, etc.	1.1
Fresh water tanks and plumbing	1.7
Engine, shafting, propeller and bearings	1.5
Gasolene and tank	1.5
Allowance for ice, provisions and interior outfit3
Total	21.7

POLICE TO PATROL YACHT ANCHORAGES.—As the result of petitions from the Knickerbocker and New York Y. C.'s, which have anchorages in the Sound off College Point and Whitestone, Commissioner McAdoo stated he had decided to add a platoon of harbor police to the College Point station. There will be half a dozen men and a launch. The yachtsmen urged this action because during the summer months when the yachts are at these anchorages the depredations of river pirates are numerous.

LAUNCH FOR D. S. LOUGHLIN.—The Greenport Basin and Construction Company, of Greenport, L. I., has nearly completed a launch for Mr. Daniel S. Loughlin, who has a summer home at Southampton, L. I. The boat is 40ft. long, 11ft. breadth, and of shallow draft,

Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

(Continued from page 219.)

A TWO-STROKE engine has of necessity to use compression on its charge of gas in order to drive the burned gases from out the cylinder. The usual method has been to use the crank case for this compression, which could rightly be called the primary compression. Designers and inventors for many years have tried to find some other method, cheap in construction, effective, and of practical use. Among some of the devices which have given more or less fairly good results, there has been the engine with the differential piston, the cylinder having different bores and the compression taking place between the lower part of the smaller bore of the cylinder and the larger diameter of the piston. As there are no engines of this type at present extant or in the market, it is a mute testimonial of failures in this line.

Better results and more success has been attained by using the lower end of the cylinder for this primary compression, inclosing it with a head, using piston rod, slides, pitman, stuffing box, cross-head, etc., as in the usual double acting steam engine.

This necessitates among other things a very long cylinder, a long piston, extreme height, multiplicity of parts, lower piston speed available, on account of excessive weight of moving parts, and the construction is hardly what might be called popular. While an engine with 6in. stroke of the four-stroke type can be run easily in the heaviest commercial type at 375 to 400 revolutions per minute, this cross-head construction would never allow of such piston speed, for it would tear the engine to pieces in a short time.

There is another construction that, so far as I know, has never been attempted in marine work. This is using an auxiliary pumping cylinder on another crank pin, similar to that employed in the 1,000 and 2,000 horsepower units of the Körting engine, not double acting like the Körting, but single acting with trunked pistons. The two pistons and connecting rods would balance each other if the cranks were set at 180 degrees, and the power would be exerted at each revolution in the upper or outer end of but one cylinder. There would be no more vibration than in the usual counter-weighted two-stroke single cylinder engine, but the extra weight, cost of machining, double throw crank, shaft, etc., would make it prohibitive. But again, the eminently satisfactory large size Körting engine does not have its cranks set at 180 degrees. The crank that operates the two pumps, one for air and the other for gas, is set approximately 135 degrees ahead or 215 degrees after the power crank. The reason for this is that the combined charge of air and gas is not at its highest pressure until just before the exhaust port closes. But for this there would be a great deal of loss of gas in scavenging the cylinder by means of fresh gas, and tests of this engine for economy show conclusively that there is but slight loss in efficiency, comparing very favorably with the best designed engines of the four-stroke type.

It is the loss or low efficiency which confronts the two-stroke marine engine designer, unnoticed in engines of low power, but of vital importance in engines of even 20 horse-power. In the ordinary crank case compressing engine, the compression rarely exceeds five pounds, while the Körting is said to utilize nine pounds, and a marine type of two-stroke engine now manufactured, using the lower end of the cylinder for compression, claims to use seven pounds.

It is a question with me whether or not an engine cannot be constructed that will be able to utilize a compression of at least two atmospheres, or 147 pounds gauge. A careful location of the ports would be necessary, and possibly a positively operated inlet valve or series of valves, but I consider that the possibilities of the two-stroke engine are hardly more than dreamed of. I do not believe that the two-stroke engine will supersede the four-stroke for high speed touring automobiles; but I confidently believe that within the next two or three years there will be sufficient improvements in two-stroke engines to adapt them to use for commercial vehicles used for transportation, and that for marine work, particularly in larger sizes, that have heretofore given the most trouble, the two-stroke engine will be the ranking construction.

Two cylinders instead of four to get a perfectly balanced engine, is certainly attractive. Absence of valves would be hailed with delight were it possible to dispense with them; only two spark plugs to look out for instead of four, no camshafts, no gears, etc. Is it any wonder that the little two-stroke launch engine has become so popular?

Having now treated quite generally, although not completely, of the various parts of the two-stroke engine, where its particular construction is at variance with four-stroke design, I shall endeavor to treat of those parts and characteristics which are applicable to both types, and later take up subjects in which the four-stroke engine is alone involved.

One especially important thing in gasolene engine construction, no matter whether the engine is single cylinder, two or four-stroke, or two cylinder four-stroke, is balancing of the cranks by counterweighting there or elsewhere.

It is recognized as a mechanical impossibility to perfectly balance a single throw crank, piston, connecting rod, etc., but a comparatively easy matter to balance a two-stroke engine of more than one cylinder or a four-stroke engine of more than two cylinders. If a four-stroke engine is built in two cylinders, and the cranks are set at 180 degrees, it would be an easy matter if an explosion would take place in each cylinder at every alternate revolution. But a four-stroke engine with cranks set at 180 degrees and the cylinder lying parallel and in the same plane, cannot get an explosion at each revolution, but does get, if running properly, two explosions at every alternate revolution, with one complete revolution during which there is no power exerted. On the other hand, if both cranks are the same way, it will be necessary to get the engine in anything like perfect balance by adding counterweights, either on the crank shaft or flywheel. On the other hand, with three cylin-

ders, the first being set 120 degrees ahead of the second and the second 120 degrees ahead of the third, the valves and igniters would have to be set so that the explosions would take place in the following rotation: First, third, second, for if they were to take place first, second, third, there would be one complete revolution with no power. In setting the cranks of a four cylinder two-stroke engine, they should each be set at 90 degrees, while if the engine is a four-stroke, two of the cranks should be set at 180 degrees from the others, or the engine would be out of balance.

While on the subject of balancing, there has recently come under my observation a case that may be used to advantage in this connection. A certain propeller has been designed and the three blades are all of different length. This is a peculiar construction, to say the least, and just what the designer's object was I cannot understand. Another case in point was a two cylinder two-stroke engine, where cranks were set at 180 degrees with a counterweight on each crank. Occasionally is met an authority who says never by any chance would he allow an engine to be balanced by counterweights in the fly-wheel.

At the New York Motorboat Show there was one particular engine which the designer claimed had no vibration, nor was it counterweighted, yet was of single cylinder construction. Mysteriously he told me it was a trick they had learned and did not care to have it explained or generally known how it was accomplished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Automobile and Power Boat Show

Mechanics' Hall, Boston, March 11 to 18.

THE Boston show closed last Saturday night, after a most prosperous run. Management, exhibitors and visitors as well all expressed themselves thoroughly pleased. In the matter of attendance alone, which aggregated nearly 200,000, although open but six days and seven evenings, it was beyond the most sanguine expectations. As promised last week, we give a list of the exhibitors and exhibits, reported by one of our staff.

Fairbanks-Grant Mfg. Co., Ithaca, N. Y.—Same goods exhibited as in New York.

Victor Metals Company, East Braintree, Mass.—Had virtually the same exhibit as shown at New York, with few slight additions.

G. A. Bachman Motor Company, Baltimore, Md.—Two double opposed 8 horse-power engines, the marine type by means of gearing reduced the speed of the propeller shaft to one-half that of the crank shaft.

Clifton Motor Works, Cincinnati, Ohio.—The same line of engines as exhibited at New York, and in addition a 45 to 60 horse-power three cylinder, heavy, slow speed engine, and a new four cylinder 16-20 horsepower of 1905 model.

Carlisle & Finch Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Nine-inch lens yacht arc search light, U. S. N. type, 2,000 candle-power. A general line of magnetos, coils and ignition goods.

Fairbanks-Smalley, New York-Bay City, Mich.—Same engines as shown in New York.

Lackawanna Valveless Motor Company, Buffalo, N. Y.—The same engines as exhibited at New York, with two or three different sizes.

Palmer Bros., Coscob, Conn.—Showed fifteen engines all told, their new three-ported engines, also the original first engine built by them ten years ago, which attracted much attention.

J. V. Rice, Jr., & Co., Bordentown, N. J.—The same engines as exhibited at New York. Mr. Chester I. Campbell, of 5 Park Square, Boston, has taken the agency for these engines.

Chas. A. Carlson, 623 Bergen street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The double opposed four cylinder engine described in these columns as exhibited at the New York Show.

Hubbard Motor Company, Middleton, Conn.—Practically the same exhibit as at New York, and two launches, one 22ft. long with 3½ horse-power engine, for which a speed of 11 miles is claimed; also a 16ft. dory model nicely finished with mahogany decks.

Arthur Binney, 70 Kilby street, Boston, Mass.—A six cylinder 100 horsepower Standard engine built by the Standard Motor Construction Company, Jersey City. Mr. Binney designed the 64ft. power speed launch Hupa for Mr. C. H. Clark, Jr., Philadelphia, exhibited by Lawley.

Swasey, Raymond & Page, Boston, Mass.—Showed the Gay Cup presented by Rear-Commodore W. O. Gay, Eastern Y. C., for power boat races; they also showed blue prints of several well-known vessels built and now in process of completion.

Murray & Tregurtha Company, South Boston, Mass.—Several engines of 1904 and 1905 models made a very showy booth; they had the only cabin boats exhibited. One was 42ft. long, beautifully finished with mahogany, truly an able boat; power was a three cylinder 20 horsepower engine of their 1905 design. A 25ft. hunting cabin launch was also shown with an extremely large cockpit and 4 horsepower 1905 engine.

D. M. Tuttle Company, Canastota, N. Y.—Several engines in single and double cylinders; two semi-torpedo stern launches, one 18ft. and the other 25ft. long. They also showed a one-fourth size model of their 20ft. Standard launch, including engine.

Thomas Stone Boat Building Company, Swampscott, Mass.—Two 18ft. dories equipped with Sagamore engines. The exhaust was led through the deck, covered with a brass hinge cap when engine is not in use.

W. J. Young Machine Company, Lynn, Mass.—Showed five Essex engines of unusually good design, and while not of extremely high speed, could hardly be called slow speed engines.

Belcher Motor Company, Fall River, Mass.—Two medium speed single cylinder and one double cylinder high speed engine of remarkably good appearance.

Baker Yacht Basin Company, Quincy Point, Mass.—Models of yachts and other vessels which they have built or are under process of construction, or designed on orders.

Lawrence Machine Company, Lawrence, Mass.—En-

gines in several sizes, both two and four-stroke, also a three horsepower kerosene oil engine of excellent design. Their four cylinder four-stroke 12 horsepower marine engine showed some features of excellent merit. The design and construction of these engines showed careful attention to detail. Being able to remove piston and connecting rods without disturbing cylinders was of especial worth.

Chase Yacht & Engine Company, Providence, R. I.—Although this is comparatively a new concern in the gas engine field, they showed remarkably modern up-to-date construction and a get-at-able engine. In their four-stroke double cylinder engines the cranks are both the same way, counterweighted, instead of the usual construction, 180 degrees apart.

August Mietz, New York.—Showed the kerosene engines exhibited at the New York show.

F. W. Ofeldt & Sons, Brooklyn, N. Y.—A demonstration of their new kerosene automobile and marine engines, also their new Ofeldt boiler.

Peter Gray & Sons, 90 Union street, Boston.—Lanterns and acetylene searchlights for yachts and power boats.

Mianus Motor Works, Mianus, Conn.—Several engines exhibited at New York, and in addition a launch built by W. H. Chamberlain, of Marblehead, Mass. The construction of this boat follows general dory lines; a serviceable, seaworthy boat.

E. B. Blecher, 20 Green street, Boston, Mass.—An 8 horsepower two cylinder four-stroke engine with a spherical crank case; the governor, by throwing out so that the exhaust valves are not operated, was a noticeable feature. The carburetor, mounted on top of the engine, was an innovation.

Camden Anchor-Rockland Machine Company, Rockland, Me.—Showed a 16ft. fishermen's pea-pod, a boat of exceptional model, with flat floor and extremely seaworthy. The power was a 1½ horsepower Knox engine built by themselves. The flywheel was counterbalanced, and a pear-shaped muffler was shown. Several sizes of the Knox engines were also exhibited.

V. J. Emery, Wollaston, Mass.—Several Ideal marine engines of four-stroke type. In design these engines showed good attention to detail. Valves are easily removable, and are all interchangeable. One of the few engines shown using a seat feed vaporizer in the four-stroke class.

Chas. E. Harris, Lowell, Mass.—A six cylinder 60 horsepower four-stroke engine, partly completed, from the works of the Taunton Locomotive Manufacturing Company. Cylinders were carefully polished, and the inlet, if desired, could be placed on either side, making it either a right or left-hand engine. The water-jackets were of copper tubing, held by clamps top and bottom. The crank-shaft was cut from a solid nickel steel forging, not twisted, as is usually the case.

Consolidated Box Machine Company, Lynn, Mass.—Sagamore engines, two-stroke, in several sizes; one running on city gas with propeller connected. The ignition mechanism was protected and a friction-driven bilge pump were noticeable features. The circulating pump outfit was especially neat.

Toquet Motor Company, Metropolitan Building, New York.—One single and several double cylinder Toquet engines. Their double cylinder engines were among the first successful multi-cylinder engines of this type built in New England. An independent bilge-pump is used.

Western Launch & Engine Works, Michigan City, Ind.—A duplicate of the 18ft. launch at the New York show, several engines also shown there, and the 22½ft. Sportsman's Special Launch with a 6 horsepower Western engine.

G. A. Gulliford, Swampscott, Mass.—An 18ft. power dory of excellent model with a 2 horsepower Tuttle engine; one of the best looking dories exhibited.

Adams Company, Brockton, Mass.—A three ahead and one reverse speed reversing gear which, with certain modification, can be made available for launch work, all gears are in mesh and each speed is obtained by means of a sliding key and gauging a dog within each gear mounted on the jack shafts.

Gray & Prior Machine Company, Hartford, Conn.—Six of their celebrated two-stroke Hartford engines. Separate cylinders cast with head, make-and-break ignition, early and late and throttle control were noticeable features. The ignition mechanism is readily removable for inspection or adjustment.

Oscar Lawson, Brockton, Mass.—An ingenious reversing propeller with cut-off coupling, each blade can be set independently.

Jeffries Point Yacht Yard & Boat Building Company, East Boston.—A 25ft. double-ended launch, particularly designed for rough weather. She was equipped with a 6 horsepower two cylinder Hartford engine.

Perkins Launch & Motor Company.—Showed two boats which need to be especially mentioned. One was a high speed launch 30ft. in length, 3ft. 8in. width, in which will be installed a 40 horsepower special two-stroke three ported engine to run at 850 revolutions per minute. The expected speed is 23 miles. Another boat was shown 22ft. long with the engine set in the bow directly opposite to the usual installation. The propeller shaft will connect with the crank shaft ahead of the wheel, and the exhaust will be out of the bow on each side.

Buffalo Gasolene Motor Company, Buffalo, N. Y.—Showed all the engines exhibited in New York.

Toppan Boat Manufacturing Company, 9 Haverhill street, Boston, Mass.—An 18ft. whaleboat launch with a 3 horsepower Toppan Simplicity engine. A 25ft. boat with 7 horsepower engine was also shown, a duplicate of one of their boats which last summer made 11½ miles official time on Lake Winnepesaukee, winning the first prize. This boat being clench carvel while the other was clinker, she is expected to do even better time. An 18ft. dory launch, decked fore and aft, was shown with a Termaat and Monahan engine.

E. Gerry Emmons Corporation, Swampscott, Mass.—An extensive exhibit of launches, yacht tenders and dories. The finish was especially fine. One dory was on the line of the dory made famous by the Swampscott Club, fitted with centerboard. One launch was equipped with a 5 horsepower Lozier engine, others with Fairfield engines, and some with their own make.

Carlisle Machine Company, Hartford.—The same clutches and reverse gear as shown at New York.

Parker Lock Switch Company, Newburgh, N. Y.—A switch that can be locked so that a boat cannot be used except by making new wire connections.

La Point Machine Tool Company, 32 Atlantic Avenue, Boston.—Broaching and key-seating machines, adjustable reamers, both hand and power.

More Power Company, Lowell, Mass.—Pocket ammeters, detachable blade electric switches, Witherbee igniters and Packard cables.

Atlantic Electrical Company, Amesbury, Mass.—A wonderful demonstration of a waterproof marine jump-spark plug with which all the Atlantic Company engines were equipped. In the demonstration a stream of water through a quarter-inch pipe running continuously over the cable and plug did not affect the spark.

Gabriel Horn Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, O.—This was an exhaust operated horn. Hardly sufficiently deep to carry well for marine work, although possibly a higher pitch would make it available.

Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Company, Boston, Mass.—A very tastefully arranged booth on the main floor near the entrance showing marine accessories, Johnson bilge pumps, etc. They exhibited the only small open launch on the main floor; it was a 21ft. canopy top Racine with a 4 horsepower engine built by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, Racine, Wis. Engine was three ported float with feed carburetor, jump spark with a waterproof wood casing mounted on top of the engine directly over the spark plug. The muffler was water-jacketed.

De Dietrich Company, American Branch, Boston Agency, Tremont Garage, Boston, Mass.—The two engines shown at New York, 30 and 60 horsepower respectively. The larger engine was exhibited in the De Dietrich second at St. Louis, and was used in the car in the Paris-Madrid race, with which Gabriel won 19 prizes.

Lunt-Morse & Co., Boston, Mass.—Three single cylinder four-stroke Regal engines, built by the Regal Gasolene Engine Company, Cold Water, Mich. Their color attracted very much attention next to the last day of the show. These engines were remarkably compact, and especially adapted for light powered boats.

Panhard & Levassor, New York.—The 60ft. launch exhibited at New York, built for them by the Electric Launch Company, Bayonne, N. J.

Chester I. Campbell, 5 Park Square, Boston.—The manager of the show has taken the agency for the Rice engine, built by J. V. Rice Company, Bordentown, N. J.

Atlantic Company, Amesbury, Mass.—The largest collection of boats shown by any single exhibitor: Salisbury Point and Cape Ann dories, a racing Midget, the Speedy Messenger, and several other boats; in particular one designed by L. M. Hewins, and tested in the 400ft. tank at the Washington Navy-Yard. They also showed some two-stroke engines of modern design.

Truscott's Boat Manufacturing Company, Boston Agency, 9 Haverhill street, Boston.—The 21ft. beaver-tail boat shown at New York, 16ft. standard open launch with a 3 horsepower engine; a 28ft. speed boat with a 25 horsepower four cylinder four-stroke engine with mechanical inlet valve and reversing gear; they showed also several engines exhibited at New York.

A. J. Wilkinson & Co., 184 Washington street, Boston, Mass.—A full line of marine hardware, searchlights, side lights, compasses, clocks and launch supplies.

Napier Motor Company, of America, 743 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.—Showed a marine outfit self-contained, never before exhibited. The engine is of a high speed type, 20 horsepower, weighing less than 900 pounds. This engine was built at the Boston factory from the original English designs.

Light Manufacturing & Foundry Company, Pottstown, Pa.—A full line of aluminum and automobile brand phosphor-bronze castings.

Post & Lester Company, Hartford, Conn.—Yacht clocks, ammeters, volt meters, coils, plugs, Regal searchlights, Holly and Kingston carburetors, and general yachting and launch supplies.

American Coil Company, West Somerville, Mass.—American Coils, little wonder dynamos, indestructible spark plugs and marine ignition supplies.

E. J. Willis & Co., 8 Park Place, New York.—Yankee specialties, including Yankee switch, Yankee clock, Yankee plug, Yankee oil gun, Yankee funnel and Yankee horn.

American Electrical and Manufacturing Company, New England Agency, 116 Bedford street, Boston, Mass.—Practically the same exhibit as at New York. They exhibited for the first time the hunter's horn; their Plato clocks, which told only the hours and minutes, proved quite a novelty.

Boston Gear Works, 152 Purchase street, Boston, Mass.—Sprockets, chains, gears, pinion wire, etc., universal joints, ball bearings, etc.

Page-Storm Drop Forge Company, Springfield, Mass.—Connecting rods, crank shafts, gear blanks, etc., all drop forged.

Chas. E. Miller, New York.—Same line of supplies as exhibited at New York, but no engines.

Dow Portable Electric Co., Braintree, Mass.—Dow coils, switches, plugs, ammeters, both for automobile and marine use.

Chandler & Farquhar Company, 36 Federal street, Boston, Mass.—General machinery for gasolene engine manufacturers, Witherbee igniters, marine supplies, tools, etc.

Constant Spark Plug Company, 135 Oliver street, Boston, Mass.—New England agent for Witherbee igniters. Their new type flange covers and vents are especially worthy of attention. They exhibited also the mica insulated double-ended spark plug!

Pittsfield Spark Coil Company, Pittsfield, Mass.—Jewell mica spark plugs and coils.

A. S. Morss Company, 210 Commercial street, Boston.—Full assortment of everything needed or used in yachts or power boats in brass, iron or other materials; a most complete list of outfitting goods. They showed the Calumet ventilator and flue top, which absolutely prevents back drafts on board of yachts. Anything in the yachting line that these people do not handle they can get on extremely short notice.

Chestnut Hill Automobile Station, Marine Dept., Boston, Mass.—A new engine 16-24 horsepower, four cylinders four-stroke 900-1,200 revolutions per minute, with aluminum, cast iron or bronze crank case. The engine is readily accessible and cams and cam shafts are all contained in a rectangular sectional casing. The water-jackets were made from electro-deposited copper, surrounding valve stem guides and all other parts liable to heat.

Massachusetts Steel Casting Company, West Everitt, Mass.—A fine collection of nickel, manganese and carbon steel castings; also their new metal which they call ingar, which is claimed does not expand or contract under different temperatures.

Kumberger & Vreeland, New York.—Exhibited the Uncle Sam Marine Engine; this engine showed some extremely modern features, one of which was the taper fitting bonnet in which the sparking mechanism was placed. This is easily removed by loosening two screws. Crank shaft and all parts liable to wear are case-hardened and carefully ground to gauge.

Newton Crane Gas Engine Company, 112 Water street, Boston.—An entirely new type balanced four-stroke four cylinder quadruple opposed engine. Each cylinder has two separate pistons traveling in opposite directions, explosions taking place between them. The power is transmitted through rocker shafts to a double throw crank shaft, with cranks set at 110 degrees; the engine, although expensive to machine, showed some good points, and will probably, with certain slight modifications, be of value, provided the manufacturer and designer are able to increase efficiency 10 per cent., as they claim.

Chas. J. Jager Company, 166 High street, Boston, Mass.—One of the best looking four-stroke engines exhibited at the show; there is a novel protecting device to prevent water from short-circuiting the secondary current; plugs are easily removable through plug-closed holes in the head. One of these engines of 6 cylinders, approximately 40 horsepower, has been sold for a 37ft. boat designed by Small Bros., Boston, and being built by Loring, of East Braintree, Mass.

Geo. Lawley & Son Corporation, East Boston, Mass.—The 64ft. Hupa, designed by Arthur Binney, of Boston, for C. H. Clark, Jr., of Philadelphia, attracted more attention than any other production exhibited. Her lines are similar in many respects to the famous Standard, and she is about the same size. The 100 horsepower engine exhibited by Arthur Binney is the power to be used for her propulsion; compressed air will be used in starting, as is used in Standard.

Cooley Manufacturing Company, Waterbury, Vt.—Seven engines of both the ordinary and three-ported design; the three-ported engine is designed for high, while the others are of more moderate speed. Jump spark is used with a timer of the roller contact type; the speed control of this engine is excellent, giving great flexibility in the matter of speed. Long bearings and good lubrication should make this a dependable and durable engine.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

MOTORBOATS IN FLANDERS.—Writing from Ghent, Belgium, Frank R. Mowrer, United States Consul, says: The network of canals in Flanders, which terminates at the seaports of Neuzen, in the Netherlands, and Ostend and Zeebrugge, in Belgium, offers an opportunity to use motorboats, and the demand is increasing from year to year. Several firms in this city manufacture motors for boats, but preference is given to the American motor. A few American motorboats and motors for boats have been imported into this district during the past year, and all have given entire satisfaction. No regular agencies have yet been established, but in order that these motors may prove satisfactory, it is advisable that they be introduced by reliable parties competent to properly install them.

Firms in Ghent selling motors for launches are A. Van Rycheghem, Rue de Courtrai 12, and E. Eggermont, Petit Dock 9.



NEW BEDFORD Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the New Bedford Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., W. F. Williams; Vice-Com., C. R. Allen; Rear-Com., F. B. Sistare; Sec'y, S. I. Besse; Treas., Horace Wood; Directors—Thomas B. Aiken, F. R. Fish, E. B. Hammond, A. S. James, C. A. Morrison, J. I. Paulding, A. R. Pierce, F. W. Reynolds, Richard B. Snow, Jireh Swift, Jr., R. A. Terry.



DEATH OF M. HUBBE.—M. Hubbe died at his home in Bayonne, N. J., on March 3. He was 65 years old and was well known as a naval architect and yacht broker. His practice had been confined to the designing of power vessels of large size for commercial and pleasure purposes.



FALL RIVER Y. C.—Although not in Rhode Island, the Fall River Y. C. is in the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A., and its doings are of interest to Rhode Island yachtsmen.

Entries in Ocean Race for German Emperor's Cup.

Name.	Type.	Ship.	L.W.L.	Owner.	Club.	Year Built.
Valhalla	Auxiliary	Ship	240ft.	Earl of Crawford	Royal Yacht Squadron	1892
Apache	Auxiliary	Barque	168ft.	Edmund Randolph	New York Y. C.	1890
Ailsa	Yawl		89ft.	Henry S. Redmond	New York Y. C.	1895
Hamburg	Schooner		116ft.	German syndicate	Kaiserlicher Y. C.	1893
Utowana	Auxiliary	Schooner	155ft.	Allison V. Armour	New York Y. C.	1891
Sunbeam	Auxiliary	Barque	154ft.	Lord Brassey	Royal Yacht Squadron	1874
Thistle	Schooner		110ft.	Robert E. Tod	Atlantic Y. C.	1901
Atlantic	Auxiliary	Schooner	135ft.	Wilson Marshall	New York Y. C.	1903
Hildegard	Schooner		103.4ft.	Edward R. Coleman	New York Y. C.	1897

It is worthy of note, therefore, that the club is prospering, as indicated by the announcement that a station is to be established at Tiverton, R. I. The club house will be about 50ft. square, two stories in height, with broad verandas. The upper floor will be arranged for a dance hall, with ladies' retiring rooms, and the lower floor will have locker rooms, baths, kitchen and billiard room. The plans have been completed, and work will be begun as soon as the weather is suitable.

HILDEGARDE ENTERED IN OCEAN RACE.—The schooner Hildegard, owned by Mr. Edward R. Coleman, has been formally entered in the ocean race for the German Emperor's Cup. This makes the ninth entry. Hildegard was designed by Mr. A. S. Chesebrough and built at Wilmington, Del., in 1897. She is 135ft. over all, 103ft. 4in. waterline, 26ft. breadth and 16ft. 9in. draft. Hildegard is an iron vessel and was built originally for the late George W. Weld, of Boston.

CATBOAT FOR F. J. HAVENS.—The catboat building at Montell's yard, Greenwich, is for Mr. F. J. Havens, of the Atlantic Y. C. The boat was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, and is 20ft. 6in. over all, 13ft. waterline, 7ft. breadth, and 1ft. 9in. draft. The boat is fitted with a water-tight cockpit, and has 700 pounds of lead on the keel.

TOWNSEND & DOWNEY PLANT SOLD.—The Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Company was sold at public auction on March 14. The Colonial Trust Company, holder of the concern's bonds, bid in the plant for \$516,000.

MONOTYPE POWER BOATS.—Fourteen one-design power boats are being built by the New York Kerosene Oil Engine Company, at College Point, for members of the Knickerbocker Y. C. The boats are 21ft. over all, 4ft. 8in. breadth and 1ft. 6in. draft. The top sides are finished bright. The following gentlemen will draw lots for the boats when they are all completed: Gustave Diem, Louis Bernin, Fred Kreamer, William Sulzbach, J. N. Norris, Arthur Kerker, Charles Caughtry, G. J. Stelz, William Ward, John Schmelzel, Ernest Sands, W. H. Gassatt, F. E. Brown, A. A. Low and Joseph Cassidy. The boats are equipped with 5 horsepower motor, and frequent races will take place between them during the coming season.

RACING SKIPPER FOR AILSA.—Captain "Lem" Miller, the well-known racing skipper, will command the yawl Ailsa in the ocean race for the Kaiser's Cup. The yacht will be fitted out under his direction.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. RACING SCHEDULE.—The Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. have arranged the following races:
Saturday, May 27—In commission.
Tuesday, May 30—Open race, 15 and 30-footers.
June 22-24—Three days' open racing.
Saturday, July 8—First race for 15 and 30-footers.
Monday, July 10—Race around Long Island, start off Atlantic Y. C.

SCHOONER FELSTEDQUIN DAMAGED.—Major L. S. Bent's auxiliary schooner Felstedquin was badly damaged by fire and water in the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C. basin at Essington. The fire was probably caused by the explosion of a lamp in the main cabin. The vessel was saved from being a total loss by scuttling, but a great deal of damage was done before she sank.

52-RATER SONYA LAUNCHED.—Sonya, the racing sloop built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for Mrs. G. Turner Farley, was launched at Bristol on March 14. The mast was stepped and she was rigged with despatch, so that she was given a trial on March 16. The breeze was very light in the morning, and not much could be learned of the boat's qualities. In the afternoon the wind was fresher and she was given another trial. This spin was most satisfactory to both Captain Nathaniel Herreshoff and Captain Fred. Stokes, the boat's English skipper. After the trial the work of dismantling Sonya commenced preparatory to shipping her to England by steamer from New York on March 25.

NEW BOAT FOR S. REID ANTHONY.—There is being built at Bristol by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. a 55ft. waterline sloop for Mr. S. Reid Anthony, of Boston.

CLASS Q BOAT FOR HENDON CHUBB.—Mr. Hendon Chubb, of the Atlantic Y. C., is having a racing sloop built at the Marine Construction Co., Mariners' Harbor, S. I., from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. The boat was designed to race in class Q of the Gravesend Bay circuit, and is 34ft. 6in. over all, 23ft. 1 3/4 in. waterline, 7ft. 2 1/2 in. breadth and 5ft. 4in. draft. She is single planked of cedar and carries 675 sq. ft. of sail.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.

Harlem Independent Corps.

This corps shoots every fortnight on the Zettler ranges in this city, under the leadership of Capt. Lawrence Zeller, with .22cal. cartridge at 75ft., offhand. Dr. A. Muller was high man on the bullseye target with 65 1/2 degrees, while A. Fegert was high on the ring target with a total of 447 for the 20 shots. The scores:
Ring target: A. Fegert 231, 232-463; G. Thomas 225, 222-447; J. H. Blumenberg 220, 226-446; A. Muller 217, 217-434; F. Horn 217, 210-427; L. Rokohl 210, 216-426; Dr. A. Muller 216,

209-425; F. Fenninger 213, 211-424; A. Olsen 213, 210-423; S. Baumann 211, 211-422; F. Monatsberger 219, 203-422; Ph. Zungner 203, 218-421; H. Behrman 201, 205-406; E. Hilker 210, 193-403; F. Koch 206, 191-397; C. Hopf 201, 194-395; C. Wolf 204, 188-392; J. Hallreith 173, 193-366; J. Rey 157, 161-318.
Best bullseyes: Dr. A. Muller 65 1/2, L. Rokohl 69, F. Monatsberger 76 1/2, C. Wolf 80, E. Hilker 100, G. Thomas 109 1/2, A. Fegert 125, F. Horn 136 1/2, A. Olsen 150, H. Behrman 150; F. Fenninger 160, J. Hallreith 185 1/2, F. Koch 190, J. H. Blumenberg 191, P. Zugner 210, I. Fly 212 1/2, S. Baumann 213, C. Hopf 224.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

THE fortnightly indoor shoot of the New York City Schuetzen Corps was held the night of March 16, on the Zettler Bros. ranges, 159 West Twenty-third street, when the following scores were made at 75ft. offhand, .22cal. short cartridges. R. Busse was high man on the bullseye target with 80 degrees. August Kronsberg headed the list on the regular ring target, which calls for two 10-shot scores, his total being 491. In the last shoot before this one, John Facklamm was high man on the bullseye target, with 25 1/2 degrees, but his name was unintentionally omitted. The scores follow:

Ring target: August Kronsberg 246, 245-491; R. Busse 236, 242-478; R. Bendler 236, 231-467; R. Schwanemann 233, 234-467; C. G. Zettler 233, 233-466; G. Schroeter 229, 229-458; H. Radloff 227, 227-454; Joseph Keller 228, 208-436; W. Heil 215, 221-436; Ad. Wiltz 207, 216-423; J. Metzger 215, 205-420.

Bullseye target: R. Busse 80 degrees, August Kronsberg 88, J. Metzger 90, R. Schwanemann 90, Joseph Keller 102, C. G. Zettler 104, Ad. Wiltz 105, R. Bendler 127, G. Schroeter 160, J. Metzger 170, W. Heil 190.

Ittel Used Peters Ammunition.

IN the report of the Zettler Rifle Club's Championship gallery match, in our issue of last week, the schedule of shooters, arms and ammunition correctly recorded that Mr. L. P. Ittel used Peters ammunition. By one of those vexatious errors which occur much to the chagrin of those who fall into them, it was stated in the caption of



ONE OF ITTEL'S 100-SHOT RECORD TARGETS.

the target illustration that Mr. Ittel's cartridges were of another manufacture. The schedule already referred to was correct. Mr. Ittel made his wonderful score with Peters .22 short cartridges, and the title under the target illustration should have read as follows:

LOUIS P. ITTEL'S RECORD 100-SHOT TARGET.

Record score of 2468 out of possible 2500, made by Louis P. Ittel, Pittsburg, at the 100-shot Championship Gallery Match of the Zettler Rifle Club, March 1 to 11, 1905, with Stevens-Pope rifle, Stevens short telescope sight, and Peters .22 short cartridges.

Providence Revolver Club.

SATURDAY evening, March 11, several of the members took advantage of the invitation of the Saylesville men to try the range which they have fitted up there for practice, and the following scores were secured for recording:

At 20yds. on Standard American target—Walter H. Freeman (pistol), 87, 75, 80; Arno Argus (revolver), 80, 72, 76; A. C. Hurlburt (revolver), 74, 78, 77.

At 10yds. on 10yd. Standard, 5-shot strings—Argus, 41, 31, 28; Hurlburt, 38, 38, 31.

At 25yds., rifle, German ring target—W. B. Gardiner, 234; Brown, 222.

The change from gas to electric light and echo of the .38's through the empty hall gave the visitors an unsteadiness, which did not produce good scores. Freeman has been doing no shooting for several months, and was not surprised at his falling off. Argus and Hurlburt have been devoting their time to the 10yd. "rapid fire" scheme of our Louisville friends, and feel finchy back at the 20yd. line and much inclined to snap a floating sight and trust to luck to land in the black—with disastrous results. Variety is a good thing, but it is not favorable to regular work.

March 16.—The following scores were shot by the revolver team in practice for the Louisville match:

	Deliberate.	Rapid.	Total.
A C Hurlburt	34 39 37—110	44 45 40—129	239
Arno Argus	39 32 33—104	42 43 44—129	233
Wm F Eddy	34 29 43—106	40 37 36—113	219
D P Craig	27 23 33—83	35 32 37—104	187
	403	475	878

At 20yds., Standard target—Wm. Bosworth, 72, 84, 78; Arno Argus, 78; Wm. F. Eddy, 76; Fred Liebrich, 74, 73, 75.

At 25yds., rifle, German ring—W. Bert Gardiner, 230, 236.

March 18.—Scores of Revolver team of Providence Revolver Club in match with Louisville (Ky.) Revolver Club, March 18, 1905. Distance, 10yds; reduced Standard American targets; 5-shot strings; possible 50 points per string; 15 shots deliberate fire on 10yd. target; 15 shots rapid fire on 20yd. target; time allowance, 20 seconds per string for each man:

	Deliberate.	Rapid.	Total.
A C Hurlburt	36 39 27—102	47 44 46—137	239
William Almy	34 32 39—105	41 44 44—129	234
Wm F Eddy	23 23 41—87	32 40 36—108	195
Arno Argus	28 27 33—88	29 31 39—99	187
Providence team total	332	473	855
Louisville team total	418	499	917

Louisville led by..... 36 26 62

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

BECAUSE the annual indoor championship match was being held on the Zettler Rifle Club ranges on the first of March, the regular shooting date of the Centrals, their last shoot was held the night of March 15, when the annexed scores were made at 75ft. offhand with .22 caliber rifles and ammunition. High man on the ring target was Richard Gute, with a total of 490 out of the possible 500 points in twenty shots. On the bullseye target A. Ritterhoff was first, with 47 1/2 degrees.

Ring target:

Richard Gute	245 246—490	H Roffmann	226 222—448
H D Muller	237 244—481	B Eusner	226 220—446
R Busse	234 244—478	A Ritterhoff	213 232—445
J N F Siebs	239 237—476	H A Ficke, Jr.	230 214—444
G Viemeister	236 238—474	H von der Leith	209 230—439
J Hess	238 236—474	W Wessel	228 209—437
C Gerken	240 231—471	H Brummer	219 203—422
D Scharninghaus	234 232—466	G Rhode	195 219—414
W Schillingmann	227 229—456	Capt Ch. Tietjen	198 216—414
C Ottmann	225 230—455	J Eisinger	209 195—404
J Von de Lieth	226 228—454	D Wuehrmann	179 197—376
F Rolies	217 231—448	G Dettloff	181 193—374

Best Bullseyes—Degrees—A. Ritterhoff, 47 1/2, R. Gute 48, G. Viemeister 50 1/2, R. Busse 52, B. Eusner 56 1/2, H. D. Muller 64 1/2, F. Rolies 82, H. Roffmann 92 1/2, C. Ottmann 119, H. Von der Lieth 123, H. Brummer 132, J. Eisinger 137, C. Gerken 163 1/2, D. Wuehrmann 173 1/2, W. Schillingmann 181, H. Gravemann 184 1/2, D. Scharninghaus 185, Capt. Tietjen 194, J. Von der Lieth 201, W. Wessel 201 1/2, J. Hess 218 1/2, G. Rohde 255.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, March 12. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 251 ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with a score of 227. Roberts was high on the honor target with 63 points. A strong, unsteady 8 to 10 o'clock wind blew all day:

Payne	227	224	219	218	215
Hasenzahl	225	224	221	221	214
Nestler	220	220	214	213	212
Burns	219	203	200	189	188
Roberts	218	218	211	209	205
*Odell	217	214	208	207	206
Hfer	216	215	207	206	206
Celeman	208	195	192	188	185
Freitag	204	199	195	186	183

Competition being the life of trade, it is likewise the life of target shooting, and hoping to create more interest in this line of sport, this club suggests that each club set forth from three to ten members to shoot 25 to 50 shots in competition with each other from time to time in friendly matches. To start the ball rolling, the members of this club are open to a match at any time from any club in the United States or elsewhere. Who will be our first antagonist?

Address E. D. Payne, 4010 Glenway avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The regular shoot was held Tuesday night, March 14, on the club ranges in West Twenty-third street, and was not so well attended as usual, coming as it did, so soon after the big championship match, in which so many of the members had taken part. High man was O. Smith, with a grand total of 2444 for his 100 shots, closely followed by A. Hubalek with 2441. Several members shot up back scores, to complete those neglected by being absent from previous shoots. The scores at 75ft., on the 25-ring target, with .22cal. rifles, follow, the possible for the 100 shots being 2500 points:

O Smith	243 246 246 245 245 247 241 246 246 244	—2444
A Hubalek	243 245 246 236 245 244 247 246 246 243	—2441
R Gute	242 243 236 246 247 247 242 244 247 244	—2438
L P Hansen	234 245 246 245 242 241 245 245 242	—2430
C G Zettler, Jr.	246 239 242 243 246 245 239 240 245 243	—2428
A Begerow	239 240 232 229 228 241 231 230 238 236	—2354
B Zettler	229 225 238 234 241 238 237 240 230 240	—2352
H Fenwirth	235 222 235 235 238 231 229 241 236 230	—2332
H Keller	233 237 229 227 236 233 225 232 224 230	—2302
F J Herpers	233 244 236 237 239 229 236 238 234 239	—2166

Back scores were shot as follows:

Louis Maurer	237	241	232	241	237—1189
H C Zettler	241	229	240	239	238—1187
C G Zettler	228	232	243	237	238—1178
H Keller	219	231	239	230	228—1147

Seneca Gun Club.

NEW YORK.—This young club was organized in February in the West Side Branch of the Y. M. C. A. and held its second shoot on the Zettler Bros. ranges the night of March 18, when eighteen members contested for two prizes presented by William M. Kingsley. These were won by S. Nevin and F. H. Ryan. Each member present fired 20 shots in two scores of 10 shots each at 75ft. offhand. Not all of the members have as yet procured rifles, and some who are ordering them are talking telescope sights enthusiastically. The results follow:

S. Nevin 437, F. H. Ryan 433, J. G. Schroeder 426, J. Armstrong 423, A. Brown 410, F. A. Hall 405, W. Allabaugh 402, A. Dick 393, Wm. M. Kingsley 391, C. Keller 381, W. Kreiger 370, C. Sherwood 363, C. A. Simms 359, S. Adler 357, E. Allabaugh 354, C. Winne 239.

Coming Events.

THE outdoor shooting season of the rifle clubs in New York City will begin with the first shoot of the Independent Schuetzen Corps, on April 7. On the 26th, the New York City Schuetzen Corps will hold its first outdoor shoot, while the New York Central Schuetzen Corps will hold its first outdoor meeting on the 27th, and on the 28th the New York Schuetzen Corps' rifles will be heard. All will shoot at 200yds. offhand on the ranges at Union Hill, N. J., reached via trolleys from the Forty-second, Twenty-third and Barclay street ferries.

Jackson O. Rifle Club.

THE Jackson Township Rifle Club held its regular monthly medal contest on March 11. G. W. Izor won the event with 46 out of 48, beating J. W. Leshner, winner in February, by 1 point. Eleven center shots were made, and the contest was a close one. At the conclusion of the medal event several matches for money prizes were shot, Izor, Leshner, Johnson and Pence making perfect scores of 48.

Rifle Notes.

The indoor championship contests of the United States Revolver Association have dates from March 20 to 25, inclusive, and are held in New York city, Boston, Springfield, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and other places.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

March 25.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club.
 March 28-31.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters' first tournament, at Schmelzer's Shooting Park; \$500 in cash and trophies added. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y, Moberly, Mo.
 March 30.—Edgewater, N. J.—Grand spring target tournament of North River Gun Club. James R. Merrill, Sec'y.
 March 30.—St. Paul, Ind., Gun Club tournament. E. G. Bless, Sec'y.
 April 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club open monthly shoot. Albert Traver, Capt.
 April 3-5.—Atchison, Kans.—Forest Park Gun Club second annual tournament. Lou Erhardt, Mgr.
 April 4.—Rockville, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut first tournament of series. Dr. D. Y. C. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester, Conn.
 April 4.—Rittersville, Pa.—All-day shoot of Lehigh Rod and Gun Club. H. F. Koch, Sec'y.
 April 4.—Bethlehem, Pa., Rod and Gun Club all-day target shoot. Howard F. Koch, Sec'y.
 April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club. Chas. C. Needham, Sec'y.
 April 8.—Richmond Valley, S. I.—Ninth all-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on grounds of Aquehonga Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
 April 12-13.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club. H. J. Stidman, Sec'y, Wilmington.
 April 15.—Newark, N. J.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Forester Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
 April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
 April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
 April 19.—Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club Patriots' Day tournament. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
 April 22.—Easton, Pa.—Independent Gun Club second annual tournament. Jacob Pleiss, Cor. Sec'y.
 April 26-27.—Scottsdale, Pa., Gun Club shoot.
 April 26-27.—Hopkinsville, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hopkinsville Gun Club. A. F. Gant, Sec'y.
 April 27.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot on grounds of Freeport, L. I., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club will hold their spring handicap on Saturday of this week.
 The Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., announces May 30 as the date of their fourth annual tournament.

The Consolidated Sportsmen's Association has fixed upon Aug. 29-31 for its annual tournament, at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Highland Gun Club team defeated the Merchantville, N. J., Gun Club team, eight men on a side, by a score of 137 to 131.

Mr. E. C. Charlton, Secretary, informs us that the Bradford, Pa., Gun Club has claimed the dates June 21 and 22 for its tournament.

On the Olney Field Club's grounds the S. S. Whites were defeated by the Olneys in an eight-man team match by a score of 137 to 136.

May 24 and 25 have been fixed upon as the dates of the Catchpole Gun Club tournament, at Wolcott, N. Y. Mr. E. A. Wadsworth is the secretary.

What was the last State tournament in New York or elsewhere at which wild pigeons were used for trapshooting? We would be obliged for the information.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., Mr. E. J. Loughlin, secretary, announces an all-day target tournament to be held on May 30. Merchandise prizes will be a feature.

In a sixteen-man team contest, March 18, at Lansdale, Pa., the Florists' team was defeated by the Lansdale team. The scores were 312 to 294. Each man shot at 25 targets.

The open shoot of the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club, April 1, has six programme events, a total of 100 targets, \$7 entrance. Shooting will commence at 1 o'clock. Rose system will govern.

At the monthly club handicap shoot of the Clearview Gun Club, Philadelphia, Messrs. A. J. Billhart and F. L. Ludwig tied on 25. In the shoot-off Billhart scored 23 to 22 and won.

The Mullerite Gun Club announces two shoots, one on May 30, on the grounds of the Point Pleasant, N. J., Gun Club, the other on May 6, on the grounds of the Brooklyn, L. I., Gun Club. Mr. A. A. Schoverling, 2 Murray street, New York, is the manager.

At the shoot of the Country Club, Lakewood, N. J., March 18, Mr. P. S. P. Randolph won the handsome cup, a prize in the 50-target event. He scored 43 out of 50. Other scores in the event were as follows: H. Suydam 41, C. Murphy 40, F. A. Potts 39, P. K. Thomas 37, R. A. Rainey 35, W. W. Willock 34, J. Lynch 31.

At the Point Breeze Race Track, Philadelphia, March 18, the scores in the two events follow: First event, miss-and-out: Killian 2, Brown 3, Aiman 2, Felix 3, Murphy 3, Brandt 2, Smith 3, Gilligan 2. Second event, 10 birds: Brown 9, Aiman 9, Body 1, Murphy 4, Killian 6, Felix 8, Williams 6, George 4, Smith 5.

At the shoot of the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association, March 18, in the club event at 10 white flyers, the scores were as follows: Class A—Malone (30yds.) 10, Dunn (29) 10, Gent (29) 10, Chew (29) 9, C. Malone (28) 4 out of 6, withdrew; Dupont (29) 9, Daily (29) 8. In the shoot-off of tie of 10 in a miss-and-out style, Malone won with 5. Class B—Franklin (27) 8, Robinson (26) 8, Kendall (27) 5, Streett (26) 6, Bowen (27) 5, Stevenson (26) 9, Sampson (27) 9. Sampson won in shoot-off, Stevenson missing first shot.

A ten-man team of the Rising Sun, Md., Gun Club, of Cecil county, defeated a ten-man team of the Perryman Gun Club, of Harford county, in the second contest of a series at Rising Sun, March 18. Each club is the best of its county. Scores: Rising Sun—Worthington 23, Gifford 21, Foster 22, McCush 25, Clayton 20, England 19, Westcott 18, Alexander 22, Keen 21, Armour 13; total 204. Perryman—Towner 20, Sutton 18, Turner 22, Cord 23, Mitchell 22, Chapman 23, McCommins 22, Simpson 10, Ross 18, Forty-two 22; total 200.

The Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., contemplate active competition as soon as their club house is moved to its new foundations on new and better grounds. A house-warming shoot will be arranged in due time to which all good shooters should respond in their proper persons. Bad weather has caused a delay in perfecting the new arrangements.

The Crescent Athletic Club's trapshooting team, March 18, at Bay Ridge, L. I., defeated the Boston Athletic Association team by a score of 855 to 831. There were ten men to each team, and each man shot at 100 targets. A return match will be shot at Boston on April 8. After the match was over, Dr. E. F. Gleason, one of the B. A. A. team, made a run of 110.

At Pinehurst, N. C., the remaining trapshooting programme for this month is as follows: March 27, 28 and 29, annual Pinehurst Gun Club championship, gold medal tournament, scratch, open to those who have contested in one or more previous tournaments, 50 targets, expert traps; 50 targets, magautrap; 10 targets right; 10 left, 10 unknown, 10 overhead, tower traps. There will also be a shoot for the annual Pinehurst championship cup (sterling silver), open to all those who enter the same; one contestant cannot take both prizes.

The programme of the first annual tournament of the Delaware State Trapshooters' League, April 12 and 13, under the auspices of the Wilmington, Del., Gun Club, is now ready for distribution. On the first day there are twelve events, each at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, excepting 9 and 10, which comprise the merchandise race for amateurs only, and excepting in this race any one can enter for targets only. There are ten events on the second day; four at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance. Events 5 to 8, each at 25 targets, total 100, \$2 entrance, constitute the individual championship of Delaware. Events 9 and 10, each 25 targets, constitute the State five-man team championship. Hot and cold meals will be served on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents; in State team race 1½ cent. Practice shooting April 11. Ship guns and shells prepaid care of Mr. W. H. Hartlove, Third and French streets, Wilmington, and they will be delivered on grounds gratis. The sliding handicap will govern, except in State event. The Rose system will govern. In 15-target events, four moneys, 5, 3, 2, 1. Optional sweepstakes of \$1 entrance will be shot in connection with each string of 25 targets in the State team and individual championship races on the second day. The sweepstakes will be open to all amateurs, whether residents of the State or not. The purses in these events will be divided on the percentage system, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Mr. Ed. Melchoir, Jr., is the secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., March 20.—I have just returned from Parkersburg, W. Va., where I went in the interests of our State Association's ninth annual tournament, and am glad to be able to report to the shooters throughout the country that I found everything progressing nicely, with glowing prospects for easily the banner tournament ever held in West Virginia.

The programme, which goes to the printers to-day, will tell about it, and will be yours for the asking about April 15.

On the first day, May 16, there will be twelve events, all at 15 targets, entrance \$1.50, with \$15 added to each. On the second day, 17th, in addition to the same number of events and same amount of added money, there will be one State event at 50 targets for the individual State championship, entrance \$1.50. In addition to the Olin V. Neal trophy, emblematical of the State championship, the winner will be presented with a handsome silver cup. This cup, now on exhibition, is certainly a thing of beauty, and the lucky winner will be excused if he should feel just a little "swelled up." On the third day, 18th, there will be the twelve events with \$180 added, together with one State event, two-man team race at 50 targets per man, for the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy. The entrance to this event will be \$3 per team. Of this amount, \$1 from each team entered will be thrown into a purse to be divided between the second and third high teams, 60 and 40 per cent. The programme will contain a full explanation in reference to this particular event.

A very commendable feature in connection with the above tournament, is the adding of \$160 in cash for the fourteen low guns, it having been taken for granted that the high guns will take care of themselves. The writer found the three famous Indians, E. E., John F., and S. T. Mallory, with their sleeves rolled up, covered with war paint and feathers, and if our next annual is not a success, it will not be their fault. They are going to see to it that nothing is overlooked that would assist in bringing about this end. Arrangements are being perfected for the serving of meals on the grounds, and it is hardly necessary for me to say that everything the market affords will be provided. A very unique feature in connection with this part of the programme, is the fact that the club furnishes all vegetables fresh from their grounds near club house, and in fact, raise all their own chickens which furnish supply of fresh eggs at all times.

The grounds of the Ohio Valley Shooting Association contain about fifteen acres of very fine garden land, and the superintendent, who with his family lives in the second story of club house, being an expert gardener, puts in his whole time in his vegetable gardens, poultry yard, and in beautifying the grounds around the club house. I had the pleasure of visiting these grounds Saturday afternoon, and suggested to the management that, while everything seemed almost perfect, a half dozen thoroughbred Jersey cows might prove a paying investment. I looked around for the club's livery stable, but was informed that they used automobiles.

While I have no desire to tell tales out of school, I might add that there will in all probability be a few things on tap for one of the three evening not mentioned in programme, that will assist very materially in making all visitors feel that it's the best place on earth, and the best tournament they have ever attended. We will have more to say about what we propose to do at this red-letter shoot a little later on, but are not allowed any more space just now.

Send in your name to Mr. F. E. Mallory, secretary, Parkersburg, W. Va., with "P. S.—Send me programme as soon as ready for mailing." Ed. O. BOWER, Sec'y-Treas.

Olney—S. S. White.

PHILADELPHIA, March 18.—The Olney Field Club's 8-man team defeated a like team of the S. S. White Gun Club, on the grounds of the former to-day. The scores follow:
 S. S. White. Olney.
 Cotting 16 Tansey 20
 Hinkson 12 Griffith 22
 Brenizer 19 George 13
 Cantrell 22 Keen 10
 Heite 10 Puff 15
 Fontain 14 Slaughter 18
 Pratt 17 Firth 17
 Newcomb 22-136 Bryan 22-137

Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, March 18.—The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday. The day, though mild, was disagreeable, raining quite hard at intervals throughout the afternoon, which put somewhat of a damper on the sport. Some of the practice events were shot off the club house platform, a distance of 26yds., which accounts for the lowness of some of the scores.

In addition to the regular practice, a team match in the City Blue Rock League was shot between the Stanleys and the Parkdale gun clubs. The Stanleys shot fifteen men to the Parkdale's ten men, on a percentage basis, and was won by the Stanleys by 79.20 to 68 per cent. The following is the result of Saturday's scores:

Team shoot:
 Stanleys—McGill 21, Hulme 21, XX 19, Ingham 20, Herbert 16, Morshead 19, Green 23, Buck 19, Fritz 14, Rock 18, Thompson 20, Lucas 18, Dunk 23, Charles 24, Thomas 22; total 297—79.20 per cent.

Parkdale—G. Thomas 22, Maywood 15, Reid 19, Sanderson 14, Kent 13, Wolfe 20, Fegan 15, Marsh 17, Carlisle 18, Daily 17; total 170—68 per cent.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Fritz	8	6	5
Herbert	7	3	..	6	6	9	..
Marsh	6	..	6	5	4
Sanderson	6	6	..	5	5	..	9	..
McGraw	5	5	2	..	4	9
Reid	6	..	10
Wolfe	8	7	5	..	7	6	6	..
McGill	9	9	..	10	8	..	10	9
Thompson	8
Ingham	9	7	..	9	..	6	6	..
Buck	8	5	..
Morshead	9	10
Fegan	8	5	5
G. Thomas	7
Thomas	10
Maywood	6
Birch	6	..	5	6	7	5
Kent	8
Kingdon	4	..	5
Daly	6
Dunk	7
Whitlam	3	7	4
Hogarth	7	..	5	2
Rock	7	8
Carlisle	7
X X	5	5	4	..	9	10
Martin, Sr.	5	4
Lucas	8
Green	9	..	8
Wilson	5	6
Townson	7	8	..	5
Sinclair	3

The annual tournament of the Stanley Gun Club, on May 17, 18 and 19 promises to be a splendid success. The solid sterling silver trophies being presented by the club and its friends for daily and general high average prizes are certainly the most valuable ever offered at any similar shoot on the continent.

The Stanley Gun Club cup event at 50 targets, for which a \$100 trophy is provided should prove an interesting competition. Programmes will be ready by April 15, and a large number of applications thereto have been received. The fact that the dates come immediately before the opening of the O. J. Club races at the Woodbine should prove an additional attraction.

ALEX. DEY, Sec'y.

Herkimer Hunting Club.

HERKIMER, N. Y., March 20.—On March 11 occurred the initial trapshooting tournament given by the newly organized Herkimer Hunting Club, with grounds at the driving park. The occasion brought together about thirty-five shooters from central New York. It was a gratifying success to the committee in charge, composed of Messrs. Fred Miller, Frank Grooms, Chas. Brown, Bert Helmer and Chas. Barse.

The targets were thrown a distance of about 65yds., and few straight scores were made on account of the wind. The most interesting part of the shoot was the strife for the handsome silver cup, which was up for the highest average of the programme. It was won by Mr. Charles Windheim, of Utica, on a score of 89 out of 100. The trophy was very handsomely engraved for the winner with his name. Other merchandise first prizes were won by C. W. Wicks, of St. Johnsville; W. Wagner, of Utica; J. Walsh, of Canajoharie. Second prizes were won by E. D. Fraser, Frankfurt; L. Maine, of Utica, and John Aude, of Syracuse. Other sweepstakes were given to Edward Evans, Chas. Brown and Frank Metzger, all of Herkimer, and J. Peterson, E. Loughlin, C. Windheim, W. Wagner, L. Maine, all of Utica; W. Zeller, of Deck; J. Aude, of Syracuse.

Mr. J. G. Heath, of New York, was present and rendered very valuable service to the club in conducting the events.

B. S. HELMER, Sec'y.

Norwich Shooting Club.

NORWICH, Conn., March 18.—The weather was warm, with a light wind, at the shoot of the Norwich Shooting Club to-day. Scores:

Shot at.	Per Broke. Cent.	Shot at.	Per Broke. Cent.		
Mitchell 50	45	90	Wells 40	27	67
Mason 110	99	90	Ely 40	26	65
Taft 75	64	85	G Wells 100	63	63
Austin 85	70	82	Olcott 60	34	57
Gates 60	45	75	Green 30	16	53
Noble 100	73	73	Church 20	4	20
Brown 50	35	70	H E Wright.. 20	7	35

March 11.—There was a cold northwest wind at the shoot of the Norwich Shooting Club, held to-day:

Shot at.	Per Broke. Cent.	Shot at.	Per Broke. Cent.		
Austin 75	60	80	Gates 60	38	60
Mitchell 60	48	80	Wells 10	6	60
Brown 50	38	76	A C Wright.. 50	23	46
Taft 75	51	68	H E Wright.. 25	13	52

I. P. TAFT, Sec'y.

Lansdale—Florists.

LANSDALE, Pa., March 18.—The 16-man team of the Florists' was defeated by a team of the Lansdales to-day, the scores being 312 and 294. Each man shot at 25 targets. The scores:

Lansdale.	Florists.
F Henry 18	Park 19
N Clark 22	Shew 22
Simon 24	Landis 22
L Schultz 21	Parsons 20
Lynch 18	Stevens 17
F Bender 13	Cartledge 19
L Swartz 22	White 18
W Bright 18	Bell 21
W Wentz 23	Anderson 17
J Bright 23	E Coleman 22
D Schultz 18	Huttenlock 19
Zeartoss 17	F Coleman 24
C Swartz 22	Sanford 18
J White 22	Arbuckle 9
Rodgers 24	T C Clark 18
J Henry 20-312	C Haywood 19-294

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., March 11.—Eight shooters were present at the competition of the Jackson Park Gun Club to-day. Three 25-target events were shot. The scores: Roberts . . . 16 14 15 Morgan . . . 21 24 19 Andy . . . 15 15 18 Barry . . . 17 14 13 Blue Rock . . . 19 17 17 Raynor . . . 13 12 10 Spear . . . 13 16 16 Sindle . . . 17 15 17

Mullerite Gun Club.

Lakewood, N. J., March 11.—Event No. 6 was a handicap for prizes. The winners were: First, Muldoon and Ellis; second, Tilton; third, Westlake; fourth, Wooley. The scores follow: Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Targets: 10 15 10 10 10 50 15 20 Fanning . . . 8 15 10 18 9 43 14 18 Muldoon . . . 10 14 8 19 8 45 14 19 Apgar . . . 9 12 8 20 8 42 13 18 Ellis . . . 7 14 10 17 7 Hance . . . 8 11 8 19 10 Burtis . . . 8 13 8 16 10 Vandever . . . 7 11 9 18 8 Adams . . . 8 14 9 18 9 . . . 12 15 Westhall . . . 7 8 42 13 17 Welles . . . 7 10 8 15 8 40 11 16 Wooley . . . 7 36 11 . . . Walker . . . 6 Valling . . . 6 McDout . . . 6 Mathews 47 14 19 Kulthorpe 40 11 18 Tilton 45 Team match; 50 targets a man.

Lakewood. Freehold. Murphy . . . 41 Muldoon . . . 44 Tilton . . . 45 Hance . . . 46 Randolph . . . 44 Walling . . . 40 Fisher . . . 44 Burtis . . . 45 Westhall . . . 44 Vandever . . . 43 Mathews . . . 42-264 Ellis . . . 36-254

Fairview Gun Club.

The Fairview, N. J., Gun Club held their annual meeting on March 8, and elected officers as follows: President, Geo. F. Sauer; Vice-President, Conrad C. Sedore; Secretary, Robert J. Hopkins; Treasurer, Geo. C. Dods; Captain, C. H. Sedore. House Committee—C. H. Sedore, Geo. F. Sauer, Con. Sedore. Finance Committee—Messrs. Burdet, Hopkins, Untereiner and Thourot. Handicap Committee—Messrs. Hopkins, Thourot, Untereiner. Shooting Committee for Special Prize Shoots—Messrs. Von Lengerke, Dods, Sauer, C. H. and Con. Sedore. It was decided to hold a prize shoot in the near future. The club will continue to hold regular shoots every Saturday until further notice. During the past year, the club has used about 60,000 targets, 50,000 shells without a single misfire. It was decided to incorporate the club, and steps have been taken accordingly. About twenty members were present.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., March 18.—The club cups for this month were won at the Bound Brook Gun Club as follows: Mr. Hooley, first; F. K. Stetle, second, and Dr. Bache, third. There were three other cup events, all of which were handicaps. In the first, there were four tied with a possible 10, and Mr. Staats won after shooting out Bache, Hooley and Du Four. The second, Pardoe won after a race with Hooley. After each broke five, Hooley missed and so did Pardoe. The seventh, Hooley again missed, while Pardoe scored his target. The third cup was won by Hooley. This was a handsome copper cup. There were three with a possible 10, and in the third round Smith and Bache failed to score. The last event was for three prizes and was won by Hooley, first, was a fob; Staats, second; tobacco, and Goltra, third, candy. Scores: Hooley, 7. 01111111111111001011011—25 Bache, 8. 1010100011111010101000011—22 Crater, 11. 1101010010100000110100—22 Staats, 11. 011011111110001110001110—25 Goltra, 12. 111101001110011010101101—25 Du Four, 13. 000000001010011100100001—19 Stelle, 10. 100010101000101111110100—23 F. K. STELLE, Sec'y.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J.—The scores of the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Hudson Gun Club are appended. Events 1 to 4 are club events, each at 25 targets. Events 5, 6 and 7 are 15-target sweepstakes. Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 Cottrell . . . 16 17 19 20 12 12 10 Boldt . . . 15 14 11 16 6 9 7 Stephens . . . 16 11 10 12 7 Finlay . . . 18 17 20 20 14 . . . 14 Kurzel . . . 15 16 12 15 . . . 9 7 Cocklin . . . 20 21 11 17 10 10 12 Cleveland . . . 9 9 8 12 4 Banta . . . 17 19 21 20 15

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., March 18.—To-day was an off day with the club, there being no special events to be shot for, and also owing to the fact that several of the men were in attendance at the shoot of the Freehold Gun Club. Events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were at 25 targets each; unknown angles were for practice only. Event No. 5, ten pairs of doubles, unknown angles, was won by Mr. Batten with a score of 15 breaks. Events: 1 2 3 4 5 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 Targets: 25 25 25 25 20 Targets: 25 25 25 25 20 C Babcock . . . 20 19 21 13 . . E Winslow . . . 14 17 17 15 W T Wallace . . . 14 19 21 19 10 T S Doremus . . . 17 17 15 . . G Hawkey . . . 11 11 11 16 6 G Boxall . . . 14 20 18 16 9 I S Crane . . . 14 18 18 9 G Babbage . . . 17 12 12 11 C H Hartshorne . . . 17 13 15 T H Robinson . . . 16 17 . . . G Batten . . . 16 21 20 15 15 EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 18.—Event No. 3 was a handicap shoot for Schortemeier gold watch charm, resulting in a tie, Mr. Hans winning the shoot-off: Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 Targets: 10 15 50 25 25 25 H B Williams . . . 6 12 . . 14 . . . J Morrison, 6. . . . 8 11 39 26 . . . Dr Richter, 6. . . . 7 14 41 F Vosselman, 10. . . . 7 11 38 C L McClare, 10. . . . 9 11 36 F Truax, 3. . . . 9 7 40 Geo Harland, 10. . . . 6 11 42 . . 19 21 H Schamm . . . 7 9 . . 20 . . . Brugmann . . . 5 11 44 . . . 19 Forsyth 2 . . 11 . . . C E Eickhoff, 8. . . . 7 6 37 . . 22 Geo R Schneider, 4. . . . 12 46 . . 23 . . Hans, 6. . . . 9 10 44 . . 23 . .

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Dr Paterno, 20. 8 29 A Schoverling, 4. 12 42 Newkirk 15 Jas. Merrill, 16. 24 11 11 Vouse 4 13 16 Dr Marby 17 . . . 9 JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Enterprise Gun Club.

McKEESPORT, Pa., March 11.—The opening shoot of the Enterprise Gun Club was held at a time of high water. It seemed at first as if the shoot would have to be postponed, but by 3 o'clock the water had subsided sufficiently to allow the trapper to work with gum boots. Wesley Hale, a resident of Munhall, and member of the club here, was high man in the 50-target race and winner of the pointer pup. He made a score of 47 out of 50. The second man was Matthew Schorr, with 44. Next were H. Hale with 43, D. K. Irwin 42, and John Hale 40. These five shot all through the programme. Following is the score. The third, fourth and fifth are for the prizes in the 50-target race: Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 Targets: 10 15 15 20 15 10 15 Broke. W Hale 9 14 15 17 15 10 12 . . 82 Schorr 8 12 11 20 13 10 12 . . 86 Irwin 10 13 11 18 13 5 15 . . 85 J Hale 7 13 11 18 11 9 13 . . 82 H Hale 7 9 13 16 14 8 12 . . 79 Mack 10 10 17 10 47 Pickell 11 8 15 10 44 George 11 11 Porter 7 6 16 12 41 Good 8 10 14 9 41 Harrison 13 14 10 37

Next Saturday the club will hold another shoot, and at 2 o'clock a meeting of the members will be held in the club house to make arrangements for a series of five shoots for a handsome silver cup. Among other business will be the perfecting of final arrangements for a series of shoots this season for a beautiful gold badge valued at \$25, which Secretary Mains has received on behalf of the club from the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., manufacturers of the L. C. Smith guns. The only stipulations the company make are that each shoot shall be 20 singles, the use of both barrels and 10 pairs of targets. The distance and other details of this series will be decided by the handicap committee of the club.

McKeesport, Pa., March 18.—Appended are the scores made at the shoot of the Enterprise Gun Club to-day: Events: 1 2 3 4 5 Targets: 15 10 15 20 15 Broke. Calhoun 15 10 14 19 13 71 W Hale 14 9 12 17 13 65 Knight 15 9 12 15 14 65 Straub 13 9 10 19 14 65 Irwin 13 9 14 15 13 64 H Hale 6 8 14 19 10 57 J Hale 9 8 12 15 8 52 Noel 11 3 13 13 10 50 Ohs 11 6 11 18 9 46 Hardy 8 5 10 13 . . 36 Porter 8 6 9 13 . . 36 Beck 8 5 8 15 . . 36 Pickle 8 12 7 27 Harrison 8 10 8 26 Kealy 11 11 11 GEO. W. MAINS, Sec'y.

Wawaset Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 14.—A complimentary shoot to-day was held in honor of Messrs. J. Mowell Hawkins and J. A. R. Elliott, trapshooters of great skill and renown. A contest for the championship of Delaware, between Mr. Edward Banks, holder, and Mr. W. M. Foord, challenger, resulted in favor of Mr. Banks by a score of 90 to 87. The race was keenly contested, yet in the urbane, kindly way characteristic of these two contestants. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins broke 118 out of a possible 125. Mr. A. B. Richardson was second with 114, and Mr. W. M. Foord, of the home club, and Mr. Lester German, of Baltimore, tied for third on 113. Mr. Fred Stone, the original "Scarecrow" in the Wizard of Oz production, now playing in Philadelphia, was present and broke 100 out of a possible 125. He was the guest of James T. Skelly, of the duPont Powder Company. The scores of the championship race at 100 targets follow: W M Foord. 20 23 20 24—87 Ed Banks 21 24 23 22—90

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. The scores of the complimentary shoot follow: Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Shot at. Broke. Elliott 8 13 8 11 9 12 10 9 14 125 104 Squier 8 14 10 12 10 13 8 14 10 13 125 112 Foord 10 14 10 12 8 12 10 14 10 13 125 113 German 10 15 6 15 10 14 10 12 8 12 125 113 Hawkins 9 14 10 13 9 15 9 14 10 15 125 118 Edmundson 8 10 8 11 10 11 6 13 6 12 125 95 McKelvey 8 15 10 14 8 15 9 11 9 13 125 112 Banks 10 12 8 14 7 15 9 13 8 10 125 106 Stone 8 12 7 13 10 13 9 12 8 8 125 100 Skelly 10 12 9 12 9 13 9 13 8 13 125 108 McHugh 9 15 9 13 9 9 10 10 9 10 125 103 A B Richardson 10 13 10 13 8 13 9 15 10 13 125 114 Terpey 10 9 9 14 8 12 8 12 8 10 125 100 Muller 6 9 7 13 7 12 8 12 9 10 125 98 Lobb 9 13 7 11 8 60 48 E E duPont 9 11 7 11 8 14 10 11 . . 100 81 Brice 10 11 . . 10 6 13 9 12 9 . . 100 80 Godwin 10 8 35 27 Ryan 7 12 9 8 6 6 5 4 100 57 Chadwick 8 6 10 5 50 29 Stidham 3 4 4 6 50 17 Buck 9 8 6 11 5 11 80 50 Hartlove 8 9 11 40 28 Eugene duPont 13 9 25 22 Hanly 9 11 9 11 50 40 Vance 9 10 6 . . . 35 25 Bee 13 9 13 7 12 65 54 Thompson 8 . . 12 30 20

Wilmington Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del.—The Wilmington, Del., Gun Club is not letting the grass grow under its feet, but is busy now getting its new grounds in shape for the first annual spring tournament of the Delaware State Trapshooters' League, which is to be held under its auspices on April 12-13, next. The new club house, 32 by 24 feet, including an 8ft. piazza the length of the building, is almost completed. The house for the trap is located to the right of the club house, the platform for the shooters coming up to the piazza. This platform is 45 by 15ft., and will permit handicaps of from 16 to 20yds. A fine grove of trees will afford shade to shooters on the platform and for spectators, something much to be desired when the summer sun is shining strongly. For the tournament a set of three expert traps will also be installed on the left of the club house. A capital background is assured from the fact that the grounds lie high. It will be hard to find excuses for misses on account of the background. The tournament itself is for amateurs solely, manufacturers' agents shooting "for targets only." The list of merchandise prizes is a healthy one, and the list is

still growing. Programmes are ready for issuing, and a postal addressed to H. J. Stidham, Secretary, 111 East Fourth street, Wilmington, Del., will secure one. The grounds are easily reached by cars of the Wilmington City Railway Company, either by the Front street cars, which run past the P. R. & W. R. R. depot every fifteen minutes, or by taking, from any of the depots, cars of the same line which run uptown, asking the conductor for a transfer at Fourth and Market streets to the West Fourth street line. Cars on that line leave Fourth and Market every ten minutes, and the schedule time from that point to where one gets off for the grounds is fifteen minutes, and a walk of three minutes then lands the shooter at the club house. White for a programme and see what is offered for competition. X.

Dover Gun Club.

ON the grounds of the Dover, Del., Gun Club, March 13, a complimentary shoot was given in honor of the two famous trapshooters, Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and J. Mowell Hawkins. It was successful in every detail. Competition was keen. Mr. Hawkins made high average, 71 out of 75, while Mr. W. M. Foord, the Wilmington crackerjack, was second with 66 out of 75. Third average was a tie on 65 by Messrs. Elliott and A. B. Richardson, the latter a resident of Dover. Scores: Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 Shot at. Broke. Targets: 10 15 10 15 10 15 at. Broke. Elliott 10 12 7 12 9 15 75 65 Squier 10 10 7 15 9 13 75 64 Hawkins 8 14 10 15 10 14 75 71 Richardson 9 13 9 15 7 12 75 65 Foord 10 15 8 11 8 14 75 64 Reed 9 13 9 12 8 12 75 63 Beachamp 8 11 6 10 9 10 75 54 George 10 12 8 11 8 9 75 58 Kirk 8 11 7 11 8 7 75 52 Cleaver 9 11 9 14 8 13 75 64 J Evans 9 14 7 13 9 10 75 62 Allee 6 14 6 7 8 11 75 52 C Maris 8 11 8 13 7 12 75 59 Terry 4 13 3 14 9 14 75 57 Steele 5 13 6 12 8 8 75 52 Stout 4 11 9 12 8 0 60 44 Winchester 7 12 9 11 9 14 75 62 E. Maris 9 13 3 35 25 W Evans 11 9 25 20 Culbreth 11 9 25 20 Vandenberg 8 10 9 11 . . 50 38 Fluke 11 4 6 40 21 Crawford 12 7 25 19 Bice 6 15 6 Honey 8 15 8 Jarman 11 15 11 Michael 11 15 11

Trained Too Fine.

THE following clipping was recently published in Every Evening: "My attention has been called to a communication from Mr. John W. Evans, secretary of the Camden Gun Club, of this State, which appeared in your issue of the 6th. On behalf of the heavy-weight team of the Wilmington Gun Club, of which I am a member, I have to say that I regret there does not seem to be any chance of a match on the terms stated by Mr. Evans. "The original challenge, which, by the way, still stands, was for a team of five men, all members of the same gun club, whose aggregate weight should be not less than 1,500 pounds, and not 1,100, as Mr. Evans seems to have understood. A 1,100-pound team of five men would not be hard to pick up in many a gun club, but we think that we have the boss 1,500-pound team in this part of the country. "If Mr. Evans thinks that his team can train up to our weight, we are willing to wait a little while, until they have accomplished their object; otherwise no further notice can be taken of the communication, as it is impossible for us to get down to their weight. Yours very truly, "W. H. HARTLOVE, "Capt. Heavy-Weight Team, Wilmington G. C., Wilmington, Del." [Concerning how to take on weight quickly good ideas may be acquired by reading Mark Twain's story of the Jumping Frog.]

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 18.—Following are the scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at a little practice shoot, preparatory to the spring handicap, to be held here next Saturday, 25th inst. Shooting in the spring handicap will commence promptly at 2 P. M. All practicing must be done before that hour. Liberal allowances of misses as breaks will be made and a good attendance is looked for. There will be four valuable prizes donated by Col. Franklin Brandreth. One hundred targets, 1½ cent each. Shoot rain or shine. Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 Targets: 15 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 25 25 C G Blandford 11 7 6 7 9 7 7 8 8 18 19 J T Hyland 13 6 5 9 7 7 7 8 2 18 21 Dr Tompkins 3 4 3 4 4 . . . R McAlpin 6 4 5 7 2 . . . I T Washburn 4 4 5 6 5 3 9 11 11 D Brandreth 7 7 8 8 7 18 16 H L Stratton 6 4 5 4 7 5 . . . C. G. B.

Indianapolis (Ind.) Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—At the shoot of the Indianapolis Gun Club, March 11, the club trophy was won by Mr. Hice. The Peters trophy was won by Mr. J. E. Clark. Each event was at 25 targets. The scores follow: Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Total. Dickman 17 18 20 22 25 22 18 17 17 178 Moller 16 17 23 18 13 18 16 18 . . 139 Carter 20 18 11 13 12 17 15 . . 106 Moore 19 20 14 13 19 17 . . . 102 Comstock 17 13 17 14 14 75 Williams 11 14 25 38 Risson 12 13 14 38 Armstrong 13 18 10 17 14 72 Hice 12 15 16 43 Clark 18 13 31 Hann 7 4 13 24 Smith 19 13 32 Gray 11 11 22

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

THE second monthly tournament of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club will be held on their grounds Saturday afternoon, April 1. Shooting begins at 1:30, and will continue throughout the afternoon. Targets trapped at 1 cent each. Professionals and trade representatives are invited to be present, but can shoot for targets only. All events will be open to the public. A sweep, optional with the shooter, will be run in connection with each event. These monthly tournaments will be a feature in shooting matters in the Hudson Valley this summer, and will be held regularly the first Saturday of each month. ALFRED TRAYER, Capt.

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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., March 8.—Eighteen took part in the Peters trophy event. A warm, light rain and strong wind made disagreeable conditions. Barker and Roanoke headed the list with 50, including their handicaps. Barker was high man in actual breaks with 48. Harig and R. Trimble were close seconds with 47 actual breaks each.

In the team matches Peters made high individual score with 93 out of 100, and Harig and Trimble were second with 92 each. Dreihls was third with 91. Peters team won with a total of 184.

Peters did work to-day such as has seldom been seen on these grounds. He broke, in the medal and practice events 113 out of 115, 99 out of 100, and made a run of 84 straight. Among the visitors to-day was Mr. John S. Boa, of Chicago, expert rifle shot. He gave a pleasing exhibition of his skill with the automatic .22.

So far in the Peters trophy contest A Sunderbruch is high with 235 out of 250, or 94 per cent. Boeh second, with 232, 92.8 per cent., and Gambell third, with 92 per cent. The lowest man of the twenty-five who have so far entered the contest has shot an 86 per cent. clip. Messrs. Ahlers, Barker, Don Minto, Faran, Peters, Hesser and Gambell form the team which hopes to take the Phellis trophy from Newark. The scores:

Peters trophy, 50 targets: Barker (5) 50, Roanoke (23) 50, Bullerick (4) 48, Harig (0) 47, R. Trimble (0) 47, Gambell (1) 47, Block (6) 47, Dreihls (0) 46, Pfeiffer (5) 46, Faran (0) 45, Boeh (10) 45, Don Minto (0) 44, Peters (0) 44, Williams (4) 43, Pohlar (2) 42, Osterfeld (1) 40, Cliff (0) 38, Roll (0) 38.
 Team match, 100 targets:
 Peters 93, Dreihls 91; total 184.
 Gambell 89, Harig 92; total 181.
 R. Trimble 92, Hesser 88; total 180.

Rohrer's Is'and Gun Club.

Dayton, O., March 15.—Twelve members participated to-day for practice preparatory to the medal shoot the following week. The day was fine. A pleasant time was enjoyed.

The first event was a match between Oswald and Lockwood at 25 targets, the former winning by a score of 24 to 22.

In the next match, six took part. Lockwood beat Oswald by a score of 23 to 19. Hanauer was high man with 24. Hodapp and Schaerf divided third money on 20 each.

A six-man team match, 50 targets, Oswald and Hanauer, captains, Oswald's team finished with 234 to 205. Oswald was high with 49.

Team match, 50 targets per man:
 Oswald's Team—Oswald 49, Lockwood 42, Oldt 42, Schaerf 37, Hodapp 34, Morris 30; total 234.
 Hanauer's Team—Whitacre 46, Schwind 44, Hanauer 43, J. Rogge 30, H. Rogge 22, Huff 20; total 205.

Special matches, 25 targets each, three moneys in the first and two moneys in the others:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Oldt	22	21	75	65	50
Schwind	20	20	75	65	25
Oswald	24	22	50	46	25
Lockwood	22	22	50	44	25
					19
					19

The club is installing a new trap house, to be fitted up with expert traps, electric pull and house for puller and scorer, at la Cincinnati Gun Club. It will be ready at the opening on March 22.

At Springfield.

At the shoot of the Springfield, O., Gun Club on March 14, some good work was done. Several shooters from the St. Paris Gun Club were guests of the club. The programme consisted of six 25-target events. Foley took high gun with 133. Poole second, 115. Karnam third, 113. Strong made the only straight score of the day, and finished with 94 out of 100, the best work done.

Deadwood Gun Club.

DEADWOOD, S. D., March 17.—There was a good attendance at the annual meeting on the 13th inst. The officers elected for the year were as follows: R. Flanders, President; R. L. Walker, Vice-President; F. M. Brooder, Treasurer, and Burt Rogers, Secretary. These, with Frank Waugh and John B. Hirsch, comprise the Board of Directors.

The club starts out with a membership of fifty, and it is believed fifty "raw recruits" will be gathered in soon.

Great enthusiasm was shown, and, as attractions to induce the members to turn out in goodly numbers at the weekly shoots, the club will secure a large list of valuable annual and monthly prizes to be shot for. In order to stimulate interest, prizes will be put up for matches to be shot for by members in different

classes. This course is taken to give the beginner something to work for, and strive to be a "top-notcher."

BURT ROGERS, Sec'y.

In Other Places.

We are pleased to note that a number of the young men of Middleton, O., have formed themselves into a gun club and will, during the coming summer, hold a tournament. If young men generally throughout the country would start gun clubs and participate in the outdoor exercises and amusement of target shooting, they would find it unequalled in the line of recuperative sport.

In all probability there will be a county shoot held during the month of June in the vicinity of Wabasha, Minn. A meeting was held by those interested at that city on Tuesday evening last, and the plans were laid accordingly.

This time it was "Tobacco Bill." He went to Bloomington and there got busy with the little clay saucers. He smashed 79 out of 80 tries. The McLean county boys were all out, and in the Class A medal it was Mr. Heer who was the winner, and Class B was captured by L. W. Stubblefield. In all, there were some thirty shooters present.

Out at Freeport, Ill., there is every indication that a return to the good old times is assured. Some good prizes will be put up by the club members for its contest during 1905.

One of the enthusiastic gun clubs of the West during last year was that at La Mars, Ia. The early approach of spring has brought the members together with the same old love as prevailed last year for the target shooting.

The Dunlap Gun Club, of Princeville, Ill., held a shoot last Thursday. There were shooters present from many towns, viz.: Rock Island, Wyoming and Chicago. The scores averaged up about even, being about 73 per cent.

It will interest especially all the Southern trapshooters to know that great preparations are being made for the coming Interstate shoot, to be held April 5 and 6 at Augusta, Ga. Mr. B. H. Worthen, of Atlanta, has offered a medal, and it is expected that Mr. Shaner will get busy when he finds about 100 shooters there when the opening gun is fired.

The Carlisle, Pa., Gun Club held a shoot Monday last, and Karl Stewart, of Harrisburg, made the best score on the targets, but R. E. Shearer, of the home team, was the best on the live birds. F. A. Dinger was second, with Stewart and Patterson third.

There was an interesting shoot held at the grounds of the Media, Pa., Gun Club on Wednesday. A gold watch was the prize, and it was won by George R. Williamson on a miss-and-out; score, 18 straight.

The first shoot at Greenville, O., came off last Wednesday. There was a good attendance and good shooting, considering the handicap of both the distance and the wind.

The good news comes from Greenville, O., that the gun club is very prosperous, and that the coming summer shows a renewal of fresh blood, viz.: W. W. Limbett, Ed. Huddle, J. H. A. Ross and Harry V. Hartzell are new members just attached.

The new officers of the Hamilton, O., Gun Club are: President, Joseph Schumacher; Vice-President, Dr. E. C. Sill; Treasurer, H. G. Cass; Secretary, Julius C. Heman; Captain, William Link; Trustee, James R. Smyers. The meeting was largely attended and the shooters all felt like there would be a prosperous season for 1905.

Tryon, of Cleveland, O., was in great form last Saturday, and won both the events at the gun club shoot, taking the medal with 40 straight; his opponent went him 39, just one less.

Fred Erb, Jr., keeps breaking into the game now and then, as he has challenged the winner, when Hugh Clark, of Wabash, Ind., and J. W. Fackle, of Muncie, Ind., shoot for the English Hotel cup.

Spirit Lake, the home of the well-known Charley Grimm, is coming out again as a shooting town. A tournament is billed for that town.

Some of the Goldsboro, Pa., Gun Club evidently do not class a 12-gauge with a 10. Note this handicap: 12-bore guns placed at 30yds., 10-bore guns at 35yds. Who said a 12-gauge would shoot equal to a 10-gauge?

Judge B. W. Wright, of Locan, Ill., was hunting on the Illinois River, when the boat was overturned and he was thrown into the water, losing his gun. The gun was recovered on the following day, and when the stock was raised out of the water, by some unknown reason the gun was discharged, and as the muzzle was under water, of course the gun burst and was a complete wreck. It was fortunate for Mr. Smith that he escaped unhurt.

It was said that a carload of targets and half a carload of shells had been shipped into Iowa for the State shoot.

Now don't forget about the Indiana State League shoot being held at Crawfordsville, May 17 and 18. If you want to shoot the shoot of your life you will be there.

The Kenosha, Wis., Gun Club look forward to a very pros-

perous and enjoyable season of the innocent sport of breaking clay pigeons. All men who are of good character and who enjoy shooting over a good trap are eligible as members.

The Parker Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., will hold a tournament, May 21.

The St. Paul, Ind., Gun Club will hold its annual shoot March 30. Some of the Indianapolis good shots will be there.

Indianapolis will hold their regular weekly shoots, of course, and the secretary reports two new trophies for this year, the club trophy and a badge for the championship.

The Magic City Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., is alive and "traveling some." J. W. Farrell is the new President; G. G. Williamson, Vice-President; F. L. Watchell, Secretary. The same targets to be used by the G. A. H. were adopted for this year. The annual spring tournament will be held May 10 and 11.

The Converse, Ind., Gun Club will hold a shoot on Tuesday afternoon.

Some of the home men, together with visitors, shot a score at Des Moines, Ia., as follows: Hoon shot at 100, broke 87; Holger-son 110, 96; Hoon 100, 86; Budd 100, 80; French, 45, 42; Smith 35, 28; Carter 29, 29; Doverman 75, 52.

A gun club was organized at Princeville, Ill., with a good membership. Charles Holmes is President; Chas. Cornish, Secretary; John C. Jackson, Treasurer. The boys say that by constant practice they will "get into the game."

There were thirty shooters at the North Side Gun Club last Sunday. The high scores were: P. Peters and J. Mierswa. On May 1 there will be nine prizes divided among the best scores.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., March 8.—Jupiter Pluvius easily made a clean score to-day at the fifth weekly Boston Gun Club prize shoot, the rain falling incessantly from beginning to end of the afternoon. While this kind of weather is generally anything but pleasant to the trapshooter, yet, contrary to the usual rule, twenty-four shooters took part in one of the most successful shoots of the present series.

Many came to look on, having left their guns and ammunition at home, in view of the poor weather; but invariably they could not stand it, and had to borrow guns and shells just to be in it with the regulars. In many cases the scores would compare very favorably with others made under quite different conditions.

Seven Boston Athletic Association shooters shot the programme, and secured the lion's share of honors, which augurs well for their team in their coming matches with the Crescent and Yale gun clubs, and behooves the New York congregation to do some fine shooting stunts if they intend to retain their well-earned prestige of two seasons back.

Adams, the latest B. A. A. find, was in a class by himself, hammering out a clean 95 per cent. without turning an eyelash, and securing the honor of the best percentage made on the grounds for some time. Blinn, of the same team, was a good second, and might still have been breaking them straight if the 4:36 train had not put in an appearance, which put a stop to his afternoon's programme. This train, as a rule, is a signal for "all out," but to-day the 5:05 came in for considerable patronage, which gave some the trappists an opportunity which they took advantage of.

Maine State was well represented, Gil Wheeler dropping in for the regular number of events, accompanied by Geo. Dorton, of Portland, one of the State's leading exponents of the scatter gun, shooting close on to 90 per cent., and incidentally caring for one-third of first honors in the prize match. Cecil Whitmore, one of the Brunswick Club's most prominent members, shot in quite a few of the events, and though borrowing a gun from Bell (which John knew was N. G.) made some very creditable scores. Another visit in the future with regular gun and shells will bring higher percentages and then the regulars will have to look out.

Burns, of the Middlesex Club, helped carry the heavy-weight honors in the match, and now leads on total scores by 11 targets.

Of the others, Griffiths, Bell, Owen and Gleason averaged 88 per cent. or better, which goes to show the quality of shooting for this week. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Av.
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	15	15	10	20	20	
Griffiths, 21	10	14	8	9	12	12	15	9	17	..	.883
Dickey, 21	8	14	7	7	12	10773
Bell, 20	9	12	9	10	15	12893
Gleason, 19	7	12	10	10	14	11	15	9	17	20	.892
Frank, 19	8	11	9	8	9	10	11	9750
Wheeler, 18	9	12	9	9	15	10	13	8	19	..	.866
Darton, 18	7	13	8	9	13	15	10	18891
Reed, 17	8	11	9	9	13	10	12	9810
Woodruff, 17	7	12	9	8	14	12	13	7820
Whitmore, 17	5	12	7	7	8650
Blinn, 16	8	12	10	9	13	14	15	10910
Owen, 16	8	11	10	9	14	13	14	9880
Edwards, 16	8	11	8	6	14	12786
Sadler, 16	7	14	7	9	11	14	12	9830

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes Lawler, Roy, Willard, Adams, Burns, Bruce, Barney, Williams, George, Baker.

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes Merchandise match, distance handicap, Adams, Darton, Burns, Bell, Blinn, Owen, Woodruff, Edwards, Gleason, Roy, Wheeler, Sadler, Griffiths, Reed, Willard, Dickey, Williams, Frank, Lawler, Barney, Bruce, Whitmore.

March 15.—One of the best shooting days, was the opinion of the majority of participants at the regular Wednesday shoot of the Boston Gun Club, and with the incessant "bang! bang!" from 2 till 5 o'clock, proved that all were bent on deriving the most benefit possible.

The Boston Athletic Association again sent a delegation which was well up in the averages, and shows plainly the form the team intends to show in its special match at Bay Ridge on March 18.

New England Kennel Club was also well represented with Dr. Weld second high on average, and tied for high in the prize match. His team mate, Silsbee, was considerably out of form, but made a supreme effort in the prize match, and pulled out a nice 27, which will match up very nicely with his previous scores.

Griffiths and Dickey again fought it out for the long-distance honors, Dickey snaking a good lead in the first three events, which Griffiths could not quite surmount.

Next week there will be something doing in this line, so we are waiting, in hopes of something phenomenal.

Burns, of Middlesex, easily made high percentage, 92 out of the 100, resulting from careful and consistent work. The old "pump" was evidently right on edge, for there was nothing left of them after he got through, and the scorer thought it was a cinch when birds were broken like his. What he wants the first prize for is a question, as his old "cornsheller" shoots to perfection, and a new gun, which is the first prize, does not always bring increased percentages.

The home aggregation were somewhat out of it, though Capt. Woodruff insists that Frank and Bell are only stale, and intends to keep busy just to get in line for the new series of team shoots, which starts on April 1.

Ned Tozier, of the Haverhill Club, looked kind of lonely, without his side partner, Miller, but seemed to enjoy the shooting, as usual, and wants every one to do likewise at their annual, April 19, shoot, which is only a month away. Other scores:

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes Events, Targets, Griffiths, Dickey, Frank, Bell, Kirkwood, Michaels, Blinn, Thomas, Edwards, Woodruff, Tozier, Darton, Weld, Silsbee, Burns, Bruce, Willard, McLaughlin, Barney, Ford, Muldown, Gleason, Retwood, Taylor, Baker, George.

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes Merchandise match, distance handicap, Gleason, Weld, Burns, Edwards, Darton, Dickey, Michaels, Silsbee, Muldown, Blinn, Thomas, Woodruff, Frank, Ford, Kirkwood, Griffiths, Bell, Tozier, Willard, Bruce, Barney.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent A. C.—Boston A. A.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., March 18.—A ten-man team match between the Crescent Athletic Club and the Boston Athletic Association was shot to-day, and the home team won by a score of 855 to 831 out of a possible 1,000. Each man shot at 100 targets. Out of the twenty contestants in the team match, five broke 90 per cent. or better. The scores follow:

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes Crescent A. C. and Boston A. A. members like Stephenson, Brigham, Southworth, Grinnell, Lott, Dr. Keyes, Bennett, Remsen, F. Stephenson, Palmer.

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes Trophy shoot, 50 targets, handicap. Members like Stephenson, Jr., Wood, Hegeman, O'Brien, Damron, Marshall, Raynor, Horn, Southworth, Keyes, Hallock.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

Bergen Beach, L. I., March 14.—Capt. Dreyer, who has been ill during some weeks past, gave the shooters a glad welcome, but he is still too weak to shoot. The day was beautiful, of the springtime. There was but little wind.

The targets were thrown steadily at unknown angles, about 2,800 being used.

A number of old-time live-bird shooters were present. Messrs. Morrison, Glover and Kelly did the best work, about 94 per cent. The scores:

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes Events, Targets, Schorty, A. Schoverling, Glover, Morrison, N. J. Smith, Keim, Kelly, Charles, Tom Short, Beckwurst, Kroeger, Shlevin, Sam Short, Smythe, H. Bergen, Mahlstedt, Bob Schneider, L. Gille, G. Remsen, Schlieman, C. Cooper, Hans, Suydam, Voorhis, P. Remsen.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., March 16.—The first 25 in the following scores constitute the club medal, and the total 50 constitute the scores for the Remsen cup. The same handicaps apply to both.

The club has installed a new trap, which works well. The scores of the double event follow:

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes H. J. Montanus, H. Williamson, H. Boberg, H. Wells, I. McKane, E. Voorhiss, G. Morris, Schorty, R. Gewert, H. Bergen, D. Dede, A. Spinner, C. Cooper, E. Carolan.

Club medal, shoot-off of ties: Montanus (4) 25, Williamson (4) 15, Voorhiss (3) 20, Morris (4) 25, Gewert (7) 20. The following shot along: Carolan 9, Wells 20, Schorty 20, Pulsifer 13, Bergen 17.

Second shoot-off: Montanus (2) 29, Morris (2) 22. The following shot along: Boberg 15, Schorty 22, Voorhiss 16.

Shoot-off for Remsen cup: Montanus (4) 22, Williamson (4) 21, Morris (4) 24, Carolan (7) 18.

Event at 15 singles, 5 pairs: Welles 19, Carolan 15, Montanus 12, Voorhiss 12.

Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., March 11.—The fifth shoot for the five-man team State championship was held on the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association. As this was a tie shoot between the Birch Brook and Watertown teams, each having two wins for the cup, there was a large attendance and great interest in the shoot-off. The Birch Brook was an easy winner by 18 targets, and now holds the five-man team State championship. Following are the team scores:

Table with columns for team names and scores. Includes Birch Brook Team and Watertown Team members like Foster, Everett, Kirkwood, Bell, Frank.

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes Events, Targets, Kirkwood, Gleason, Frank, Everett, Bell, Roy, Hebbard, Foster, Morse, Baldwin, Straw, Riley, Coffin, Johnson, Searls, Edwards, Rnle, Dean, Climax, Barry, Hallam, Burns, Rowe, Philbrook, Bartlett, Field, Stewart, Sanborn.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—With the coming of spring weather, club matters are beginning to resume their wonted activity. The regular weekly shoots have been continued through the winter, in spite of severe weather, but the attendance has been very limited, a series of handicap shoots for a gold medal, which are still being run, being the only prize events at present. At Wednesday's shoot four of the faithful were on hand, and the following were the results:

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes Targets, Dring, Fowl, H. A. Peckham, E. S. Peckham.

At the annual meeting a short while ago the following officers were elected, all being the same as those of last year: President, Wm. A. Dring; Vice-President, Edward P. Gosling; Secretary, Treasurer, J. S. Coggeshall; Executive Committee, W. A. Dring, E. P. Gosling, P. H. Powell, W. M. Hughes and H. A. Peckham.

The yearly reports showed the club to be in a prosperous condition, with the heavy expense of moving to new grounds nearly liquidated. The matter of tournaments for the coming season was freely discussed, particularly the fourth annual, which will be held on Tuesday, May 30, programmes for which will be ready about April 15. Every effort will be made to make this the best tournament the club has ever attempted.

Awosting Gun Club.

NEW PALTZ, N. Y.—The Awosting Gun Club's regular semi-monthly shoot, March 6, had scores as follows:

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes Layton cup contest, 25 targets, handicap. Members like W. Hasbrouck, Strong, Snyder, Johnston, L. Hasbrouck, M. Du Bois.

Shoot-off: Johnston won with 25 to Snyder's 23. We are going to put in a blackbird trap, in addition to the other, for our annual tournament in May.

Our next shoot, March 25, will be an interesting one, as three wins holds the Layton cup; Johnston and Snyder each have two wins. We also will have several fine game pictures and a handsome trophy from the Hunter Arms Co., to contest for.

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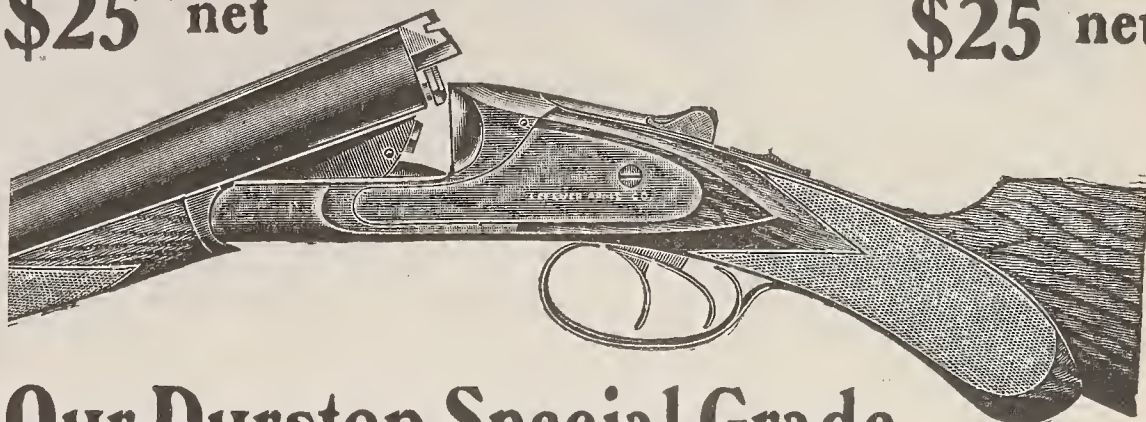
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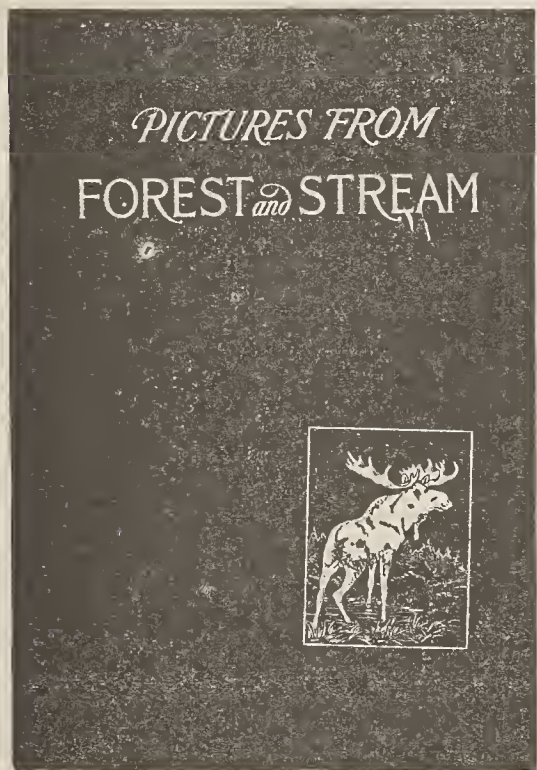
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| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - J. J. Audubon |
| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - J. J. Audubon |
| 5. "What's That?" (Antelope), - Carl Rungius | 21. The American Plover, - - J. J. Audubon |
| 6. The Home of the White Goat.
Photo by H. T. Folsom | 22. Rap Full, Schooner Constellation in a
North Easter, - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair
off Larchmont, - - Photo by Jas. Burton |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - Carl Rungius |
| 9. Calling the Buffalo—3 The Fall, E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - E. Osthaus |
| 10. Calling the Buffalo—4 Packing the Meat.
E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer) - - - E. Osthaus |
| 11. Sail, Sea and Sky, Navahoe on the Solent.
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| 12. The Trapper's Camp, - - - E. W. Deming | 28. Home of the Bass, - - - W. P. Davison |
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| 14. The Purple Sandpiper, - - J. J. Audubon | 30. A Country Road (Partridge), - - W. P. Davison |
| 15. The Black Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon | 31. When Food Grows Scarce (Quail), W. P. Davison |
| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), - - W. P. Davison |

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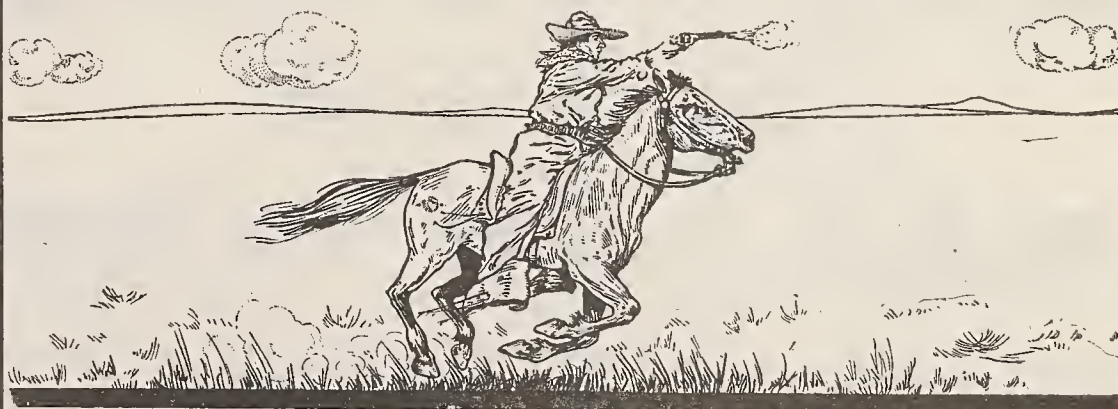
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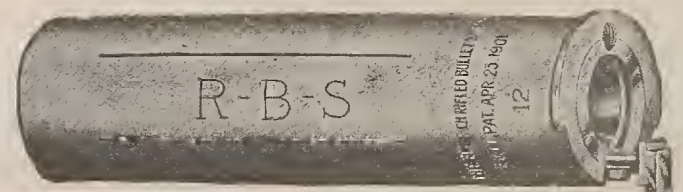
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1905.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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SPRING IN THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

THE persons who advocate the abolition of spring shooting on the ground that birds undisturbed in the spring, and attracted by a locality, act as decoys which will call down other birds, which are likely to remain with them and to breed there instead of going further north, should visit the Zoological Park in the Bronx during these days of the spring migration. There they would see—as others have seen lately—facts which would give them ammunition for their campaign. The large ponds in the Zoological Park are occupied by many wild geese and ducks of various species. It will be recalled that one spring a few years ago a flock of geese came down out of the sky, and alighting with the tame wild geese were finally captured, and became a part of the society's collection.

It is not uncommon now to see wild ducks flying about over the ponds in the park, on the one hand anxious to alight with their brethren floating on the water below, on the other hand alarmed and suspicious of the people who are moving about, and of the buildings and fences which stand near the water. The other day a pair of mallards, male and female, were seen flying over the large pond, and it was twenty minutes or half an hour before they could make up their minds that it would be safe to join the throng below. Finally, however, they did so, and dropped down from a height of fifteen or twenty yards to mingle with the bustling birds on the water. Even after they had alighted, they were for a little time suspicious, and occasionally swam out away from the flock, and looked about them with heads held high and an air of much alertness. The inattention of the domesticated birds to their surroundings, however, soon lulled their fears, and after a time they became as much a part of the flock as any wing-clipped bird in it. An extraordinary number of nature's pleasant and interesting sights may be seen by the visitor to the Zoological Park.

Within a short time the collections of the Zoological Society have been increased by several rare and interesting American specimens. Among these are two white goats and a mountain sheep from British Columbia, a California vulture and a white gyrfalcon. The society already had two white goats, and the arrival of this other pair brings together the largest number of these curious animals ever exhibited at one time. The sheep is also a valuable addition to the collection, which already contains a number of old world sheep, but none from our own West. The California vulture—sometimes called the condor of the north—is one of the largest birds in the world, almost equalling its cousin of South America, concerning which so many fabulous tales have been told. This specimen is young, and has not yet attained its full size. When it shall be full grown it will be interesting to compare it with the South American condor which has long lived in the Park. The California vulture is one of the birds that is well on the way toward extinction. Never very numerous, it has several times been reported extinct, yet a few still live in the high Sierras, though much pursued and growing fewer every year.

The white gyrfalcon is seldom seen in captivity, for it is a bird of the farthest north. The present specimen alighted on an ocean steamer 800 miles off the coast of Newfoundland, and was captured there. It is said that but one other specimen is known in captivity, which is at the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia.

Take it all in all, spring is a good time to visit the Zoological Park, where the work of enlargement and improvement is constantly going on. About now the little buffalo calves are beginning to make their appearance, the birds are mating, animals are shedding their winter coats, and there is much to be seen,

THE FUR BEARERS.

SOME months ago we called attention to the extraordinary manner in which the fur-bearing animals of the world persist, notwithstanding their continual pursuit by man and the vast multitudes annually destroyed.

All over the Nearctic and Palearctic worlds man is continually shooting or trapping or snaring the wild animals native to the section to which he belongs, and yet as regards all except the largest of these animals, the supply seems to keep up from year to year, without anything like the marked changes that this continued destruction and pursuit would seem to call for.

Attention is again drawn to the matter by the receipt of the list of skins to be sold at auction by one of the largest London fur dealers during the March just past. These people offered for sale 1,000,000 muskrat skins, 310,000 skunk skins, 170,000 raccoon, 110,000 opossum, 75,000 mink, more than 92,000 foxes, of which 38,000 are red, 3,500 blue, 1,800 cross, 500 silver, 10,000 white, 21,000 gray, and 18,000 Japanese. There are 20,000 wolf skins, 8,000 beaver, 2,500 otter, 320 of the rare sea otter. All these, besides many thousands of the skins of other and less well known animals, have by this time been sold in the London market.

So it would seem that the race of the small creatures of the world is not soon to die out, and indeed those of our readers who have the luck to be country dwellers, know very well that the woods and swamps and mountains and fields which surround their homes are the homes of a great multitude of these small folk, which, though seldom seen, are always there and always known to be there. Sometimes the farmer loses patience with fox or weasel because a few of his fowls are destroyed; sometimes the damage done by the muskrats' chisel-like teeth provoke the landowner and lead him to set a few traps.

Usually, however, the town or section or district contains a single man who makes more or less of a business of trapping, and it is he who gathers up the fur taken in a district and who finally ships it to the towns, whence in turn it goes to the big city, and then perhaps crosses the sea, and at last brings up in London, one of the greatest fur marts of the world.

THE FLORIDA LICENSE.

FLORIDA'S game attractions are among those which allure winter visitors to the State and induce them to prolong their sojourn. The deer, the wild turkey and the quail are not so plentiful in many districts as they were in the earlier days of Florida sportsman-tourist travel, but the climatic conditions and the generous food supply of all seasons will always assure a replenished stock, provided reasonable protection shall be afforded by the laws and their enforcement. The State has shared in the general awakening to the necessity of taking care of its game, and has adopted certain of what may be called the advanced principles of protection. The number of deer one person may take in a season is limited to five; only four wild turkeys may be taken by one person in a day, or six by a party of shooters; and of quail the individual limit for the day is twenty-five or fifty for a party. The shipment of game beyond the county where it is killed is forbidden, except that sportsmen may take their game home with them, but not for sale. Such regulations are reasonable and effective.

There is another feature of the Florida law, however, which is open to criticism. This is the non-resident shooting license provision. In these days of non-resident discriminations and taxes, Florida is only keeping step with other States in exacting a fee from the visiting shooter; but the law is peculiarly vexatious, because, not content with one tax good for the State at large, the statute requirement is of a separate payment for each individual county. The section reads:

That all non-residents of the State, before hunting for the purpose of killing any wild game in this State, shall apply to the clerk of the Circuit Court of the county the said non-resident proposes to hunt in, and upon the payment of \$10 to the said clerk by the applicant, the clerk shall issue a permit to hunt in said county, and the same shall not be transferable, and it shall be unlawful for any non-resident of this State without first obtaining said permit, which permit shall expire on the 1st day of March next following the date of its issue, to hunt in this State. Provided, That the provisions of this act shall not apply to counties having special game laws.

Such a regulation is no special hardship for those who

go to one place and remain there. But the East Coast and the West Coast are so adapted to cruising, and the several districts are so inviting that many winter visitors make extended cruises, going from the Halifax down the Indian River and through connecting waters to Biscayne Bay. In like manner extended excursions of this character are made on the West Coast. On the East Coast the sportsman going south from St. Augustine to Biscayne Bay, who cares to look for game on the way, at St. Augustine must take out a license for St. John county; when he reaches Ormond or Daytona or New Smyrna, he must procure another license for Volusia county; then if he extends his course on the Indian River to Titusville, another license is required for Brevard county, which holds good so far as Palm Beach; and if he goes on to Miami and Coconut Grove or any of the points on Biscayne Bay, he must have another license for Dade county. Each new license means a payment of \$10, together with the time and trouble of procuring the document. Such a license system, it goes without saying, has been a constant annoyance to sportsmen visiting Florida, and there have been loud complaints concerning it. The law is unreasonable and should be changed. The Legislature of Florida will convene next week, and those who are interested should take steps to secure an amendment.

THE CURTIS INDIAN PICTURES.

WHILE these lines are being written, there is on exhibition at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York city, a collection of photographs of Indians and Indian life which is worthy the attention of all our readers. These pictures have been taken by Mr. Edward S. Curtis, of Seattle, Wash., and cover a number of Western tribes, and while there are a thousand of them here on view, these constitute only a beginning of the work to which Mr. Curtis has devoted his life.

President Roosevelt saw some of the pictures some time ago, and wrote of them: "Not only are Mr. Curtis' photographs genuine works of art, but they deal with some of the most picturesque phases of the old-time American life that is now passing away. I esteem it a matter of great moment that for our good fortune Mr. Curtis should have the will and the power to preserve, as he has preserved in his pictures, this strange, beautiful and now vanishing life."

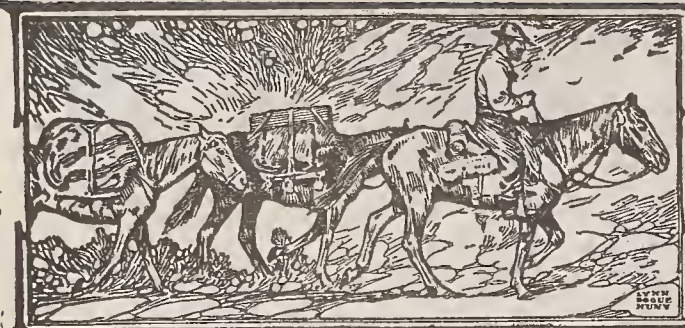
These pictures are photographs, and so are necessarily true to life; but they are much more than photographs, in that the artist who took them has been able to put into them the feeling which he himself experienced when taking them, and in such a way that one who looks at the pictures shares that feeling. Those who have seen them, including artists, ethnologists and persons familiar with wild life, agree that no such pictures of Indians have ever been made before.

It is Mr. Curtis' purpose to carry on his work of illustrating the Indian by photography until he shall have covered all the tribes and fragments of tribes still found in North America; and it cannot be doubted that if he shall have the means and the health and the strength to carry out this proposed task, he will have performed a most valuable work for history, for art and for science.

One who wrote recently of these pictures said: "To-day they are of high scientific and artistic value, what will they be a hundred years from now when the Indian has utterly vanished from the face of the earth? The pictures will show to the man of that day who and what were his predecessors in the land. They will tell how the Indian lived, what were his beliefs, how he carried himself in the various operations of life, and they will tell it as no word picture could ever tell it."

The opportunity to see these pictures should not be lost by one who is interested in outdoor life. The exhibition began on Monday, March 27, and will last through the week. On Friday afternoon and evening and Saturday afternoon and evening Mr. Curtis proposes to give an exhibition of his lantern slides and to talk about certain of the tribes which he has met.

WE shall print next week an illustrated paper on some of the more familiar wild flowers of the woods and trout streams of this latitude. This is only one of many valuable papers to come which will make the FOREST AND STREAM, as always, the angler's indispensable companion,



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Pete, the Canuck.

It is strange, I don't understand it even now. I have thought it over time and time again and still it remains a mystery.

This is the way the "mystery" occurred. Jim and I were camping on little Kittawa Lake, about ten miles from where old "Bill" Thompson had a lumber camp—number five I think it was. We had a little shack in there made of logs and cedar splits. We had carried tar paper in on the first snows to cover it with and the cracks were chinked up with moss and oakum. A large bunk with a generous supply of fur boughs, a shelf, bench, and one box completed the interior. The camp was open on top facing an immense fire rock, the walls from the camp proper to the rock were supplied with upright posts about six feet in height, and the door opened from the south side. It was "tight" and seemed real homelike with our blankets, guns, traps, and all the rest of a trapper's "lay out." Three or four sable lines kept us very busy and with our traps were more than one man could really handle. Jim and I agreed to take turns at the traps of a week at a time—the week we were not in the woods being spent in work at the village. Every other week Jim came into the woods, and I went out, generally passing each other on the trail, where we exchanged the news and accounts of the week's trapping. There was a light fall of snow, but the air was cold and snappy. Our camp was placed in a bunch of thick spruce and was thus sheltered from the lake above which it stood. Directly back of us lay swell after swell of high ridges, flanked east and west by mountains which had been partly lumbered three or four years previous. Northward the country was low and in some places even marshy, rising again into long stretches of the finest timberland. In summer deer paths crossed and re-crossed the swale and marsh grass which grew shoulder high, and mud wallows where bears had rolled and lain were very frequent. Each spring the wild turkeys were rooted up and eaten, each autumn the beech trees bore fresh claw marks of some animal with a craving for nuts; but never a sight did we catch of bruin. The partridges and rabbits grew very friendly, and aside from the deer we rarely saw any other beasts. "Bill" Thompson was doing his best with the aid of a good lumbering winter to get out between four and six million feet that year, and he was working his crew of forty men and teams for the best there was in them. Many of the crew were men from our village; the rest were Canucks, "P-eyes," Swedes, Yanks, Irishmen, in fact almost every nationality but Chinamen. As the camp stood about half way between our shack and the "town," we made a point of stopping there at noon to "grub up," and as we knew the cook we had the best the camp contained. We had been trapping about two months, and it seemed as though this season would be a good one.

I was on my way to the lake, and after plodding along all morning with a ninety pound pack of supplies, reached the camp as the men filed in for dinner. There was always a plate and a mug at hand, so I just "bunched" in with the rest. Beans, coffee, and sour biscuits were disappearing at a reckless rate as we laughed and talked. At the opposite end of the table sat a wicked faced Canuck, who stared at me constantly during the meal and took the greatest interest in everything I said and did. As I was finishing he rose and stalked out. After the men had gone back to work and I was getting ready to leave, the cook told me that the Canuck had noticed me the last time I came through and had asked a number of questions concerning me that went to show that he thought I was laying for him. I do not know what made me suspicious, unless it was his uneasy manner and evil face, for I never seen him before and felt sure that he had never seen me. The incident passed and I thought no more of it. I flung my pack into place, grabbed my rifle and started. The trail twisted round and out of the underbrush and I was lost from sight. I could hear the men at work, and the crack and snap of the limbs and boughs as the "swamping-gang" cleared away the brush for a new road and the heavier crash as some old monarch fell to the ground. Presently I saw ahead a figure partly concealed behind a tree. I thought immediately that the foreman of one of the crews was looking the ground over preparatory to the cutting of a new road and started to call out to him, when I saw the Canuck, for it was he, step out into the trail and stand waiting for me. I was naturally surprised, and something in his menacing attitude warned me to look for nothing but trouble. I shifted my rifle to the hollow of my right arm. Motionless he awaited my approach, while I tramped on as though I would knock him from the path. He wore the heavy moose shanks of the northern lumberman into which his trousers were tucked, around his waist was a red scarf, and on his head a fur cap. His left hand was cased in a fur glove, but in his right, which he held behind him, I suspected something else. As I came up close to him he said—"I watch, I see you come," then drawing an ugly looking knife from behind him he continued, "Yoy no catch, look out," and was gone.

Well, I spent the week at the traps with varying success, and turning the Canuck's action over in my mind, I reached this conclusion, that he had acted the part of a first-class criminal, and taking me for a sheriff had warned me that if I attempted to take him that it might be a warm job. It may have been that he had shot moose or caribou out of season, a serious offense in that part of the country, or that he had come out best in a drunken spree—at all events, he would bear watching.

When I reached the lumber camp on my way out, the cook told me a strange tale. Pete, as they called him, had acted very queerly ever since I had been through the week before. He never took his boots off, and slept with his belt and hat on, his snowshoes and knife were constantly near him and he seemed more nervous than ever. He was the butt of the entire camp and the men abused and tormented him continually, and he lived as though in constant fear of some danger. The foreman had cursed and threatened to discharge him in vain, and as he was an experienced teamster and they were short handed, he was allowed to remain.

That very morning he was up and off before the rest of the crew, and had not yet returned for dinner. I racked my brain for a plan by which to get a little light on the case if only to satisfy my own curiosity. Next day by good fortune I met the district game warden, who held a higher position in the opinions of the trappers and "lumber-jacks" than even the sheriff, and gave him a description of the teamster with an account of all his actions. The following week I started into the woods one day earlier to spend the night at our camp with him. I reached our stopping place at noon, and throwing my pack into the corner, sat down to eat with the boys. Without a word of warning and with a jump that nearly upset the table, the Canuck vanished out of the rear door, followed by a shower of oaths and curses from the crew. We finished dinner and the conversation was on "that blasted Canuck." "Curse the son of a gun," growled "Spike" Loughlin, foreman of the crew, whose beans had suddenly appeared in his lap and his coffee on the floor, "I'll break his d—head."

I beckoned to the cook and we walked out back of the hovel and had a long talk concerning Pete. He told me all he knew, which was not much, and all the rumors that were then afloat. His name, friends, home, or former history could not be learned, as he grew more and more sullen each day. They had acquired a general dislike for him and made living worse than ever.

It was Friday instead of Saturday that I reached our camp, and Kittawa and the country was dressed in a garb of deep snow. Monday I had a visit from Jackson, the game warden, who had decided to arrest Pete on suspicion. We agreed upon a plan by which we could arrest him without a fight, for we realized we were booked for trouble. I arranged to meet Jim at the village Wednesday and Jackson left. I left the woods the next day, but did not catch a glimpse of Pete at the camp. While eating dinner I told our plans to the cook, to get his co-operation, and it afterward turned out that the cookee, who was a Canadian, overheard us and told the entire conversation to the Canuck.

Wednesday found Jackson, Jim, and the third member of the party armed with a warrant, and anticipating no trouble in serving it. We came within sight of the camp at noon, when we knew the men would be at dinner, and approached from three sides. We entered, but found Pete was gone. Early that morning he had slipped out, and taking nothing but his snowshoes, had disappeared. We took up the trail and found it headed directly for the Canadian border and in line for our camp.

We set out in single file; the snow flew over our snowshoes in a fine white spray, the air was cold and held our breath like a puff of smoke till it slowly faded out of its clutches. We kept to the trail, which was good and strong, and hurried along on a mission that seemed more like a deer hunt than a man hunt. The fact that he was always traveling north and directly in line for our camp made us suspicious and kept us moving fast. Never before had the distance seemed so long, and I knew by the length of Jim's sturdy stride that he was as impatient as I. Finally we reached a place where we saw what was once a trapper's shack. The tar-paper was ripped and torn from top to bottom, the cedar splits were hastily hacked with our own ax, which was missing, and the cooking utensils were scattered everywhere. In the middle of the charred floor was a smouldering fire with which an attempt had been made to burn the camp. In the fire and all about the floor were scattered flour, tea, sugar, and all our "grub," in fact, except that which had been carried away. A half side of bacon lay in the ashes, and our traps were scattered over the snow, some bent, others broken and sprung. We looked at each other, not a word was spoken. We took the trail. Straight for the north it headed, and we knew we must catch him before he reached the border. I was glad I was not the Canuck,

if we caught up with him. He had but a few hours' start, as his trail showed, and was traveling fast, but we were traveling faster.

We plodded along till the sun slowly vanished and the air grew steadily colder. The first excitement of the chase had died away and we felt the sift, sift, sift, of our snowshoes as we plugged along. As it grew dark we halted, built a fire and ate supper, such as it was, and smoked while we waited for the moon to rise. We were too tired to talk and each sat quietly meditating on the issue. Early in the evening, somewhere in the neighborhood of ten, the moon was up and it was as light as day, so that we could see the trail without much trouble. Shouldering our light packs and donning our snowshoes we pushed on. It was a stern chase and therefore a long one. The moon rose higher and the reflections from the trees silently lengthened. Shadows flitted and crossed our path, noises and mysterious sounds came from the underbrush. Have you ever traveled in the woods at night in the deep dead silence? If you have you know something of how we felt. We listened to the night sounds, and the little noises that almost seemed muffled in the white snow; many and varied were the thoughts that they threw into our already overworked imaginations. We were traveling over low ridges and swells, the trail held true to the North Star, and Canada came nearer every weary step. The stars dropped out of sight one by one, the shadows grew blacker, and that light wind which foretells the approach of dawn sprang up. We halted, built a fire, and scraping a hole in the snow were soon lost in slumber.

I had slept about three hours when Jackson pulled at my blankets and threw a handful of snow in my face. I rolled out stiffly; sleeping in my sweaty clothes had stiffened every joint and muscle. Each movement seemed like a knife stab. We had a good pull of hot tea, and pushed on. It took dogged grit for the first mile, but gradually we got limbered up and the pain became so natural that we grew accustomed to it. We "hit the trail" at a fast clip and maintained a steady increase in every mile. We knew that our steady speed would tell more than erratic bursts that we could see from his trail he was putting forth, so we felt sure that any open space of fairly good distance would give us a sight of the fugitive. We knew the lay of the land from three winters' trapping, and gained quite a considerable distance, we thought, by taking short routes and avoiding difficult paths.

Finally, at the top of a high rise, we made out indistinctly in the moonlight the figure of a man tramping slowly along. Perhaps it was the moonlight that was fast disappearing, or our eyesight that from the lack of sleep was growing uncertain, or possibly it was the shadow on the snow, but we thought he either limped or walked as though his snowshoes chafed his ankles. We tumbled rather than walked down the mountain side, determined to catch him there. We knew and he did not, that the Litteneau River ran swift and deep not more than five miles ahead. Jim mumbled something about "my first shot," but Jackson without making reply plowed grimly on ahead. No one had ever seen the Litteneau River frozen over in this portion of its course, and it seemed like a natural barrier indeed. We thought we had Pete cornered. I began to wonder if he would fight.

How my ankles ached and my shin-bones from lifting the toe of my snowshoe; my breath came in gasps as though each were weighted with a pound of lead. The perspiration ran down our foreheads and froze in icicles on our beards and chin, we melted within and froze without. I longed to lie down in the snow and stretch out each weary limb in the cold. Jim's step was growing uncertain and he wobbled continually. I tripped often and once I fell. Each step had to be thought about, nothing voluntary was done; each step seemed counted as with bent heads and throbbing muscles we dragged ourselves along. Now we could hear the river roar, and felt that a few more rods would bring us to the finish.

We separated, Jackson kept to the trail and Jim and I followed parallel to him about fifty yards apart on either side. I heard the crank of Jackson's rifle click, and Jim and I followed his example by pumping a cartridge into the barrel of our rifles. Cautiously we crept along, our eyes glued on the opening ahead for a glimpse of the fugitive. The river's roar grew steadily louder and the sun came out and made our eyes smart in no small measure. Quickly Jackson emerged from the bushes and walked to a point where the thin ice always trying to form at the river's edge, was trampled and broken.

The river was narrow and exceedingly swift; no living man could have swum it in the dead of winter. We stood panting on the bank. Not a path of any kind on the other side that we could see, not a piece of broken ice on the bank, not even the snow brushed from the bushes—not a trail of any kind. The river rushed past us with a mighty swirl, the trees stood motionless, heavily clothed in sparkling ice and snow, the bushes were silent and brightly sparkling in the sun that shone from a clear sky. They all held fast the great secret—the fate of the Canuck.

CHARLES B. FLOYD,

BROOKLINE, MASS.

El Morro.

Inscription Rock.

FAR away in the Southwest, not very far from the Pueblo of Zuñi, rises from the ground a quadrangular mass of white sandstone a mile long, more than 200 feet in height, "and strikingly peculiar on account of its massive character and the Egyptian style of its natural buttresses and domes." Long, long ago, before the Dutch had made their first permanent settlement on the Island of Manhattan, before the Pilgrims had landed in Massachusetts or the French had established Quebec; even before the English had settled in Virginia, a European traveler had inscribed on this rock his name, and even some notes of his business in the country. He was soon followed by others, and some of the ancient records may be read there to-day. They are in many cases beautifully engraved, and are chiefly in Spanish, with not a few Indian hieroglyphics, often undecipherable. This is Inscription Rock, called by the Spanish explorers El Morro—the castle—and on its summit are the remains of two very ancient Pueblo towns.

It is hard to realize that two hundred and fifty years before the opening of those "Trails of the Pathfinders," concerning which we have been reading the story, Europeans were journeying back and forth in the distant

A little later he might be killed by the Indians, and his ashes borne away on the wind of heaven.

Of all the writings found there by Lieutenant Simpson, only one—the initials O. R., March 19, 1836—appears to have been written by a man acquainted with the English language, but since then many a passerby has carved his name, and in the process has defaced ancient records of value and interest.

The earliest date on Inscription Rock is 1606, written by Don Juan de Oñate, "that brave soldier and wise first Governor in the United States." The record, as given by Lummis in his graphic description of the rock, reads: "Passed by here the Lieutenant don Juan de Oñate to the discovery of the sea of the south on the 16th of April, year 1605." But the date is 1606, not 1605, and Lummis gives the date of Oñate's discovery of the Sea of the South as 1604; hence he could not have discovered it in 1605 or 1606. A conjectural reading made by supplying the word *hecho* for the word *al* supplied by Lummis, would make the writing read, "The adelantado Don Juan de Oñate passed here after making an exploring expedition to the sea of the south, on the 16th of April, 1606," a reading which would accord better with the known facts.

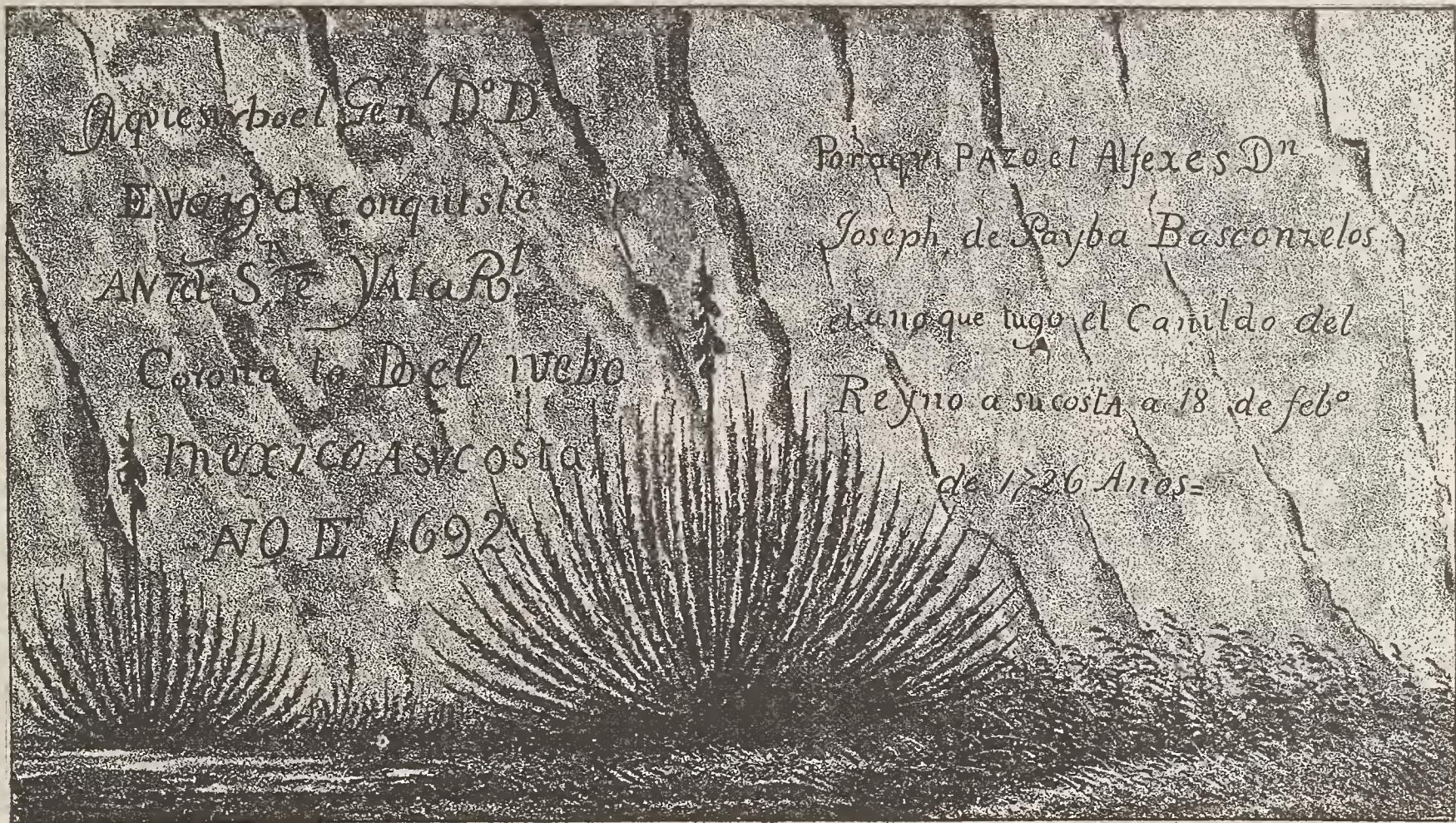
A long inscription which mentions the Governor Nieto is much obscured by the obliteration of almost the whole first line, and the last line also offers a difficulty by the use of the first person in the words *pasé* and *llevé*. If

Medicine in Camp.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to occupy a little space in your valued journal for the purpose of replying to the article on "Medicine in Camp" by Dr. Chas. S. Moody which appeared in your issue of Feb. 4.

It seems a pity that such articles are not of more frequent occurrence in the sporting papers, as the average layman goes into the woods almost entirely unprepared for any emergency greater than a cut finger or a bruised knee. There are three points in Dr. Moody's article on which I wish to comment:—first as to the use of morphine by the mouth rather than by the hypodermic syringe. There is, in my opinion, no more danger of a man becoming a "fiend" from the use of morphine when it is necessary to use it than there is of his becoming a drunkard from the administration of a drink of whiskey when he is exhausted and cold. Starting then with the proposition that it is necessary to give the drug, I maintain that the proper method is by the hypodermic. First, because there is no resultant nausea; second, because the absorption of the drug into the circulation is so prompt that the desired effect is more quickly obtained; and third, the injection being given in the neighborhood of the injury, the pain is relieved by less of the drug than would be required if given by the mouth.



RECORDS ON SOUTH FACE OF INSCRIPTION ROCK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1849.

Southwest, exploring, laying out roads, and fighting with and subduing the natives. It was in 1540 that Coronado made his famous expedition to the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola, and penetrated far beyond that on to the plains, reaching at last the land of Quivira, which for many years has been puzzle, stumbling block and theater of wordy warfare to students of history.

For uncounted generations before the coming of the Spaniards, people had been living in that far Southwest, and to-day the inhabited towns of their descendants and the ruins of those of their ancestors dot the plain, or stand perched in the inaccessible niches of the tall cliffs.

The Southwest is a land of wonders, much of it absolute desert, inhabited only by living things which long adaptation to their environment has fitted to survive in the terrible struggle for life in the waterless land. Of the extraordinary features of the country, none are more imposing than those which are the effects of the erosive action of the air. Much of the rock is a soft sandstone, which the wind, carrying fine particles of sand and blowing it against the rock, has carved into a thousand fantastic shapes. There are tall buttes, natural walls surmounted by towers which look like old ruins and natural bridges of massive arch and wide span. Here and there trap dykes or lava overflows interrupt the more usual sandstone with curious shapes. Everywhere the dryness, the ruins and the fantastic rock carvings give to the scene an appearance of antiquity hardly to be met with anywhere else in the world.

The first account of the writings on Inscription Rock was given by Lieut. J. H. Simpson, of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, who in September, 1849, visited the place with Kern, an artist, and made fac-similes of the inscriptions.

The names here written are those of early Spanish explorers, men who under the orders of their king, or his representative, were striving to learn what they could about a country new and unknown. Here they were meeting perils of which they had no experience; savage men, wild beasts, torrential floods or parching thirst were among the dangers to which they were exposed. They did not write their names on this sandstone for the glory of having it known that they had passed by; rather they desired to leave here a record for those who should come after them, so that if they perished in obeying their orders, their fellows who might follow them to carry on the work should know how far their predecessors had safely come. And indeed, in more than one case, as Mr. Lummis has suggested, the record engraved on this rock by some simple soldier is the only monument that he had.

we suppose the inscription written by some missionary in the train of the Governor, the last line might read "Que solo ya a Zuñi pasé y la Fe llevé." That is, "I alone had previously been in Zuñi on a missionary trip." The second word in this line is rendered *solo* because the writer, working hastily, might have left out the first "o" and then made a mark of erasure to denote the mistake, as appears. The first line might be, for instance, "Aqui pasé yo P. F. Juan Feliz con el gobernador," and the rendering, "Here I, Father Juan Feliz, passed with the Governor Don Francisco Manuel Silva Nieto, since his unquestioned strength and valor has overcome the impossible, with the wagons of the king our master, a result which he alone attained August 9, 1629. I alone had previously been in Zuñi on a missionary trip."

Here is another inscription, more brief: "We passed by this place, Major and Captain Juan Arachutela, and the Lieutenant Diego Martin Barba and Second Lieutenant Juan Agostyn De Ynojos in the year 1636."

Another reads: "Here was General Don Diego de Vargas, who conquered for our Holy Faith and for the royal crown, all New Mexico at his own cost, in the year 1692."

An interesting question comes up incidentally; when was the town of Zuñi known by that name?

At Coronado's arrival, 1540, the Indian name was Ha-wi-kuh. Coronado, leaving the name Cibola for the whole district, christened the town itself Granada.

Bancroft (note 19, page 86, of his "History of Arizona and New Mexico") in a document about Espejo's expedition, 1582, mentions the name Zuñi, which the writer of the document thought was the Indian name then.

This great rock, El Morro, is the oldest monument engraved by white hands in North America, and one would imagine that its antiquity would have protected it from defacement. Nevertheless, within the last few years, some visitor to the rock has chopped away in cruel and wanton fashion a number of the inscriptions.

Recently, through the efforts of persons interested in archæology, the Secretary of the Interior has handed over El Morro to the care of certain local officials, who, it is hoped, may jealously guard it. Protection for these records of the past is greatly needed in the Southwest, and as travel to that country increases, more and more people visit it who desire to make merchandise of these wonderful and beautiful things that can never be replaced if once destroyed. It is the duty of every thoughtful person to do everything in his power to hold up the hands of the historians and the ethnologists who are now striving to protect these wonders. H. G. DULOG.

The hypodermic is an instrument so easily understood by a person of average intelligence, and so devoid of danger when properly used, that I always advise inquirers to learn how to use one and add it to the kit. In addition to its usefulness in administering morphine, the syringe is invaluable in case it is necessary to use cocaine as a local anæsthetic so as to make a small surgical operation painless, like cutting out a fish hook and the like.

The Doctor's experience has been in a different climate from that in which I have camped for the past twenty years, but here we never take any remedies for a "cold"—such a thing being absolutely unknown to our people, even though we have had to sleep in wet clothes for a week at a time.

However, if you do have a cold, I agree with Dr. Moody regarding the treatment of it. His suggestions as to the medicine kit are unusually good; complete, and not excessive.

To his advice regarding rattlesnake bite and his conclusions, however, I must take exception. The U. S. Government reports, those of Stejneger of the Smithsonian Institution, those of Drs. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, and Mueller of India, and last, "Rattlesnake Pete" Gruber of Syracuse, all agree that a rattlesnake bite is an injury not to be trifled with. A healthy man, in the absence of all treatment, would stand an even chance for his life, but his suffering would make him regret to the end of his days that he did not add a hypodermic to his kit.

Strychnia is the physiological antidote. Miller says in the Medical Record: "While snake poison turns off the motor batteries, strychnine, when following it as an antidote, turns them on again, acting with the unerring certainty of a chemical test if administered in sufficient quantities." Whiskey is worse than useless and ammonia almost as bad.

Potass. permanganate hypodermically, if administered immediately after the bite, is of much avail.

The varieties of rattler in this vicinity are the *Crotalus horridus*, the *C. adamanteus*, and the copperhead, *Agkistrodon contortrix*, and they are all venomous enough to make a bite an extremely serious misadventure. I heartily indorse the Doctor's statement that the sooner people lose their fear of snakes the better, but if bitten by a Pennsylvania diamond back do not try to laugh it off under the idea that it is no worse than a hornet sting, or your family may live to regret your carelessness.

Now, Mr. Editor, having taken up quite a lot of you space, I must apologize for trespassing on your

good nature. But this is the time of the year when the camping microbe begins to make its presence felt and preparations are making for the summer sport. The medicine kit is usually left to the outfitter to supply, and not till necessity demands does the average camper paw over his stock of drugs to discover what is good for a colic or a burned hand. Let us have some more articles like that of Dr. Moody's and we shall all profit by them.

H. PLYMPTON, M.D.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Shanty Boatmen and the Mississippi

MR. RAYMOND S. SPEARS' description of the shanty boatmen and their manner of living, is interesting and quite accurate, appealing particularly to me, who spent some years in camp on the Arkansas shore of the Mississippi, and had shanty boatmen as neighbors for months at a time. There are, as Mr. Spears states, all manner of characters ensconced in these 10x30 floating palaces—honest and dishonest ones, including fishermen, tradesmen, raftsmen, trappers, gunsmiths, photographers, dentists, quack doctors and whiskey dealers. There are others who have no apparent means of livelihood, and either sell whiskey or steal.

The entire fraternity is nomadic. Tiring of one locality, the shanty boatman "casts off" and glides down-stream with the current, four miles an hour, until he finds new surroundings to his liking.

A student of ornithology and taxidermy, from a northern university, was once met on a neat shanty boat. He was pursuing his temporary avocation of collecting specimens as he drifted southward by easy stages.

Two desperadoes had wounded and robbed a citizen in a small river town, and were overhauled where they had tied up near our camp. The pursuing posse, in a gasoline launch, and the rivermen on the wooded shore, exchanged many shots, to which the campers were ear-witnesses. One desperado was killed, the other escaping to the interior White River swamps and leaving a blood trail, which was finally lost.

Eye-witnesses and participants have described to me desperate encounters between whiskey boatmen and officers, the former being usually shrewd and determined in evading and resisting arrest. The State authorities have no jurisdiction over them unless their boats are tied up to the shore, and many of them carry United States revenue license, which costs little as compared with State and county license. This puts them right with the Federal officers, and they risk arrest by the State officers rather than pay the high State license.

An old rheumatic woman lives on a shanty boat at "Natches-Under-the-Hill." She is moored nearly under the place where the garbage from "Natchez-on-the-Hill" is dumped. Whenever a cart-load comes tumbling down from the dizzy heights above, a remarkable scene is enacted. The old woman (stick in hand), several dogs, a drove of hogs and some buzzards swoop down upon the prize. It is "nip and tuck" for victory. She sells the gleanings to shrimp fishermen for bait, receiving a pittance therefor.

Mr. Spears touches upon levees. It is a source of regret that he should have been led to give credence to that thread-bare myth about the bed of the river being continuously raised. The writer was, for a number of years, a "Mississippi River Commission Surveyor," and contends misinformation or an attempt at romance on the part of the gentleman of that order interviewed by Mr. Spears. He is probably only a "junior surveyor," who doesn't read the official reports, and merely repeats what he hears among uninformed persons.

The question of whether or not the Mississippi levees tend toward the silting up of the bed of the river is of fundamental importance to river engineers, and one which has been closely studied by the Mississippi River Commission, as well as other able engineers, for the past twenty-five years.

There is a concurrence among all the engineers who have thus studied the subject in the conclusion that such tendency does not exist; but, on the contrary, the lowering of the low-water plane, observed at many places in recent years, without a diminished volume of water flowing in the river, seems to indicate a lowering of the bed.

The above conclusion is sustained both by *a priori* reasoning and observed facts. As FOREST AND STREAM is not an engineering journal, this subject will not be further elaborated here.

TRIPOD.

John Doyle Lee.

WHILE looking over some book notices in a daily paper to-day, I ran across a notice of what purports to be the confession of John D. Lee, who commanded the Mormon Danites, or Destroying Angels, at the Mountain Meadow Massacre in 1857.

I had almost forgotten both Lee and the massacre, when this so-called confession of his (I don't believe that he ever made it; he certainly never wrote it, as he could hardly write at all) brought him to my mind again. I first met Lee about four years before he was tried and shot. He was living then at Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River in Arizona. I was anxious to meet him, as I wanted to get his version of the massacre. Every story has two sides to it, and I wanted his side of this one; I already had the other side. I had been told that he would not talk about this affair to anyone except a Mormon; but he talked freely about it to me. There may have been several reasons why he did so. When I met him I was wearing a pin, the mark of a society. He noticed it, and told me that his father had been one of us, but that he was not. I knew that already. Had he been one of us, it might not have prevented him from being tried and shot for murder, but they would have seen to it that he was given a square deal.

Then again I spent a night at his ranch, and we put in whole hours talking about the Mormons and their tenets, I telling him that I took no stock in their tenets, but had no objection to their having half a dozen wives

each, if they could support them, as long as there were so many women lying around loose that nobody seemed to want.

Lee had several wives then; one of them was here now, and she thought she could convert me to the Mormon religion.

"No," I told her, "it cannot be done. I know all about your religion now, and have read the Book of Mormon (the Mormon Bible); it was written by Sidney Rigdon in the city that I come from; I even know the house he occupied while he wrote it."

Lee was the most confirmed fanatic that I have ever met. He actually believed that if he were shot at any time for the part he had taken in this massacre, he would go straight to heaven. Brigham Young and the Church, after using him to carry out their orders, had disowned him, and he expected to be shot sooner or later. Although he did not say so, I came to the conclusion that he expected his former friends, the Danites, to do the shooting whenever Young gave the order.

The Mormons are not fools, and in some respects are to be commended. They have made a garden out of what was a desert when they first took hold of it, and all through that southwestern country, wherever they go, they turn the most arid land into a garden in time; so I thought that there must have been some cause for the massacre. Lee said that from the time these emigrants first struck the country, they plundered the Mormons right and left, killing or driving off their stock and taking by force anything they wanted. "They were going to California," he said, "not going to stop in Utah, and had they acted half decent we would not have given them any trouble."

The emigrants camped at the Mountain Meadows, and Lee was ordered by Brigham Young to take his Danites and destroy all except the very young children. He took some Indians in the party, and it was these Indians that did most of the killing. He could not control them, he said, and their chief refused to spare the small children whom he was anxious to save. They killed about 125 men, women and children. I had seen it stated that the spring at which these people had been camped when they were killed had dried up since; the paper gave it as a mark of God's displeasure. I had never been there, and asked Lee about this.

"It dries up when other springs in the country do, and flows when they do. God had no displeasure to show us. He commanded me through our Church to destroy those people; they had plundered his saints."

Lee was arrested, tried and shot. He had the option of being either hanged or shot, and he elected to be shot, of course. This was just twenty years after the massacre in 1877.

I was agreeably surprised when I first met him at his appearance. A stranger knowing his history might expect to meet a monster in human form. He did not look as if he were capable of hurting a fly.

When I met him I was out with a party of Government surveyors from Washington who had been sent to report on this country and find out whether it could be irrigated or not. Some of the sites we examined then have since been used to build dams that furnish water to irrigate many square miles of the country; that dam in the Salt River is one of them.

Grind the Sabres.

I notice that President Roosevelt has given permission to the army officers and the men in the cavalry to grind up their sabres if they prefer them sharp. This is sensible; the cavalry sabre in the shape it is now in is neither ornamental nor useful. About the only use that we ever could find for it would be to use it to clear off cactus plants when making a camp ground. In making a right or left point the sabre could be made to hurt; but the edge of it would hardly cut hot butter.

I at one time took a notion to grind my sabre, and got quite an edge on it, but it only remained there until the next Sunday; then at inspection I was told to file that edge off again.

The only time that I ever knew those sabres to be ground was in the spring of 1873. We were then at Fort Clark, Texas. It is down near the Mexican line, and we were looking for a war with Mexico. What it was about I do not remember now; anyhow it did not come off. I put in two whole days in grinding up all the sabres in our troop, about 70 of them. I was told to only grind them about two-thirds of the way up from the point; I ground the others that way, but ground my own clear up to the hilt; then finished it off on an oil-stone, and got it nearly as sharp as a razor. Had I ever been given a chance to execute a "right cut" on a Greaser, he never would have needed to "go to the rear and find the doctor;" but the war failed to come off, and in a short time the edges of those sabres all came off; they were worn off by drawing them out against the steel scabbards. The last two years that I was in the cavalry we never carried the sabres at all, but kept them hanging up on the wall to look at.

CABIA BLANCO.

The Penobscot Man.

"THE PENOBSCOT MAN," by Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, is the title of a book of ten tales whose themes concern the every-day life of the toilers in the Maine woods, stalwart men who labor in the logging camps, actively enduring the rigors and labors incident to their vocation, and round out the season by engaging in the fatigues and desperate perils of the river-drive, as things of moment only as they are a part of the day's work.

The portrayal of the life and deeds of "The Penobscot Man" are true to human nature. Throughout the book, there is manifested a fidelity which could have its source only in a personal knowledge of the subject. Indeed, in her preface, Mrs. Eckstorm touches on this phase: "Here are stories of men, the kind we have yet a-plenty, who die unknown and unnoticed; and every tale is a true one—not the chance report of strangers, the gleanings of recent acquaintance, the aftermath of hearsay, the enlargements of a fading tradition; but the tales of men who tended me in babyhood, who crooned to me old slumber-songs, who brought me gifts from the woods, who wrought me little keepsakes, or amused my childish hours—stories

which, having gathered them from this one and that one who saw the deed, I have bound into a garland to lay upon their graves." * * * "The events are actual occurrences; the names, real names; the places any one may see at any time. Yet each story is not merely personal and solitary, but illustrates typically some trait of the whole class. Their virtues are not magnified, their faults are not denied; in black and white, for good or evil, they stand here as they lived—as they themselves would prefer to stand on record. So they acted, thus they felt, these were their thoughts upon grave subjects; and it may be that the Penobscot man is a better, wiser, more serious man than even his contemporaries have judged him to be."

The ten tales are: Lugging Boat on Sowadnehunk, The Grim Tale of Larry Connors, Hymns Before Battle, The Death of Thoreau's Guide, The Gray Rock of Abol, A Clump of Posies, Working Nights, The Naughty Pride of Black Sebat and Others, Rescue, and Joyfully.

The first story recounts the deeds at the falls of Sowadnehunk, of Penobscot men, who refuse to be outdone in daring. The portage was laborious and the falls dangerous. A few excerpts, while far from doing justice to the tale as a whole, will nevertheless give a hint of the style of the author and the thrill of the incidents:

"Be that as it may, when Sebat and his bowman came down, the last of the three boats, and held their batteau at the taking-out place a moment before they dragged her out and stripped her ready to lug, what Sebat, as he sat in the stern with his paddle across his knees, said in Indian to his bowman was simply revolutionary. 'Huh?' grunted his dark-faced partner, turning in great surprise; 'you t'ought you wanted run it does e'er falls. Blenty rabbidge water does e'er falls!'"

"Thus at the upper end of the carry Sebat and his bowman talked over at their leisure the chances of dying within five minutes."

"At the other end the two boat's crews lay among the blueberry bushes in the shade of shivering birch saplings and waited for Sebat."

"'Holy hell!—Look a-comin'!' gasped the Yankee. 'Man! but that was a sight to see; they got up and devoured it with their eyes!'"

"On the verge of the falls hovered the batteau about to leap. Big Sebat and his bowman crouched to help her, like a rider lifting his horse to a leap. And their eyes were set with fierce excitement, their hands cleaved to their paddle handles, they felt the thrill that ran through the boat as they shot her clear, and, flying out beyond the curtain of the fall, they landed her in the yeasty rapids below."

"Both on their feet then! And how they bent their paddles and whipped them from side to side, as it was 'In!—Out!—Right!—Left!'" * * *

"Then the men all looked again at the boat that had been over Sowadnehunk, and they all trooped back to the carry-end without saying much; two full batteau crews and Sebat and his bowman. They did not talk. No man would have gained anything new by exchanging thoughts with his neighbor."

"And when they came to the two boats drying in the sun, they looked one another in the eyes again. It was a foregone conclusion. Without a word they put their galled shoulders under the gunwales, lifted the heavy batteaus to their places, and started back across that carry forty rods to the end they had just come from."

"What for? It was that in his own esteem a Penobscot man will not stand second to any other man. They would not have it said that Sebat Mitchell was the only man of them who had tried to run Sowadnehunk Falls." * * *

"And they pushed out with their two boats and ran the falls. But the luck that bore Sebat safely through was not theirs. Both boats were swamped, battered on the rocks into kindling wood. Twelve men were thrown into the water, and pounded and swashed about among logs and rocks. Some by swimming, some by the aid of Sebat and his boat, eleven of them got ashore, 'a little damp,' as no doubt the least exaggerative of them were willing to admit. The unlucky twelfth man they picked up later, quite undeniably drowned. And the boats were irretrievably smashed. Indeed, that was the part of the tale that rankled with Sebat when he used to tell it."

Thus the Penobscot man, though far removed from the world's limelight, performed deeds of desperate risk, whose counterparts in the more spectacular setting of war by land or sea, are the credentials of the world's greatest heroes.

"The Grim Tale of Larry Connors" has the breaking of a log jam as its chief incident. It abounds in thrilling incident. A single log, the key to the whole obstruction, was so dangerously situated that the boss decided he would not risk any man's life in dislodging it. Instead he decided to use a tackle. Two rivals demurred, each anxious to demonstrate that he dared to go further into danger than his fellow. It was decided that they alternate in chopping in two the key log. To Larry fell the honor of cutting the second half.

"And the logs they started, jumping and squealing and thrashing and grinding, like seventeen sawmills runnin' full blast of a Sunday. You never hear anything in your life like a big jam of logs let loose. You ain't no idee of the noise and hubbub one of them will make when she hauls." * * * "He was quicker than three cats, Larry was, but he wa'n't up to the gait them logs set him, just flyin' through the air and up-endin' every which way. And o' course he had the wust chance; that's what he bid for. They tell the story different about Larry. Some say that he made a laidge all right, and a big log squirmed and caught him, and they see a red streak just like you'd hit a mosquito there. But what I see was that he was on the jam a runnin', and a big pine lept an' struck him in the back. Head and heels met in the air as it flung him clean. And he fell amongst the logs and they rid over him. But we never see no more of Larry Connors. He said he was going to break that jam if he went to hell for it, and he broke it all right enough."

"The Penobscot Man" is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York. Price, \$1.50.



NATURAL HISTORY

Spring Notes from Prospect Park.

PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 19.—The most conspicuous arrivals are the purple grackles, who have taken up their old quarters on the pine bluff beneath the gardens. They were a little late this year, wherein they showed their good sense, for certes the weather hereabout has not been of a kind to make southern sojourners feel comfortable or happy. Late as they were, it is easy to imagine them wishing they had been later, for conditions have not improved much since their arrival. However, they do not show any disposition to despond; on the contrary, they are as full of life, as garrulous and light-hearted as ever. Hidden among the dense branches of the pines they keep up an unceasing interchange of remarks in their peculiar tongue. If I mistake not, it is all about the momentous question of mating. Occasionally when some coy female finds herself the object of too much attention or remark, she will take wing, and a group of gallant males will flock after her. What magnificent tails they display (cut "bias," as the ladies say), and one cannot help wondering that birds with such long tails migrate at all.

Second in conspicuousness among the arrivals are the robins. Though far more numerous in the aggregate than the grackles, not being gregarious, they are not so noticeable. Here and there you see them by ones or twos hopping about upon the sere and sodden turf in search of the guileless worm. They are all looking plump and well, and must have wintered prosperously. Truly he is a wise bird that knows enough to emigrate. Had those robins chosen to remain here last fall, where, O, where would they be to-day!

Apropos, it makes one tremble to think of the skylarks of Rugby. What has become of them? Unless they had sense enough to work away from that flat, unsheltered region by Canarsie Bay, it is hardly supposable that they are alive. Yet there is the case of the starlings noted in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago. If they managed to survive the winter, why should not the skylarks? But heaven only knows what they fed on, or where they slept o' nights. It seems really cruel introducing those poor tenderfeet from abroad and casting them loose amid the savage blasts and inhospitableness of our winters. But to return. The robin tunes his lyre betimes, and there is no more pretty or spiritual effect than to hear him singing in the rain. His note seems charged with a sweetness and tenderness unrecognized later on, and it is so fresh and unfamiliar withal that we stand charmed to listen to it. And albeit the woods are still leafless and the general aspect of things gray and cheerless, we feel that spring is come, and a silent orison rises from our hearts.

So far but one bluebird has been seen, crouching in a thicket with half-closed eyes, as if tired out after his long journey. But a week or two more will bring him many companions, for Prospect Park is a favorite haunt of *Sialia sialis*. Especially is the Vale Cashmere, with its thick laurels and flowering shrubs, a favorite. Last year the writer knew of at least half a dozen nests on which he could put his hand without leaving the walk; and how the air used to resound with lute music at eventide!

Though the song sparrow we have always with us, we do not appreciate it, perhaps, except in these early spring days, when his bursts of joyous melody, even more than the song of the robin, cheer us after the dreary winter. See him jump up from the general ruin of the earth and proclaim the faith that is in him: Resurrection! His pre-eminence, is the title of prophet of the spring.

The chickadees, who were in evidence all winter, have disappeared. They will probably keep going north as long as there is a chance of running into a snowstorm.

In general, the season is very backward. Migration has been light and vegetation is in abeyance. The lakes are still full of ice, and the eye lights upon not a sign of new greenery. But presto! what a few warm days will do.

F. M.

International Ornithological Congress

THE fourth international ornithological congress will be held at London, June 12 to 17, 1905.

The Prince of Wales is the Patron of the congress, while the honorary presidents are Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and Alfred Russel Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S. The president-elect is R. Bowdler Sharpe, LL.D., Natural History Museum, London; the treasurer, Mr. C. E. Fagan, of the Natural History Museum, and the secretaries, Dr. Ernst J. O. Hartert, Tring, Herts, England, and Mr. J. Lewis Bonhote, Ditton Hall, Fen Ditton, Cambs, England. The organizing committee and the general committee include the most eminent ornithologists of the world, and its members from the United States are Dr. Joel Asaph Allen, F. M. Chapman, Dr. D. G. Elliot, Chas. W. Richmond, Robert Ridgway, Dr. Leonard Stejneger.

The congress will be held from the 12th to 17th of June, inclusive, and arrangements are being made for excursions during the following week.

The price of subscriptions for membership has been fixed at £1 (=20 mks.=25 frs.), and all members will receive a copy of the published proceedings of the congress. Ladies may be admitted as members on the same terms, or they may participate in all privileges of membership, but without receiving the printed report, on payment of 10s. (=10 mks.=12 frs. 50 cents.).

Subscriptions should be sent to the treasurer (Mr. C. E. Fagan, British Museum, Natural History, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.), or they may be paid at the commencement of the congress, but in the latter case it is requested that notice of an intention to be present be sent to one of the secretaries.

Members intending to read papers are requested to communicate particulars of the same as soon as possible to one of the secretaries.

The meetings will be divided into general meetings and meetings of sections. The sections will be as follows:

I. Systematic Ornithology, Geographical Distribution, Anatomy and Palæontology; II. Migration; III. Biology, Nidification, Oology; IV. Economic Ornithology and Bird Protection; V. Aviculture.

It is expected that many interesting papers will be presented on these various subjects.

The preliminary programme, which, however, is subject to alteration, is thus announced:

Unless otherwise stated, the meetings of the Congress will take place at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. The office of the Congress at the Imperial Institute will be open daily during the week from 10 till 4.

Monday, June 12.—9 P. M., informal reception at the Imperial Institute.

Tuesday, June 13.—10 A. M., general meeting. 3 P. M., meetings of the sections. Evening, social gathering at some place of entertainment.

Wednesday, June 14.—10 A. M. and 3 P. M., meetings of the sections. Evening, conversazione at the Natural History Museum.

Thursday, June 15.—Excursion to Tring. There will be lectures, and the members of the Congress will be the guests of the Hon. Walter Rothschild.

Friday, June 16.—10 A. M., general meeting. Afternoon, reception by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, at the Mansion House. Evening, dinner given by the British Ornithologists' Union.

Saturday, June 17.—10 A. M., meetings of the sections; 2:30 P. M., general meeting. Conclusion of the Congress.

Sunday, June 18.—The Natural History Museum, the Zoological Gardens and the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew will be open to members of the Congress.

Monday, June 19.—Excursion to the Duke of Bedford's park at Woburn.

Tuesday, June 20.—Excursion to Cambridge. Professor Newton will welcome the members of the Congress and luncheon will be served at Magdalene College.

Wednesday, June 21.—Excursion to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire (breeding place of many sea birds).

The Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park and the Library of the Zoological Society at 3 Hanover Square, will be open free to all members of the Congress throughout the week.

A Bear and a Moose.

"We cut the top of a dead cedar that hangs over the water at the end of the lake and blazed both sides of the stump so that you could find the spot." And immediately six excited disbelievers jumped into their canoes to prove that we were lying. And well they might, for they were to view the scene of a conflict that, according to all authorities, has never been duplicated in the State of Maine. But I am anticipating.

"Well, there's no use in talking, they're not on the ridges," observed As (and I have often wondered if this should not be spelled Ace, from his known weakness for the game American), as we were nearing the end of a day's tramp over the very roughest kind of trail. "These other fellows may be right, and they ought to know, for they've had a chance to size things up; but you can't make me believe but what game is still comin' to the water."

And so when we were gathered before the cheering blaze that evening at Spider Lake camp I harkened to the game oracle. The next morning bright and early we paddled away from the boat landing, thoroughly agreed on a day's campaign that we felt would be a winner. Paddling the length of the lake and carrying over the dam we ran down the stream to its entrance into Grassy Pond. Our arrival here started a very large buck on the bank, but he vamoosed in plenty of time, and no harm resulted to him. Here we lay in the grass on the bank all day in true Micawber style, and by dark, in reply to the birch bark, we got a fine answer, and our moose came right into the lake. However, by the time we could paddle close up to him, shooting was guesswork, and while my nine shots must have been "keeping company" with him, he managed to get off into the black woods. How often must the enthusiast's vision of himself seated on the body of the "fallen monarch" crumble into a silent homecoming charged with the feeling that a fellow's hindsight is better than his foresight, and both are better than his gun sight by a great sight.

On the morrow we were up and off again betimes, vowing as we drew near the dam to track that moose till a very warm place was suitable for skating, when we met the erratic yet fascinating maiden "Chance," this time disguised in the form of five successive shots down the lake by the camps. "What do you suppose those blessed idiots are wasting lead on?" I said to As, as we stopped paddling to listen, while the rain drops began to break the leaden calm of the lake. "Firing at a target, I guess," he replied, "but that sounded mighty like an 'answer' from the ridge."

Just as the silence was becoming "audible," a loud grunt from the lake shore, not one hundred yards away, nearly startled me out of the canoe; and turning I looked at As and he "blinked" at me. When the remarks suitable to such a condition had passed and we had partially recovered our composure, we started to paddle in the direction of the call. Twice en route we were startled and surprised by the intensity of repeated grunts, until finally our canoe hung in deathly silence close to shore, and directly in line with the "big head" (as we supposed). After listening intently for some time, As, much to my surprise, quietly shoved the nose of the canoe on to the shore and motioned to me to get out. I did so, and cautiously climbing up the bank, was just on the point of advancing into the woods in obedience to another signal from As, when I was so startled by another loud "blat" (apparently right beside me) that I almost fell over backward, and decided that retreat as well as advance has at times its good points. By this time As, rifle in hand, was on the bank beside me, and we began to creep sidewise in opposite directions to try and find an opening to pierce the thick growth hiding the "area of disturbance" from ourselves. We soon did, and I think neither of us will ever forget the sight presented.

At first there was only a sense of a large black object about thirty yards off, swaying wildly to and fro, but

closer inspection revealed a large cow moose squatting on her haunches, while planted on her back was a good sized black bear, his teeth firmly set in her back, worrying her much as a terrier would a rat. Local color—decided mixture of flying fur and claws, accompanied, whenever an unusually heavy blow struck her ribs, by a pitiable blat. When we were finally able to take in the situation, As and I and the slaughter house formed practically an equilateral triangle, and simultaneously from our respective positions we opened a converging fire. At the first shot that bear came off the moose like a cat off a fence, and after hesitating a moment on landing, apparently puzzled which direction to take, he came in a bee-line for me. Meantime we kept our Winchesters busy, and when he had reached a point about half-way between the moose and myself, he rose on his hindlegs to his full height, tottered for a second, and then slowly, half backward and sidewise, a collapsed bear.

"Got him," from As.

We now inspected the arena and victim. Each time we approached the moose, which was steadily regarding us, she would make frantic and piteous attempts to get on her feet, only to fall again in a more helpless heap. We judged that the bear had injured the backbone, thus practically paralyzing the hindfeet. The space surrounding the moose, in a diameter of say twenty-five feet, was all trampled up and littered with tufts of hair and stained with pools of blood, testifying to the desperate nature of the struggle that had been going on. From the height at which a fallen tree was broken, we judged that the moose had tried to reach the lake as a possible chance to drown the bear off her back. The animal herself was covered with blood, her skin shredded to ribbons, one eye gone and hair torn out in "clawfuls," while later we discovered that the bear had driven in most of her ribs. I wanted to put her out of her misery, but As dissuaded me, as he said she might recover if left alone; but really he was thinking about that statute in regard to lady moose, I guess.

I now went to the assistance of As, who had hold of one of the bear's hindpaws and was making valiant but rather uncertain efforts to reach the lake, towing the bear. After some little difficulty we got him comfortably into the canoe and went off to trail up the moose we had shot the night before. Passing the dam on our return a couple of hours later, we decided to have a second look at the battle ground, and found that the cow had died in the interval.

That is about all of this unheard-of tragedy of the forest, except that that afternoon six excited "sports" and guides from camp viewed the remains and finally believed. Two days later As was cursing roundly while packing the head and hide over a rocky trail. To-day I am sending the taxidermist final instructions in regard to mounting.

HENRY DUNNELL.

Spring's Ever Inspiring Advance.

SAYRE, Pa., March 24.—The sure manifestations of spring are on every hand. The pussy willows are smiling fresh and green under the touch of the south wind, and wild geese are honking their way northward in a steady drift. The Susquehanna is harboring great companies of wildfowl wading along its still reaches of water. Robins and bluebirds are in evidence everywhere, and out in the big meadows the sweet song of the little ground sparrow falls softly upon the air. There is something wonderfully inspiring about the simple little ditties which this early migrant sings with all the charm and ardor of a more pretentious musician.

Bluebirds are reported more plentiful than for several years past, a fact which will cause bird lovers to feel a new measure of hope for a return of the old conditions, when the blue coats were swirling in force through every northern orchard.

It is too early to estimate accurately the effect of the past winter upon the grouse and quail supply. In conversation with a few parties who have been recently afield, information indicates that the grouse have cared for themselves in good shape, as usual; but the quail have fared ill in many localities. It is hoped, however, that later observations will bring more encouraging reports.

M. CHILL.

Spring on Staten Island.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read lately of the signs of an early spring. It has been recorded that the skunk cabbage is out, and certain buds, when cut with the knife, have shown an unusually early start, and that song sparrows were here; but the true harbinger of spring I saw to-day—the tree swallow. This is the first time in my experience that I have seen a swallow in this part of the country on the 17th of March. I watched him for a long time making graceful circles in the air, and when the sun caught the fine plumage on his back, the steel-greenish color was most beautiful. It outclassed all shades of green so prominent to-day; it was a rest for my eyes to notice that beautiful green. I have had song sparrows around my place all winter. I fed them, and they paid as good as cash on every sunny day with their song. Robins and bluebirds have been here all winter, but have been scarce, and one would have to travel some to find them, unless acquainted with their winter habits. ***

A "Loony" Question.

THAT California correspondent, J. D. C., writes interestingly of the striped bass. But will he have the kindness to tell us when he ever saw "the cusps of the new moon high in the starry zenith"? I can't figure the thing out, especially as he intimates that it was late at night.

AZTEC.



GAME BAG AND GUN



National Park Game.

G. E. FARROW, superintendent of Yellowstone Park hotels, said the other day, while on a trip in the East: "The buffalo herd in Yellowstone Park, started by the United States Government, and during the past few years very carefully watched to prevent the death of the young, is increasing rapidly, and will this year number between twenty and twenty-five more animals than a year ago at this time. The herd is in excellent condition. It has wintered well, and the calves are growing fast and appear to be sound and strong. It has been the wish of the Government officers to increase the herd until it resembles the old-time herds which covered the Western prairies. The experiment of propagating the animals is definitely a success, and the army officers, upon whom the work has largely devolved, are correspondingly pleased. Major Pitcher, of the United States Army, represents the Government in the Park, and is practically and officially the custodian of the herd.

"There is every promise that the natural increase of the herd will add twenty more animals this summer. The buffalo calves of last year survived remarkably well, and there is no reason why the calves this year should not meet equal success. The buffalo don't need to struggle for a living. Feed is good, the valleys give them splendid shelter, and they have the pick of grazing lands over which to roam.

"The other wild animals in the Yellowstone are increasing in number. Elk and deer came down to the Mammoth Hot Springs this winter in large numbers and roamed around within plain sight. The deep snows on the mountains forced them to lower altitudes. They didn't seem to mind the snow or cold and appeared to be in the very best of shape. The bears increase yearly, and are one of the first attractions to the tourists, since they do not hesitate to come into the open where they may be seen. They are mild mannered and inoffensive, bothered more with designs on the hotel garbage piles than with hostile operations against mere men and women. The garbage piles attract them every night, and they fight and quarrel and talk bear politics over the empty canned goods tins to the amusement of thousands of people who annually witness the banquets 'down at the dump.'

"Magnificent trout fishing is promised for the coming season, which opens June 1. The Government prohibited trout fishing during the winter, and not a line has been dropped into the dozens of beautiful streams since last fall. More to the point, the trout are watched, and where they seem to be thinning out, steps are taken to give them a chance to multiply again. There will be royal sport for the summer visitors this year; better even than in previous seasons, and that is saying a good deal. There is no better protection of fish and game than that of the Federal Government in the Yellowstone Park."

Connecticut's License Bill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The bill now before the Connecticut Legislature which places a tax of one dollar upon residents of the State and ten dollars upon aliens for the privilege of hunting within the State, is creating considerable discussion among sportsmen. In fact, the majority of sportsmen appear to regard such a law as an infringement on what they consider to be their rights. For one, I fail to see the justice of such a claim.

It seems to me that the very purpose for which this bill was created should appeal favorably to all sportsmen who honestly believe in the propagation of game and the impartial enforcement of the game laws. The money collected through this tax is to be used for replenishing the quail supply, and, as I understand, for other stocking purposes, besides the payment of warden expenses for stricter enforcement of the game laws.

It seems incomprehensible that men who go afield with dog and gun are yet unwilling to contribute so small a sum as one dollar a year toward perpetuating their favorite pastime. If our game is to be preserved, it can only be through the channels of strenuous work, and some sacrifice on the part of those who find recreation and pleasure in seeking it afield. And they who find diversion in this manner from the monotonous hum-drum of "getting a living" should be the last to cry over the expenditure of one dollar a year for the continuation of hunting. If persons who indulge in such sport are averse to footing the expense, who do they expect will come forward and volunteer to pay for their pleasure? Among some sportsmen (so-called) there exists an inconsistent sentiment of what they are pleased to style "principle" in this matter. They contend that such a law will interfere with their rights as free American citizens. Now, if shooting and fishing are to be perpetuated, and that portion of the community who care nothing for such pursuits should be compelled to foot the entire expense for the same, then where do their rights as free American citizens come in? Personally, I am proud to call myself a sportsman, and earnestly hope the day will never come when I will expect someone else to bear the burdens which may necessarily attach to my pleasure.

There is another strong point to be considered in this bill. Its passage, which seems assured, will tend to eliminate a large percentage of the destructive element from our fields and woods. The farmer's fowl and cattle will be more secure, and his fences and other property. The foreigner who cannot speak our language and knows nothing of our laws will be held in restraint until he has had time at least to learn a little of both. And it can be truthfully said that sportsmen who live in the city know nothing of the trouble which this foreign element causes the farmer. Just a few miles north of where I

live, a valuable cow was killed two falls ago by a mob of this sort. The owner never received any compensation whatever.

Much has been written on the subject of "What is a sportsman?" While there may be a vast difference of opinion on this subject in some respects, let us hope that all agree on one point—that in whatever branch one may seek sportsmanship, he may at least be willing to maintain his favorite pastime at his own expense. A man can neither possess good sportsmanship nor good citizenship if he fails to concede that his rights end where another man's rights begin. It cannot fairly be expected that the man whose hobby may be horse-racing should be compelled to bear the expense of supplying game for sportsmen who shoot, any more than it would be fair for the latter to supply horses for those who like to race them.

All new movements for bettering old conditions have a greater or lesser amount of opposition. This bill is no exception to that rule. Last year the "bone of contention" was the new trespass law. There were legions of those who considered that law an imposition on personal freedom, never for a moment conceding the right of the landowner to enjoy his own property and to protect the same, and thereby insure his own personal freedom as guaranteed by the Constitution of our land. To-day, however, many of those who talked the loudest at that time are talking just as loud the other way. They have found that very few requests to hunt on the farmers' land have been refused. That it is more satisfactory to hunt on land with the owner's permission to do so than to hunt with the expectation of being ordered off every minute. Personally I firmly believe that as it has been with the trespass law just so will it be with this bill when it has become law and had a fair test. They who condemn it now will be loudest in its praise in a year or so from now.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., March 8.

Maine Game Interests.

BANGOR, Me., March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*

If non-resident Maine sportsmen have seen the reports current in the daily press for the last month or two, relative to the proposed changes in the Maine hunting and fishing laws, they must be wondering if a non-resident is to be welcomed in this State at all another season. Your correspondent is very glad to be able to say that much of the threatened legislation has failed to prove acceptable to the legislative committee before whom fish and game hearings are held, and while a general fish and game bill has been reported by that committee to the Legislature now in session, it is greatly modified from the original draft, and is in fact shorn of some of its most dangerous features.

The original draft, as presented by Senator Stetson of Penobscot, was sportsmanlike in one thing, although to carry out the provision would, it seemed to old hunters, be practically impossible and result in the leaving of great numbers of carcasses to spoil. It provided that but one doe deer might be shot by a hunter, while still permitting him two, one of which must be a buck.

It was also proposed to so change the moose law that the season should more nearly compare with that of the neighboring Canadian provinces, permitting the killing of moose for the first fifteen days of October and maintaining the same length of season by cutting off the last half of November. This change was not indorsed by the chairman of the fish and game commission, but he yielded to the desires of those resort proprietors who had seen the fall business materially reduced by the operation of the hunter's license, and felt that inducements should be held out to bring back the sportsmen who had wandered beyond their reach. Mr. Carleton is evidently sane enough to realize that this would be killing the goose, for he took pains to tell the committee that he had inserted the measure against his better judgment.

Another proposed change was to cut off the fifteen days in December, now allowed for deer killing, and many hoped and expected, almost, that this would mean an opening of the season for the last half of September.

The first provision of the bill in its new draft is to continue the protection of caribou another six years, so that they cannot be legally killed before October 15, 1911. As there are practically no caribou in the State to protect, and the protection hitherto accorded that migratory animal has scarcely resulted in any noticeable increase, the status of this branch of big game hunting will hardly be benefited, either way. Should the conditions which drove these animals from Maine be removed or overcome, it may be that there will be a great increase in the number of caribou in the State before another six years have passed into history.

The next provision would seem wrong to those who wish to see the moose protected, and violators of the moose law punished so severely that they will not wish to again transgress, since it reduces the fine, which has been "not less than five hundred nor more than one thousand" dollars, and substitutes a fine "not exceeding five hundred" dollars. Thus the fine for killing a moose illegally may be any sum the court and the commissioners may agree upon, or if another clause of the same section passes, the whole matter of settlement is between the commissioner, whose judgment may be final, and the offender, with any sum from one cent to five hundred dollars as the price to pass from the offender to the commissioner. The clause referred to is an innocent appearing one, and extends to the commissioners of inland fisheries and game certain

"powers of the commissioners of the sea and shore fisheries." Examination into the provisions of section 61 of chapter 41 of R. S. shows this power to be most vital one, and in the hands of an unprincipled commissioner might be made the legalizing of almost any sort of extortion from those who should prefer having violated the law or having been accused of doing, to pay any price and avoid the ignominy and inconvenience of a public trial. The law allows the sea and shore fisheries commissioner to make settlements according to his judgment with violators, without recourse to the law, and it is claimed by those who pretend to know, to be in the interest of the offending hunter who may be caught red-handed far from civilization, and who would like to settle on the spot if he could, and avoid a long trip to the settlements, with trial there, adding greatly to the costs. This sound well, but for several years the wardens have claimed to have a system that has practically permitted settlements along this line, when there was no chance of escape for the accused by a trial. Of course, the present commissioners would never be guilty of allowing graft to enter into their department, but with no public record of a trial, and a returning of the moneys received in penalties direct into the hands of the State treasurer, as now provided for by law, it would not be difficult to receive and apply to the personal enrichment of commissioner, warden or even deputy warden, a considerable sum now and then from some non-resident who might be more wealthy than wise and who should prefer to "settle" for almost any sum if thereby he might continue his outing and avoid public humiliation. Who would be the wiser if the case should never be reported to the commissioner, or to the Governor and Council? It would forever remain a secret between the accused man and him who should collect the fine. With a State department that does not publish a record in its reports of the case and how settled, no one is in a position to know whether his particular case ever got beyond the warden where he first met the warden, and where he was relieved of his spare cash, for his violation of the law. Lawbreaking should be made so obnoxious that no sportsman visiting the Maine woods will indulge in it, and if a man is caught he should be taken before court, tried, and if convicted, made to pay the penalty—barring, of course, those occasional cases where there are mitigating circumstances. To evade this principle of Americanism is to endanger the whole system of game protection, and put into the hands of unscrupulous men a weapon that they won't need to learn to use, and use effectively, too. This very clause, if not other, is likely to be the rock on which the bill now before the Legislature will founder. Although the legislative committee has reported favorably on it in the new draft, there has been all through the session a sentiment against any meddling with the game law as they are, and the leading papers of the State have expressed it as wise to let well enough alone, at least for a couple of years more, to give people a chance to become acquainted with what law there now is. And the indications are that there will be one of the most interesting fights of the present session when the bill comes up for passage.

A special section, to appease the farmers, has been put into the bill, allowing in so many words the cultivator of crops to kill any deer "doing actual substantial damage to any growing cultivated crops provided he does not 'pursue the deer beyond the limits of his cultivated land in which the damage is being done.'" He may consume the deer in his own family, but must send a full account of the killing to the commissioners. All persons are forbidden to place any salt as an attraction to deer.

The next section is of special interest to non-residents, since it adds to the license law already in force, one to compel bird hunters from out of the State to pay \$5.00 for the privilege of hunting birds; this five dollars to be deducted from the cost of a big game license if the hunter remain to hunt large game. Thus bird hunters must pay five dollars, and hunters of "bull moose or deer, or ducks, partridges, woodcock or other birds or wild animals" must pay fifteen dollars therefor. If this law is interpreted literally, it looks as if the man who wants to hunt bears, foxes, wildcats or hedgehogs will be obliged to take out a license at least to hunt birds, if he would avoid arrest, although there is no license price mentioned for the other wild animals than moose and deer. Other wild animals do not call for a license, but the commissioners have had so much difficulty in making every man who carried a gun in the Maine woods procure a license before he went into the woods, and were helpless when the man was merely hunting bird or bear, that they are trying to make it easy to apprehend every evader of the principles of the license law.

The moose hunting law is to be amended so that the points or tines on the horns of the bull moose that has passed the calf age, must be at least three inches long on each of their horns. This will preserve the freaks with well developed antlers on one side and none on the other, if the hunter sees the undeveloped side first.

Another provision will ease a part of the limitation under which the taxidermists are now working, since it permits those having a license to buy and tan deer skins, to buy the heads also, if not detached from the skin. And marketmen, having purchased deer, may sell the heads of same to taxidermists.

Under the head of fish the new bill provides that one person may take but 25 pounds of togue, instead of forty as allowed for the last two years. The clause allowing trollers for bass to keep white perch

so caught during the close season for that fish, and which has covered a multitude of piscatorial sins against the big white perch of Maine lakes, is repealed.

In addition to the wild birds that may be killed, are mentioned "mudhens" kingfishers and blue herons, so called." Perpetual close time is placed on eagles and vultures.

These are the provisions of the bill now before the Legislature, and at this writing it is impossible to write whether the bill will pass or not. In general, bills favorably reported by committees have been accepted, but a disposition is apparent this year to have something to say on matters on the floor of the House, and some measures have been passed against the majority of the committee.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

North Carolina Bird Protection.

THE Audubon Society of North Carolina, which has in charge the work of bird and game protection in that State, has just issued its Third Annual Report, a pamphlet which contains much of interest, and which carries the work through the winter of 1904-5. The society is carrying forward in a systematic manner the work of more fully acquainting the people of the State with the importance of protecting the birds, and preserving the game, and is also employing as strong a force of wardens as possible to enforce the State and county bird and game laws.

In the work of education, it is sending out much literature which has to do with the State, or which is of more general interest, such as the educational leaflets issued by the National Association of Audubon Societies or by the United States Government for free distribution. Within the past year, nearly 137,000 free publications have been scattered through the State, aggregating nearly 24,000,000 of printed information. Moreover, it has established certain loan libraries of nature books, which are circulated among the young, and besides this the secretary has given illustrated lectures at many places in the State.

This year the game wardens numbered 45, against 29 last year. They have done a great deal of good, though of course not all are equally efficient. One of the most interesting works that the society has to do is in protecting the sea birds, of which vast multitudes formerly bred along the North Carolina coast.

"Seven barren islands were used by the birds in the summer of 1904 for their breeding grounds. These were Bird Lump, Davis Lump, Legget Lump, Royal Shoal, Whalebone Beach, Ocracoke Beach, and Swan Island Marsh. These islands are located in the counties of Dare, Hyde, and Carteret. Five men were employed to guard them, and as a result the birds were unmolested with possibly one exception. The rookeries were visited by the wardens almost daily, and about 2,700 young are believed to have been reared, an increase of 1,000 over last year's brood. The increase of the sea birds is very noticeable in Pamlico Sound, where the fishermen are much pleased in consequence, the fact being often pointed out that the birds aid materially in locating schools of fish, and are thus of a most pronounced value. In August, the secretary counted 341 young royal terns on Royal Shoal Island, and repeatedly photographed them as they ran along the beach. Sixty least tern eggs are known to have hatched in one of the colonies. Only 10 or 12 eggs of this bird were laid on our coast in the summer of 1903; while 15 years ago probably 500,000 birds frequented our sounds. The millinery feather-hunters are responsible for this great depletion in their numbers."

The report shows, briefly but pointedly, the money value of game protection. It is shown that in Guilford County alone, the hunting privileges leased by non-residents are over 153,000 acres of agricultural land, the farmers receiving in return for these exclusive hunting privileges about \$7,500, or sufficient money to pay the taxes on the land. The system works well and the birds are not unduly shot. The northern gunners shoot but few birds and leave much money in the State. With the wildfowl shooting along the Sound the case is much the same. The secretary recently examined the record book of a gunning club in eastern North Carolina which showed that about 4,000 ducks and geese had been killed during the winter by the 21 members of the club, and the money spent by these members in North Carolina during the shooting season showed that each duck killed had cost between \$11 and \$12.

In Currituck County the past season the native gunners received about \$100,000 cash for the ducks and geese which they killed and sold to local buyers, to be shipped to the Northern markets.

When game is properly cared for, the natural increase is greater than is necessary in order that nature may keep up the species; therefore, the land owner with more game on his estate than is necessary for the propagation of the species, may well look seriously into the subject of how he may secure the most for the surplus birds. There is at the present time a very great demand for the live quail for purposes of propagation. Men wish to liberate them on large tracts of land, where they will be abundantly cared for, and, in days to come, furnish good shooting. Quail for breeding purposes are now worth from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per dozen, and yet we have all seen the time when live birds sold in our city markets for 4c. or 5c. each. These are but examples of many points which might be cited, illustrative of the facts that it is of tremendous importance to North Carolina that reasonable game laws be rigidly enforced; and the study of the subject of how the birds can be of most value to the people of North Carolina is, of course, one of the duties of the Audubon Society, and it is a matter to which its officers are giving most careful consideration.

A list of members of the society closes the pamphlet, which is capably illustrated by a number of half-tones. Persons who are interested in the work of game and bird preservation would do well to see this report.

The Fox a Game Destroyer.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, Pa., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sorry to learn that so many of your valued contributors seem to think that the fox is not a game destroyer. I wish that some of them could have gone with me in times past and seen what I have seen of this greatest of all game destroyers. I have roamed these old forests of my native State from my early boyhood days, and when alone among these wild mountains with none but myself, and occasionally my setter dog, have had ample opportunity of observing what this old night prowler makes many favorite menus upon—the ruffed grouse. I have seen in numbers of instances where he has bounded upon the birds. My mind runs back to-night as I write of an old sly drummer grouse. Time and again he had eluded me in his cover of a large clump of rhododendrons by whirring from the opposite side before I could approach anywhere near him. I had endeavored to match my skill against his that I might approach the clump, but he was ever upon the alert for me. He had an old log right by the clump upon which he would sound forth his favorite tattoo. I had gone there expecting him to whirr out long before I could approach within range of him. There was a light flurry of snow upon the ground, and as I approached nearer and nearer to the coveted spot he did not as usual rise. I finally paused a moment when within twenty or twenty-five yards, and as he did not then rise, I walked to the clump, intending to see if he had spent the night there. As I came within a few yards of it, I saw upon the snow the footprints of a sly old Reynard. He had approached the bush in a curving course; here evidently his trail ended. I paused a moment wondering what had become of him. As I glanced ahead, I should imagine eight feet, he had made this bound, and landed upon the old drummer, who was taking his night's repose, not looking for this his deadliest enemy. He carried his prey a few feet from the spot and there devoured all there was of him, leaving the snow covered with his crimson blood and beautiful brown plumage. This is just one of the many instances I might cite.

I am sorry that so many of my fellow sportsmen are so little aware of what an awful game destroyer the fox is. We fellow sportsmen are so like-minded in our tastes and opinions, that I am longing for the day to come when we shall be all like-minded and stand for the extermination of this our worst game bird enemy.

J. M. KISTLER.

BAKERSFIELD, VT.—The winter up here has been a severe one, though we believe that the ruffed grouse wintered well, as they are often seen by those who are out in the woods. We have many times seen where a fox has tried to catch a grouse that was under the snow, but have never seen where it has succeeded in so doing. The "thundering boom" that a grouse gives when it comes up out from the snow is undoubtedly its protection, as it must be very demoralizing to such a highly strung and nervous animal as a fox, as the long jumps that it gives away from the locality plainly show that it was considerably rattled, and that fright and fear had overcome its desire for a grouse dinner. We once saw one afternoon an old gentleman walk up several birds that were buried under the snow, and though he knew what to expect, every time that a bird got up it so rattled him that they were out of range before he could "gather his wits" enough to shoot.

STANSTEAD.

The Michigan Deer.

THESE are a few of the charges Ed. H. Gillman makes against pot-hunters, some settlers and others up in Alpena and Montmorency counties, showing that the game laws do not protect and will not as long as this custom exists. Mr. Gillman's views were expressed to a reporter of the Detroit Evening News:

"I have probably talked more and been to Lansing at my own expense oftener than any man in Michigan. Men acquainted with the situation in the deer country know that I am right and know that unless there is a sudden stop to practices which have been in vogue up there, we will have no deer in a few years.

"This talk of prohibiting the shooting of deer is all foolishness. The deer were wont to yard in the cedar swamps after the timber was cut away, but now there are camps of men depleting the swamps of their cedar for ties, telegraph poles and other uses, and the deer have no place for shelter. In December and January, after the close of the season, any amount of deer are killed for consumption in these camps. Partridges are slaughtered as well. They are budding in the trees, and one can get within five yards of them before they move.

"Men have come to me and said that they have seen the lawless element in Alpena and Montmorency counties trade venison for pork in the summer. Why, they have come in on our land and killed deer in the red coat and left the legs on logs, so that we discovered them at the opening of the hunt. One party boasted of killing nineteen deer on the Turtle Lake preserve out of season.

"We are going to take steps to stop this if possible, and at a meeting of the board we have decided to offer a reward of \$25 for the conviction of anybody killing game or catching trout out of season or setting fire to the forests.

"Now the license law, what is it? Nothing, that's all. Let them limit the deer killed to two for each man. The license should be taken out in the county where the man is going to shoot and by the man himself, not by proxy. The license law with its three tags has nothing to do with the preservation of deer. Some have killed eighteen or twenty and boasted of it. A man should put his tag on the deer when killed and if it isn't there the warden should confiscate the carcass and make arrests. The non-resident license should also allow a man to take one deer to his home, when properly tagged.

"Some parties will get tags for, say, five men, that means fifteen deer, and then one man will shoot them all, as the others do not know how. They never tag the venison they eat in camp, and some have shipped

deer to friends and had them send the tags back by return mail so they could be used again.

"The license ought to affect everybody, whether with rifle or shotgun. To avoid paying the 75 cents some of the people up there cut the cartridges almost in two and fire them from shotguns. This charge is like a solid slug and will kill a great distance.

"The deer season starts now where it should end if one wants to kill deer to eat. It should be from Oct. 15 to Nov. 5, because after that is the mating season and the bucks are unfit for food. In the last part of October we find the woods in all the glory of the Indian summer. Men can hunt in comfort and enjoy the sport as well as to kill stuff fit for the table.

"They kick on the preserves, but I say that the big clubs are the only ones that protect game and only on their territory will deer be found five years from now. We will have to fence the preserve in, or there won't be either deer or timber left. The country papers kick on preserves, but the club owners are the only ones who have ever paid taxes since the timber was cut off, and we are trying to preserve what nature endowed as much as possible. We are taking care of the second growth forests and protecting them from fires, and residents of the counties in this district will appreciate our efforts in the future if they do not now.

"As to small game I say that the partridge and quail seasons should be separated. Partridge should be shot from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1 and quail from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1. There should be a limit of twelve a day on partridges and twenty on quail, and no man should be allowed to have over fifty of each in his possession. The quail have two broods and the second one is not large enough to shoot until November.

"My views on ducks are well enough known. We should have a longer season, say from Sept. 1, so we can shoot teal to Feb. 1, which will enable us to get canvasback. Spring shooting is a curse, and should not be tolerated. It is driving away the mallard, teal and wood duck which raised their young in our State.

"When the season ends it should end for all field shooting. A man caught in the woods with a gun should be convicted on that evidence alone. Rabbit shooting to-day kills more quail and partridges than all of us put together."

English Partridges in British Columbia.

VANCOUVER, B. C., March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following report of the first importation of English partridges into British Columbia is rendered from the Land Registry Office, Vancouver:

"Having had charge of the collecting of moneys and the shipment afterward of a consignment of partridges from Mr. Cross, Zoological Emporium, Liverpool, we beg to present herewith a financial statement showing how the money has been expended, and also a report covering the whole matter as far as possible. The financial statement is attached hereto, but needs some explanation.

"The birds were shipped from Liverpool on February 17, 1904. There arrived in Halifax 63 birds alive, and in Vancouver on March 7, 1904, 58 birds alive. These birds were distributed as follows: March 13, 1904, at Mr. McMynn's farm, 16 birds; March 14, 1904, at Mr. Bowker's farm, 14 birds; March 20, 1904, at Sea Island, 13 birds; March 20, 1904, at Mr. McKee's farm, 14 birds. Total 57 birds.

"As one bird died on March 15, after arriving in Vancouver, it will be seen that the total number of birds was distributed.

"Some 18 to 20 birds were seen on Sea Island during November, 1904, and various other reports have reached us that several coveys have hatched out; but it has been difficult to obtain reliable information as to the Sea Island birds. Two coveys of from 8 to 10 each have been seen on Mr. Thompson's farm at the Delta.

"At Langley the birds did exceedingly well, four coveys were hatched out, consisting of from 10 to 14 birds each, three remaining on Mr. Bowker's farm and one finding its way to Mr. Jolly's farm, some four miles away. These birds have been seen frequently, and while it is believed that two of the coveys have been shot at, the other two coveys are still intact, and there are some birds left of the two coveys that were broken up.

"From the information we have, we believe that at least 70 young birds have been seen, and that it would be safe to estimate that there are at least 120 European partridges in the Province to-day."

The above report will show that the birds have thrived in the country, and there appears no doubt that they will do well if only given an opportunity.

It is proposed to order some more this year. It is to be hoped that all those interested will contribute toward this end.

J. L. G. ABBOTT, E. M. CHALDECOTT.

What About the Porcupine?

LONDON, Eng., March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly aid me in determining the ethics of shooting porcupines? I am going for a trip to the woods of Nova Scotia after trout, and have in times past always shot those inoffensive animals, because the guides are all agreed that they destroy many trees. I understand that in Maine a bounty of twenty-five cents a head is given for them. Perhaps a discussion in your columns would not be uninteresting, and would make for clearness on this much disputed point. Whether "porky" makes a good roast or stew is also an interesting question. In Nova Scotia the Indians all eat him with gusto, but the whites fight shy.

EDWARD BRECK.

A Song of Spring.

Oh, I wish I were a tiny brown bird from out the South,
Settled among the alder holts and twittering by the stream;
I would put my tiny tail down, and put up my tiny mouth,
And sing my tiny life away in one melodious dream.

I would sing about the blossoms, and the sunshine and the sky,
And the tiny wife I mean to have in such a cosy nest;
And if someone came and shot me dead, why then I could but die,
With my tiny life and tiny song, just ended at their best.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Non-Resident Laws and the Constitution.

PRESCOTT, Arizona, March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the various discussions on the subject of non-resident license laws that have appeared from time to time in your columns, the question of their constitutionality seems never to have been raised.

Article 4, Section 2, of the Constitution of the United States states: "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States."

Article 14 states: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States."

In an old decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, under the former article the following language was used: "It was undoubtedly the object of the clause in question to place the citizens of each State upon the same footing with citizens of other States, so far as the advantages resulting from citizenship in those States are concerned. It relieves them from the disabilities of alienage in other States; it inhibits discriminating legislation against them by other States; it gives them the right of free ingress into other States and egress from them; it insures to them in other States the same freedom possessed by the citizens of those States in the acquisition and enjoyment of property and in the pursuit of happiness." In a later decision the court held, "The clause plainly includes the right to be exempt from any higher taxes and excises than are imposed by the State on its own citizens."

All State license laws that have been brought to my notice provide for a special tax in the form of a license discriminating against non-residents in direct violation of the articles of the Constitution above quoted. There is apparently no objection to a State law discriminating against aliens, but there is a strong probability that such a law leveled against citizens of another State would be declared unconstitutional in case the matter could be brought before the Supreme Court of the United States.

A discussion of the legal aspects of this question in your columns might be of great interest to those who are in doubt as to the legality of the various discriminating State license laws.

PRESCOTT.

Policemen and Pistols.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A circumstance that goes to illustrate what the editor had to say about how some policemen handle their pistols occurred in the street in Philadelphia only a few days ago. A policeman, who was pursuing a 14-year-old boy who had been charged with robbing another boy, was running after him in what would be one of the most crowded streets in town at that time in the evening, when he drew his pistol and fired a shot at the boy, but sent the ball through the breast of a young woman who was directly between him and the boy he was firing at. Then, not noting that he had hit the woman, he ran on past her and caught the boy.

A policeman who could not arrest a 14-year-old boy without shooting at him, is as much out of place on the force with a pistol as he would be without it, though he probably is now no longer on that police force.

An officer on the Pittsburg police force was shot and killed a few weeks ago by one of his men while they were at target practice. It was an accident, of course, but it would never have occurred if the man had known how to handle his pistol. It was discharged while he was in the act of drawing it.

CABIA BLANCO.

Mild Weather in the Northwest.

KELLER, Wash., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thus far we have had the most delightful weather I have ever experienced in this country in March. That is, so far as my recollection goes. The winter has been free from severe storms, and there was but little snow compared with past winters. We had two cold spells, but they were of short duration. The early snow in January crusted, which made it hard on the deer, yet it was not deep. Lots of horses wintered here in the mountains, and while I have been around quite a lot, I have not so far seen a single carcass.

One of our miners, hunting horses a short time ago, while going up the San-Poil, saw a cougar, and his dog treed it. The miner had a .22 rifle and he shot the cougar in the head, killing it dead. Grouse seem to be very plentiful this spring, and they came down from the

mountains the first of March this year, when usually it is the middle. Robins wintered with us this winter for the first time to my recollection. Larks often do. Wild geese wintered along the Columbia, and are often seen going north now.

LEW WILMOT.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, March 25.—Fish and game matters were dull in the Legislature the past week. The only development of interest in this connection was the attempt to pass through the Assembly the bill of Assemblyman Hubbs (Int. No. 113) to allow the spring shooting of ducks in Suffolk county. The bill has been greatly amended so as to take in other sections of the State. It got but fifty-four votes, which is twelve short of a constitutional majority. Assemblyman Hubbs hopes to bring it up again and pass it.

The Senate has passed the bill of Senator Prime (Int. No. 98), making an appropriation for restocking the Adirondack region with wild moose.

The Assembly has passed the following bills: Assemblyman Apgar's (Int. No. 866) relative to the close season for deer in certain counties.

Assemblyman F. G. Whitney's (Int. No. 1019) relative to fishing through the ice in Big Sandy Pond, Oswego county.

Assemblyman Steven's (Int. No. 1006), relative to the close season for trout in certain counties.

Assemblyman F. G. Whitney's (Int. No. 784), relative to fishing in Lake Ontario in Oswego county.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 115), amending the game law in relation to penalties.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 266), in relation to the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in certain counties.

Assemblyman Plank's (Int. No. 958), relative to the close season for muskallonge in the St. Lawrence River.

Bills have been introduced as follows: Assemblyman Wade's (Int. No. 1205), amending Section 82 so as to provide that muskallonge, black bass and yellow bass shall not be fished for, taken or possessed in Chautauqua county from Nov. 16 to June 15, both inclusive, unless by the State for the purpose of propagation, nor shall they be fished for or taken from any of the waters of the county on any day after dusk and before daylight. Bullheads may be fished for and taken through the ice with hook and line, baited with angle worms, in any of the lakes of the county.

Assemblyman Standard's, by request (Int. No. 1214), amending Section 30, so as to provide that plover, ringneck or killdeer, dowitcher, willett or sandpiper shall not be taken or possessed from Jan. 1 to Aug. 15, both inclusive. Section 108 is amended so as to make the close season for Wilson snipe, commonly called English snipe, from May 1 to Aug. 31.

Assemblyman Coutant's (Int. No. 1295), amending Section 75, providing that herring may be taken in the Delaware River, and that part of the Hudson River below the dam at Troy, with nets operated by hand only, from March 15 to June 30, both inclusive.

The Assembly Committee has reported Assemblyman Hapman's bill (Int. No. 1105), relative to fishing through the ice in Cross Lake, Cayuga county.



Among the Florida Keys.

FROM Miami to Key West and beyond extends a shallow sea dotted with small and large islets. Toward the north and west these are little but mud, mangroves and mosquitoes, but toward the west and south they often show white beaches of coral sand and sometimes a little soil capable of cultivation, while coconut palms are not infrequent. The belt of islets is from ten to forty miles in width, and around the inner ones stretch wide sounds of shallow water and broad flats of sand or mud barely covered by the tide. Between the outer keys are frequent channels called creeks, through which the tide ebbs and flows, and beyond the outer line on the east coast is a belt of shoal water from three to five miles wide extending to the Florida Reef, from which the bottom plunges downward rapidly to the channel of the great Gulf Stream. On the west coast the water is shoal all through the Bay of Florida, deepening gradually toward the Gulf of Mexico. The whole region naturally divides itself into two districts, the "east coast" and "west coast," as they are commonly distinguished, the territory between the keys being rather similar to and generally included with the latter. These two districts differ considerably in the character of their waters and the inhabitants thereof, the east coast being washed by water of crystal clearness, peopled by the Spanish mackerel, kingfish, barracuda, amberjack, and others that rarely appear on the western shore, while the waters of the west coast are more cloudy, and inhabited by the great rays, the sawfish, the sheephead and the drums, gray and red. The tarpon frequents both coasts, but appears earlier and is, I think, more numerous on the west side, while sharks are common everywhere.

The eastern fish and fishing have been most fully and carefully described by Mr. W. H. Gregg in his admirable work, "When, Where and How to Catch Fish on the East Coast of Florida," and Mr. Chas. F. Holder, in his fascinating volume, "The Big Game Fishes of the United States," has written most exhaustively and lovingly of the principal tenants of both districts. Anyone contemplating a fishing trip to Florida will find these two books give abundant information as well as the keenest pleasure. My own experience is limited to a little fishing near Miami a year or two ago, and a month's cruise of very recent date; in which last I saw and fished most of the country, but at an unfavorable season and with unusually bad weather. Still we succeeded in taking forty species in all, including most of the principal fishes of both coasts, with the unfortunate exception of the tarpon, for which we were far too early, having started our cruise in the middle of January and ended it half way through the following month.

To get the best results the northern fisherman might leave Miami about the middle of February, spend two weeks on the east coast, and reach Marco or Punta Rassa about March 1, by which time he ought to find plenty of tarpon. Doing this he is not likely to meet with many northerners, which put an end to all fishing while they blow, and still will be early enough to escape any great heat and the worst of the flies, which last are present in places favorable for them at all seasons, but are not very bad until spring, when the west coast is said to be almost intolerable, and even the more favored east is not free from the scourge.

In part from my own limited experience, but mainly from the evidence of my guides, I think there is really nothing especially desirable in the way of rod-fishing in the west except for the tarpon; but, should the fisherman succumb to the attractions of the chase with the spear, as he is likely to do after the first trial, this district is the better for it.

In the excessively clear waters of the east, fish have every opportunity to see the angler and his line, and they do not fail to make the most of them. As a consequence nearly all are extremely shy and madden one by the calmest indifference to the most seductive baits. To obtain success one must get his bait to the fish while himself at a considerable distance, and this must be done either by trolling or by making a long cast or letting the sinker run down with the tide, and the bait lie on the bottom until a fish strikes. Of course a running sinker must be used, so that the lightest nibble can be felt. If these fish were surface feeders, one could have ideal sport with the fly, and I understand that this has been successfully tried by one or two anglers when fishing in shallow waters. There seem to be few large flies in the country, and the fish live on minnows or crustaceans, so the fly is not offered to them as a fly, but as a strange moving, and therefore living, object, which is presented and snatched away until a rush is made at it and the unwise investigator is hooked in consequence. Mr. Dimmock, whom I met at Marco, and who has done wonders with the camera and with the spear, tells me that he has had excellent sport with channel bass and small tarpon by using the fly in this manner.

In the channels between the keys fishing is greatly dependent on the state of the tide, as fish seem to travel back and forth with the currents while feeding, and when the tide is running strongly it is very difficult to feel the delicate nibble which is usually all that is given. Slack water and the hour or so preceding and following it is the favorable period, and if fish are not taken then you had better try some other place. On the outer reef this is not so much the case, and one can often find success at any stage of the tide. Florida fish are, however, very freaky and uncertain, like most other fish, and often choose their time for biting and for refusing to do so without apparent reason; but patience and diligence will bring success in the South as in the North.

As most of these fish are bottom feeders, a pretty heavy sinker is usually necessary for still-fishing, and this dead weight is of course a nuisance in fishing and a great hindrance and disadvantage in playing a fish when hooked. In the channels and shoal water one can generally use moderately light tackle, though it is always possible that you may hook something large enough to endanger your rig. On the reef to use light tackle is to court disaster, as you are practically certain to strike a monster that even the heaviest rig will barely save. At Alligator Reef my companion had his line broken twice, and twice had the full two hundred yards carried away by some irresistible power. Having never before used a tarpon rod or a twenty-one thread line, I grew to think them equal to any strain that could be exerted, so twice had the line broken at the leader knot through holding big amberjacks too tight, and, having hooked two big sharks while trolling for kingfish, succeeded in both cases in breaking the line without losing much, more by good luck than by any skill.

Some months ago Mr. L. F. Brown asked me to join in a discussion as to whether fresh or salt-water fish were the stronger. Having then had but little salt-water experience, I did not feel qualified to express an opinion. Now, however, my conviction is fixed beyond shaking that the salt-water fish, weight for weight, is greatly the more powerful. No one who has seen the rushes and leaps of a barracuda; felt the mighty surges of an amberjack or the wild dashes of a kingfish, can for a moment doubt that to any of these the heaviest salmon tackle would be as a thread of gossamer. Using a 24-ounce 6-foot tarpon rod and a multiplier holding 200 yards of 21-thread line (tested to a dead pull of 42 pounds), and equipped with a pad brake, I have repeatedly had more than a hundred yards torn from the reel, in spite of the greatest pressure that my thumb on the brake and my gloved left hand clasped around line and rod, could possibly exert, by fish that proved when gaffed to weigh only twenty pounds or thereabout. After playing and landing my largest amberfish—four feet long and weighing forty-five pounds—my left arm at the elbow ached very sharply, and I actually had to rest for ten minutes before daring to risk it in another such struggle. Our fishing was done from the big launch and was difficult in consequence; it would have been much easier if done from small boats which the fish could tow.

The play of the great pelagic fishes caught on or outside the reef is interestingly different. The barracuda, sabre-toothed and pike-like, makes fierce and long side runs, and often leaps repeatedly clear from the water; the kingfish, splendid in blue and silver and iridescent with pink and purple, takes the bait with a rush that often carries him ten feet clear of the waves, the squid in his jaws, and then dashes wildly from side to side, away, down, up and everywhere. The amberjack does not leap, but marches away with a force that nothing seems able to check, utterly refuses to yield to pressure, never seems to tire, and is of all fish I have met, the one that fights longest and steadiest, with a fund of reserve power that it seems impossible to exhaust. The huge grouper, battleship of fishes, resists heavily and immovably, and is only too apt to get into a rock hole and leave you trying to lift the State of Florida.

Since returning, many have asked me, "Will not your experience with these great and powerful fish make your beloved trout seem small and uninteresting?" To which I answer, "A thousand times no! It has been wonderful fishing, a very interesting experience, and one to be remembered with great pleasure; but I don't care much to repeat it. The tackle is too heavy, the work too hard, and the fish too many and too big. Far preferable to any of these splendid fish is *fontinalis*, with his personal beauty, wiliness and wariness, lovely surroundings, and the delicate tackle which must be used to ensnare him. As gossamer gut is to piano wire, as the finest silk line is to heavy linen, as a No. 12 hook is to a 10/0, as a tiny artificial fly is to a five-inch block tin squid, so is the pursuit of *fontinalis* a finer, more delicate and more attractive sport than any that Florida has shown me. The southern fish are magnificent, superb, in all ways admirable; but the heavy tackle which must be used in taking them robs the sport of much of its charm. If Florida ever sees me again, it will be that I may once more use the spear, not the rod."

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 20.

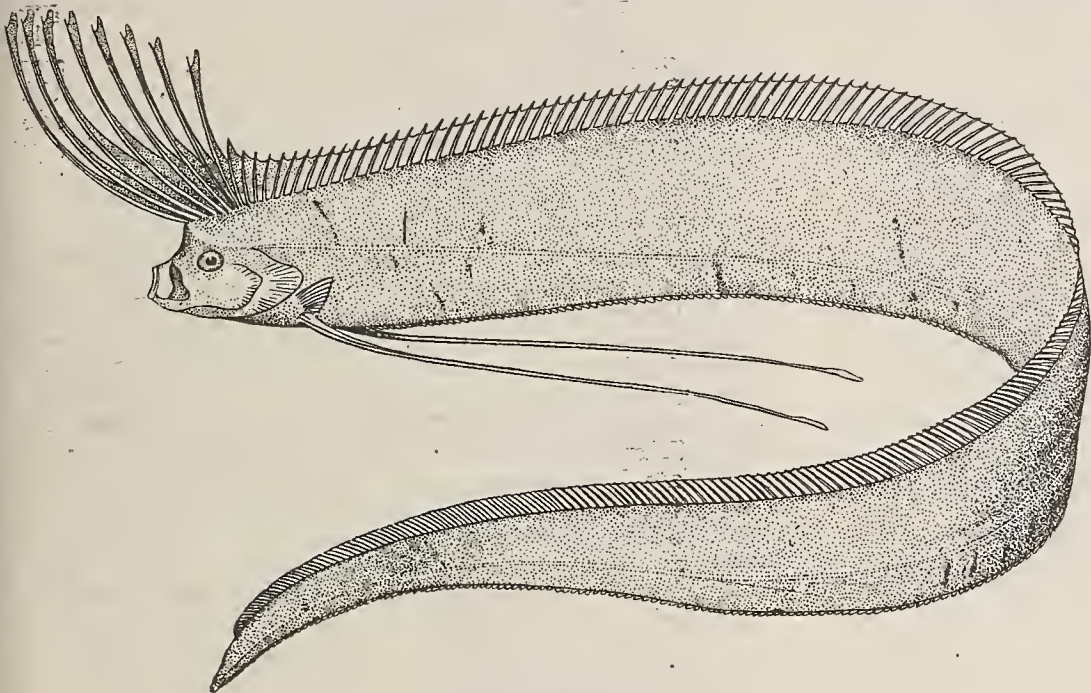
The Oarfish.

BY BARTON WARREN EVERMANN.

THROUGH the intelligent interest of Mr. Robert S. Meyer, keeper of the Light Station at Anclote Keys, Florida, the Bureau of Fisheries has received an account of the capture at that place of a specimen of a remarkable fish not previously known from any point on the Atlantic coast of America. Mr. Meyer says: "I inclose a rough sketch of a part of a fish which was killed by a shark Sunday the 12th of February, and which drifted upon the beach on west side of the light. The part which came on shore was 7 feet long, about 9 inches wide, and 4 inches thick. The skin was like bright silver, with no scales, with black marks, as shown in the sketch. Eight blood-red plumes which come out at the top of the head were each about 28 inches long. One long plume 36 inches long came out of the under jaw. All the plumes or fins were blood-red. The plumes could open at the ends and look like small fans as shown in the sketch. Could you kindly tell me the name of the fish described?"

This description, together with the very good sketch accompanying it, leaves no room for doubt that the strange fish was a specimen of the oarfish, *Regalecus glesne*, described originally in 1788 by Ascanius from a specimen which came ashore at Glesvaer, Norway.

These fishes are very remarkable, not only on account of their peculiar appearance and structure, but because of their enormous size. They have been known to attain a length of 20 feet, and it is not at all improbable that they reach even a much greater length. Many of the creatures popularly identified as "sea serpents" were doubtless large individuals of this fish. Indeed, as Goode and Bean remark, it is quite safe to assign to this group all the so-called "sea serpents," which have been described as swimming rapidly at or



THE OARFISH.

near the surface, with a horse-like head raised above the water, surmounted by a mane-like crest of red or brown.

An example came ashore at Hungry Bay, Bermuda, in 1860. It was 17 feet long, and was described by the people who saw it before it was captured as being very much longer and as having a head like that of a horse and with a flaming red mane.

Dr. Gunther (in the Challenger Report), has brought together a list of the examples of this species, so far as known to science. His record gives 14 from the Scandinavian coasts from 1740 to 1852; 19 on the British coasts from 1759 to 1884; one in the Mediterranean; 3 at the Cape of Good Hope; one in the Indian Ocean; 5 on the coast of New Zealand; and one at Bermuda. Those on the Scandinavian and British coasts were observed: 4 in January, 5 in February, 8 in March, 2 in April, 1 in May, 1 in June, 1 in July, 2 in August, 1 in September and 1 in October. Gunther also states that by far the greatest proportion of captures, in the Northern Hemisphere, at least, was in the stormy season.

These fishes are true deep-sea fishes likely to be met with in any or all parts of the oceans. They are generally found when floating dead on the surface or thrown ashore by the waves. Their body is like a band, specimens 15 to 20 feet long, being only 10 to 12 inches deep, and 1 or 2 inches broad in their thickest part. The eye is large, the mouth small, the teeth feeble, and the head deep and short. A high dorsal fin runs the whole length of the back and is supported by exceedingly numerous rays. Its forward portion is on the head, is detached from the rest of the fin, and is composed of very long flexible spines expanded at the ends, and bright red in color. The general color of the body is silvery.

When these fishes reach the surface of the water the expansion of the gases within their bodies has so loosened all the parts of their muscular and bony system that they can be lifted out of the water only with great difficulty, and nearly always portions of the body are broken or lost. The bones contain very little bony matter and are very porous, thin and light. At what depth these fishes live is unknown. No specimen has ever been obtained in the deep-sea dredge, but that they are not rare in the ocean depths is evidenced by the frequency with which dead fish or fragments are found.

Young individuals of this or related species are not rarely met with near the surface. They possess the most extraordinary development of fin-rays observed in the whole class of fishes, some of them being several times longer than the body, and provided with lappet-like dilatations. There can be no doubt that fishes with such delicate appendages are bred and live in depths where the water is absolutely quiet, as life in the disturbed waters of the surface would deprive them at once of these delicate organs.

Striped Bass Fishing in 1829.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My dear Sir—The following account of rock fishing in the Susquehanna is taken from No. 3 Vol. I. of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine for November, 1829. I recently came across it and send it to you, thinking it may be of interest to your many angling readers. I am yours faithfully,

DANIEL B. FEARING.

"PERRY POINT, Sept. 25, 1829.—Mr. Editor: Seeing in the first number of your sporting magazine an invitation for gentlemen to send you such articles on sporting subjects, as their observation enables them to write, I have sent you an article on the subject of trolling for rock fish in the Susquehanna. It is all taken from actual observations of my own. I have frequently caught fish in the manner I have attempted to describe, and nothing, that I am sensible of, is stated as a fact, which is not so. When it is stated that the boat is rowed up a current running down at an angle of 45 degrees, I am not convinced that it is an exaggeration. Every thing else I know is true, 'all of which I saw and felt.' A sporting work should be a depository of truth; for any one may make himself a sportsman by exaggeration."

Trolling for Rock Fish in the Susquehanna.

The season for trolling begins in the latter part of May, and commonly ends about the middle of July; but some years lasts during August. In the month of June, the rock fish generally bite best. To make good fishing, the river should not be very high nor low, muddy nor clear, but betwixt extremes, in these respects. If the water be clear, the fish dart off at sight of the line; and, it is thought, they leave the rapids, when the river is rising, or muddy, to feed upon the flats in the Chesapeake.

Trolling is very much practiced from Port Deposit, to almost any given distance up the river, but not below. The grass that the ducks feed upon grows too thick on the flats in tide water for trolling, and the channel is uniformly too deep. The rapids above, where the water is in many parts shoal, and the rocky bottom clear of grass, is the proper place for trolling.

As I have never seen this method of fishing noticed in any sporting work, I propose giving such an account of it as, I hope, a reader who has never witnessed it will understand. The troller provides himself with a convenient sized, light, well-caulked skiff; it should be large enough to carry four persons without sinking deep in the water. He must also take care to get two good oarsmen, accustomed to row among the rapids. The lines generally used are made of flax (sometimes of cotton), and twisted very hard, from 90 to 130 feet long. On each line are two brass or steel swivels, one about a foot from the hook, the other some twenty or more, according to the length of the line. The lines must be very strong, but not so thick as to be clumsy, and the steel hooks sharp, with large barbs. The figures of the hooks are made to vary according to the notions of their different owners, who frequently have them made to order, by smiths in the neighborhood. The long shanked hook is generally esteemed best. Old trollers are as particular about the shapes of their hooks, as cockers are about their gaffles. One end of the line is made fast to a cork or buoy as large as a common seine cork. This cork is thrown overboard, when the hook catches against a stone or limb of a tree; for the boat is under such headway, and the line being nearly all out, if the fisherman holds on to his line, he will break it. He, therefore, in such case throws the buoy overboard, by which he can find his line, and goes back at his leisure to take it up, and disengage his hook. The bait consists of small fish, such as anchovies, minnows, chubs, etc., etc. If the troller intends starting at day-break (the usual hour), he angles for his bait the afternoon previous, and buries them in the wet sand by the edge of some convenient stream, or keeps them in spring water. If they are exposed to the atmosphere during a warm summer night, they become tender, and tear from the hook.

Two persons generally fish from the same boat; one of them steers with one hand, and fishes with the other. Each fisherman lets his line out over the side of the boat nearest to him, and close to the stern (where they sit), holding it in his hand, a few inches from the water, and leaves the end attached to the cork in the bottom of the boat. He pays out nearly all his line, and keeps constantly pulling it, by short jerks, to feel if it is running over a rock or tree top. The boat is rowed as fast as possible across the river, from shore to shore, above, and as near to the falls as they can go, to avoid being swept down them. The rock fish lie below the falls and ripples, waiting for the small fish that are carried over by the current. Here then the bait falls over, with a constant rotary motion, like a live fish whirled over, side foremost, and struggles in vain against the falls. The swivels turn every time the bait turns, and prevent the line from twisting up into knots; and as there are no sinkers, the rapid headway of the boat drags them along so fast that the lines have no time to sink. At sight of the bait tumbling over the falls, the rock fish darts upward from his cavern in the rocks and swallows hook and all. The bite of the rock is quick as lightning, and gives a strong sudden jerk to the arm of the fisherman. When he first discovers he is snared, he rises to the top of the water, and begins to lash it furiously with his forked tail, like "a spirit conjured from the vasty deep," then plunges down again to the bottom. He is dragged from thence by the fisherman, who hauls in his long line, hand over hand, until he brings his fish alongside of the boat.

If he is of tolerable size, weighing only seven or ten pounds, the troller lifts him into the boat by the line, but if the fish is large, he runs his arm down into the water and lifts him in by his gills. The excitement that this scene produces in all those in the boat, is not to be described. One instant you see the fish making the water foam with his tail, the next you lose sight of him; one instant the troller feels him jerking desperately backward, the next he darts ahead toward the boat, carrying the line with him, and the fisherman who ceases to feel him, is distressed for fear he has broken loose from the hook. The black oarsmen ease up rowing to laugh and shout with great glee. The troller's anxiety to secure his fish is so great, that he alone, of all the company, is silent and full of uneasiness, until he gets him into the boat. In this manner, it is not unusual to catch, with two lines, ten or twenty fish, varying in weight from five to twenty pounds each, in an hour—sometimes they are caught much larger. When the fish do not bite fast, the troller does not become wearied soon; his line is always out, and he is in constant expectation of feeling a bite, as the boat glides backward and forward across the river, in search of luck; he is not confined to one rock, like the sleepy angler.

This would be very dangerous sport to persons unaccustomed to it; let no presumptuous cits, venture upon it by themselves. The flat-bottomed boat must be rowed through the most dangerous falls and whirlpools in the river. Sometimes she is forced, at an imperceptible progress, against a current, running down at an angle of 45 degrees. If one of the oarsmen happen to fail in strength, or to dip his oar with a false stroke, the current will snatch it upward out of his hands, and the frail skiff will be dashed to pieces among the rocks. Often they are obliged to get out of the boat on some rock above water, and haul her over. A person unaccustomed to it cannot rely upon his senses of hearing or seeing. He is first deafened by the stunning roar of the incessant flood, then sickened by the tossing of the skiff among the waves and eddies. The huge rocks that rear themselves thick to oppose the rushing waters, covered with eagles and cormorants, and the little islands all seem to be swimming backward. And now she flies across a shoal—at first glimpse the little skiff seems to rest securely on the bottom; at the next, the solid bottom appears deceitfully to recede from beneath her, and leave her to founder in the dark waters of a bottomless swirl. And again, before he is aware of it, she seems to have approached so near the falls that nothing can prevent her from going over side foremost. All these false appearances rushing in succession, quick as thought, upon the mind of the troubled cockney, turn his brain with dizziness.

It is not often you can procure white men to row, for the fatigue is excessive. If brother Jonathan is not to make something considerably more than the price of a day's labor by it, or to partake of the sport of fishing, he will have nothing to do with it.

If you want an oarsmen you must look up the free blacks. These descendants of the wild men of Africa (some of them, no doubt, descendants of kings), hate the dull labors of civilized life, and love fishing, by instinct, as all their fathers did before them. You may find the smoke of their cabins among the treetops, half-way up the craggy sides of the river hills, or in the foggy bottoms just below. Wake him up at peep of day—drag him out from the warm side of his grumbling spouse, and good-natured Sambo, stretching his big limbs like the figure of wakening Hercules, opens his eyes on the fishing lines and whiskey jug, and begins to brag: "Oh, master, if it's fishing you'r ater, I'm your man. Who you got kin row ginst Sambo—Sambo never tire." He takes the bounty at once (a drink of whiskey), and without stopping to ask what more you will give him, shoulders his oar, and longs to be off in the first boat.

Selfishness or Sentiment—Which?

OF selfishness it may be truly said that it is the synthesis of all that is mean and low in human nature. It is as clearly in evidence to-day as in the earlier time when it was more frankly avowed and warmly defended, when, as now, might made right, and poets sang,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The hypocrisy of the present time may demand that the tiger claws of selfishness be concealed in a velvet covering, but the painful injuries inflicted upon the body politic prove their repulsive presence and power to harm as in the past.

Just now the pernicious consequences of seining fish upon their spawning beds in Missisquoi Bay—that portion of Lake Champlain that extends into the Province of Quebec—are heralded forth, and condemnation by an outraged public invited. Some of the people who are more directly affected and aggrieved throw up their hands in holy horror and proclaim their denunciation of the people who resort to this method of taking fish to the world. And they go further, and allege that because these people owe allegiance to a different flag they are prompted to do this out of spite in a turbulent spirit of opposition to the interest and desires of another people; and that because they have votes their representatives in the Provincial Parliament will do nothing antagonistic to their interests, or to promote legislation that will be effectual to stop this nefarious practice.

Such sweeping charges and insinuations deserve more than a passing notice; and while I do not pose as the apologist for, or the defender of, seining fish upon their spawning grounds, I make bold to say that there is nothing inconsistent in the practice or out of harmony with the ethics of sportsmanship—not as proclaimed from the housetops, but as very generally practiced—and that it is not good form or becoming in those living in glass houses to hurl such unhandsome stones against those no more sinning than themselves.

Having spent all the years of my youth and early manhood in the vicinity of Missisquoi Bay, and being conversant with the facts in the case, as well as the extent of the depredation wrought, I may without presumption claim to be familiar with the question at issue, and I unhesitatingly pronounce the motive that prompts the

practice and withholds the remedy to be the same that actuates the generality of sportsmen the world over—selfishness—pure, unadulterated selfishness. It may be true that the tiger's claw is more easily discerned in seining fish than in some other things, but at bottom the velvet covering will be found the only difference.

The shelving and gravelly shore of Missisquoi Bay is the great spawning bed of Lake Champlain. Here in early springtime gather myriads of fish from the deeper waters of the lake to spawn—a season of the year when they refuse all the legitimate overtures of the most skillful disciples of the piscatorial art—when it is capture them with nets or get no fish, as they quit the domains of His Majesty, Edward VII., as soon as they spawn.

With tons of fish coming to their doors for a time only to disappear a little later, is it not asking a good deal of human nature to demand and expect them to desist? And to expect their representatives at the seat of government to take action against the interests of their constituents?

Paraphrasing the old school book story of the boys and frogs, we may say that it is fun and money for the fishermen of Missisquoi Bay, but death to the fish; but while this is to be regretted, who will say that it is not in accord with the very general practice of self-styled and so-called "true sportsmen?"

Scores of instances to prove that this is literally true—that it is selfishness and not sentiment that prompts—readily suggest themselves, but their enunciation would extend these notes to undue length. I must crave sufficient space, however, to touch upon a few of the more prominent.

The time was when the Connecticut River so teemed with salmon that it was common practice when servants and apprentices were indentured to stipulate in the contract that they should not be fed upon salmon more than the stated number of times during the week. With the increase of population in the Connecticut Valley, the salmon naturally decreased in number, but when the dam at Holyoke was completed and they could not ascend the river to their spawning grounds, their days were numbered. For many years agitation was continued in the Legislatures of the States of Connecticut and Massachusetts on the subject of providing a suitable fishway in the dam, but selfishness triumphed, no fishway was constructed, the salmon were exterminated, and the waters that formerly knew them in abundance now know them no longer.

We may pass over in silence the clouds of wild pigeons that darkened the sun in their flight in the not long ago, and that now are gone forever; the unnumbered thousands of buffalo that swarmed on the western plains; the fearful slaughter of song and insectivorous birds for their plumage; the unceasing warfare made upon the sea fowl in their winter home and during their spring and fall migrations; the untold millions of woodcock, quail, grouse and other birds that fall before the insatiable and insatiable gun of the "true sportsman" and that of his twin brother the pot-hunter; and all, or nearly all, actuated by that most potent impelling motive—selfishness.

Turning from the individual to the game organizations—the much heralded and oft-proclaimed "protective" organizations, local, State and national—and it is very apparent that the machinery thereof is geared to the same dynamo. The local society is not infrequently dominated by someone who has an ax to grind—possibly by some ambitious individual who runs the gun and ammunition store—when it is no infrequent sight to see him attempt to "run with the hare and howl with the hounds," trying to appear to be in favor with the better sentiment of the community in behalf of game protection and propagation, while very careful to oppose restrictive measures looking to a shorter open season, a license on guns, or other measures that would limit the sale of guns and ammunition!

Not long since in one of the most progressive States in the Union it was proposed, in the interest of greater protection to game birds, to enact legislation looking toward a diminution of their natural enemy, the fox; when lo and behold! down rolled an avalanche of oratory that swept all before it on the ground that the fox is the natural friend and protector of the innocent and defenseless game birds! And it was even proclaimed that partridges (ruffed grouse) sought the burrow of sly Reynard and made their nests near-by—presumably to cultivate his friendship and establish greater comity between fur and feathered life! And this by men of mature years, who, while confessing themselves fox hunters, proclaimed their interest in, and anxiety for, the propagation and protection of game birds!

Advancing a step from the individual to the machinery of the State, and the power of selfishness may be easily discerned. We need cite but a couple of instances, which may be accepted as a type of the many. We have but to recall the attitude of the great State of New York on the question of spring shooting of waterfowl, and the power of the Long Island gunners to prevent remedial legislation; and again the case of the millionaire who legitimately buys and incloses for his own use—selfishly, if you will—territory in the Adirondacks, only to invite the opposition and torch of the incendiary who refuses to yield up privileges hitherto enjoyed but never paid for.

The State of Maine furnishes another striking example. To meet and mend "a condition and not a theory," "that our children and children's children may see and enjoy the large game of the woods," a hunter's license is imposed upon visiting sportsmen. Was the professed the real motive? How much more quickly and effectually would the destruction of big game be prevented by making a close season for a number of years or perpetual. But then would be gathered the harvest of dollars? Were such measures proposed instead of the money-getting license, there would have gone up such a howl from transportation companies, hotel and camp owners and guides as would make a thunderstorm in summer seem like the echo of a toy pistol. Selfishness?

Turn we next to the National Government, and we see practically nothing accomplished of national importance—inertia, indifference, selfishness.

Measured by the ethical standard generally prevailing, who will cast the first stone at the fishermen of Missisquoi Bay? And who will demand of them higher standards, more healthy and advanced sentiment, and more regard for the fish than exists elsewhere? GEO. McALEER

Sea Fishing at Palm Beach.

From the Palm Beach News, March 18.

THE annual ocean fishing tournament which has been going on for the past eight weeks came to a close yesterday. The most valued trophy of the contest, the Royal Poinciana Cup for the largest amberjack, was won by Mr. John B. Cauldwell, of New York, who also caught the 92-pound record fish some weeks before the tournament opened. Mr. Thomas D. Whistler, of Baltimore, was awarded the Breakers' Cup for the largest number of amberjacks taken in one day; Mr. Grier Hersh, of York, Pa., the Bingham Cup for the largest amberjack caught from the pier, and Mr. C. K. Bispham, of Philadelphia, the kingfish cup for the largest kingfish of the season.

None of the competitors having qualified for the Tandem Cup, the committee decided to rechristen it the Gulf Stream Cup, and unanimously awarded it to Mr. Richmond Talbot, of Tuxedo Park, as a fitting recognition of his daring exploit in capturing the now famous sailfish, the first specimen of this dangerous denizen of the Gulf Stream ever taken with rod and reel at Palm Beach. Most of the scores appended below were exceptionally poor as compared with other years, which is partially accounted for by the severe cold spell, but more generally attributed to the continued practice of netting close to the ocean pier. In other respects the tournament was a very great success, the rivalry having been keen among the large number of competitors entered from various sections of the United States.

The colored crews which man the surf fishing boats took an active interest in the sport, while Mr. Winters, in charge of the pier, gave universal satisfaction by his untiring efforts to aid the amateur fishermen as well as his clever use of the plungers and gaffs in landing the large fish. Owing to the indefatigable labors of Jimmy Rainbowlegs, unlimited supplies of bait were always procurable, even on the most active fishing days. The detail record is given below:

ROYAL POINCIANA CUP.

First—John B. Cauldwell, 62 pounds. Second—Grier Hersh, 60 pounds.

BINGHAM CUP.

First—Grier Hersh, 60 pounds. Second—John B. Cauldwell, 52 pounds.

KINGFISH CUP.

First—C. K. Bispham, 36 pounds. Second—John B. Cauldwell, 33 pounds. Grier Hersh, 33 pounds.

BREAKERS' CUP.

First—Thos. D. Whistler, two fish.

GULF STREAM CUP.

First—Richmond Talbot, seven feet long.

Casting Tournaments.

C. G. LEVISON, who was a member of the National Rod and Reel Association, writes to the London Fishing Gazette:

Having served on the committee of this association for all but one of its tournaments during its active life, and also on the committee for every indoor tournament held in New York City by the Sportsman's Show, there has been every opportunity for me to become familiar with the requirements necessary for each of the several contests that long experience has involved. Experience has taught that no contest where the result may be determined by the individual opinion of the judges will ever be decided to the satisfaction of all concerned, and in consequence such events were long ago eliminated here. The argument that casting tournaments do not represent actual fishing conditions may forever, as far as I can see, be discussed, without any prospect of a nearer settlement than at present exists; but for the sake of argument, even if admitted, it does not seem to me to constitute a valid reason why they should not continue to be held with such events for competition as may be reproduced somewhat near to such conditions. The long distance fly casting events for light or heavy or single or double hand rods will, if examined from most any viewpoint, be found to be better fitted to these conditions, and also to test the tackle, than any others that may be devised. This for the reason that there is one, and only one object sought, and this a definite one. This subject is so plain and simple that it appeals to the caster and spectators as well, and the distances cast may be seen and compared by anyone with fair eyesight, and consequently the final result is always satisfactory because it is beyond dispute.

Now, what are the conditions in nature that call for similar casting?

As far as I may judge they occur only when an angler is on the shore of a lake or bank of a wide river, and his endeavor is to reach a fish that may be rising away beyond. To accomplish the distance, should he be blamed if in so doing he performs some ungraceful contortions, raises his forearm above the head, allows his fly or line to come in contact with the earth or grass or some obstruction in his rear, but at last by a supreme effort his line shoots out the required distance and the fish is reached and caught? Is not he a better angler than another who for the sake of good form would not resort to such heroic measures, and would therefore fail to catch the fish?

The following incident will better illustrate the point. The late Harry Prichard, a famous old Scotch angler, who for many years kept a small fishing tackle business in New York City, once went with my friend Mr. M. and myself to try for trout on a well-known Long Island private pond that was strictly preserved and very little fished. Prichard, having a great reputation as a distance caster, went along to show us what value there was in such work, as there was no boat on the pond and the fish kept in the main channel, which ran a long distance from and parallel to the dam before it turned to the outlet. Prichard seldom cast over head even from a boat, but usually made use of the switch cast. Having arranged our tackle and viewed the situation, we concluded that only Prichard could cover the distance necessary to cast, so we stood aside and gave to him the point of vantage. At

once there occurred a commotion at his feet equal to that made by a small side wheel steamboat. This was caused by his line sloshing round in the water. We watched the operation some minutes with wonder, but at last to our great relief the loop of the line rose upward, uncoiled outward nearly to its extremity, when the leader and fly at its end turned over, straightened out flat on the water, there was a rush of a big trout, which was struck and finally landed. This was repeated again and again until several trout of from $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. were placed in the creel. Prichard caught that day all the fish that were taken, and Mr. M. and I were two very interested spectators, as though we were at a tournament for all the world. Had I hitherto been the most doubtful of the benefits of distance casting I would have been a convert from that moment to its great advantages, even though attained at the sacrifice of good form.

These are some of the reasons why the distance events should not be hedged around with petty restrictions to handicap the performer.

If the time ever comes when a set of standardized rules acceptable to Great Britain and America can be agreed upon, there will be no one better pleased than yours very truly,

C. G. LEVISON.

A South Carolina Fish Case.

MC DONALD & JOHNSON ET AL. VS. SOUTHERN EXPRESS CO.

(Circuit Court, D. South Carolina. Dec. 30, 1904.)

J. K. Bryan, for complainants.
Mordecai Gadsden and U. X. Gunter, Jr., Attorney-General South Carolina, for defendant.

BRAWLEY, District Judge. An act of the General Assembly of South Carolina approved February 16, 1904 (24 St. at Large, p. 385), declares, in section 1, "that on and after the 20th day of February, 1904, it shall be unlawful to ship or transport any shad fish beyond the limits of this State"; and in section 2, that "any person * * * who violates the provisions of section 1 of this act shall upon conviction be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to a fine not exceeding \$100 or to imprisonment not exceeding 30 days"; and in section 3, that "any common carrier receiving any shad fish for transportation or shipment to any points beyond the limits of this State, shall, upon conviction, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall for each offense be fined not exceeding \$100." Immediately after the passage of this act the defendant company, a corporation engaged in the business of transportation as an interstate common carrier, and therefore carrying shad fish to places outside the limits of the State, gave notice that it would not, after February 20, 1904, receive for shipment or transport to points beyond the limits of the State any shad fish, whereupon complainants, six or seven in number, filed their bill of complaint, alleging, among other things, that they were dealers and shippers of shad fish caught within and without the limits of the State of South Carolina to places situated outside the limits of said State; that said shad fish was a recognized article of interstate commerce; that they had expended large sums of money in the equipment of their business, and had entered into contracts for daily shipments during the shad season; that the Congress of the United States had, by several statutes, provided for the propagation of shad fishes, and had expended large sums of money, and deposited many millions of shad fishes or shad fry in the coast waters of the United States for the benefit of the citizens of the United States, and that the act above mentioned was in contravention of Article 1, section 8, of the Constitution of the United States. An interlocutory injunction was granted, and it was referred to the master to take testimony, and the case is now before me upon his report, and upon a motion for a permanent injunction; counsel for complainants appearing in behalf of said motion, and the Attorney-General of the State in opposition.

The master reports that he held a reference October 7, 1904, at which were present the solicitor for the complainants, the solicitor for the defendant, Southern Express Company, associated with whom as counsel was the Attorney-General of the State of South Carolina, and that the complainants and their witnesses being present and ready to give their testimony in the cause, it was agreed by the counsel for the complainants and the counsel for the defendant that the facts as alleged in the bill of complaint were admitted as true; counsel for the defendant stating that the issue was one of law, arising upon the face of the pleading. The facts as alleged being admitted, it was further agreed that during the pendency of the act set forth in the bill of complaint in the Legislature of the State of South Carolina an amendment was offered striking out the words "any shad fish," in section 1 of the act, and inserting in lieu thereof the words "any shad fish caught in the waters of the State of South Carolina," but the said amendment was rejected. It was stated by the counsel for the complainants in the argument before me, and not controverted, that he was prepared to prove by his witnesses that the greater part of the shad fish shipped by complainants was caught beyond the limits of the State of South Carolina.

In Geer vs. Connecticut, 161 U. S. 519, 16 Sup. Ct. 600, 40 L. Ed. 793, the Supreme Court of the United States considers the nature of the property in game, and the authority which the State had a right to lawfully exercise in relation thereto, and, after reviewing the authorities from the time of Solon, holds that, from the earliest traditions, the right to reduce animals *feræ naturæ* to possession has been subject to the control of the law-giving power. The principle upon which this decision rests is that such animals, belong to the collective body of people of the State, and are held by the State in trust for the people, and the person who takes the game can only acquire a qualified property in it; that such game not being the subject of private ownership, except in so far as the people may elect to make it so, the State may, if it sees fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it, or traffic and commerce in it, if it is deemed necessary for the protection or preservation of the public good; that such common ownership imports the right to keep the property, if the sovereign so chooses, always within its jurisdiction for every purpose. The dissenting opinions of Justices Field and Harlan, while not questioning the right of the State, by its legislation, to provide for the pro-

tection of wild game, hold that such game, when beyond the reach or control of man, is not the property of the State, or of anyone, in a proper sense, and that when man, by his labor or skill, brings any such animals under his control and subject to his use, he acquires, to that extent, his right of property in them; that, having thus, by labor or skill, added to the uses of man an article promoting his comfort, which without that labor would have been lost to him, he has an absolute right to it, and the State cannot interfere with his disposition of it; that such game thus reduced to his possession becomes an article of commerce; and that it does not lie within the province of the State thus reduced to his possession becomes an article of food within its borders to its own fortunate inhabitants, to the exclusion of others. Two other Justices took no part in the decision, but the opinion of the court settles the law that a State has the power to prohibit the exportation of game killed within the limits of the State. The statute of Connecticut which was under the review of the court forbade the transportation of "any such birds killed within this State," and the opinion of the Supreme Court uses the same words of limitation. The case under review related to woodcock and other birds, but there is no doubt that fish come within the general classification of game. Blackstone and Kent class them with animals *feræ naturæ*, and in this State it was so decided in *State vs. Higgins*, 51 S. C. 53, 28 S. E. 15, 38 L. R. A. 561.

Whether the shad fish, owing to its peculiar nature, and to the circumstance that its presence within the waters of the State is due largely to the methods of propagation, and to the expenditure of moneys by the general Government for the benefit of all the people of the United States, should be differentiated from this classification, is an interesting question raised by the pleadings, and may be considered hereafter. Assuming that it is to be classed with other game as animals *feræ naturæ*, the property in which rests in the State, and that, under the principle settled by *Geer vs. Connecticut*, the State has the right to prohibit the exportation beyond its limits of any such fish caught within its borders, does such right exist as to any fish caught without its borders and brought within it? The source of title in such fish is not the State. There is no ownership by the State, or by the people in their collective capacity, in game or fish taken or killed outside the borders of the State, for it is not a food supply which belongs in common to all the people of the State, and which can only become the subject of ownership in a qualified way, as declared in that case. Therefore it seems to me clear that shad fish caught without the borders of the State are not subject to the limitations and restrictions that the State may impose on the ownership of fish caught within its borders.

In the case of *Davenport (C. C.)* 102 Fed. 540, the petitioner, who kept a restaurant in the city of Spokane, in the State of Washington, was arrested and imprisoned for having in his possession and offering for sale quail which he had purchased in the State of Missouri. The statute upon which the prosecution was founded declared it to be a misdemeanor to offer for sale quail or other game therein described. The petitioner was discharged in habeas corpus proceedings, the court saying:

"I fully assent to the doctrine of these decisions holding that it is competent for State legislatures to enact laws for the protection of game; and I do not question the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in *Geer vs. Connecticut*, holding that the Legislature of the State has the constitutional power to entirely prohibit the killing of game within the State for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of the State, for it is true, and it is an elementary principle, that the wild game within the State belongs to the people in their collective, sovereign capacity. Game is not the subject of private ownership, except in so far as the people may elect to make it so; and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it for traffic or commerce in it; but the power of the Legislature in this regard only applies to game within the State, which is the property of the people of the State, and no such power to interfere with the private affairs of individuals can affect the right of a citizen to sell or dispose of, as he pleases, game which has become a subject of private ownership by a lawful purchase in another State. This decision of the Supreme Court does not directly or indirectly support the proposition that the Legislature of one State has the constitutional power to prohibit traffic in game imported from another State."

In *People vs. A. Booth & Co.*, 86 N. Y. Supp. 272, decided November, 1903, in the Supreme Court of New York, an action was brought to recover penalties under the fish and game laws of New York for having possession of, selling, and transporting brook trout out of season, imported from Canada and stored in cold storage, and cases in the State of New York are reviewed. Among them is the case of *People vs. Buffalo Fish Company*, 164 N. Y. 100, 58 N. E. 36, 52 L. R. A. 803, 79 Am. St. Rep. 622, where the court says:

"The question, and the only question, is whether a State statute can be lawfully enacted to prohibit a citizen of this State from buying fish in Canada, importing it into this State, and exposing it for sale here. There is no question at all about the competency of the State, in the exercise of the police power, to enact game laws. The question is whether such laws can be so framed as to prohibit or restrict by penal provisions the importation of an article of food in universal use. That the purchase of fish for food in a foreign country, and its importation here for sale as such is a branch of foreign commerce, is too clear for discussion. * * * That the statute operates as a restriction upon the defendant's business as an importer and dealer in fish, no one can doubt. That a statute so operating is in conflict with the exclusive power of Congress to regulate foreign commerce, is not questioned; and yet the contention is made, with great earnestness, that this statute is perfectly valid. The reasoning upon which this conclusion is based, if I understand it, is that the State has the power to pass game laws, which no one denies; that the object of this statute was to protect game in this State, and not to interfere in any way whatever with foreign commerce, and, since the purpose that the Legislature had in view was lawful and laudable, the statute is good, although in fact it does prohibit or restrict the importation of fresh fish as an article of food. If the Legislature did not intend to restrict foreign commerce, as asserted, then it is obvious that the statute should be read and interpreted according to that intention, in which event it would have no application to the facts of this case; but, strangely enough, it is given a meaning which imputes to the lawmakers just the contrary, since it is said that the possession of imported fish is, in terms, inhibited. The good intentions of a Legislature will not save a State statute from condemnation when it in fact conflicts with the supreme law of the land. If it restricts the application of commerce, as it certainly does, then it is void, no matter what name may have been given to it, or what good purpose it was intended to promote."

The court held in the Booth case that, if it was necessary to protect trout streams, they should be more effectively policed, or the use of the implements for their invasion regulated, and that provisions of that law were not a reasonable exercise of police power, but deprived a citizen of his property in fish as an article of commerce, and says:

"There is a broader reason for the invalidity of this law,

and one nearer home. It is not only void under the commerce laws of the United States Constitution, but it is in conflict with the State Constitution, as depriving the owner of his property and liberty. Much confusion and uncertainty is found in the Session Laws and the decisions in relation to game and game fishes, which comes, in a great part, from not considering the quality of the title which the possessor has in such property."

There are two kinds or qualities of such title, depending upon the place of capture and possession, and, citing *Geer vs. Connecticut* and other cases holding that, game being the property of the whole people, the law might impose such terms and conditions as it chose, not only as to its capture, but as to the disposition and use of the same, and that, such privileges being granted by legislation, the conditions upon which it was granted followed the game, the court also says:

"But when game is obtained outside the State, and brought into it as private property, the owner does not get his right to it from the State. He holds it independent of the State, the same as he owns his house, his cattle, or securities. He is the absolute, unqualified owner of property, protected by the Constitution, and just as sacred from encroachment from the State as from others."

In considering similar legislation in the State of Pennsylvania, the court says in *Commonwealth vs. Wilkinson*, 139 Pa. 298, 21 Atl. 14:

"The manifest object of this act was the preservation of game within this Commonwealth. We cannot assume that it was intended to preserve game elsewhere, and it would be a forced construction to hold that it was intended to exclude from our markets quail and other game killed in other States, where by the laws of those States the killing of it was lawful. * * * The law was not intended to have any extraterritorial effect, and if it was, it would be nugatory."

The same doctrine is announced in *Maryland (Dickhaut vs. State)*, 85 Md. 451, 37 Atl. 21, 36 L. R. A. 765, 60 Am. St. Rep. 332; in *Massachusetts (Commonwealth vs. Hall)*, 128 Mass. 410, 35 Am. Rep. 387; in *Kansas (State vs. Saunders)*, 19 Kan. 127, 27 Am. Rep. 98, and in other States.

There are decisions to the contrary in a number of States, the most notable of which is *ex parte Maier*, 103 Cal. 476, 37 Pac. 402, 42 Am. St. Rep. 129, where the Supreme Court of California held that, in the exercise of the police power of the State, it may prohibit the taking of wild game, and any traffic or commerce in it, if deemed necessary for its protection or preservation of the public good, and, to this end, may make it criminal for any person to sell or offer for sale any of such game, whether killed within the State or without the State. These cases rest upon the principle stated by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge in *Whitehead vs. Smithers*, 2 C. P. D. 553, where, under an English statute making it unlawful to have in possession plover during the close season, it was held that a party who imported the dead birds from Holland, and sold them in the British market, came within the prohibition of the statute, and the court said:

"It is said that it would be a strong thing for the Legislature of the United Kingdom to interfere with the rights of foreigners to kill foreign birds, but it may well be that the true and only mode of protecting British wildfowl from indiscriminate slaughter, as well as of protecting other British interests, is by interfering indirectly with the proceedings of foreign persons. The object is to prevent British wildfowl from being improperly killed and sold under pretense of their being imported from abroad."

It is hardly necessary to say that, the power of the British Parliament relating to questions of this kind being supreme, this case furnishes no rule of guidance in construing a statute of a State whose power in respect to all matters of interstate and foreign commerce is limited by the Federal Constitution. The argument in favor of the validity of this statute is precisely that which was controlling in the English case just referred to; that is, that it would be impossible for the police officers of the State to determine whether the shad come from within or from without the State, and that it would be easier to enforce local protective and inspection laws if they were made applicable as well to fish caught without the State as to those caught within its borders. As a mere rule of convenience, this argument has weight, but the Supreme Court of the United States has definitely pronounced unconstitutional such local laws as are in restraint of interstate commerce. Thus, in the *oleomargarine* case, the State of Pennsylvania having passed an act making it a misdemeanor for any person to sell or have in his possession, with intent to sell, any imitation or adulterated butter or cheese, which the Supreme Court of that State sustained, in *Schollenberger vs. Pennsylvania*, 171 U. S. 1, 18 Sup. Ct. 757, 43 L. Ed. 49, it was held by the Supreme Court of the United States that, inasmuch as oleomargarine was a recognized and proper subject of commerce, it could not be totally excluded from any particular State simply because the State may choose to decide that, for the purpose of preventing an impure and adulterated article, it will not permit the introduction of a pure and unadulterated article within its borders upon any terms whatever. The argument in favor of the statute was that it was enacted in good faith for the protection of the health of the citizens and for the prevention of deception, and that while it might be admitted that there was actually pure oleomargarine, not dangerous to the public health, its purity could not be ascertained by any superficial examination, and that, any certain and effective supervision of its manufacture being impossible, therefore all oleomargarine should be excluded; but the court held that it was beyond the power of the State to interfere with interstate commerce, and it could not, for the purpose of preventing the introduction of an impure or adulterated article, absolutely prohibit the introduction of that which was pure and wholesome. This case is on the line of many others where statutes passed under the cover of the exercise of police powers were held unconstitutional, as being a burden upon interstate or foreign commerce. *Henderson vs. Wickham*, 92 U. S. 259, 23 L. Ed. 543; *Chy Lung vs. Freeman*, 92 U. S. 275, 23 L. Ed. 550; *Railroad Company vs. Husen*, 95 U. S. 465, 24 L. Ed. 527.

It being so clear upon principle and upon the most approved authorities that the State has no power to prohibit the exportation of game brought into the State from another State, or outside its borders, it was suggested by the learned Attorney-General at the hearing that the act be so construed as to confine its operation to shad caught within the limits of the State. Such interpretation would limit the words of the act, and be manifestly against the intent of the Legislature which enacted it, for it appears from the agreed statement of facts that an amendment was proposed, while the act was on its passage, striking out the words "any shad fish," in section 1, and inserting

in lieu thereof the words "any shad fish caught in the waters of the State of South Carolina," but the said amendment was rejected, and the court cannot do now by construction what the Legislature refused to do by enactment.

In the *Trade-Mark Cases*, 100 U. S. 82, 25 L. Ed. 550, the court had under consideration certain criminal prosecutions for violations of what is known as the "trade-mark legislation." The Congress had passed an act of the broadest character to punish counterfeiting of trade-marks, which was claimed to be valid as a regulation of commerce. Property in trade-marks had long been recognized and protected by the common law and by the statutes of the several States, and it was held in this case that if the power of Congress could in any case be extended to trade-marks, as a regulation of commerce, it must be limited to their use in "commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States and with the Indian tribes," and that this legislation was not, in its terms or essential character, a regulation that is limited; but, in its language, embraced, and was intended to embrace, all commerce, including that between citizens of the same State. It was held that such legislation was void for want of constitutional authority; and, in reply to the suggestion that Congress had power to regulate trade-marks used in commerce with foreign nations and among the several States, the legislation should be held valid in that class of cases, if no further, the court says:

"While it may be true that when one part of a statute is valid and constitutional, and another part is unconstitutional and void, the court may enforce the valid part, where they are distinctly separable, so that each can stand alone, it is not within the judicial province to give to the words used by Congress a narrower meaning than they are manifestly intended to bear, in order that crimes may be punished which are not described in language that brings them within the constitutional power of that body."

This precise point was decided in *United States vs. Reese*, 92 U. S. 214, 23 L. Ed. 563, where the Chief Justice says:

"We are not able to reject the part which is unconstitutional and retain the remainder, because it is not possible to separate that which is constitutional, if there be any such, from that which is not. The proposed effect is not to be attained by striking out or disregarding words that are in the section, but by inserting those that are not there now. Each of the sections must stand as a whole, or fall together. The language is plain. There is no room for construction, unless it be as to the effect of the Constitution. The question then to be determined is whether we can introduce words of limitation into a penal statute so as to make it specific, when, as expressed, it is general only. * * * To limit the statute in the manner now asked for would be to make a new law, not to enforce an old one. This is no part of our duty."

In view of the fact that the Legislature of South Carolina refused to limit the operation of this act by rejecting the amendment above referred to, some of the concluding words in the case cited are apposite:

"If we should, in the case before us, undertake to make by judicial construction a law which Congress did not make, it is quite probable we should do what, if the matter were now before that body, it would be unwilling to do, namely, make a trade-mark law which is partial in its operation, and which would complicate the rights which parties would hold in some instances under the act of Congress, and in others under State law."

Having reached the conclusion that it is the duty of this court to declare the statute invalid under the commerce clause of the Constitution (Article 1, section 8, cl. 3), as an interference with interstate commerce, it is unnecessary to consider the question raised by the complaint, and upon which an interesting argument has been presented. The complaint charges, in paragraph 6, subd. "c," that the complainants are engaged in catching and dealing in, and shipping to points outside of the State of South Carolina, the shad fish deposited and propagated by the United States as food fishes, and in the master's report it appears that this allegation is admitted to be true. It is well known that the rivers of this State had been well-nigh depleted of shad, and the Congress of the United States has undertaken by its legislation to provide for the propagation of food fishes. In sections 4395, 4396, 4397, and 4398 of the Revised Statutes [U. S. Comp. St. 1901, pp. 3001, 3002], a fish commission was appointed; and by the act of February 14, 1903, c. 552, section 4, 32 Stat. 826 [U. S. Comp. St. Supp. 1903, p. 43], this commission was put in the Department of Commerce, and by its fixed policy and annual appropriations the United States Government has undertaken to replenish the coastal waters with food fishes. By section 4398 the commissioner is authorized to take from the waters of the seacoast, where the tide ebbs and flows, such fish as may be needful and proper for the conduct of his duties, "any law, custom or usage of any State to the contrary notwithstanding"; and it appears from the reports of the fish commission that over thirty millions of shad fry have been deposited in the rivers of this State. It seems to be now pretty well agreed among those learned in the subject that the young shad hatched out in any particular river remain within a moderate distance of the mouth of that stream until the period occurs for their inland migration. It was formerly believed that shad during the winter moved toward the equator, and, wintering in the warmer waters of the south, started northward in a vast school at the beginning of the year, advancing along the coast in almost military array, sending a detachment up each successive stream, which, by a singular method of selection, sought the river in which they first saw the light; and the argument is that shad artificially propagated in rivers and in coast waters of the United States by the money of the people of the United States belong to all the people of the United States, and therefore a State has no power to impose any restriction upon such property which the United States, in furtherance of its policy of furnishing to the people food fishes, has not imposed. The argument is ingenious, and the question interesting, but the exigencies of this case do not require me to decide it, and I express no opinion upon that point.

Let a decree be prepared in accordance with this opinion.

The Tarpon Record Broken.

YACHT NERITA, Coconut Grove, Fla., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I think I have broken the tarpon record. March 9, while fishing for snappers near Key Sargo, with crawfish bait and 10-ounce rod, I killed the bearer of the inclosed scale. Length, 18 inches; weight, 2¾ pounds. If this is not a "breaker" of one end of the record, I am much mistaken. W. G. J. McCORMICK.

[The little scale Mr. McCormick sends measures an inch in diameter.]

In Pacific Waters.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Striped bass are becoming more plentiful in San Francisco Bay, judging from the catches made during the past week in the Straits between Tiburon and San Quentin Point.

The largest catches of last year were made during March and April, and according to present weather conditions the sport should be of the highest order from now until the game fishes leave for the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers.

Deputy fish commissioners who returned recently from a trip through Santa Clara and Monterey counties, report that they were unable to capture offenders of the fish laws with game fish in their possession, although they encountered men in several of the trout streams they visited with spears. These were thrown away by the spearsmen when the deputies arrived. With few exceptions people who live within proximity of rivers and creeks have no respect for the fish laws, and will kill the large steelheads which should be protected during breeding season, which runs from December to April.

John Butler, of the California Anglers' Association, was invited by a man who evidently had no respect for the fish laws, to a day's fishing on Paper Mill Creek. Mr. Butler cautioned the man who was intent on breaking the law to have a care, but his good advice had little effect, as the game vandal went fishing (?) Sunday last.

The Lagunitas and Paper Mill creeks, in Marin county, and Sonoma Creek in Sonoma county, are trout waters seldom visited by deputy fish commissioners or game wardens during the closed season. As a consequence anglers who observe the law find few fish to catch of good size when the season opens.

The San Francisco Fly-Casting Club held its first contest of the season Sunday a week ago at Stow Lake. The day was perfect for the switching of lines, and good scores were made. In long distance casting, J. Marsden got out 103 feet of line, a very creditable performance. H. B. Sperry, who has shown remarkable improvement in long distance casting, reeled off 102½ feet. C. G. Young's performance, in accuracy and delicacy and lure-casting, was highly creditable; in fact, Mr. Young's lure-casting was almost perfect. Among the devotees who participated in the contest were: J. Marsden, C. G. Young, F. M. Haight, A. Sperry, Chas. Huyck, C. H. Kewell, J. R. Duglass, H. B. Sperry, H. Golcher, W. E. Brooks, G. W. Lane, T. C. Kurulff, W. H. McNaughton, F. H. Reed, H. H. Kirk, E. Everett, W. L. Gerstle.

The present officers of the California Anglers' Association, who will serve for the ensuing year, are: President, John H. Sammi; First Vice-President, James Watt; Second Vice-President, Adolph Lorsbach; Secretary-Treasurer, W. E. Stevens; Directors—R. Hass, C. Ashlin, J. Swan, Bert Spring, S. Wells, James P. Sweeney, John Butler, G. Wentworth, William Halsted and J. Flynn.

A meeting of the officers and directors was held in San Francisco last week to amend the constitution and by-laws in some particulars, and to decide upon a permanent location for club rooms, etc. The Association is growing fast, and now has a membership of 140 staunch supporters of angling, and of the laws which are made for the protection of game fish. J. D. C.

Ringed Flies.

CHICAGO, ILL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of February 15, you published an article on a fly and cast box, showing a drawing of the latest box, which I think an improvement on the old. I regret to say that more than 50 per cent. of trout fishermen do not know its use and what it is intended for. We are much behind the English fly-caster in the art of fly-casting, and more so in the manufacturing of flies.

I have carried boxes of the kind you describe for fifteen years. An English concern induced me to buy a supply of two-winged flies which are unmounted. The mounting is very simple. I carry a package of silk gut with me and mount my flies as I go along. I can change flies more quickly than by having looped mounted flies, and can save the fly I am discarding as useless at the time.

I have fished nearly every stream in the Northwest, and have found the two-winged fly far superior to any manufactured. The ringed unmounted fly is the fly of the future, and if fellow sportsmen will try them they never will use any other, as they are truer to life, last longer, and if properly mounted are safer, as mounted flies are unreliable after the gut is two years old.

A package of gut can be kept in condition for years by putting it in a chamois skin saturated with oil.

Strange as it may seem, when I first began using ringed flies, every dealer in this city found objections, such as that a small end of gut projecting by not being cut close enough would form an air-bubble, or it was too much trouble, etc. It is only in the last two years that a couple of our best dealers have taken them up, one of them—Von Lengerke & Antoine—being enthusiastic on the ultimate outcome. Other dealers still remain behind the age.

In conclusion, I advise all fly-fishermen to try the ringed two-winged fly and carry the little box you advocate. It will prove a revelation. E. LIPKAU.

Big Fish Exterminate the Bass.

ISLETA, OHIO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to write a few lines in corroboration of Mr. Bainbridge Bishop's ideas of fish and their protection at the present day. I have fished in our stream, the Tuscarawas River, for thirty-five years, and I note a decrease in our swift water fish, especially the bass family. Each year shows a gradual shortage, and I fear very much that in the immediate future they, along with the pike-perch, will almost become exterminated. Now, I want to give you an actual experience, for I am on deck to tell the truth. It was in the early days of last November, when the waters were just beginning to get chilly, which causes a little dormancy in the movements of the bass and pike-perch, while in the maskinongé, or pike, as some call it, this chilly sensation simply instills new life, and he comes from his hiding with the swiftness of an arrow, singles out his

prey, and with one dextrous move picks it up. The first day of November, in company with two friends from the city of Coshocton, we spent the entire day—and a beautiful one it was, too—with but very little success, only catching three fish the entire day. During the entire day there was quite a commotion among the bass in a large basin that we fished in most of the day. Now comes the cause of the disturbance of the swift-water fish in this pool at that time. The second day one of the bass which had been caught the day before was tied to the boat with a string, possibly four feet in length. The commotion among the bass continued the second day, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon something struck the boat, and there lay a maskinongé, with the bass that was tied to the boat in his huge mouth. He had killed it with the first grab. The maskinongé, or pike, as some call it, was fully six feet in length. I noted at that particular time that the trouble was seemingly with the bass family. This proves clearly that those monsters feed principally on bass and our jack salmon, and I feel almost sure that in a few more years bass in our stream will be a thing of the past. Just what measures should be introduced to correct this I am not able to say. One thing is sure, these big fellows cannot be taken out of our streams with common hook and line. What shall be done in this case?

S. A. STOWE.

Michigan's Proposed Angler's License.

An Open Letter.

To the Honorable, the Governor of Michigan, Lansing:

RESPECTED SIR—I am informed that a bill is before the Legislature of your State to exclude every angler from outside States to catch brook trout or grayling in your State, unless a special license of \$25 is paid by all non-residents, with a 75-cent license to residents.

Being a citizen of Illinois who has whipped a large share of the streams of your State for the past twenty years, and who has always complied with the conditions of the statutes of your State as regards your law, I beg to enter a protest against the passage of a law that prohibits an outside citizen from such sport in your State. Why not, under the same conditions, prohibit an outsider from buying the lands of your State, or becoming a temporary citizen by buying pine lands; or still further, of taxing every person who spends a summer in your State during the months that suggest rest and recreation? This is as reasonable as the proposition to prohibit angling by anyone who does not happen to reside in your State.

Every trout that is caught by non-residents brings dollars into the State.

By the inauguration of such a law as is now proposed, your State will exclude many thousands who annually visit your State for rest and pleasure. The streams of Michigan are naturally the home of the speckled trout. Some streams of Wisconsin are also the natural grounds of the *fontinalis*, which are also frequented by sportsmen, and where no such laws will be enforced.

Being a member of one of the most prominent clubs of scientific fishermen in the West, I sincerely hope that this prohibitive bill will not become a law—not only in justice to sportsmen, but also in justice to the freedom of visitors, who would, under the above conditions, leave your summer resorts empty during the fishing season. Should such a bill pass your Legislature, I trust that your Excellency will veto such an act. I am assured that the real sportsmen of your State are against such a law, and only those who wish the whole State to themselves are in favor of it. Very sincerely yours,

B. W. GOODSSELL, of Chicago, Ill.

The Arizona Seasons.

PHOENIX, Arizona, March 17.—The Territorial Legislature finished its 60-day session last night. An entirely new game law has been passed this session. The law in brief is as follows: Male deer and turkey, open season September 15 to December 1. Antelope killing prohibited to March 1, 1911. Quail, Bobwhite, partridge, grouse, pheasant, snipe or rail, open season October 15 to March 1. Ducks, geese, brant, doves, open all the year. Trout (not less than seven inches long), June 1 to September 1, open. Black bass, strawberry bass, crappie, September 1 to December 1, open. Introduced pheasants, killing prohibited to March 1, 1911. Limits—Three male deer in one season, 25 quail in one day, 20 pounds or 40 individual fish in one day of trout, bass, crappie or catfish. Fishing with hook and line only permitted. Sale of all above game and fish prohibited at all times. Non-resident license tax to hunt deer, \$10. Killing prohibited of lark, thrush, sparrow, swallow, grosbeak or tanager, camel, elk, mountain goat, mountain sheep, female deer or spotted fawn.

Governor Kibbey re-appointed the old board of Fish and Game Commissioners: T. S. Bunch, Safford; W. L. Pinney, of Phoenix, and Jean Allison, of Jerome, for two years. W. L. Pinney is secretary and business agent of the board.

Florida Black Bass Destruction.

A NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., correspondent of the Florida Times-Union writes: "Although I reside in the State of New York, I feel that I am almost a Floridian, inasmuch as I have spent my winters in Florida since 1883, not for my health, but prefer to take my vacation from business during the winter months and fish, hunt and amuse myself under the tropic sun, with charming surrounding scenery, nowhere to be found in the United States, in the world, all within a few hours of New York city. Black bass fishing has been the great sport and amusement. All of the fresh waters of the State, especially on the west side until this winter, were filled with these game fish. I have seen ladies catch with rod and line in streams I have been accustomed to fish eight and ten-pound bass. This winter I have fished in the accustomed streams as heretofore without a strike, when in the past any fisherman could with ease capture from twenty to forty in an afternoon. Upon examination I found numerous wire fish traps set along said streams that have been depopulated of black bass. Upon inquiry I learned that

tons of black bass have been caught in that way from streams in Levy county and sold to mill hands and negroes making turpentine in the vicinity for two cents a pound, one man at the little settlement where I am stopping, I was told, sold twenty dollars' worth of black bass caught in traps, in less than two weeks. This shows that one thousand pounds of black bass was slaughtered for a twenty-dollar bill. A Government official at the same place, whom I have no reason to doubt, informed me that tons of black bass had been caught in traps in Levy county during the past year. At this rate, it will not be long before the black bass of Florida will be a thing of the past, and the State of Florida will, in the near future, be trying to restock its streams with bass so cruelly butchered. If there is a State law that prohibits trapping of black bass, enforce it quickly or the finish of the black bass in 'the Land of Flowers' is in sight. If there is no law that protects, in God's name and sake of humanity, place one upon the statute book for the State of Florida that will prevent the game fresh-water fish from extermination."—C. G. B.

The Missisquoi Complication.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Mississippi River has where it enters the Missisquoi Bay three mouths or outlets; the bulk of the water now flows out of the middle branch, and the current of water goes directly across the Canada line, which is only about two hundred yards away, then swings through Canadian waters to the Alburgh shore and south back into Vermont. The pike-perch follow up this current, which takes them up through Canadian waters. About a half mile west of the middle branch is the west branch of the river, and the water that flows out from this channel does not enter Canadian territory, and if the sand-bar at the mouth of this west branch was dredged out and a wing were built up at the head of Metcalf Island at the fork of the river and the flow of water turned into the west branch, this would deepen the channel and cause the fish in following up the current to keep wholly in Vermont or United States waters, and it would help navigation, and be a Godsend to the numerous owners of small craft that reside at Swanton, and who now can only cross the bar into the river at high water flood.

The channel along the Alburgh shore can be easily blocked up. A rocky point projects out from the Canadian shore into the Vermont waters, called Province Point. The channel is quite narrow at the end of that point, as there is a long reef but a short distance out from the point. This point is covered with large boulders, which, with the gravel dredged from the sand-bar at the mouth of the west branch, would be quite sufficient to completely block the channel. This would force the migrating fish to either go up the channel of the west branch or to swing out so far from the shore as to be out of the reach of the fishermen's seines. Though simply dredging out the west branch with the wing dam at the forks of the river would quite likely remedy the evil, it is usually the better way to do a thing up thoroughly.

STANSTEAD.

The Adirondack Depredations.

GOVERNOR HIGGINS has ordered an investigation of the Adirondack forest depredations, and has directed that legal proceedings be instituted to recover for the timber removed from the State lands.

Ex-Senator Elon R. Brown has made public his letter of resignation from the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, in which he says:

I hereby resign my membership in your Association. The immediate occasion of my doing so is the attack you are making on Commissioner Middleton. Mr. Middleton has been the sole Commissioner since April, 1901, and if he has been suffering trespassers to denude the Adirondacks during his term of office you have performed your duty very badly in keeping silent on the subject until just before the expiration of his term of office.

It is less than sixty days since you entertained him as a guest of honor at a dinner at the University Club in New York, when the policy of the State as to the Adirondacks was the matter under consideration, and no mention was made of any criticism of this sort or opportunity given to consider the facts that do exist. You knew then, as you know now, that never during the history of the Forest Commission, has there been a period of four years when so little live timber on State land has been destroyed as during his term; that every such trespass has been checked at the earliest practicable moment, and that all such trespasses during his term of office have been inconsiderable and even trifling in amount.

If the Commissioner has asserted the law by compelling payment into the State's forest fund of compensation for burnt timber removed rather than by a seizure of the timber itself without further compensation, and has done this to eke out the scanty appropriations for this great interest, it ill becomes you to attack his policy on the basis of a technical violation of law rather than inquire whether harm has been done the forests.

But the course you are pursuing now is only the occasion and not the reason of my withdrawal. I have for several years during my service in the Senate felt that your influence on the whole was detrimental to the Adirondacks.

Acting on the assumption that no one but yourself has honorable intentions toward these forests, you have opposed every attempt to build them up by scientific forestry, while the great majority of the leading men in your organization are themselves engaged in denuding large tracts of Adirondack forest lands.

Recognizing as you have often professed to do, the great necessity of introducing a system of forestry, you have opposed every step suggested, on the cowardly plea that no one can be trusted to carry it out, while the national service is filled with competent men doing efficient forestry work, drawn to a considerable extent from New York State and even from the Forestry Department of New York State. If your present charges against Commissioner Middleton have any basis in fact, it will have to be conceded that you could not be relied upon to point out dereliction of administration that was undertaken oftener than once in four years.

A favorite means of assault on your part is a condemnation of political methods and of politicians, while I know of no other organization in the State more given over to a self-perpetuating clique. You are collecting dues from several thousand members who never have and who cannot get an opportunity to share in directing your policy, and who have thus far had only the privilege of subscribing to a sentiment without regard for the wisdom or folly of your way of expressing it.

I have, on at least a half a dozen occasions, during my service in the Senate, suggested to your officers the propriety of having a meeting of your Association for the purpose of taking up and discussing forestry problems, with a view to agreeing on a policy, but I have never been able to discover that there was likely to be any such opportunity.

With the funds of your society you employ one or two men to carry out the views or the whims of managers who really never submit themselves to the judgment of your members, by publishing lampoons from time to time on the Governor of the State, or other public officers, and by organizing a paid bureau at times reaching most of the public press of the city of New York. As I do not approve of the policies which you have supported, and do not believe in the methods employed, you will see that my membership in your Association will no longer be either a matter of pleasure or profit to me. Yours truly, ELON R. BROWN.



YACHTING



New York Y. C. Meeting.

THE second annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street, on Thursday evening, March 23. There was a good attendance, and Commodore Frederick G. Bourne presided.

Ex-Commodore S. Nicholson Kane was presented with a handsome loving cup, which was accompanied by suitable resolutions. The following inscription was engraved on the cup: "Presented by the New York Yacht Club to Commodore S. Nicholson Kane, in token of its highest regard and in grateful recognition of thirty years of faithful service, March 23, 1905." Messrs. Irving Grinnell, Philip Schuyler and Archibald Rogers composed the committee on resolutions.

The Model Committee reported that they placed models in wall sections B. C. D and E, completing the hanging of half models down to and including 1884. In addition to the Cup defenders and challengers previously reported, Robert Goelet has presented full rigged models of Magic and Cambria.

Mrs. Samuel Colt has presented a full rigged model of Dauntless, and Arthur Curtis James a full rigged model of Coronet. These two models will be rigged as they appeared in the great ocean race of 1887. The full rigged model of America as she raced for the Cup in 1851, complete in every detail, has been installed, and is on view for the first time.

Twenty-nine half models have been received since the last meeting, including models of U. S. S. Mayflower and U. S. S. Maine. Col. Stevens, of Hoboken, presented original models of Maria, 1846 and 1850, also models of Trouble, 1816; Wave, 1832; Onkahye, 1840, and Betty Bliss. A very handsome full rigged model of the flagship Delaware was presented to the club by Commodore Bourne.

The report of the Committee on Yacht Routine and Signal-Code was adopted.

The committee in charge of the new one-design 30-footers reported eighteen boats built, and that the class was closed.

The committee in charge of the removal of the Bay Ridge station to Staten Island, stated that a float and suitable quarters would be provided at the new location by the time the season opened.

Commodore Bourne was thanked for securing the first club house of the organization, and for placing it on the ground at Glen Cove presented for the purpose by the Ladew family.

The members' attention was called to the fact that a club station was maintained at Nantucket by Mr. P. G. Thebaud.

The following schedule has been laid out for the annual cruise:

- Thursday, August 10—Rendezvous Cups races, Glen Cove.
- Friday, August 11—Squadron run to Morris Cove.
- Saturday, August 12—Squadron run to New London.
- Sunday, August 13—At New London.
- Monday, August 14—Squadron run to Newport.
- Tuesday, August 15—Astor Cup races.
- Wednesday, August 16—Squadron run to Vineyard Haven.
- Thursday, August 17—Squadron run to Marblehead.
- Friday, August 18—At anchor.
- Saturday, August 19—Open regatta for Eastern and New York Y. C.

On the following Monday the Eastern Y. C. fleet will begin its cruise, which will end at Bar Harbor. It will rest with the owners of the New York Y. C. boats whether they will accompany the fleet to the eastward.

The amendments to the new measurement rule passed at the last meeting were finally adopted.



CUP PRESENTED TO EX-COMMODORE S. NICHOLSON KANE BY THE NEW YORK Y. C.

FLEUR DE LYS ENTERED IN OCEAN RACE.—Dr. Lewis A. Stimson has formally entered his schooner Fleur de Lys in the ocean race for the Kaiser's Cup. This makes the tenth entry. Fleur de Lys was designed by the late Edward Burgess and built by J. McDonald at Bath, Me., in 1890. She is a wooden vessel 86ft. waterline, 105ft. over all, 21.9ft. breadth and 13ft. draft. Dr. Stimson has engaged Captain Bohlin, one of the best known of the Gloucester fishing captains, to take Fleur de Lys across, and it is said that she will have a crew of fishermen. Captain Bohlin is known as a great driver, and he holds the record for the fastest time from the Grand Banks to Gloucester.



CUP OFFERED BY HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE GERMAN EMPEROR, FOR THE TRANS-ATLANTIC OCEAN RACE.

Conditions Governing Ocean Race for Kaiser's Cup.

RACE for the ocean cup presented by His Imperial Majesty, the German Emperor:

For cruising yachts of any nation enrolled in a recognized yacht club.

Yacht must be more than eighty tons net Custom House measurement to be eligible.

The race to be started on May 16, at two P. M., at Sandy Hook Lightship, and to finish at the Lizard, England.

Three yachts to start or no race. International rules of the road at sea to govern the race.

An owner or his representative, who must also be a member of a recognized yacht club, must be on board.

Entries to close at midnight April 1, 1905.

Entries may be addressed to the Naval Attaché, Imperial German Embassy, Washington, D. C.

No handicap or time allowance.

The cup will be presented personally by His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor to the owner of the winning yacht at the beginning of Kiel regatta week.

Additional prizes will be given by His Majesty on the basis of one for each three starters.

Auxiliaries entering must sail the race with the propeller removed from the shaft. The propeller may be carried on board yacht during the race.

The sub-committee will arrange for day, night and fog signals to be used in the race.

Further information can be obtained by addressing the chairman of the American Sub-Committee of the Imperial Yacht Club, the Naval Attaché, Imperial German Embassy, Washington, D. C.

H. G. HEBBINGHAUS, I. G. N., Chairman.
ALLISON V. ARMOUR,
C. L. F. ROBINSON,
American Sub-Committee of Imperial Y. C. of Germany.

Boston Letter.

Y. R. A. OF M.—The annual meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts was held at Young's Hotel on Thursday evening, March 16, at which several important amendments were disposed of. Other business which did not get into the call for the meeting will be considered at a special meeting to be held at the Boston Y. C. on Wednesday evening, March 29. One of the amendments adopted, concerning starts, was as follows: "If, after the preparatory signal, a yacht crosses the starting line, she shall be considered to have started. If any part of her hull or spars is on or over the line when the starting signal is given, she must return and recross the line. It shall be the duty of the judges to hail a yacht which is on or over the line at the start, but failure on the part of the judges to hail a yacht shall not relieve the yacht from recrossing the line." An amendment to this adopted amendment is proposed in the call for the special meeting to be held by striking out "If after the preparatory signal a yacht crosses the line, she shall be considered to have started." The remainder of the amendment is retained with the exception that judges are to hail yachts crossing too soon, if possible.

Another amendment adopted provides for an official judge for all Y. R. A. races, his duties being defined as follows: It shall be the duty of the official judge to attend all association races, and he shall serve as a judge and shall see that the rules are properly enforced and that a report of the race is promptly forwarded to the secretary of the Association." The passage of this measure will undoubtedly have a very good result in the racing throughout Massachusetts Bay. While it is true that our regatta committees are, as a rule, very efficient, it is also true that some of them do not have opportunities of becoming acquainted with the different boats. With the official judge present, mistakes in identity, which often lead to more serious ones, may be avoided, and the results of all races returned to the secretary of the Association more quickly and in better shape than they might be otherwise.

A new class was adopted, to be known as class H, yachts conforming to the limitations of the Cape Catboat Association. The Association governing this class was organized to keep up the interest in catboats, which were at one time the most popular rig in Massachusetts Bay. A proposal to accept a class for dories, governed by the rules of the Massachusetts Racing Dory Association, was turned down, only because notice of the proposed measure was not instituted in the call for the meeting. The proposal will be acted upon at the special meeting, the class, if accepted, to be known as class X.

At the special meeting a proposed new section of the rule governing percentages will be acted upon. The proposed amendment is as follows: "After a decision of the judges has been rendered on a protest, the judges may rule that a yacht shall not be counted a starter for percentage which has been wrongfully fouled, disabled or in any way spoiled of her chance of winning a race by another yacht and through no fault of her own; provided, however, that such yacht did withdraw immediately from the race, and did lodge a protest to that effect in writing with the judges, as soon thereafter as was possible." This measure appeals to many racing men, especially those who compete in classes in which there are many entries for every race. It often happens that a yacht's chances are entirely spoiled by being fouled by another yacht, and it is considered that one yacht should not suffer because of the fault or the mistake of another.

Another amendment proposed for the special meeting is to the effect that it shall be part of the duty of the official measurer to act as a judge and he shall receive all protests on measurement, it being provided elsewhere in the rules that the measurer shall attend all Association races. From this it looks as though it is the intention to make the official measurer also the official judge.

On account of the absence of several delegates at the annual meeting, and also because many clubs were not ready to announce their races, there were few requests for open dates, and the matter of giving these out was left to the Executive Committee. Since the meeting the following fixtures have been announced, which were given out with a view to harmonize with the dates of the Eastern and Corinthian Y. C.'s:

- Tuesday, May 30—South Boston, off Marine Park.
- Saturday, June 17, A. M.—Boston, Hull Bay.
- Saturday, June 17, P. M.—Corinthian, ocean race.
- Saturday, June 24—Squantum, Quincy Bay.
- Monday, July 3—Eastern, Marblehead.
- Tuesday, July 4, A. M.—Corinthian, Marblehead.
- Tuesday, July 4, P. M.—Eastern, Marblehead.

Entries in Ocean Race for German Emperor's Cup.

Name.	Type.	L.W.L.	Owner.	Club.	Designer.	Year Built.
Valhalla	Aux. Ship	240ft.	Earl of Crawford	Royal Yacht Squadron	W. C. Storey	1892
Apache	Aux. Barque	168ft.	Edmund Randolph	New York Y. C.	J. Reid & Co.	1890
Ailsa	Yawl	89ft.	Henry S. Redmond	New York Y. C.	William Fife, Jr.	1895
Hamburg	Schooner	116ft.	German syndicate	Kaiserlicher Y. C.	George L. Watson	1898
Utowana	Aux. Schooner	155ft.	Allison V. Armour	New York Y. C.	J. Beaver-Webb	1891
Sunbeam	Aux. Barque	154.7ft.	Lord Brassey	Royal Yacht Squadron	St. Claire Byrne	1874
Thistle	Schooner	110ft.	Robert E. Tod	Atlantic Y. C.	Henry Winteringham	1901
Atlantic	Aux. Schooner	135ft.	Wilson Marshall	New York Y. C.	Gardner & Cox	1903
Hildegard	Schooner	103.4ft.	Edward R. Coleman	New York Y. C.	A. S. Chesebrough	1897
Fleur de Lys	Schooner	101ft.	Lewis A. Stimson	New York Y. C.	Edward Burgess	1890
Endymion	Schooner	88.6ft.	George Lander, Jr.	Indian Harbor Y. C.	Tams, Lemoine & Crane	1899

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

For a 60-Foot Waterline Cruising Launch.

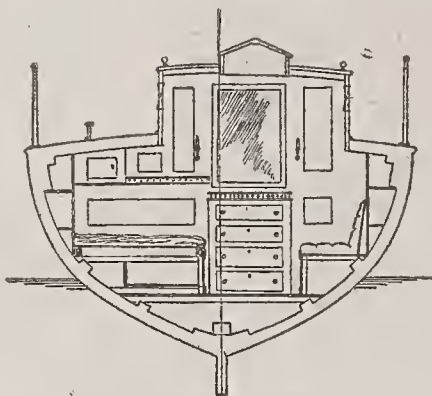
SECOND PRIZE DESIGN, AND WINNER OF CABIN PLAN PRIZE.

The following description is an outline of the principal features embodied in a vessel designed to conform to the rules laid down in the FOREST AND STREAM competition.

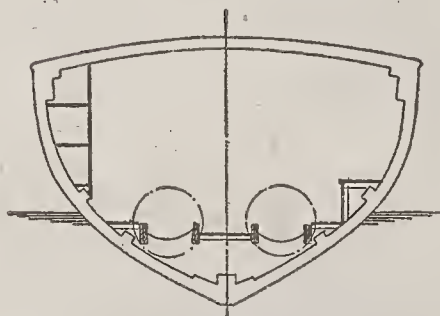
To obtain a seaworthy type, ample freeboard, sheer and displacement were naturally of prime importance; as for speed, it has been considered of minor importance. The whaleboat type of stem and stern have been retained, and to prevent the boat from being too lively, the gasoline is kept well toward the ends, which also means that the position of the gasoline is as remote as possible. With the large displacement, easy form to drive (for the speed chosen), that boat should keep its speed fairly well in rough water; the ample skeg insuring good steering and docking qualities and protection for the screws.

The arrangement of houses and cockpit as per plans was adopted for the following reasons: In the first place, a good location for helmsman was necessary; therefore the houses were divided, as in this manner the helmsman can be kept much lower than if the usual bridge was used; and again, the man, if placed so high, makes a small boat rather unsightly. The distance of wheel from bow permits of a good range being obtained, and naturally a course can be held better.

The space between the houses was made great enough to accommodate a large observation seat, from which



Section through stateroom looking aft.



Section through engine room.

vantage point a good view over the helmsman's head is obtained.

Recognizing that there are times when guests and owner prefer to be out of earshot of crew, the after cockpit was provided, a more sheltered position than the observation seat on a windy day. An awning is carried from well forward, right back over house and cockpit; this also insures a cooler house than if the sunbeams were allowed to fall upon it. The forward house contains crew's quarters, galley and engine room, while the after house is given up entirely to owner and guests.

The plan of the after house is somewhat out of the ordinary, in the fact that it is not symmetrical in plan, a portion on the starboard side being removed, forming a deck level passage from cockpit to the companionway that enters owner's quarters. The idea of this is to minimize the length of passage fore and aft, below, thereby allowing more space for accommodation.

Entering this companionway and descending a winding stairway, we arrive in the vestibule, which has convenient lockers for oilers, guns and steward's supplies. Three doors open from the vestibule, those to owner's stateroom, the toilet and main saloon. The vestibule is floored with linoleum of good quality, and is expected to be a convenient place for the removal of wet coats, etc.

Entering the owner's stateroom, we find the same to extend the entire width of vessel, to contain a double bed on the starboard side, a portion of bed being under the deck at side of house, but not stinted as regards head room. On the port side there is a good size transom or sofa, that could be used for sleeping purposes on a pinch, wardrobe, locker and folding lavatory; a large bureau and mirror are located at the after end. Skylight and large windows in sides of trunk insure good light and ventilation.

Proceeding to the toilet next, which contains the usual w. c. and basin, gravity feed, and in addition the toilet was made long enough to permit one end being slightly sunk (for drainage), and a rose spray and rubber tube fitted together with a rubber curtain as shower, thus making a practical shower. The head room was not sufficient for the usual overhead shower, nor was it thought advisable to fit a tube, the latter taking up so much room, beside the expense. Medicine and linen locker located as shown; a portion of the vestibule skylight helps to ventilate this room.

The next room is the main saloon, in which are placed two wide sofas, to be used for sleeping purposes, one of which is carried partly across at forward end, forming a sort of cosy corner. In this angle a swing table is placed; at the after end buffet or sideboard and wine locker are located, good stowage being obtained inside of sofas and at sides of boat; in fact, stowage room has been made a feature of the design.

Skylight over saloon, and windows on three sides.

The finish of saloon would be in white with appropriate and inexpensive hangings and brass cabin lamps.

The toilet room would also be finished in white, while cabin, vestibule and stairs would be finished in varnish.

From the saloon, going forward, just under the break of houses, the head room has been reduced slightly for a distance of about 4 1/2 ft.; this is part of the passage that gives complete communication fore and aft as per requirements.

Proceeding to galley, this room contains a range, large ice-box, dresser, shelves, and a reserve ice-box under the floor. A skylight as shown and ports should keep this place cool and sweet.

It will be noted that forward house is fitted with ports instead of windows; this was done as the windows might easily be smashed by a head sea in offshore cruising.

Forward of galley the forecabin is located, containing transoms port and starboard and pipe berths for four men. If preferred, one of the berths could easily be installed in engine room. At after end of forecabin the forward end of house is utilized to give light and ventilation through ports and extra large head room so as to make the cubic air space as great as possible. The opening of the forward companionway would induce a natural circulation of air. The toilet at aft end is entirely separated from forecabin. There is ample hanging space and dunnage space in transoms; at forward end there are shelves fitted for lamps, stores, etc.

Engine room—The twin-screw type was adopted to insure reliability and immunity from being totally disabled. Small powers were used to keep cost as low as possible. The motors used are four cylinder four-stroke Buffalo or equal make, the rated power of each being 25 B.H.P., which is actually not less than 10 B.H.P. less than actual output, which is about the power that would be expected from the cylinder volume and piston speed. Two small pumps are to be fitted, one a centrifugal for pumping the bilges, and the other a gear or rotary pump for forcing water from main tank to gravity tank. For ignition, a magneto or dynamo is to be used with batteries for starting.

The gasoline tanks forward and aft are separated from balance of boat by water-tight bulkheads; holes are bored through skin of vessel, and the entering water is expected to carry off the gasoline in case of tank leakage; all gasoline pipes are led outside of hull to engine space. See specifications.

In order to keep the price to the predetermined figure, the boat is to be built as cheaply as is consistent with good work and material; scarcely any effort has been made to cut weights, which usually means more labor and therefore greater cost. The approximate costs are distributed as follows:

Hull, complete, including rudder, awning, struts, tanks, etc.	\$5,200
Two motors and appurtenances (net) i. e., catalogued discount (including propellers)	2,600
Allow for equipment, bedding, napery, boat, etc.	1,200
	\$9,000

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	67ft. 9in.
W.L.	59ft.
Beam—	
Extreme	11ft. 9in.
W.L.	9ft. 6in.
Overhang—	
Forward	3ft. 9in.
Aft	5ft.
Freeboard—	
Forward	6ft.
Least	3ft. 10in.
Aft	4ft. 1in.
Draft—	
Extreme	3ft. 9 1/2 in.

Corresponding displacement (lbs.) exclusive of skeg	33,440
Speed (at rated H. P.), miles	11 1/2
Rated H. P. (low figure), total	50
Wetted surface, total	553 sq. ft.
H. P. for 8 miles per hour	20
Cruising radius, full speed, miles	850
Cruising radius, 8 miles per hour, miles	920
Fresh water	300 gals.
Gasolene, forward 300 gals., aft 166 gals.	466 gals.
Propellers, 29in. diameter, 23in. pitch	600 revs.

Note.—At high speed engine and screw efficiency are maximum, and allow 1/4 gal. gasolene per horsepower hour. At 8 miles' speed, lower efficiency, allow 1/5 gal. per horsepower hour.

These motors would probably brake 70 horsepower total, which would give speed of about 12 1/4 miles. However, this speed and horsepower is not claimed for design.

Weights.

	Pounds.
Hull, motor foundations, paint, etc., main shrouds, etc.	12,000
Joiner work, partitions	2,500
Cabin house	1,400
Miscellaneous joiner work, stairs, deck seat, etc.	300
Skylights	240
Furniture, transoms, berths, etc.	550
Napery, upholstery, bedding	400
Ice box and reserve ice box	900
Rudder and gear	350
Deck fittings, davits, etc.	250
Windlass	100
Flaming	250
Fresh water piping	70
Fresh water tanks	510
Gasolene tanks	350
Awning, stanchions and rails	240
Galley stove and fixtures	300
Crew's berths	100
Dinghy	150
Anchor and cables	300
Motors, complete	3,500
Shafts, bearings, struts, etc.	550
Propellers	90
Stores:	
Engineer's	200
Ice	300
Ice	300
Coal	200
Fresh water, 225 gallons	2,250
Gasolene, 460 gallons	3,000
Steward's	500
Passengers, crew and effects	1,600
Total	83,450

Saturday, July 8—Quincy, Hull Bay.
 Saturday, July 22—Winthrop, Winthrop.
 Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 3, 4 and 5—Boston, Hull Bay.
 Monday, August 7—Boston, Marblehead.
 Tuesday, August 8—Eastern, Marblehead.
 Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 9, 10, 11, 12—Corinthian, Marblehead.
 Monday, August 14—Manchester, W. Manchester.
 Tuesday, August 15—Manchester (Crowhurst Cup), W. Manchester.
 Wednesday and Thursday, August 16 and 17—East Gloucester, Gloucester.
 Friday and Saturday, August 18 and 19—Annisquam, Annisquam.
 Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 24, 25 and 26—Cape Cod, Provincetown.
 Monday and Tuesday, August 28 and 29—Wellfleet, Wellfleet.
 Thursday, August 31—Plymouth, Plymouth.
 Friday and Saturday, September 1 and 2—Duxbury, Duxbury.
 Monday, September 4—Lynn, off Nahant.
 Sunday, September 10—Association rendezvous, Hull Bay.

In the above list the races of the Eastern and Corinthian Y. C.'s do not count for Association percentage.

AUTOBOAT FOR MR. LEWIS R. SPEARE.—There is being built at the yard of Stearns & Mackay, Marblehead, an automobile boat, which may prove to be one of the great speed makers of the season. This boat, which has been mentioned before, is for Mr. Lewis R. Speare, of Newton, Mass., a very enthusiastic automobilist. She is 40ft. long and about 4ft. beam and of very light draft. She will be driven by a Winton 12 cylinder 150 horsepower motor. Marine engines of such power are something new with the Winton people, but they are confident that this one will turn out well. What speed is expected has not been vouchsafed, but it is known that both the owner and the builders are quite confident that it will be something big, in spite of their conservatism. The boat is in the finishing stages now, and as soon as she is completed she will be shipped to Cleveland, where her motor will be installed. She will then be tried out on fresh water, after which she will be sent to Marblehead, where Mr. Speare will use her. **JOHN B. KILLEEN.**

INTER-ATLANTIC REGATTA AT HAMPTON ROADS.—The Hampton Roads Y. C., in conjunction with the Brooklyn Y. C., will hold a regatta on July 4 open to yachts of all clubs. The course will be laid off the club house of the Hampton Roads Y. C., on Willoughby Spit, opposite Fortress Monroe, Va. There will be five classes for sailing yachts and one for power boats.

CLASSES.

(Sloops, Yawls, Schooners, Cats, Bugeyes, etc.)

- Class A—Over 45ft. racing length.
- Class B—Over 35ft. racing length.
- Class C—Over 25ft. racing length.
- Class D—Under 25ft. racing length.
- Class E—Boats that have participated in ocean race.
- Class F—Cruising power boats.

PRIZES.

Prizes will be cups or other trophies of the below values:			
	First Prize.	Second Prize.	Third Prize.
Class A	\$50.00	\$25.00
Class B	30.00	20.00	\$10.00
Class C	25.00	15.00	10.00
Class D	20.00	10.00	5.00
Class E	30.00	20.00	10.00
Class F	50.00	25.00

Also a prize of \$20 to the crew of the Class D boat making the best actual time over the course, offered by the editor of the Rudder.

MEASUREMENT FOR RACING LENGTH.

The measurement will be the L.W.L. plus one-half the overhang.

Class E will sail under their ocean race rating. Class F will be rated under rules of American Power Boat Association.

CREWS.

Boats in Classes A, B and C will be allowed to carry their professional crews, but must be steered by an amateur.

Boats in Class E, one paid hand.

Boats in Class D, all amateur crews limited to one man for each 5ft. of over all length.

Boats in Classes A, B, C and E, no crew limit. No paid pilot allowed on any yacht entered in the race.

DEFINITION OF AN AMATEUR.

An amateur is one who does not gain his livelihood by following the sea, and who has never accepted pay for serving upon a yacht, fisherman, oysterman or coaster.

ALLOWANCE.

Allowance calculated from the common tables, with the usual allowance for rig.

SAILS.

No restrictions on sails.

TIME.

There will be no time limit; races will be sailed out.

For entry blanks and further information address F. W. McCullough, Norfolk, Va., or Thomas Fleming Day, 9 Murray street, New York.

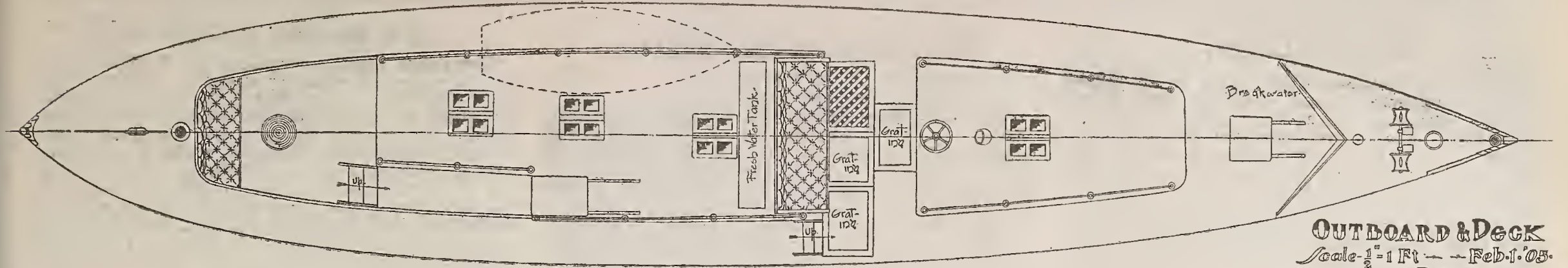
W. A. Ferguson, F. O. Smith, T. A. Jones, John G. Wallace, Jr., H. C. Dodson, M. C. Ferebee, F. W. McCullough, chairman, Reception Committee the Hampton Roads Y. C.; W. J. C. Stockley, secretary.



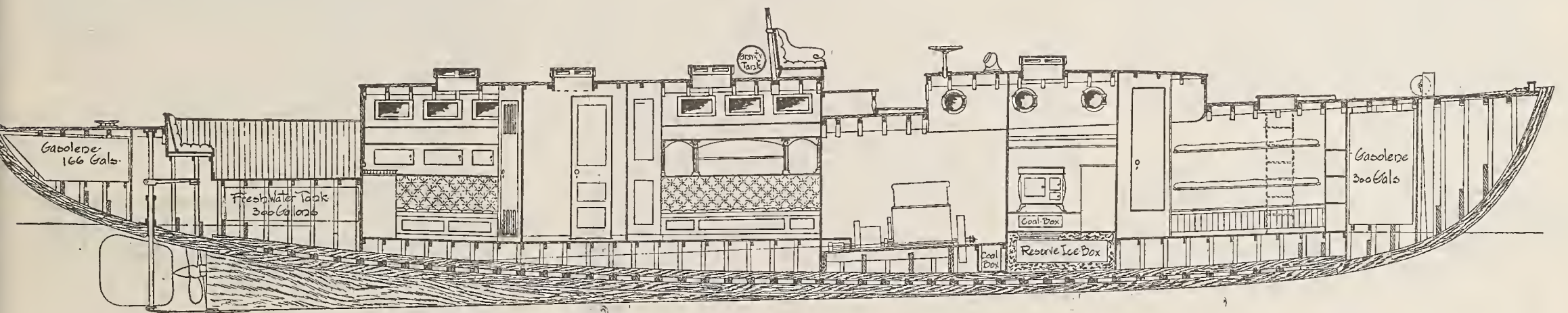
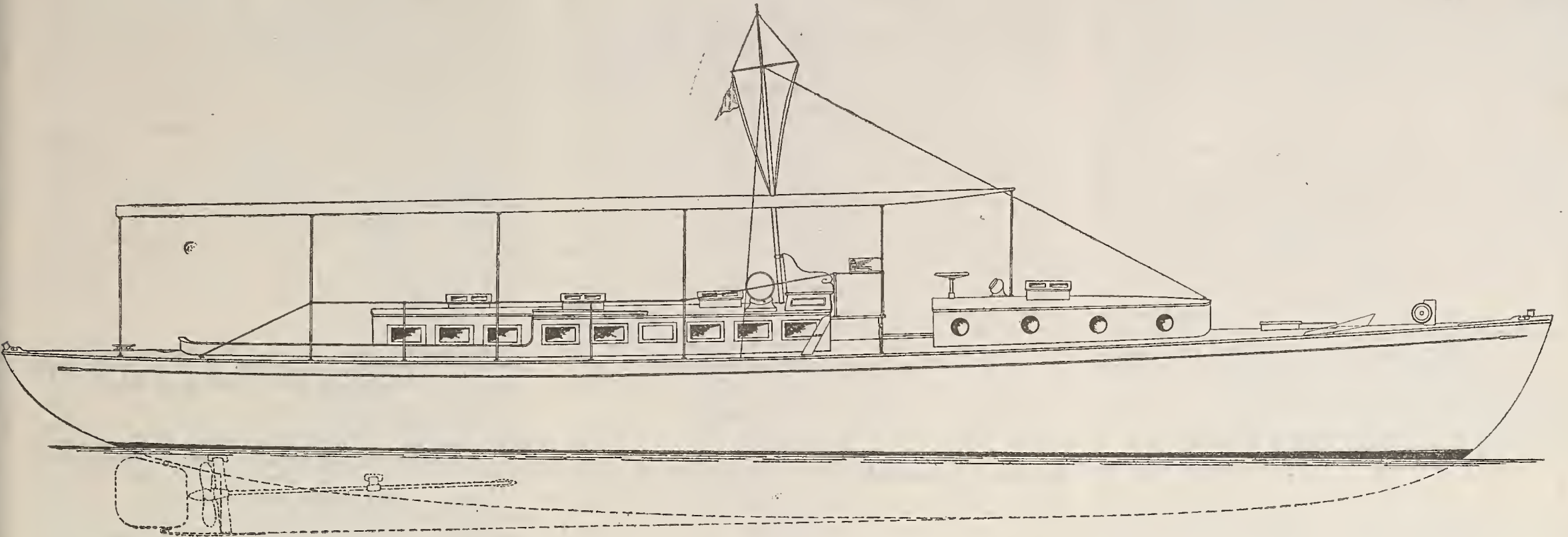
NEW YORK Y. C. ONE-DESIGN BOATS.—The eighteen one-design boats designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., of Bristol, will be ready for delivery by the first week in April. The owners of the boats are as follows: Newbury D. Lawton, W. Butler Duncan, Oliver Harriman, Howard Willets, August Belmont, W. D. Guthrie, G. M. Pyncheon, H. L. Maxwell, Stuyvesant Wainwright, A. H. Alker, Cord Meyer, A. T. French, Addison G. Hanan, J. Murray Mitchell, G. A. Adee, H. F. Lippitt, Lyman Delano and Lewis Iselin. The following dimensions of the boats are approximately correct: 43ft. 6in. over all, 30ft. waterline, 8ft. 10in. breadth and 6ft. 3in. draft.



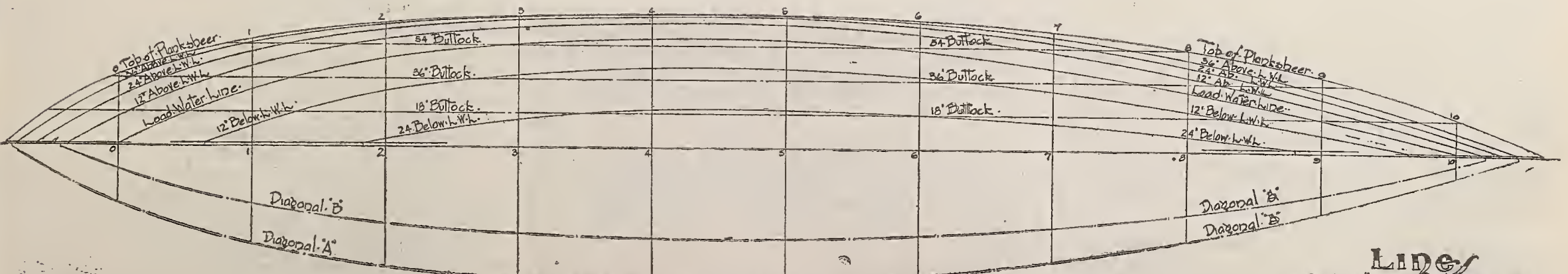
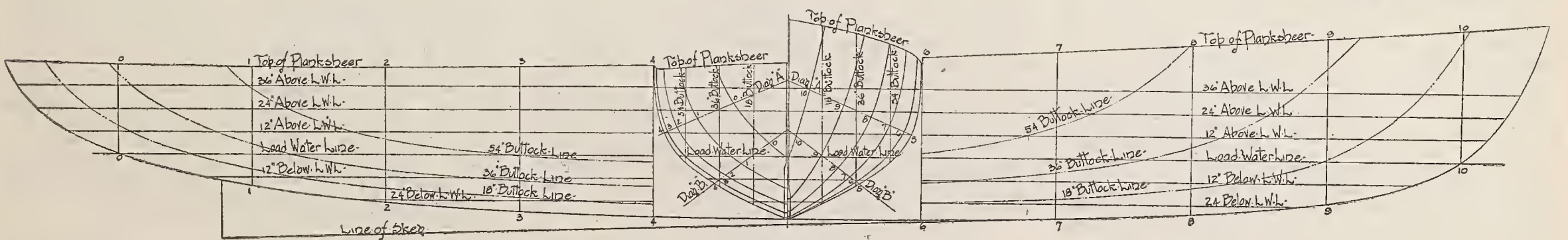
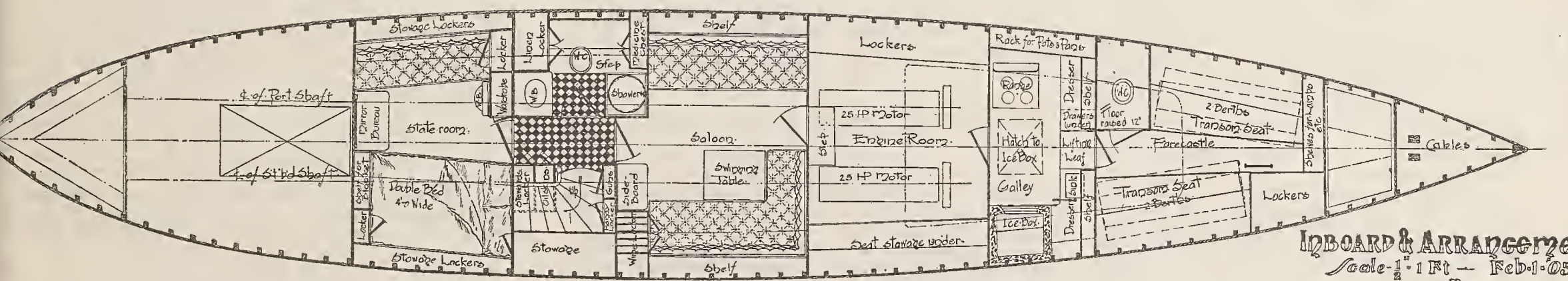
STEAM YACHT DELAWARE TO BE REFITTED.—The insurance underwriters have taken over Commodore Bourne's steam yacht Delaware and the yacht will again be put in first-class shape. The work will be done under direction of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Commodore Bourne has been allowed to retain the name Delaware, so in the future she will be known by a different name.



OUTBOARD & DECK
 Scale 1/2" = 1 Ft. -- Feb. 1. 05.
 By
Bilge Water



INBOARD & ARRANGEMENT
 Scale 1/2" = 1 Ft. -- Feb. 1. 05.
 By
Bilge Water



Lines
 Scale 1/2" = 1 Ft. -- Feb. 1. 05.
 By
Bilge Water

British Letter.

SOLVENT CLASS RACING.—Class racing on the Solent does not give promise of great vitality this year. Indeed, from the views expressed at the recent meeting of the Solent Classes Racing Association, the only class which is likely to be in a flourishing condition is the 24ft. class. The 36-footers and 30-footers are extinct, and the bulk of the racing falls to the South Coast and Solent one-design classes, the small handicap classes and the 24ft. and 18ft. linear raters. Truly the glories of the Solent as the home of the small rater classes appears to have departed, and there does not seem to be any special reasons for this, because in the days when the linear raters were at the height of their popularity in these waters, they were much more extreme in type than they are under the present rule, and therefore more difficult to dispose of when their owners had done with them. The chief factor in the destruction of the rating classes has been undoubtedly the rapid increase in the number and popularity of one-design classes, but this does not apply to the Solent as much as to other places, and certainly not with sufficient force to account for the almost total disappearance of the linear raters which flourished there in such abundance and provided such good sport. With the exception of the Redwings, which are tiny boats and cannot be said to cut into class racing to any great extent, the only one-design classes on the Solent are the Solent one-design class and the South Coast class. Of these the former was started in 1897 and attained great popularity, as many as fourteen or sixteen coming to the starting line a few years back, and causing clubs to split them into two divisions. However, even in this class the numbers have diminished greatly the last two or three years, and not much more than half a dozen ever started last season. The South Coast class came into existence in 1903, and displaced the 36ft. linear raters. In the following year the 30ft. rating class dropped out, thus leaving nothing but the small fry to represent the Y. R. A. classes. On February 25 the Solent Classes Racing Association passed a resolution to form a handicap class for ex-36-footers and 30-footers, and ex-5-raters and 2.5 raters, as there are many such boats in and about the Solent, and it is hoped thus to fill up in some measure the gap caused by the defection of the leading Y. R. A. classes. The idea is more or less of an experiment, and will be discontinued after a season's trial if unsatisfactory. Of course it is what may be called a retrograde step, but if owners will not build to the present Y. R. A. classes, it seems to be the best way to supply the deficiency in the small classes, as there are plenty of old raters going cheap, and a good deal of fun can thus be had at a small initial outlay.

EAST COAST RACING.—On the East Coast the London Sailing Club is fortunate with its 18-footer classes, of which it has two—the Y. R. A. class and the restricted class—and this season three new boats are to be added to the number, all by different designers. For many years the sway in the Y. R. A. 18ft. class has been held by My Lady Dainty, and although boat after boat has tried to lower her colors, she has remained champion of her class from the year she was built down to the present time, or seven seasons in all. This is a truly wonderful record, considering that My Lady Dainty has been but little altered since she was built, and that competition in the class is very keen. In all she has won nearly two hundred prizes, of which the great majority are firsts. However, it is likely that her colors will be lowered this year, as one of the new boats is designed by Mr. G. W. Laws, who was responsible for My Lady Dainty's lines, and another by the famous young Scottish designer, Mylne. Last season My Lady Dainty had the wonderful record (for a boat in her seventh season) of twenty-one prizes—seventeen firsts and four seconds—out of twenty-eight starts.

THIRTY-SIX-FOOT CLASS ON THE CLYDE.—Once more the 36ft. class on the Clyde is threatened with extinction, for Mr. MacIver has determined not to fit out Barabel, which is in the sale list. This brings Falcon as the only representative of the class, unless a purchaser is found for Barabel. It would be a great pity if this class fell through, for the pair had many close fights throughout a well contested season, and honors were pretty equally divided, Barabel just having a shade the better of matters. The new 30ft. restricted class is increasing in popularity, but the 19ft. length class on the Clyde seems to be losing its hold, although it may only be a temporary slackness on the part of its supporters. The idea of the handicap match from Cowes to the Clyde organized by the Royal London Y. C., in June, in conjunction with the Clyde clubs, has caused the greatest possible satisfaction in Scotland. The race is open to all yachts exceeding 95 tons Thames measurement. It is the very thing that is wanted to revive the ancient glories of the Clyde Fortnight, and it is hoped that British owners give efficient support to this race, instead of hurrying off to foreign regattas. Three cups are offered, value one hundred, forty and twenty guineas. These will be provided by the Royal London Y. C., and the Clyde clubs will give cups of similar values for a return race to Cowes. That the yachts which take part in the first race will be well catered for during the Clyde Fortnight, goes without saying, and preparations are already being made to include them in the prize list. E. H. KELLY.

MOTORBOAT CRUISE TO THOUSAND ISLANDS.—Messrs. J. H. McIntosh, Columbia Y. C., Norris Oliphant, Thousand Islands Y. C., and R. C. Fisher, New York A. C., have been appointed as a committee to arrange a motorboat cruise from New York to the home of the Thousand Islands Y. C. on the St. Lawrence. The boats will leave New York about August 18 and proceed through the canals and lakes to the St. Lawrence. The races for the American Power Boat Association Cup will take place August 24, 25 and 26 off the Thousand Island Y. C. house.

PLYMOUTH Y. C. OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of the Plymouth Y. C., held recently, the following officers were elected: Com., Hon. E. B. Atwood; Vice-Com., W. C. Gurney; Treas., W. T. Eldridge; Sec'y, F. H. Carver; Fleet Captain, Alfred Holmes; Treas., C. W. Finney; Executive Committee—M. S. Weston, Jr., B. Loring Thomas, C. W. Finney, A. L. Bailey; Regatta Committee—H. M. Jones, Alfred Holmes, E. B. Atwood.

Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

(Continued from page 242.)

THE higher the piston speed in a single cylinder two-stroke or double cylinder four-stroke engine with cranks both the same way (not at 180 degrees), the more the vibration. If counterweights are used the balancing must be very careful for high speeds. Figure as carefully as you can, the exact weight and position of the counter weights cannot be exactly determined. If this is to be done practically the crank shaft, flywheel connecting rod and piston must be assembled with the piston hanging downward and the crank shaft mounted on centers. Then the amount and position of the weights can be determined, and in no other way. This is an expensive method, and one rarely followed by the usual manufacturer, for the selling price will hardly allow of any such what is usually termed useless waste of time, and increased cost of production. In the manufacture of high-priced counter-weighted automobile engines, a method like this is usually followed, and in all future engines the weight of the piston, connecting rod and connection is weighed, and if over weight the excess of metal is removed. Pistons and connections in four cylinder French, German and Italian engines are usually carefully weighed separately and if, in four cylinder construction the parts are not remachined, the two heavier reciprocating parts are arranged on opposite crank pins to better preserve the balance.

A two-stroke single cylinder engine for marine purposes can be balanced in another way, which will sometimes remedy excessive vibration, particularly when the hull is weak in the wake of the engine. Set the crank shaft with the engine at half stroke. Open the relief cock in the head, remove the head or igniter. Pass a cord around the flywheel, so it will lead over the top of it and attach the end to a spring scale. Fasten a cord to the eye of the balance and lead the other end through a screw eye directly in line with the lead of the cord in the side of the boat's ceiling or elsewhere. Gradually tighten the cord, carefully watching the hand on the scales, until the flywheel moves, and note the pull necessary to start it. Now reverse the cord, placing the crank in the same position and note how much pull it takes to start the piston down. Turn the flywheel now until the piston is in the same position with the crank pin on the other side, and repeat the first two operations. The results should be the same. Now by adding counter weights to the flywheel web, it will be possible to decrease vibrations to a marked degree. Always test the pull both ways after fastening the weights to see whether or not you have too much or insufficient weight. The further the weight is from the shaft the more effect it will have. It may be better to put it a little to one side of directly opposite the starting pin, in which case the results of the tests would indicate which side, but for all practical purposes it would hardly be necessary, unless the flywheel itself was badly out of balance.

A double cylinder four-stroke engine with cranks the same way is hardly ever met, and if so, usually has counterweights on both crank shaft and flywheel. To test for balancing you would use the same method as for a single cylinder two or four-stroke engine.

A single cylinder four-stroke engine, or a double cylinder as well with cranks set at 180 degrees, no matter how carefully balanced, will have more vibration than a two-stroke, as the impulses are in the former case given every other revolution and in the latter twice at every alternate revolution, with no impulses during the following revolution.

Multiple cylinder engines are more easily balanced than single two-stroke and double four-stroke, and it is for this reason that multi-cylinder construction has had so much attention from gasolene engine designers. In four-stroke engines this has been comparatively easy, but in the two-stroke, of the older two-port type, it has usually been found almost absolutely necessary to use separate vaporizers for each cylinder, adjustments have been not easy to make, and rarely would each cylinder give its maximum power. The more modern three-ported type seems to have solved the question satisfactorily, and the multiple-cylinder two-stroke engine will this summer be the popular construction. There are many manufacturers, who, two years ago, would not guarantee their double cylinder engine, and, for all the cost would be more, would prefer to make twin screw installation, are now advertising and guaranteeing their double cylinder productions, with float feed carburetors and either make and break or jump spark ignition. These engines will run at a higher speed, are just as reliable as the older single cylinder construction, and last, but by no means least, they will last longer, and are easier on the hull, because they are more nearly perfectly balanced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Queries on Marine Motors.

B. E. B., Clayton, N. Y.—Can you tell me why certain engines are rated or classed as high-speed, while others are called low or medium-speed?

Ans.—In the two-stroke engine there is a limit to the speed if of the older two-port construction, single cylinder especially if poorly or not at all counterbalanced, which has been passed in the modern three-ported engine. This allows of much higher speed without losing efficiency for reasons already explained in these columns. Again, as engines of the latter type are usually built in pairs, they are better balanced and can be run at a higher speed without undue vibration. In the four-stroke construction an engine is rarely classed as high speed unless it has three or four cylinders, for it is well-nigh impossible to balance it sufficiently accurate in two cylinder construction with cranks both the same way, and even harder in single cylinder or with cranks at 180 degrees, as in double cylinder. Any three or four cylinder engine can be made high speed by reducing the weight of the reciprocating parts, pistons, connecting rods, wrist-pins, valves, valve stems, etc.; but this reducing of weight so materially reduces the life of the engine that it is worth more with heavier construction for slow or medium speed.

The Brooklyn Y. C. Dinner.

THE annual dinner of the Brooklyn Y. C. was given on the evening of March 25 at the Underwriters' Club, New York city. Commodore S. S. Fontaine presided, and about 100 members and guests were present. Commodore Fontaine, in signaling the taking of "observations," spoke of the flourishing condition of the club and the widespread interest manifested in the forthcoming ocean race from New York to Hampton Roads, and the accompanying annual cruise of the club, to be started on June 29. The Hampton Roads Y. C. has arranged for a grand regatta in welcome of the visit; the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Y. C.'s have arranged to cruise concurrently to Hampton Roads. Yachtsmen throughout the South have expressed much interest in the event, and various railroad and steamship lines have arranged to offer special rates and accommodations. Although provision was made in the first instance only for the ocean race of the restricted class, it has been, on further consideration, decided to offer prizes for the schooners and other yachts participating in the accompanying cruise.

Col. David E. Austen said that he felt much interest in the race and cruise, and had made some personal effort toward getting up races between the schooners, sloops and yawls that will accompany the restricted racers, and was pleased to be able to report gratifying progress. He felt sure that the interest of the event would be much enhanced by having races between the accompanying cruisers as well as the restricted class. He purposed going on the cruise in his 75ft. schooner Wayward, and would be glad to race her against anything of her class in or out of the club.

NARRAGANSETT BAY Y. R. A. MEETING.—At the annual meeting of the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A., plans were arranged for the coming season, and dates fixed for the Association week of open racing. Delegates were present from the Rhode Island, Edgewood, Fall River and Bristol clubs, and from an informal discussion of the prospects it was apparent that the season of 1905 in Narragansett Bay is to be one of the most active in some years. It was voted that the regatta committees of the four clubs comprising the membership be communicated with and requested to make the ruling that the Association pennant be displayed by all the boats participating in club regattas. The Association racing will be during the week of July 10, the schedule being as follows:

Monday, July 10—Edgewood Y. C.

Tuesday, July 11—Association race at Potter's Cove.

Wednesday, July 12—R. I. Y. C. at Potter's Cove.

Thursday, July 13—Special race around Beaver Tail by the representatives of the Rhode Island and Schem's Head Y. C.'s.

Friday, July 14—Fall River Y. C.

Saturday, July 15—Bristol Y. C.

The dates selected are especially fortunate, as it is expected that the Schem's Head Y. C. fleet will be in the Bay during that week, and possibly the Shelter Island fleet, and the boats of both visiting clubs will be able to participate in the racing of Wednesday and Thursday. The following officers of the N. B. Y. R. A. were elected for the ensuing year: President, Frederick A. Barnes, Rhode Island Y. C.; Vice-President, Harvey J. Flint, Edgewood Y. C.; Secretary, Thomas F. Bartlett, Fall River Y. C.; Treasurer, Walter S. Almy, Bristol Y. C.

THE POWER BOAT NEWS.—Last week there appeared for the first time a new publication, dealing exclusively with the power boat. It was published by the Rudder Publishing Company, 9 Murray street, this city, and is called Power Boat News. It will be issued weekly, and, as Mr. Thomas Fleming Day in his introduction states, it is to be a weekly newspaper devoted to the power boat. Correspondents will be had in every port possible, whose duty it will be to collect good straight news. Mr. A. E. Potter, who was with FOREST AND STREAM for but a few months, and who so ably filled the post of power boat editor, will have direct charge of the editorial work, assisted by Mr. C. D. Mower, who has done such good work on The Rudder. They are both practical men.

WORK AT MORRIS HEIGHTS.—Mr. J. E. Martin, Jr., New York, who owned the autoboat Catch Me, built by Robert Jacob, City Island, with a 70 horsepower Speedway engine, has ordered a new cruising launch from the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consol., 63ft. 6in. length, 10ft. 8in. breadth. Power will be two 40 horsepower Speedway Model C engines. Mr. Walter Jennings, New York Y. C., has ordered a new naphtha tender for Tuscarora. Col. C. E. Burke, Cleveland, O., living this winter at Hotel Majestic, New York, has placed an order for a high speed launch also with the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consol., 31ft. long with 24 horsepower Speedway engine. The boat will be used on the St. Lawrence.

CRUISING LAUNCH FOR G. C. SUTTON.—The power boat fleet of the Bergen Beach Y. C. will receive an addition this season in the shape of a new cruising launch. Mr. George C. Sutton, treasurer of the Bergen Beach Y. C., is having a new cruising launch built 31ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. breadth and 2ft. 2in. draft. The boat is very substantially put together, and will have good accommodations under the low cabin house. The boat will be fitted with a 4 cylinder 16 horsepower gasolene engine, and her tanks are of sufficient capacity to enable her running 100 miles without refilling. The 12ft. watertight cockpit is to be entirely covered with an awning.

REPAIRS ON COLONIA.—Commodore F. G. Bourne's Colonia, New York Y. C., which will be his flagship this season, owing to the fire which so badly damaged Delaware that she cannot be repaired in time, was towed to Morris Heights on the 24th ult. for rush repairs. The Gas Engine & Power Company and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consol., will have charge of all exterior repairs—new decks, new houses where burned, and general overhauling of both hull and engine. Pottier & Stymus have charge of the interior work. This work must be completed by June 15.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

The last indoor shoot of this corps for the winter season was held the night of March 24 on the Zettler ranges in West Twenty-third street, at 75ft., offhand, two scores each man, possible 500 for the 20 shots. The attendance was very large, eighty-one members in all being present, and all but two taking an active part. R. Gute was high man with 490. The scores follow: R. Gute 245, 245-490; G. Ludwig 245, 237-482; C. Meyer 238, 240-478; J. N. F. Seibs 233, 237-470; J. C. Bonn 236, 234-470; O. Schwane-mann 232, 235-467; A. Sibberns 227, 235-462; H. D. Meyer 234, 228-462; H. Haase 231, 229-460; B. Zettler 228, 230-458; J. Fack-lamm 228, 230-458; F. Von Ronn 227, 230-457; C. Konig 233, 217-455; P. Heidelberg 229, 225-454; L. C. Hagenah 229, 223-452; H. W. Mesloh 220, 231-451; Dr. C. Grosch 230, 220-450; H. C. Hainhorst 230, 220-450; G. W. Offermann 226, 223-449; J. H. Meyer 222, 227-449; F. Facompre 229, 220-449; N. C. L. Bevesten 216, 233-449; C. Schmitz 218, 231-449; C. Plump 220, 228-448; C. J. Brinkama 221, 226-447; W. Dahl 223, 224-447; H. Gobber 223, 224-447; J. H. Wehrenberg 227, 220-447; A. W. Lemcke 223, 219-447; Capt. J. H. Hainhorst 218, 228-446; G. Thomas 217, 228-445; W. Schults 221, 223-444; C. Siegers 219, 224-443; J. Willenbrock 216, 227-443; H. Beckmann 221, 222-443; Capt. J. G. Thoeleke 215, 226-441; H. Nordbruch 216, 223-439; C. Roffman 219, 220-439; H. B. Michaelsen 228, 210-438; C. Mann 216, 222-438; H. Kahris 223, 210-438; C. Boesch 217, 221-438; W. F. Grell 215, 222-437; J. Paradies 218, 218-436; J. Jantzen 213, 220-433; Von der Lieth 214, 219-433; M. J. Then 218, 214-432; H. Leopold 213, 219-432; M. V. Dwingelo 213, 213-426; H. Martens 207, 215-422; W. Schaefer 203, 219-422; C. J. Voss 200, 222-422; H. Koster 212, 209-421; August Beckman 206, 215-421; H. Lankbau 209, 210-419; H. Deckers 211, 205-416; G. H. Fixsen 197, 218-415; G. H. Behrens 219, 195-414; H. Hoenisch 206, 206-412; H. Hesse 206, 206-412; H. Quaal 209, 203-412; H. Meyn 199, 212-411; J. H. Kroeger 193, 216-409; F. Gobber 193, 215-408; D. Ficken 203, 205-408; N. W. Haaren 197, 210-407; D. Dede 189, 214-403; J. Bradley 205, 196-401; J. C. Brinkmann 198, 202-400; G. N. Bohlken 183, 216-399; W. Urich 193, 199-397; F. Schulz 206, 190-396; R. Ohms 178, 212-390; J. N. Herrmann 194, 195-389; A. Giebelhaus 196, 192-388; N. Jantzen 201, 180-381; J. F. R. Ernst 183, 190-378; L. L. Goldstein 178, 198-376; H. Offermann 155, 155-310.

Opening Shoot at Union Hill.

THE formal opening of Union Hill Shooting Park, Union Hill, N. J., will be held on May 4. John Moje, the proprietor, has issued invitations to the following corps in and about New York city to be present and enter teams: New York Schuetzen Corps; New York Central Schuetzen Corps; New York City Schuetzen Corps; New York Independent Schuetzen Corps; Deutscher-American Schuetzenbund, of Hudson County; Hoboken Schuetzen Corps; Hoboken Independent Schuetzen Corps; Hoboken City Schuetzen Corps; Union Hill Schuetzen Corps; Schweizer Schuetzen-gesellschaft of Hudson County; New Jersey Schuetzen-gesellschaft; Germania Schuetzenbund of Hoboken; Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps; Concordia Schuetzen of Hoboken, and the Dufour Schuetzen Company. Shooting will begin at 10 o'clock in the morning and stop at 7 P. M., with an hour for lunch. The morning will be devoted to individual and the afternoon to team shooting. Teams will consist of fifteen men each, entrance fee, \$5 per team. Ten shots per man will constitute a score. On the point and bullseye targets scores will consist of five shots, possible 15 points per score. There will be fifteen bullseye prizes, ranging from \$20 down to \$2, and twelve premiums for the highest number of points made. These range from \$15 down to \$2. In addition \$2 will go to the man who gets the first red flag in the morning, a similar prize to the maker of the last red flag at night, and three prizes—\$5 for the greatest number of red flags, \$4 for second and \$3 for third, while a gold medal will be given for the best three bullseyes on the point target, and a gold medal to the high score man of each team. For the wives and sweethearts of the riflemen there will be prize bowling, and all prizes will be distributed at 7:30 P. M.

Asheville Rifle Club.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., March 22.—The shoots of the Asheville Rifle Club have been remarkably good of late. On the event of March 14, the club individual record was broken, when J. H. Brown scored 80 out of a possible 100. It is the best score made this season, and is the best individual score of a member so far as reported in this country. The scores for the past three shoots were these:
Shoot of March 14, distance 200yds., Standard American target:
First shoot: J. H. Brown 80, J. M. McCanless 65, D. E. Sevier 45, Stevens 31, Bard 30, Perry 30.
Second shoot: J. H. Brown 80, D. E. Sevier 60, Perry 56, J. M. McCanless 56, Stevens 44, Bard 41.
Shoot of March 16:
First shoot: Brown 78, Wright 61, D. E. Sevier 57, S. A. McCanless 56, Perry 56, Fairchilds 59, Stevens 49, Garrison 48, Lambert 44, J. T. Sevier 28.
Second shoot: Brown 65, S. A. McCanless 64, Lambert 59, Wright 58, D. E. Sevier 56, J. M. McCanless 55, Perry 55, Garrison 52, J. T. Sevier 50, Fairchilds 50, Stevens 45.
Shoot of March 21:
First shoot: J. M. McCanless 65, Stevens 52, Perry 43, D. E. Sevier 41, Williams 20.
Second shoot: J. M. McCanless 69, D. E. Sevier 63, Stevens 61, Perry 40.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

THE regular shoot of this club was held the night of March 25 on the Zettler ranges in West Twenty-third street with a good attendance of members and their friends. Twelve of the ladies finished 20-shot scores on the ring target, using .22cal. rifles. Miss M. Zimmermann was high with a total of 493 out of the possible 500 points, while three other ladies scored 490. The club will hold two more indoor shoots before the season closes. The scores follow: Miss M. Zimmermann 246, 247-493; Miss Katie Zimmermann 247, 243-490; Miss Ludwig 244, 246-490; Mrs. H. Fenwirth 244, 246-490; Miss B. Ludwig 247, 242-489; Miss Eusner 248, 239-487; Mrs. F. Liegibel 242, 244-486; Miss Miller 243, 240-483; Miss M. Stoltz 242, 241-483; Miss A. Scheu 241, 236-477; Mrs. F. Watson 230, 241-471; Mrs. B. Zettler 234, 230-464.

Providence Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—One lone rifleman turned out at our regular practice shoot on March 23, and spent the evening sighting in his .25-21, with good results. This gentleman, Mr. Fred Collins, is our latest addition, and it looks as though he would soon enter the 240 class and give us another team member.

Denver shooters, take warning; Mr. Collins expects to be in that city within a month, and if he can find a congenial spirit, will talk rifle to the satisfaction of any crank.

The revolver men have gone back to the 20yd. line, and were a little disappointed in their holding ability.

Wm. Bosworth, one of our top pistol men, came in and shot a few strings, but shows his lack of practice.

Abbott turned out with a Lord model Stevens pistol, which will no doubt give a good account in the near future. Scores:

At 25yds., rifle, on German ring target: Fred Collins 230, 236, 234.

Twenty yards, revolver and pistol, Standard American target: A. C. Hurlburt 79, 81; Wm. Bosworth 80, 78, 79; Arno Argus 75, 78, 78, 74, 76; Wm. F. Eddy 78; Fred Liebrich 63, 71; Chas. H. Abbott, 30.

Englewood O. Rifle Club.

ONLY five members took part in the medal shoot on March 21, Leo Liber winning with a score of 29. The match is at 100yds., offhand, any rifle, Standard American target, 4 shots, possible 40.

Rifle Notes.

At the shoot of the Cumberland Valley Rifle Association, Carlisle, Pa., March 25, the regular monthly medal shoot resulted as follows: Thomas E. Vale 39, William Rathgeb 51, W. A. Failor 38, Philip Six 58, Charles Dinkle 40, W. G. Hughes 45, E. J. Kennedy 38, H. E. Donson 73, Ira Christman 44, Reuben Myers 46, John Sennett 54. Donson won the gold medal, Sennett the silver, and Hughes the bronze.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

March 30.—Edgewater, N. J.—Grand spring target tournament of North River Gun Club. James R. Merrill, Sec'y.
March 30.—St. Paul, Ind., Gun Club tournament. E. G. Bless, Sec'y.
April 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club open monthly shoot. Albert Traver, Capt.
April 3-5.—Atchison, Kans.—Forest Park Gun Club second annual tournament. Lou Erhardt, Mgr.
April 4.—Rockville, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut first tournament of series. Dr. D. Y. C. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester, Conn.
April 4.—Rittersville, Pa.—All-day shoot of Lehigh Rod and Gun Club. H. F. Koch, Sec'y.
April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club. Chas. C. Needham, Sec'y.
April 8.—Richmond Valley, S. I.—Ninth all-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on grounds of Aquechonga Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
April 12-13.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club. H. J. Stidman, Sec'y, Wilmington.
April 15.—Long Island City, L. I.—Queens County Gun Club open tournament. R. H. Gosman, Sec'y.
April 15.—Newark, N. J.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Forester Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club announces that their next regular annual tournament will be held on June 15.

The Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club has fixed upon June 20 and 21 for their annual tournament.

The Rawlings first semi-annual tournament will be held at St. Louis, Mo., May 8, 9 and 10, two days targets and one day live birds. Alec. D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street, St. Louis.

The Secretary-Manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, writes us as follows: "The dates of our Pacific Coast handicap, at San Francisco, Cal., have been changed to Sept. 15, 16 and 17, in place of Sept. 12, 13 and 14."

The Queens County Gun Club, recently organized in Long Island City, L. I., announces an open tournament to be held on April 15. Mr. John H. Hendrickson, famous as an expert amateur, is one of the active leaders in this new organization.

Dr. W. L. Gardiner, of Orange, N. J., informs us that he is holding the funds of the Wanderers' treasury subject to the disposal of the members, and that he will be pleased to have them make known their wishes concerning same. Dr. Gardiner is the treasurer.

At the Omaha, Neb., Gun Club spring tournament, high averages were as follows for the three days, March 20, 21 and 22, shooting at 200 targets: Professionals, F. Gilbert, 530; W. R. Crosby, 579; W. Heer, 578. Amateurs, H. Taylor, 561; C. Powers, 558; Adolph Oleson, 557.

In the series of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League, shot last Saturday, the Florists defeated the S. S. Whites, at Wisconsining, by a score of 213 to 205. At Media, the Clearview team defeated Media by a score of 198 to 189. Hill Rod and Gun Club, at Chester, defeated North Camden by a score of 150 to 149. At Gorgas Station, Highlands defeated Hillsides by a score of 155 to 151. Meadow Springs defeated Narberth, 132 to 163.

The first championship contest of the Crescent Athletic Club was shot at Bay Ridge, L. I., on Saturday of last week. The conditions were 16yds., 200 targets per man. The famous amateur, Mr. J. S. Schenck Remsen, was victor, with a score of 184 out of 200, an exceedingly high class performance.

There are a few secretaries of trapshooting clubs who send out tournament programmes for review in the same week of their tournament, and betimes after the sportsmen's journals of said week have gone to press. Such energy is much better than none at all, for it may be the nucleus of proper energy in good time.

In view of the fact that trapshooters in recent months have many times shot all day, without a miss, from the 16yd. mark, a proper act would seem to be the adoption of a greater distance than 16yds. as the standard. Shooters, guns and ammunition have long since equalled all the possibilities of 16yds, so that at present it is the distance in the primary school of shooting.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn, N. Y. Gun Club, informs us that he will open his club's trapshooting season with a shoot on Saturday of this week, on the club grounds, Old Mill road, Brooklyn. Take Kings County L. to Crescent street, thence by bus to grounds. In the near future Mr. Wright contemplates holding a tournament, the programme of which will be specially interesting.

Mr. Carl von Lengerke, well known as an expert in the sporting goods trade, has accepted a position with the Polk Miller Drug Co., of Richmond, Va. From April 1, he will conduct an office for them at 1263 Broadway, New York. His chief interest will be to further the success of Sergeant Dog Remedies. Mr. von Lengerke has had much practical experience with dogs, hence starts well equipped with the necessary knowledge.

The Secretary of the B. G. C., writes us as follows: "The Boston Gun Club's annual invitation team shoot will be held on May 17. We shall on that day attempt to run as successful a shoot as has been held in the East for some time; and, as in all probability there will be quite a number of experts present, we would be pleased to have any shooter visit us on that day. Programmes will be ready later, somewhere about April 15, and can be had upon application to my address, 23 Elm St., Boston."

A correspondent writes us that "The tournament committee of the Wilmington, Del., Gun Club in issuing its programme for the first annual spring tournament of the Delaware State Trapshooters' League, to be held under its auspices April 12-13 next, omitted to mention in that programme that the added money would be given as average money to amateurs only, and that there would be three such prizes each day, viz., \$5, \$5 and \$2.50 to the three high amateurs on each day, making a total of \$25 altogether."

The gold medal presented as an object of competition to the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club, by Mr. C. W. Kendall, ended its mission as an object of competition on Saturday of last week, and now begins its new mission as an emblem of victory. Mr. Geo. Howard's score of 85 out of a possible 100 was sufficient warrant to declare him the winner of it. Mr. H. F. Holloway, by virtue of a score of 47 out of 50, made on March 25, will have his name inscribed on the sterling silver loving cup, in the place reserved for the March winner. BERNARD WATERS.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., March 25.—To-day was the last time that members could compete for the gold medal presented by Mr. C. W. Kendall. No records were broken and the scores made by Mr. Howard on March 11, of 85 out of a possible 100 (the 100 targets being designated before shooting), stands, and Mr. Geo. Howard was declared the winner of this event.

It was also the regular monthly shoot for the club trophy of 1905, a large sterling silver loving cup. This is a handicap event at 50 targets, unknown angles. Mr. H. F. Holloway broke 35, and this, with 12 targets added, gave him a score of 47, and put his name on the cup for the month of March. The other events were for practice only.

Table with 4 columns for Events and Targets, listing scores for various participants like C. Babcock, G. Batten, W. I. Soverel, etc.

Handicaps apply in event 3 only

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Mullerite Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., March 25.—The Mullerite Gun Club of New York, held a shoot on our grounds to-day. Mr. Bisette won high amateur average; Mr. Adams, second. Mr. Welles, second high professional average. Mr. Welles kindly donated a solid gold medal, which was shot for in a 100-target event handicap, which was won by Dr. Pardoe. The day was rainy and windy, which kept the attendance down.

Table with 4 columns for Hdp., Brk., Tot'l., listing scores for participants like Bisette, Adams, Pardoe, Welles, etc.

F. K. STELLE, Sec'y.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., March 25.—Each event was at 25 targets:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Engle 21 21 14 23 .. 24 21
Jenkins 12 11 15 13 15 ..
Brugmann 21 22 21 21 22 18 18 21
Piercy 21 20 23 24 22 22 23 17
Wilson 18
Whittelsey 15 19 21 13
Herrington 22 .. 22 20
Doubles: Brugman shot at 25 doubles, broke 20; Engle 26, 11; Wilson 10, 5; Whittelsey 14, 6. I. H. TERRILL, Sec'y.

Queens County Gun Club.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., March 27.—The Queens County Gun Club, recently organized, wishes it announced that their new grounds, located on Hunters Point Avenue, Long Island City, will be ready for shooters on Saturday, April 8, 1905, and that they will run an open tournament on Saturday, April 15, 1905. These grounds are located within half a mile of Thirty-Fourth Street Ferry, and are reached by taking the Calvary Cemetery trolley, running straight out Borden avenue from the ferry. Get off at iron bridge across small creek and club house is then in sight on the left. The grounds are equipped in up-to-date manner with two sets of traps—No. 1, the new blackbird trap, and No. 2, a set of three experts. Traps face the northeast and have practically a sky background. Practice shooting every afternoon after April 8.

Richard H. Gosman, Sec'y.

JOHN H. HENDRICKSON, Pres.

Omaha Tournament.

OMAHA, Neb.—The spring tournament of the Omaha Gun Club at Townsend Park, was well attended. The dates were March 20, 21 and 22. Fifty contestants participated in the day's programme. Crosby broke 192 out of the possible 200 of the programme on the first day, and Heer and Gilbert tied for second high average of the day on 191.

About 45,000 targets were trapped in the three days. Mr. Charles North had charge of the traps.

Mr. Harry Taylor, of Mechling, S. D., was high amateur of the tournament, with 561 out of a possible 6000. Mr. Fred Gilbert was high professional with 580 out of 600.

Mr. Fred Whitney acted as cashier, and gave most expert and satisfactory service.

The professional high averages for the three days were: Gilbert, 580; Crosby, 579; Heer, 578. Amateurs: Taylor, 561; Powers, 558; Adolph Olsen, 557.

March 20, First Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like Veitmeyer, Borden, Clayton, Budd, Thorpe, Townsend, Bray, Schroeder, Reed, Bills, Tamm, Veach, Lindeman, Rogers, Miller, Hardy, Wilkins, Burke, Joe D., B 27, McDowell, Heer, Marshall, Adams, Taylor, Crosby, Powers, Burmeister, Kline, Gilbert, Cunningham, Slim, Plank, Gottlieb, D Elliott, Fisher, Olsen, Mann, Maxwell, Anderson, Ragan, Woodworth, Dvorak, Terryberry, Gauer, Morrill, Lewis, Hughes, Arro, Boyd, Warren, No. 2, Suits, Hopkins, Edmunds, J T Lewis, Fritz.

March 21, Second Day.

The high average of the day was captured by the crackjacked Mr. W. H. Heer, with a total of 195 out of 200. Crosby and Gilbert were second with 192 each. The programme consisted of twelve events, eight 16s and four 20s. Sixty-one shooters participated in the day's programme.

Capt. A. H. Hardy, of Hyannis, gave an interesting exhibition of fancy rifle shooting with a .22 rifle, breaking lead pencils and marbles thrown in the air, and shooting a portrait of an Indian on cardboard, without any assistance from outline marks.

Iowa State team No. 1 won the Interstate team shoot, the prize of which was the Coombs trophy. The Nebraska State team won second, and the Omaha team won third.

Mr. Frank Weatherhead, of Red Oak, Ia., was the winner of the gold watch donated by the Townsend Gun Co., for the best individual score in the team match. He tied on 49 out of 50 with W. Hoon, of Jewell, Ia., and W. Veach, of Falls City, Neb. In the shoot-off the scores were: Weatherhead 24, Hoon 23, Veach 22. The scores follow:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like McDowell, Heer, Marshall, Adams, Taylor, Crosby, Powers, Burmeister, Kline, Gilbert, Cunningham, Slim, Plank, Gottlieb, Loomis, Fisher, Olsen, Mann, Maxwell, Anderson, Borden, Iliian, Veitmeyer, Budd, Burke, Townsend, Bray, Steege, Reed, Bills, Tamm, Veach, Linderman, Carter, Spatz, D Elliott, Miller, Hardy, Thorpe, Schroeder, Arno, Rogers, Warren, No. 2, Sinclair, Gutchell, Holsinger, Ragan.

Table with columns: Names and scores. Includes names like Banning, A Olsen, O Olsen, Adams, Hughes, Wilkins, W Lewis, Moore, C Lewis, McDonald, Morrell, Pickel.

March 22, Third Day.

The weather was spring-like, with a stiff wind blowing across the traps. Gilbert broke 197 out of 200; Taylor 193, Heer 192. Scores:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like McDowell, Heer, Marshall, Adams, Taylor, Crosby, Powers, Burmeister, Kline, Gilbert, Borden, Iliian, Vietmeyer, Budd, Burke, Townsend, Bray, Schroeder, Reed, Arno, Hoon, Thorpe, Linderman, No. 2, Carter, B 27, Bell, Veach, Mann, Pickel, Gutchell, Auto, Miller, Hardy, Spatz, McGee, Scott, Hughes, Morrell, C Lewis, Smith.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., March 25.—The team shoot between the South End Gun Club and the Berkshire Country Club's Schuylkill team, both of this city, shot to-day on the grounds of the former club, located at the Lancaster bridge, at the southern end of the city, resulted in a victory for the South End team, who broke 114 targets to the Schuylkill's 111. Six men shot on a team, 25 targets each, Jones, of the visitors, being high gun for the event with 21 in his score.

Pottsville, Pa., March 18.—James Flannery, of St. Clair, defeated George Thomas, of Cumbola, in a close live-pigeon shooting match this afternoon. The stake was \$100 a side. Flannery killed 11 out of 13 birds and Thomas 10 out of 13. Several weeks ago Thomas defeated Flannery by a close margin.

Trappe, Pa., March 21.—A large field of shooters faced the traps to contest for the prize in the live-bird handicap shoot held by the Trappe Gun Club, on their grounds here this afternoon. Although the birds were an exceptionally strong lot, good scores were recorded. Harry Trumbower, of Royersford, shot high gun of the day. The best scores include:

Seven bird handicap: Geist 7, Summers 6, Zeigler 6, Mack 6, Knipe 6, Jamison 5, Sommerfield 5, Hartzall 5.

Seven bird sweepstake—Trumbower 7, Zeigler 6, Geist 6, Mack 6, Knipe 6, Summers 5, Heimer 5, Buckley 5.

Miss-and-out: Trumbower 12, Zeigler 12, Knipe 11, Mack 9, Geist 9, Sommerfields 9, Webb 8, Buckley 7, Heimer 7.

Pinegrove, Pa., March 18.—One of the most exciting live pigeon shooting matches ever held in Schuylkill county took place near here to-day, between Edward Kimmel, of Donaldson, and James Dempsey, of Coal Castle. It resulted in a tie, each man killing 10 birds. The match was for \$150 a side. In a previous match Kimmel defeated Dempsey, by a good margin.

Shamokin, Pa., March 17.—Members of the Shamokin Gun Club took part to-day in a shoot at Bunker Hill. Two events of 25 targets each were shot, with the following scores:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like Curtis, Jones, Longshore, Walters, Fulton.

Frackville, Pa., March 17.—In a live-bird shoot at Frackville between John Shadle, of Frackville, and James Hloran, of Girardville, for \$150 a side, at 13 birds each, Shadle won by killing 10 to his opponent's 8.

Mahanoy City, March 18.—Five hundred sports saw Thomas Goettler, of Pottsville, defeat William Lloyd in an exciting live-bird shoot for \$150 a side here to-day. Each man shot at 17 birds, Goettler grassing 12 to Lloyd's 11.

Councilman George Stitzer, of this town, and Edward O'Donnell, champion wing shot of Carbon county, have been matched to shoot at 13 live birds for \$200 a side. Matches are also pending between Goettler, of Pottsville, and Lloyd, of Morea, and Benner, of town, with Haverty, or Patton, of Pottsville, for \$500.

Schwenksville, Pa., March 23.—The Schwenksville Gun Club conducted a team contest for a purse of \$75, and the prize fell to Messrs. Ludwig, Smith, and Kehs, who won by a grand total of 39 to 32 for Messrs. Miller, Bromer and Hendricks, the opposing team. The scores:

First event, team shoot, live birds: Ludwig 4, Smith 4, Kehs 5; total 13. Miller 4, Bromer 2, Hendricks 2; total 8.

Second event, team shoot, live birds: Ludwig 4, Smith 4, Kehs 2; total 10. Miller 3, Bromer 4, Hendricks 3; total 10.

Third event, team shoot, targets: Ludwig 8, Smith 3, Kehs 5; total 16. Miller 3, Bromer 8, Hendricks 3; total 14.

Pottsville, Pa., March 20.—At a largely attended live-bird shooting match here, George Rehnert defeated George Snyder. The former grassed 4 out of 7 to his opponent's 2 out of 5. The stake was \$50 a side.

Wilmington Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 25.—The members of the Wilmington Gun Club held, this afternoon, their first regular badge shoot on the new grounds, which have just been secured. Although at this time last week the club house, location of Leggett trap, platform for shooters, etc., had not even been staked out, by 1 P. M. this afternoon, everything, with the exception of the platform, was in readiness for the crowd of shooters expected to take part. Owing to the heavy rain on Monday and Tuesday of this week, the club house could not be commenced until Wednesday morning, so that it may be considered as only right that the Wilmington Gun Club pat themselves on the back and point to what their lustling qualities can do when once started in the right direction.

The high wind from behind the trap caused the targets to take erratic courses, in addition to which the targets themselves were thrown rather too far, the trap not having been properly adjusted. Among those present and taking part were Walter Huff, of Macon, Ga., and Ed. G. White, of Ottawa, Ont., Can. The ever youthful and pleasing expert Mr. Frank E. Butler, of Newark, N. J., was also present, and shot up to his usual high standard for the first part of the programme at least.

Some thirty shooters in all shot through the programme of 110 targets, 10 targets for practice and a 100-target race; Mr. Huff showed the way by breaking 49 out of his first 50 and 46 out of the second half, making a total of 95, which, under the same conditions, will take a lot of beating on these grounds. W. M. Foord, with 91, and J. A. McKelvey, with 90, were second and third respectively. These three gentlemen were the only ones to score 25 straight in any one of their strings.

Somehow or another the score sheets got away, and the totals for the other contestants cannot therefore be given. Some may regret this fact, but the majority will thank the party who held on to the sheets long enough to prevent their appearing in print in your columns. This won't happen again, we promise you.

Frank Butler was jubilant over the fact that he was the first to display any advertising matter on the walls of the club house.

Luther J. Squier and Ed G. White both shot borrowed guns, and their scores showed the result. Mr. Squier's gun is in the hospital at New Haven, getting fixed up for a strenuous summer campaign in Pennsylvania, while Mr. White had left his behind in Ottawa, Canada, not having expected to get a chance to shoot during his brief visit to the States.

All those who come to our shoot on April 12-13 next, the first annual spring tournament of the Delaware State Trapshooters' League, are now assured of being comfortably housed, no matter what the weather may be, as, in addition to our club house, 32 by 24, we will have a large tent, 45 by 25, under which our guests can take shelter if the clerk of the weather bureau is unkind. If you want a programme, write to the undersigned,

H. J. STIDHAM, Sec'y.

111 East Fourth St., Wilmington, Del.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 25.—The appended scores were made in the spring handicap, which was shot to-day on the club grounds at Sherwood Ridge. The prizes, four in number, for the handicap, were presented to the club by the president, Col. Franklin Brandreth. First was a silver tea set, won by J. T. Hyland with a possible, including his handicap; second, a silver-lined chafing dish, was won by W. S. Smith, with 98 alone; third prize, a silver water set, was hotly contested for in a tie between Barlow, Hubbell, Coleman and Dyckman. In the second shoot-off Dyckman won. I. T. Washburn won fourth with a total score of 89.

A consolation-prize was then offered for those who had not gotten in a tie. This was won by A. Traver after a shoot-off with Fisher. Targets were thrown 55yds. Handicap, misses as breaks:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like J C Barlow, J T Hyland, D Brandreth, I T Washburn, A Traver, F W Bissing, F Hahn, G B Hubbell, C G Blandford, F Brandreth, W H Coleman, W S Smith, J English, M H Dyckman.

No. 5, Consolation shoot, 25 targets: A. Traver 21, H. W. Bissing 17, F. Hahn 13, C. G. Blandford 18, M. H. Dyckman 18.

C. G. B.

Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., March 21.—We would be pleased to have you publish in your trap department the following notices of shoots to be held under the auspices of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia:

Our schedule has not been completed for the season, but will cover seven regular monthly shoots on the grounds of the several clubs which are members of the League, and as soon as dates are claimed by them I will forward notices of same to you.

April 21.—Recreation Rod and Gun Club, Morgantown, W. V., will hold the first regular monthly shoot of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, and in addition to the money events the individual championship and five-man team races for the Infalible and Peters silver cups will be shot off, and to these two events members of the League only are eligible.

May 9-10.—Fairmont Gun Club, Fairmont, W. Va., will hold the second regular monthly shoot of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, and in addition to the money events the individual championship and five-man team races for the Infalible and Peters silver cups will be shot off. Members of the League only are eligible to compete for the cups. The first day is League day, the second being an open tournament.

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., March 25.—The scores made at the last shoot of the Independent Gun Club are appended. The wind made the shooting pretty hard. We have an apple tree target on our grounds, which is an extreme target thrown to the right into an apple tree standing a distance of 70yds. from the trap, and when one connects with this targets and breaks it—well, you sometimes think you had an awful slow load. Mr. Pless made a straight run of 55 targets. Each event was at 25 targets:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like Pless, Elliott, Weiss, Miller, Garrecht, Joey.

DUSTER.

WESTERN TRAP.

At Chattanooga.

CHATTANOOGA.—After a journey through some of the southern States, Col. J. T. Anthony turned up in Chattanooga the middle of the stormy month of March. His object was a tour of the towns and cities of eastern Tennessee, wherever there was any interest taken in trapshooting.

Although Tennessee is a fine game country, there is not as much interest in trapshooting as would naturally be expected, considering that there are so many shotguns owned and used by hunters. However, these are of the "scatter gun" variety for sure, most of them being short barrels, having had the choke cut off to make them scatter for brush shooting. It is hoped that at the end of the season there will be a demand for better guns and the choked kind.

The middle of March is rather early for the greatest of all the gun cranks who live in the South, but with Tony O'Connell at the helm there was a good turn out of the Mountaineer Gun Club to welcome the veteran Colonel. They were W. O. Burks, A. L. O'Connell, Chas. Martin, Kuth Webb, George Pauls, C. W. Woodlake, W. L. Lorrell, C. F. Morrison, Robert Prichards, John K. Caphart, B. T. Burt, P. D. Plummer, J. C. Roberts, J. H. Roberts and M. M. Vaughan.

We boarded a suburban trolley car, not as the name of the club would indicate, for the top of Lookout Mountain, where some of the famous tournaments have been held, but for that other historical place which is so familiar to all who participated in that famous Chicamauga battle, viz., Rossville, Ga.

It is here that the club now holds its meets. The grounds are easy of access and well laid out on a level tract of ground facing north.

Everything was found in "apple pie" order, and soon the choke bores were in action, for be it easily understood that there are a few clubs in the State which are well equipped with the full "chokes."

The first man on the list, Mr. W. O. Burks, deserves especial mention. When the Southern Squad made their tour last spring this gentleman was an interested spectator, having previously never shot at a clay target. He was so much pleased with the greatest of all of the gentlemanly sports that he joined the club and started in to learn the art of wing shooting. How well he has succeeded the scores will show. It is enough to state that he made 45 out of his first 50, and his total score was greater than that of Mr. O'Connell, one of the best shots in the South. The day was raw and a stiff wind blew dead against the targets, making the shooting quite hard.

The Chattanooga boys are alive and doing. It is their intention to hold another tournament this year on top of the mountain, where the summer hotel and all the surroundings are so novel. They desire that all those who were present when the targets floated in clouds like a drove of swallows should take notice. Col. Anthony says that last shoot was the greatest experience of his long and eventful life. The scores made on the above occasion were:

Targets:	25	25	25	Tot'l	Targets:	25	25	25	Tot'l	
Burks	22	23	18	20	83	Goodlake	15	19	21	55
Anthony	22	24	22	23	91	Sorrell	12	14	14	40
O'Connell	22	20	19	18	79	Vaughan	4	10	10	24
Webb	17	19	15	20	71	Morrison	10	12	17	39
Martin	18	17	19	18	72	Webb	10	10	10	30
Paul	15	12	18	18	63	Crum	10	10	10	30

At Maryville.

At Maryville, Tenn., the county seat of Blount county, shooting was something new and novel, never having had a club organization. In fact, only two of the gunners had enough enthusiasm to try and get the shooting started. However, owing to a visit of the old-time shooter, "Tramp" Irwin, during the past winter, and the presence of Col. Anthony, there was a good turn out of both shooters and spectators.

The weather was warm and lovely for March, and a nice bit of ground west of the city was selected for the placing of the trap. When the ground was reached it was learned that there were just 400 targets and the same number of shells, so that there was a limit to the number of shots which each could fire. Then again the setting up of the traps, the pulling and loading had all been intrusted to one man, and that was the old "Tramp," so well-known to many of your readers. How well he succeeded can best be told by a mention that only one target broke in the trap, and that was one of the "pick-ups."

Many of the towns people came out to see how a target shoot was conducted and they were well pleased with the way that Col. Anthony smashed out his allotted 40 straight. There being but one trap, the shooters were put up in squads of three, and here the Colonel got in his good work by offering suggestions as how best to stand, hold the gun, get the lead and all such little details as only a shooter of his long experience can give. All of the shooters averaged over half of their targets as broke, which was a very creditable showing for a beginning, the outcome of this visit being that a club was organized, and when the boys get a little practice there will be team shoots with Knoxville and possibly other clubs which this same couple of old shooters expect to organize during this month. The scores, each shooting at 40 targets: Col. J. T. Anthony 40 straight, W. P. Seaton 35, W. Smixson 22, E. Wooterman 29, B. Walker 22, Dr. D. McCullough 20, J. Hannah 19, A. C. Montgomery 24, and J. Kiney 12.

At Kingston.

At Kingston, Tenn., Mr. J. G. Crumblis, who is the leading man of the town in the shooting line, had everything in readiness for getting out to the fair grounds and setting the guns to popping. Kingston being a county seat and situated six miles from a railroad, will find in the gun club, which was organized on this occasion, a source of amusement that will take a place equal with baseball and kindred other outdoor sports.

The fair grounds is a splendid place to hold a shoot, though the background is not the best, being uneven.

The boys were much interested in the shooting of their guest, Col. Anthony. He missed but one, and there the small boys had the laugh on him. There were many out to see the shooting who did not take part, including several ladies. All passed off smoothly save the many targets that broke in the trap, which was a "bother" that was serious.

Phellis Trophy Contest.

A TEAM from the Cincinnati Gun Club visited Newark on March 22 to contest with the Newark Gun Club's team for possession of the cup donated by C. P. Phellis, and emblematic of the six-men team championship. What they really did was to oppose three teams, two from Newark and one from Columbia. A pleasant feature of their trip was that they were victorious. Supt. Gambell has it chained in the club house and it will take a hot bunch of shooters to carry it off.

The match was shot over a magatrap, and the targets were thrown a strong 70yds., quite a little further than is generally accepted as the proper distance. The holders of the cup had arranged to have each team shoot by itself, but against this Capt. Gambell entered a vigorous and successful protest. Every trapshooter will recognize the chance for unfairness in such an arrangement.

The scores made were low, none of the team shooting his usual gait. Still they shot just a little better than their opponents. Orr, of Newark No. 1, made high individual score, 46; Rhoades, of Columbus, second, with 44; Peters, of Cincinnati, and Keefe, of Newark No. 2, tied for third on 40.

If the Newark boys will send a team to Cincinnati to try and recapture the trophy, we can guarantee them a good time, fair targets, and the best of treatment, as these three things are always dealt out liberally to visitors. Ask those who have been there. The scores:

Cincinnati.				Newark No. 1.					
Targets:	15	15	20	T't'l	Targets:	15	15	20	T't'l
Peters	14	12	14	40	Orr	14	13	19	46
Barker	13	9	16	38	Burrell	14	13	13	40
Gambell	12	12	14	38	King	14	11	12	37
Ahlers	10	12	14	36	F Hall	9	11	13	33
Hesser	11	7	18	36	Goodrich	9	10	15	34
Don Minto	11	13	12	36	Alshizer	8	9	15	32
Totals	71	65	88	224	Totals	68	67	87	222

Newark No. 2.				Columbus.					
Targets:	15	15	20	T't'l	Targets:	15	15	20	T't'l
Keefe	12	13	15	40	Rhoades	14	11	19	44
Murphy	12	11	16	39	Cumberland	13	10	14	37
Worth	13	11	13	37	Buchanan	10	11	13	34
Hall	9	10	16	35	Webster	8	11	14	33
Bericker	9	9	12	30	H Smith	11	10	10	31
Chervy	9	10	10	29	J Smith	5	8	15	28
Totals	64	64	82	210	Totals	61	61	85	207

Turkey Shoot, Dayton, O.

Good fellows took part in a shoot at stop 7 on the D. & W. Traction line on March 21. It was gotten up by Ed. Oldt. Turkeys, ducks and chickens were offered as prizes. The sport started with a 10-target sweep, 65 cents entrance, two moneys. Oswald won first with 8; Lockwood, second, with 6; Ike, 6; Oldt, 4. Then followed the prize events, seven at 10 targets each. Oswald won three turkeys and a duck; Handy and West a turkey each; Ike, a turkey and a duck, and Lockwood a rooster. After the prize events three sweeps were shot, two moneys in each. The scores look small, but a large per cent. of the targets were perforated by shot and would have been scored as broken if they had been properly brittle.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, O., opened their medal season on March 22, and had a very enjoyable afternoon. The club house has been renovated, new trap pit, with set of expert traps put in, electric pull, and pull house. The immense tree which spoiled the background for right quartering targets has been cut down and this leaves the sky background unobstructed. The club is in a good condition financially, and the members take an active interest in the sport. E. W. Keller and John Strickline were elected to membership.

In the medal shoot six men tied for first on scores of 25 or better. After a long shoot-off, the winner was decided. Oswald and Miller fought on until the tenth shoot-off, when Miller won by 5 to 2. The medal is the prize each week, as last year. And for the series of 32 contests four prizes are offered as follows: \$15 in gold to the one winning the medal the greatest number of times during the season; \$10 to second high; \$5 to third, and to fourth a leather medal suitably inscribed.

The afternoon's sport was concluded with four 25-target sweeps, and in these Lockwood did some excellent work, breaking 96 out of 100, and making two straight scores.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—The following scores were made in the Peters trophy contest by members unable to compete on March 18: Hesser, handicap 4, total, 49; Maynard, 1, 46; Tuttle, 1, 45; Ahlers, 1, 44; Bleh, 43; Dick, 1, 43; French, 7, 38.

March 25 was what we call in this section a pretty day, the first real spring day we have had. Ackley made his first appearance since his illness, and was received with honors, the flag being hoisted and a salute of twenty-one guns fired. The Judge is looking better than for months before he was taken sick. Jay Bee, another absentee, was out to-day and received a warm welcome. He shot in the trophy contest and made the full score, including his handicap. Falk did great work, tying with Barker and Faran for high gun in actual breaks, on 46.

A number of team races were shot. This feature of the weekly shoots is getting to be quite prominent, and is a good one, giving the boys practice in team work, and creating considerable interest. Practice events were shot as long as a target could be seen. The scores:

Peters Medal Shoot, 50 targets—Falk, handicap, 7, total, 50; Pohlar, 5, 50; Roll, 7, 50; Jay Bee, 12, 50; Andrews, 10, 47; Barker, 46; Faran, 46; A. Sunderbruch, 45; Don Minto, 1, 45; Peters, 1, 45; Pfeiffer, 4, 44; Harig, 42; Williams, 6, 42; Herman, 2, 40; Block, 4, 40; Bullerdick, 1, 39.

Team matches, 50 targets each: Don Minto, 41, Barker 46, total, 87; Harig 42, Gambell 41, total 83; A. Sunderbruch 44, Hesser 40, total 84; Peters 44, Ahlers 41, total 85; O. Sunderbruch 48, Roll 44, total 92; Gambell 47, Faran, 42, total 89; Peters 44, Ahlers 42, total 86.

Match, 50 targets: Pohlar 46, Pfeiffer 38, Bullerdick 44.

Notes.

The Greenville, O., Gun Club held its second medal shoot of the season on March 20. H. A. McCaughey won with a score of 33, shooting from 18yds. Mr. Westerfield made the highest score of the day, 75 out of 100. The members are manifesting a great deal of interest in the shoots. The system of handicapping is giving general satisfaction, and seems to place all on an equal footing.

Twenty-three members of the Cleveland Gun Club took part in the semi-monthly contest of the club on March 18. The conditions were 50 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles. F. G. Hogen, Snow and Sanford, all Class B men, headed the list with 48 each. Tryon, Class A, was second with 47. Jack, Class A, and Brugge, of Class B, were third, with 46 each.

Deadwood Gun Club.

DEADWOOD, S. D., March 19.—The first practice shoot for the season took place to-day. The weather was very cold, and not many of the shooters turned out. The following scores were made at 50 targets: Walker 41, Hirsch 42, Vanhorn 32, Rogers 42, Flanders 43, Powell 39, Waugh 42, Biek 40, Jepson 43, Perkins 39.

BURT ROGERS.

Bradford Gun Club.

BRADFORD, Pa., March 20.—Following are the scores of the shoot held by the Bradford Gun Club on Saturday last, on their grounds at Foster Brook:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.			
White	100	64	Conneley	60	54
Russell	135	100	Eygabroust	75	38
Mallory, Jr.	125	112	Jones	75	42
Mallory, Sr.	100	72	McCann	60	31
Hoey	100	71	Scott	75	34
Willis	75	42	Kelleher	60	25
Pringle	75	57	Brown	75	52
Holley	75	43	Wagner	45	32

We have arranged for a tournament to be held for two days, June 21 and 22, \$400 added money.

We have a club of over sixty members now, and expect to increase the number to 100 by June 1, and there will be quite a large attendance. New grounds have been procured, with a sky line. Extra traps will be constructed, with canvas canopies, and the present club house will be enlarged. At the present time arrangements are being made to run the city line of street cars to the club house. There are great expectations of a very "large" time.

March 23.—The following is a total of the events held at the traps of the above club on March 22:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.			
Sizer	130	122	Russell	145	102
Brown	130	112	White	90	57
Brooder	75	48	Bodine	80	57
Conneley	145	117	Brown	75	54
Pringle	130	111	Wagner	75	52

E. C. CHARLTON, Sec'y.

Indianapolis (Ind.) Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 10.—The Peters trophy was won by Mr. Hicc. Each event was at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at. Broke.	
Dickman	24	21	23	20	20	19	18	20	200	165
Carter	16	16	12	13	15	13	15	13	200	113
Parry	22	22	23	21	23	24	20	..	175	155
Moore	14	20	21	21	21	20	16	10	200	143
Finley	23	21	21	22	22	24	150	133
Moller	12	15	8	15	9	11	21	..	175	91
Hicc	20	15	18	18	8	13	150	92
Smith	8	10	50	18
Hintel	15	12	50	27
Denny	15	18	50	33
Beck	17	11	50	28
Cory	15	12	50	27
Tanner	7	1	50	8
Clark	14	15	50	29
Habich	6	11	11	75	28

Ties for club trophy: Moore, Dickman, Finley and Hicc.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., have issued a new catalogue, which contains full descriptions of all the guns which they manufacture, and which will be sent gratis to those who apply for it. Special pains have been taken to complete it in every detail. The new Hunter one-trigger is specially described.

Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., have issued their calendar for 1905, in the artistic and complete manner for which that firm is distinguished. Besides the calendar, it contains twenty-six excellent portraits of famous shooters, with brief mention of some of their most phenomenal scores with Parker guns. Those shooters are S. A. Tucker, A. W. du Bray, Fred Gilbert, Andy Meaders, John Parker, R. S. Skinner, J. A. Flick, C. W. Phellis, F. D. Aikie, C. B. Adams, Maurice Kaufmann, J. E. Vaughan, L. P. Chaudet, Arthur Gambell, B. W. Worthen, H. E. Buckwalter, Walter Huff, C. M. Powers, O. R. Dickey, W. B. Darton, W. E. Barnard, F. G. Simpson, Fred Coleman, Lem Willard, W. D. Townsend, Guy Lovelace.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Fish Glue.—Tavistock, Jan. 28.—Is there anything that, if added to white or fish glue, will keep it liquid in a bottle and yet evaporate when exposed, so as to allow it to harden and become firm. I have tried alcohol, but without success. I have been told that there is something that would answer the purpose, but what is it?—J. Q.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

An interesting device which should appeal strongly to anglers who fish in quiet waters, and especially to those who have not as yet solved the mysteries of bait-casting, is the Patent Self Striking Cork manufactured in St. Louis, and advertised in another column. A study of the cut in the advertisement will explain quite clearly the principle of the device, which, from the drawings, would seem to be very effective.

The combination of air and rubber for mattresses, pillows and cushions is comparatively modern, and its development by the Metropolitan Air Goods Co., of Reading, Mass., is very interesting. An entirely new device, so far as our experience goes, is an air yoke, adapted for relieving the shoulders, when one is carrying gun or canoe or anything else that is heavy and hard. Yachtsmen, campers and other outdoor, or merely summer people, cannot do better than investigate the goods offered by this company. They will add much to the comfort of ones' vacation. A free circular describes them.

Mr. W. J. Cummins, of Bishop Auckland, England, has for the past forty years been supplying fishing tackle to American anglers, and thus has a very large list of customers in this country. For a good part of that time he has been advertising his goods in FOREST AND STREAM, as he is doing to-day. The most skillful and best equipped anglers know to what perfection Englishmen have carried the manufacture of fine flies and tackle, and the demand for these high priced goods is constantly growing. Mr. Cummins declares that a small trial order is all he desires, and he offers to send a catalogue of his goods to those who apply for it.

The Duxbak clothing for sportsmen has a very taking name, and also—though it is not an old article—has already achieved a reputation for doing good service. The important claim made for it is that it "sheds water like a duck's back"—is absolutely waterproof—and yet looks well and feels comfortable in fair weather. It is also made with special care and does not bind or cramp, and on the other hand, is well tailored. The manufacturers are Bird, Jones & Kenyon, No. 3 Blandina street, Utica, N. Y., who offer to send to persons who are interested samples of material and a booklet about it.

The Anglers' Company, of Hartford, Conn., manufacture "fine fishing tackle for particular anglers." Rods of split-bamboo or of wood are made to order for special uses. Lines, flies, a fly-book and soak box, together with tackle kits and anglers' accessories in general, are the specialties of this concern, whose products are for sale by all dealers. The Anglers' Company issues a catalogue-booklet worthy of examination by all anglers. It is sent free on request.

The fame of the Savage rifle extends from Maine to California, and the arm has many friends. It has been thoroughly tried on large game and small, and does its work well. It is always loaded, for its magazine clips, holding seven cartridges, can be inserted almost instantly, and the ammunition is so small that these clips can be conveniently carried in the pocket. Many of us remember how heavy the old fashion ammunition belt used to be, and what a relief it often was to take it off when we got into camp. No ammunition belt is needed with the Savage.



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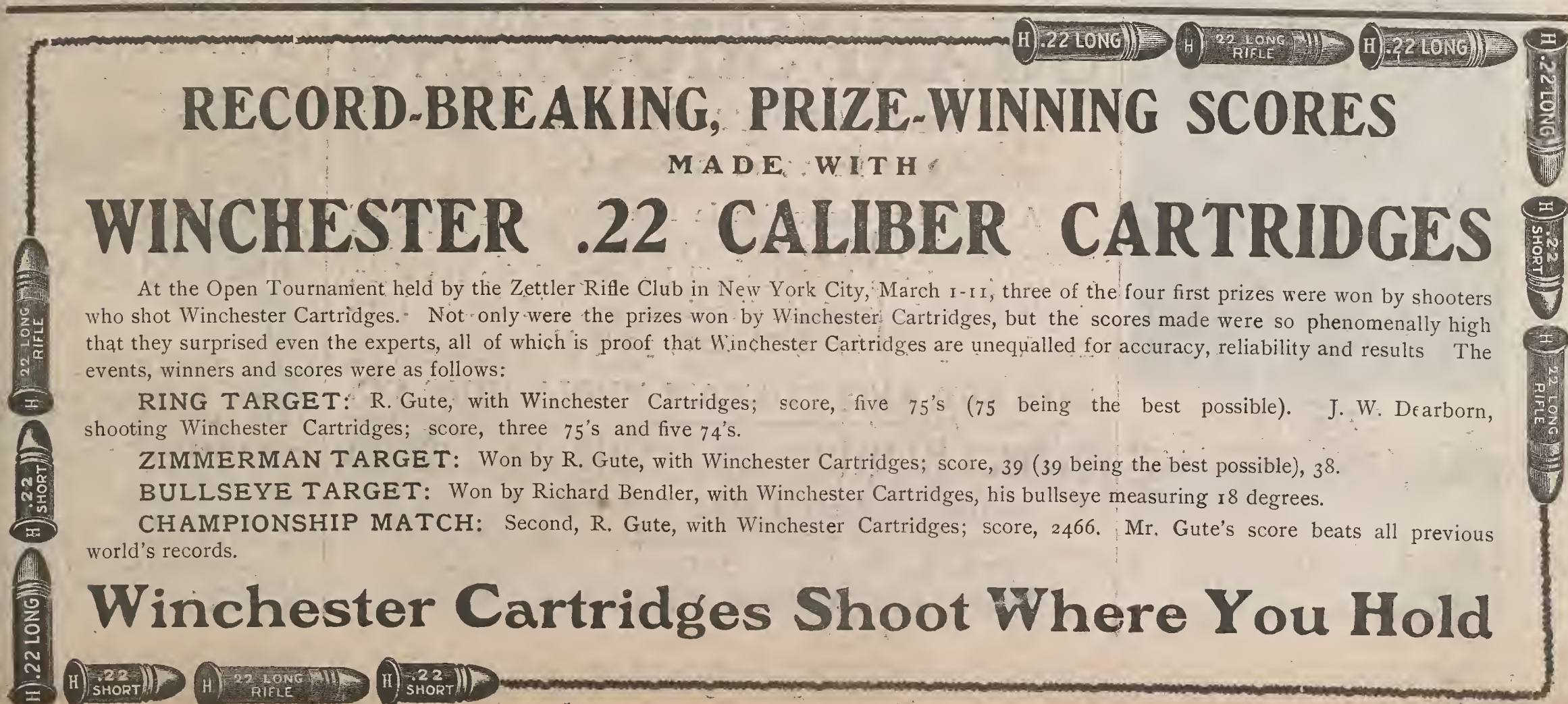
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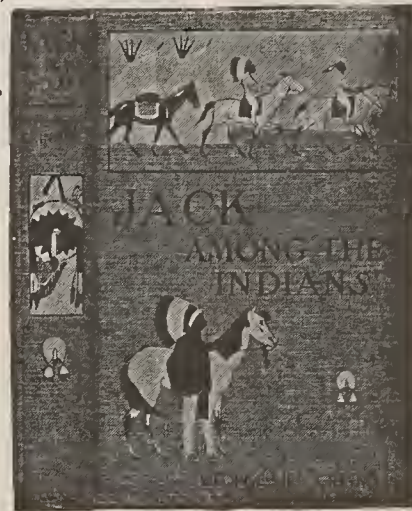
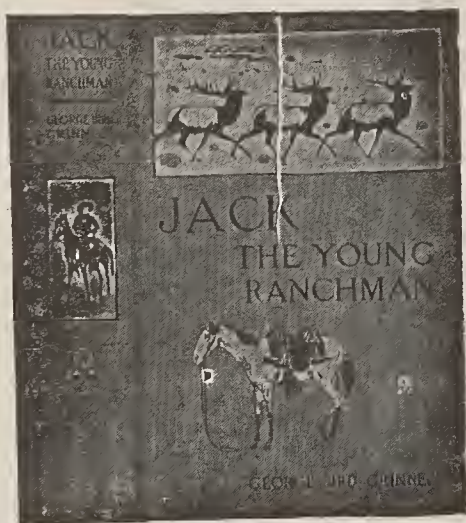
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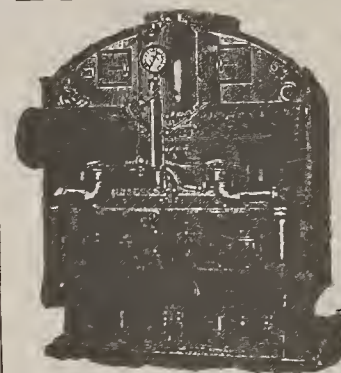
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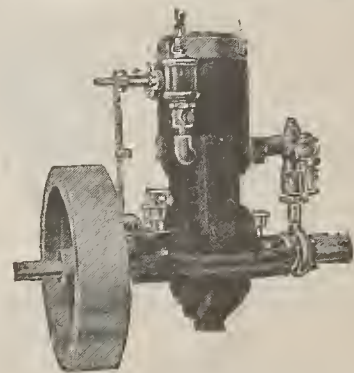
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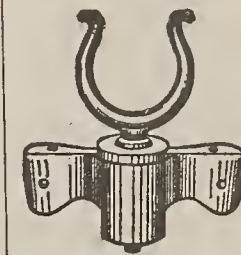
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THE DOOM OF NIAGARA.

In the April number of the Popular Science Monthly, Dr. John M. Clarke, New York State Geologist, Director of Science and the State Museum, has a paper demonstrating the ruin of the American Falls in the immediate future, so soon as the power plants now in course of construction shall have been completed and put into operation. The American Falls will be destroyed before those on the Canadian side, but unless some way shall be found to stay the progressive drain upon the water supply for industrial purposes, the entire cataract will share the same fate.

The situation briefly is this: Various power companies in New York and in Ontario have been given charters permitting them to draw off the waters of Niagara River above the Falls and to carry them around the cliff by some other way or to discharge them by tunnels into the face of the Falls near the base. The two American companies which are now active are the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company, which is permitted to consume 7,700 cubic feet per second, and the Niagara Falls Power Company, whose legal limit is 8,600 cubic feet per second, a total of 16,300. There are three Canadian companies with statutory limits of 8,900, 12,000 and 11,200, or a total of 32,100 cubic feet per second. The aggregate of all the companies now operating is thus 48,400 cubic feet per second, which represents the amount of water which may be diverted by them from the river before it reaches the cataract.

Besides these concerns actually in operation, is another one, the Niagara, Lockport and Ontario Power Company, which was chartered in 1894, a condition of its franchise being that it must begin operations within ten years. No work was begun by it prior to 1904. In that year it appeared in Albany seeking from the Legislature a new charter with enlarged powers and extended time. The Legislature granted this, but Governor Odell, be it said to his credit, vetoed the bill. The veto was signed May 21, 1904. Six days later the charter term expired. In those six days the company dug a slender ditch, in order to prevent a lapse of charter. Whether the digging of this ditch at the time and in the manner it was done would hold in the courts as work begun in good faith within the intent of the charter, is a matter of doubt. The same company is before the Legislature again this year seeking renewed privileges. It is said to be backed by powerful interests, and it is making a strong fight for what it wants. By the terms of the old charter no restriction was placed upon the amount of water it might abstract from the Niagara River. Should it succeed in constructing and operating its projected works, the water used by it, Dr. Clarke estimates, will not be less than 10,000 cubic feet per second. This addition to the consumption permitted by the other concerns already noted will mean a total drain of 58,400 cubic feet per second.

The water flow over the Falls was measured by United States engineers in 1868 and by Sir Casimir Gzowski in 1873, with results varying from 246,000 cubic feet per second (the latter) to a maximum of 280,000 cubic feet per second (the former). The figure generally accepted by engineers is 224,000 cubic feet per second.

The river flows over a rock bottom on which the strata dip to the west; so that the sill or edge of the Falls is ten feet higher on the American than on the Canadian side; and the waters at the crest of the American Falls are ten feet shallower. It is the calculation of a competent hydraulic engineer, taking the accepted volume of the flow, the length of the entire crest of the Falls (4,070 feet), and the difference in elevation of the sill of the Falls, that when the flow shall be reduced to 184,000 cubic feet per second, or by 40,000 cubic feet, the water will be down to the level of present rock bottom at the edge of the American shore. In other words, when the power companies already chartered and in operation shall de-

velop their full legal privileges, the American Falls will be but a weakly, thin, white apron. When to the water consumption of these five companies shall be added that of the Niagara, Lockport and Ontario Power Company—provided this concern shall succeed in getting what it asks of the Legislature—the American Falls will have become a thing of the past.

APRIL.

THE return of spring brings with it a pleasure to all mankind. But it is specially delightful to the angler who, in the weeks of anticipation, has overhauled his fishing tackle betimes, has made sundry purchases of more by way of careful preparation, and carefully noted the merging of the wintry days into the balmy ones of spring. The delightful warmth of the sunshine, the fullness of the streams from rains, thawed snow and ice; the green tinges of the landscape denoting the reawakening of vegetable life; the earlier sunrise and later sunset, are signs of special significance laden with gladness to the angler; for do not they denote that the season of trout fishing approaches? That they may also denote the active renewal of successful business activity, the angler accepts with gratification; but the theme of business is devoid of the vivacity and keen enthusiasm displayed on the theme of the trout stream. The anticipations concerning work and fishing are things apart, are things foreign, are things not to be reconciled. They are as opposed to each other as are pain and pleasure.

April brings with it a just recognition of the trout's ascendancy in the accepted list of gamy goody things. The trout now is in season for taking, in law and in fact. It possesses many qualities deserving of the sportsman's admiration and pursuit. Beautiful and erratic, it may lurk sullenly, perdue perversely apathetic to all externals that would allure; it may coquette with the artificial fly teasingly yet safely; or it may strike with fierce aggressiveness—a miniature demon of the waters.

Probably the beauty and moods of the capricious trout constitute the charm which impels the true angler to meander ever hopefully along the streams, casting his fly with patience unceasing; or, if he be of a practical and secretive cast of mind, then betimes suspending a worm gently in the water where the trout, with little effort, may help itself to worm and trouble.

And yet, on the negative side of trout fishing, there is much to regret; chief of which is that the trout fishing of the present is not what it was in the days of years ago when there were trout in the small streams everywhere, free to those who would fish them. The necessities of a denser population and a consequent more assertive claims to valuable property rights have restricted to the person what was once so free to all.

There are many hundreds of good anglers to-day who enjoy trout fishing only in its reminiscences, because there is no more trout fishing in which they can participate actually. Distance or proprietorship excludes them. And yet they manifest an enthusiasm in the recountal of the old fishing days which they experienced. They hold a high place in the mind's happiest pictures of fields and streams, and even as mental pictures they mean much in the way of recurring happy moments.

THE WILDFOWL SUPPLY.

FOR a year or two past a more or less marked increase has been noted in some localities in the number of water fowl seen in the migration flights or on the great wintering grounds of the United States, and this apparent increase has furnished the spring shooters with an argument in support of their cause. They say, in substance, birds are more numerous now than they were a few years ago, shooting has no effect on their numbers one way or the other, why then interfere with our sport or our means of making a livelihood?

As matter of fact, the greater number of birds has been noticed by observers who would appear to be competent. Two journals devoted to ornithology have recently called attention to the very unusual number of good ducks found in certain waters in Maine and in Great South Bay in the autumn of 1904, while at the opening of the season just passed gunners reported ducks much more abundant than usual in Currituck Sound.

Meantime, the spring shooters continue to declare that since the ducks are increasing, it is useless to give them any

more protection, but they say nothing about the cause of the increase. This cause seems to be found in the fact that a number of the Northern States and of the Provinces of Canada have forbidden spring shooting. When, on their northward migration, the ducks reach the temperate zones where in old times many of them bred, their tendency is to loiter there, and perhaps to nest and rear their broods. This is something that they cannot do if spring shooting is allowed, for pursuit with a gun causes them at once to leave the country and to hurry on to some more distant spot where they will be free from prosecution. They know that such spots exist, though they may be obliged to go as far as Labrador or James Bay to reach them. On the other hand, breeding grounds suited to the fowl exist in many places in the northern tier of States and all through southern Canada, and will be occupied by them if they are left undisturbed. Full broods will be raised, the local ducks in autumn will call down other birds passing on their southward migration, and the shooting in the fall will be more than twice as good as it would be either in the spring or fall if the birds did not breed there.

In the past there has been no such thing as the protection of wildfowl within our borders. The earliest ducks came to us the last of August or the first of September, while the latest to go took their departure for the north in May or June. Here, then, were eight or nine months of each year during which the fowl were shot; and whatever the laws which appeared on the statute books, the fact was that a duck was in season whenever it was within sight. With the growth of the game protective idea and with the constantly increasing feeling that men must practice some moderation if those who come after them are to have any shooting, has come that change of sentiment which shows itself in the practical abolition of spring shooting in a dozen States and most of the Provinces of Canada. It has been well pointed out that it is absurd to cut the shooting season down to two or three months on certain birds and yet to afford no protection whatever to the wildfowl. It may be confidently predicted that a judicious reduction in the open months for wildfowl shooting all over the country would result in a great increase in the number of fowl; and in this, together with the anti-sale law now prevalent in so many States, lies the hope that some day we may once more see the old-time hordes of the wildfowl.

EVER since Governor Hill dismissed Fish Commissioner Eugene G. Blackford because Mr. Blackford had attended a Brooklyn reception to a Republican President, the New York Fish and Game Commission has been in varying degree demoralized by politics. Certain commissioners—as notoriously in the case of Davis—have been given their places for no earthly reason other than that they were recognized political bosses. The State's interests in fish and game and forests have been sacrificed without compunction in order to strengthen partisan forces. Game protectors have been put in places and kept there out of political considerations, and like influences have permitted in some localities continued violations of the fish and game laws with immunity. These conditions have long existed; perhaps they will exist always. But if, as now seems probable, Governor Higgins is not to reappoint Commissioner Middleton, but will name another in his place, might it not prove an interesting experiment if we could have a head of the commission named for capacity and fitness to do the work, and without the slightest regard to political affiliations or partisan service ability? We speak of such a course as an experiment. It would be an experiment; and an experiment well worth trying. If the experiment should result in improved fish and game and forest protection, the public interests would be served, even if party interests suffered. If it failed, the failure would put an end to the harping of those theorists who argue that politics and game and fish and forest protection should be divorced.

It happened in New Jersey last Sunday afternoon in this way: A sixteen-year-old boy and a fourteen-year-old girl were visiting at the house of a friend; the boy picked up a rifle and playfully aimed it at the girl and pulled the trigger. The rifle was loaded. The girl died. The coroner said it was a case of pure accident, no one was to blame. What about the owner of the loaded rifle who left it where foolish visitors could get at it?



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

"Denmark."

A Story of Ambition, Pluck and Well Deserved Success.

FOR many years the writer has known the subject of this article as one of the most reputable and efficient guides in the Adirondacks. But not until last summer was the interesting story of his life secured. As told by himself, it is as follows: A native of Denmark and wishing to improve his condition, he came to America in 1883 when twenty-seven years old. He landed with sixty-four cents in his pocket and only three English words on his tongue: "Yes," "no," and "potatoes." He soon hired out to a farmer in Roxbury, Vt., where he worked one month. But he "did not like it" and left. Then a man loaned him money to go and seek work at Port Henry, N. Y. He promised, "Me pay when work." He went to the Cedar Iron Works at Port Henry and looked around. Mr. Foote, an official, saw him and asked, "What do you want—work?" "Yes me work." Taking in the situation at a glance, Foote took the Dane to his mother's house and fed him on bread and milk. "It was the sweetest meal I ever ate," he said in describing it. Then Foote pointed to six o'clock on a watchdial, then to the smoke stack at the iron works, and said, "boo-o-o-o-h," and Denmark knew he was to go to work when the whistle blew at six o'clock the next morning.

He worked four days at \$1.40 per day and then was promoted to receive \$2 per day. But he did not know it, as he drew no pay till the end of the month. On pay day he received two envelopes. One contained pay for the first four days' work—the second a \$20 bill. He said, "No, too much!" but was satisfied with the explanation. The next step was to settle for his board. His landlady charged him \$18 a month. He thought it too much for what was furnished, and changed to a boarding-house at \$20 a month. "The Dane," as everyone called him, was on the road to fortune. But in about two months the iron works closed, and seven hundred men were thrown out of employment. "The Dane" had paid back the money borrowed at Roxbury, had sent his father \$25, and now had \$72 in his pocket. He could live until work came. But his money was stolen. Now he must move quickly. Two offers of work came. One on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, the other in the lumber woods of Essex Co., N. Y. He went there. Eighteen men were on the job. A month passed, the foreman drew the pay for all, and ran away. The men were angry and wanted to kill the stock, a cow, a pig, and a horse. But "The Dane" seized an old gun, presented it at the men, and said, "No, no, me bang!" His sense of honor and prompt courage saved the stock. All the other men left, but he stayed and fed the stock. After several days a man came into the woods with a load of supplies. Seeing the Dane he asked, "What are you doing?" Denmark could not name the animals and so replied, "Me feed ugh"—giving a grunt as nearly like a pig's as he could. The man said, "If you will work for me, I will see that you are paid." The bargain was closed on the spot. In the spring he had earned and received over \$300. Then came the usual "river-driving" and "The Dane," wishing to be a full-fledged lumberman, engaged. But "a jam" of logs was his undoing. Caught between logs as the "jam" suddenly gave way, some of his ribs were broken, he was otherwise severely injured, and was taken out of the water seemingly more dead than alive. He was carried out of the woods to a country tavern. Between the tavernkeeper and the doctor his money was soon gone by charges akin to robbery. Then he was put out, but a "good Samaritan" living near took him in and cared for him until recovery was complete. Then he went into the lumber woods again. Gradually acquiring forest lore, he at length went to Long Lake. Standing near the water one day, he was seen by a party of newly arrived sportsmen, and one of them asked him, "Can you take a trunk to my camp?" "Yes, me take two trunks." Reaching camp with the baggage he watched the newcomers preparing supper.

They had used saleratus instead of baking powder for flapjacks, and the result set the Dane to laughing. "Can you do better?" was demanded of him. "Yes," he said, and did it. He was promptly engaged as cook for the party, and when fortune did not smile upon the hunters, was asked if he could take a dog and run a deer into the lake for them. In that region he had not been twenty rods from the road, but he was "woodwise" and immediately told the hunters he could do it. His first effort brought them a big buck; this was followed by other successful efforts, and so began his "guiding." Then he served Rev. Dr. Duryea and party as guide, and at the end of the season he bought a boat for \$32 which he rented for \$60 the next season. This put him on a new track. He bought other boats and rented them at good profit. Saving his money, he soon owned all the boats in service at one of the Long Lake hotels. Suddenly the hotel was burned and all his boats with it. Again he had lost everything but his magnificent strength and courage. He resumed "guiding" and served in that capacity for some years on the private preserve at Brandreth's Lake. As always he saved his money, and at length felt warranted in seeking a wife. Before the

marriage took place, his fiancé died. Grief prostrated the Dane in serious illness, and again nearly all his earnings were swept away. Recovery was followed by renewed effort and accustomed success in his calling as guide.

He finally bought a farm about three miles from Blue Mt. Lake, where he lives, comfortable and respected, dividing his time between the farm, guiding, and the duties of public office to which his townsmen elected him. He is trusted everywhere, and has guided some of the most wealthy and prominent Adirondack sportsmen. "In season" he is usually busy with old patrons—often engaged months in advance—and last year refused an offer of \$600 and expenses for a six months' trip to Newfoundland, in order that he might keep faith in a previous engagement for only six weeks. Such honor is above commercialism. He is thoroughly Americanized, having no desire to return to his native country, though proudly wearing among his friends and correspondents the cognomen, "Denmark." His manliness, energy and perseverance, have earned success and appreciation. Such men are welcome from any country, and make good citizens anywhere. His career presents the same fundamentals of character as have made other Norsemen with better opportunities conspicuous before the world as its servants and benefactors. All honor to Nansen and Finsen and other heroes of achievement against great odds. But likewise honor to all those of every nation who in the humbler walks of life, without the encouragement of public knowledge and approval, but with relatively great odds and equal heroism, achieve success.

JUVENAL.

The Last of the Eagles.

HE lay dying on a cliff of the great cañon. His wing was broken and his breast torn by a pitiless rifle ball. It happened miles away, but he had reached his old cliff home, a thousand feet above the river and as many below the top of the cliff. How many hours in his long life he had sat on this perch watching the dashing water below, the blue sky above. How many changes he had witnessed. He was more than a hundred years old—a hundred and fifty, perhaps—and he remembered when the forests were primeval and the buffaloes in great herds grazed in the valleys and wild horses dashed over the plains; he remembered the mountain goat, leaping from cliff to cliff in wild joy. A thousand other things he remembered; among them, many years ago, seeing a man who hunted not with the bow and arrow, but with a terrible instrument like the thunder bolt that killed a long way off. One of his friends went too near, thinking it a bow and arrow, and was killed. He had seen many killed since in the same way, and he had learned to keep at a long distance. He had been fired at a good many times, but had laughed at the hunter and scorned his lightning.

At first all this was play to him—the play of a daring spirit—watching the ball as it sped toward him, but slowed down, and at the last went underneath his perch. Underneath this old perch were a thousand marks of bullets fired at him as he sat upon it; and how he had been amused by it all!

But these bullets gradually came nearer, and one day a ball struck the perch on which he sat. This man's lightning was getting stronger. Many more of his comrades had gone too near and were dead. He, wise old fellow, cautiously held aloof, lengthened his distance between himself and the man with the strange thunderbolt, and lived on; but it was getting lonely now, all those who started out with him—and these cliffs were alive with them—were gone, fallen before this ruthless piece of thunder wielded by a man. And so many of those born later had fallen, too; and now for several years as he sailed up and down the cañon or soared above the mountain peaks, he had had no companion. He was alone.

Who had killed all his companions? That man who somehow had control of the lightning. What did he want to kill all his friends for? Why, now, was he trying to kill him? Was it just because he could? A new power had come to him, and he could kill at long range, and so he killed. What was he getting out of all this killing? The simple satisfaction of killing; and if he only knew more, if he only would lay aside that instrument of death and come nearer, as somehow he might, and instead of studying a dead eagle, listen to the secrets of a live one, he might one day hear a story that would be worth more to him than all the thunderbolts of all the clouds; he might receive a secret that he would give a thousand times as much for as he had given for his lightning. With this instrument, cunning as it was, he could only kill; with the secret in the heart of the old, dying eagle, he would be the master of life. He remembered also that in a far off land in the distant past he had seen these men killing one another with this same instrument. These men could only kill. He, the eagle, could tell them how to make alive, or how to live long. Once he sat on a tree top and talked a few minutes with his old friend the buffalo, wounded and dying. He was the last of his race, he said—and the eagle had seen none since—and the buffalo had told him that he knew some things that men did not, but that they wanted to know terribly; and there had been times, he said, when he had hoped to show men this marvelous secret of strength and virility, but man never allowed him to come near. The minute he ap-

proached their camp, out came those thunderbolts, and then a run for life. Now this buffalo was dying, the last of his race, because he had ventured too near a man's camp in the desperate hope that he might be allowed to tell him the great secret he longed for, and held now only by the buffalo himself. But the shot came instead of the communion, and the animal must carry his secret out of the world with him.

The bald eagle held the secret of long life, and all his days he had sought an opportunity to communicate it to this man. He had lived 150 years; there was no reason why he should not have lived as many more, but for this pitiless rifle ball. And in that time who knows but that he might have told his secret to men? Even now, could he only do so, he would make it known. But between him and man there was a great, an awful gulf. He had no way to cross it.

Now he lay down on his old perch with broken wing and torn breast, dying. The secret of long life that should have been man's, but that could be his only as the eagle communicated it to him, must die with him. The solace, the comfort it would have brought, the pain it would have relieved, the heartache it might have swept away—all these now lost to man, and lost forever. And the eagle was sad; not to die, for it was too lonely now to live any longer; but that he could not make known his great secret. Had he lived for naught?

The shadows had long since crept into the cañon, and save a gleam of light here and there from the moon, the old eagle was in darkness; and for the first time in his life he was cold, and he knew that the end was near. With great pain, for it hurt him to move, he turned on his perch, where, the instant he rose above the eastern peaks he could see the rising sun, and composed himself to die. Then, in a flash the light shot athwart the cañon, and opening his eyes he gazed long and tenderly on the old sun; then his head drooped and his spirit, on the morning sunbeams, with its untold secret, went out into the light, and his tribe passed on.

JOSEPH WOODBURY STROUT.

A Midnight Mystery.

IN the summer of '81, two other men and I bought a sloop of five tons capacity, stocked her with provisions and tools, and started to hunt sea otter on the Alaskan coast. After about two weeks we got up as high as Queen Charlotte Island, and I began to find the sloop rather small, with far too little elbow room for three men of our size, so I parted with my interest in the venture and took the steamer Otter back to Victoria—the mate to the steamer, by the way, which now lies rotting on the beach in Burrard Inlet Narrows, the old Beaver, the first steamer that ever plied along the coast. After I got to Victoria I loaded a canoe with tools and supplies and started for Johnson's Straits to spend the rest of the summer hand logging.

This industry was at one time quite profitable, but a man needed nearly five hundred dollars' worth of tools and as much worth of provisions for an outfit, and besides he needed to know the trade, for if a man started in and cut off the timber near the water first, he could never shoot the back timber down through the old tops. The way to do was to get two jack screws of the three-legged kind made on purpose for this use, axes, barking irons, saws and chopping boards with steel plates on the end to notch into the body of the tree and stand on while you cut the tree down rather high to keep above the butt, where the wood is wind-shaken and pitchy; then you needed a square to tell how your tree was to fall. This square is made like a T, and when you begin the "scurf," or notch you cut to fell the tree, you put the crosspiece in and sight along the stem to see where the stick will drop. Of course our hand logging was done on steep ground near the water, where the logs could be floated and rafted down to mill.

After you select your claim, you go back to the farthest point that it will pay to cut to begin work. Then for getting out logs, the first thing to be done is to fell your bedding; that is, to cut a lot of small trees, say from a foot to two feet through, so as to lie crosswise on the spot where your timber will fall; then you cut a notch for the chopping board and begin the front scurf on the tree, using the square to find exactly where it will fall. After that you put a chopping board in for the back cut, cutting the trees (which are for the most part Douglas firs from four to eight feet through) at a height of from ten to twelve feet from the ground. Then when the tree is felled you bark it. When the sap is running in spring and summer you can easily do this with a barking iron, which is a steel bar about 40 inches long, of 7/8 or 3/4-inch steel, rounded and flattened at the end. This you jam through the bark and can then pry it off, using the tool something like a crowbar. If the sap has finished running, you must chop the bark all off with the ax, and it is a long, slow job.

You now top off the timber; that is, chop off the top at the first limbs, say from 80 to 100 feet from the ground, so as to leave all clear lumber. Then the log is sniped; that is, the point is tapered off, slightly rounding like an egg. Now the log lies on its bedding, free from bark except on the under side. The jackscrew is then set on one of the skids of the bedding and the log is notched to take the head of the screw. If the log be on pretty steep ground, you must put in a "Sampson," of which there are

Father De Smet, Black Robe.

FOR more than four hundred years the Roman Catholic Church has been striving to convert the heathen of North America, and for about three hundred the members of the Society of Jesus have taken an important part in this work. The devotion to duty shown by these priests has excited the admiration of all students of American history, and furnished a fruitful theme for many a writer. Chief among such historians was Parkman, who, though recognizing that the Jesuits were men subject to the same infirmities which weaken us all, yet declared "that the Society of Jesus has numbered among its members men whose fervent and exalted natures have been intensified without being abated by the pressure to which they have been subjected." The labors of the Jesuits are not yet ended, and to-day in many a region of the farther West, as elsewhere, noble men are devoting their lives to this work of instructing and christianizing the savage.

Of the Jesuits who have given their lives to this work none—among modern missionaries—is more famous than Father P. J. De Smet, whose labors among the western tribes lasted over thirty years, from 1838 until about 1870. During all these years he was traveling backward and forward between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast constantly among Indians, whose temper was always uncertain, who were ever at war with each other, or with the white man; and in this wide region he was better known than any priest who has ever been through it. His energy was indefatigable, and his brave spirit carried him through every danger, difficulty and hardship. Of him it might be said, as was written of others: "The blazing sun of summer poured down upon them its withering heat; they did not blench. The frosts and snows of winter chilled them; they pushed on. The sky-reaching mountains barred their progress; they surmounted them. Floods stood in their way; they crossed them. Painfully, slowly, on foot through an unknown country, in perils of waters, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness, they held their steadfast way. No danger daunted them, no difficulty turned them back. Death did not stop their march. If one faltered, and stumbled and fell, another stepped calmly forward and took his place."

In four handsome volumes, which have recently been published by Francis P. Harper, of New York, Major Hiram Martin Chittenden and Mr. Alfred T. Richardson have told the story of Father De Smet's life, his travels, his missionary labors and adventures among the Indians and a vast amount of interesting information drawn from his observations during all his years of travel through the western country. Father De Smet was a prolific writer, and sent in to his superiors in the Church frequent accounts of where he had been and what he had seen and done. All this material, together with his unpublished journals and letter books, have been at the command of the editors, who have added to them many historical, geographical, ethnological and other notes. The four volumes constitute a great work of over 1,600 pages with many illustrations.

It is perhaps not too much to say that no man, who has left behind him any written record, ever traveled so much or so long through western America, or saw so many Indians. And of these travels, Father De Smet has given a full record, which abounds in information about the natives of the region. The contribution to knowledge of the old habits, and especially of the ways of thought of the primitive Indians, is most interesting and valuable, and the whole work is one which must be read by every one who is interested in the early West.

For two years Father De Smet labored with the Pottawatomies, near Council Bluffs, but in the early part of the spring of the year 1840, he was sent by the Bishop of Missouri on an exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in order to ascertain the dispositions of the Indians, and the prospect of success if the Jesuits were to establish a mission among them. With the annual expedition of the American Fur Company, under Captain Dripps, Father De Smet left Westport, Mo., on the 30th of April for the rendezvous appointed for that summer on Green River. As they traveled westward, a number of tribes of Indians were met with—Cheyennes, Flatheads, Pends d'Oreilles and Crows—and at length, after a long round, Father De Smet brought up at Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, where James Kipp was then in charge.

In the light of subsequent events it is interesting to read the observations and predictions of the good priest about this region now so populous and fertile. "Along the banks of the river," he says, "vast plains extend, where we saw, from time to time, innumerable herds of wild antelopes. Further on we met with a quantity of buffaloes' skulls and bones, regularly arranged in a semi-circular form, and painted in different colors. It was a monument raised by superstition, for the Pawnees never undertake an expedition against the savages who may be hostile to their tribe, or against the wild beasts of the forest, without commencing the chase, or war, by some religious ceremony, performed amid these heaps of bones. At the sight of them our huntsmen raised a cry of joy; they well knew that the plain of the buffaloes was not far off, and they expressed by these shouts the anticipated pleasure of spreading havoc among the peaceful herds.

"Wishing to command a view of the hunt, I got up early in the morning and quitted the camp alone, in order to ascend a hillock near our tents, from which I might fully view the widely extended pasturages. After crossing some ravines, I reached an eminence, whence I descried a plain, whose radius was about twelve miles, entirely covered with wild oxen. You could not form, from anything in your European markets, an idea of their movement and multitude. Just as I was beginning to view them, I heard shouts near me; it was our huntsmen, who rapidly rushed down upon the affrighted herd—the buffaloes fell in great numbers beneath their weapons. When they were tired with killing them, each cut up his prey, put behind him his favorite part, and retired, leaving the rest for the

voracity of the wolves, which are exceedingly numerous in these places, and they did not fail to enjoy the repast.

"On the 28th, we forded the southern arm of the river Platte. All the land lying between this river and the great mountains is only a heath, almost universally covered with lava and other volcanic substances. This sterile country, says a modern traveler, resembles, in nakedness and the monotonous undulations of its soil, the sandy deserts of Asia. Here no permanent dwelling has ever been erected, and even the huntsman seldom appears in the best seasons of the year. At all other times the grass is withered, the streams dried up; the buffalo, the stag, and the antelope, desert these dreary plains, and retire with the expiring verdure, leaving behind them a vast solitude completely uninhabited. Deep ravines, formerly the beds of impetuous torrents, intersect it in every direction, but nowadays the sight of them only adds to the painful thirst which tortures the traveler. Here and there are heaps of stones, piled confusedly like ruins; ridges of rock, which rise up before you like impassable barriers, and which interrupt, without embellishing, the wearisome sameness of these solitudes. Such are the Black Hills; beyond these rise the Rocky Mountains, the imposing landmarks of the Atlantic world. The passes and valleys of this vast chain of mountains afford an asylum to a great number of savage tribes, many of whom are only the miserable remnants of different people, who were formerly in the peaceable possession of the land, but are now driven back by war into almost inaccessible defiles, where spoliation can pursue them no further.

"This desert of the West, such as I have just described it, seems to defy the industry of civilized man. Some lands, more advantageously situated upon the banks of rivers, might, perhaps, be successfully reduced to cultivation; others might be turned into pastures as fertile as those of the East—but it is to be feared that this immense region forms a limit between civilization and barbarism, and that bands of malefactors, organized like the caravans of the Arabs, may here practice their depredations with impunity. This country will, perhaps, one day, be the cradle of a new people, composed of the ancient savage races, and of that class of adventurers, fugitives and exiles, that society has cast forth from its bosom—a heterogeneous and dangerous population, which the American Union has collected like a portentous cloud upon its frontiers, and whose force and irritation it is constantly increasing, by transporting entire tribes of Indians from the banks of the Mississippi, where they were born, into the solitudes of the West, which are assigned as their place of exile. These savages carry with them an implacable hatred toward the whites, for having, they say, unjustly driven them from their country, far from the tombs of their fathers, in order to take possession of their inheritance. Should some of these tribes hereafter form themselves into hordes, similar to the wandering people, partly shepherds and partly warriors, who traverse with their flocks the plains of Upper Asia, is there not reason to fear, that in process of time, they, with others, may organize themselves into bands of pillagers and assassins, having the fleet horses of the prairies to carry them; with the desert as the scene of their outrages, and inaccessible rocks to secure their lives and plunder?"

"On the 4th of June we crossed the Ramee (Laramie), a tributary river of the Platte. About forty tents erected on its banks served as dwellings for a part of the tribe of the Sheyennes. These Indians are distinguishable for their civility, their cleanly and decent habits. The men, in general, are of good stature, and of great strength; their nose is aquiline, and their chin strongly developed. The neighboring nations consider them the most courageous warriors of the prairies. Their history is the same as that of all the savages who have been driven back into the West—they are only the shadow of the once powerful nation of the Shaways, who formerly lived upon the banks of the Red River. The Scioux, their irreconcilable enemies, forced them, after a dreadful war, to pass over the Missouri, and take refuge on a little river called the Warrikane, where they fortified themselves; but the conquerors again attacked them, and drove them from post to post, into the midst of the Black Coasts, situate upon the waters of the Great Sheyenne River. In consequence of these reverses, their tribe, reduced to two thousand souls, has lost even its name, being now called Sheyennes, from the name of the river that protects the remnant of the tribe. The Sheyennes have not since sought to form any fixed establishment, lest the Scioux should come again to dispute with them the lands which they might have chosen for their country. They live by hunting, and follow the buffalo in his various migrations.

"The principal warriors of the nation invited me to a solemn banquet, in which three of the great chief's best dogs were served up to do me honor. I had half a one for my share. You may judge of my embarrassment, when I tell you that I attended one of those feasts at which every one is to eat all that is offered to him. Fortunately, one may call to his aid another guest, provided that the requests to perform the kind of office be accompanied by a present of tobacco."

From here on different tribes were met, Shoshones, Youts, Flatheads and Pends d'Oreilles. Father De Smet's admiration for the Flatheads was great. He says:

"As I before mentioned, the only prevailing vice that I found among the Flatheads was a passion for games of chance—it has since been unanimously abolished. On the other hand, they are scrupulously honest in buying and selling. They have never been accused of stealing. Whenever any lost article is found it is immediately given to the chief, who informs the tribe of the fact, and restores it to the lawful owner. Detraction is a vice unknown even among the women; and falsehood is particularly odious to them. A forked-tongue (a liar), they say, is the scourge of a people. Quarrels and violent anger are severely punished. Whenever any one happens to fall into trouble, his neighbors hasten to his aid. The gaiety of their dis-

two kinds. This kind is a stout stick, one end of which is set against a stump or rock, while the other end slants up to a notch in the log. The log is then raised slightly, rolled up against the "Sampson" by the jackscrew, and the barking completed. You now cut the "Sampson," which bends with the weight of the log, and the log starts down. One must be careful in cutting the "Sampson" to get on the hollow side of its curve, or there may be some danger. This process of rolling also lifts the log to one side of the top chopped off and gives a free way. If the log is not on steep ground, it is barked below by simply rolling it with the screw; then you set a "Sampson" of the other kind—that is, a block of wood a foot long and four inches through—on a skid on the side opposite the jackscrew. The log is now raised by a rolling motion on to the short "Sampson" placed rather near the butt, and the log will start, provided the point be raised from the ground on a skid. However, the "Sampson" ought not to be placed too near the butt for this, which is called pushing a log, as it does not work well, because the log does not get far enough to jump forward.

The log now starts on its journey to water, a distance sometimes of six or eight hundred yards, and usually it clears the ground at high speed. If the start, however, is bad, the point may stick in some knoll and have to be ackscrewed and skidded out, but with a good send-off, the log will plow through knolls, split big cedars from ground to top, if it hits them fair, glance from the runks of the stronger firs, and only be brought up by a big rock or occasionally by a large mass of down timber. In order to miss big obstacles of this kind, a long "Sampson" is sometimes set before starting the log in one side near the point and used as a fulcrum while the ackscrew is used to swing the butt till the trunk has the right direction.

When your log strikes deep water, it goes clear out of sight; then it comes back on the same slant and shoots two-thirds of its length out of water. All you have to do then is to clamp on to the log and tow it to your boom, where you saw off the "snipe" on the point square and tie the log up with the others. But if the water is shallow near the edge, and the log sticks with its point in the ottom and its butt on the bank, then you have to put a prop in the middle, cut a deep notch on the top of the log above and near the prop, undercut the log just above the prop with a saw, and knock the prop out. The log then reaks in two of its own weight, and each end can be moved into the water.

Two good men hand logging can get out two sticks our feet through and a hundred feet long every day in good ground if they work hard and all goes well.

I must also explain the use of "fore and afters." These are two parallel skids laid close together, notched and held in place by a crosspiece below, barked and sometimes greased. They are used to slide up the point of a long log when a big windfall bars the way at the start. This is cheaper and quicker than cutting the windfall away.

Well, two other men and I were hand logging in Johnson's Straits, and we had brought with us two barrels of corn beef. Before we knew it the beef had spoiled, and we had to throw it out on the beach. The exact place where we were was on Vancouver Island, at Small-ox Bay, so named because some 300 Haida Indians had died there of smallpox. We saw the piles of unburied skulls and bones of the Indians still lying about, and knew that the place had earned its name. Wolves were very plentiful around there, and came in crowds to eat the beef we had thrown away.

Outside the door of our cabin stood a five-gallon can of dogfish oil tried out from dogfish livers, which we used for greasing our jackscrews.

One night after we had all gone to sleep, I woke up and heard a noise of licking. The others woke up and heard it, too. We talked in whispers about what it was. We all thought of wolves at once, for these animals like grease, and the bears will even lick the grease off the kids. Lick, lick, lick went the noise, just as if a hungry tongue were lapping around our can of fish oil. My gun hung above my bed. I took it down without making any noise, and crept on tip-toe to the door. I got my gun loaded and ready, threw open the door quickly, and peered through the darkness, with my finger on the trigger, but could not see a thing.

Then I began to feel a little queer. It may be I was a rifle scared. But just then the noise began again, and I saw it came from the water bucket. There was nothing round the water bucket, either; but I had pulled myself together by that time, and stepped up to the bucket and looked in, and there was a big toad in the water trying to get out, and scraping the sides of the bucket with his feet at every jump.

R. V. GRIFFIN.

OKANAGAN, Washington.

In one of my nests was an ant, which had come into the world without antennae. Never having previously met with such a case, I watched her with great interest, but she never appeared to leave the nest. At length, one day, I found her wanderings about in an aimless sort of manner, apparently not knowing her way at all. After a while she fell in with some ants of another species, who directly attacked her. I at once set myself to separate them, but, hether owing to the wounds she had received from her enemies, or to my rough, though well meant handling, or both, she was evidently much wounded, and lay helplessly on the ground. After some time another ant from the same nest came by. She examined the poor sufferer carefully, then picked her up and carried her away into the nest. It would have been difficult for any one who had witnessed the scene to have denied to this ant the possession of humane feelings. In face of such facts as these, it is impossible to regard ants as mere exquisite automatons. When we see an ant-hill, tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering their domestic animals—each one fulfilling their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals—each one fulfilling its duties industriously and without confusion—it is difficult altogether to deny them the gift of reason; and the preceding observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree.—Lord Avebury.

Champ Clark, of Missouri, was addressing the House of Representatives on one occasion, when a rash member interrupted him with some frivolous comment. Mr. Clark fairly shrieked up the man who had "buted in," winding up his scoriafication in this way: "Mr. Chairman, there was once a tenderfoot who struck the rizzly region looking for bear. He was all gotten up in the nest hunting garb and his weapons were the newest that could be obtained. He had come to show the West how to kill grizzlies. He went forth one morning and never came back; and over his remains they raised a stone which bore this epitaph, 'He whistled for the grizzly and the grizzly came.'"—Brooklyn Eagle.

"What makes your little boy swear so?" "Bad associations—the works in a parrot store."—Cleveland Leader.

positions adds a charm to their union. Even the stranger is received as a friend; every tent is open to him, and that which he prefers is considered the most honored. In the Rocky Mountains they know not the use of locks or bolts."

It was in September, while the Father, with an escort of Flatheads, and his only white companion, a Fleming, named John Baptist De Velder, one of Napoleon's grenadiers, whom he had taken upon the prairie, were journeying toward the Crows when this picture is drawn of travel on the prairie in those early days: "On the 5th of September we crossed a defile, which had been passed shortly before by a numerous troop of horsemen. Whether they were allies or enemies, we had no means to discover. I will here observe, that in these immense solitudes, although the howling of wolves, the hissing of venomous serpents, the roaring of the tiger and the bear be calculated to affright, yet this terror is nothing in comparison with the dread excited in the traveler's soul upon seeing the fresh tracks of men and horses, or columns of smoke rising in the neighborhood. At such a sight, the escort at once assembles and deliberates; each one examines his firearms, sharpens his knife and the point of his arrow, and makes, in a word, every preparation for a resistance, even to death; for, to surrender in such circumstances, would be to expose one's self to perish in the most frightful torments."

From the fort, Father De Smet set out alone, save for his white companion, to travel down the Yellowstone River to Fort Union. The country through which he passed abounded in game; vast herds of buffalo, groups of majestic elk, clouds of antelope, appeared before them. The big-horn, or mountain sheep, "alone appeared not to be disturbed at our presence; we saw them in groups, reposing on the edges of the precipices, or sporting on the points of the steep rocks." Deer, bears, panthers and smaller animals, with birds of many sorts, were everywhere visible.

The Arikaras, the Gros Ventres of the village, and the Mandans were passed, and much was said of their ways of life. An example of the conjuring practices of the Arikaras may be given. The Indian sorcerer "had his hands, arms, legs and feet tied with well-knotted cords; he was then inclosed in a net, and again in a buffalo's skin. The person who tied him had promised him a horse if he extricated himself from his bonds. In a minute after, the savage, to the amazement of the spectators, stood before him perfectly free. The commandant of the neighboring fort offered him another horse if he would reveal to him his secret. The sorcerer consented, saying, 'Have thyself tied; I have at my command ten invisible spirits; I will detach three of them and put them at thy service; fear them not, they will accompany thee everywhere, and be thy tutelary genii.' The commandant was disconcerted, or unwilling to make the trial, and thus the matter terminated." The Father's travels continued down the Missouri, to Council Bluffs, thence to Westport and St. Louis.

The next year he set out again from Westport toward the farther West, with two other Jesuit priests and three lay brothers. They passed through the village of the Kansas Indians, whom they found living in dirt houses, thatched with grass. They had recently gained a signal victory over the Pawnees, whose women and children they had attacked and slain, to the number, Father De Smet says, of ninety. He gives some account of the Pawnees and their ways, and mentions a religious rite practiced by that tribe—really only by the Skidi—the sacrifice of the captive to the Morning Star, as follows:

"On the most solemn occasions, the Pawnees add a bloody sacrifice to the oblation of the calumet; and according to what they pretend to have learned from the bird and the Star, the sacrifice most agreeable to the Great Spirit is that of an enemy immolated in the most cruel manner. It is impossible to listen without horror to the recital of the circumstances that attended the sacrifice of a young female, of the Scioux tribe, in the course of the year 1837. It was about seed time, and they thus sought to obtain a plentiful harvest. I shall here give the substance of the detailed account which I have given of it in a former letter. This young girl was only aged fifteen; after having been well treated and fed for six months, under pretence that a feast would be prepared for her at the opening of the summer season, [she] felt rejoiced when she saw the last days of winter roll by. The day fixed upon for the feast having dawned, she passed through all the preparatory ceremonies, and was then arrayed in her finest attire, after which she was placed in a circle of warriors, who seemed to escort her for the purpose of showing her deference. Besides their wonted arms, each one of these warriors had two pieces of wood, which he had received at the hands of the maiden. The latter had, on the preceding day, carried three posts, which she had helped to fell in the neighboring forest; but supposing that she was walking to a triumph, and her mind being filled with the most pleasing ideas, the victim advanced toward the place of her sacrifice with those mingled feelings of joy and timidity, which, under similar circumstances, are naturally excited in the bosom of a girl of her age.

"During their march, which was rather long, the silence was interrupted only by religious songs and invocations to the Master of life, so that whatever affected the senses, tended to keep up the deceitful delusion under which she had been till that moment. But as soon as she had reached the place of sacrifice, where nothing was seen but fires, torches and instruments of torture, the delusion began to vanish, and her eyes were opened to the fate that awaited her. How great must have been the surprise, and soon after, the terror which she felt, when she found it no longer possible to doubt of their intentions? Who could describe her poignant anguish. She burst into tears; she raised loud cries to heaven—she begged, entreated, conjured her executioners to have pity on her youth, her innocence, her parents, but all in vain; neither tears, nor cries, nor the promises of a trader, who happened to be present, softened the hearts of these monsters. She was tied with ropes to the trunk and branches of two trees, and the most sensitive parts of her body were burned with torches made of the wood, which she had

with her own hands distributed to the warriors. When her sufferings lasted long enough to weary the fanatical fury of her ferocious tormentors, the great chief shot an arrow into her heart; and in an instant this arrow was followed by a thousand others, which, after having been violently turned and twisted in the wounds, were torn from them in such a manner that her whole body presented but one shapeless mass of mangled flesh, from which the blood streamed from all sides. When the blood had ceased to flow, the greater sacrificator approached the expiring victim, and to crown so many atrocious acts, tore out her heart with his own hands, and after uttering the most frightful imprecations against the Scioux nation, devoured the bleeding flesh, amid the acclamations of his whole tribe. The mangled remains were then left to be preyed upon by wild beasts, and when the blood had been sprinkled on the seed, to render it fertile, all retired to their cabins, cheered with the hope of obtaining a copious harvest."

The letters of the good Father are largely devoted to religious matters, the influence which his preaching seemed to have on the Indians, and his hopes for the evangelization, and the ultimate salvation, of the tribes with which he came in contact. In almost all of them he finds much good, yet in writing of those of whom he had only heard he gives such reports as came to him. For example, in one place he says: "The Blackfeet are the only Indians of whose salvation we would have reason to despair, if the ways of God were the same as those of man, for they are murderers, thieves, traitors, and all that is wicked." Such was, in fact, the reputation that the Blackfeet had among other tribes, and among the American fur traders of those days, though we know now, and Father De Smet learned a little later, that the Blackfeet are as simple and kindly natured as are most other Indians.

Although no naturalist, the Father yet has somewhat to say of the animals that lived upon the prairie, and some of the curious natural history found in his report is worth quoting:

"The beaver seems to have chosen this country for his own. Every one knows how they work, and what use they make of their teeth and tail. What we were told by the trappers is probably unknown to many. When they are about constructing a dam, they examine all the trees on the bank, and choose the one that is most bent over the water on the side where they want to erect their fort. If they find no tree of this kind they repair to another place, or patiently wait till a violent wind gives the requisite inclination to some of the trees. Some of the Indian tribes believe that the beavers are a degraded race of human beings, whose vices and crimes have induced the Great Spirit to punish them by changing them into their present form; and they think, after the lapse of a number of years, their punishment will cease, and they will be restored to their original shape. They even believe that these animals use a kind of language to communicate their thought to each other, to consult, deliberate, pass sentence on delinquents, etc. The Trappers assured us that such beavers as are unwilling to work, are unanimously proscribed, and exiled from the Republic, and that they are obliged to seek some abandoned hole, at a distance from the rest, where they spend the winter in a state of starvation. These are easily caught, but their skin is far inferior to that of the more industrious neighbors, whose foresight and perseverance have procured them abundant provisions, and a shelter against the severity of the winter season. The flesh of the beaver is fat and savory. The feet are deemed the most dainty parts. The tail affords a substitute for butter. The skin is sold for nine or ten dollars' worth of provisions or merchandise, the value of which does not amount to a single silver dollar."

Father De Smet describes the stillhunt of the buffalo—the approach—declaring that the hunter must be skillful and cautious, "He must approach them against the wind, for fear of starting the game, for so acute is the scent of the buffalo that he smells his enemy at a very considerable distance. Next, he must approach them as much as possible without being seen or suspected. If he cannot avoid being seen, he draws a skin over his head, or a kind of hood, surmounted by a pair of horns, and thus deceives the herd. When within gunshot he must hide himself behind a bank or any other object. There he waits till he can take sure aim. The report of the gun, and the noise made by the fall of the wounded buffalo, astound, but do not drive away, the rest. In the meantime, the hunter reloads his gun, and shoots again, repeating the maneuver, till five or six, and sometimes more buffaloes have fallen, before he finds it necessary to abandon his place of concealment.

"The Indians say that the buffaloes live together as the bees, under the direction of a queen, and that when the queen is wounded, all the others surround and deplore her."

He gives not a few accounts of Indian conflicts, and this is one in which Blackfeet and Flatheads took part: "A Blackfoot warrior was taken and wounded while in the act of stealing a horse. The night was dark, and the wound had rendered him furious. He held his loaded gun, and threatened death to any one that should approach him. Peter, one of the chiefs already mentioned, though diminutive in size, and far advanced in years, felt his courage revived; he runs up to the enemy, and with one blow fells him to the ground. This done he throws himself on his knees, and raising his eyes toward heaven, he is reported to have said: 'Great Spirit! thou knowest that I did not kill this Blackfoot from a desire of revenge, but because I was forced to it; be merciful to him in the other world. I forgive him from the bottom of my heart all the evils which he has wished to inflict upon us, and to prove the sincerity of my words I will cover him with my garment.'" Much of Father De Smet's time was spent among the Flatheads, and he writes with the utmost enthusiasm and affection of these brave and simple people. Of their courage and skill he gives an example, instancing a certain buffalo chase, made in the year 1841, concerning which a certain Flathead told the Father "of three remarkable hits which had distinguished him in that chase. He

pursued a cow, armed merely with a stone, and killed her by striking her, while running, between the horns. He afterward killed a second with his knife, and finished his exploits by spearing and strangling a large ox. The young warriors frequently exercised themselves in this manner, to show their agility, dexterity and strength. He who spoke looked like a Hercules." To one who understands the strength and speed of a buffalo, these feats seem incredible, yet we know men, still living, who have done these very things.

As Father De Smet's journeys took him over all the Northwest, he met almost all the more important persons mentioned in the books relating to the early history of the region. During the many years when he traveled back and forth over the prairies ever faithful to his duty, always doing good, he won the absolute confidence of the Indians with whom he came in contact, and was equally respected and loved by the white man. His work has long been over, but in the country where he labored he has not been forgotten, and among the older men, whether Indians, half-breeds or whites, the mention of Father De Smet still calls forth the words of warmest affection, admiration and respect.

The present work is of great value to the historian and to the ethnologist. It might be wished that the notes were a little fuller, especially in reference to the travels of others and matters zoological and ethnological. There are a few typographical errors, the most noticeable of which is on the title page, where what should be Athabasca is spelled Altrabasca.

Though not numerous, the illustrations of the volume are interesting. They are chiefly portraits of Fathers De Smet and reproductions of his letters. The whole work is a notable contribution to the history of the West, and editors and publishers alike deserve high praise for their labor on it. (Price, \$15.00.)

Grizzly Adams.

WE are permitted to publish the following extract from a private letter received by one of the editors—a letter which, like the article that called it forth, will touch a responsive chord in the heart of more than one of our old readers. It is dated Philadelphia, March 23:

"You have given me a restless yet a happy day. When I opened my FOREST AND STREAM this morning and lit on the pictures of old Grizzly Adams and Lady Washington, with my friend Samson opposite, I simply lost the whole world since the early sixties, when all the hours I could steal from Anthon's school I used to spend down at Barnum's, lost in the fascination of mighty Samson.

"I might have learned more about Hannibal and Julius Cæsar and such like, if they had not been so small beside Grizzly Adams—greatest of men. The old man—as a matter of fact he was younger then in actual years than you and I now—used to tell me stories about bears, and I seriously believe that he had more influence in the direction of my tastes and thoughts than any other individual whose trail I ever crossed. I have not the least doubt that with some of us—those of the brotherhood—the "continuous" part of our germ-plasm has come straight down from the days when our Stone Age ancestors slept in the same bed with the cave bear. Did it ever occur to you that we of the savage streak may be the product of in-breeding on cold nights? Queer things may have happened during the ice age.

"Anyhow, it was Grizzly Adams and old Samson who brought that streak on top in me, and there it has always stayed, for I don't believe there has ever been a time when I could get my mind wholly off the Rockies. I had old Adams' book, too—long since lost—and I don't believe I have seen those pictures in forty years, but Lady Washington's head comes back as if it were last week.

"I owe you a debt of gratitude, and I pay it in all good wishes. Yours always sincerely,

"ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN."

The Hubbard Diary.

THE diary of Leonidas Hubbard, which has just been published, is remarkable in more ways than one. When it is considered the circumstances under which it was written, it is really wonderful that it should possess such qualities of style. It is terse, graphic, vivid. No dull or unnecessary descriptions—no moralizing (or very little of it, and that always to the purpose)—no posing for effect. It is at once sincere and simple. Nothing, in short, could be better as a presentation of a story of rugged adventure. As we read our interest becomes almost painfully acute, and toward the close we are awed with the shadow of the impending tragedy. In regard to the latter, it may be said that the venture of Hubbard was certainly rash, or at least ill-planned, but it has not been in vain. Once again it has been demonstrated that what brings out men's finest qualities is trial—suffering. And never were they brought out more glowingly than in the case of poor Hubbard. Courage, fortitude, perseverance, cheerfulness, gentleness, unselfishness, and lastly, uncomplaining resignation under a terrible load of misfortune, and affliction, these he showed like a true hero. Nor should we forget his gallant and devoted companions when adjudging praise. It were well for all leaders of adventure if they had such men as Wallace and Elson attached to them.

In conclusion, one is forced somehow to draw a comparison between this story of the wild and the hundred stories of our civilized center which we read daily—the nobility and self-sacrifice of the one, the meanness and selfishness of the other. And one is tempted, then, to ask: which is the better influence, the city or the wild?

NEW YORK, March 4.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

The Starlings.

Early in springtime, on raw and windy mornings,
Beneath the freezing house eaves I heard the starlings sing;
"Ah, dreary March month, is this, then, a time for building,
warily?"
Sad, sad, to think that the year is but begun."

Late in the autumn, on still and cloudless evenings,
Among the golden reed beds I heard the starlings sing:
"Ah, that sweet March month, when we and our mates were
courting merrily,
Sad, sad, to think that the year is all but done."
EVERSLEY, 1848. CHARLES KINGSLEY.



NATURAL HISTORY



The April Wild Flowers.

No event in the whole calendar of the year is of more significance to the lover of the outer world than the finding of the first wild flower. It makes little difference what the species is, so that it is really a blossom from which we may learn that spring at last has come. It is the more welcome, however, when the flower is a familiar one, around which unconsciously cluster memories of other days, and fortunately, so regular is the sequence of the seasons, the first blossom we find is likely to be one of two or three kinds with which we have long been familiar.

Of these first spring flowers, the Hepatica or Liverleaf is perhaps the one most likely to be found. Although in many places it is strangely local in its distribution, yet it is distributed over a very wide range and is familiar to a great number of people. It certainly is a very fitting leader for the light-footed procession that is to follow through the golden days of spring. All winter the buds have waited, with seeming impatience, the word to start, and as soon as the snow begins to disappear upon the southern slopes, they creep upward, the three large bracts that cover the blossom open slightly and the tender flowers unclose, revealing the pollen and seed-laden treasures within. The flowers are freely visited by various bees and flies which are abroad during the sunshiny hours of early spring. These visitors gather pollen in abundance, and possibly they also get a little nectar as a reward for their helpful work in cross-pollination—or cross-breeding by the transfer of pollen from one plant to another.

The variation in the color of the blossoms is one of the most interesting things about the Hepatica. Some are pure white; others have a pinkish lilac hue, and others—especially those exposed to direct sunshine—exhibit lovely tones of lavender and mauve. There seems to be little difference in these color variations in the two American species of Hepatica which are now generally recognized—the Round-lobed Liverleaf and the Sharp-lobed Liverleaf.

It may be that the Bloodroot is the first wild flower you find. For this is one of the earliest, as it is one

carrying it to the hidden nest where the bee is storing up food for her future progeny.

The flowers of the Arbutus are also of decided interest to the nature student, who finds that there is a curious diversity in the structure of the stamens and



MAY FLOWER OR TRAILING ARBUTUS.

pistils, which indicate that the plant has not yet reached a perfect adaptation to its conditions of life. He also sees in the transverse hairs found on the inside of the flower-cup a device for excluding ants and other short-tongued insects which would be likely to rob the flower of its nectar without paying for the same by carrying pollen to other blossoms.

On one or two occasions my first spring wild flower has been the beautiful little Bluets or Innocence, the slight and delicious fragrance of which has given it in some localities the fitting name of Babies' Breath. It is in some sheltered corner of a pasture where the woods keep off the chill spring winds, and the afternoon sun beats down with an almost summer heat, that you are likely to find these early Bluets. Sometimes near at hand there will be an adventurous garter snake basking at full length in the warm sunshine, apparently very grateful for it after the long, cold months of hibernation. It will be several weeks later before the Bluets really come into their own, when they will tinge the hillsides with their white blossoms in a way to remind you of a belated snowfall.

No consideration of the flowers of early spring would be adequate which did not include some reference to that strange plant, which we are scarcely willing to recognize as a flower, although it has as much right to that title, so far as its structure is concerned, as has the familiar Calla Lilly of our conservatories. I refer of course to the Swamp Cabbage or the Skunk Cabbage. This is really the first herbaceous plant to discover the return of spring. I have often found it in

carried to other plants through the visits of insects, though there is little likelihood of its being blown from plant to plant. Certain small flies find inside the Cabbage blossoms shelter and warmth, consequently at night and in damp weather these flies seek such snug retreats, where they become covered with pollen, which they finally carry to other plants.

Soon after the very earliest of the spring wild flowers have become abundant, a group of most attractive species begins to blossom. To a considerable extent these are found in different situations from each other, each giving to its particular habitat a charm that could be given by no other flower.

One of the most widely distributed and generally attractive of this group of blossoms is the Wood Anemone. In open groves and along the margins of woods and by-ways this delightful flower hangs its fragile blossom in the path of every breeze, and justifies its name Anemone, or wind flower, by the grace with which it swings upon its slender stalk. These flowers are attractive not alone to human eyes, for they are seen and visited by many bees and flies which collect pollen and apparently also nectar from the inside of the blossoms. In the Wood Anemone there is but a single flower to each plant. The perennial root stock is continually spreading out in all directions and sending up leaves, which eventually develop into blossom-bearing plants.

The group of flowers with which the Anemone comes into blossom appear when most of the trees are pushing their buds out into leaves. Dr. Van Dyke has well expressed this time of blooming in these well-known lines:

"The flocks of young Anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees."

The Rue Anemone, which was lately graced with the delightful scientific name *Anemonella*, is found over much the same range as the Wood Anemone, and in much the same situations. It is at once known on account of having several blossoms on each plant. These blossoms individually are smaller than those of the other sort. The main leaves are compound, and arise directly from the roots, which are small tubers that look like miniature sweet potatoes. In this respect the



BLUETS.



MARSH MARIGOLD.

of the most evanescent of the spring blossoms. In the South it "takes the winds of March with beauty," while further north it comes with the April showers. The tender blossoms arise from between the folded leaves, being at first enclosed between two large sepals which drop off when the petals open. These flowers are very sensitive to atmospheric conditions, closing at the slightest suggestion of dampness and opening broadly only in the clearest weather. During their brief existence the flowers are freely visited by small bees and flies, which are rewarded with pollen. These visits generally bring about the cross-pollination of the flowers because the pistils mature before the stamens shed their pollen.

In a few favored localities one may be so fortunate as to find for the first wild flower the beautiful little Snowy Trillium or Early Wakerobin. This, however, is not a very widespread species, occurring especially in the Middle Western States, where it is decidedly local in its distribution. It grows in damp woods and along river banks, and it seems a miniature reproduction of the common Large-flowered Wakerobin or White Trillium. It is scarcely more than six inches high, the pure white blossoms being held upon a short stem. Only once have I ever seen this flower growing wild, when in March a friend showed it to me along the bank of a small river in central Ohio.

To a large proportion of the people of New England the first spring blossom is the Mayflower or Trailing Arbutus. Probably no other plant in the whole country serves to send so many people on spring pilgrimages as this. Having interesting historical associations, and a delightful odor which greatly enhances the charm of its delicate beauty, it is not strange that, to the average New Englander, the Mayflower is the wild flower of spring. It is also of absorbing interest to several species of queen bumble bees, which are abroad during the late April and the early May days, and which hunt persistently for the Arbutus blossoms, rifling them of the sweet nectar which they hold and



WOOD ANEMONE.

full bloom in sunny corners of bogs, where near at hand, beneath the shade, an abundance of ice was to be found. In their structure, the flowers of this plant are peculiar. The large, hood-like part which corresponds to the white portion of the Calla Lilly, is called the spathe; inside of it there is a rounded mass called the spadix. This spadix is completely covered by the tiny florets in which the pistils mature before the stamens. The pollen is shed in great abundance in the closed chamber of the spathe, so that it may easily be

Rue Anemone differs from a somewhat similar plant found in the Middle Western States and called the False Rue Anemone. In this latter sort the roots are fibrous, and the flowers are somewhat larger.

In open groves and along the margins of the deeper woods, especially if the soil is somewhat moist, one should look for that most delightful of wild flowers, the Spring Beauty. Although there are two species of these plants, called, rather unfortunately, the Carolina Spring Beauty and the Virginia Spring Beauty, they are curiously local in their distribution. Where found at all, they are generally abundant, and their range extends throughout the eastern United States. But it is only here and there in many of these States that they occur.

Along the margins of streams, and in fields from which the forest has recently been cleared, one may often find the tender grace of the Yellow Trout Lily or Adder's Tongue or Dog's Tooth Violet, as the flower is variously called. In every part this plant is full of grace and beauty. The smooth and shining leaves, the slender stem, the bell-like blossom, the color of both leaf and flower, all combine to form a picture of exceeding charm. To one who has felt the fascination of this blossom, it always brings a new delight as season after season it springs up in its accustomed places at that turn of the year which is fullest of hope and inspiration.

The Anemones, the Spring Beauties, and the Trout Lilies appeal to one both in groups and as individuals, but the Marsh Marigolds, which come into bloom about the same time, make their appeal through the decorative effect of broad masses. As individuals, they lack the grace and charm of their upland sisters, but by the very virtue of their brilliant coloring, and their somewhat coarse structure they are able to adorn the landscape more effectively than any other spring flowers. There are two situations in which the Marsh Marigolds are especially effective: one is when they outline the course of a shallow meadow stream, appearing as a



YELLOW ADDER'S TONGUE.

broad yellow ribbon upon the greening grass; the other is a picture in the woods seen when in the midst of a growth of sombre pines one comes upon a glade sparsely interspersed with alder, with broad-leaved grasses, and sedges, furnishing a charming canvas upon which nature has painted the golden glory of the marigold blossoms that stand more erect and on longer stems than in the open fields.

The flowers, thus so briefly and inadequately considered, are perhaps the most beautiful of the April wild flowers, but they are by no means the only ones to be found by those so fortunate as to study the calendar of the fields and woods at this delightful season. We see in the outer world the things which are in our minds, and when we go afield in search of flowers, every by-path will yield us new discoveries.

CLARENCE M. WEED.

Three Apparently New Mammals.

In the proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, Dr. D. G. Elliott has described three mammals from the extreme northwest which he regards as new. These are a great timber wolf very large and black and with certain skull characters regarded as of specific importance. This form is called *Canis pambasileus*, meaning monarch of all. From the Queen Charlotte's Island is described a new otter, a large and powerful animal, and from the upper waters of the Sushitna River in the Mt. McKinley region of Alaska, a wolverine, noticeable for its dark color, and especially for the dark head, which is found in all of six specimens which Dr. Elliott has. There are also skull characters which distinguish this from the eastern form.

Our Diminishing Game.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. L. R. Nelson, writing from Winchester, N. H., under date of February 13, as published in FOREST AND STREAM of February 18, page 136, takes exception to the statement that the depletion of game and other birds is chargeable to the depredations of foxes. I agree with him. While foxes, hawks, etc., make inroads on the feathered tribe, it is nothing more than the equation of the laws of nature which has existed since the beginning.

The cause of the decrease of quail and other game is the increased demand of the people, which demand has not been met by a corresponding increase in the supply. It cannot but end in one result if so continued—extinction.

This general increased consumption has made it profitable for the market-hunter to make gunning and hunting a special calling. The market-hunter does not depend altogether on his gun—even though it be a "pump"—for results, but uses other means to capture game, such as nets, dead-falls, and other devices. As long as the demand for game continues, just so long will the hunter find means to procure it, notwithstanding the several State laws.

In going into a restaurant some years ago to order game out of season was not thought of; but now, with cold storage facilities, you expect any kind of game in any season, and are seldom disappointed. The people have been educated to a taste for game, and it is unlikely that it will diminish.

This increased consumption without adequate restocking is the real cause of the depletion of game of all kinds. Under this great demand it cannot be expected that the supply will continue unless some effective action is taken not only to protect the game as it exists, in proper seasons, but to propagate the different species under responsible societies or State commissions. Another reason for the growing scarcity of game is the increased number of sportsmen.

The main question, however, is how can the general public be gratified in its tastes and at the same time give the sportsman his pleasure.

One suggestion is, breed and raise birds for market. Possibly when understood this could be made a profitable enterprise; this would leave the game at large for the sportsman. If some such plan was carried out on a large scale it would have a tendency to put the market-hunter out of the business; when, from self-protection, he would seek new fields for his livelihood.

Small enterprises, while commendable, will not result in the continued supply of game. It must be an all-together pull, and pull hard.

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[As has frequently been pointed out in FOREST AND STREAM, game birds can perfectly well be domesticated, and will be when the right man sees in it a profitable business. On the other hand, when domesticated, there is no reason for supposing that they will be any more popular for food than chickens, turkeys, tame ducks or guinea fowls are to-day. If the game bird has anything specially to recommend it in respect to flavor, that flavor comes from the food it eats and the varied life that it leads. A partridge shut up in a barnyard and fed corn all its days would be no better than any other barnyard fowl.]

If our correspondent will turn back to FOREST AND STREAM of May 7, 1904, he will read there an account of "A New Game Bird" which is likely to fill the wants of hotel and restaurant keepers so soon as they learn of its excellence. Meantime we here in America would do well to follow the example of those friends of ours on the other side of the water, whom we are fond of calling "slow Englishmen," and learn the art of breeding grouse, partridges, pheasants and wild ducks for shooting purposes.]



THE SWAMP CABBAGE.

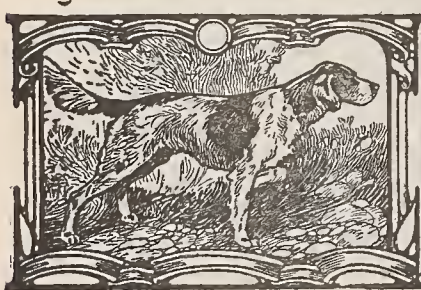
Coloring of Ducks.

CHICAGO, March 19.—During the present shooting season two ducks of unusual color markings have come under my observation. One of these was a drake mallard, apparently all drake markings with these exceptions: There were no curled feathers at juncture of back and tail feathers. The breast plumage was that of a hen mallard.

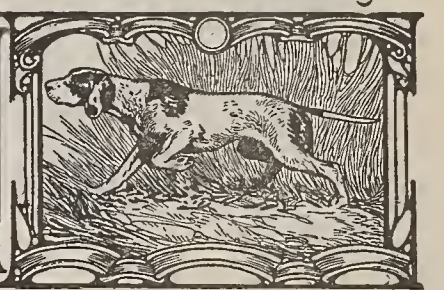
The other duck would be taken for a ring-bill drake, but the superficial breast plumage is the rich golden brown or red of the robin. Beneath the breast feathers are white. I would like to ask if these anomalies are at all common.

C. H. KEOGH.

[Without seeing the specimen we should have to conjecture what the birds were. The first may have been an ordinary male mallard that was late in changing from the summer to the winter plumage. As to the second, we would not hazard a guess. The fact that the males of many species of ducks assume for a brief period in summer a plumage much like that of the females—though generally known to naturalists—does not as yet appear to be understood by gunners at large. Nevertheless it is explained with some detail in Grinnell's "American Duck Shooting," p. 82. This change of plumage usually begins late in June or early in July, and by the end of September the winter plumage has been resumed. It would be interesting to know at what season our correspondent secured the mallard above referred to.]



GAME BAG AND GUN



A Reminiscence of the Rockies.

In the fall of 1896 I decided upon taking a hunting trip to the White River country in Colorado. At that time the White River country was well supplied with game and might almost be considered a sportsman's paradise, or, as an Indian described it to me, like the "happy hunting grounds." Deer were very plentiful, and around Hayden and in California Park antelope were quite numerous, although very shy. Bull elk occasionally adorned the landscape with their imposing presence and splendid spread of antlers. The cougar might occasionally be heard, although never seen unless hunted with dogs. Old "Silver Tip" frequented the neighborhood, but had a way of making his great bulky form vanish like some apparition; his depredations, where he had mangled the carcass of some other animal or disturbed the habitations of a lot of small fry under a rotten log, furnished evidence of his presence. There was enough large game in the country to give some idea of what it was one time when the red-skin was the undisputed proprietor of the soil.

I had secured through correspondence the services of a guide who had been well recommended. Having heard considerably about the cowboy, my curiosity had been somewhat excited, and I desired to form a better acquaintance from actual experience. The West was then to my mind a geographical area, possessing a certain wildness and wooliness, which my imagination pictured to me. The rapid trend of events makes a book describing its general conditions seem behind the times almost as soon as it is published. Much of what I had read and heard, however, seemed to me like a fairy tale in the face of actual experience, although, allowing for exaggeration, it had back of it all a foundation of facts. Every time I have visited the West, I have noticed the rapid progress of change.

During my first hunting experience I noticed that the typical bad man, of whom I had heard so much, with his rough and ready manner, accoutred with dangerous weapons, his social position established by the size of his private grave-yard, was wanting. The facetious desperado, who had a pleasant way of requesting the "tenderfoot" to dance while he marked time with his six-shooter, was "non est." An unappreciative community had organized from time to time a few "necktie parties," and the experience of such gentlemen has since become interesting themes for romance. The large settled communities of course had the same cosmopolitan air and character that one finds in the East. There was, nevertheless, something in the social atmosphere which impressed you with the feeling that everything was very different. The cowboy, of whom I had heard so much, I learned to recognize as generally a very quiet, civil person; never going out of his way to do extraordinary things nor to make himself conspicuous. A man of few words and not inclined to familiarity, he is essentially a man of action, and wants to take a short cut to accomplish his purpose. If any one should conclude that his reserve and his reticence were the result of mental torpor, he would make a great mistake. Apparently taking little interest in a new acquaintance and seeming to lack ordinary curiosity, I find that he is, notwithstanding, a very close observer and has a quiet way of extracting information without appearing eager to do so.

My guide engaged to meet me at Buford, Colo. Being unacquainted with the locality, I wrote to obtain information about the nearest railroad station. I was informed that Rifle was the proper station to stop at. When I arrived at Rifle, I inquired about the best way to get to Buford, and was informed, to my surprise, that I had a journey by wagon of sixty miles to make. This was my first experience with the mag-

nificent distances of the West. The result was that I misgaged the time of meeting my guide by an entire day. When I arrived at my destination on the evening of the next day, my guide, whom I saw for the first time, rode up on a mustang, seated in a big Mexican saddle. With an easy air as though we had been acquainted all our lives, he expressed his pleasure at meeting me and advised all necessary arrangements for the morrow's start on our hunt back in the mountains. It is interesting to notice how quick and skillfully an experienced man can pack a lot of horses, apportioning the loads with great fairness and balancing the dead weight, so that it will ride easily on the backs of the not overwilling animals. Packing seems easy, and if you want to know how easy it is, try it; and after you have ridden a mile or so, perhaps, some critical beast will begin to subject your work to a severe test by "bucking." To express the state of your feelings when this happens would be impossible, unless your sympathetic guide, who is generally an expert in swearing, can help you out.

The first day's journey was a rather long and tedious one, a large part of it through monotonous stretches of sage brush. When at length the timber was reached, the change was most agreeable. We arrived at our destination without a mishap, unless having my legs squeezed between the horse and a tree a couple of times could be considered as such. Although my guide knew his business as a guide, I could not recommend him as a first-rate cook. His efforts at making bread proved a flat failure, and we had to do without the staff of life. The canned provisions, which required practically no skill in their preparation, made the inefficiency of the cooking less apparent. The camp being pitched in a well timbered and picturesque spot, we spent the rest of the afternoon in arranging everything and laying our plans for the next day. The waning sun-

light found us spread comfortably around a big camp-fire, which sent its genial glow far into the dark recesses of the gloomy forest. When a great heap of burning faggots had sunk into a bed of smouldering ashes and the rising wind murmuring through the pines gave warning of an approaching storm, I concluded to crawl under the bedding and sleep. The hard frozen ground is not as comfortable as a spring mattress, but I had to get used to it, and was sleeping soundly, when I was awakened in the morning by the cheerful voice of the guide, who called out, "Breakfast!" as if he were summoning all the guests of a boarding house to a feast. When I crawled out of my sleeping bag into the chilly atmosphere, I found the guide doing the chores in his stocking feet. A few dashes of ice-cold water from the stream hardby drove away all feeling of drowsiness and made me conscious of the fact that I had an appetite. After breakfast, without waiting to clean up, for the morning was already advanced, we started out in search of game. On coming to the edge of the timber, where the country opened up into one of the little parks, which we frequently found in that locality, I saw the tall form of my guide slowly stoop behind some bushes, while, at the same time, he motioned me to be cautious. I soon saw what had arrested his attention. A magnificent blacktail deer, with a fine set of antlers, stood out in full view not more than a hundred yards away. There were a half a dozen does nearby, but they did not interest me. I brought "Old meat in the pot" to my shoulders, for that is what my guide had christened my .45-90, and after taking deliberate aim, fired. Which was the most astonished, the buck, or myself, I could not say. He stood perfectly motionless, like an image in bronze. I had evidently missed him. A second shot fared the same; then the whole bunch of deer began to scamper off unharmed by any of the shots I had fired at the buck. I could not account for the bad marksmanship, for I knew that I did not have the buck fever. The guide said that I had killed one of the deer, which I disputed, until he pointed to a dying animal lying in a dense thicket just to the rear of the deer that had served as my target. I had not even seen it, until it was pointed out to me after I had shot it. After making several experiments with the rifle without satisfactory results, I found that the sight had been knocked out of place. I then handed the rifle over to the guide without correcting the error and requested him to let me see how a cowboy could shoot. With evident pride in his skill, for he was a good shot, he brought the gun to his shoulder, but he did as badly as any tender-foot could have done.

In the meantime, the air was full of sounds more terrible than the report of the rifle. Any one who has heard a cowboy swear when he is really in earnest can understand what I mean.

At last it occurred to him that the sights might be out of order, and when he examined them and discovered the trouble, he looked at me, and seeing my complacent smile, the whole truth dawned upon him. We both laughed heartily at our mutual discomfiture and pledged each other's health from the flask to celebrate the occasion.

I returned to the camp without a trophy to commemorate my first success in killing deer, although I secured an abundant supply of meat.

The next day we covered considerable ground on horseback, without success. I had, however, an interesting experience in climbing a mountain known as Old Sleepy Cap, sometimes called the Razor Back, on account of its peculiar formation at the summit. The ascent of this mountain was not particularly easy, on account of its abrupt elevation, although the height above the surrounding country was not great. The formation at the summit which gave the unpoetical name of Razor Back to the mass, consisted of a long narrow ridge not more than eighteen inches to two feet in width, bristling with sharp projections of rock of quite uniform height extending nearly its entire length of about ninety yards. At each end it broadens out in a space conveniently large for a temporary resting place. After satisfying my curiosity, I suggested a descent into the valley, where the cool atmosphere would afford a welcome relief from the blazing rays of the sun. Much to my surprise the guide informed me that the ascent was much easier at the point we came up than the descent, unless I wished to reach the bottom in a fashion that would imperil my neck. After discussing the matter with him a few moments and carefully studying the position, I came to the conclusion that he was right. We observed that at the other end, we could find an easy way to descend. That meant a rather long and disagreeable walk on the serrated ridge, attended with considerable danger, or a still more unpleasant experience if I should attempt to crawl on hands and knees for greater safety. Like a couple of tomcat serenaders promenading on the top of a brick wall liberally strewn with broken bottles, we crawled to the far end of the ridge where, with some difficulty, we descended. We returned to camp with no better luck than securing a snowshoe rabbit, which I shot through the head.

For some days I conscientiously hunted but found it difficult to come close enough to get a good shot at deer. I saw quite a number bounding away far out of range, often stopping at a safe distance to see what was to happen next. For lack of better sport, I occasionally practiced on the "fool grouse"—a bird very similar in appearance to our eastern partridge, but about the tamest game I have ever shot. I could generally have three trials at one before it would move. I would pace off the proper space, and then aim at the head. The flesh was not particularly delicate, and would certainly not please the palate of an epicure.

One day as I was traveling in a blinding snow flurry I came to a precipice thickly fringed with undergrowth and small trees. Impelled by curiosity, I got off my horse and went near the edge to get a view of the country below. The waving tops of the pines beneath were barely visible, the force of the wind coming through the great long valley at my feet, sounded like the hollow roar of the ocean. As I stood upon the cliff, gratifying my fancy with the weird and strange impressions the surroundings made upon me,

the storm began to abate, and through the diminishing fall of snow the sun gradually diffused its light, and presently the atmosphere cleared up, and the entire landscape was revealed to view as though a great white sheet concealing nature's panorama had been pulled aside. On a ledge jutting out from the base of the precipice about two hundred feet below, I observed the shapely form of a deer with a fawn lying on the rock alongside of it. As far as the eye could distinguish, a great forest of aspen with white trunks and branches sparsely decorated with yellow leaves, filled the valley. Dense masses of pines which completely covered the steep mountain sides, except where the ragged projections broke through, formed a dark setting to the brilliant landscape which lay between. My reverie was finally broken by a voice nearby: "Well, pardner, it's pretty late, and we are a long way from camp." Traveling in that rough country after dark is not attractive to one who is not looking for trouble. So I mounted my horse and began to occupy myself with observing game signs and incidentally thought of the camp-fire and kettle.

It is interesting to notice how strangely the element of luck will enter into a sportsman's experience. One day, after hunting faithfully from early dawn until evening without success, I concluded to vary the monotony by shooting at a mark. I had not been engaged in that pastime very long before my attention was arrested by hearing something crashing through the brush at the foot of the hill where I stood, and presently I saw a fine blacktail buck come bounding up the slope directly toward me, accompanied by a doe. My rifle was just ready to bring up to my shoulder, but I remained motionless in plain view, waiting for the game to come within easy range. A more picturesque sight than that blacktail, easily and gracefully clearing the fallen timbers, I have rarely seen. My eagerness did not interfere with my sizing up the well-proportioned and beautifully poised antlers, which I regarded as already mine. On raising my rifle to shoot, although the action was quite deliberate, it was immediately noticed. The deer changed its course when not over forty yards away, exposing its broad flank to my aim. It ran some distance after I fired, clearing with ease the trunk of a large fallen tree, and giving me no little concern for a few moments. Following his tracks, I soon came to the lifeless remains. It was indeed a fine specimen, weighing perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds, in good condition and with a perfect set of antlers.

I had often heard of the remarkably acute senses of wild animals; the timidity and keenness of deer are proverbial, and yet here was an instance which seemed to belie all former stories and past experience. Standing in plain view while firing at a mark, the buck ran directly toward me. You would naturally suppose that the noise of the shooting would have driven the animal away from me. My theory about the occurrence is, that when the report of the rifle is first heard, the tendency is for a wild animal to become alarmed and run in the opposite direction, but presently, when it catches the echo, the real direction of the sound is misconceived, and it will then run in the direction of the firing. Other sportsmen have agreed with me in this view, and there is no doubt that deer and other wild animals can tell the direction of sound, and consequently, when one becomes alarmed by the shooting and runs toward the place where the sportsman is located, it is not the ear, but the judgment that is at fault. A wild animal can have no idea of what an echo is, but undoubtedly imagines that it is an entirely different sound, and being last heard determines its final course. This, however, does not explain the action of the deer in running directly toward me when I was in plain view. All sportsmen soon learn to recognize the fact that animals, although keen of sight, are not very discriminating. Birds, as well as wild animals, will frequently continue their course when it lies in the direction of a human being, provided there is no perceptible movement to attract their attention. Any kind of motion is immediately noticed, particularly if it is at all sudden. Stationary objects are not apt to attract much attention unless there is something very strange in their appearance, especially if the coloring does not harmonize with the general surroundings and happens to be different from what is ordinarily seen. Animals use their faculties in a very mechanical way, and this observation is more true of sight than of any other sense. I have seen a pack of dogs which had followed a bobcat's tracks to a tree where they supposed it had taken refuge, baying and standing guard, while it was perfectly evident to any one who was not blind, that the cat had escaped. The sense of smell had directed the dogs to the spot, and relying upon the information received in that way, they failed to avail themselves of the intelligence they might have derived from another source. I have no doubt that the sight of dogs is particularly keen, but they rely almost entirely upon the sense of smell. When the mind is greatly absorbed in one direction it is for the time being far less observant or attentive in other ways. A human being depends mostly upon the sight, and next upon hearing; the sense of smell is the least used of any of the senses. Among animals, with few exceptions, smell is the principal sense, and all the others are little used in comparison, although very acute.

Having secured a good deer trophy, I next turned my thoughts to a different kind of hunting and concluded that antelope would afford a pleasing variety, both as a prize and in the method of hunting.

The next day the outfit was got in readiness, and we started for a place called Hayden, located in California Park. The sun had melted the snow, and the journey was hot and dusty. Traveling over the steep mountain trails, the guide gave me the lead, while he rode at the rear of the pack horses strung out in single file, and made use of all the arts of persuasion to keep them going; frequently leaning down to pick up a rock or a stick to hurl at some "rummy" beast that would turn a deaf ear to the appeal, "wake up and pay for your bedding." Speeches in true cowboy style, with plenty of rhetorical flourishes, were delivered almost without intermission, when the traveling was par-

ticularly difficult. After leaving the timber, we had a tedious journey through long stretches of sage brush. The land where the sage brush abounds seems desolate and forsaken, and would impress the casual observer as perfectly worthless. While reflecting upon the forbidding aspect of the country, I wondered if this land could be rendered productive upon the arrival of that era "when the desert would blossom as the rose." I discovered an answer to my question ere long, when my sight was gladdened by a neat little ranch located near a stream with about two acres of ground irrigated and under cultivation. If it had been an oasis in a desert, the contrast could not have been more striking. A great stack of alfalfa grass stood near the ranch, exposing a cut in its side which revealed the interior perfectly green. At first I thought that the grass had not been properly cured, but I learned afterward that the alfalfa contains so much nutriment that it remains green a long time after it has been cured and stacked. There were quite a number of fruit trees of small size so laden with fruit that the branches had to be propped. All that is needed to make the soil productive, is to clear off the sage brush and irrigate.

We camped that night by a stream in a clump of aspen trees, many of which, although dead, were still standing. The aspen when dead becomes exceedingly dry and light, and makes a very hot and bright fire, but quickly burns out, leaving a small quantity of ashes to the amount of wood consumed. After the evening meal, we piled the dead aspen wood upon the fire until it formed a heap nearly as high as our heads. The flames shot well into the air and lighted up the landscape for a considerable distance. Listening to the guide spinning his yarns as we lay by the cheerful blaze, the time slipped by rapidly. It may not be out of place to relate one of the stories my guide told me, as a sample of the kind of intellectual treat they furnished. He numbered among his acquaintances a telegraph operator at a place called Red Wing on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. The operator had taught him just a smattering of telegraphy, and the sequel will prove the truth of the saying, "that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." The operator was on very friendly terms with a young lady in the same employment at a station not many miles away, and when business was slack they freely corresponded in complimentary and sometimes sentimental messages, until at length their feelings toward each other had deepened into something more than friendship. One day the guide dropped into the office, and while he was there, the operator had to leave for a short space on other business. During his absence a message came over the wire of the usual sentimental kind. The "chargé d'affaires" did not recognize the sender nor understand the message, but being possessed of ready wit and unlimited assurance, he immediately sent back a reply characterized by brevity, force and spiciness. When the regular operator returned and endeavored to resume the tête-à-tête he could get no response, nor was further communication continued, except in the ordinary course of business. An effort to obtain an explanation received no notice, as he was supposed to be the guilty party and naturally would understand the cause of the trouble well enough without it. While the operator was pouring out the burden of his troubled soul to the guide a few days after, a suspicion flashed across the mind of the latter that perhaps the fragrant message he had sent at random might have been the cause of the misunderstanding. He so informed the operator and matters were finally satisfactorily explained and the former friendly relations restored.

When California Park was at length reached, we found the country very hilly but open. There were quite a number of antelope in that locality, but it was almost impossible to get a good shot at one. The atmosphere is so deceptive that it is very difficult to gauge the distance. I made a good many line shots which were quite accurate but were frequently too high or too low. It was some time before I could form a correct idea of the distance. I believe it is best for any one shooting in a strange country where distances are deceptive, to ask information of the guide so that he may be able to sight his rifle at the right elevations. In an open country, where the atmosphere is rarefied and objects are seen very distinctly, it is easy to underestimate the range of your mark; while in the timber, particularly if it is fairly dense, the tendency is to over-estimate and consequently shoot too high. After a couple of days, I at last succeeded in bagging an antelope and tried to run down on horseback another one that I had creased, but it managed to escape. It would frequently stop and look back while being pursued. Once I checked my horse and waited. The antelope stood still and watched me at a safe distance. I observed that it grew no weaker from the loss of blood, and when I resumed the chase I became convinced that it was probably more than a match in speed for my jaded horse. I did not seem to gain on it, and the horse was showing great distress under the strain. I had not the heart to apply the stimulus to make him quicken his pace as the guide did to his horse, fairly raking his sides from the shoulders down with the great Mexican spurs until they were red with blood.

My experience in hunting antelope convinces me that a sportsman earns about every trophy he gets. No man can be a sluggard and succeed in hunting this kind of game. With senses as acute as any wild animals possess, they live in an open country where every object is visible except for the slight concealment offered by the sage brush, or some depression of the ground. The antelope have one stupid habit—very remarkable on account of its keenness in other respects. They will almost always follow their leader strung out in single file, notwithstanding that in doing so the end of the line may come close to a hunter in pursuit who is cutting across their course. When the line is strung out a considerable length and the mounted hunter is not more than a few hundred yards away and is riding at right angles to the course that the antelope are pursuing, it can readily be seen that the last of the herd will have allowed the pursuer to gain considerable distance. There has been a good deal of discus-

sion in regard to the possibility of running antelope down by mounted sportsmen. The stratagem usually employed is to surround a bunch of antelope by making a wide circle sufficiently large to avoid giving immediate alarm to the herd. Several men begin the chase by riding toward them from several widely separated points and driving the herd in the direction of another group of hunters, who are concealed from sight in some depression of the ground. When the herd reach the point where the other hunters are concealed, they are pursued by men on fresh mounts. Sometimes the herd is scattered and some stray confused animal will try to rejoin the others, and in doing so will run straight in the direction of his comrades, quite regardless of the closeness of his pursuers. I saw one lone distracted animal trying to rejoin the herd come within sixty yards of a dismounted hunter, who tried to get a shot at it but was prevented by his horse straying in front of him and moving in such a way that his aim was cut off until the antelope had considerably increased the distance, and then escaped the shots fired at it. I was then treated to one of those scenes when a cowboy at his very best is giving expression to the state of his feelings.

My time being limited, I was compelled to cut my antelope hunt short without having secured a suitable trophy, although I had plenty of hard riding and excitement. On the return trip, as the guide and myself sat by the camp-fire, a cowboy joined us who became quite companionable and gave us all the news after his mind had been sufficiently stimulated by several generous pulls at the flask. It appeared that a couple of days previously an attempt had been made one night to rob the bank at Meeker. Before the robbers could accomplish their purpose the citizens "got on" to what was taking place and quietly surrounded the building. When the men came out they were shot down and killed; the ends of justice were thereby satisfied without the proverbial "law's delay." The cowboy then told me of another bank in which he was a depositor, which had been robbed not long before by one of its officers, who had gotten off with a considerable sum. I asked him what the liabilities were. The word staggered him. Although I recognized that he was a man of resources, yet I felt sure that I had "stumped him" and felt sorry for it. He stared vacantly at the fire a few moments and slowly shifted a quid from one side of his mouth to the other and sent a long, yellow stream into the center of the blaze, which I thought for a moment would extinguish it; at length he replied in a leisurely way: "Wal, pardner, the liabilities are—if they catch him they will hang him."

Two days afterward I took leave of my guide; I felt as I clasped his great strong hand that the compression came as much from the heart as the muscles. I soon found myself again in civilized surroundings. A barber's skill, a warm bath and conventional attire, had already wrought a wonderful transformation. As I sat in a comfortable seat and looked out of the car window, observing the strange and beautiful scenery, so continually changing with the rapid movement of the train, every hour covering a greater distance than I could travel with a pack outfit in a day, I felt how much easier it was to take it all in this way; no fractious horse to control; free from the burning sun, which

would often shoot down its rays upon one like the heat waves from a furnace, and while in the midst of this ordeal, the climate would sometimes suddenly change with the clouds gathering in the sky and a cold wave, perhaps accompanied by a snow storm, would follow. When I reflect upon my experience in after years, the scenery I observed so rapidly, and with no effort reappears to my mind like a blurred photograph as compared to what I saw while traveling with the pack outfit. The charm of natural scenery grows upon one by degrees; whoever thinks that the charm wanes when the novelty has worn off is not a true admirer of nature.

Whatever opinion one may entertain of the foregoing statement, it is very certain that the sportsman cannot gratify his favorite desire and consult his ease in all respects. A royal sportsman may afford the luxury of having a force of game keepers drive wild beasts within range of his rifle, and imagine that he is enjoying the real thing. The average man has no such opportunity, and I believe has no reason to regret it. The best hunting sections of the country are remote from settlements, and are generally somewhat difficult of access. Game is by no means so plentiful now as it was when the country was being opened to civilizing influence by the introduction of railroads. It is no longer possible for a wealthy man, who likes sport without inconvenience and hardship, to have his parlor car side-tracked, and to make it a headquarters while enjoying the pastime. One is compelled to rough it to some extent to obtain success in hunting big game at the present time. But after all is that an objection? Does it not put a keen edge on the sportsman's desire? Those hunting incidents which have given me the greatest trouble and exercised my skill the most are the ones I recall with greatest pleasure.

E. F. R.

Sport in New South Wales.

NEW YORK, March 29.—Mr. H. E. Brock, Mr. I. Brock, of Lawrenny, Hamilton, Tasmania, and Mr. Edward C. Officer, of Kallara, New South Wales, were callers at the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, 312 Broadway, this week, and were shown over the various lines of sporting rifles made by them, with which they were very familiar, as they have used the guns made by the company in their own hunting for many years.

They are largely interested in sheep raising, Mr. Officer partly controlling a sheep run of over 1,000,000 acres in New South Wales. They are now on their return to Australia, after a trip around the world lasting over a year, and say they are more than delighted with what they have seen thus far in the United States, and will visit Niagara Falls, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in Arizona, Los Angeles and other points in California, and sail for Sydney on the 27th of April.

They are very enthusiastic sportsmen, and the Messrs. Brock told of the stocking of the streams of Tasmania with the rainbow trout of the far West, and reported that the fish are doing well there and bid fair to outlive the American fish in their new habitat. They have multiplied beyond expectations, and will furnish the finest sport for the present and future generations of Tasmanian devotees

of fishing of any species they have had the pleasure of playing up to the present time.

In sport with a shotgun the sportsmen of New South Wales will sometimes make a very mixed bag. Parrots are plentiful and difficult to shoot, as they fly high and swift, and it is very hard to stalk them, and the best way is to remain under the trees where they have been, as sooner or later they will return. After bagging a few parrots, one can try for a wallaby, and may get a shot while looking for one at a dingo or wild dog, and then may run across a bear. Hares abound and are a pest in many places. The kangaroo-rat, wombat, opossum, flying fox, platypus and wild horses are also found in the mountain districts.

In bird land the bronze wing pigeon, wonga-wonga, lowry, plover, magpie, cockatoo, kingfisher, gill bird and laughing jackass are seen and heard on every hand amid a scenic picture that once seen will never be forgotten.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, April 1.—The following game bills have just been introduced:

Senator Raines' (Int. No. 796), relative to the marine fisheries of the State. It takes their supervision from the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, and places it in the hands of the superintendent of marine fisheries, who for the next four years shall be the present superintendent of shell fisheries. This official shall have his office in Manhattan or Brooklyn, and may appoint various assistants and protectors. His term of office is to be four years, and his compensation \$5,000 a year and expenses. The proposed act contains extensive provisions for the protection of fish and shell fish.

Assemblyman Knapp's (Int. No. 1365), providing a new section to be known as 47a, to provide that no transportation company or person shall transport into this State any fish caught in that part of Lake Champlain known as Missisquoi Bay, lying in the Province of Quebec, on the Richelieu River, which is the outlet of the lake, at any time. A violation of the act is made a misdemeanor.

Senator Burr's (Int. No. 843), relative to duck shooting on Long Island, so as to permit the shooting of wildfowl on Long Island on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from March 1 to April 15, both inclusive.

The Assembly Committee on Fish and Game has reported the following bills:

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1076), relative to fishing in Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1079), relative to the use of nets in Coney Island Creek.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1078), relative to the powers of game protectors.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1076), relative to grouse and woodcock not being sold.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1075), relative to penalties.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading these bills:

Assemblyman Coutant's (Int. No. 1295), in relation to herring nets in the Hudson and Delaware rivers.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1077), relative to the close season on woodcock.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1074), relative to grouse and woodcock not being sold.

Assemblyman Cunningham's (Int. No. 599), relative to spearing fish in Ulster county.

Assemblyman Allen's (Int. No. 1206), relative to the close season for trout in Cayuga county.

The Assembly has passed these bills:

Assemblyman Hapman's (Int. No. 1103), relative to fishing through the ice in Cross Lake, Cayuga county.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 1181), limiting the number of woodcock, grouse and quail that may be taken in Orange county.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 1087), relative to selling woodcock, grouse and quail in Orange county.

Assemblyman Plank's (Int. No. 958), prohibiting the taking of pickerel, pike and muskallonge in the St. Lawrence River below the city of Ogdensburg from Jan. 1 to April 30, both inclusive, and elsewhere in the river from Jan. 1 to June 9, both inclusive.



In California Waters.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., March 23.—Farmers and fishermen in this great valley are much rejoiced at the charming invoice of spring weather being daily received from the fresh stores of Dame Nature. Already the fruit trees have cast their blossoms and started upon the serious business of growing berries, cherries, peaches, pears, figs and such; the busy bees are laying in stores of saccharine; the little birds are busily engaged "totin'" straws, strings and fleece to out-of-the-way places; flowers are pushing their glad faces forward from myriad lurking places; the click-clack-clatter of the frolicsome lawn-mower is heard early and late; our small boy neighbor next door is nursing a sore thumb as the result of indulgence in early baseball; and we—well we are putting in our spare time furbishing up our fly-rod, overhauling our reels and other light tackle in expectancy of a great time on April 1. There are hundreds of "us" in this State, and "we" are promising "ourselves" the time of "our" lives. But many doubt if the waters will be in fit condition by the first, for this Pacific Coast has been visited by mighty rains during the past ten days. These rains have prevailed from as far north as Shasta Range to the southernmost limits of the State, inflicting no little damage on the roadbeds of the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe railroads. But this damage is more than offset by the promise of the great crops which these generous showers doubly guarantee. It was just the kind of a downpour the "man with the hoe" was praying for—a steady, misty, "drizzle-drozzle" that the hungry soil sucked up and is holding in trust for the grains and fruits that will later need it. The husbandmen and horticulturist having been served first and to his great liking, we anglers can afford to accept second service. But there is a "mighty heap" of preparation going on, and all sorts of excuses for absence from business on the first are now being knocked together. The headwaters of the Sacramento—a turgid, roily river—afford some of the best trout fishing in the State. There are scores of little streams making from the Sierra toward this great valley; they will present an animated scene if the word comes down, "The water is just right." There is no dearth of fishing grounds if the waters are right and one can afford the time, for some-

times it means a day's ride on the cars to arrive at one's destination. Up Shasta way—a matter of some 275 miles or better—I have valiant accounts of the great sport awaiting me.

A friend—and he knows the game, too—passed along Williams River in Siskiyou county last week; he reports plenty of big ones already in evidence.

"The stream is so full of trout that we saw them break dozens of times right in the public fords as we would drive into the water. Big ones, too; bigger than one can hope to land with light tackle."

Then a little further over is Lake Klamath, two score miles from the railroad, and a half score of other lakes just as fine, the river Klamath, and still further away, but in the same general direction, the famous River McCloud. He who decides on this "neck of the woods" will have his choice—mayhap—of salmon, salmon trout, Shasta trout, rainbows, Dolly Vardens and natives.

The wonder to a new comer is that there should be any fishing in these waters at all, for although California game and fish laws are liberal to a fault, yet they are ruthlessly and flagrantly disregarded. Spearing is the favorite method of illicit capture here. "If I won't drink, make me drink," said a "convive" who had sworn off and was now willing to accept any old excuse to embrace the pranksome Manhattan. So the big fish that won't take the barb are made to take it at the hands of the unerring spearsman.

"Why, the people along all these streams pay little regard to the law. When they want a salmon or a trout, they don't wait till he is ready to bite; no, sir. They get a line on him as he floats along the narrow and oftentimes shallow stream, poise their spear, take good aim, and—there's fish for dinner in season or out of season," said my above-mentioned friend. "Why, on this trip I saw a number of railroad section hands at their work with their spears lying alongside the tracks. Once in a while a man would walk to the water's edge, make a lunge, shake off a big fish, and a minute later return to work. Better still, they spear with torches at night. Just flash a torch over the surface of some big pool and the big fellows, full of curiosity, come up to see what all the commotion is about. Of course there is no sport about this sort of thing, but it fills the larder."

"While I have seen this go on for years, yet there seem to be quite as many fish now as formerly. However, I asked a fisherman on the McCloud who had stopped to swap yarns with me, how the fishing was.

"Taint 's good 's it useter be," he replied.

"How's that?" I asked. "You seem to be pretty comfortably loaded."

"Oh, I 'spect I got a couple o' hundred, first and last."

"What! and you say the fishing is not as good as it used to be?"

"No, it ain't, mister. Why, a few years back I could 'a caught 300 or 400 in less time than it took me to take these."

And the conversation took place almost three weeks before the opening of the season. The wonder is that such vandal practices have not long since depleted the streams; but such is not the case, and those who abide the law later in the season will have all the fine sport they want.

At the present session of the Legislature the following bill was passed, and it is hoped and believed that before he lays his pen down to-night Governor Pardee will approve it. There are several other important measures before His Excellency, and those who have the interest of true sport at heart hope he will give them his indorsement. Section 633 of the Penal Code, which is the most important measure to anglers, reads:

"Every person who between the first day of November in any year and the first day of April of the year following buys, sells, takes, catches, kills or has in his possession any variety of trout, except steelhead trout, or who between the first day of February and the first day of April, or between the tenth day of September and the sixteenth day of October of each year, buys, sells, takes, catches, kills or has in his possession any steelhead trout, or who between the first day of November and the first day of April of the year following takes, kills, or catches any steelhead trout above tide water; or who at any time takes, catches or kills any trout except with hook and line; or who at any time buys, sells, or offers for sale any trout of less than one pound in weight, or who at any time takes, catches, kills or has in his possession during any one calendar day more than fifty trout; or who at any time takes, catches, kills or has in his possession during any one calendar day trout other than steelhead trout,

the total weight of which exceeds twenty-five pounds, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The penalty is \$20 fine for violation of any of the provisions mentioned, or imprisonment in the county jail in the county in which the conviction is had for not less than ten days.

The amendment fails to say if the trout of "one pound in weight for sale" shall be dressed or undressed. While the amendment is not all it might have been, yet it is a long step in the right direction.

In my next I shall attempt to note all changes in the fish and game laws of the State. The California Anglers' Association, whose name betokens its mission, now has a membership of nearly fifty, and recently enjoyed a pleasant house warming at its new home in the Callaghan building, San Francisco. J. D. C.

In New England.

BOSTON, April 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. I. O. Converse, the well-known Fitchburg sportsman, writes that the Rifle and Gun Club of that city has voted to make its president, Dr. Wilbur, a member of the State organization. The plan of making the presiding officer of the club a member of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was adopted several years ago, at the time Mr. H. A. Estabrook was its president, and has been continued.

As the result of observations made on an extended trip north, Mr. Converse says he found the snow so deep that no fences were visible, and there are "lots of partridges all through southern New Hampshire and Vermont, and deer everywhere." Two woodcock, he says, were seen near the city on March 12. From another source I hear that near Pownal, Vt., a herd of 32 deer has been seen by several persons.

A party of Massachusetts sportsmen has recently returned from a trip which combined pickerel fishing and rabbit hunting in southern New Hampshire. They were entertained by Mr. C. M. Merrill, of Boston, at his lumber camp at Highland Lake. The lake is ten miles long and is 1,700 feet above sea level. Many stockholders in the company have cottages on the lake, and they are looking forward to the opening of the deer season for two weeks next fall, as they will be exempt from the license tax, although non-residents, by reason of owning property to the value of \$500 or more within the State. Having for several years been protected in the counties where the lumber preserve is located, deer have multiplied rapidly, and on the northwest side of the lake 27 have been yarded all winter, and their paths cross many acres of the company's land. On the opposite side of the lake six were seen together one day by the rabbit hunters. The party secured plenty of pickerel and several rabbits. Two members of the party were Mr. Newell D. Atwood, of Boston, and Mr. J. C. Todd, of Newburyport. The region is a good partridge country, and during the flight season there is good woodcock shooting.

Several Boston trout fishermen departed on Friday for their favorite streams on or toward the Cape. J. R. Reed, Esq., took the train for Sandwich, and there is hardly a doubt that he had trout for his evening meal to-day. The season on the Cape is several days earlier than in the suburbs of Boston, and some weeks earlier than in towns on our northern border and in the western counties of the State. Unfortunately there are now very few of the Cape streams open to the public. Several individual lessees and owners and some of the clubs that have fishing privileges manifest an unselfish disposition and frequently extend invitations to the dwellers in the towns as well as to their personal friends to fish their brooks.

The earliest of the Maine lakes where landlocked salmon are to be had is Sebago, and it is reported that while the ice is about two feet thick there now, it is quite "spongy," and is liable to be out within a few days.

It is said that the hatching and planting of fish in Maine waters carried on by the U. S. Commission will be on a larger scale this year than ever before, especially in the output of sea salmon for the Penobscot River, investigation having shown that no spawning salmon worth mentioning are now found in the headwaters of that stream.

Much interest is taken by sportsmen, hotel proprietors, and in fact by the people generally, in the proposal to allow the taking and sale of lobsters between 9 and 11 inches long, on which action is expected in the Senate next Tuesday. The dealers predict, if such a law is passed, that it will prove very destructive to the lobster industry. They say there are no 11-inch lobsters left to save now and none to speak of 10½ inches long. Believing the present limited supply and consequent high prices are due wholly to over-fishing, many of the dealers and the State Association are endeavoring to prevent any change of the law in the direction proposed.

CENTRAL.

How Large Do Striped Bass Grow?

NEWPORT, R. I., March 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In collecting data for a monograph on the striped bass, I have endeavored to ascertain correctly the facts in answer to the above question.

Prof. G. Brown Goode, in his "American Fishes," copyrighted in 1887, states explicitly, "The largest on record was one weighing 112 pounds, taken at Orleans, Mass., in the Town Cove." Writing to the United States Fish Commission to ascertain Professor Goode's authority for this assertion, I was told in reply, "The Commission can give no additional information in regard to the large fish mentioned by Professor Goode, but thinks that his statement may be accepted without question."

I then wrote for further information to the postmaster and town clerk of Orleans. They both of them replied that after diligent inquiry they had been unable to find any one in Orleans who had ever heard of a striped bass "weighing 112 pounds being taken in the Town Cove." They both of them, however, sent me conclusive proofs of the capture by Mr. George T. Smith, of Eastham, Mass., in the Town Cove, some forty years ago (their notes were written in 1903), of a striped bass weighing 120 pounds.

This fish was caught napping by the ebb tide on the

flats in the Town Cove, and was unable to get into deep enough water to escape. This was undoubtedly the fish mentioned by Professor Goode, but why did he give only 112 pounds? At the date of writing this was doubtless the largest known striped bass. Since then specimens weighing up to 125 pounds have been taken in the seines in Albemarle Sound. This last weight, I think, we may assume to be the maximum.

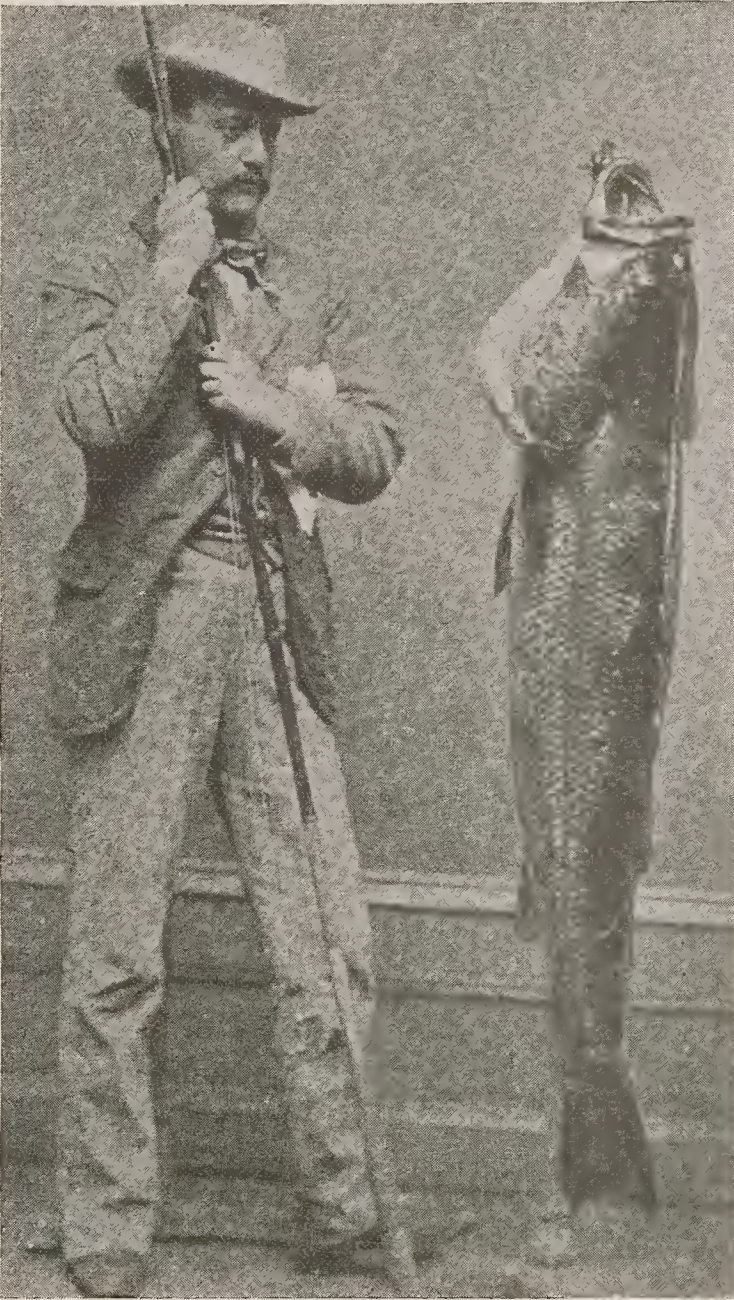
Mr. Smith, the postmaster of Orleans, also sent me notes of a striped bass weighing 104 pounds, which was taken on the back side of Cape Cod, in 1876. He did not state the manner of its capture.

Many very large striped bass have been taken with a hand-line, and larger fish have been caught in that manner than with a rod and reel.

De Voe, in his "Market Assistant," New York, 1867, speaks of "An enormous striped bass which was caught with a hand-line at Cuttyhunk (sic), near New Bedford, in the year 1860, which weighed 104 pounds." Probably the largest striped bass ever taken on rod and reel, was the one taken by Mr. W. M. Hughes, of South Portsmouth, R. I., on July 11, 1882, at Sachuest Point, R. I. Mr. Hughes cleaned his fish on the rocks and brought it into Newport, to be weighed in that condition. It weighed then 67¾ pounds. Its original weight undoubtedly was over 75 pounds, but it has to stand as a 67 or 68 pound fish.

The record fish weighed 70 pounds, and was taken by the late Mr. William Post, of New York, on July 5, 1873, at Graves Point, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Post himself, in speaking of this fish, often told me "he was the poorest, thinnest bass he had ever seen (the photograph I inclose clearly shows this); if he had been in good condition he would have gone con-



STRIPED BASS WEIGHING 10 POUNDS.

Caught by Mr. Wm. Post, at Graves Pond, R. I., July 5, 1873. The record bass taken on rod and reel.

siderably over 100 pounds." This fish, like Mr. Hughes' capture, in all probability weighed, when taken from the water, some pounds more than the recorded weight. Mrs. Post, writing me in regard to her husband's big bass, says, "I remember that it was too large to be weighed at Graves Point, and had to be taken to town for the purpose. The verdict then was that it 'lost weight,' as it was also photographed before being weighed. After that lapse of time it weighed 70 pounds. It was caught about 6 A. M."

The original photograph was taken by the "Original Williams," so-called, of Newport. His gallery has not been in existence for many years, but I was informed by Mrs. Sharp, who was his assistant, that she remembered the occurrence perfectly, and that the photograph was taken about 12 o'clock.

A fish lying on the rocks for some four or five hours on a July morning, and then being carried some three miles into town, would surely lose some weight. The question is, how much? This bass, as far as I have been able to ascertain, is the record striped bass taken on a rod and reel. There have been several celebrated catches of striped bass made in these waters.

Mr. Seth B. French, of Newport, fishing with the late Mr. John Whipple, of New York, at Graves Point, on Aug. 27, 1881, took ten fish between 6 and 11 A. M., fishing in a heavy sea on a rising tide. The fish weighed 58, 56, 54, 53, 51, 50, 49, 46, 42, 36 pounds respectively. Total weight, 495 pounds; average weight, 49½ pounds. This is the best fishing I can find any record of. For a single rod I do not think the record of Mr. Isaac Townsend, of New York, has ever been excelled. Fishing at the Newport Fishing Club, Southwest Point, in 1880, he made the following scores.

On Aug. 5, 1880, he took seven before breakfast, weighing 51, 49, 47, 46, 39, 38, 37 pounds; total weight, 307 pounds; average, 43 6-7 pounds.

On Aug. 29, 1880, he caught twelve bass, weighing 50, 50, 47, 46, 45, 43, 41, 33, 32, 31, 30, 15 pounds; total weight, 463 pounds; average, 38½ pounds.

The largest bass ever taken at the West Island Club weighed 64 pounds, and was caught in 1877. The Cuttyhunk Club record fish weighed the same, and was caught in 1882.

Pasque Island Club record was 62 pounds, caught in 1869.

The Beaver Tail Club, on Conanicut Island, has a record bass weighing 68 pounds, caught in 1895.

The Newport Fishing Club's largest fish weighed 63 pounds, and was caught in 1880.

A bass weighing 68 pounds, taken in 1881, is the record fish of the Graves Point Club.

Many large fish were taken off Mr. Winan's stands at Brenton Reef Point, Newport, by him and his family and friends, but no record of them seems to have been kept. I have seen a photograph of a 64-pound fish taken by Mr. Winans.

I am quite sure that in the early days, when there was a hotel on West Island, before the club was started, the days that Genio C. Scott loved to write about to Wilkes' and Porter's Spirit of the Times, striped bass of a greater weight than any mentioned, were taken.

I have been unable to ascertain any facts in regard to the catches made at the Squibnocket Club on Martha's Vineyard. I would be greatly obliged if any reader would put me in possession of any facts regarding the records of that club.

DANIEL B. FEARING.

Federal Control of Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On two previous occasions I have felt called upon to answer certain objections made by Judge Beaman to the bill for the Federal protection of migratory game birds, and in to-day's issue of your paper I note Mr. J. B. Thompson's analysis of the game and fish bills, and his opposition to the vital parts of the same.

Insomuch as it may be my duty to meet fair and well-meant criticism, and any failure to do so might be construed as an admission of the soundness of such objections, I feel disposed to review Mr. Thompson's rather sweeping denial of the plenary power of the Government to preserve from destruction the migratory game and migratory fish of the country, with the hope that whatever may be said hereafter by any critic, my position will have been made plain to those who care to keep in mind what I have said heretofore and in this, I trust, final letter.

While Mr. Thompson says, "Personally I would be glad to see the entire matter of protection placed with the Federal Government, if laws to that end could be effectively administered," he nevertheless proceeds to dilate upon the utter inability of our Government to enforce such legislation because "the expense of successfully executing such plans as outlined in the bills introduced by Mr. Shiras for the protection of game and fish would be impossible from a merely economic standpoint;" and in addition to this, he says the State authority would grow lax and "the whole subject would receive a setback which years of effort would scarcely remedy." This is a very gloomy picture, and rather discouraging to one whose whole desire is to strengthen and not demolish the legal barriers between man and his prey.

Cost and Efficiency of National Game Protection.

Where is there the slightest proof of the unbearable expense, and where does Mr. Thompson cite any tangible reason for the "setback" that would follow the Federal prohibition of spring shooting of wildfowl, or restrictions placed upon the merciless destruction of salmon and shad entering our coastal waters for the purpose of reproduction? Now I can well understand how a good lawyer, like Mr. Thompson, not in sympathy perhaps with the recent growth of centralized power in our National Government, may cite many cases and put up an apparently strong argument against governmental control of migratory game and fish; but I am surprised at the above statements, indicating, as they do, a lack of confidence both in the efficiency of our Government and in the liberality of Congress in the proper enforcement of its own statutes. However, not a dollar need be spent to enforce these laws if Mr. Thompson thinks we are too poor to spend money for such a purpose, for the simple reason that we have already a most efficient and well organized National Bureau of Biology, created for the protection and propagation of game, which, with a supplemental act similar to the one passed for Alaska authorizing "all U. S. marshals, deputy marshals, collectors and deputy collectors of customs and all officers of the revenue cutters to assist in the enforcement of the act," would give us a most elaborate and capable body of game protectors; and if to these were added Government forest rangers, superintendents of life-saving stations, lighthouse keepers and inspectors, Audubon Society wardens, backed (if we can be permitted to spend a little money) by an energetic, salaried National warden appointed for each State, the system of Federal supervision would be fairly complete, without entailing very much of an expenditure, considering the attendant benefits. In the protection of migratory fish alone millions of dollars would be gained annually, so the question of expense from an "economic standpoint" can, it seems to me, be dismissed.

As to the efficiency of such legislation, the fact is that it would almost enforce itself, so ready is the average individual to respect a national penal statute. Counterfeiting, smuggling, illicit distilling, unlicensed sales of tobacco and intoxicants, although offering great inducements for easy acquisition of wealth, are kept at a minimum by a very limited force of secret service men. The daily, hourly, infraction of State liquor laws in large municipalities are comparable to the lax enforcement of the local game laws in many of our States. Local politics, local selfishness and local ignorance of real conditions are the great elements in the destruction of valuable (money-producing) game and fish. Last year I visited Core and Pamlico sounds, and was dumbfounded at the flagrant killing of wildfowl, especially that accomplished by the night

hunters. In ten days ten thousand redhead ducks were transported by one small steam launch to a distributing point, and many of these were killed by fire hunters in direct violation of a most important provision of the State laws, yet so great are the sums realized along the bays, where our best Eastern ducks are concentrated the entire winter, that the market hunters actually threaten death to any local warden who interferes, and naturally these officials, lacking in local support and dependent upon such communities for their positions, don't care to jeopardize their lives or calling by a too keen discharge of their duties.

Just imagine a revenue cutter or Government launch speeding through these bays bearing the message that Congress had passed an act protecting wildfowl, imposing heavy penalties, including imprisonment, for the violation of its provisions, and that the night hunter or spring shooter would be arrested on sight, and if resisting arrest, would be put in irons and subjected to additional severe penalties, how long would it take for the repression of such law-breakers? About twenty-four hours.

Migratory Game and Fish.

I have heretofore taken the position that if our Government can assert jurisdiction over migratory wildfowl, that, by a parity of reasoning, it can also assume control of the migratory fish, like the salmon and shad. Judge Beaman seems willing to stand for the constitutionality of my second fish bill, which provides for Federal control of the food fishes in the public waters of the United States, but objects to the one restricted to those fish where the jurisdiction depends upon their migratory habits. Mr. Thompson believes that all these measures are fundamentally unconstitutional, and he cites, with great positiveness, several court cases showing the upholding of State ownership in game and fish.

It would seem that his letter must have been written before my second one was published, wherein I stated that all those cases arose before any classification was suggested, making possible separate jurisdiction for local and for interstate game and fish, and hence these decisions are worthless, for an act of Congress, if valid, will render void *pro tanto* any State law, heretofore upheld, asserting ownership in that kind of game or fish which properly belongs to the country at large, and which can be made the subject of national legislation. For this, I will cite a recent authority, but before so doing will quote Mr. Thompson, so there can be no misunderstanding: "As to fish in navigable waters, there is no more reason to assume authority of Congress than in the case of game. Everyone knows that civil and criminal jurisdiction of the several States extend—indeed, for the peace and good order of society, it must extend—to all the lands and waters within the limits of the several States; and it is immaterial that the waters are navigable."

Setting aside my own opinion, it is well to remember that Judge Beaman takes the position that Federal laws can be passed to protect all game on all the public lands of the United States which heretofore have been exclusively covered by State game laws, so that I can quote my first opponent with some effect against the last one.

But to revert to the quotation of Mr. Thompson's. Here he says in express terms, that all game and fish are in the same class, and that fish therefore are not subject to the "authority of Congress," whether in navigable waters or not. Unfortunately for Mr. Thompson's position, the question is not in the realm of speculation, but is refuted by a recent emphatic act of Congress which has not only been sustained by a very able Federal Judge, but, further than that, the State statute asserting primary ownership in such fish declared void because it conflicted with this act of Congress granting certain exclusive rights over fish in public waters heretofore under State jurisdiction. The act of Congress is as follows: "The Commissioner may take or cause to be taken at all times in the waters of the sea coast of the United States, where the tide ebbs or flows, and also in the waters of the lakes, such fish or specimens thereof as may in his judgment from time to time be needful or proper for the conduct of his duties, any law, custom or usage of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."—Sec. 4398 U. S. Revised Statutes.

Under this act the Government authorities have the right to take at any time, whether the season be open or closed under the State laws, all the fish required for the conduct of its fishery enterprises, and this jurisdiction extends throughout the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the bays, estuaries, sounds and tidal rivers, practically covering all State waters where the shad and salmon are to be found, while on the Great Lakes the Government has equal power, all State laws "to the contrary notwithstanding."

The State of Michigan objected to the U. S. Government's representatives catching whitefish and lake trout during the closed season and selling the fish to fray expenses after the spawn had been removed, citing an act of the State Legislature putting the fishing operations of the U. S. Government under the supervision of the State game warden. On this branch of the case, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries Geo. M. Bowers said in his annual report for 1904, "In its efforts to maintain the supply of commercial fishes, the Bureau has nowhere labored more assiduously and expended more money than in Michigan, which State has most valuable fishery interests at stake in all of the Great Lakes, except one. For many years the fish-cultural work of the Government on the Great Lakes has been on an immense scale, far exceeding that in any other section of the country, and of the unmistakable benefits resulting therefrom the Michigan fishermen have reaped the largest share. Notwithstanding these facts, however, the fish wardens of Michigan have for a number of years made determined efforts to interfere with and curtail the work of the Bureau's representatives, raising petty objections to the methods pursued in the collection of spawn. Their short-sighted and unwarranted actions have caused great annoyance, and at times have threatened completely to stop fish-cultural work in the Michigan waters of the Great Lakes."

Friction continued to develop between the State and National authorities until the former finally caused the arrest of the employees of the Bureau of Fisheries for

fishing out of season, and also selling the fish without accounting for the proceeds to the State authorities. The Federal agents, acting under legal instructions from Washington, concluded to assert the rights of the National Government to take fish in those public waters over which Congress had declared itself supreme, and thereupon applied for an injunction in the U. S. Circuit Court.

Decision Sustaining Act of Congress, and Invalidating State Fish Law.

The proceedings came before Judge Wanty in the Circuit Court of the United States for the western district of Michigan, and I quote the material parts thereof (the italics being mine):

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, Complainant,
vs.
CHAPMAN AND BREWSTER, Defendants.

Opinion of Judge Wanty.

"Under the act of Congress providing therefor, the President of the United States appoints a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, whose duty it is to investigate the subject with a view of ascertaining *what diminution, if any, in the number of food fishes of the coast and the lakes of the United States has taken place, and from what cause the same is due, and whether any protective, prohibitory or precautionary measures should be adopted in the premises, and report upon the same to Congress.* It is also provided that the heads of the several executive departments shall cause to be rendered all necessary and practical aid to the Commissioner in the prosecution of his investigation and inquiries, and Section 4398 of the Revised Statutes provides that 'the Commissioner may take or cause to be taken at all times in the waters of the sea coast of the United States, where the tide ebbs and flows, and also in the waters of the lakes, such fish or specimens thereof as may in his judgment from time to time be needful or proper for the conduct of his duties, any law, custom or usage of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.'

"A deputy of the State game and fish warden demanded the right to superintend the fishing operations of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, which demand was refused, and he then seized and confiscated the fish in the possession of the Commissioner's agents, and caused the arrest of Wires and the persons found assisting him.

"If the United States has the right, which Congress evidently intended to confer by the legislation above quoted, and a deputy game warden can legally interfere with the exercise of that right, in the manner admitted in the answer filed in this case, then the Government is entitled to the contempt which the deputy game warden exhibited toward it. The United States cannot undertake any work where it is not supreme, and a Government officer could not, in any legitimate function of the Government, be under the direction and control of a State officer. If the Federal statute, by which it was intended to confer on the Commissioner the right to take or cause to be taken in the waters of the lakes such fish as in his judgment is needful for the proper conduct of his duties, is constitutional, the legislation is exclusive, and any act of any State, so far as it conflicts with that legislation, is void. The Attorney-General, in his brief, says: 'The defendants contend that the right of complainant to so take fish can be exercised only pursuant to the authority granted to the United States Fish Commission by the laws of the State of Michigan; that the power of complainant is limited and defined by those laws, and that any enactment of Congress contravening the statutes of this State in relation to such fishing is unconstitutional and void.'

"The act of Congress, if invalid, is so because it conflicts with the Federal Constitution, and not because it contravenes the statutes of the State of Michigan. If it is decided that the United States has no right to take fish, under the act of Congress, *its propagation of food fishes must cease*, because it would be intolerable for it to exercise any of its functions under the direction and control of persons over whom it has no authority.

"If the acts of Congress creating this department are void, the Government must of necessity suspend it, and such suspension would mean an immense loss to the State of Michigan, and probably a much greater loss to the States bordering on tidewater, where shell fish are propagated. *The constitutionality of this legislation has not before been questioned in the courts, and if the laws of the United States seeking to confer upon the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries the right at all times to take fish needful for the conduct of his duty, notwithstanding contrary legislation by the State, is unconstitutional, such grave consequences must flow from a judgment announcing it that it seems to me not proper to pass upon that question on a preliminary hearing where the preparation must of necessity be inadequate.*"

This decision settled the controversy, and from that time the local and National authorities have gotten along amicably.

The right here exercised to take any kind of fish, in any quantities, at any time of year, in practically all of the public waters where the Government was interested in its operations, is too clear an exercise of supreme authority over waters admittedly covered by a State law for Mr. Thompson or any one else to gain-say, and it must necessarily follow that if the above act and the law as laid down by the Federal court is sound, there can be no doubt of Congress having the power to pass other "protective, prohibitory, or precautionary measures" as expressly contemplated by the original act creating the Commission of Fisheries—and as within the scope of such legislation, I respectfully submit my two fish bills.

A Recent Federal Decision on Migratory Fish.

On March 9 of the present year there appeared in the advance sheets of the Federal Reporter (No. 2, Vol. 134, page 282) the case of McDonald & Johnston et al., vs. Southern Express Co. U. S. Circuit Court, District of South Carolina, which should be of interest to all those interested in game cases, and as it touches upon the very argument used by me in behalf of the bill giving the Government control of the migratory

sea fish, I will quote therefrom, after stating briefly the facts.

The State of South Carolina on Feb. 16, 1904, passed an act prohibiting the shipment of any shad fish beyond the limits of the State, and made it a misdemeanor for any common carrier to transport such fish beyond the State. Upon the Southern Express Co. refusing to receive and carry such fish the complainants filed a bill alleging that, "They were dealers and shippers of shad fish caught within and without the State; that said shad fish was a recognized article of interstate commerce; that the Congress of the United States had by several statutes provided for the propagation of shad fishes and had expended large sums of money and deposited many millions of shad fishes or shad fry in the coast waters of the United States, for the benefit of the citizens of the United States, and that the act above mentioned was in contravention of Article I, Section 8, of the Constitution of the United States."

The case came for final hearing before Judge Brawley, who decided that the act was broad enough to cover shad taken without the State, and that therefore the interdiction upon shipment was in violation of Article I, Section 8 of the U. S. Constitution, as an interference with interstate commerce, and held the act to be void. His opinion is a long and interesting one, in which, with apparent reluctance, he adopts as an authority *Geer vs. Connecticut*, relied upon by Judge Beaman in support of his contention that all game on State lands belongs to the people of the State in their collective capacity; but in so deciding he significantly says, "whether the shad fish, owing to its peculiar nature and to the circumstance that its presence within the waters of the State, is due largely to the methods of propagation and to the expenditure of moneys by the general Government for the benefit of all the people of the United States, should be differentiated from this classification is an interesting question raised by the pleadings, and may be considered hereafter." But, having come to the conclusion that the law was invalid, he found it unnecessary to "differentiate" fish that were largely propagated by the Government, and that spent their non-spawning period in the high seas, from those purely local fish permanently remaining within the waters of the State. Can there be any doubt that Judge Brawley would have sustained an act of Congress expressly regulating the catching of this migratory fish (just as Judge Wanty did in the Michigan case), when we consider that he struck down the State law, on a narrow technical point, while indicating so clearly, that this class of migratory fish ought not be selfishly retained within a State which neither aided in its propagation or spent money for its protection, to the denial of all other citizens whose money had made possible the continued existence of this valuable fish. If this is doubted, let me quote the final words of Judge Brawley's opinion: "It appears from the reports of the Fish Commission that over thirty millions of shad fry have been deposited in the rivers of this State. It seems to be now pretty well agreed among those learned in the subject that the young shad hatched out in any particular river remain within a moderate distance of the mouth of that stream until the period occurs for their inland migration. It was formerly believed that shad, during the winter, moved toward the equator, and, wintering in the warmer waters of the South, started along the coast in almost military array, sending a detachment up each successive stream, which, by a singular method of selection, sought the river in which they first saw the light; and the argument is that shad artificially propagated in rivers and in coast waters of the United States belong to all the people of the United States, and therefore a State has no power to impose any restriction upon such property which the United States, in furtherance of its policy of furnishing to the people food fishes, has not imposed. The argument is ingenious, and the question interesting, but the exigencies of this case do not require me to decide it."

Suppose, however, that South Carolina, in order to meet this decision, were to pass a new act prohibiting the shipment of shad "caught within the State," and the other shad States did likewise, where would the people of this country be? Such acts are equitable, just, and based upon sound ethical principles when applied to local fish, fostered and protected by local legislation, in the local waters of each State, but utterly wrong when applied to valuable food fishes belonging to the country at large and practically dependent upon the Government for their permanency. Should this view not be correct, then we run the great danger of the Federal courts, in order to meet a situation like this, holding that game is an article of interstate commerce, and with such a decision down will go the greatest bulwark of game protection—"the prohibition of the sale of game"—unless still another view be taken, viz., that shad now being admittedly dependent upon artificial propagation by the National Government, no longer belongs to the class *fera natura*, and can therefore be brought under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution without disturbing that all-important element by which wild game, through legislation, can have its manner of taking, possession, sale or shipment qualified by statute.

Therefore, in view of these several acts of Congress and the opinions of Federal Judges deciding unconstitutional State laws which expressly sought to control and retain for the use of its citizens alone fish that, in one instance, migrated from the high seas, and, in the other, fish that permanently occupied public navigable waters over which the Government, in behalf of the people of the whole nation, had supreme authority, have I not shown the legality of future legislation placing under efficient Federal control those fish and those birds which from their habits and environments belong to the people of the whole country, and not to a single State, which, in disregard of the rights of the many, would acquire exclusive title to, with the attendant power to wholly exterminate, if it saw fit?

State laws for local fish and game, Federal laws for national and international fish and game, are propositions, it seems to me, worthy of consideration by the sportsmen of this country. GEO. SHIRAS 3D.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 26.

P. S.—In your issue reaching me to-day I see you have printed in full Judge Brawley's opinion on the

non-shipment of shad in South Carolina. While classifying this fish as *fera natura*, his bringing it within the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution is a new and seemingly dangerous principle, as pointed out above.

The Bangor Salmon Pool.

BANGOR, Me., March 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the closing days of the session the game law bill as outlined in my last letter became a law, and now those non-residents who wish to shoot squirrels, rabbits, foxes, bears, deer, moose and feathered game, or other wild birds or animals cannot think of undertaking it until provided with a license to "fit the crime." This will rejoice non-residents in the main, as they will thus be permitted to carry home a handsome bunch of birds, a total of thirty being permitted if they can find the birds. Probably there will be no difficulty about locating the grouse as long as the supply lasts, but the average big-game hunter will find it less easy to secure his complement of woodcock, unless he shall devote his whole attention to that branch of field sport. Of ducks it is but necessary to get on the right feeding grounds, and an abundant supply is assured.

To-day at 11 o'clock in the forenoon a man crossed on the ice bridge less than a quarter of a mile below the highway bridge across the Penobscot, when, as far as the eye could see, there was an unbroken field of ice stretching up river to the salmon pool two miles away, and down as far as High Head and beyond. Less than an hour later the whole field broke up, and in another hour there was clear water flowing between Bangor and Brewer, with the grinding, crunching, heaving ice cakes just passing out of sight around the distant bend at High Head, two miles below. The going out of the ice is not of itself of much interest to the average sportsman, were it not for the fact that this means the opening of the Bangor salmon pool on time, with the legal opening of the sea salmon fishing—a season which in Maine lasts until the fifteenth of September, the latest date at which salmon may be caught with hook and line.

There is general joy among the early enthusiasts at this promise of freedom from ice in the very first of the fishing, and already one of the most skillful as well as one of the most enthusiastic of the local salmon anglers—an amateur in the best sense of the word, although by no means a novice—has his boat on the shore, ready for the first chance to cast after the early fish. Indeed, his was the first boat to arrive at the pool, although before morning—the season opens legally April 1—the several boats of the market-fishermen will doubtless be there to prevent any lonesomeness on the part of the first arrival.

A general impression of great hopefulness prevails among the salmon-casters this spring, possibly from the fact that the season of 1904 was unusually unfruitful, and it is confidently expected that this coming season will develop a greater list of successful strikes than the records showed for last year. The wee small hours will find the fishermen tumbling out of warm beds and growling at the mud as they make their way to the pool, there to sit, wrapped in heavy clothing as circumstances will permit, while they angle for one of these mighty fish that frequent the Penobscot River. Though they may spend days—yes, and even weeks—on the watch for a strike, when they do land a specimen of the king of game fish they are abundantly repaid for all the discomfort and many disappointments that have bestrewed the way.

If some fish are taken in the early days of April, as is not uncommonly the case, they are likely to be fish that came up the river on an early run, perhaps in March, and perhaps as early as January, and have simply been waiting for clear water to allow them to get up and over the dam. The high tides incidental to the full of the moon are argued by many of the older anglers to best serve the salmon in leaping the dam (they are said to almost never pass through the Bangor fishway), and as the highest of April tides do not serve until the 19th, then may the first effective run of salmon be anticipated. By that time the pool is sure to be well covered with boats, and if the same beautiful, warm and delightful weather hold that has prevailed for the past fortnight, there will be a good many fishermen on hand very early in the month. Last year the first fish was not taken the first day, although as a usual thing it is that way.

One of the recent interesting events in Bangor was the arrival of the famous Canadian poacher, Pete La Fontaine, whom the Maine authorities have long wanted. It may be remembered by readers of FOREST AND STREAM that this man was among the most notorious of the violators of the game laws, and that no warden had ever been able to catch him in his camp, or if so catching him, to make an arrest on account of his swiftness in the use of his rifle. He had threatened to shoot on sight any warden sent after him, according to local reports, and so a certain warden, one of two sent after him, walked into his hut with a revolver loaded and aimed, to make sure of his quarry. Excitement, fear of the other's quickness, or some other emotion, led him to fire as soon as he entered the door, and La Fontaine fell back wounded, it was thought mortally. As the Canadian settlements were nearer and he begged to be taken there for treatment, the wounded man was hauled out on a hand-sled to where better means of travel were available. His wonderful physique stood him in good stead, and he didn't die, but lived to go back into Maine and gather up his traps, and, he claims, forsake forever the Maine woods for hunting and trapping. Hearing that he was again at his old tricks, the authorities sent two wardens up to patrol the border and look particularly for this man, who was finally caught in the middle of the St. John River, where he had come to get a pail of water. Unarmed he was at their mercy, and quietly submitted to arrest and the trip to Bangor, where he faced the local court for trial for a long list of violations of the laws of the State. It is claimed that he produced an alleged accurate record of all his violations in Maine, showing where and when he had taken or shot each of his trophies in a long career. Compromising on a fine of \$200 and costs, on condition that he should be sentenced on the remaining counts against him if the authorities find him again trapping or hunting on this side of the invisible boundary, he was set free. Although he says that he is entirely recovered from the wound that before made him a prisoner and permitted him to regain as a dying man the shelter of the Canadian side, yet he is by no means the rugged, enduring woodsman who defied the Maine authorities in years gone by.

HERBERT W. ROWE.



YACHTING



A Voyage to the Golden Cape.

July 19 to Sept. 13, 1904.

BY BROOKS H. WELLS.

ISTAR was designed and built by the Greenport Basin and Construction Company. She was described and pictured in the FOREST AND STREAM for March 21, 1903. She is designed to be 41ft. 3in. over all, 29ft. on the waterline, has an extreme breadth of 10ft., and draws 6ft. with 8,000 pounds of lead on her keel. She is rigged as a yawl with double headsail, and carries a topsail on a pole mast. Her construction is unusually strong. She is framed in oak and planked with cedar. There is 6ft. head room in her main cabin, where there are two berths. Forward of the cabin is a roomy galley and toilet room, and in the bow a berth for a man. Aft in the steerage is a berth on the starboard, and closets to port. She has proved herself a very comfortable, able cruiser. On the present trip the skipper carried a man, John Johnson, and two friends, Dr. M. and Vincent J. After these two left the ship at Bar Harbor, their places were taken by two of the skipper's daughters, who sailed down the coast, around the Cape, and home. The total distance sailed on this cruise was 1,562 nautical miles.

Istar had slid across the sea from Greenport to Hyannis, around the Cape and up the coast to Boothbay, by Whitehead, over the West Penobscot Bay to the whistle off Fox Island Thoroughfare, and down through Lead-better's Narrows and Hurricane Sound by devious rocky ways to the isolated fishing village of Carver's Harbor.

Here, at the outermost edge of the Penobscot group of islands, the waves of a cold, gray ocean roll in and break sullenly upon the cold, gray granite rocks that thrust themselves menacingly above its fog-swept surface. Where the rock slopes face the south, and wherever there is some protection, cling gray, yellow-green patches of discouraged-looking grass. Little, twisted, scrubby cedars, with gnarled roots like gripping fingers, hold fast to the rock crevices. An arm of a larger islet curves about a tiny bay, making a landlocked basin, and at its edge the few forlorn houses nestle as if crouching to avoid the ocean gales and fearful of the desolate isolation. At no other spot along this coast is the feeling and picture of desolation so marked. We lay snugly in the little harbor all night, our feeling of security and comfort being, curiously intensified by the constant growling of the surf outside, and the shrill piping of the wind through our rigging.

In the morning (July 31) we found a clear day and fine fresh south wind. At 8:30, under four lowers and a working topsail, we went out by Diamond Rock, south of Isle au Haut, and inside of Long Island by Cranberry Passage to Winter Harbor. The wind was fresh, and at times almost a gale, blowing the spray in little white clouds from the wave crests, but running free we managed to hang on to everything, and with backstays taut as harp strings, rushed along on our course, making the forty-nine sea miles to Winter Harbor in a little less than seven hours. The sailing was a bit strenuous, but glorious.

From Winter Harbor we ran up the next day over a big round swell, and with a moderate south wind and light fog to the cove at Jonesport. Jonesport is a forlorn little outpost on Moosabec Reach, which is a useful waterway, but picturesque only in name. August 2 was calm

and foggy, and as a matter of prudence it would have been wiser to have remained at anchor, but the spirit of unrest pushed us on. Drifting with the last of the morning ebb and a scarcely felt light air, we went out south of Mark Island, hoping to get far enough seaward to catch the three-knot flood through Grand Manan channel.

A few miles beyond Mark Island the wind failed completely, and the huge swells from the stiff southerly winds of the previous week set us so rapidly and dangerously near the black, foam-covered teeth of the eastern ledges that we actually wished we had an engine. The skipper and John got out the dinghy at the end of a tow-line, and with muscle in place of gasoline managed to turn Istar's head so that her stern was toward the seas, and to guide her through a narrow way between the breaking of the ledges and so along and into Roque Harbor.

Englishman Bay is an indentation somewhat similar in extent to Frenchman's Bay. In its center is a cluster of rocky, bold, densely wooded islands, which form the nearly complete circle of Roque Harbor, a basin three-fourths of a mile in diameter and rock-bound, except along its northwestern side, where the woods run down to a smooth beach of yellow sand. About it there is no sign of human presence other than a solitary fish-trap jutting out from its western shore. Its woods are fragrant with balsam and birch. Needle-carpeted, broad paths lead through the tangled depths of the forest. Here we spent the day wandering in the wood or on the shore basking in the sunshine and watching the fog clouds float over the outer islands, while in the thickness to seaward the Libby Island fog signal shrieked its hoarse warning. For those who appreciate the beauties of solitude, this is an ideal anchorage.

The next morning, after the usual icy plunge, a leisurely



ISTAR.

breakfast and an hour's basking in the still sunshine watching the fog wreaths drift over the harbor mouth and thin and vanish in its warmer air, a little zephyr blew in from W.S.W. At 10:30 A. M. Istar slowly made her way by Lakeman's Island to the eastward. The zephyr failed, and then the wind came in light from ahead. There was a blue, rippling sea, and bracing, cool air, but for all that the wind failed again at the point by Cutler's, so that a tow-line and a vigorous use of white ash was necessary to get into harbor before the swift ebb beginning to pour out from Fundy through the Grand Manan Channel should sweep us seaward.

Again the day came with calm and fog. At 9 A. M. started eastward with the first of the flood. Outside a little air helped the three-knot current, and at noon, when a mile past Quoddy whistle, and well into Canadian waters, we ran sharply out of the grayness into a lovely clear summer day, and across a shining, silvery water by the Green Wolf to Beaver Harbor. Again at the turn of the tide the fickle wind deserted us, and the white ash carried us the half mile up to the anchorage. We found a berth close in on the western side among a bunch of fishermen, by whom Istar was much admired.

The harbor is a mildly picturesque, oval basin bounded by low, fir-covered rocky hills from the southeastern side to where a little cluster of square, weather-beaten houses with pointed roofs, a couple of wharves and a field of fish flakes nestle under the shadow of a tall cliff, a rocky buttress from whose summit is a wide view over the land and across to the Nova Scotia shore.

Many delicate wild flowers, fragile bluebells and oxalis cling to the crevices of the cliff face, and the landward side is brilliant with the scarlet of the bunchberry. Toward the village, close in under the cliff, a small craft gets protection from all winds. There are no stores and no provisions can be bought.

During the next four days the fog and calm continued, but by taking advantage of the tides we had groped our way to St. John, and now had been drifting from morning until nearly midnight on a glassy, leaden, melancholy expanse some eight miles to seaward of Partridge Island, off the mouth of St. John River.

At midnight, when the skipper came on deck for his watch, he found that the exasperating calms and teasing, fickle airs of the seven previous days had gone, for Istar was driving along before a fresh W.S.W. wind. There was the promise of a good blow, the barometer was falling rapidly, the night was dark and cloudy, with scattered banks of fog. As we rushed along through the darkness over the growing sea, there was the usual little sparkle of phosphorescence from our wake. At 1:30 A. M. the horizon ahead became clearly defined by a line of light, and soon we had sailed into a marvelous and weirdly beautiful sea of fire—the most impressive incident of the whole cruise. The entire extent of the horizon was clearly defined as a circle of light. There was everywhere a ghostly, pale, greenish luminosity. The crests of the breaking seas, the lesser ripples and our pathway were shivering lines of white fire. Our faces looked round-eyed and pallid in the unearthly radiance, and every spar and line, sail, seam and reef point stood clearly revealed against the inky blackness above. It was a most wonderful display. The watch below were waked and called on deck. John, who had sailed since boyhood from the tropics to the polar oceans, had never seen anything to compare with it, and admitted, with the rest of us, that it made him feel a bit creepy.

The day before we had sailed, or rather drifted, through several little milky patches where the *Ctenophora* were clustered in such myriads that the sea looked as if it might have been thin boiled starch, and it is probable that to an unusually large collection of these beautiful little phosphorescent organisms our display was due. The illumination lasted nearly an hour, and then was gone. Shortly afterward the darkness was intensified by a dense fog. At 3:45 A. M., according to our reckoning, we were close in to the land, and keeping a sharp lookout, when we ran out of the fog. There, scarcely a quarter of a mile away, and dead ahead, were the lights of Port Marshall. Changed course two points more to the northward, and with the first of the flood made rapid progress. The barometer was now rising rapidly, and we expected a shift of wind to the north. A little after sunrise the shift came, and the sky cleared, showing us in the splendor of the morning sun the great 300-foot cliffs of Ise Haut off our port bow and beyond the highlands and sheer cliffs of Cape Chignecto, towering up 850 feet. On the starboard hand stretched the rugged Nova Scotia coast for over sixty miles, a nearly straight line of lesser cliffs and bluffs from 50 to 150 feet high; at high water rising straight from the waves, at low tide showing at times a strip of rocky beach, and having in its whole extent no harbor. At long intervals are little piers or breakwaters, along whose eastern sides small vessels may run in and anchor at high water and be left high and dry as the tide falls.

With a rapidly freshening wind we ran through the famous Cape D'Or rip, by beautiful Cape Spencer, and up with a six to eight knot current to between Cape Sharp and the majestic front of Blomidon. Long before this we had taken in the staysail and reefed mainsail. The tide turned to run out, and we were driven back a dozen miles to the roadstead near Glooscap's Kettle, arriving there under close reefed mainsail, severely hammered by the steep sea, wet to the skin, but happy. That was a glorious sail. Because of the forty-five foot drop of the tide, we anchored far enough away from the beach to have 10 fathoms under us, and found a stiff clay bottom, so that with a long cable there was no fear of dragging.

There was now a fresh gale. We were soon joined by a three-master loaded with gypsum, and a tug with a string of barges with coal from Parrsboro. Then a big barkentine went flying by under topsails and a staysail or two, but gave it up off Cape Spencer, and struggled back to join the growing fleet in the roads. There was now a terrific sea off Cape D'Or, and some of the cold rolls were served to us at our anchorage. We had no breakfast until we anchored, as we had our hands and minds full in the excitement of the swift passage.

Everything here is on such a grand scale that you do not at first realize the magnitude. The 350-foot cliffs of Cape Split and the gigantic bit of rock broken off the end look small at first, but the greatness of the scene grows with your knowledge of it. The strangeness, the grandeur and the beauty of the spot attract in spite of the dangers. The rushing tides, the tearing rips, the fierce winds, the few and exposed anchorages, the frequent and dense fogs, the solitude, make it a place of fascination, and yet to be shunned by the small boat, unless she be more than ordinarily staunch and true.

We had snuggled up and were getting a bite to eat when a dory put off from shore and came rapidly out to us, impelled by a pair of muscular arms. Her occupant was evidently prepared to be chatty and friendly, and introduced himself as Mr. Baxter McClellan. Istar was the only small boat he had seen for a number of years. He warned us to get further off shore should the wind come out anything to the east of south, and asked about the length and strength of our cables. These were inspected, and it was finally concluded we could ride out about anything in the shape of a blow; for, as he said, an anchor once on that bottom never let go, and our cables were long and strong enough for a frigate.

The next day was August 10. Istar should have had her prow turned homeward several days before, so we felt we must leave the expected exploration of the Basin of Mines for another summer. The weather was too threatening and unsettled for a run either to Annapolis Basin or to St. John. Istar was left in charge of John, and the Doctor, Vincent and the skipper went ashore to gam with McClellan. Bronzed, bearded and pleasant-faced, he is apparently the whole town of Spencer's Island. He is keeper of the red light that marks the roadstead, constable, game warden, harbor master, road overseer, pilot, and always ready to go out of his way to do one a favor. He apparently knows all about the country and every man in it, and is stuffed full of good, clean stories. Successful, honest, happy, hearty, with a charming wife and a family of nine fine children, a home of his own, something laid away, and able to earn more than he needs to spend, he is wealthy in the truest sense of the word.

In brilliant sunshine, with McClellan as guide and companion, with camera and gun, we started about nine in the morning for a tramp around Spencer and Cape D'Or to Advocate. Going down the beach by Glooscap's Kettle, stopping here to examine the spoor of a gigantic lizard imprinted on the level mud at ebb tide and fixed in the rock for untold centuries, and leaning there to see the ripple marks of the same forgotten time; watching the red cliffs of glacial debris, and wading gulleys breast-deep with ice cold water, we came to the beautiful eastern face of Cape Spencer, where the densely wooded mountain side ends at a curving beach of yellow pebbles, the low-hanging branches almost touching the water at the highest tides.

Here we left the beach and entering the forest went along an old half obliterated trail slanting up the hillside to the Cape D'Or copper mines. Tall, dark spruce dominated the forest, with a sprinkling of silver birch and an occasional rock maple or a moosewood. Under foot was a carpet of soft moss sprinkled with wild flowers, bluebells, oxalis, celandine and asters, and little white clustered stars. Blueberries, raspberries, a few belated wood strawberries, the rock cranberry, bunchberries, grew wherever a patch of sunlight reached the ground.

The noon whistle blew just as we entered the clearing where the yellow houses of the mining company clustered about the shaft. We were in time for dinner with the "boys" from underground, and we did enjoy their boiled potatoes and fried ham.



WRECK OF THE CITY OF ROCKLAND, PENOBSCOT BAY.

The copper found here, from which the Cape probably gets its name D'Or, is native in little sheets and irregular masses, and is apparently thinly—possibly too thinly for profit—distributed over almost the entire Cape. The company, capitalized at \$5,000,000, is said to have invested about a million, and is sinking shafts, doing considerable development work, and taking out some low grade ore. They have a concentrator in operation, but any questions as to results and prospects found only evasive answers.

There is a primitive narrow-gauge railroad running from the shaft to the concentrator near Horseshoe Cove. After looking about for a time, we rode down on the engine tender and went over the hill to the fog whistle perched on a jagged pinnacle at the extreme southern point of the Cape. A heavy wire rope, the shroud from an unfortunate schooner that had driven against the sheer cliff during a westerly gale, hung from an iron bar driven into a crevice and dropped over the edge of rock toward the beach below. When the tide is up the seas raised by westerly gales break high against the cliff itself, but now the water was low. Clambering down we stood on a wide, sloping beach of great rounded green and red cobbles. Northward stretched the front of the Cape, a line of perpendicular and overhanging reddish yellow cliffs, in places streaked with green copper oxide, and rising 300 to 400 feet sheer above us. Picking our way over the cobbles, stopping to admire new beauties at each turn of the way, and gathering pocketsful of copper in leaves and shreds from the crevices of the beach rocks, we came to Advocate Bay, the northern boundary of the Cape of Gold.

Here the cliffs ended, the mountain again stretched away as a wooded slope of vivid green, and before us lay an empty basin, a crescentic rolling field of sand—Advocate Harbor. At high tide it is wide and deep enough for a schooner to beat to windward in, and is protected from the winds by a remarkable natural breakwater of sand, cobbles and driftwood. Between Cape Chignecto and Cape D'Or stretches a deep bay, wide open to the west and northwest gales of the winter. These, aided by the swift current of the flood tide, have heaped a remarkable level, curved line of cobbles for three and a half miles across the shallow bottom of the bay. Behind this natural breakwater lies Advocate Harbor. An entrance through this barrier is guarded by a red light at night, and at all times by dangerous and ever-shifting bars of sand. No stranger, except in direst need and at high water, should ever attempt to enter. A pilot can usually be gotten by signalling to the light.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



THE GOLDEN CAPE.

Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

(Continued from page 264.)

Four-stroke engines are built with either open or closed crank cases. The open construction just at present is receiving more attention from marine designers than ever before. Even at the New York automobile show an automobile was exhibited with an open crank case engine. While not espousing the cause of either type of construction, both of which seem to have good points and advantageous features, it seems to be possible to decrease the weight per horsepower by using open skeleton construction, similar to the usual marine steam engine. This in a measure precludes the use of "splash" lubrication for pistons, as well as cam shaft, crank pin and crank shaft bearings, and necessitates the more practical method of positive feed to each one separately, from a main reservoir. Splash plates on the other hand do not so effectually protect the boat and occupants from grease and oil, but there is one strong point in favor of open construction, frequently lost sight of, which should be mentioned. In case of leaks of hot gases past the rings, there is a certain amount of heat continually entering the crank case. If this is inclosed there is a tendency to overheat the bearings, burn the oil, and, by preventing proper lubrication, there results a rapid wear of the bushings, and the life of the engine is materially lessened. If the crank case were open, such a condition would be noticed, the connections and bearings could be readily inspected and any wear could be taken up before any great amount of damage was done. Personally I like the open construction, but the inclosed crank case is a much cleaner one, and if employed should have large easily removable plates or panels that the parts inclosed may be readily inspected.

Crank shafts are expensive to machine, more so with multiple than single cylinder engines. Material should be selected for its toughness as well as strength, and for this purpose in the higher grade engines nickel steel is frequently used, although a good quality of open hearth process machine steel gives good results. Drop forgings are used to a large extent on cheaper engines, and in some cases even steel castings. If the last two are employed, there is no excuse for using shafts of such small diameter as could safely be employed when using nickel or machine steel forgings. The extra expense incidental to case hardening and grinding crank shafts, seems hardly necessary, although some manufacturers advertise it extensively.

In the crank shaft design, there are several important things frequently lost sight of, that are of essential value if the best results are to be obtained. Absence of good round "fillits" is inexcusable, for it means in all cases a weakening of the crank shaft itself fully 50 per cent. The weakest part of a crank shaft is the crank pin, and steam engine practice, both here and abroad, decrees that the diameter of the crank pin should be larger than the main bearings. There is no disputing this point, and when a crank shaft is found with the crank pin the same size or smaller, the natural inference is that either the crank pin is too small diameter or the crank shaft itself is too large.

The flywheel of a gasolene engine frequently gets loose with a disagreeable "pound" as a result. In some engines the flywheel is bored straight with a key, and in others a taper fit, key and nut is the method employed. No matter which is decided upon, the machining and fitting should be absolutely perfect. The key should fit top and bottom as well as at the sides. The taper is rather more expensive than the straight fit, but when properly made is a good job.

Connecting rods in marine gasolene engines usually vary in design with every individual make. The materials from which they are made are bronze, cast steel, or machine steel drop forged or machined from a solid block. In proportions it is customary to make them twice the length of the stroke, but occasionally they are found longer than this and more frequently shorter.

In four-stroke engines a longer rod will give better efficiency and reduce the wear on the side of the cylinder from the thrust during the power stroke. In two-stroke engines, lengthening the connecting rod increases the clearance in the crank case at the expense of the crank case compression, with a tendency to loss of efficiency.

If the engine is designed with the cylinder bore the same as the stroke, the connecting rod is twice the stroke and the wrist pin is located well toward the upper end of the piston, the engine can be constructed to take up a minimum height, but if the stroke and bore are in the proportion say five to four, with a connecting rod even but twice the stroke, the engine becomes pretty tall and there is more vibration than would occur if the stroke were shorter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Queries on Marine Motors.

B. J. G., Milwaukee, Wis.—What rule do you use in figuring horsepower?

PLAN

Ans.—In four-stroke engines the formula $\frac{PLAN}{33,000}$ may

be used, provided the engine is fairly well designed and machined.

Let P = mean effective pressure.

L = length of stroke in feet.

A = area of piston.

N = total number of explosions each minute.

P can usually be figured at 67 pounds.

A two-stroke engine of the same number of cylinders, bore and stroke should show 33 1/3 per cent. more horsepower than a four-stroke.

The rule for figuring horsepower as adopted by the American Power Boat Association gives slightly lower results than the above rule. They multiply the area of the cylinder by the number of cylinders, that by the length of stroke in feet, that by the number of revolutions, dividing the product by 1,000 for four-stroke and 750 for two-stroke.

Boston Letter.

British Letter.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

RULES GOVERNING MONOTYPE 30-FOOTERS.—When racing as one-design boats, the monotype 30-footers of the New York Y. C. will sail under special rules gotten up by the committee having this class in charge. The committee is composed of Messrs. Newberry D. Lawton, Addison G. Hanan and W. Butler Duncan, Jr. The rules follow:

Outfit.—Everything delivered with the boat, as per specifications, shall be on board in every race, except one anchor and cable, which need not be carried; articles lost shall be replaced.

Crew.—The crew shall not exceed five men, two of whom may be paid hands; the helmsman shall be an amateur.

Hauling Out.—Boats shall not be hauled out or put on the beach more than once in two weeks, and when hauled out shall not remain out more than forty-eight hours. In case of an accident the committee may waive this rule.

Sails.—Not more than two suits of sails shall be used when racing in any one season on any boat. In case of an accident to a sail the committee may waive this rule.

A black band shall be painted around the mast at a point whose distance above the deck shall be determined by the designer, above which the jaws of the gaff shall not be hoisted.

The sail plan, ballast or spars shall not be altered in any way.

Pot-leading shall not be allowed.

Only solid spars shall be carried.

Each boat shall carry a special number above the reef points.

Spinnaker sheets shall not be carried forward of or around the forestay.

Questions arising under these rules shall be decided by the committee elected for the season by the owner, whose decision shall be final.

The several owners of the new one-design boats met at the New York Y. C. on Monday afternoon, April 3, and drew lots for them. Most of the boats will be sailed from Bristol to New York before May 1. It is said that a number of the owners will race their boats from Bristol to Larchmont. The names of the boats and their owners are as follows:

- Minx.....Howard Willets
Pintail.....August Belmont
Maid of Mendon.....W. D. Guthrie
Neola II.....G. M. Pynchon
Phryne.....H. L. Maxwell
Cara-Mia.....Stuyvesant Wainwright
Alera.....A. H. and J. W. Alker
Atair.....Cord Meyer
Linnet.....A. T. French
Nautilus.....A. G. Hanan
Adelaide II.....G. A. and Philip H. Adee
Anemone.....J. Murray Mitchell, Jr.
Tobasco.....H. F. Lippitt
Banzai.....N. D. Lawton
Ibis.....O'Donnel Iselin
Dahinda.....W. Butler Duncan, Jr.
Oricle.....Lyman Delano
Carlita.....Oliver Harriman



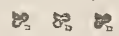
ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Y. R. A. OF L. I. S.—The annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was held at the Hotel Astor, New York city, on Friday evening, March 31. The following delegates were present: E. M. MacLellan, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Duncan Curry, Bayside Y. C.; H. H. Gordon, Huntington Y. C.; Charles F. Kirby, Frank Bowne Jones and Charles E. Simms, Indian Harbor Y. C.; Charles P. Tower and Charles T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C.; Ward Dickson, Hempstead Harbor Y. C.; Frederick A. Hill, Norwalk Y. C.; O. H. Chellborg and Harry Stephenson, Knickerbocker Y. C.; E. T. Birdsall, J. D. Sparkman, G. P. Granberry, New Rochelle Y. C.; H. A. Jackson, New York A. C.; R. C. Mitchell, Sachem's Head Y. C.; R. Myrick, Huguenot Y. C.; H. de B. Parsons, Clifford Bucknam, American Y. C.; F. G. Stewart, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

A number of amendments to the racing rules were passed, and the officers for the coming year were elected. They are as follows:

President, Oliver E. Cromwell, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.; Secretary, Charles P. Tower, Riverside Y. C.; Treasurer, Edward M. MacLellan, Manhasset Bay Y. C. Executive Committee—H. de B. Parsons, American Y. C.; H. W. Hanan, Indian Harbor Y. C.; G. P. Granberry, New Rochelle Y. C., and Frederick A. Hill, Norwalk Y. C.

The racing will commence on May 27 this year and wind up on September 23. The complete racing schedule is as follows:

- May 27, Saturday.—New Rochelle spring.
May 30, Tuesday.—Harlem annual, Bridgeport spring and Indian Harbor special.
June 3, Saturday.—Knickerbocker annual.
June 10, Saturday.—Manhasset Bay annual.
June 17.—Larchmont spring and New York Athletic Club cruising race to Block Island.
June 24.—Seawanhaka annual.
July 1, Saturday.—New Rochelle annual.
July 3, Monday.—American annual.
July 4, Tuesday.—Hartford annual and Larchmont annual.
July 8, Saturday.—Riverside annual.
July 15, Saturday.—Larchmont race week.
July 22, Saturday.—Hartford special.
July 29, Saturday.—Indian Harbor annual.
Aug. 5, Saturday.—Huntington annual, Shelter Island annual and American midsummer.
Aug. 12, Saturday.—Horseshoe Harbor annual and Bridgeport annual.
Aug. 19, Saturday.—Huguenot annual, Northport annual and Hartford special.
Aug. 26.—Hempstead Harbor annual.
Sept. 2, Saturday.—Indian Harbor fall, Larchmont special and Hartford special.
Sept. 4, Monday.—Norwalk annual, Sachem's Head annual and Larchmont fall.
Sept. 9, Saturday.—Larchmont fall and Manhasset Bay fall.
Sept. 16, Saturday.—Seawanhaka Corinthian fall.
Sept. 23, Saturday.—American fall.



DEATH OF ERNEST V. PARDESSUS.—Ernest V. Pardessus, yachting editor of the Brooklyn Times, died at Ormond, Florida, on March 28. He was fifty-four years old, and is survived by a wife. Mr. Pardessus was well known as a writer of yachting matters, and was very familiar with boating on Gravesend and Jamaica Bays, having sailed in those waters for many years past. He was the secretary of the Jamaica Bay Yacht Racing Association, and a member of the Bergen Beach and Belle Harbor Y. C.'s.



BELLE HARBOR Y. C. BUYS LAND.—The Belle Harbor Y. C. has purchased a piece of property having water front on Jamaica Bay. The lot covers the entire block between Pelham and Oriental avenues and fronts 220ft. on the water and runs back 300ft. A club house will soon be erected and a bulkhead will be built along the shore.

EFFORTS TO ENCOURAGE RACING AT HOME.—The matches arranged by the Royal London Y. C. and the Clyde clubs, from Cowes to the Clyde and from the Clyde back to Cowes, as an encouragement for British yachts to visit the Clyde during the "Fortnight," have aroused a good deal of comment in Germany. This was indeed inevitable, seeing that the races were got up expressly as a counter attraction to the Dover-Heligoland races and the Kiel week, which have been the means of drawing away so many of our biggest and best yachts to the Baltic as to seriously interfere with our home regattas. It is, however, surely too much to expect that British yachtsmen are to continue indefinitely to swell the fleet in German waters while the home races are in a state of semi-collapse owing to their absence. Healthy rivalry is a good thing, and much sport has been derived from the racing at Kiel and the consequent intermingling of British and foreign yachts, nor is it at all likely that Englishmen will cease to enter their vessels for German regattas. All that is desired here is to put the curb on the wholesale exodus which takes place from Dover every year of our largest and best handicap boats with the start of the German Emperor's Cup race to Heligoland. As the big handicap class has for some years been the backbone of our racing consequent upon the disappearance of the first class raters and 65-footers, it may easily be understood what a gap their withdrawal to foreign ports makes in the racing programmes of the Scottish and Irish clubs, whose regattas have been for many years fixed for the same period, and it was high time that something was done to save these important fixtures from absolute insignificance. There is nothing unfriendly to Germany in such a move; it is only the rivalry that springs from foreign competition, and there is nothing compulsory about it. British yachtsmen are perfectly free to attend which ever regattas they may prefer, but it is hoped for their own sakes that the spirit of patriotism will induce some of them, at any rate, to forego the pleasures of Kiel, where the racing will not be seriously affected by their absence, and give that support to their own regattas, the lack of which of late years has been only too glaringly apparent.

REVIVING THE 52FT. CLASS.—There is also some talk of getting up a race for the ex-52ft. class from the Solent to the Clyde at the same time, and to this end Mr. G. Moir, owner of the ex-52ft. Dragon, has been in communication with the Royal London Y. C., with a view to finding out whether the owners of the ex-52-footers would be willing to race during the Clyde Fortnight if matches were arranged for them. The matter has not been decided yet, but there is little doubt that it will fall through, and a race from the Solent to the Clyde ought to prove attractive enough to make it a certainty.

THE 36FT. CLASS ON THE SOLENT.—There is some question of reviving the 36ft. class on the Solent this season. Mr. Leckie, owner of the Fairlie-built Falcon, which had such a tough series of matches with the Mylne cutter Barabel on the Clyde last season, has offered to bring Falcon round to the Solent and race her there if he can be sure of open races. Nyama is for sale, and the new Payne boat, Edie II., will be out. Should Nyama find a purchaser, the nucleus of a class would be formed, and if Barabel were to come south as well as Falcon, there would be some first-class sport. The 36ft. class, which was one of the leading features on the Solent for many years, was ousted by the South Coast one-design class, but there is plenty of room for the raters which would be welcomed back again and well catered for by the clubs in the district.

THE RACING AT PLYMOUTH.—The regattas at Plymouth have this year been fixed for the end of July. For some years past the regular racing season wound up at Plymouth the first week in September, but so little success has attended the week's racing, owing to the lateness of the season, that it has been decided to try the effect of a shift of date. Whether the change will be beneficial is at least open to doubt, as it is too close to Cowes week for one thing, while for another the yachts visiting the Clyde will have races back from Scotland to the Solent which will prevent them calling at Plymouth. It is a great pity for Plymouth Sound, and the vicinity is a fine place for yacht racing, but for many years past the West of England has been somewhat under a cloud as regards the regular racing fleet, which seems to fight shy of going further west than Weymouth.

THE LARGEST VESSEL OF THE YEAR.—Messrs. Camper & Nicholson have just launched a schooner of 103 tons for Mr. F. Milburn. Norlanda, which is the vessel's name, is the only yacht of over 100 tons built this year, and is from designs by Mr. C. E. Nicholson. Two fine boats will be absent from the big handicap class this season. Bona is not fitting out, nor is Mr. Harcastle's cutter Merrymaid. But there is still a goodly class left if all the others turn out.

E. H. KELLY.

FAST RUN FROM BOSTON, MASS., TO WHITESTONE, L. I., IN SAILING YACHT.—Captain Edward Norton has sent the following brief account of the run of Valhalla II. from Boston, Mass., to Whitestone, L. I., last fall: "August 29, 1 P. M.—Left South Boston flats with very light northerly breeze. At 6:30 Minot's Light bore south. Strong breeze sprang up from N.N.E., and at 11:30 P. M. Highland Light bore west. August 30—At 4:15 A. M. passed Pollock Rips, and at 6 A. M. Cross Rip Lightvessel was right abeam. Wind due east and heavy, mainsail double reefed. Abreast of Holmes' Hole at 8:30 A. M., and at noon Vineyard Sound Lightship was just abeam. Off Point Judith at 6 P. M., wind light and all sail set. August 31—Abreast of Saybrook, Conn., at 8 A. M., and at 6 P. M. becalmed off Black Rock. A light breeze from the S.S.E. sprang up at 6 P. M. September 1—At 4 A. M. off Sand's Point, and anchored off Whitestone at 7 A. M. Time from Minot's Light to Whitestone, 61 hours." Valhalla II, was designed by Mr. Jefferson Borden and built by Messrs. Read Brothers at Fall River in 1892. She was 53.6ft. over all, 37ft. waterline, 13.5ft. breadth, and 5.5ft. draft. When launched she was called Mabel F. Swift, and afterward renamed Sistae II. She was a centerboard boat when sold last year, but was converted into an auxiliary before she was taken south, where she was destroyed by fire.

Y. R. A. OF M. MATTERS.—At a special meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, held at the Boston Y. C. last Wednesday evening, several matters of importance were discussed. Probably the most discussion was on the question of whether or not the races in Duxbury Bay should count for Association percentage for the 22-footers. At the annual meeting of the Association it was voted that such races should not count for percentage in the 22ft. class, and at the special meeting it was proposed to rescind the vote taken at the annual meeting. The new 22-footers for this year are all keel boats, with the possible exception of one, which is practically a keel boat, but has a very small centerboard housing inside the keel. Not only are the boats of the keel type, but they also draw more water than any of the keel 22-footers that have heretofore been built. It has been stated that some of the 22-footers found bottom in Duxbury Bay last year, and so the proposal to exclude such races from the percentage tables was made to give all an equal chance in the season's percentages. Naturally the keel boat men were not in favor of the proposal to rescind the original measure regarding Duxbury Bay races, while Duxbury Bay men did not think it quite just to single out Duxbury when there are other places where shoal water may be found and where Y. R. A. races are scheduled. Commodore C. C. Clapp, of the Duxbury Y. C., replying to a statement of Mr. H. H. White that Medic ran aground in the Bay, stated that Medic was in a channel with 20ft. of water under her, and that she was simply caught in a tide swirl. Mr. White answered this assertion by stating that Medic might have been caught in a tide swirl, and that there might have been 20ft. of water under her, but she was pushed off with a 7ft. oar. That there are times when Duxbury Bay is particularly noted for absence of water is well known, but there are ways of getting around this difficulty. Several seasons ago, when the 25-footers made the same objection to racing in Duxbury Bay, the members of the Duxbury Y. C. stated that if they wanted water they would be given a race outside of the Gurnets, where they could have the whole of Massachusetts Bay to race in, and there is no doubt that some such arrangement can be made for the deep draft 22-footers. The matter of shoal water was settled at the meeting by voting that the Executive Committee may throw out any race for percentage in which it is considered that there was not sufficient depth of water.

It was also proposed to cut out that part of a rule made at the annual meeting which stated that "Any yacht that has crossed the starting line after the preparatory gun is fired shall be considered to have started." The proposal to throw this out was not accepted, and so the rule will provide as quoted above. The rule was brought up originally on account of misunderstandings between yacht owners and regatta committees, where owners declared that they had never started in a race and the committees maintained that they did. The rule will be of benefit in keeping yachts away from the starting line after the preparatory signal has been given and interfering with other yachts when they do not intend to compete themselves.

A new class was adopted, to be known as class X, yachts conforming to the limitations of the Massachusetts Racing Dory Association. There are a number of boats that conform to the limits of this class, especially in the North Shore clubs, and very good racing is enjoyed among them. With the addition of this class and also the new class formed to preserve the Cape cat type, there will be plenty of extra work for regatta committees during the coming season.

STEAM YACHT FOR MR. W. H. AMES.—Messrs. Swasey, Raymond and Page have received an order for a steam yacht for Mr. William H. Ames, of Boston. This boat will be built at Lawley's. She will be of steel construction, having twin screws and will closely resemble in outline the steam yacht Visitor, which was designed by the same firm last season. She will be 121ft. 9in. over all, 117ft. waterline, 14ft. 6in. breadth and 4ft. 6in. draft. She will have engines of 800 horsepower estimated to give a speed of about 20 miles an hour. The same designers also have an order for a high speed launch for Edwin Brown, of Boston. This boat will be 47ft. over all, 40ft. waterline, and 7ft. breadth. She will have a special automobile engine of 100 horsepower. The 60ft. cruising launch designed for Mr. Alanson Bigelow, Jr., and building at the yard of the O. Sheldon Company, Neponset, is ready for her engine.

ELMINA II. TO BE LAUNCHED APRIL 18.—The schooner Elmina II., designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris, and building at the Lawley yard, will be launched on April 18 in the morning. The hull has been painted outside, but there is considerable deck and inside work to be finished yet. Much of this will be done after she has taken the water. Two 50 horsepower Standard motors have arrived for the Hanson 87ft. gasoline yacht Elkhorn, and will be installed at once. This yacht will be ready for her trial trip when she is launched. The Canada's Cup defender designed by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff for a Rochester syndicate is in the finishing stages. A 22-footer designed by Mr. Fred. D. Lawley for Mr. Charles D. Lanning, is planked. She is a slick looking craft, and is thought well of by those who have seen her. The frames are being gotten out for the 95ft. schooner for Mr. Roy A. Rainey.

LAUNCHING OF PROSIT.—Mr. John B. Schoeffel, of the Tremont Theater, has issued invitations for the launching of his 60ft. twin screw gasoline yacht Prosit at the yard of the O. Sheldon Company, at Neponset, on Tuesday, May 23, at noon. Prosit is a cruising boat of considerable body and having good accommodations. She will be propelled by two 35 horsepower Globe engines.

JOHN B. KILLEN.

WOMAN DESIGNS LARGE YACHT.—It is not often we find the fair sex joining in the ranks of yacht architects, and their number can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The latest recruit is Miss Windsor, of Lynstead, Teignmouth, who has prepared throughout the design of a yawl of 85 tons, builders' measurement. The yacht is being built at Galmpton by the Galmpton Shipbuilding Company. She will be classed A1 at Lloyd's, and is to be ready for the coming season.—Yachting World.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

DESIGN WINNING THIRD PRIZE SUBMITTED BY A. C. MAIR.

For a 60-Foot Cruising Launch.

In this launch the author has endeavored to produce a design combining as many good qualities as possible. She would be an excellent sea boat, and could be driven as long as one could stay on her decks. The weights are all low, and she would roll but little, and would make as high as fourteen miles under power. The cabin accommodations are ample for four people, the engine room for a crew of three having gas pipe berths on each side of engine, and though we realize the disadvantage of the break in the head room, caused by the bridge deck, still we think its advantages offset them. It makes it possible for the helmsman to stay on the bridge in all weathers, where he has a clear view of the entire horizon—an act almost impossible on the average boat of this size, where the bridge is elevated above the main deck, and the boat rolling to any extent. Besides, the deck beams amidships add greatly to the structural strength.

The head room beneath is nearly 5ft., and the door in the after end of main cabin making a clear passage fore and aft, with the advantage of keeping the main saloon entirely separate from the machinery space, excludes all odors of burnt gases, engine oil, etc.—an advantage not to be despised if one has ever cruised in stormy weather shut up with a gasolene engine.

The engine room has excellent ventilation, having a companionway fore and aft, making a perfect circulation of air at all times.

As drawn, there is an enclosed cockpit, though the deck could be carried out with brass rail, if desired; but a cockpit gives a feeling of security in the unsteady motion of a power boat.

The cabin arrangement gives excellent accommodation for four people for any length of time. The state room, if called for, to the exclusive use of the ladies.

The toilet is between and accessible from both rooms. There are plenty of lockers and drawers for all needs. The head room is ample, being 6ft. 4in. The drawers under berths in state room are hung on a pivot on forward outside corner, swinging out at an angle.

In the design we have installed a 40 horsepower Standard engine, though any other make could be used to suit individual tastes.

The tanks are under the bridge deck on each side, keeping all weights as near amidships as possible.

Davits can be carried on each side of either the forward or after trunks; also a brass rail fore and aft.

The following are her dimensions:

Length—	Over all	60ft.	1½in.
	Waterline	52ft.	6in.
Overhang—	Forward	3ft.	6in.
	Aft	3ft.	1½in.
Breadth—	Extreme	10ft.	6 in.
	Waterline	9ft.	2 in.
Freeboard—	Bow	4ft.	9 in.
	Stern	3ft.	3 in.
	Least	3ft.	
Draft—	To rabbet	2ft.	4 in.
	Extreme	3ft.	10 in.
Displacement			34,400 lbs.

Weights.

	Pounds.
Keel	898
Stem	147
Sternpost	130
Deadwood and shaft log	739
Frames	2,152
Floors	652
Keelson	320
Engine keelson	951
Clamps	480
Bilge stringers	157
Breast hooks and knees	77
Deck beams	718
Planking	2,665
Deck planking	729
Cockpit floor, sides, etc.	332
Forward cabin house	684
After cabin house	639
Two gasolene tanks filled and fittings	4,106
Water tanks filled and fittings	1,800
Engine, shaft and propeller	3,822
Rudder and shoe	197
Air tank, muffler, pump, piping & engine fittings	510
Deck fittings, brass rail around entire deck, awnings, steering wheel, side steps, capstan, etc.	913
Boat and davits, etc.	320
Interior floor and ceiling	991
Two w. c. basins and pump	198
Interior cabinet work, doors, partitions, bulkheads, etc.	1,000
Furnishings, fittings and stores	1,000
Anchors and chains	1,400
Stores	40
Fastenings (copper), except for deck houses and interior cabinet work	525
Paint, putty, varnish and caulking	167
Ballast	4,000
Crew and guests	1,000
Total weight	34,459
Calculated displacement	34,400

DETROIT C. C.'S LONG DISTANCE RACE.—The Country Club of Detroit has decided to hold a long distance yacht race from Pt. Huron to Mackinac, leaving Pt. Huron Saturday, July 29. This should bring the finish at Mackinac about the same time as the finish of the Chicago-Mackinac races, and a lively reunion is anticipated.

LAKE MICHIGAN Y. A.—Early in March the Committee on Joint Regatta of the Chicago Y. C.'s met at the Chicago Athletic Association. President Soule, of the Lake Michigan Y. A., presided, and the others present were: Commodore Price, of Columbia Y. C.; Commodore Wilbur, Chicago Y. C.; Commodore Bliss, Jackson Park Y. C.; Messrs. Brunnick, Bassett and Scates, of L. M. Y. A. Executive Committee.

It was decided that a joint regatta of the Chicago Y. C.'s would be held on July 4, 1905, morning and afternoon, under the rules of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association; all other clubs on Lake Michigan to be invited to participate; races for special classes are to be arranged.

Commodore Wilbur and President Soule were appointed a committee on guest and judges' boats.

Each commodore to select one judge; the three judges to have control of the races from the time preparatory gun is fired.

The three commodores were appointed a committee on prizes.

The morning races to be for all the regular classes under L. M. Y. A. rules; all special class boats to be barred from racing in regular classes. Also a special race to include all boats that are now, or ever have been, eligible to race in the 21ft. cabin class of the L. M. Y. A., under present or any previous rules; this race to be sailed under regular L. M. Y. A. measurement and time allowance, and to be counted as a race for the Webb Cup of the Columbia Y. C.

The afternoon races to be for the special 21ft. cabin and 18ft. classes of the L. M. Y. A., the special 18ft. class of the Chicago Y. C., and any other special class that may be arranged for; eligibility of a boat for other than L. M. Y. A. classes to be determined under the rules governing its class; in all other respects special races to be sailed under L. M. Y. A. rules.

YALE CORINTHIAN RACING SCHEDULE.—Arrangements have been completed by the Race Committee of the Yale Corinthian Y. C. for the coming season's racing. The schedule is as follows:

- April 8—First race for Officers' Cup.
- April 12—First race for Special Cup.
- April 15—Second race for the Officers' Cup.
- April 29—Third race for the Officers' Cup.
- May 3—Second race for Special Cup.
- May 6—Fourth race for the Officers' Cup.
- May 10—Third race for Special Cup.
- May 13—First race for the Graduates' Cup.
- May 17—Fourth race for Special Cup.
- May 20—Second race for the Graduates' Cup.
- May 24—Fifth race for Special Cup.
- May 27—Third race for the Graduates' Cup.
- May 30—Decoration Day regatta.
- May 31—Sixth race for Special Cup.
- June 7—Seventh race for Special Cup.
- June 10—Fourth race for the Graduates' Cup.
- June 14—Eighth race for Special Cup.
- June 17—Special race for Commodore's Cup.
- June 27—Dual regatta with Harvard Y. C., at New London, Conn.

STEAM YACHT ORIENTA SOLD.—The steam yacht Orienta has been sold by Mr. Geo. R. Sheldon, receiver of the U. S. Shipbuilding Company, to the Abe Stein Company, of this city, acting for South American interests, through the office of Stanley M. Seaman. Orienta was designed and built in 1901 by Lewis Nixon's Shipyard, Elizabethport, N. J., for Mr. E. R. Ladew, New York Y. C., but was not accepted by reason of failing in speed requirement. She is of the torpedo boat type, 105ft. over all, 12ft. breadth, 5ft. draft, flush deck, steel construction throughout. Owner's quarters aft consist of three staterooms, saloon and two bathrooms. She is fitted with a "Moshier" water-tube boiler, triple expansion, three cylinder engine, 700 horsepower, built entirely of nickel steel, hollow forgings from Government specifications, similar to those used in the U. S. torpedo boats. The engine room is supplied with the latest pumps, ash ejector, dynamo and storage batteries of the most approved type, also has a 2,000 candle-power searchlight. She is now fitting out at the Crescent Yard, Elizabethport, N. J., and will be ready for a trial trip within a few days preparatory to leaving for South America. The new owners expect a speed approaching 20 miles.

WILLIAM FIFE JR.'S NEW ORDERS.—Mr. Fife's more recent orders include the designing of a schooner of 110 tons which is to be built in India, the designing and building of a racing cutter for Spain, and the designing and building of a 22ft. cruising sloop for Mr. Robert Brown, of Warriston, Largs. The schooner is for Mr. Scovell, who took the cutter Godwit out to India. The boat is to be wholly built of teak, and, in this respect, she will be almost, if not altogether, unique. As to type, she is to be a fine seagoing cruiser, with great sheer and high freeboard. She will be nicely fitted internally, and as her cruising, to begin with, at any rate, is to be largely confined to warm climates, the greatest care has been taken in the designing of her to have her ventilating system as perfect as possible. In addition to having quite a goodly sized sail plan for a cruiser, she will be fitted with two powerful motors.—The Yachtsman.

RECENT SALES.—Messrs. Macconnell & Cook have made the following sales: Messrs. Ellison & Carstairs, of Philadelphia, have sold the steam yacht Albatross to a western yachtsman, and the vessel is to be delivered at Montreal as soon as possible. Messrs. George and Edward Yetter have sold the yawl Comet to Mr. Hampton Cutter, of Woodbridge, N. J.

INVINCIBLE PURCHASED BY C. T. BARNEY.—The schooner Invincible, ex-Intrepid, owned by Mr. Henry R. Wolcott, to Mr. Charles T. Barney. The transfer was made by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Invincible was designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb and built in 1893. She is a three-masted auxiliary schooner 162.5ft. over all, 132ft. waterline, 27ft. breadth and 13.5ft. draft.

GRETA AND ARROW CHARTERED.—Mr. C. L. F. Robinson, New York Y. C., has chartered the English steam yacht Greta from Sir William Agnew, of London. Mr. Robinson will join the yacht with his family on June 15 at Southampton, and she will then proceed to Kiel. Greta is 154ft. waterline and 22.8ft. breadth.

Mr. Edward F. Whitney has chartered the high speed steam yacht Arrow from Mr. Charles R. Flint.

Greta and Arrow were chartered through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

IMPROVING THE WELLAND CANAL.—Under date of January 12, 1905, United States Consul-General Holloway, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, reports that a quarter of a million dollars will be spent for improvements on the Welland Canal this winter. Several bridges are to be rebuilt, and the canal is to be lighted by electricity, lights being placed every 200 feet.

INDIAN HARBOR Y. C.'S FLEET CAPTAIN.—Commodore George Lauder, Jr., of the Indian Harbor Y. C., has appointed Mr. Frank Bowne Jones fleet captain. Mr. Jones has retired from the Regatta Committee after having served on that body as chairman for many years.

DEATH OF COL. FREDERICK DE FUNIAK.—Col. Frederick de Funiak, owner of the auxiliary yawl Foxie, died at his home in Louisville, Kentucky, on March 29, at the age of sixty-five years. He was a member of the New York, Southern and Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C.'s.

Canoeing

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW Life Members—No. 40. Frederic G. Mather, Albany, N. Y.; 41. Matthias Ohlmeyer, New York city. New Member Elected—489. Ratcliffe G. E. Hicks, Providence, R. I., Eastern Division. New members proposed, Atlantic Division—Edward K. Merrill, Philadelphia; Clifton Sparks, Bensonhurst, N. Y.; B. V. R. Speidel, New York city; J. A. Edgar, Julius Schmitz and Frank T. Wilson, all of Philadelphia. Central Division—E. T. Berry, Irving, N. Y.; Walter Blount, Evansville, Ind.; Wickham C. Taylor, Norfolk, Va.; H. A. Canfield, New York city. Eastern Division—Herman J. Bruns, Jr., Providence, R. I.

About May 1 the treasurer will remove to 164 Fairfield avenue, Stamford, Conn., which will be his future residence. He will transact no A. C. A. business between April 15 and June 1. FREDERIC G. MATHER, Treas.

APPLICATIONS for membership, Atlantic Division—G. H. Knowlson, New York city; Howard M. Landes, Philadelphia; Harry M. Lee, Trenton, N. J.; F. Raymond Piddock, Trenton, N. J.; Thomas B. Latham, New York city; Fred. V. McCabe, New York city; Raymond E. Rouse, New York city; Frank P. Jones, Jr., Delanco, N. J. Eastern Division—Ralph P. Plaisted, Bangor, Me.; Ernest L. Arnold, Providence, R. I.; Charles L. Weaver, Providence, R. I.; Homer A. Canfield, New York city; Chester G. Babcock, William M. Coon, William H. Crosby, Lester W. Elias, Charles O. L'Hommedieu, William Riehl, Walter C. Mullett, William J. P. Seipp, Henry B. Selkirk, W. Morse Wilson, Richard L. Ball (for Life Member), Buffalo, N. Y.; Guy W. Ellis, Rochester, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.

July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.

United States Revolver Association.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., March 30.—The United States Revolver Association has awarded the following medals during the past month:

To H. B. McCallum, Wilmington, Del., a bronze medal on the scores of 81, 81, 84, 81, 84, 81, 81, 85, 85, 85.

To E. N. Neal, Springfield, Mass., a bronze and silver medal on the scores of 86, 89, 86, 86, 85, 88, 89, 85, 86, 91.

To Miles Standish, Portland, Me., a bronze medal on the scores of 80, 80, 80, 80, 81, 81, 82, 83, 84, 82.

To G. L. Sanford, Springfield, Mass., a bronze medal on the scores of 80, 80, 81, 82, 82, 83, 83, 84, 84, 84. A bronze and silver medal on the scores of 85, 85, 86, 86, 87, 88, 89, 89, 94, 89.

To W. Milton Farrow, Washington, D. C., a bronze medal on the scores of 82, 82, 82, 83, 83, 83, 85, 85, 85. A bronze and silver medal on the scores of 85, 86, 87, 87, 89, 86, 86, 89.

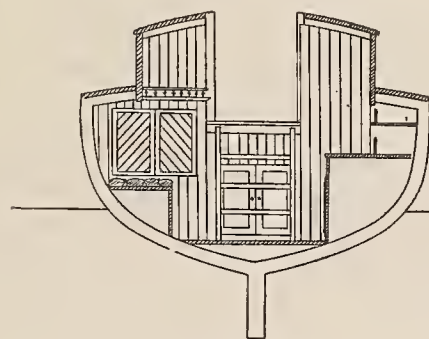
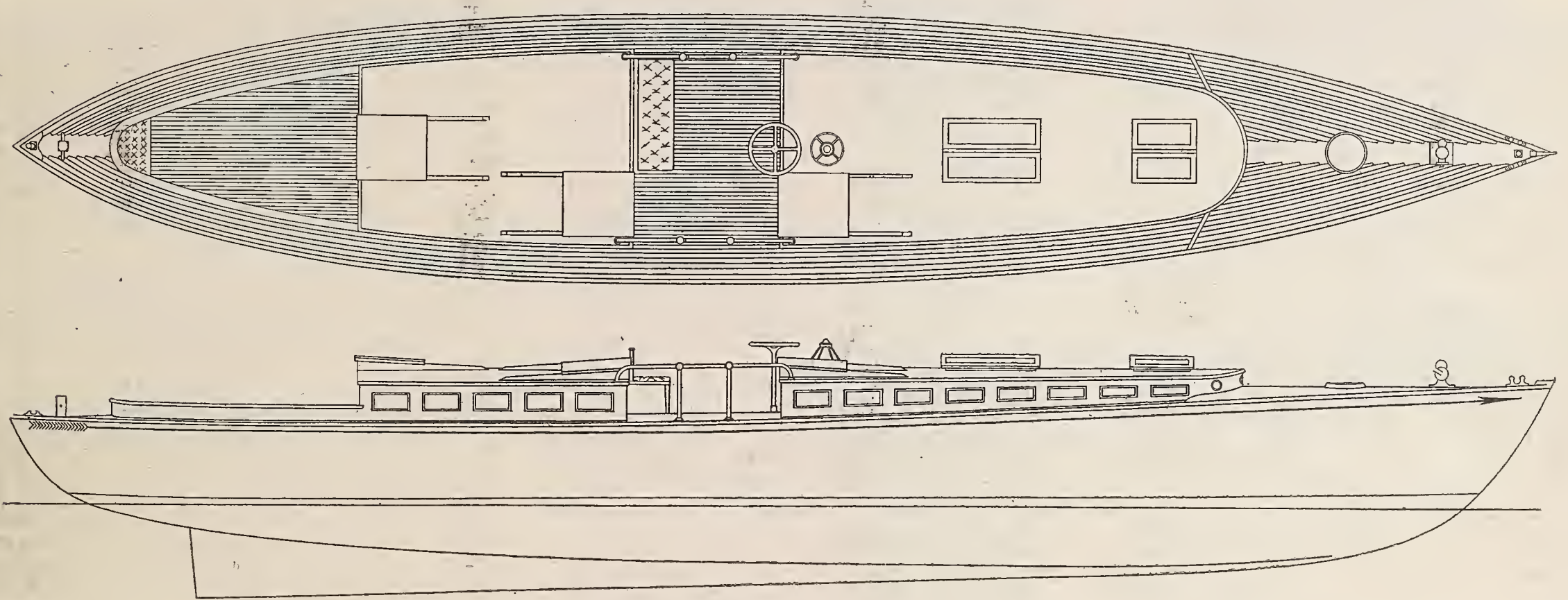
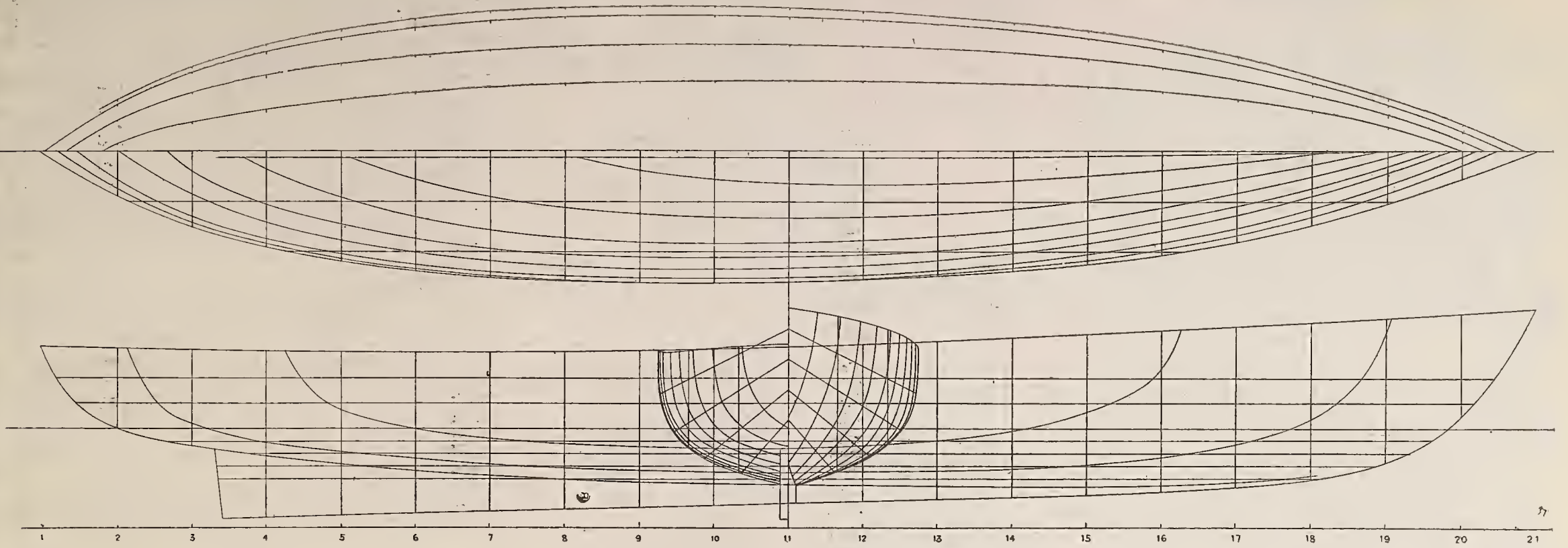
To Morris D. Stepp, M.D., Cleveland, O., a bronze medal on the scores of 80, 81, 81, 81, 81, 82, 83, 85, 84, 84.

To A. P. Proctor, New York city, a bronze and gold medal on the scores of 90, 90, 91, 91, 92, 92, 92, 93, 93. A silver and gold medal on the scores of 93, 93, 93, 93, 93, 93, 94, 94, 94. J. B. CRABTREE.

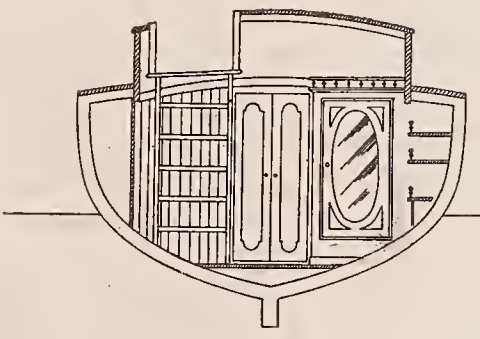
Seneca Gun Club.

THIS organization, composed of members of the West Side Y. M. C. A., of New York City, held its regular weekly shoot on the Zettler ranges the night of April 1, and each member present fired two ten-shot scores at 75ft. offhand on the 25-ring target. Two prizes were offered by S. Adler, and these were won by J. N. Wunz and F. A. Fall, first and second men respectively. The scores, out of the possible 500 points, were as follows:

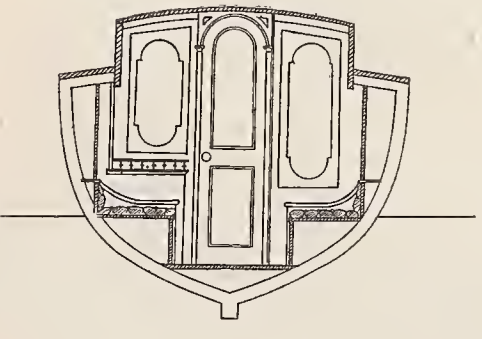
J. N. Wunz	466	A. Dick	407
F. A. Fall	461	F. H. Ryan	406
S. Nevins	449	C. G. Keller	404
"Buster" Brown	443	W. Allabough	387
J. Armstrong	432	Wm. M. Kingsley	381
F. Field	432	C. Sherwood	340
W. Kreiger	420	C. A. Simms	324
S. Adler	412	C. E. Winne	285



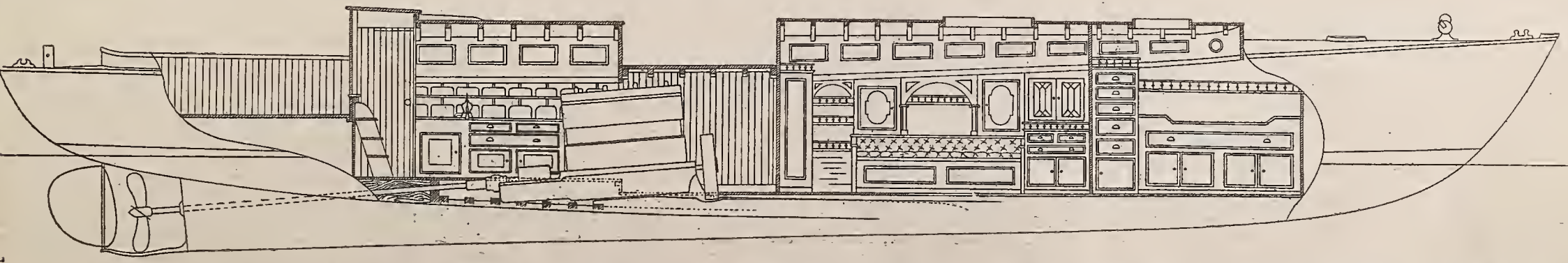
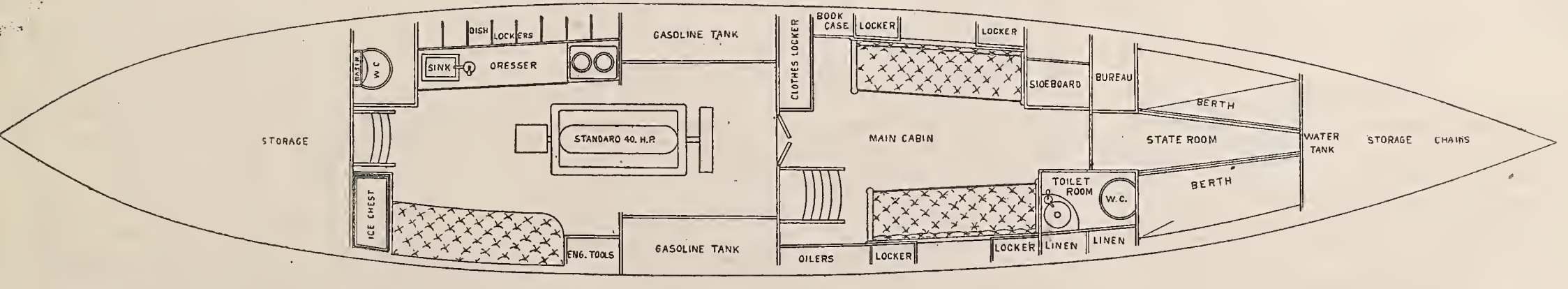
AFTER END OF ENGINE ROOM SECTION 6



AFTER END OF MAIN CABIN SECTION 11



FORWARD END OF MAIN CABIN SECTION 14 1/2



Providence Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Shooting matters are quiet here this week, and very few members recorded scores. Following is the week's record:

Revolver, 50yds., Standard American target: Win Almy 9 8 6 6 8 7 10 9 9 10—82

Revolver, 20yds., Standard: Arno Argus 79, 81; A. C. Hurlburt 77.

Rifle, 25 yds., German ring: Fred Collins, 219, 229, 227, 220.

Twenty-two caliber rifles, 50yds., Standard, 50 shots: F. A. Coggeshall 406, H. Powell 391, B. Norman 390.

The only excitement at the Thursday evening meeting was a team match among those present. A few members of the United Train of Artillery rifle team were at the armory loading ammunition, and the revolver men being indisposed to practice, it was suggested that sides be picked for a try with the .45 Springfield. This arm is used by the Train men in their series of indoor matches against the Bristol team. The load used was the old 210-grain bullet and antiquated black powder charge of 7 grains.

The results, as follows, were rather an agreeable surprise to the revolver shooters, and shows that old-fashioned methods are still good, even in the hands of out-of-practice shooters:

Four-man team match, .45 Springfield rifle, Standard target, 5 shots per man, 25yds. range:

No. 1 Team—Sergt. Bullard 32, Capt. Machon 32, Sergt. McAvoy 30, M. A. Brown 22; total 116.

No. 2 Team—Lieut. Keyes 39, Arno Argus 44, A. C. Hurlburt 44, Maj. Eddy 37; total 164.

Team No. 2 led by 48 points. Rifle practice, 25yds., on German Ring target:

W B Gardiner 224 230 231 231 233—1154 L A Jordan 236 236 225 222 219—1138

About the Remington Revolver.

HOQUIAM, Wash., March 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: About the old-fashioned powder and cap revolvers discharging several loads at once, which has been written of, I think I can shed some light on the cause, and I will also state what I did to remedy it. The fact that what I did provided a complete cure for such conduct proved to me that my theory was correct. I concluded that the other chambers were discharged by taking fire past the bullet, or else from the use of a poorly fitting cap, for caps are made in several different sizes, and it is all important in case of the revolver that the cap should fit just right, and that the bullet should fit just right; and the just right for the bullet is to have it a hundredth part of an inch larger than the bore of the chamber in the cylinder, so that in seating the bullet it would be resized; and with the leverage that there is on the ramrod, they can be seated without any trouble; and that left the bullet in shape, so it had a great deal better bearing on the rifling, and so would admit of a heavier charge of powder being used without the bullet jumping the rifling. After I had the mould enlarged for the one that I was experimenting with, and also got a different size of cap from what the person had been using that I got the revolver from, I used to load 40grs. coarse powder. The reason for using coarse powder was to prevent it from filling the tube, and that practice was best with all muzzleloading arms, for it greatly reduced the chance of a misfire from powder in the tube becoming damp. I probably fired the revolver a thousand times after I made these changes, and it never went wrong. The person that sold it to me did so because it was good for nothing as he was using it. After I had the cylinder loaded, I would pour melted tallow in the chamber until the bullet was covered, and it sometimes was left loaded for three months, but I never got a misfire from it. W. A. LINKLETTER.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE regular club shoot was held the night of March 28 at headquarters in West Twenty-third street with a fair attendance of members. Interest is being awakened among the members by the near approach of the outdoor club shooting, and but a few more gallery shoots will be held, this series closing in a short time. Richard Gute was high man for the best five-score total, 1230, but high man for the evening was Louis Buss, whose total for 100 shots was 2443. The scores at 75ft., offhand, with .22 caliber rifles, follow:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Louis C. Buss 241 247 241 244 245 242 246 247 245 245—2443. Geo Schlicht 242 243 240 244 243 243 239 244 239 239—2416. O Smeith 238 242 244 247 244 241 243 240 240 245—2414. August Begeow 236 230 242 238 238 240 231 240 229 237—2361. T H Keller, Jr. 233 227 236 237 233 235 234 235 238 238—2346. H Fenwirth 236 227 216 233 232 226 240 233 225 234—2302. F J Herpers 231 230 224 222 227 233 229 238 233 228—2295.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Five shot score: Richard Gute 243 248 245 246 248—1230. L P Hansen 247 246 241 243 236—1213. Clas Zettler, Jr. 240 238 241 240 243—1202. C G Zettler 235 242 244 237 244—1202. Louis Maurer 243 237 238 230 233—1181. H C Zettler 237 234 227 232 245—1175. Barney Zettler 232 236 233 237 236—1174. G J Bernius 229 228 221 231 233—1137.

Italian Rifle Club.

NEARLY 100 members and their friends were in attendance at the regular shoot of this club, held on the Zettler ranges, the night of March 30. The competition, which was for merchandise prizes, was hotly contested by twenty-four of the members, and Mr. Bianchi won with the narrow margin of one point over Minervini and Selvaggi, who tied on totals. The distance shot was 75ft., with .22 caliber rifles, and the scores were three shots each, the best two shot during the evening to count. The results follow, the possible being 150 points:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Bianchi 74 75—149. DeStefano 68 73—141. Minervini 74 74—148. Ciancimono 69 69—138. Muzio 73 74—147. Marzorat 70 67—137. Selvaggi 74 74—148. Gatto 69 67—136. Reali 74 73—147. Brancorotto 69 66—135. Mandello 73 73—146. Martin 69 66—135. DeFelice 72 73—145. D'Agostino 67 67—134. Mastropalo 74 70—144. Lampagnano 69 63—132. Alfiero 72 71—143. Canfori 67 63—130. Avignone 72 71—143. Personini 59 69—128. Rossotti 71 71—142. Magliore 66 41—107. G T Conti 72 70—142. Longo 67 40—107.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, March 26. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Roberts was declared champion for the day with the good score of 231. This creates a new record for him, his former being 224. Our semi-annual 100-shot championship match

was held to-day, and Nestler carried off the honors by his steady shooting with a total of 2155 points. Payne was high on the honor with 69 points. The scores: Nestler 231 230 219 218 217 213 212 211 210 204—2155. Payne 231 230 223 217 215 213 209 207 205 194—2142. Roberts 231 224 213 211 211 209 208 206 204 200—2117. Hofer 225 216 207 206 202 201 199 196 196 181—2029. Hasenzahl 219 216 214 212 205 204. Hoffman 219 212 206 205 202. Bruns 207 195 190 187. Freitag 200 197 194 194 194 190 179 175.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- April 5-6.—Augusta, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club. Chas. C. Needham, Sec'y. April 8.—Richmond Valley, S. I.—Ninth all-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club; on grounds of Aquehonga-Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr. April 12-13.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League; on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club. H. J. Stidman, Sec'y. April 15.—Long Island City, L. I.—Queens County Gun Club open tournament. R. H. Gosman, Sec'y. April 15.—Newark, N. J.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Forester Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr. April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament. April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y. April 19.—Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club Patriots' Day tournament. S. G. Miller, Sec'y. April 20.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club all-day shoot; live birds and targets. Wm. R. Fieles, Sec'y. April 21.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Recreation Rod and Gun Club first regular monthly shoot of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. E. F. Jacobs, Sec'y. April 22.—Easton, Pa.—Independent Gun Club second annual tournament. Jacob Pleiss, Cor. Sec'y. April 26-27.—Scottsdale, Pa., Gun Club shoot. April 26-27.—Hopkinsville, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hopkinsville Gun Club. A. F. Gant, Sec'y. April 27.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot on grounds of Freeport, L. I. Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr. May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenslager, Sec'y. May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament. May 3.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City Gun Club spring tournament—Indiana State League series. F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y. May 4-5.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club spring tournament. E. M. Storm, Sec'y. May 6.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Brooklyn, N. Y. Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr. May 8-9.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi Delta Trapshooters' League first tournament. May 9-10.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club second monthly shoot of Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. E. F. Jacobs, Sec'y. May 9-10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y. May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb. May 11-12.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Foord, Sec'y. May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. May 16-18.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament. May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association ninth annual meeting and tournament; \$600 added money and prizes. F. E. Mallory, Sec'y. May 17.—Boston, Mass., Gun Club annual invitation team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y. May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs. May 17-18.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club. James Lewis, Sec'y. May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (Incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 173 Mill street, Toronto. May 19-21.—St. Louis, Mo.—Rawlins first semi-annual tournament; two days targets, one day live birds. Alec. D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street. May 20-21.—Shakopee, Minn., Gun Club tournament. Mathias A. Deutsch, Sec'y. May 23-25.—Lincoln—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. May 24-25.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Catchpole Gun Club tournament. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y. May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec. May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Prago, Sec'y. May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y. May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's all-day target tournament; merchandise. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y. May 30.—Mullerite Gun Club all-day shoot on grounds of Point Pleasant, N. J., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr. May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club fourth annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshal, Sec'y. May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y. May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Analostan Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W. May 31.—June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. June 5-6.—New Paris, O.—Cedar Springs Gun Club tournament. J. F. Freeman, Sec'y. June 6-8.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament. June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament. June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt. June 3-4.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association amateur tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y. June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y. June 13-14.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. R. E. Dinger, Capt. June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot, James Brown, Sec'y. June 13-15.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament. June 15.—Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. June 20-21.—Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club tournament, Vernon L. Perry, Sec'y. June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. June 21-22.—Bradford, Pa., Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y. June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secy-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa. July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y. July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y. July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash. July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y. July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament. July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y. July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.

- Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y. Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y. Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y. Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y. Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; \$25 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y. Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y. Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr. Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y. Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Saturday of this week is one of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club's regular practice days.

The dates of the Rawlins shoot at St. Louis, Mo., has been changed to May 19-21.

The Mississippi Delta Trapshooters' League announces that its first tournament will be held on May 8-9 under the auspices of the Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club.

The Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, Ottawa, Can., is preparing the programme for their fifth annual tournament, Aug. 16-18.

The Shakopee Gun Club, of Shakopee, Minn., will hold their annual tournament on May 29 and 31. Each day average prizes. For programmes, inquire of the Secretary, Mathias A. Deutsch.

The Warwick, N. Y., Gun Club will hold their annual meeting on the evening of April 13. Several new names are proposed for membership. The activities and importance of the club are bright for the coming season.

Mr. J. W. Brown, Secretary, writes us that the programme of the New York State shoot, to be held under the auspices of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association, Utica, N. Y., June 13-16, will be ready for distribution at an early date.

At Gorgas Station, Pa., April 1, in the Philadelphia League of Trapshooters' Contests, Highland defeated Merchantville by a score of 162 to 150. Of the two 10-man teams, Mr. A. Ballantine, of the Highlands, was high man with a score of 21 out of 25.

The last shoot of the season of 1904-5, held by the Crescent Athletic Club, was most pleasantly terminated by a clambake, the conclusion of an unusually successful season of competition and good fellowship. Mr. Lowell M. Palmer won the March cup after a shoot-off with Mr. E. W. Snyder.

At the shoot of the Red Dragon Canoe Club, held at Wissinoming, Pa., on Saturday of last week, Mrs. Will K. Park, who a few years ago shot with expert skill under the shooting name of "Miskay," won the silver trophy, the prize in a 50 target handicap, unknown angles, under rather difficult conditions consequent to a strong wind. She scored 49.

Reports from Wilmington indicate that the spring tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, to be held on the grounds of the Wilmington Gun Club, is to be a success in every particular. The shooters are rallying. Accordingly every provision by the local talent is made for sport and good fellowship. Lovely spring weather. "Johnnie, get your gun." April 12-13.

The Christiana-Atglen Gun Club, of Atglen, Pa., have issued the programme of their all-day shoot, to be held on April 26. The target events number twelve—four at 10, four at 15 and two at 25 targets; entrance 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.75 respectively. There are three live-bird events, at 5, 7 and 10 birds, entrance \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. Birds, 20 cents. All moneys divided on the percentage system.

The annual three-day championship closed the trapshooting season at Pinehurst, N. C., last week. Wednesday was the last day. Mr. Allan Lard, of Washington, D. C., was the winner. He scored 109 out of 140, of which 50 were from a magautrap, 50 expert and 40 from the tower. Mr. L. E. Wardwell, of Camden, Me., scored 104 and won second; Mr. M. K. Waters, Lakewood, third, 97; Mr. C. A. Lockwood, New York, fourth, 95.

The Fast Day shoot of the Portland, Me., Gun Club, April 27, has ten events, each at 15 targets. Handicaps 16 to 20yds. High guns, \$7, \$5 and \$3. Lowest, \$1; second and third lowest, \$2 each. Shooting commences at 9:30 o'clock. Dinner served on grounds. Gun and shells shipped two days in advance to T. B. Davis Arms Co., express prepaid, will be delivered on grounds free of charge. Mr. Silas B. Adams is the Secretary.

Ten events of 20 targets each day constitute the programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Hopkinsville, Ky., Gun Club, April 26 and 27. April 25 is practice day. Free lunch served on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents. First day, Ross system, 5, 4, 3, 2; second day, class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10. Gold medal valued at \$25 to the amateur who makes highest average; \$5 to second amateur, and same to amateur making lowest average. Mr. A. S. Gant is the Secretary.

The Queens County Gun Club has issued the programme of its opening shoot, to be held at Long Island City, L. I., April 15. Ten events are provided, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance 60 cents, 70 cents, \$1.05, \$1.40. The two 25-target and two 15-target events are for merchandise. Totals, 175 targets, \$9.85 entrance. To amateur high average, a silver cup; professional high average, \$5 in gold; amateur low average, \$2. Targets, 2 cents. Shooting begins at 10 o'clock. The grounds are situated on Hunters Point avenue, within a half-mile of Thirty-fourth Street Ferry. At Long Island City take Calvary Cemetery trolley, on Borden avenue. From Brooklyn, take Crosstown or Greenpoint trolley to end of line, cross over Oakland Street Bridge to Borden avenue, turn to right, and grounds are then but a short distance.

The programme of the fifteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association is a model, and in every detail displays the work of a master hand. It is to be specially admired for its freedom from the collateral branch of mendicancy commonly known as passing around the hat; that is, asking for donations. Trapshooting has passed well by its infantile stages, and should be manfully independent and self-supporting. Any one member of any trapshooting club would have too much manly pride and independence to ask for a donation for himself. The aggregate manly pride and independence of all the club members should be quite as punctiliously exact as those of each member in his private capacity. To such shooters as desire competition, it will present many attractions; to the secretaries of many clubs who are not thoroughly proficient in programme details, it will be an admirable text book.

The Wawaset Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., has issued the programmes of their opening shoot, to be held April 6, and their annual spring tournament. Merchandise prizes and handicaps are specially for amateurs. Everybody invited. Seven merchandise events, 20 and 25 targets, 40 and 50 cents entrance, high guns, are the inducements. This programme further contains an invitation to the club's annual spring tournament, May 11 and 12, at which the programme will consist of twelve events, each at 15 targets. A special purse will be arranged for amateurs, as follows: The entrance in each event will be \$1.30; total, \$15.60, targets included. For each target thrown during the two days, the club will set aside 1/4 cent, to be divided among those who shoot through the programme and do not win their entrance. It is anticipated that the purse will amount to \$250. It is thought to be the best proposition ever offered to the amateur. For programme, address the Secretary, Mr. W. M. Foord, 213 West Sixth street, Wilmington.

BERNARD WATERS.

Enterprise Gun Club.

McKEESPORT, Pa., March 27.—The first contest for the McKeesport Daily News bluerock championship cup was pulled on on March 25, the weather being all that could be desired, and some very fine scores were the result. Atty J. F. Calhoun won in both contests, but was hard chased in the cup race at 50 targets. Calhoun, W. Hale and Irwin tied on 46, and in the shoot-off at 15 targets Calhoun made a straight, Hale and Irwin breaking 14.

The gold badge contest was at 20 singles, use of both barrels, and 10 pairs. Calhoun was high man, with 36 from 20yds.

Mr. Garland was with us and shot through the programme. There were about 200 spectators present, and they were well paid for their visit. There are to be five contests for the cup, the dates being March 25, April 1, 8, 15, 22, open to all sportsmen living within the circulation of the Daily News and bounded by and including, Glenwood, Monessen, West Newton, Pitcairn and Gill Hall. The winner in each contest to designate where the next contest is to be shot. Mr. Calhoun having won the first contest designates the next contest to be shot on the grounds of the Enterprise Gun Club, April 1, at 3 P. M., sharp. The score is as follows:

Daily News silver cup: Calhoun 46, W. Hale 46, Irwin 46, Schorr 45, Cochran 44, Knight 44, L. D. Davis 41, McFarland 41, J. Hale 36, Pickle 33, Garland 33.

Shoot-off: Calhoun 15, W. Hale 14, Irwin 14.

Hunter Arms Co. medal, 20 single targets, use of both barrels, and 10 doubles, handicap 14 to 20yds.:

Hdcp.	20 20 T ¹	Hdcp.	20 20 T ¹
Calhoun	20 16-36	Pickle	16 15 9-24
Schorr	20 19 15-34	G. Hale	20 10 14-24
W. Hale	20 20 13-33	Knight	19 15 5-20
Noel	16 19 13-32	Keely	14 15 7-22
Garland	17 18 10-28	Howell	11 7-18
McFarland	17 15 11-26		
Targets:	15 20 10	Targets:	15 20 10
Calhoun	15	Schorr	15 .. 8
Stein	10 14 ..	Hurley	.. 18 ..
W. Hale	14 17 10	Howell	.. 14 ..
Irwin	14 .. 8		

GEO. W. MAINS, Sec'y.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 1.—The second monthly shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club was held to-day, but the attendance was not as large as expected. Trapshooting throughout the Hudson Valley is about in the last ditch, there being only two clubs, Ossining and Poughkeepsie, that do any shooting.

Poughkeepsie is trying to stimulate the sport in this locality by holding a tournament every month and only charging one cent for targets, but it is the old story—five or six of the "regulars" always turn out and the other members stay at home. Who can explain it? We have a club of over fifty members, who claim to be sportsmen and pay their dues, but they are only good to the sport for \$1 a year. We have one of the finest shooting grounds in the State, but no interest, no shooting. At one time every hamlet along the river had its shooting club; we had a Hudson River Trapshooting League; the rivalry between the sportsmen was keen; the sport was in a prosperous condition, but Oh! what a change from those good old days! What caused the decline in interest?

At to-day's tournament, Mr. E. J. Snyder, one of the regulars from New Paltz, carried away all the honors, winning the Captain's cup by 24 out of a possible 25, and also the Bissing cup with 23 out of a possible 25, actual breaks in each event. This is grand work, as the shooting was done in a strong wind and under difficulties. In the Captain's cup, J. Rhodes and Snyder tied, Snyder winning by one bird in the shoot-off. The trade was represented by Messrs. Fanning and Heath.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15
J. S. Fanning	12	14	15	14	23	14	15	..
E. J. Snyder	8	15	13	12	23	14	12	12
A. A. Traver	13	15	12	11	13	12	23	13	14	10
J. Rhodes	11	13	12	23	14	12	12
A. J. DuBois	13	11	..	13	13	9	18	10	12	12
W. J. Perkins	..	11	9	13	11	10	20	12	7	14
T. L. Donaldson	14	12	10	14	11	5	17	7	10	..
Ostrander	9	6	11	5	..
T. Rhodes	..	14	10	12	19	13	13	..
Hasbrouck	..	12	13	11	14	11	11	..
Even	..	8	6	10	5	..
Dr. Snow	..	14	11

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., April 2.—The two days' tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club, to be given in Wolcott, N. Y., May 24 and 25, bids fair to be a very successful shoot. No pains will be spared to make this the most successful shoot we have ever given. An attractive programme will be sent out about May 1, and will consist of 160 targets each day, with added money in each event and a merchandise event each day of valuable merchandise, the main prize being a fine hammerless gun. We invite all to make

plans to attend this tournament and get in shape for the State shoot to be held later, in Utica, N. Y. Uncle Ben Catchpole, our veteran president, will be on hand each day to grasp the hand of all the boys. Uncle Ben has for many years attended shoots throughout New York State, and is still as jolly and enthusiastic as ever over the sport.

We trust and believe this will be our banner shoot.

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., April 1.—The Crescent Athletic Club's last shoot of the 1904-05 season was held on the club grounds at Bay Ridge to-day. A clambake rounded out the season in pleasant climax.

On the scores of the March cup, Mr. E. W. Snyder was in the lead when the contest for it began to-day. Mr. Lowell M. Palmer tied Mr. Snyder in the last contest, and in the shoot-off he won.

The winners in the 50-target contest were Mr. E. W. Snyder, first; Dr. H. L. O'Brien, second; Mr. Geo. G. Stevenson, Jr., third.

In the trophy events, Mr. L. M. Palmer, from scratch, was victor with a straight score of 25.

In a 15-target event, Mr. H. B. Vanderveer won from Mr. W. W. Marshall in the shoot-off.

The "Japs" and the "Russians" had another team contest, in which the Russians won—something in the way of novel news to the Czar. A modus vivendi was established when the clambake was formally opened in the shooting house. Scores:

March cup, 25 targets:

Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		
Palmer, Jr.	0	24	24	Brigham	0	20	20
Marshall	5	18	23	Snyder	4	16	20
Hageman	3	18	21				

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

Palmer	0	24	24	Snyder	4	8	12
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Trophy, 25 targets:

Palmer, Jr.	0	25	25	McConville	4	16	20
Brigham	0	23	23	Damron	5	15	20

Trophy, 15 targets:

Damron	3	12	15	Marshall	3	11	14
Palmer, Jr.	0	14	14	Vanderveer	1	12	13
Brigham	0	14	14	S. P. Hopkins	3	9	12
Grinnell, Jr.	0	14	14	L. C. Hopkins	1	7	8
Stephenson	0	12	12	McConville	2	5	7
Hallock	2	12	14				

Trophy, 15 targets:

Marshall	3	13	15	Brigham	0	13	13
Vanderveer	1	14	15	Palmer	0	13	13
Damron	3	11	14	S. P. Hopkins	3	9	12
Stephenson	0	14	14	L. C. Hopkins	1	10	11
Grinnell, Jr.	0	14	14	Hallock	2	9	11
McConville	2	11	13				

Shoot-off, same conditions:

Vanderveer	1	14	15	Marshall	3	8	11
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Trophy, 15 targets:

Palmer	0	11	11	Marshall	3	9	12
Brigham	0	14	14	Haff	3	12	15
F. Stephenson	0	12	12	Hendrickson	3	6	9
Southworth	0	11	11	Damron	3	11	14
Grinnell	0	13	13	Brower	4	10	14
L. C. Hopkins	1	10	11	Lott	1	9	10
G. Stephenson	1	12	13	Camp	3	14	15
Bedford	1	11	12	Werlemann	4	8	12
S. P. Hopkins	3	4	7	Kryn	1	12	13
Hallock	2	8	10	Hegeman	1	12	13
Snyder	2	11	13	Vanderveer	1	14	15
McConville	2	6	8	Raynor	3	12	15

Shoot-off, same conditions:

Camp	3	8	11	Haff	3	9	12
Vanderveer	1	12	13	Raynor	3	11	14

Special prize, 50 targets:

Grinnell	2	44	46	Southworth	0	42	42
Snyder	8	38	46	Snyder	0	42	42
Hegeman	6	38	44	Brigham	0	40	40
G. Stephenson	4	40	44	Marshall	10	30	40
F. Stephenson	2	41	43				

Team shoot, 15 targets:

Palmecoke	..	12	Brighamwhiskers	..	15
Gummeloyamo	..	10	F. B. Stephenskoy	..	11
Hopkinko	..	7	G. G. Stephenskoy	..	13
Lottoko	..	14	Bedforskinsky	..	11
Southworthio	..	13	Damrisky	..	11
McConville	..	10	Hopkinsky	..	7
Hollocklogo	..	9	Snyderwitch	..	10
Campologo	..	8	Marshallitch	..	10
Werlemannoki	..	11	Vanderbeersky	..	13
Wilburrio	..	11-105	Haffwhisky	..	9-110

Team shoot, 25 targets:

Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		
Southworth	0	23	23	Bedford	2	18	20
Marshall	5	18	23-46	Grinnell	1	23	24-44
Hopkins	3	11	14				
Stephenson	1	24	25-39				

Shoot-off:

Southworth	0	23	23	Bedford	2	18	20
Marshall	5	20	25-48	Grinnell	1	22	23-43
Palmer	0	21	21				
Brigham	0	25	25-46				

Shoot-off:

Southworth	0	25	25	Palmer	0	21	21
Marshall	5	19	24-49	Brigham	0	18	18-39

Enterprise Gun Club.

McKEESPORT, Pa., April 2.—The second contest for the Daily News cup was shot off on April 1 and was one of the best yet shot on these grounds. Wesley Hale won the contest, but had a hard run for it. Hale, Cochran and Straub tied on 47, and it required two 15-target events to decide it. All three tied in the first, and Hale went straight in the second. Mr. Hale, having the right to name where the next shoot is to take place, named this club, and date Saturday, April 8, at 3 P. M.

H. H. Stevens was with us and shot through the programme. Mr. Stevens is a good, jovial fellow, always ready to assist in everything. The scores follow:

W. Hale 47, Cochran 47, Straub 47, Calhoun 46, Knight 46, McFarland 46, Stevens 44, Davis 43, Irwin 42, J. Hale 39, Reely 35, Noel 34, S. McCombs 27, Merritt 27.

Shoot-off, on 15 targets: W. Hale 14, Cochran 14, Straub 14.

Second shoot-off, 15 targets: W. Hale 15, Cochran 14, Straub 14.

GEO. W. MAINS, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 1.—The inclosed scores were made at a little practice shoot to-day. The targets cut up a lot of April fool capers, helped by a strong northwest wind. Next Saturday, the 8th, will be the regular practice day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
C. G. Blandford	..	21	17	20	12	D. Brandreth	..	17	14	21	16
H. L. Stratton	..	8	..	13	15						

Practice scores made Wednesday, March 29, 25 targets: D. Brandreth 22, 21, 20, 17; C. G. Blandford 21, 18, 17, 17. C. G. B.

WESTERN TRAP.

A Country Trap and Trigger Club.

CHANUTE, Kan., March 30.—There is a well-defined movement on foot to organize a Neosho county gun club circuit. The home club will meet soon and effect a reorganization. Mr. I. D. Boschert, one of the leaders, said to-day, that the organization would be thorough, and that spring shooting would open at once. A. W. Butler will take an active part, as will his wife. These, with I. D. Boschert, E. W. Simmons, G. H. Miller and Thad Grady, will be the prime movers.

The club has a good outfit of traps, and the reputation of its members is O. K.; but then there will first have to be a selection of new grounds. This being done, then a rivalry will spring up between the clubs of this part of the State, and it is hoped that a southeastern circuit can be organized.

The organization of a county circuit is sure to be effected. The Erie club has started to practice. With Pearl Kyle at the head and G. E. Pendarvis and L. R. Stanley as backing, there will be something doing.

St. Paul has a club that has often landed a winner, and now it remains for Thayer to fall in line and the county clubs can hold successful team contests.

Mrs. A. W. Butler has often appeared with her husband at tournaments, and won with good scores. They are now getting the line of the target flights with the intention of taking in the State shoot at Herrington.

The news reaches here that the "spring fever has struck the Coffeyville boys, as the club record was broken on Friday by Chas. Kloeher." Well, it must be remembered that Coffeyville is a shooting town. It was Kloeher who annihilated the Dalton boys at the time of the bank robbery.

At Barbertown, Ohio.

Barberton, O., March 26.—The most remarkable score ever made in this part of the State or, no doubt, in any part of this State, by a resident was witnessed at Barberton on last Saturday afternoon at the grounds of the Columbia Gun Club.

H. A. Galt, who for the past eight months has held the club championship, broke 119 consecutive "Rocks," and altogether during the afternoon lost but three out of 133. This score has never been equalled by any shooter in the State, as vouched for by the Akron shooters.

In the first string of 50 targets, Mr. Galt lost three, and these in the first 25. After that he did not score a miss. Of course he won all the events scheduled. Mr. Galt is now inclined to challenge the winner of the last winter tri-county championship, held by the Canton man. Should he do so, there is everything in his favor, for he has led the club here for these many "moons" with consistent scores.

The day's scores were, 50 targets: Burtner 32, Tray 38, Galt 47, Smith 44, Beck 38, Work 33, Taylor 42, I. Kepler 34, Hummell 34, Breezie 33, Metzler 43, Comey 41, C. Kepler 40, Gam-meter 36, R. Griffiths 42, Daserf 39, Williams 37, Clause 22.

In the cup

imposed was that all the members should be new, not having previously shot at the traps. This brought together a lot of inexperienced shooters.

When the dummy train stopped and the crowd from Knoxville arrived, the first to greet Col. Anthony was his old shooting partner, John Connor. Now it turns out that the one-time good shot has not mixed up with the shotgun and clay targets for five years, and he was disposed to refuse to accept the invitation to shoot with the boys. But when at the grounds he was seen to get busy picking out a gun and getting some shells, he started in to try his old trick of "lining 'em out." Mr. Connor lost but nine out of 100, and most of these were balks in the pulling, which was done by the boys in the pits. He not only broke his targets, but broke them well. This should satisfy shooters, that for club practice and business men who shoot for pleasure, that 1 1/2 oz. of shot is more satisfactory than 1 1/4 oz. It kills, and what is more it does not blacken the shoulder nor does it make the head ache.

Mr. Connor lost only three out of the first 60, and thereby hangs a tale. He beat out Col. Anthony who was shooting more powder and more shot. Several of the boys shot at 60, others at 100.

This club will endeavor to cater to all the shooters this year, and take in as member the more experienced shooter, having in view holding some team shoots with other clubs and possibly a tournament. There is ample hotel accommodations at the picnic grounds, and of course the town of Knoxville has two good ones.

You may expect to hear of a league of shooters being formed with nearby towns interested.

Col. J. T. Anthony shot at 100, broke 90; John Connor 100, 91; L. Hall 80, 55.

Morristown Gun Club.

Morristown is the junction of the Southern R. R., the point where the line connects with Asheville and the south. It has manufacturers, and wholesale houses and is surrounded by a fine farming country.

The boys were here met by Joe Hill, who is head of the hunters and shooters of the town. The traps were set twenty feet apart and the shoot was the old style walk around with known traps and known angles.

Quite early in the afternoon, there was a gathering at the field where the fun was to commence. It was found that the targets were to be thrown up hill, a very deceptive background.

A canvass of those present with shooting irons, or prepared to borrow same, showed Al. Legg, M. D. Bushong, J. B. Hill, W. C. Carriger, W. A. Thomason, Bert Wheeler, Chas. Murphy, Skyler Murphy, B. Niel, Tip Mayes, Jose L. McGee, Chas. Holsinger, Bill Whittaker, Frank Donaldson, D. P. Turner, J. O. Rice, John Carriger, Wm. Emmerson, Chas. Wiley, Jas. Mathes, John E. Holmes, B. J. Donaldson and Squire Birchell.

It has been several years since this town had an organized gun club, but the visit will result in a club being formed, the prospective officers having been selected.

Bristol Gun Club.

The old and well established gun club at the town of Bristol, has long been known as the top-notch of the State. Bristol is as much a Virginia town as it is of Tennessee, the State line being the middle of the main street, so that when the State of Virginia picked a team for the contest at the State meet out of ten, six were from Bristol.

On Friday, the rain fell hard until about 4 P. M., by eastern time. When the sun began to pierce the clouds, Crumbey got the boys together best he could, though only four of them were ready on such short notice. J. A. R. Elliott was in town and was found to be in fine shooting trim. He made the high score. The targets at Bristol are extremely hard, sharp angles and very fast. On this occasion the black sky background was the cause of many lost targets. The scores, at 100 targets: Elliott 92, Smith 90, Kelber 82, Anthony 82, Hatcher 69.

In Other Places.

Thirty of the faithful gunners of the city of Milwaukee, Wis., members of the North Side Gun Club, met on Sunday last, and much interest was centered in the club contest. On May 1 the prizes will be awarded that have run through the winter contests.

On last Friday the Massillon, O., Gun Club held its practice shoot on the Yingling Mill range. The attendance was not large, but those present accomplished what is to be desired, good sport.

Lawyer-landlord D. W. Shipman, of Shamokin, Pa., opened his hotel last week. He will at once lay out one of the very finest of shooting grounds, and expects to poll of some of the most noted of the eastern trapshooting events.

The Delphos, O., Gun Club has started the erection of a club house which will be finished as speedily as the weather will permit.

Reports from Indiana state that the Crawfordsville Gun Club will hold a Trapshooters' League tournament at the fair grounds. I think this must be an error, as the club grounds at that city are the best in the land. There the records have been made.

The Cleveland, O., Rifle and Revolver Club is to be incorporated, and then there will be some vigorous small arm practice.

A grand time was had at the shooting match held last Saturday at Hamilton, O. The highest score was made by Wm. Liming.

Homestead, Pa., has taken steps to organize a gun club, for the purpose of offering pleasant recreation to all who are at all inclined to favor the scatter gun.

The reorganization of the Avoca, Ia., Gun Club with much larger membership is now being agitated.

The Fergus Falls, Minn., Gun Club held its annual election with following results: President, Byron Duvey; Vice-President, Thomas Agren; Secretary and Treasurer, E. H. Stark; Field Captain, John Duvey. This is the home of the Duvey family, who have challenged the world to produce seven members to shoot against them.

The Pottsville, Pa., Gun Club asked the county members of the Legislature to vote against the amended pigeon shooting bill which was before the house.

Several new members have lately joined the Geneva, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club. The secretary, Mr. Loomis, is reported as stating that all will be in readiness for a shoot on March 30.

Frank Parmelee was back in Omaha previous to the late shoot held there.

The Superior, Wis., Gun Club hope to flourish this year, as there will probably be from twenty-five to fifty new members added to the roll early this spring. Mr. L. R. Fulton, the president, is a fine shot.

At a regular meeting, the Parker Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., appointed a committee to arrange for a tournament to be held May 21.

The Watertown, Wis., Gun Club fixed dates for the two semi-

annual Jefferson county gold medal tournaments; the first, May 14; the last, Aug. 20.

The sportsmen of Wexford, Mich., and the nearby vicinity have become interested in the matter of a rod and gun club. A charter from the State will be applied for.

Mr. Russell Kline was the first to capture the Iowa Ottumwa State diamond badge, but this year he was beaten out by that good shot, Neil Layman, of Des Moines, a heretofore unknown. Mr. Kline is one of the best of the Western amateurs.

Duck shooting has been good along the Illinois River during the past month.

Danforth, Ill., will try for the establishment of a gun club.

A new club has been organized at Brookly, Ia. Capt. Phillips was elected President; J. A. Lane, Secretary; J. A. Barnes, Treasurer. Money has been put up and a committee appointed on grounds and material. There are already enough members to insure success.

There are sixteen members in the newly organized gun club at Princeville. Chas. Holmes is President; Charles Cornish, Secretary; John C. Jackson, Treasurer.

The Iola, Kans., Gun Club was organized last week, at which time, Paul Klein was selected President; Mark Hillis, Vice-President; H. C. Williamson, Secretary; Jesse Welles, Field Captain. All the necessary preparations are being made to carry on target shooting for the coming season. The club recently entertained Mr. Plank, a trade representative.

Shooters of Faribault, Minn., are reported as taking steps to form a gun club.

The best shots of Lebanon, S. D., are willing to organize a gun club.

The Park Avenue Gun Club is a new organization of Des Moines, Ia.

Mrs. Nellie Bennett is now touring the gun clubs in Oklahoma and doing some very good shooting.

A meeting has been called at Eagle River, Wis., for the purpose of organizing a rod and gun club. There will be something in the line of propagating fish and the protection of game.

A letter from Centralia, Ill., states that the gun club held a meeting and got in line for the season. Fred Pullen was re-elected President, and Dr. T. W. Rice, Secretary. A tournament will be held between April 25 and May 15.

The Le Mars, Ia., Gun Club, through the resignation of Mr. Edgington, will be compelled to elect another secretary.

Invitations are out for the Cedar Springs, O., Gun Club tournament to be held July 5 and 6. William R. Clark is President, and John F. Freeman, Secretary.

Lou Fisher, of Ohio, made the high amateur score at the Omaha shoot, March 21.

The first regular shoot by the St. Joseph, Mich., Gun Club for the Peters trophy was held last week.

The third annual shooting tournament of the Pittson, Pa., Trapshooting Society will be held April 19.

It is reported that Charles Watkins, the crack clay pigeon shooter, is willing to shoot a match with Wm. Hall, and that he will shoot a rifle and give Mr. Hall the privilege of using a shotgun of any gauge, and to use any load he desires.

April 10, tournament under the management of the Rapid City, S. D., Gun Club.

Members of the Hopkinsville, Ky., Gun Club are busy with their preparations for the interesting target tournament, which will be held April 26 and 27, at which time Elmer Shaner will manage, under the Interstate Trapshooters' Association. Practice began on the grounds Tuesday last, and will continue throughout the year. A number of applicants for new membership have been received. The prospects for a large and enthusiastic membership is better than at any time since the organization of the club.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—April 1 was a very good imitation of a mid-summer day—a trifle more freshness in the air perhaps, but hot nevertheless. The attendance was good, twenty-four taking part in the Peters trophy event, and quite a number occupying chairs on the veranda watching the sport. Among these latter was Aekley, who shows much improvement. In the trophy shoot Pfeiffer and Bullerdick tied for first on 50, including their handicaps. Quite a little practice shooting was done. In a match, Sunderbruch tied with Rolla Heikes on 49. At practice Heikes broke 96 out of 100, going straight in two 25-target events. Hesser broke 94 out of 100. Williams accounted for 87.

Supt. Gamble has received a letter from Mr. Kelte, of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, in which he says: "I assure you nothing under the sun would please our boys more than to have a chance to reciprocate to you and your club, for all the kindness and favors you have bestowed upon us. We would be pleased to have you come on April 19 with as many of your members as possible (the more the merrier) and spend the day with THE club of Dayton." Arthur Gambell will take up a good bunch on that date, and they will surely have a good time. The scores:

Peters trophy, 50 targets, handicap added targets: Pfeiffer, handicap, 5, total, 50; Bullerdick, 7, 50; Williams, 9, 49; Barker, 48; Faran, 47; Peters, 1, 48; R. Heikes, 47; Pohlar, 47; Ahlers, 2, 47; Rike, 45; Hesser, 45; Don Minto, 1, 45; A. Sunderbruch, 43; Block, 2, 43; Roll, 2, 43; French, 42; Randall, 2, 42; Maynard, 3, 42; Herman, 7, 41; Andrews, 15, 41; Falk, 40; Tuttle, 38; Gambell, 37; H. Heikes, 37.

Team match, 50 targets:
Peters 46 Barker 48
Faran 48 Gambell 47
Roll 42 Pohlar 39
Bullerdick 44-180 Pfeiffer 39-173

Team race, 25 targets:
Gambell 25 Pohlar 21
Pfeiffer 19-44 Bullerdick 23-44

Shoot-off, 25 targets:
Gambell 25 Pohlar 20
Pfeiffer 19-44 Bullerdick 22-42

Team race, 50 targets, 2-men teams:
Don Minto 15 14 19-48 Gambell 11 11 17-39
Ahlers 14 13 18-45 Faran 14 13 19-46

Totals 29 27 37-93 Totals 25 24 36-85
Peters 13 14 19-46 A Sunderbruch 13 14 17-43
Hesser 12 14 19-45 Randall 10 12 18-40

Totals 25 28 33-91 Totals 23 25 35-83
Rike 13 13 18-45 Williams 11 13 16-40
Heikes 14 14 20-47 Tuttle 14 8 16-38

Totals 27 27 38-92 Totals 25 21 32-78

Team race, 50 targets, 6-men teams:
Heikes' Team. Gambell's Team.
R Heikes 25 24-49 Gambell 24 24-48
Sunderbruch 24 25-49 Randall 24 22-46
Faran 24 23-47 Don Minto 24 21-45
Hesser 24 22-46 Rike 21 19-40
Williams 21 21-42 Peters 22 18-40
French 19 18-37 Herman 21 19-40

Totals 137 133-270 Totals 136 123-259

Team race, 25 targets:
Faran 23 Hesser 20
Peters 22-45 A Sunderbruch 23-43

Notes.

The Dayton Gun Club has an eye on the Phellis trophy, and President Theobald will come after it soon. There will be a special all-day mid-summer handicap sweepstake with \$50 added money and a similar event at the close of the season. Exact dates will be announced later.

In the contest for the gold badge, given by the Hunter Arms Co., Jack Blakeslee and Tryon tied on straight scores of 20. The first shoot-off resulted in another tie on 20; the second, a tie on 19. The continuation of the shoot-off was postponed. In the match and ties, Tryon broke 50 straight and Jack 45. Both men broke 59 out of 60.

At the shoot of the Toledo Consolidated Gun Club on March 26, J. Grove successfully defended the cast-iron medal against Chas. Remley, and won it for the third time. Grove was challenged by Geo. Crabb, of Toledo. D. M. Lefever, known to the shooters as "Uncle Dan," was a visitor, and did some very good work.

March 29 was an ideal day for trapshooting, the only drawback being occasional puffs of wind, which bothered the shooters a little. Thirty members of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, Ohio, assembled at the grounds to take part in the second medal shoot of the season. Among the members of the club are Rolla O. Heikes, Ed. Rike and Ed. Cain. Ten men tied in the medal event, and in the first shoot-off at 10 targets, with handicap of extra targets to shoot at, Miller, Hodapp and H. Heikes dropped out on 9. The subsequent shoot-offs were all at 5 targets with handicap. In the thirteenth, Heikes and Rike shot at 5 each, the latter missing his 2d target and the former going straight and winning the medal. When the shoot was decided Heikes stated, that in view of the fact that Cain had just been released from the hospital and had done such wonderful work, he would give him the medal to wear. Cain protested in vain and finally accepted the demonstration of friendship from the "Daddy of them all."

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., March 29.—With twenty-six shooters in the points, the Boston Gun Club's regular weekly shoot was well attended, and the trap crew were kept busy from 2 till 5 handing out the 2,700 rights, lefts and straightaways, which they were called upon to do during the ten events. That they did it goes without saying, as Capt. Baker has his men well in hand, and results were more than satisfactory to the shooters. Nothing pleases the average shooter more than good working traps, as it has considerable to do with averages, etc., and surely the so-called automatic expert was throwing them in great shape, and proved that the installing of this system was one of the best moves the club had made in its efforts to foster and improve trapshooting as a sport.

Many new faces were in evidence, W. C. Goss, of Herkimer, N. H., essaying his first shoot on the grounds, and tucking first honors in the prize match away in his grip for future reference and 28 out of 30, showing a clean pair of heels to the other twenty-four participants. Melvin, of Whitinsville, made his initial bow on the platform this season, and proceeded to show his team mates, Searles and Johnson, a thing or two in the trapshooting line, though not quite up to the usual averages. However, the trio have considerable left up their sleeves and promise to show it in company with one or two more of the celebrities from their town at the annual team shoot to be held at Wellington May 17.

P. H. Powell, of Newport, dropped in for the afternoon, and wants all trapshooters, whether old or new, to journey there on May 30, as they hold their annual on that date, and promise big things this year.

D. W. Hallams, of Dover, N. H., was also a welcome visitor, and as secretary of one of the most active gun clubs in that State, thinks that trapshooting will be strenuous this season unless plans now laid out do not come to pass.

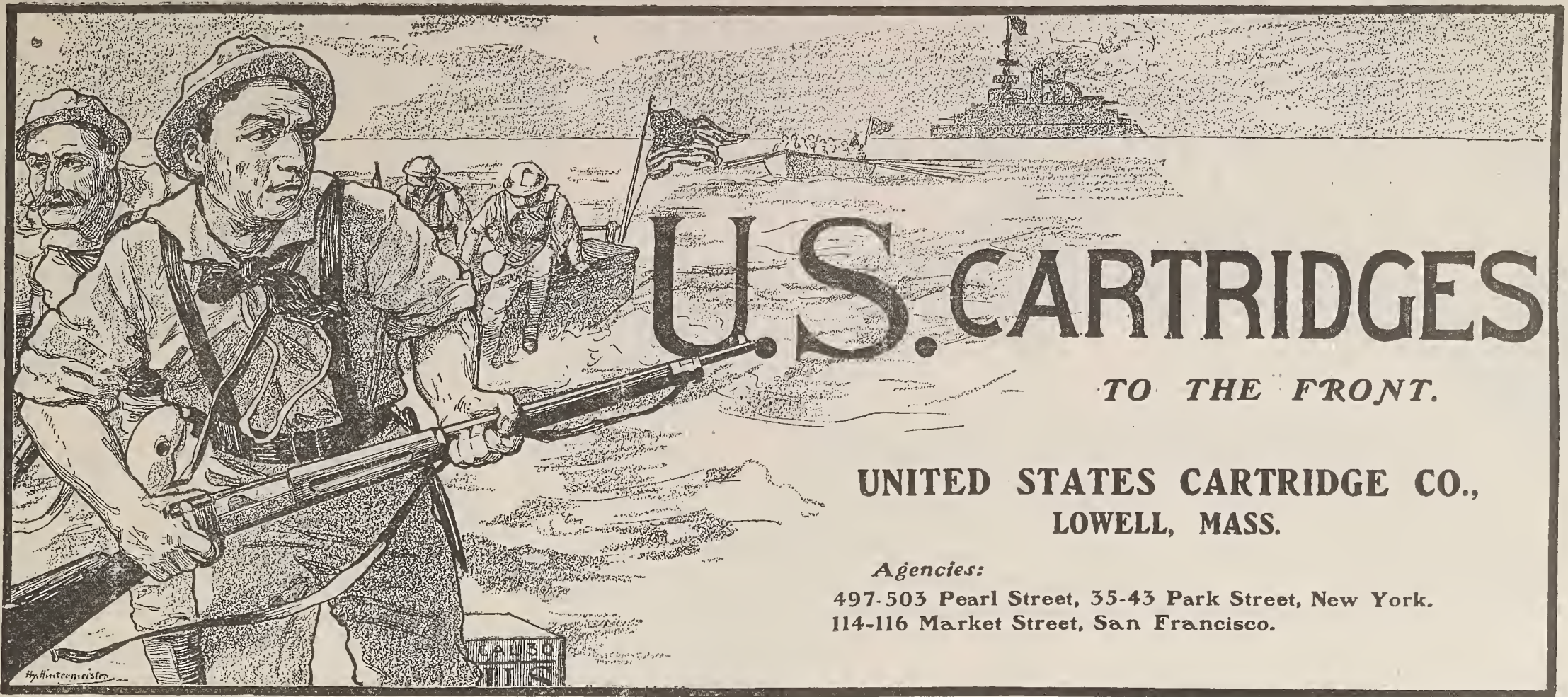
Weld's 93 per cent. average of to-day proved to be just what the handicapper was waiting for, so now the Doctor's high averages will have to be made from the 19yd. mark; and if not enough, then, the house will have to be moved to accommodate and give the club a chance in its efforts to make as near an equality as possible. As it stands at present, the seven leaders are of all handicaps, with a 16-liner in the lead, and a good lead at that, though Dickey's 27 of to-day boosted his score up 7 points, and a few others of this kind would prove of good benefit to total score.

One of the latest acquisitions to trapshooting in this section, Owen, of the B. A. A., proved just on edge, and a 91 per cent. average held second place in good style, and is only a criterion of what has got to come, and the club should feel highly complimented, as its future team events will need 90 per cent. averages to help out.

Altogether the shoot was a most enjoyable affair, and was just the right kind of a weekly vacation for the business man chained to his office. Other scores:

Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	10	15	10	Av.
Griffiths, 21	8	12	9	14	12	13	10	8860
Dickey, 21	7	14	8	12	14	13	8	10854
Bell, 20	7	11	7	12	11	8700
Frank, 19	8	10	7	14	13	11	7	9800
Kirkwood, 20	8	13	9	14	13	10	7	11852
Bon, 18	8	10	6	12	12	9	9	5710
Wheeler, 18	9	14	9	15	12	9	12	8872
Searles, 18	8	13	6	11	11	11	3	8738
Johnson, 18	8	12	9	11	14	11	8	7776
Melvin, 18	10	11	9	12	11	11	8	5800
Bliss, 16	9	9	6	10	9	12	6	8720
Owen, 16	8	15	9	14	13	13	10	9910
Weld, 16	10	14	10	14	14	12	10	9930
Burns, 16	10	13	8	13	13	12	10	8856
Hallam, 16	3	9	7	10	7	5512
Smith, 16	5	12	7	9	12	11	9	7704
Tozier, 16	8	13	10	8	12	10	7	10768
Goss, 16	7	12	9	15	14887
Woodruff, 17	6	12	8	13	13	11	9	8765
Powell, 16	7	11	8	11	10	10	6	7680
Lee, 16	8	10	8	10720
Ford, 16	8	12	11	14	6	8786
Muldown, 16	8	12	13836
Massure, 16	6	9	8	10600
Sadler, 16	9	12	10	13	7	8	13	7790
Retwood, 14	8	4	6	4440
Baker, 16	7446

Merchandise match, distance handicap: Goss (16) 23, Dickey (21) 27, Kirkwood (20) 26, Owen (16) 26, Weld (16) 26, Muldown (16) 26, Griffiths (21) 25, Johnson (18) 25, Burns (16) 25, Ford (16) 25, Frank (19) 24, Wheeler (18) 24, Woodruff (17) 24, Bell (20) 23, Smith (16) 23, Sadler (16) 23, Searles (18) 22, Melvin (18) 22, Tozier (16) 22, Bon (18) 21, Bliss (16) 21, Powell (16) 20, Massure (16) 18, Hallam (16) 12, Retwood (14) 12.



Agencies:
 497-503 Pearl Street, 35-43 Park Street, New York.
 114-116 Market Street, San Francisco.

Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 30.—I send you by this mail, under another cover, copy of the programme of the fifteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Pittsburg, May 2 to 5, under the auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club.
 The added money for this tournament was all contributed by members of the Herron Hill Gun Club, and the merchandise prizes were purchased from our local dealers. We did not solicit, nor would we accept, a merchandise prize or cash donation from a manufacturer or dealer.
 You will find the programme free of paid advertisements. We did not solicit, nor would we accept an advertisement, although several were voluntarily offered us.
 We hope to give a strictly first-class, up-to-date tournament, free of all money-making features.
 ELMER E. SHANER,
 Member of Committee in Charge.

The programme above mentioned is an elegant production, typographically.
 The prize list is a generous one, amounting to \$2,041.75 cash donations for prizes and additions to purses.
 The programme of the first day has ten events—seven at 15 and three at 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2; open to all amateurs; no handicaps. Paid agents, targets only.
 Six events—four at 15 and two at 20 targets, and five trophy events, constitute the second day's programme. The Wolstencroft trophy event is for the individual championship of Pennsylvania, 50 targets, \$1 entrance; optional sweep, \$2; \$50 added; class shooting, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. The Milt Lindsley trophy, two-man teams, 25 singles and 5 pairs, entrance \$4 per team, \$25 added, class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Harrisburg trophy, three-man teams, 25 targets, \$6 entrance, \$25 added, class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Reading trophy, four-man teams, 25 targets, \$8 entrance, \$25 added, class shooting, 50, 30, and 20 per cent. Denny trophy, 50 targets, \$3 entrance, handicap allowance, high guns; prize, \$80 Smith gun. Moneys divided 20, 18, 16, 14, 12, 8, 5, 4 and 3 per cent. to other than winner of first. These trophy events are open to State shooters only.
 On the third day there are five 20-target events; \$25 added, \$2 entrance, and the Herron Hill Gun Club handicap, open to all amateurs, 100 targets; \$5 entrance; handicaps 14 to 20yds.; high guns; ties, if shot off, are miss-and-outs. The prizes are as follows: The first twelve are guns—L. C. Smith, Parker, Remington, Baker, Fox, Ithaca, Young gun and case, Stevens hammerless, Winchester, Marlin and Baltimore, ranging in value from \$80 list to \$20. From the thirteenth up to the twenty-sixth prize, inclusive, the prizes are \$20 gold pieces. The twenty-seventh is a Smith & Wesson revolver; twenty-eighth; Colt automatic; twenty-ninth, Smith & Wesson hammerless; thirtieth to thirty-fifth, inclusive, 500 shells; thirty-sixth, Colt revolver; thirty-seventh to fiftieth, inclusive, \$10 gold pieces.
 In the 15-target events, \$20 are added to each. In the 20-target events, \$25.
 Fourth day's programme is devoted to live birds. The first event, open to all, is the Driving Park Handicap, 25 birds, \$25; handicaps, 25 to 32yds.; high guns; \$100 silver cup and first money to the winner; one money for each five entries or fraction thereof. Williamsport trophy, open to State shooters, is for the individual championship of Pennsylvania, 15 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, \$50 added; moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; class shooting. Trophy and 40 per cent. to first. L. C. Smith trophy, open to State shooters, three-man team championship of Pennsylvania, 15 birds per man, \$25 per team; \$50 added, class shooting, 40, 35, and 25; trophy and 40 per cent. to first. Wilson trophy, open to State shooters, 15 birds, \$10; high guns, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; trophy and 50 per cent. to first high gun.
 First, second and third high guns among the manufacturers' agents shooting in all regular target events will receive respectively \$25, \$15 and \$10. The ten low guns among the amateurs shooting in all regular events will receive \$15 each. Special and trophy events do not count in averages.
 Targets, 2 cents. Live birds, 25 cents. Admission free. Three sets of live-bird traps. A club may enter as many teams as it elects. Members of a team must reside in the same county. Rose system in regular events, 8, 5, 3, 2. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. Grounds open for practice on May 1. Lunch and shells on the grounds. Tournament will be held on the grounds of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Driving Park, Brunot's Island.
 "Guns and ammunition, etc., forwarded by express, must be prepaid and sent to the Sportsmen's Supply Co., 623 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa. Mark your own name on the box, that goods are shipped in, and the box will be delivered at the shoot-

ing grounds free of charge. Please note that shipments on which the charges have not been paid will positively not be received."
 The tournament will be held under the auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club, May 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Patriots' Day Tournament.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club will hold their annual spring tournament at Patriots' Day, April 19. Shoot will be held on the club grounds at Red House Crossing. The management have spared no time and expense to make this tournament a grand success, and any shooter attending may be assured of a good time and all the shooting he wants. Targets thrown from expert traps, arranged Sergeant system. Programme calls for 190 bluerock targets, \$16.50 entrance in sweeps. Principal event of the programme is the sixth, starting as near 1 o'clock as possible. This is known as the National Sportsman's contest, and is open to all amateurs, and will be handicapped from 16 to 22yds. Entrance in this event \$1, targets extra, which gives each shooter a year's subscription to National Sportsman and a chance at winning one of the several merchandise prizes offered by the publishers of the magazine. The more entries received, the more and better prizes offered. All purses divided by Rose system into four moneys. Targets included in all regular events at 1½ cent each. Professionals and paid experts allowed to shoot for targets only. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock sharp, rain or shine. Take Indian Orchard or Palmer cars to Red House Crossing, leaving the city every fifteen minutes. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Lunch served in the club house. Guns and ammunition shipped to the Secretary, C. L. Kites, 416 Main street, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Interstate rules will govern all events. Gold badge to amateur making highest average shooting the entire programme, not including the sixth event. Programmes are now ready and may be procured by addressing the secretary, Come and see what a good time we can give you, and you will surely come again.

Fulford Memorial Fund.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 30.—Since my last advice of March 2, relating to the contributions to the Fulford Memorial Fund, at which time there was on hand \$544, subsequent donations have brought the amount up to \$561, and the donors have been as follows: John W. Hoffman, S. M. Van Allen, Baldwinville Gun Club—Windsor Morris and C. J. Dalley—William Torpey, R. M. Crumley.
 The committee in charge of this fund has advised that the contractors who will furnish the monument have made concessions which will enable the committee to expend the above amount and at the same time probably have some money on hand, and any part of this fund that remains on hand at the date of dedication will be used toward furnishing floral offerings that would be most appropriate for the services.
 It will therefore be unnecessary for interested friends to make further donations unless they wish their contributions to apply toward the flowers.
 I wish to thank every one for the interest which has been evinced by the sportsmen friends throughout the country.
 The next report covering this will be a final one, showing disposition of the money, when it is placed in the hands of Messrs. Keller, Elliott, Putler and Fanning.
 J. T. SKELLY.

Christiana—Atglen Gun Club.

ATGLEN, Pa., March 23.—The Christiana-Atglen Gun Club held an all-day shoot to-day. We had a good lot of strong birds, and some good shooting was done. Bad roads prevented a large attendance:
 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
 Targets: 10 10 10 10 15 15 15 10 10 10 10 10
 Jebb 8 9 7 9 13 12 14 13 7 10 9 7 4 122
 Kersey 8 9 6 8 12 13 13 12 8 9 98
 Jones 10 10
 Ludwig 6 8 7 9 12 12 8 12 9 9 6 8 8 114
 Fiels 8 8 8 6 10 8 5 6 8 7 6 6 8 94
 Lawrence 3 0 3
 Krueger 8 8 10 10 12 12 12 9 8 8 9 6 10 122
 Benner 7 8 9 7 14 15 13 13 9 6 9 10 9 128
 Wilson 6 9 7 9 15 14 12 9 10 7 10 7 122
 Baldwin 4 5 3 3 15
 Clark 8 7 7 8 9 11 11 6 8 7 82
 Williams 8 8 9 15 12 11 12 10 9 8 7 5 114
 Mattson 9 8 10 13 13 9 8 8 8 6 7 99
 Bonner 1 1
 Heisler 7 5 12
 Live birds: No. 1 was 5 birds; No. 2, 7 birds; No. 3, 10 birds:
 Events: 1 2 3 Events: 1 2 3
 Jebb 5 4 9 Krueger 5 5 10
 Kersey 4 5 10 Clark 2 3 6
 Jones 2 6 5 Williams 4 5 9
 Fiels 4 6 8 Mattson 5 4 7
 Lawrence 4 6 5

Chicago Trapshooters' Association.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 27.—Kindly announce in your columns that the Chicago Trapshooters' Association will give an amateur tournament on June 3 and 4.
 Our last tournament in February proved such a success, and we feel that this coming tournament will prove even a greater one.
 The programme each day will be composed of ten 15-target events and two 20-target events; a total of 190 targets. The entrance is \$19.
 The division of moneys will be the Chicago system, which has given such general satisfaction. There will be \$75 average money given away for the two days; \$35 for the first day and \$40 for the second day.
 Mr. F. H. Lord and E. B. Shogren will have the management of this tournament.
 The full particulars as to programmes or any other information can be had of the secretary, Mr. E. B. Shogren, 940 First National Bank Building.
 E. B. SHOGREN.

Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, March 25.—The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday, the event of the day being a team match in the City Blue Rock League between the Stanley and Riverdale gun clubs. The day being fine, there was a good turnout of the members and friends of both clubs.
 The match was shot on a percentage basis, the Stanley's fifteen men to the Riverdale's ten, and was won by the Stanleys, 74.93 per cent. to 70.80 per cent.
 Several of the younger members of the League are fast developing into good shots, and will before long be showing the way to those who were instrumental in teaching them the art of handling a shotgun. Scores:
 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
 Targets: 10 15 10 15 15 10 Hampton 9 12 9
 Hooley 6 8 6 11 .. 8 Martin, Sr. 8 11 7 9
 XX 9 12 10 13 11 4 Mullen 8 11 7
 Ingham 7 11 8 15 12 10 Morshead 8 14 8
 Hiron 8 12 4 Murray 4 .. 8
 Dunk 9 4 McGraw 6 2 9 .. 7
 Hulme 9 13 4 Hogarth 12 .. 10
 Edkins 6 7 .. 9 8 .. Edwards 10 .. 9 .. 7
 Argue 4 .. 5 4 Wilson 13 .. 9
 Best 8 9 Thomas 9
 Thompson 9 12 9 13 12 .. Crewe 11 6
 Fritz 5 14 4 Green 9 .. 14 ..
 Buck 8 10 4 Jones 1 6
 Rock 9 13 8 12 12 9 Spencer 8 5
 T Hare 2 9 4 Edgar 10 10 ..
 Dey 8 11 4 Longmore 11 .. 8
 Cashmore 3 4 4 F Martin, Jr. 6
 Powell 3 4 Sinclair 3
 Herbert 7 11 5 4 Flint 5
 McGill 8 12 10 15 15 10
 ALEX. DEY.

Team match, 25 targets:
 Stanleys—Hulme 24, Buck 12, Hampton 16, McGill 22, Dunk 21, XX 19, Fritz 20, Herbert 16, Ingham 19, Morshead 17, Rock 20, Thomas 18, Green 20, Lucas 17; total 21; 74.93 per cent.
 Riverdales—Hiron 18, Mullen 19, Crewe 20, Edkins 18, Hooley 17, Best 20, Rowell 16, J. Hare 15, Jennings 20, Argue 14; total 177; 70.80 per cent.

Indianapolis (Ind.) Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 25.—Dickman won the Peters trophy, and he, with Leib, Hice and Steffen, tied for club trophy:
 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Shot
 Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 at. Broke.
 Dickman 22 21 20 23 21 20 22 20 200
 Morris 15 16 8 75
 Moore 18 15 16 18 17 19 150
 Parry 22 20 19 18 22 20 15 175
 Kirby 19 22 23 22 18 125
 Finley 19 19 18 17 15 125
 Smith 11 5 50
 Carter 15 8 9 13 9 16 11 12 200
 Steffen 15 12 93
 Leib 20 16 16 15 50
 Britton 19 19 15 19 17 19 21 100
 Moller 18 16 18 21 17 175
 Hice 15 15 14 12 14 125
 Clark 10 70
 25 10

At New Hope.

New Hope, Pa., March 25.—Under the auspices of the New Hope Gun Club a live-bird shoot was held to-day. The Harding brothers made an excellent showing.
 Fifteen-bird event, scores:
 F S Harding 22220222222222-14
 R E Harding 221122211022212-14
 Touderslong 21101112211202-13
 Henry 02111111111201-13
 Treffy 200010010000100-4
 Ten-bird event, scores:
 Horn 0021202012-6 Warford 111111111-10
 Handy 0111010112-7 Magill 0101110010-5
 Tuburg 1111011111-9 Weiss 1010111100-6

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 25.—Event No. 6, handicap event for solid gold watch charm, was won by Dr. Paterno with handicap:

Table with 8 columns (1-8) and 20 rows of names and scores for the North River Gun Club event.

Edgewater, N. J., March 30.—The grand spring tournament of the North River Gun Club was held to-day and was a complete success in every way.

Not a straight score was made in any of the 25-target races, and only two 10 straights and one 15 straight were made, the latter by J. S. Fanning.

First prize in the merchandise event, a case of shells, was divided by Carl Richter, of the North River Gun Club; D. Brandreth, of Ossining, and Capt. L. Traver, of Poughkeepsie.

Schorty and Jap tied for high average on the score of 133 out of 150, and divided. Our versatile Capt. C. Ernst Eickhoff won the low amateur average.

Johnny Jones acted as scorer and Mr. F. C. Schneider was a very efficient referee.

The trade was represented by Mr. A. A. Schoverling, H. Keller, Sim Glover, J. S. Fanning, W. G. Hearne and G. R. Schneider.

Handicap figures in event 5 only. Half original handicaps added to scores of those who shot off ties in events 7 and 8.

Large table with 8 columns (1-8) and 30 rows of names and scores for the North River Gun Club event.

Edgewater, N. J., April 1.—Nine contestants participated in the weekly shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day.

Table with 11 columns (1-11) and 10 rows of names and scores for the North River Gun Club event.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., April 1.—There was a small but busy attendance at the shoot of the South Side Gun Club to-day.

Team race: Gardiner 20, Milliken 17, Terrill 18; total 55. Runyon 12, Talbott 14, Nott 10, handicap allowance 7; total 43.

Team race: Gardiner 23, Milliken 18, Terrill 13; total 59. Runyon 12, Talbott 17, Nott 18, handicap allowance 10; total 57.

North Camden Gun Club.

Camden, N. J., March 30.—The North Camden Gun Club held a big shoot to-day, thirty-three shooters participating.

The amateur averages were in the following order: Charles E. Mink 133 out of 150; F. Coleman, 132; Silver 128, McCarty 125.

Table with 15 columns (1-15) and 30 rows of names and scores for the Fairview Gun Club event.

Fairview Gun Club.

Fairview, N. J., April 1.—There was a busy afternoon at the shoot of the Fairview Gun Club, held to-day.

Table with 8 columns (1-8) and 10 rows of names and scores for the Fairview Gun Club event.

Events 3 and 4 were at 12 pairs.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., April 1.—No special events were scheduled for to-day. Event No. 5, 25 targets, handicap, for a box of cigars, was won by Mr. Bush, who was in very good form all through.

Messrs. Babcock and Vase were both experimenting with new guns.

Table with 6 columns (1-6) and 10 rows of names and scores for the Montclair Gun Club event.

Handicaps apply in event 5 only.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., April 2.—The Hudson Gun Club held its first shoot for April on this date, and the members turned out in sufficient numbers to keep things moving at a lively clip.

The day was fine overhead, but the wind blew a gale, making shooting very difficult; but some good scores were made.

The club has decided to install new traps as soon as the weather will permit, as the ones in use did not work as well as could be desired.

Table with 6 columns (1-6) and 10 rows of names and scores for the Hudson Gun Club event.

Stanley Gun Club.

Toronto, April 1.—The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday.

Team match, 25 targets: Stanley—Thompson 22, XX. 18, McGill 25, Ingham 21, Herbert 15, Dunk 22, Rock 24, Martin 16, Hulme 18, Thomas 27, Green 22, Charles 20, Wilson 19, Fritz 15, Hogarth 18, Morshead 19, Dey 16; Total, 327.

Balmy Beach—J. A. Shaw 20, Booth 19, Ross 19, Casci 12, Seager 20, Ten Eyck 22, Smith 15, Adams 15, Hambly 14, Hunter 18, Pearsall 12, Lyonde 15, Draper 11, Pop 11, Pearce 16, J. G. Shaw 20, Davis 9; total, 268.

Table with 5 columns (1-5) and 10 rows of names and scores for the Stanley Gun Club event.

ALEX. DEY.

Red Dragon Canoe Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 3.—Three trophy shoots were held by the trapshooters of the Red Dragon Canoe Club on the grounds at Wissinoming, Pa., on Saturday.

Fenimore shot in fine form in the first two events and captured the prize in each. In the third event for the Fenimore silver trophy, Mrs. Park won by breaking 41 and having an allowance of 8, which made a total of 49.

The targets were thrown unknown angles. The scores follow:

Table with 3 columns (Brk. Hdp. Tot'l) and 4 rows of names and scores for the Red Dragon Canoe Club event.

Park trophy, 25 targets, handicap added: Fenimore 24, 3, 27; Murray 17, 9, 26; Park 24, 3, 27; Mitchell 13, 9, 22; Mrs. Park 23, 4, 27; Francis 12, 8, 20; Fenimore won.

Fenimore trophy, 50 targets, handicap added: Mrs. Park 41, 8, 49; Wolstencroft 27, 18, 45; Park 41, 7, 48; Shallcross 23, 19, 42; Fenimore 42, 6, 48; Clark 31, 16, 47; Francis 31, 16, 47; Mrs. Park won.

St. Paul Gun Club.

St. Paul, Ind., March 30.—There were twenty-three participants in the tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, held to-day.

The programme consisted of fifteen events, each at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance. Scores:

Table with 15 columns (1-15) and 15 rows of names and scores for the St. Paul Gun Club event.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Spratt's Patent (American), Ltd., main office in Newark, N. J., branch offices in St. Louis and San Francisco, is an esteemed institution of many years' standing.

The attention of trapshooters and users of ammunition generally is called to the half-page advertisement of the Peters Cartridge Company, found on one of the front advertising pages of this week's FOREST AND STREAM.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

This is a busy season for yacht brokers and for naval architects and engineers. Among these is Mr. M. H. Clark, of 45 Broadway, New York, who is favorably known to the yachting world and whose services are always in demand.

Persons who desire to buy yachts, or who have them to sell will do well to call on Messrs. Clapham & Clapham, yacht brokers, of 150 Nassau street, New York, whose advertisement is found in another column.

The yards are now all busy preparing the yachts for the season which is just now opening. No part of a vessel's equipment is more important than her sails, in which material and fit are essential.

Oh, tradesmen, in thine hour of e e e, If on this paper you should c c c,

Take our advice and now be y y y, Go straight ahead and advert i i i, You'll find the project of some d u u;

To cut, or not to cut; that is the question. Whether 'tis not better in the end

To let the chap who knows not the worth Have the work at cut-throat price, or, To take up arms against his competition, And, by opposing cut for cut, end it, To cut—and by cutting put the other cutter Out of business—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To cut—to slash—Perchance myself to get it in the neck—Ay, there's the rub; for when one starts To meet the other fellow's price, 'tis like as not He's up against it good and hard.

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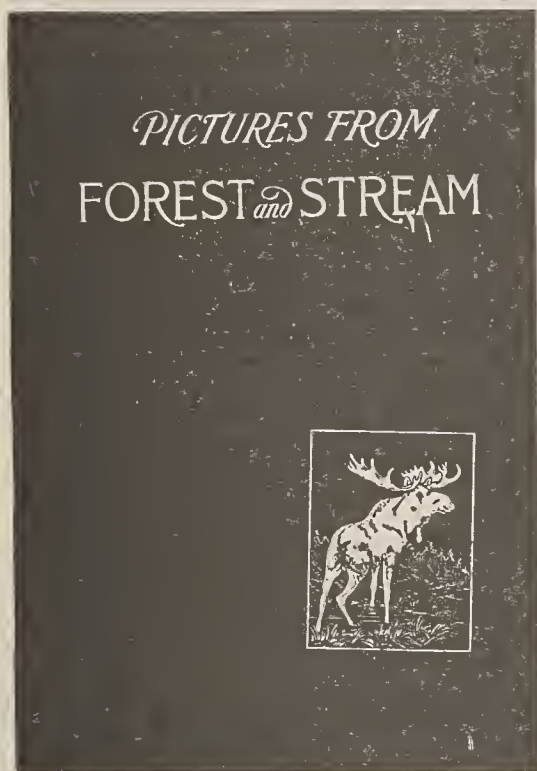
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LIST OF THE PLATES.

- | | |
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| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - J. J. Audubon |
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| 11. Sall, Sea and Sky, Navahoe on the Solent.
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| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - J. J. Audubon | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), W. P. Davison |

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In response to numerous enquiries from those who desire to frame these engravings, rather than to keep them in a volume, a special price of \$1.75 each has been made for sets of unbound sheets.

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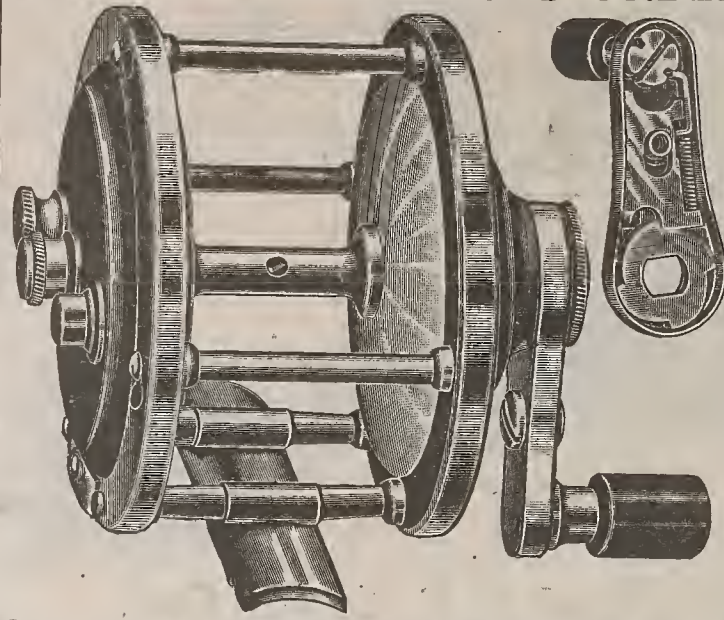
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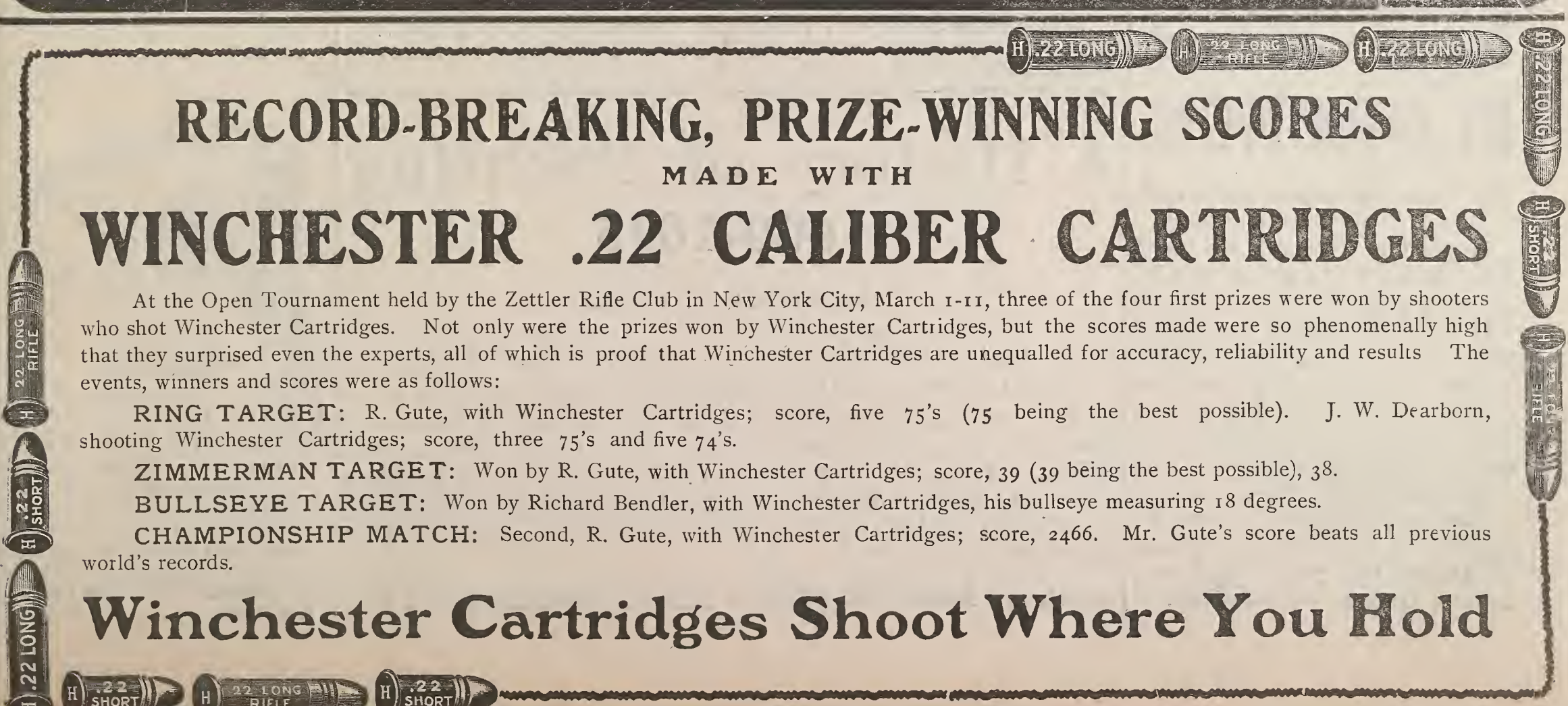
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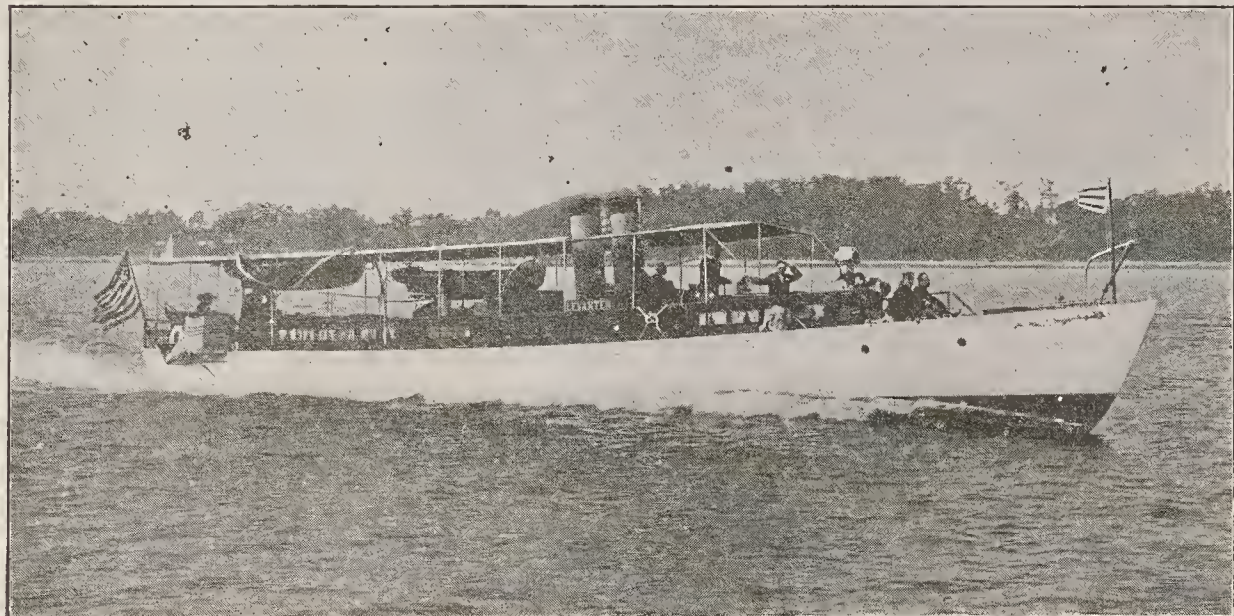
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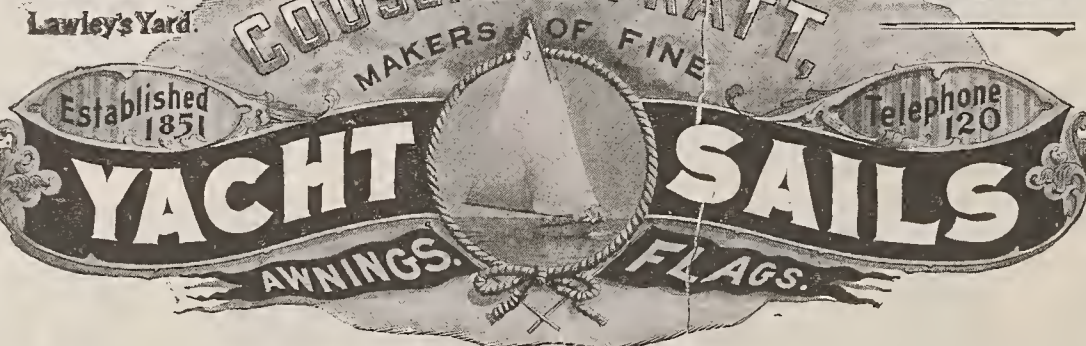
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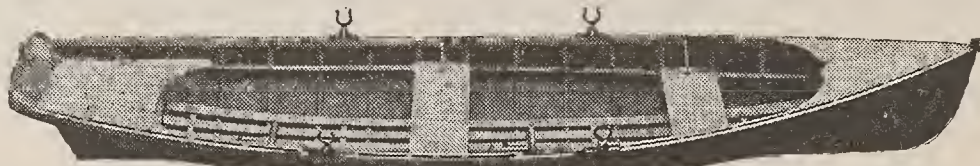
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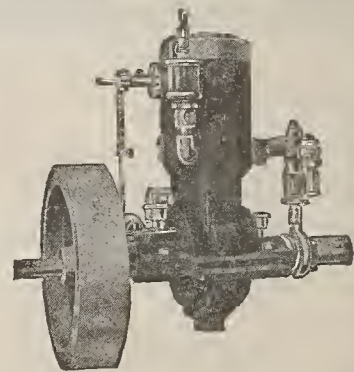


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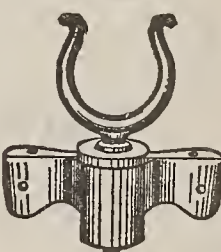
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1905.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

REVOLVERS AND HOMICIDES.

ELSEWHERE, in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM this week, an esteemed correspondent criticises, in gracious spirit, the custom of carrying revolvers on the person, and he erroneously assumes that such custom prevails throughout the United States. To it he imputes the large number of homicides in the United States as shown by pertinent and reliable statistics of the past year. By way of comparison, of conditions in Newfoundland during the same time, revolvers not being carried as an armament in that country, no homicides have occurred. From these data he deduces that the carrying of revolvers is the true cause of the homicides in the United States, while the absence of that custom in Newfoundland accounts for the absence of homicides in that country.

There is a certain plausibility in these coincidences as presented, though as a matter of fact the presentation is fallacious for several reasons, chief of which is that the number of homicides is in no wise dependent on the carrying of revolvers. The latter is but one of many intermedia used for the purpose, and is not in itself an essential. Knives, razors, axes, hammers, clubs, poisons, anæsthetics, and dozens of other articles in common, legitimate use, hold a conspicuous place on the list of deadly weapons used in committing homicides.

There is no inherent tendency to homicide which can justly be ascribed to the revolver. Before it was invented, human nature was the same, and homicides occurred then, as they occur now in lands in which it is unknown or unused. The true causes of homicide are to be found in the struggles of life, and where the struggle is keenest, as in the great cities, there the shedding of blood will be greatest. Of course, the criminal proclivities of some men's nature must be taken into account, as a phase peculiar to mankind in every age and every clime.

To compare Newfoundland with the United States in this connection is to compare quantities so irreconcilably unlike in every way that any conclusion is necessarily forced and erroneous. Newfoundland has an area of about 42,000 square miles, a little larger in area than the State of Ohio. It has a population of over 200,000, a number no greater than pertains to many of the ordinary cities in this country. Compare 200,000 people with upward of 80,000,000, the population of the United States, and our correspondent's comparison as to homicides is obviously fallacious. Large areas, in the country regions of the United States, can be found where homicides are rare or unknown.

Newfoundland is devoid of many of the contributory causes to the large list of statistics in question, and which are peculiar to violent deeds in the United States. Of the more important causes, it may be fairly assumed that the chief one has its source in the incessant stream of immigration which pours on our shores. The immigrants do not represent American life or ideas at the outset. They, as a matter of course, represent the life of foreign countries, in language, customs, etc., which persist more or less distinctly to the end of the first generation. Many of them cherish their old world feuds as a part of their treasures, and acquire new ones as a sacred privilege indigenous to a land which is free to all. Thus we have sudden and frenzied brawlings of the hostile "Tongs" with their mysterious homicides; the secret killings imputed to the Mafia; the vendettas and stabbings among the Sicilians, Greeks; and similar doings in a lesser degree among some other classes of immigrants, all of which generously swell the list of homicides committed in America, though they are not United States in any sense other than having a place within our borders. Within the city of New York, as in other large cities, there are many districts which are colonized by foreigners, and are really foreign spots in American institutions.

It is quite commonly remarked that a man who carries a pistol is therefore a coward. The remark, without proper qualification, is untrue. A man who carries a pistol when among friends exclusively is not a brave man or a desirable companion. When the criminal classes carry revolvers concealed, and when arrested and tried are punished with a suspended sentence or a nominal fine, honest men, whose vocation

brings them in dangerous places, must perforce be armed for purpose of defense. But even at the broadest estimate, those who go about armed are relatively a small number of the 80,000,000 people of the United States.

As for the existence of revolver clubs and their practice at target shooting affecting the proclivity to homicide because of fostering familiarity with firearms, the truth probably is that they have only so much influence in this direction, and no more, than do the existence and practice meets of trapshooting clubs.

THE BROOK IN APRIL.

LOOKING up the brook on this mild, still April day, a double view is had of a New England swamp, as it pauses just before bursting into luxuriant bloom.

The skunk's cabbage started long ago, and its widening leaves are high above the ground. On the drier borders of the swamp wind flowers and dog-tooth violets are blooming; on the brook's edge and in the little pools of water the marsh marigolds show vivid green with cups of gold now opening to the sun. Yet alder and grapevine and swamp maple look as they did in winter, save for the swelling buds at the end of each twig, which are reddening as they prepare to burst into bloom.

Within these silent, motionless stems is hidden a life that is running riot in these first mild days. Through the veins of each plant its pale blood courses swiftly, and ere long the general life, of which we now see only the first signs, will be universal.

In this beautiful picture, in the time at which it is taken and in the portents which we see in it, is much that causes us to reflect on that more serious side of life which—without losing any of life's joy—we may wisely, more or less consider.

Scenes such as this come before every man who spends much of his time out of doors; but too often they are lightly passed over, their full beauty not appreciated, their significance soon forgotten.

AUDUBON'S BIRTHDAY.

ON May 5 next it is purposed to hold, at the Church of the Intercession in this city, a meeting to commemorate the birthday of Audubon the naturalist. No one knows precisely when Audubon was born, but, by those best qualified to know, May 5 is regarded as the probable date.

The Church of the Intercession is situated within a stone's throw of the beautiful home occupied by the naturalist during the last years of his life, and known for more than half a century as Audubon Park. Long ago the most of it passed into the hands of old neighbors and friends of the family, some of whom still occupy it; but the march of improvement has at length reached the old home, and streets and drives have now been cut through it by the city, so that Audubon Park, as such, no longer exists. Nevertheless, over the grass now growing green still wave the boughs of many of the ancient trees which were already giants when the naturalist used to wander beneath them as he fed his wild pets; and the great river beside which he used to sit and watch the sailing vessels pushing their slow way up to Albany, still flows steadily by toward the sea.

In Trinity Cemetery, just beyond Audubon Park, lies the dust of the great man, his grave marked by a stone erected there by his admirers a few years ago.

It is near all this that the Rev. Mr. Gates, of the Church of the Intercession, intends to hold his celebration, which many eminent men have consented to attend. Here former President Grover Cleveland, Judge Parker, Mr. John Burroughs, Dr. J. A. Allen, Mr. E. T. Seton, Mr. Frank M. Chapman, and many others interested in natural history and ornithology, will gather to pay a tribute to the greatest artist naturalist that America has known.

One by one the material objects which were connected with the life of Audubon are being swept away, and the time is perhaps not distant when blocks of houses will cover beautiful "Minniesland," a spot made sacred to many people still living by a wealth of tender associations. It is a graceful and timely thought on the part of Mr. Gates to set on foot the commemorative service at the present time.

THE SALE OF IMPORTED GAME.

A CASE of much interest arose in Brooklyn on Thursday of last week when John Hill, proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel, was arrested for having in his possession twenty-four brace of English plover and Russian grouse. The birds had been delivered to Mr. Hill by August Silz, a game dealer of this city who conducts a large close season trade in various game birds, all of which he claims to have imported, and which, being imported, he contends, are not within the statutes forbidding the sale of game in close season; or if the law is intended to apply to them, it is unconstitutional. So sure of his ground does Mr. Silz profess to be that he sends circulars to his customers notifying them that he can supply them with all kinds of imported game, giving them a guarantee as follows:

"I take pleasure in submitting to you herewith a price list on imported game. All the leading hotels are using it, and I will guarantee to be responsible for any legal trouble that you may be subjected to in the sale of the same, provided you can prove that the imported game was bought from A. Silz."

This guarantee of immunity from the consequences of a violation of the law would of course be held void by the courts, but there is no reason to suppose that the assurance is not honestly made by Mr. Silz and with confidence that he would not be called upon to make it good. In other words, he feels perfectly secure in conducting the traffic in game. This may be either because he is convinced of his right to deal in the game; or it may be because he is sure of immunity from interference by the authorities. The latter view is given plausibility by the asserted fact, that the Silz dealings are actually permitted, while transactions of like character are not tolerated on the part of other dealers.

Now no account being made of the game which it may be proved "was bought from A. Silz," it is true that vast quantities of American game birds—grouse and quail, and plover, and woodcock, and other species, are dealt in continuously in this city in the close season, being served at hotels, restaurants, clubs and private houses, and appearing on the menus under various fancy foreign designations, employed as grotesque blinds should occasion demand, but not intended to deceive the palate of the consumer.

The traffic in foreign game constitutes a cover for the illicit traffic in native game. If the trade in imported birds is forbidden within the intent of the law, a demonstration of that fact would be a distinct gain. This Brooklyn case affords a new opportunity to make a desired test of the law. The circumstances are especially favorable to such a test, because Mr. Silz has, at his own request, been made a party with Mr. Hill as defendant. The New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game has interested itself in the case, and has signified an intention to assist, through its counsel, in the prosecution. With this powerful society to press the suit, we may at last look for a decisive trying out of the points of law involved.

FOLLY MADE A CRIME.

IN the Armstrong anti-docking bill, passed by the Legislature of New York, the problem of putting a stop to the senseless and cruel mutilation of horses appears to be solved. Laws forbidding the act of amputation have been tried, but the necessity of proving the offense directly has made it difficult to enforce them. The Armstrong bill takes a cue from game laws and makes possession of a mutilated animal punishable by fine and imprisonment.

It is provided that all docked horses in the State shall be registered by their owners within one year from the passage of the act, and after the expiration of the year no more docked horses may be registered, and it shall be an offense to have in possession, regardless of ownership, an unregistered docked horse.

Every one whose love for the horse has not been perverted by devotion to fashion will rejoice at the prospect of the ultimate disappearance of the docked tail. The horse is a beautiful creature as nature made him, and man's attempts to improve his appearance by maiming only make him unsightly and pitifully absurd. The docked tail is a manifestly useless appendage, and having no utility, serving no purpose, it is therefore ugly—a mere excrescence. The process of docking is painful, and there can be no excuse for inflicting unnecessary pain upon an animal.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Among the Siberian Urals.

It was Thursday the 17th (29th) of April that, after just one year's journeying—to a day, just—the detail passed the historic monument in the central Ural range, on one side of which is inscribed

ASIA,

and on the other side

EUROPA.

Of course the wording is in Russian letters, thus: АСІА—ЕВРОПА.

A halt was made for the night near here at the most proximate house, which is precisely the stancia (station) Ypjymka, shown on the same block facing the granite boundary obelisk. That little station, Ypjymka, is the last station in Europe, on the Central Ural railway system. There are, altogether, three railroads crossing the Urals,

monument again!

The Asia-Europe monument is seen by many, but visited by few. It is easy of access from the station Ypjymka, but as trains are few and there are no tourist accommodations in the region, travelers don't care to trouble to lose from half to a whole day over the matter.

Personally, as I prolonged my stay in the Urals and region from April to July, noting the auriferous formations, I visited the monument twice. It was erected many years ago, and the purity of the atmosphere has not left a stain on it. Its height would be about a dozen feet—quite modest, you see, for an obelisk that marks the dividing line of two continents. There was not even a single tourist scrawl disfigurement on it. Thank heavens for that! Its isolation has saved it that much. Only on the Europe-facing side, ЕВРОПА; and on the Asiatic, АСІА; while at the base—unobservable from the line—there are the permanent survey marks in Rus-

that's a lesser evil than ugly bruises or a fractured limb, or something worse. "Of two evils, choose the least."

The young Hikolai Penn got ahead of me—and disappeared. I called and called—no answer. Mounting higher and higher, the rocks got slippier. The weather was fine, but the rains of centuries had given those rocks a slick surface like the treacherous sidewalk footlights covering here and there Manhattan's new rapid-transit tunneling.

Continuing on, and finding no trace of Hikolai, a disheartening sense of anxiety came over me. In his eagerness he had, I thought, perhaps fallen into one of the crevices, been rendered unconscious—maybe killed outright; and here was I, a stranger to the family, having to take home the news of the loss. And it was at my suggestion that he had accompanied me! It meant, of course, (I went on reasoning rapidly), suspicion—the presumption that I had contributed to his death; forcible deten-



YPJYMKA, THE LAST STATION IN EUROPE.



Courtesy of the Electrical Review.

THE ASIA-EUROPE MONUMENT, THE MID-URAL RANGE.

hundreds of miles apart. The route depicted in the illustrations is the most important, and is the road directly connecting (via Chelabinsk) with the great trans-Siberian—the self-same route over which so many hundreds of thousands of Russian soldiers have been massed in Manchuria—myriads of thousands never to return.

A few years ago, in Scribner's Magazine, there was published a series of articles on Russia entitled, "All the Russias." So far as accuracy went, its author, H. Norman, of the rush-tourist type, might more appropriately have named the papers "All the Errors!" Even some of his illustrations were not correct. What he terms "the last station in Europe," p. 518, vol. 28, is not a station at all, but a road guardian's house—one of a type of hundreds located along Russian lines for the housing of the permanent way employes every three to five verst. It is a house that is possibly not anywhere near the "last sta-

sian characters of the trans-Asiatic topographic survey and detail.

From the Asia-Europa monument to the first station in Asia, called Cipoctan (pronounced Ciroctan), is nearly a score verst. It is a beautiful railway journey. The trans-mountain line between these two points reaches its antenna on the mid-Ural range, and is a continued succession of ravishing, enchanting scenery. For grandeur, however, compared to our own great-divide route, it is "not a patch on it."

That station, Cipoctan, made a profound impression on me. It was here I discovered first a branch of the Siberian Penns. One of them was acting as station chief here, and, to my surprise, addressed me in perfectly intelligible American. What the discovery of the Scottish regalia must have been to a Scot, the discovery of a Penn branch in Siberia was to me, a Yank deeply interested in

tion till the body was found, and so on. I was beginning to curse myself for having departed from my old ideals of the solitary sportsman—"nobody else to trouble about," etc.

Still, I continued mounting the rocky side of the old crater, on the lookout, and shouting. There was the forlorn hope, I thought, that Hikolai might have found a shorter route to the crater, and was where my voice could not reach him. Suddenly, from a rocky ridge high above, came the shout in triumphant tones, "Lodian! Lodian!"—and I saw the silhouette of Hikolai's figure against the sky. The young monkey, agile as his years (16), had indeed tripped to the top like a wilk buck of Sonora. But, although I never mentioned it to him, I shall never forget as long as life lasts that distressing half an hour of anxiety.

The view of the interior of that thousands-of-years-



SIBERIAN CHURCH ON WHEELS.



CLINICAL UNIVERSITY, TOMSK.

tion in Europe" even. Anybody can see it is not a station. But the view of the last station in Europe here presented, is entirely bona-fide, and is reproduced from a well executed Russian postal picture card issued by Chep & Habolz, of Mockba, central Poccia. Of course, it is like scores of other country stations in Tolstoidom; and the only reason why it is singled out for perpetuating on a post-card is because of its unique geographical position as the dernier stancia, or station, on the European side of the Urals.

From the stancia Ypjymka, looking up-grade to the right, you can almost perceive the modest little white obelisk in the distance. It is atop of a gently rising bluff, and the railroad sides it in a deep cutting about fifty yards below. If passing in daylight, all troops and passengers are on the lookout for it—all eyes are centered on that single line, ЕВРОПА, and as the train rumbles past, necks are craned and eyes sharply look out for АСІА.

"We're in Asia," or like expressions, escape from many a lip, and the people cross themselves seriously; for thousands, tens of thousands, of the soldier-passengers destined to Manchuria will of course never pass that

the Penn family—an interest which has taken me even to the side of Penn's grave at Jordan's, in the shire of Buckingham, state of England, a secluded spot almost as inaccessible and unfindable and as "far from the madding crowd" to-day as it was when Penn was interred there nearly a couple of centuries ago. I have already written the history of the Siberian Penns in other publications.

The sport-tourist reaching Asia via the mid-Ural range, ought—once, at least—to make a stop-over at Ypjymka and visit the most historic boundary monument on earth. Take a few minor comforts with you, and have lunch seated on the base of that Asia-Europe obelisk—one foot in Europe, the other in Asia! I did this on a couple of occasions, then visited the extinct volcano a couple of miles to the north, in company with the youthful Hikolai Penn. It is quite a rocky climb, the slippery rocks seemingly inviting you to destruction if you persist in wearing ordinary leather-soled boots; so—lacking the regular coarse worsted worn outside socks of the Alps—you take off your ordinary wool socks (no out-camper is fool enough to wear the cotton things) and drag them over your boots, I know they are hole-ruined in an hour; but

since extinct crater is the ugliest geological sight I have seen in my life—nothing but a loathsome expanse of bare, weather-seared rocks. Imagine what the hummock ice of the Arctic Ocean ice wastes is like, and you have an idea of what that old Ural volcano is like in rocks. It is about half a mile across, and apparently impassable, but I believe some enthusiasts have painfully made their way across.

How different from the charming old crater of Mount Eden, near Auckland, New Zealand. There I descended its grassy slopes, where a couple of cows were quietly pasturing, and got on to its old clinker bed at the very bottom. By smashing one heavy clinker on another, thus breaking them asunder and closely noting the odor of the innermost fractured parts, I at length established a rather curious fact—just a feeble odor of burnt stone was now and then perceptible, but only of the faintest momentary duration. And to think that that feebly volcanic odor had persisted in the heart of those debris after untold ages! But it should be noted that the evanescent odor was only obtained with fractures of the hardest and least porous clinkers.

L. LODIAN,

Adventures of Col. J. Smith.

BY CLARENCE VANDIVEER.

IN an article relating to the early pathfinders and travelers of the West, printed in the *FOREST AND STREAM* some months ago, Mr. Orin Belknap makes mention of a book, which he had read in his boyhood days, containing the personal narrative of one Col. James Smith, in which was related the story of his captivity and experiences among the Indians of the Ohio Valley, from May 1755, to April 1759. The book referred to was no doubt James W. Taylor's "History of Ohio," published at Sandusky in the early fifties, in which the narrative appears under the caption of "A Pilgrim of Ohio One Hundred Years Ago." The story is one of absorbing interest, being a faithful picture of the wilderness and its savage inhabitants previous to the coming of the first white settlers. For the benefit of those who are fond of reading frontier adventures and who may have never heard of James Smith we will herewith present a short sketch of the remarkable adventures of this brave man.

James Smith, the hero of this romantic tale, was a native of Western Pennsylvania. At the age of eighteen he was captured by a war party of Delaware Indians near the town of Bedford and was carried by then to old Fort Duquesne (on the present site of Pittsburg) where he was compelled to run the gauntlet. So severe was the punishment inflicted upon him that he fell unconscious and was carried into the fort where he was placed under the care of a French physician.

From Duquesne the Indians took Smith up the Alleghany to an Indian town, thence overland to another village in the valley of the Muskingum. Here he was compelled to undergo the painful ceremony of adoption into the tribe. A number of Indians gathered about him and after dipping their fingers in ashes, began pulling out his hair by the roots, until only a small spot about three or four inches square remained on the crown. This they decked up in the most fantastic manner imaginable, then fell to boring his ears and nose and supplying him with earrings and nose jewels. Then they stripped off his clothes and painted his body in various colors, after which they put bands of wampum on his neck and silver bracelets on his wrists. All this time the captive was ignorant of the meaning of these proceedings and thought they were preparing him for some cruel torture. His fears were not relieved when several Indian girls lay hold of him and pulled him down the river bank and into the water. They did not drown him, as he expected, but they gave him a terrible scrubbing, after which he was taken to the council house where he was given a shirt, a pair of leggings, a pipe, some tobacco and a flint and steel. Then, after a short smoke, the chief addressed the captive as follows:

"My son, you are now flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day, every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewago nation and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day, you are now one of us, by an old strong law and custom. My son, you have nothing to fear—we are now under the same obligation to love, support and defend you, that we are to love and defend one another; therefore you are to consider yourself as one of our people."

Smith says that these obligations were carried out to the letter by the Indians. A grand feast of boiled venison and green corn was now served, one of the chiefs acting as toast master.

Soon after the ceremony of adoption, it was decided to begin a war upon the Virginia frontier and Smith now witnessed his first war-dance and thus described it: "At the war-dance they had both vocal and instrumental music; they had a short, hollow gum, closed at one end, with water in it, and parchment stretched over the open end thereof, which they beat with one stick, and made a sound nearly like that of a muffled drum. All of those who were going on this expedition collected together and formed. An old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on this drum, as the ancients formerly timed their music by beating the tabor. On this the warriors began to advance or move forward in concert, as well disciplined troops would march to the fife and drum. Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear or war-mallet in his hand and they all moved regularly toward the east, or the way they intended to go to war. At length they all stretched their tomahawks toward the Potomac, and giving a hideous shout or yell, they wheeled quickly about and danced in the same manner back. The next was a war-song. In performing this only one sung at a time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand, while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud 'He uh, he uh,' which they constantly repeated while the war-song was going on. When the warrior who was singing had ended his song, he struck a war post with his tomahawk and with a loud voice told what warlike exploits he had done and what he now intended to do, which were answered by the other warriors with loud shouts of applause. Some who had not before intended to go to war at this time were so animated by this performance that they took up the tomahawk and sung the war-song, which was answered with shouts of joy, as they were initiated into the present marching company."

The next morning the warriors set forth on their mission of death, while Smith remained to make his debut into society; in other words he was invited to a courtship dance that evening, and he was no doubt afraid to decline the invitation, he honored the bronze-faced damsels and their savage suitors with his presence. He does not mention whether the invitation was by card or merely verbal, but that does not matter. The dance itself was interesting, although to Smith at first appeared "irrational and insipid." Two lines, one composed of young men and one of girls, was formed, about one rod apart, facing each other. Then some one struck up a song, keeping time with a rattle, and the two lines advanced in a stooping position until their heads touched together, when they retreated with loud shouts. Smith says that the young Indians improved the opportunity, when their heads were together in the dance, to whisper words of love into the ear of the one opposite. If

our red brothers were anything like us, what a scramble there must have been for place on the line.

Smith mentions the killing of several buffalo while the Indians were engaged in making salt in the Hocking Valley. This is one of the few records of buffalo in Ohio.

In company with an adopted brother, named Tontileango, the lonely captive now set out for Lake Erie. Proceeding up the Muskingum to its source, they struck overland to the Black River, which stream they followed to its mouth. On this excursion Smith carried with him a few books, which the Indians had brought back from their raids on the settlers as spoils of war, some dried meat and a blanket. Tontileango carried a rifle and kept them supplied with fresh meat. Deer, bear and raccoons were very plentiful. They saved the skins of the game they procured and were soon laden so heavily with them that it was impossible to march more than ten miles a day.

Upon reaching the lake they proceeded along the shore, and on the way saw many large fish, which the waves had thrown high upon the sand, being devoured by hordes of bald and gray eagles. There were no buffalo in this region and very few elk.

A camp of Wyandots was found near the mouth of the Black river and Smith and his companion were well received by them. Here they were given a kind of potato, resembling our sweet potato, and some hominy, consisting of dried green corn and beans. After tarrying with the Wyandots for some time, they procured a canoe and started up the Black river on a hunt. Their canoe was very strong and was well adapted to carry large loads. It could also be taken ashore and converted into a sort of house in case of necessity. The canoe was finally buried and the hunters started overland to the Cayahaga. When midway between the two rivers they decided to go into winter quarters. A strong, warm hut was built and hunting, trapping and sugar making were the order of the day.

The method pursued in sugar making was as follows: The Indian would select a large sugar tree, cut a long notch in it and then drive in a chip to carry the water out from the tree. To catch the drops from off this chip, a wooden vessel was placed beneath. When the vessels were full they were emptied into a bark vessel, which held about four gallons, and carried to camp, where it was boiled in two fifteen gallon brass kettles. The sugar was put in bear's fat, and into this mixture the Indians dipped their roasted venison.

Raccoons were caught by means of deadfalls placed along the water courses. This seems to explode the theory maintained by some sportsmen as to the impossibility of catching raccoons in traps. Deadfalls were also placed at the ends of hollow logs to catch foxes.

In winter the squaws were kept busy trying out bear's fat, which they put into skin vessels and carried with them wherever they went. Smith thus describes the method employed in making these skin vessels: "The vessels were made of deerskins, which were skinned by pulling the skin off the neck without ripping. After they had taken off the hair, they gathered it into small plaits around the neck and with a string drew it together like a purse, in the center a pin was put, below which they tied a string and while it was wet they blew it up like a bladder, and let it remain in this manner until it was dry, when it appeared nearly in the shape of a sugar loaf, but more rounding at the lower end. One of these vessels would hold about four or five gallons. In these vessels it was that they carried their bear oil."

Smith, whose name had been changed to Scoouwa by the Indians, now went with Tontileango to a Wyandot town on the Sandusky, where they disposed of their furs to some French traders. Here also a carnival of feasting and rejoicing was held. Mention is here made of the narrative of a dice game, in which plum stones, one side of which was painted white and the other black, are put into a bowl, shaken and thrown up, and the blacks and whites counted. All the while the game is being played the band, consisting of a drum, a sort of fife and several jews harps, renders its choice selections, dear to the hearts of the Indians but utterly unbearable to the more sensitive ears of the white man, although it would no doubt compare favorably with some of our now popular rag time airs.

In 1756 great preparations were made to drive the Virginians back across the sea. All the braves, from the old, infirm warriors of the sixties down to the boys of twelve, marched away to perform their bloody work. Everyone, with the exception of a few old men of experience, was confident of victory, and Smith was asked for his opinion. He told them frankly that their attempt would be useless as the settlers were brave and determined and would prove more than a match for them. The Indians did not get angry at Smith for so freely expressing his views, for as their tribal government was one of pure democracy, they probably thought that he had a right to his own opinions. In fact the Indians all the while treated him as one of their own people and many acts of kindness were shown him.

The departure of the warriors left the remainder of the tribe in a precarious condition, as the supply of food which had been collected the previous winter had been wasted. An Indian never appears to have a thought of the morrow and no doubt believes in living up to the Scriptural passage which says, "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Accompanied by several old and infirm men, who had not joined the war party, Smith set out to procure some meat for the hungry camp. Fire hunting was practiced, and several deer were procured.

Finally the warriors began to arrive from the settlements of Virginia, heavily laden with scalps and stolen plunder. They also brought with them some prisoners, with whom Smith held many pleasant interviews. Some of the captives were made to run the gauntlet, but were not otherwise seriously mistreated. Smith participated in some of these barbaric performances and mentions hitting one man with a piece of pumpkin, and says the act "pleased the Indians very much but hurt my feelings."

In their domestic life these savages appear to have lived on terms of perfect peace and harmony, putting to shame some "palefaces" who prefer to represent the highest type of civilization. Even at this early date Christianity had penetrated the wilds and found its way into

this wandering band. French missionaries had gained a few converts, but the majority of the Indians considered the teachings of the Bible as foolish and absurd and persisted in clinging to the old faith.

In company with another adopted brother, Tecaughretanago, Smith now visited the Cayahaga, and there hunted with considerable success. While here an incident occurred which is well worthy of mention. One day when Tecaughretanago was angry he began using the name of God in a most horrible manner. Smith then asked him if he knew the meaning of the expressions he had used. The Indian replied that he supposed the meaning to be similar to a degrading expression common to his tribe. Upon being told that he was mistaken and having the true meaning explained to him, he was horrified and said that men who would knowingly use the name of the Great Spirit so abusively were no better than devils.

From the Cayahaga the hunters skirted the south shore of Lake Erie to the Maumee and from thence they moved northward to Fort Detroit. A visit was also made to the East Sister, Middle Sister and West Sister islands, afterwards rendered historic by Perry's famous naval victory. A curious belief existed among the Indians in regard to the rattlesnakes and raccoons inhabiting these islands. The raccoons lodged in holes in the rocks and during the winter the Indians would catch many of them in traps, but, with the coming of spring the raccoons disappeared and the traps would often be filled with rattlesnakes. This caused the Indians to believe that the snakes became raccoons in winter and the raccoons turned to snakes in the spring.

At Cedar Point, at the entrance to Maumee Bay, they held a driving hunt and secured thirty deer. Soon after they proceeded to the upper waters of the Scioto, where they spent the winter, but returned to the region of the Sandusky in the following summer. Fishing in the northern streams was good, and a captive Virginian named Thompson surprised the Indians by catching fish with a dip net made of bark. His catch was enormous and far exceeded the needs of the Indians. The fish that were not used lay on the banks in heaps and attracted large numbers of eagles and buzzards.

For a number of years Smith continued his travels and spent four months of captivity in Montreal. In 1759, he was restored to his friends, and some time later he was placed in command of a body of riflemen to protect the Pennsylvania frontier. He served with credit in the war of independence. His later years were spent in Kentucky, where he was elected to the Legislature. His death occurred in 1812.

Smith's picture of northern Ohio prior to settlement is interesting and throws much light on the social life, manners and customs of the Indians of the Great Lake region.

Boone and Crockett Club Dinner.

THE Boone and Crockett Club gave a dinner on Wednesday, April 5, at the University Club, New York City. President W. Austin Wadsworth presided. Among the members and guests present were the following: Madison Grant, James H. Kidder, Archibald Rogers, Henry L. Stimson, W. B. Devereux, George Bird Grinnell, Dr. John Rogers, Jr., J. K. Mitchell, Lewis R. Morris, Walter B. James, J. E. Roosevelt, John L. Cadwallader, James T. Gardiner, H. Casimir de Rham, Frank Lyman, John J. Pierrepont, Dr. John L. Seward, H. Clay Pierce, Benj. W. Richards, John H. Prentice, Wm. Lord Smith, Charles T. Barney, Robert T. Varnum, Chas. A. Moore, Jr., Robert C. Heaton, Col. J. S. Crosby, James P. Lee, Gerald L. Hoyt, Francis R. Appleton, Cortland Palmer, Dr. J. H. Kenyon, Dr. Fred Kammerer, G. Franklyn Lawrence, Chas. G. Peters, Eric B. Dahlgren, Edwin C. Kent, Warren Delano, Robt. L. Pierrepont, John S. De Hart, Jr., Dr. John E. Wilson, Arthur Perry, E. H. Harriman, Jas. A. Stillman, Wm. Woodward, Henry G. Barbey, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., George D. Pratt, E. N. Potter, A. O. Choate, E. T. Irwin, G. H. Kinnicutt, Henry Whitehouse, Wm. F. Whitehouse. The dinner committee were Messrs. J. H. Prentice, H. L. Stimson and L. S. Thompson.

After the dinner was over Mr. Wm. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, the guest of the club, exhibited his large collection of lantern slides made from photographs which he had taken during two trips through East Africa south from the Gulf of Aden, and then returning north, and later going west in the endeavor to reach the Nile; an effort which was not successful owing to the absence of water; which obliged the explorers to turn back.

The pictures shown by Mr. Whitehouse were beautiful and interesting and dealt with a country and a fauna absolutely strange to most of his hearers. He showed pictures of Abyssinia, its people and its game, and among these photographs of King Menelik, his people, his horses, cities, temples and fortresses. Perhaps most interesting were the pictures of game, many of them from living specimens. Where the photographs were of dead animals, an effort was always made to bring out the characteristic features of the species.

Mr. Whitehouse told his story with singular modesty, and confined himself to describing his pictures. Of the hunting adventures that he had had, and the dangers and sufferings that he had undergone he said nothing, nor was it possible to extract from him any personal details. One of his friends gave in conversation an example of the explorer's quickness in emergency, telling of an occasion when the hunter had startled a herd of forty elephants in a narrow ravine. The herd ran off up the ravine with the hunter after them. The banks were so high, and steep, however, that the elephants could not climb out of the ravine, and in their fright turned about and charged back toward the hunter. There seemed every prospect that they would run over and trample him to death, but just before they reached him, he selected a large animal in the middle of the herd, killed it by the difficult forehead shot, and when it fell it split the herd, which streamed by on either side of him.

Among the interesting photographs shown were those of a number of species of antelopes, two of zebras, elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and the five-horned giraffe. The dinner was one of the most interesting that the club has had.



NATURAL HISTORY



Pacific Coast Natural History Notes

If the floods of the past three months have not swept the coast range entirely clear of rattlesnakes, observers have had ocular evidence of great rafts of them being swept seaward by the rushing rivers of San Diego county. It was a strange phenomena to persons standing on a bridge to see the wriggling mass passing under. That was in February. There were scores of them.

The five reservoirs in the vicinity of San Diego are now provided for as follows:

Reservoir	Depth of Water	
	March 18.	March 19.
Sweetwater	50 feet	51 feet 4 inches
Upper Otay	72 feet 4 inches	73 feet 6 inches
Lower Otay	78 feet 4 inches	79 feet 10 inches
La Mesa (full).....	62 feet 2½ inches	
Cuyamaca	26 feet ½ inch	26 feet 2½ inches

Who says this country is arid?

If the pestiferous linnets of this section are not congenitally related to the English sparrows, they are at least quite as much of a nuisance. Like their eastern prototypes, they are outlawed. They have few friends, and small boys find excellent practice for their air guns and plenty of fresh meat for the cats. In color the birds are olive gray and drab, with two parallel rufous bars on the poll. They are not quite as large as the English sparrows, and not as plump, but are prettier. But oh, my! how quickly a flock of them will denude a fresh sown out or wheat field. They are as bad as the bobolinks and blackbirds in South Carolina rice fields.

Field larks here much resemble their cousins of the Middle South, but they do not flock in such great numbers as in the Piedmont region of North Carolina, and their notes are quite as musical as those of the New England bobolink, which they resemble in part. They do not confine themselves to grass and stubble, but take more to trees and telephone wires, where they sit and sing for minutes at a time. That is, in the suburbs of National City.

Rabbits and coyotes are in continuous evidence on the edge of town; the latter sometimes invading the hen-roosts, like foxes, or disturbing the small hours of the night by their latrant barks and howls, causing needless apprehension to nervous newcomers from the East. (Everything the other side of the Rockies is "East" to this country.) Gophers or spermophiles, an omnipresent species of ground squirrel, do far more damage by burrowing into roadways and sidewalks, undermining the earth, starting crevasses and gullies, and opening incipient cañons. The other day a two-horse team met disaster by "putting their foot in it" on one of our principal streets, and the outcome was employment and repair for several men for nearly a week. The rodents are worse than prairie dogs.

On the adjacent mountain range which adds so much to the natural beauty and grandeur of our environment, there are mountain lions, wolves, deer and rattlesnakes and other varmints.

The other day my nephew, who is a persistent specimen hunter (he brought in a quart of tadpoles and incipient frogs from an ordinarily dry arroyo), captured a beautiful water hen (*poule d'eau*, or coot), with white body, slate colored wings, pink eyes and saffron bill. It looked like a Bonaparte kittiwake at sight, but it had the lobed feet of the *Fulica*. He cut it out alive from a band of ten, the like of which he says is not common; and an attempt was made to domesticate it in millionaire Granger's private reservoir; but it died of incompatibility, shallow water and lack of mud. I learned only to-day of its demise, which took place three weeks ago, else I should have saved the skin for the taxidermist.

The plumage of all related bird species seems to be more gaudy here than at the north, saving the Baltimore oriole, scarlet tanager and bluejay, which are hard to beat for impressionist coloration. All the gulls, terns and shore birds here are as tame as domestic fowls, and feed at all times on the mud flats and water lots along the tide line. Sometimes they try to snatch the bait from the hooks of the smelt fishermen as they cast their gossamer tackle outward from the piers. These smelts are quite similar to our eastern smelts, and are caught in February and March at corresponding seasons. There is a difference, however, and I don't know whether to tack it on to the Pacific oolachan or the North Atlantic capelin.

In the most interesting museum of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce there is the shell of a large green turtle, inscribed with the names of twenty-eight kinds of edible fishes that are caught in San Diego Bay. Shad and striped bass have been added lately to the list, having been introduced some twenty-five years ago or so by Seth Green and Livingston Stone. Shad have been running for three or four weeks, and fine large ones are in the market. Striped bass commenced to show up about March 1, but the fishing season does not culminate until May. Thenceforward there is sport galore until Christmas. Striped bass have become the favorite fish for anglers' diversion, though, like the salmon, it is caught in the still waters of the bays and estuaries with a commonplace trolling spoon; which is quite a different exploit from casting into the sounding surf at Newport or Cuttyhunk, where every would-be captor must be baptized in brine and show contusions on his limbs to prove his valor. By the way, is there no one competent to write up a monograph of the striped bass? Surely it is the coming ocean game fish. Tarpon and tuna have had their innings.

Crossing the bay in a naphtha launch on a moonlit night when the sky is slightly overcast, is like flailing the Milky Way with the tail of a comet. A meteoric shower is not a circumstance in comparison. Phosphorescence flies from the prow like sparks from a forge as the craft passes through the water. Billows of sparks heave up in front and stream off astern in brilliant con-

ruscations. Every startled fish that darts from its course leaves a train like a shooting star. Shore pyrotechnics cut no figure in the liquid equation. In fact, no written description will aptly apply, and my pen must halt right now; but it may move anon.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

NATIONAL CITY, Cal., March 25.

Early Spring Days.

WHEN does the spring begin? On the first day the song sparrow sings. That answer, however, will not satisfy the gentlemen who write funny paragraphs for the papers; nor, indeed, will it satisfy the average man, who will tell you that he does not care a button when the song sparrow sings: what he wants is some warm weather, and until he gets that he will consider it winter, if you please. Which, to be sure, is a very practical commonsense view. Nevertheless the first day of spring is that on which the song sparrow sings. Some years it is as early as the second week in February; and others, such as this, as late as the first week in March. It is generally not what you would call a pleasant day. There is snow still on the ground—dirty patches here and there—and a chilly dampness in the air; the sky is gray, and altogether it is what you would call a bleak day. And yet there is a certain something about it which suggests a change—a new departure. If you are a lover of nature you will feel this. Certainly the song sparrow feels it, and that moment he proclaims it aloud with ecstasy. Then come wet days a-plenty, when to venture out of doors is to get your feet covered with mud. But pshaw! what cares the nature lover for that? With his leggings, his mackintosh and his stick he betakes him through the fields and woods. The grass has commenced to spring up anew, especially in sheltered spots, and how grateful is the sight of it to the winter-jaded eye! Such a vivid, pervading green. From the eye it passes to the brain within and wakes up certain dormant cells—as a bright light might wake up a sleeper—and a new mood is developed—a more hopeful, joyous outlook upon the world. Wonderful is the effect of fresh green grass upon the mind. Hardly less so is that of fresh green leaves, but we are far off from these yet. But the buds have commenced to swell on the trees, and the wind in the branches seems to sing a different tune from that of winter; no longer hoarse and sullen, but loud and triumphant. Loud though it be, a sharp metallic "tchick" rises above it, like the high note of the soprano at an opera. Lo! the first robin. Rising from a tree he flies wildly down the wind. How welcome the sight of him is, like that of an old friend who links us to other days.

Now that the migrants have commenced to arrive, we feel that spring is here indeed. And gradually the weather grows softer, more balmy. Even before March is gone we may have a day, or two or three of them, which suggest May. The sky appears of the most beautiful turquoise blue, across which a brisk west wind chases fleecy masses of clouds; or there may be little or no wind and the temperature rises so suddenly that the imprudent man would fain take a siesta if there were any shade—that is to say, under the trees. But to such a day or days as these, there is certain to succeed more tearful ones, for the season is still young and of capricious mood. Its capriciousness will even take the form of nasty exhibitions of temper, as typified by snow squalls and hailstorms; and the sulks, too, will often supervene, in the form of fogs and mists. Yet there is in these sulks something which is akin to the poetic mood, for to them succeed the flowers, the tulips, the violets, the crocuses and those other early blooms which, like the early songs of the birds, are the sweetest emanation of the spring.

At length the leaves begin to burst forth and the marshes to send up their sprouts and tendrils, and the land becomes a vision of tender, gauzy green—such a vision as the painter Corot loved and immortalized so variously on canvas. Gentle showers now alternate with glowing sunshine. You can almost see things growing. All nature is throbbing with vitality. Every day, or rather every night, brings its contingent of migrants, and the air resounds with their chants and cries. The piping of the frogs in the marsh—so resonant, so shrill—adds to the chorus which wakes you up early in the morning. Don't try to go to sleep again, if you are wise; but get up and go out and take a full draught of the new wine of the year.

"All life is brief:

What now is bud

Will soon be leaf:

What now is leaf

Will soon decay.

The wind blows East; the wind blows West;

The blue eggs in the robin's nest

Will soon have wings and beak and breast

And flutter and fly away."

FRANK MOONAN.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, April 11 and 25, at 8:15 P. M. April 11, C. G. Abbott, "A Bird Lover in the Scottish Highlands." Illustrated by lantern slides. April 25, C. Wm. Beebe, "A Naturalist's Camping Trip in Old Mexico." Illustrated by sketches and photographs. C. G. ABBOTT, Secretary.

The mail steamship Ventura recently sailed from San Francisco for Sydney, N. S. W., via Auckland and Honolulu, with a large number of deer, elk, geese and ducks. They were purchased in this country by the New Zealand Government.

Quail and Deer on Cape Ann.

DURING the fall of 1903 eight quail were constant visitors to my cabin dooryard. Six of the number were killed after the law went on. Gunners swarmed everywhere in Ward Eight, City of Gloucester, from the irrepressible small boy to the heedless and reckless alien. Rabbits and squirrels was the game hunted, to let the hunters tell it; but everything wearing fur or feathers was killed, maimed or frightened from the territory.

The two quail that escaped the slaughter nested the next spring near my cabin. One morning, while the hen was sitting, I heard a great squealing in the direction of the nest.

I knew it was the rascally crows, so I shouted and discharged my pistol. I had the satisfaction of seeing three crows sneak through the low shrubbery to a pine grove. The crows had succeeded in stealing two eggs, leaving twelve in the nest. I tied a strip of white cloth on a bush near the nest and the crows gave the spot a wide berth. The outcome was twelve young quail, and a second nest produced the same number. During the fall months both families haunted my dooryard for food. The last time that I had a chance to call the roll disclosed eighteen birds, young and old. The six that did not answer to roll call were young birds, and were probably killed by crows and a sharp-shinned hawk.

In November wood chopping disturbed the birds, and they left for Bond's Hill. On this hill there are great patches of cat brier. Underneath the brier patches the quail are secure from dogs and foxes. I provided food during the winter and the birds are now doing well. My last count made the number fourteen, which I consider a good showing, as a she fox has made the hill her hunting ground all winter.

Last fall gunners were barred. The park commissioners posted their territory and, with consent of owners' posted many wood lots besides. This will protect over one thousand acres of forest and shrub land. It will give the game birds a show.

It is no unusual thing to see deer on Cape Ann. Dogs often drive them out of the woods into the very heart of the city. Three deer yarded this winter just south of my cabin. After the snow settled the dogs got after them and drove them out. One was chased into Essex, but the other two went back into the yard. Three weeks later the dogs drove these deer out again, and they left for the woods near Magnolia.

The fox sparrows returned March 23, which is ten days earlier than usual for my dooryard. An even dozen left last fall, and to-day I counted ten. Whether or not they are the same birds, I cannot say, but I can swear to one bird. He comes to my dooryard in the winter whenever there is a warm spell. After the flock leaves on their way north my bird returns for a day or so, several times. For four years a male white-throated sparrow was selected by the fox sparrow as a chum. The white-throat did not return in mid-winter, but he would return from two to three times after his mates had gone south.

For three years these two varieties of the sparrow family failed to visit my cabin in migration, with the exception of the two chums.

Several sparrow hawks, and many shotgun fiends, made the locality too hot for the main flock, but my little friends returned on time as usual.

One spring, Rusty, the fox sparrow, returned alone. After a day or two he disappeared, and when he returned brought with him his chum. There were no hawks about, so the white-throat went away after his family. When he returned he was accompanied by his wife and two children.

I think Rusty was a bachelor until this time, for he had never piloted a fox sparrow to the dooryard. The next fall he brought an old female and two young birds, and I understood that it was an introduction to his family. The number has increased every year, until last fall there were twelve in the flock, which I thought were Rusty's descendants.

Wabbles, the song sparrow that comes to my cabin spring and fall, did a peculiar thing last week. As usual, he comes to the woods every day. Sometime he has with him one or two of his children. The 29th of March I heard him calling while I was on my way from the city. Soon he appeared, flitting from bush to bush, and in his wake came a flock of song sparrows.

I found by count, while they were in the dooryard, just twelve. Naturally I thought that Wabbles had brought me his descendants to feed. That night Wabbles flew away with the entire flock. The next day he returned alone, and every day since he has been alone until to day, April 3, when he has with him two young birds. It would seem as if Wabbles had given his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren a picnic in the woods, like we humans do.

HERMIT.

Train Kills a Beaver.

A MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., despatch to the New York Times, April 6, says: "The last known beaver in this section of the country gave up its life to-day while racing with a train on the Susquehanna and Western Railroad near Two Bridges. The beaver had been hunted for years, but could not be trapped. He was well known to all railroad men. He jumped on the track in front of the train of Engineer Gould this morning. Though the engineer brought his engine almost to a stop, the beaver was instantly killed. Engineer Gould, who lives at Ogdensburg, took the carcass home, and will have it mounted. It weighed seventy pounds, and had a fine coat."

Havier Deer.

Spectator Forest and Stream:

I have been reading with the greatest interest the very good article in your issue of March 11, by Dr. Morris J. Lewis, of Philadelphia, on the havier moose, for unquestionably that is what the animal really was. To my mind the accompanying photograph shows every appearance and indication of this condition.

To make this article quite clear, I may say that havers are castrated deer, and undoubtedly the operation would have the same effect on the systems of all varieties of the deer tribe. It would be a thing impossible for a healthy tire buck or stag to retain the velvet much after the usual time of shedding it; and, on the other hand, it would be quite as impossible for havers to clean their antlers of the velvet.

I have spent a whole life with game and deer, as did my father before me; and within the past forty years have killed and dressed some thousands of deer, and I have also castrated many red, fallow and Japanese deer, and I have never yet seen a havier make the slightest attempt to shed the velvet or clean his antlers of it. We have a herd of Japanese deer in this park, and in the summer months they are uniform in color, but as winter approaches, the havers become much paler; so much so that one would hardly know that they were of the same species as the entire deer. In my opinion, it is a mistake to castrate deer during the fall of the year; for if the operation is cleanly performed, which it should be, the antlers will be shed within about twenty-one days afterward. I have known them to drop off in seventeen days after the operation, but they never retain them longer than twenty-one or twenty-two days, and the deer begins once to grow a fresh head. The horns are thus in full progress during an unseasonable time of year, and the

tender growths are forced to encounter all the cold of winter, which must be exceedingly trying to the deer and injurious to it. Certainly it must require an extreme effort on the part of nature to perfect a head of horns in so limited a period of about sixteen weeks; and it must be a still greater strain on the system if she is forced to carry it out during an unsuitable season of the year.

I have always found the month of March the best time of year to make havers, as their horns then drop at the usual time, and the new heads mature toward the end of summer, as nature intended they should do. A buck grows one more head after the operation of castration, and that head is permanent, so long as the animal lives, and the process of shedding the horns annually ceases. Fawn havers—called by some keepers spotted havers—should be operated on within three weeks from birth, and when castrated at this age, horns never develop in any way whatever. They always have the appearance of a doe, but of course are much larger, and when fully grown they bear a feminine appearance generally.

To those of your readers who fail to comprehend why deer need to be castrated, I may explain that the operation is necessary if edible buck venison is to be provided throughout the winter months. In this country entire deer at the longest are only in season from May to September, after which time buck venison becomes strong and unfit for the table.

I have seen stripes of white on the horns of havers, but it is not usual; they are generally uniform in color. I am quite convinced your correspondent's New Brunswick moose was a havier, and the operation had been cleanly performed, although in all probability by an accident. The dense, leather-like skin described by your correspondent as covering the antlers of the moose, is nothing more or less than the velvet, long retained, possibly for years after the ordinary time of shedding. The velvet

on the horns of a havier is not quite like that of an entire deer. It seems to lose the velvet-like appearance, and in time looks more like a kind of leather than velvet.

Your correspondent does not say if his moose was in extra good condition for that season of the year. Havers generally carry more fat through the winter months than entire deer, and their hair is longer and softer.

H. HICKMOTT,
Head keeper to C. J. H. Tower, Esq.,
Weald Park, Brentwood, Essex, Eng.

The Widgeon is the Thief.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. H. H. Thompson, in his article in FOREST AND STREAM, March 25, on "An Ohio Ducking Club," is in error when he says, "The redhead is an arrogant thief who does not dive and pluck the celery roots for himself, but relies upon what he can filch after the celery pulled by his enforced partner has floated to the surface." The redhead dives for the roots of the celery as well as the canvasback, which is the partner referred to above, and it seems that Mr. Thompson has the widgeon confused with the redhead. The widgeon profits from both the canvasback and the redhead to the extent of eating the celery brought to the surface by them.

DIXMONT.

[But is it the widgeon? The old books say so, but a friend, who has spent much time watching with a glass canvas and widgeon feeding together, declared that he has never seen a widgeon steal from a canvasback, but that the widgeon seems to feed on the grass stems which the canvasback rejects after eating the root of the vallisneria. Who knows anything about this?]



GAME BAG AND GUN



Getting Half.

Spectator Forest and Stream:

What in the world has become of the Blunt Old Man? He disappeared so suddenly. Yet there has been no notice of his demise in FOREST AND STREAM. Can it be that he has fallen asleep somewhere and been "watted" on the sly by some evildoer?

He was going to tell us a great deal more, but, I suppose, if we get half of what we expect in this world, we should be grateful.

Cabia Blanco has told us about hunting the wild buffalo in company with the wild Indian. The Spectator came on earth too late to see the wild buffalo, but has seen the wild Indian—a child one moment and wild animal the next. By all accounts, buffalo hunting resembles the rounding up of cattle, except that the cattle are not shot; and The Spectator believes that, having romance out of the consideration, the hunting of the one would be about as exciting as hunting the other.

A correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM asked some of its readers for information about filling the eleven bottles of an emergency medical case, which he possessed. A discussion by medical experts followed, purporting to determine the fewest remedies a trained expert could use to advantage in the woods, but the question, how a non-medical man could fill his eleven bottles with useful remedies he could use, was not answered. Probably the two most useful remedies are whiskey and piñon, but, could the layman use them to advantage?

Is it not true that if we get half of what we expect, we should be grateful? The Spectator recalls the case of a woman in the mountainous parts of North Carolina, whose daughter had been ill a long while. "She ain't got no linin'," she said, and then added: "The old man ain't got no linin', either, and I ain't got no pinin', and we ain't none of us got no linin'." Meaning, of course, constitution. Poor old woman! She never expected much, never got much, and I assure you, is happy.

Some of your correspondents seem to consider a remedy for snake bites essential. Although The Spectator has ridden many miles on the prairies of New Mexico and Western Texas, he has never seen a wild rattlesnake, and has been forced to conclude that to the "gn," "Come in and try our new whiskey," may be attributed a large part of the snake scares one hears about. The Spectator was once told in all seriousness by a cowboy that a rattlesnake's head attracts a pistol ball, and that, whereas he often missed other objects, he could count on removing a snake's head with certainty.

Receiving less than one expects, reminds The Spectator of an incident that took place in New Mexico during the latter half of the '90's. The small bore smokeless rifle had proved a success for military purposes, and a special type—the .30-30 Winchester—was being introduced for sporting purposes. Its lightness, cheapness and novelty, together with the catchword, thirty-thirty, made it rapidly popular—so much so, that very tenderfoot in the Territory hastened to procure one. The Spectator was witnessing the trial of one of these rifles one day by its enthusiastic owner, who proudly showed him how it could punch holes in an iron plate.

"But you don't use soft-nosed bullets, do you?" was asked. "Sure!" he replied, producing a cartridge, which, like all others, proved to contain metal-patched bullets. When he was shown this a look of disappointment came over his face, and he said, "Well! I asked my brother to send me soft-nosed bullets." But brother hadn't done so; and if this enthusiast had been a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, what startling stories he would have had about the wonderful striking powers of the new .30-30, using soft-nosed bullets!

The Spectator is reminded of another case of receiving less than half of what one expected; but in this case the receiver cannot be said to have been grateful. In the remote parts of northern New England the black bear is still looked upon with dread by many persons. Its sudden appearance frightens especially school teachers and children. On the sudden appearance of such a creature in a place we need not mention, the ladies and children became greatly alarmed, and our friend X. declared he would have that bear and end all further trouble.

Now, it happened also that a certain farmer, Smith, had a blooded black mare, which he thought the world of, and which he was accustomed to turn out to pasture at night. While X. was returning home one evening, all in readiness should he encounter the bear, he suddenly came upon something black, and, supposing it to be the bear, fired. Of course, the soft-nosed bullet took deadly effect, and the mare was killed.

Early next morning X.'s father-in-law called on farmer Smith and introduced the subject in the following manner:

"My son-in-law has taken a great fancy to that black mare of yours and would like to know what you would be willing to take for her?"

Now farmer Smith belonged to that class of Blunt Old Men one sometimes encounters in the rural districts of New England. He never resorted to the subtle evasions of the diplomat and never referred to a spade as an agricultural implement. "You nor your son-in-law," said he, "ain't got money enough to buy that black mare."

What followed would not interest the reader—the explanations of the one, the comments of the other. Comments we need not, dare not repeat.

If the reader shall have gotten half what he expected, The Spectator will be grateful.

THE SPECTATOR.

Some Queer Experiences of a Foxhunter.—I.

I HAVE an uncle who has dwelt for the sixty-odd years of his life in the same spot among the Sandwich (N. H.) Mountains, and who has doubtless spent as much time in sport with the gun as any man of his age, save the professional hunter. His favorite game was the red fox, which was formerly abundant in that section. He always kept from two to half a dozen of the best of hounds, and his house was for many years a popular resort of city sportsmen fond of following this game, and who, aided by his good dogs, his thorough acquaintance with the best runways and of fox nature in general, could safely reckon on finding good sport. The infirmities of increasing years now render it impossible for him to engage in his favorite pursuit, but he delights in recounting his numerous exciting experiences with Reynard, and the stories he can tell (true stories, too, for his veracity is unquestioned), illustrative of the animal's shrewdness, cunning and endurance, and the infinite variety of luck under which he has followed him, would fill a large volume, of which I append a few examples:

"Toward the close of a hard day's chase"—to use as nearly as may be my uncle's own words—"I had stationed myself at a runway toward which the fox seemed making. The dogs were only about a mile distant, and as the running was of the best, I expected the game would soon come in sight, but was surprised to have their steady, confident roar suddenly change to the broken, uncertain yelps that meant trouble. They had hung up at a point near where this same fox, as I believed it to be, had slipped them several times before earlier in the sea-

son. Now that there was snow on the ground I thought they would soon be able to straighten out the kinks by which he had deceived them, so I kept to my post and listened. But it was no use. It seemed that, as hitherto, they had tracked the fox into a certain field, but were unable to find where he left it. I welcomed the chance to solve a mystery over which I had pondered not a little; for with six inches of fresh snow on the ground to record the fox's movements it would be impossible, I believed, for him to play any trick that would fool me long. Always before he had had the bare ground on his side, and rack my brains as I might, his method of eluding the dogs at this particular point was as much of a puzzle to me as to them.

"When I got within sight of the dogs, I found them as I had expected, circling about the open field with low yelps, almost pitiful in their expression of perplexity. The track was so fresh that every now and then they would start up with a rush and roars of confidence, but only to slacken the next minute as they found themselves turning in the same old circle again.

"We'll soon settle this thing," I said to myself, as I started around the field a little distance outside the well-beaten path made by the hounds. But when I got round to my starting point I had only added to my bewilderment. I had easily found where fox and dogs had come out of the woods into the field, but not the slightest sign of a trail could I discover leading out of it.

"I glanced searchingly over the field. It presented to my view simply a smooth, white surface, broken only at intervals by a rock or tree. Not a place so far as I could see where a fox could hide away from a man, to say nothing of such strong noses as my dogs had on more than one occasion shown themselves to possess. Night was fast coming on and it looked as if I was to be baffled again.

"Simply because I could think of nothing better to do, I set off around the field again, calling to my dogs in the hope of getting them to range over the ground a little beyond me. They were circling around a large boulder on the further side of the field, and seemed loath to leave. It occurred to me that one of them had hung about this same spot almost constantly since my appearance. Thinking there might be some sort of cleft in the rock in which the fox had taken refuge, I made my way toward it, but paused within about thirty yards, as I saw that it was evidently as sound as an acorn. 'Come on, good dogs,' I called, 'there's nothing for you here.' But they seemed to realize that I was equally puzzled with them, and did not heed me. Just beyond the boulder was a group of some half dozen trees. One of these, a big oak, had been broken off near the butt by the wind, and had lodged in one of the others at a sharp angle. For the reason that I was scanning everything within reach I glanced into this, and almost instantly my eye caught a patch of familiar red among the bent and mangled branches. The next moment my gun spoke, and at the report I witnessed the novel spectacle of a fox falling from a tree. The sly fellow's secret was solved at last. Investigation showed that his scheme had been to circle the field several times after entering it, then by a long bound to spring upon the boulder, which was swept bare of snow by the wind, and thence to the leaning tree-trunk, ascending it to his snug hiding place among the branches. From this point of vantage he had doubtless often watched me and the dogs in our hitherto fruitless efforts to fathom his trickery."

CORNISH, Maine.

TEMPLAR.

GROVER CLEVELAND, of Princeton, and his friend, Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of New York, are fishing at Stuart, Fla.

Are the Choicer Varieties of Ducks Increasing in Maine Waters?

BY FRANK T. NOBLE, AUGUSTA, ME.

From the Journal of the Maine Ornithological Society.

FOR many years the writer has taken more than an ordinary interest in the water fowl of New England, both as an ornithologist and a sportsman, particularly those Anatidæ whose delicacy of flesh and fine flavor cause them to rank high in the list of desirable game birds.

Various traditions and unauthentic stories, handed down from generation to generation, would have us understand that big bags of these choice birds were, years ago, of common occurrence; indeed, that in those days they were almost as numerous as the sands upon the seashore. As for myself I am decidedly skeptical that such conditions ever existed hereabouts, and certainly during recent years such species as the mallard (*Anas boschas*), widgeon (*A. americana*), gadwall (*A. streperus*), pintail (*Dafila acuta*) and redhead (*Aythya americana*), have been taken by the average gunner only at rare intervals.

Probably the most attractive feeding ground for the river ducks in our State is Merrymeeting Bay, a shallow body of water formed by the junction of four rivers, the Kennebec, Androscoggin, Cathance and Abbakadasset. This great fresh-water bay, with its rank growth of grass and rushes, its numerous creeks and inlying pond holes, forms an ideal resting and feeding place for the various kinds of water fowl. It is in these waters that I have noticed recently a decided increase in the numbers of certain ducks formerly considered rare, and this fact has prompted the question at the head of this article, with the hope that others may be able to add to our knowledge concerning their abundance or otherwise in other localities.

Some twenty years ago, so I am told, a few gunners living near the bay shore procured some wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*), from the West, sowing it about the bay as an experiment. This, or rice brought by the birds themselves, has gradually resown itself and spread, until in the fall of 1904 there was a crop of rice never before equalled, affording a sumptuous repast for all the ducks who cared to come and partake of it. Query—Has this harvest of a favorite food recently discovered caused certain species to deviate from their usual course of migration and tarry here to rest and feed? In partial answer, allow me briefly to refer to the varieties and numbers of the infrequently met species that came to my notice in and about the bay during the past fall.

Early in September the ducks principally in evidence were the dusky, which had been gathering since August. With them were a few scattered bunches of bluewing and greenwing teal and an occasional pintail. As the season advanced these flocks were augmented by new arrivals, and the rarer varieties would occasionally be seen. By September 15 those graceful birds, the pintails, increased, and bunches of five to eight were not unusual. They usually keep by themselves, and are unsuspecting of danger as a rule.

BLUE-WINGED TEAL.—The blue-winged teal were now flocking in what seemed incredible numbers for this locality. Flocks of fifty, one hundred and even two hundred birds were frequently seen in the air, quartering hither and thither in their swift, nervous flight, which is characteristic of these birds. Suddenly they would with one accord pitch headlong into the grass as if to feed and rest, only the next moment to rise with a great whirr and fly to some other part of the bay. On September 16, just at dusk, a flock came suddenly out of the sky and flew past my float that must have numbered at least three hundred birds. I had never seen such a bunch of teal in Maine waters, though I once witnessed a similar sight in the Grand Lake region in New Brunswick.

From September 15 to the 25th, blue-winged teal were everywhere in evidence in flocks of five to twenty-five. A few of those charming little bantam ducks, the greenwing teal, would be found from day to day, but only a few—no large flocks—and their path of migration was evidently not across Merrymeeting Bay.

BLACK DUCKS.—Pintails were still more common about the 25th, and the black duck, that grand old standby, was seemingly everywhere—scarcely a moment but what pairs or flocks of ten to fifty could be seen in the air in some quarter.

It must be borne in mind that the vision, aided by good glasses, covered a feeding and flying territory of some five miles north and south by nearly two miles east and west, a large expanse of country.

THE MALLARD.—From October 1 to 10, the diving fowl or sea ducks began to appear in greater numbers, and with the advent of cold nights a few of those grand birds, the mallards, were seen, usually alone, but sometimes trying to be social with the black ducks. A little later, and good sized flocks appeared upon the scene, and the numbers observed was one of the greatest surprises experienced by the writer. At first flocks of five or ten would unexpectedly be found hidden away in the thick grass or wild rice. These would gradually unite, I presume, and with fresh arrivals from some unknown quarter form flocks of as many as twenty-five or thirty birds. In some instances it would seem as if the beautiful green-headed drakes constituted almost the entire flock, and a pretty picture they made when on the wing in the bright sunlight. With their delicately marked under parts, dazzling green heads and neck, with white collars, they appeared as if in full dress, the aristocrats of the Anatidæ, as they surely are.

These choice birds, from this time to November 1, were seen every day in numerous bunches, and even persistent gunning could not drive them from the bay, merely causing them to seek the more open water. Surely if this is what we may expect in the future, the mallard can now be classed among our common ducks.

REDFEAD.—About October 15 came the advance guard of those justly celebrated ducks, the redhead, close cousin to that *rara avis* the canvasback, a record of whose capture in Maine waters I hope to establish before long. The redhead is far from scarce hereabouts now. He is a late arrival and remains after most of the other ducks have moved southward. My first experience with them in any numbers was in the fall of 1903. On November 5 of that year, late in the afternoon, I skulled a flock of nearly forty birds in the open water, and was within eighty yards before they became suspicious. As the sunlight fell upon the animated group, showing off their rich bronze heads, the sight was one never to be forgotten.

From October 20 to November 1, 1904, they were seen frequently, usually in sizeable flocks. They appear clanish and inhabit the more open water during the day, and consequently are not easily taken. That they are partial to wild rice, upon which they feed at night, is proven by examination of their crops and the delicious flavor this food imparts to their flesh.

GADWALL.—The heretofore rare gadwall or gray duck (*Anas strepera*), put in an appearance rather late. It was October 27 when I observed and took the first one, a female, which was with a pair of mallards. On the 28th and 29th they came in fairly good-sized flocks, fifteen or more being repeatedly seen together, but the weather was boisterous now, and we could rarely get within gunshot of them.

WIDGEON.—The American widgeon (*Anas americana*), was also seen about the same time—beautiful birds, swift flyers like the teal. They cannot be mistaken once recognized, their immaculate under parts making them very conspicuous when on the wing. They seem to gather in rather larger flocks than the gadwall, twenty-five or thirty together not being uncommon. Both these latter

species were quite numerous for a short time, and I am inclined to class them as common migrants in these waters from late in October to about November 5. I fully expect to see the European widgeon (*Anas penelope*) taken here at no distant day.

The gadwall and widgeon are very closely related, and from an epicurean standpoint, in my humble opinion, no web-footed fowl can surpass them in excellency as a table bird, when properly served, and their appearance in Maine waters ought to be hailed with the greatest satisfaction.

TWO THOUSAND DUCKS.—I wish the readers of the Journal could have been with me on the Kennebec River October 27 last, that they might have enjoyed an object-lesson upon the subject of water fowl in Maine. On that day there was "bedded" in the river between Brown's Point and the lower end of Swan Island not less than two thousand ducks, and probably more, the aggregate being made up of easily defined flocks of black ducks, redheads, American scaup, lesser scaup, mallards, widgeon, gadwalls and ruddy ducks, and probably other varieties. These birds had been harassed for weeks, gradually becoming shy of gunning floats, and had taken refuge in the deep open water. Here they rested during the day, secure from molestation, for, long before a float could approach within gunshot, those nearest would take wing, and then, after a moment's hesitation, the entire flock would rise with a roar like a mighty cataract or a swiftly moving railroad train, and, flying up the river a quarter of a mile, would settle upon the water again.

In closing, permit me to make mention of the only duck that is now met with more rarely than formerly, and they stand alone as the one species evidently decreasing. I refer to that beautiful bridal duck, the wood duck (*Aix sponsa*), they of the unsurpassed plumage, clothed as they are in a veritable Joseph's coat of many colors. I fear these birds are nearing extinction, as during the past two years I have failed to observe a single specimen in the bay or elsewhere. Verily "Tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." But we have an evident increase of the several exceedingly desirable species referred to above to compensate in a measure for the loss of this one, and possibly with a rigid enforcement of that wise statute prohibiting spring shooting, the few surviving ones may be spared to multiply and replenish the earth, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Narrows Island Club Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Narrows Island Club was held on the evening of April 10, at the Hoffman House New York City. The president, Mr. J. Burling Lawrence, occupied the chair.

After reading the reports of the secretary and treasurer and various committees, officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:

President, J. B. Lawrence; Vice-President, Henry Sampson; Secretary and Treasurer, William H. Wheelock; Executive Committee, R. H. Robertson, T. S. Young, Jr., George Bird Grinnell and the officers *ex officio*.

The President made an interesting address, going over the history of the club for the past year and emphasizing its most noteworthy events. So far as the shooting goes, the past season was one of the most successful that the club had had. On the other hand, more than half the birds killed were taken during the very early part of the season. During the winter there were three freezes, one of which lasted for several weeks, and during this time absolutely no birds were about; all, it is believed, having gone far to the south of their usual wintering grounds.

The financial condition of the club is excellent and all its prospects are bright.



Opening of the Trout Season in Pennsylvania.

THE trout season in Pennsylvania begins the middle of April and ends the last of July. The style of fishing done in the streams of the Alleghany Mountains of Pennsylvania depends on three things: The advance of the season, the size of the stream, and the skill of the fisherman. At the opening of the season, while there is still some snow water in the streams, the angler is forced to use bait. An occasional warm afternoon will bring out the flies, and he may use his fly-rod for two or three hours, but if he expects to make a creditable catch for the day, he must descend to bait. Of this he may use three kinds. He may spin a minnow in the riffles and through the pools, he may fish from a rock or a raft in the deep pools with a sawyer or grub, or he may load his hook with angleworms and catch trout or catch nothing, as he is skillful or unskillful with this kind of bait.

Of the three kinds, the minnow fisherman displays the most skill and has undoubtedly the best time of it. He must know how to put on his minnow so as to make it spin in a lively manner; he sees his trout when it strikes, and he catches the largest trout in the stream. It is no mean sport, and the skillful minnow fisherman is a much rarer man than the successful fly-fisherman. To fish a large stream in such a way as to cover it thoroughly, to know the best point to cross a stiff riffle without being washed down into the pool; to keep himself in fresh bait; to know instantly when the trout has struck; to keep his line taut until it has swallowed the bait; to hook his trout with a quick jerk, and to land it with the least risk of losing it, require good judgment and much experience.

I heard an old angler once tell a young enthusiast that of course he could teach him how to fish with a minnow. He had once taught a man who caught "a trout the first day he went out." One the first day would be a fair number for the beginner. I once fished with an expert angler who had never before fished with a minnow, and in spite of all help, instruction, and favors in good positions at the pool, he made a complete failure of it, and spent the day between fits of temper and chagrin. He was a big, strong man, but had to be helped across all bad places; he fished at the wrong points on the stream; he could not tell a trout bite from a stone bite; and when he did get a bite he allowed so much slack that the trout wound the line around stone on the bottom, and when he jerked he hooked a stone while the trout disgorged the bait. In a day's fishing he caught three trout when he should have caught ten times that number.

Unless it has been an unusually early spring, the trout at the opening of the season are still in the pools, and the experienced angler pulls his minnow through these pools near the bottom with short jerks. He does not see his minnow, and he must be able to stop jerking the instant a trout takes the bait. He must wait until the trout has started away from him with the bait before attempting to hook it. The tip of his rod must be elevated and the line kept taut, and when ready he must strike upward and not sidewise. A large trout will usually tug at the bait and work with it before swallowing it and moving off, and every motion of the fish can be felt. The tyro will strike too soon and snag his fish, only to miss it entirely, for it will not bite again. A fisherman once told me that after feeling a large trout take hold, he had taken time to light his pipe and get it well started before striking the fish. He wanted to be sure of it, and he was, for he

showed it to me in his basket, and it was a beauty. Of course there are exceptions to the rule that the trout will not bite again after being pricked. I was once fishing ahead of my father, who was crowding me a little too close for comfort, and in my hurry I jerked too soon and too hard on a good sized trout. When I went to put a new bait on I found the bony rim of the trout's lip on my hook. While I was again baiting my hook, my father had thrown into the pool and in a minute had landed a trout that was bleeding at the mouth, where the bony rim was missing. My, how he crowed over me!

During the early part of May the trout move up on the riffles, and the minnow fisherman casts across the stream and allows the current to spin his minnow and to bring it diagonally back to him. He then moves down a step and repeats the cast. In this way he will cover every part of a riffle from the head to the foot and get a rise from every hungry trout in the riffle. His minnow is kept only a few inches under water, and he sees each trout that strikes as plainly as the fly-fisherman sees his. In fact, the trout will sometimes leap entirely out of the water and take the minnow going down. This kind of fishing usually comes after a slight rise in the stream. A thunder shower maybe has "shaken them loose from the stones," the fisherman says, and sent them up out of the pools into the swifter water. It is curious how much keener a trout is to bite after he has moved out of his winter pool. Maybe this move is only a few feet, but it seems to make a great difference. In the pool he would feed only at regular intervals, but on the riffle he seems to be always hungry. One morning I had a trout make several passes at my minnow in the head of a pool as I was fishing up a stream; but it did not mean business. Three hours later, coming down, I found this trout twenty feet up the riffle, and it

hook my minnow with a rush that nearly gave me a nervous chill. The trout love a riffle that is long and shallow and not too swift, more like a mill-race than anything else. How well I remember such a riffle, seventy-five yards long, that I could fish through, catching a half-dozen trout and then walk back to the head and fish through again, getting nearly as many the second time as the first. The trout must have just moved out of my way as I fished down and then taken their old places again below the big stones. But when the trout have gone up through the riffles and are found at the foot of the next pool above, the minnow fisherman must get out his fly-rod or give up for the season. It must be understood that I have been talking of a large stream, where the angler uses a long cane rod, a good reel, a well enameled line, a three-foot leader with a swivel at each end, and a No. 2 Sproat or a No. 22 Cincinnati bass hook. I know every rock in such a stream that is fifty miles in length, that has pools a half mile long, fifty yards wide, and of unknown depth. I have known a minnow fisherman to catch in one day in this stream three trout whose aggregate length was fifty-four inches, and on another day to catch twenty-two trout, none of which was under thirteen inches in length.

The fisherman who uses a grub or a sawyer must be a still-fisherman, and must be content to sit and wait until the fish swim around his way. He catches the very largest trout, and when he has caught half a dozen such is all content. Who knows that he doesn't get his reward out of sitting quietly on a rock smoking his pipe, watching his line for the long-delayed bite, and occasionally taking a glance at the brown mountain across the stream on him? He begins his fishing in March, ostensibly for snout, but if you could examine his coat-pockets as he ends his way homeward in the evening, you would probably find a big trout or two stowed away there. But he has lived on salt pork all winter, and why not let him have his trout in peace? He will not catch any great number, and he disdains the basket of little fellows that the tide fisherman says he likes best because he cannot catch the other kind.

To the red-worm fisherman all streams and seasons are good. In March he, too, will carry home a trout in his coat-pocket and a string of suckers in his hand. Sometimes he is not a still-fisherman, but will fish a stream for several miles, playing his red-worm in a way to entice a good many fine trout. I used to meet in the early season such a fisherman on a rocky mountain stream who would have more trout than any other fisherman that I would meet. He always carried them in a tin bucket with a hole on that had a round hole cut in the middle through which he stuck his trout. I was always surprised to find his trout so cool and firm, but I suppose he set his bucket in the cold water while fishing a pool. But generally your red-worm fisherman wants a mountain brook, where he peaks along behind the bushes and logs and drops his bait into the little pools without exposing any more than the tip of his rod. Watch him and you will find that he always jerks toward the bank, and if the little trout flies off the hook, he is sure to land somewhere on the bank. Once went fishing with a man from the city who fished only with red-worms. In the morning he started up one of these little mountain brooks and was gone until dark. When he came in he was a sight. The gnats had just fastened on him, and his hands and neck were puffed up until he appeared to be deformed. He had not cleaned a trout all day, and when I, to relieve him, offered to clean them, I found I should need a darning needle to do so; no knife blade was fine enough. I cleaned a few of the largest and allowed the rest to float away on the stream.

The fly-fisherman gets out his rod about the first of May, and from that time until the close of the season he is cock of the walk. He loves the swift riffles in the large open stream, where he has room for his back cast, and where the swift current helps him to hook and drown his trout. He will begin the season with a gray fly, made up to imitate the fly that crawls out on the stones along the edge of the stream and curls its tail up over its back—the stone fly; and if he strikes a day when the trout are feeding on this fly, he will not care to trade places with a king. I have seen a long pool in which for its entire length large trout could be seen breaking the water for these flies, and to cast when a trout broke meant to get a rise and to hook a trout. To fish a good long riffle when the trout are greedily feeding on this fly is to have an experience that will make up for many a poor day.

Late in the season when the water in the large streams is at a temperature above sixty-five degrees, the trout gather at the cold springs along the bank or at the mouth of cold mountain brooks. Here the fly-fisherman catches them in the morning, at noon and again in the evening; at noon, because then his rod makes no shadow on the water. I knew an old tail-race that emptied some cold water into the head of a large dam and that was reinforced at its mouth by several very cold springs. Here the trout would gather in a vast school, the smallest trout nearest the shore and the large trout farthest out in the stream. I reached this place one dark afternoon when a strong wind was sending little waves across the cove where I knew the trout lay. At nearly every cast a trout rose to each fly, and they were big ones, too. Occasionally I landed two, but usually one was enough to fight with. They took the fly, as large trout will in such a place, by just rolling over in the water. I can see yet, in my mind's eye, those big red sides turning over on the surface. I had an hour of such sport as one does not often have in his commonplace world, and then I had enough trout to satisfy any decent angler.

With an experience with the fly I must close this article. I had left home with a companion one afternoon to drive across the mountains to a little hotel on the banks of a stream that I have fished for many years. We reached the hotel about eight o'clock, and I hurried down to the mouth of a little cold brook that emptied into a large, deep, dark pool in the main stream. There was a very light rain, making it such an evening as the fly-fisherman loves. My tail-fly was a brown hackle, and my dropper a white miller on a poor gut. I do not now recollect what the third fly was. It was nearly dark, and after casting two or three times just at the point where the brook emptied, I heard a splash, and for an instant thought I had missed my fish. Then I felt such a rush as one seldom feels on a trout rod. I was sure I must

have hooked something bigger than a fish. I thought of a water animal and of a water bird that might have been swimming along under the bank. Six times the thing crossed the entire stream, and six times I reeled it back to me. By this time I had decided that it was a fish, and I asked my companion to get in behind it when I should pull it into a little gutter made by hauling a saw log through the bar. When I pulled the fish into this place, he stepped in behind it and threw it out on the stones. It was a trout, 18½ inches long, the largest trout I have ever caught, hooked under the adipose fin near the tail. It had struck at the white miller, tore it off, and then hooked itself on the brown hackle. It was fisherman's luck.

CHARLES LOSE.

The Song of the Spear.

I have a new song to sing—

A song of shallow seas, turquoise and purple, gleaming and clear as glass;
Of quiet bays shadowed by dark overhanging mangroves, with roots like spiders;
Of jagged and water-worn rock and ripples breaking around great heads of coral;
Of wide flats, brown and yellow over the sands and seamed with winding blue channels;
Of the solemn figures and hoarse voices of the herons white and blue;
Of blazing sun, pale blue sky and soft and balmy breaths of air;
Of emerald cays, ringed with white beaches sparkling like diamonds and set in sapphire, turquoise and amethyst.

There the great ray, the devilfish, powerful, swift, mighty, tons in weight, spreads his huge black wings;
The sawfish, broad and strong, brandishes his serrated blade;
The shark, stealthy, fierce and ravenous, lies in wait for his prey;
The sea turtle, longer than a man, sleeps floating on the quiet waters;
The tarpon, gleaming in silver mail, leaps into the sun and crashes back into the sea;
The porpoise rolls over the waves, appearing and vanishing again and again;
The stingray lurks in the shallows, ready to wield his barbed and poisoned lance.

See the light boat steal along, driven by a noiseless paddle;
The standing figure poised in the bow, alert, silent and watchful;
The heavy shaft, barbed with steel, grasped in the right hand, the coil of line in the left.
Look! the keen eye catches the faint shadow that tells of a great fish.
A whispered word, a cautious retreat, a circuit to avoid the watchful eyes;
A stealthy approach, a wave of the hand, the paddle stops, the boat glides on without sound.
The long shaft rises slowly and is poised for the cast. Suddenly the spear flashes through the air and vanishes in the depths;
There is a wild rush through the water, a fierce strain on the line;
The prey darts madly away, the barbs sunk deep in its side;
The boat swerves fiercely and races along, driving surges and spray from its bow;
Then come minutes and hours of fierce struggle, of hope and fear, confidence and doubt, until at length the quarry, exhausted, yields,
And the trophies of victory are taken, honorable, witness of skill and endurance.

Worthy the object, the slaughter of the fierce and ravenous beasts of the sea.
Great is the sport, demanding patience, caution, skill, strength and courage.
The ignorant may scoff at it and speak of it as coarse, bloody and brutal.
Even I, the fly-fisherman, in the days of my darkness and folly, have so believed;
But now I have learned to know better, and so will the others also;
And sportsmen in years to come will rejoice in a new pleasure and praise and extol it;
And some may thank me, and say, "He pointed the way and I followed."

So, with full heart and voice, I sing the first notes of my new song.
The devilfish, the shark, the sawfish, the stingray, the porpoise, the turtle of the sea;
The light boat, the silent paddle, the watchful eye, the cautious stalk;
The steady poise, the quick and mighty effort, the arrow flight of the barbed lance;
The wild rush of the quarry, the sudden and fierce strain on the line;
The surges, the flying spray, the boat half full of water;
The long struggle, the hope and fear, the joy of victory, the pang of defeat;
The sport of sports, the pleasure of pleasures, the joy of joys, the rapture of raptures;
The point, the barb, the socket and the shaft, the harpoon, the lily iron, the turtle peg, the grains;
I sing the song of the spear.

A. S. J. NEWBERRY.

Trout Fishing in the Sapphire Country.

LAKE TOXAWAY, N. C., April 6.—Trout, both speckled mountain and rainbows, have begun to rise to flies in earnest. Mr. O. M. Cleveland, of Newburgh, N. Y., had fine fishing on the Horse Pasture River on two successive days, taking limit of handsome fish. He pronounced the Horse Pasture River the finest stream he had ever fished, from both standpoints of scenery and number and quality of fish. Mr. B. M. Caldwell, of Wheeling, W. Va., has also been fishing on the Horse Pasture and White Water Rivers, and pronounces them excellent.

A Fish Which Eats Cattle.

THE piranha (*Serrasalmo piraya*) is a very abundant fish over the whole of equatorial America. It is about 8 inches long and 4 inches deep, with a thickness of 2 inches or less. Its jaws are furnished with very sharp triangular teeth, placed irregularly. The back shows bluish reflections, while the sides of the belly are red; the body is covered with little scales.

This little fish is a fierce and extremely voracious flesh eater, and what seems very curious is that in the Island of Marajo, situated at the mouth of the Amazon, it has become an actual pest to cattle raisers.

The piranha lives in shoals in the rivers and brooks of the delta, going up with the tide as far as the meadows, whence often it is not able to descend, having allowed itself to be surprised by the ebb. In such cases it is often found in such great quantities that the natives have no trouble in killing it by hundreds by the most rudimentary processes, and often merely with their machetas.

At the beginning of the rainy season—that is to say, toward January—these fish ascend the watercourses and spread over the meadows submerged by the rains and which remain under the water until July, and often until the end of August. During all this time the piranha lives in the meadows, feeding upon whatever falls to his teeth. Cattle are then exposed to incessant attacks. It is above all cows and mares that have the most to suffer from its voracity. On the farm, Dunas, Island of Marajo, my father lost, during the rainy season from January to July, 1899, about four hundred cows and mares, whose teats had been wholly or partly cut off by the piranha. Some of them had even had the udders partly eaten. During the rainy season the cattle pass practically the whole day in the water, which often, on a clay soil, reaches a depth of 24 inches. They browse on the grass, which always reaches the surface, and it is not until toward evening that they leave the water to go and spend the night on the woody islands.

The piranha even attacks alligators, when, for example, the wound of a bullet in the muscles of the tail has weakened the giant. The blows of the tail and the irregular movements of the wounded creature lead the spectator to understand that these terrible little fish have commenced their work of dissection.

The abundance of these infernal fish is such that if one plunges into the water the skin of a freshly killed capybara to take it out again in two or three minutes, a resistance is felt and the skin is heavy with the immense quantity of piranhas that have attached themselves to it. Their triangular teeth anchored in the prey do not let go their hold, and the fishes may be drawn up out of the water rather than abandon their feeding ground. No animal falling into the water escapes this creature, which well deserves the picturesque name given him by the natives, scissor fish. No matter what part is scratched, a drop of blood, a little wound, will attract the first bite, and only a few minutes will suffice to transform man, beef, or horse into a skeleton with will lack even some of the small bones and all of the cartilages.

My father was obliged to consider the destruction of the piranha on his property, and this is how he takes it: Before the meadows become dry, we construct light barricades on the little watercourses by means of bamboos split in two or four. We leave them there until the water has almost all run off from the brook. The piranhas, finding themselves stopped by these barriers, we have every facility for killing enormous quantities, after which we raise our improvised barrier and let the other fishes go down to the river in peace.

When the piranha is little, he is good to eat. In fishing, the small hooks are attached to iron or copper wire, but this last is often cut by the teeth. With a hand-line, fifty or sixty may be taken in an hour, and even many more, if one is in a good place. However, one must be careful while fishing not to allow his legs and feet to be bitten. The leather of shoes is not a sufficient protection against the bite of the piranha, which is very painful, and unhappily very easily becomes poisoned.—Abstracted from Bulletin de la Société Centrale d'Agriculture et de Pêche.

A Very Wise Old Trout:

WE had been in camp a week or more enjoying the long June days, the cool nights and the solitude of the great forest. There had been no rain for sometime, and the streams were low and as transparent as air. Except an hour each morning and evening, we found it next to impossible to catch trout; in vain I reconnoitered the pools, changed flies and kept myself as far as possible in the background.

One day while following the windings of a beautiful stream, which led on through the deep silent forest, I came in sight of an unusually promising pool, and determined, if possible, to see if it really contained any trout. Taking to the woods and making a wide half circle, I came alongside of the pool. Halting about twenty yards from the bank, I sat me down upon a log, and drew from the back of my hunting coat a sandwich. How small it looked!—dried to a crisp about the edges with here and there clinging a bit of down from a last year's bird—a morsel, which, if offered to me by my wife, would have been sufficient grounds for a divorce. But circumstances alter cases, and I do not recall ever eating a sandwich with more relish. If I removed the feathers, the act has escaped my memory.

Leaving my rod and reel on the log, I got down on all fours and made my way toward a big beech standing close to the pool and bending to a 45 degree angle over the water. When half the distance had been covered, I went flat to the ground and crawled slowly to the roots of the beech. Arriving there, I began a sort of snake process, which finally brought me to a standing position, close against the tree. All this was done in a slow and deliberate way. I firmly believe that fifteen minutes was consumed in rising from the ground to a position flat against the tree.

Having attained this position, I began to move my head slowly to one side, until at last I came in full view of the pool, and this is what I saw: The clear,

cold water lay directly beneath me, not more than eight or nine feet from my head. An immense pine had, years before, fallen across the stream, obstructing the water and causing an overflow, which had, in time, hollowed out the bed below, forming a pool thirty feet wide by sixty feet in length, the deepest part being just below the log and growing more shallow toward the lower end. At the present low stage the stream found its way under the log. Undisturbed by the overflow the pool lay as quiet as a spring under a hill.

Never was patience more liberally rewarded. So gradual had been my movements that not a single inhabitant of that pool had noted the change in the scenery. I could scarcely believe my eyes. There, almost within reach, lay a hundred trout from four to fourteen inches in length. Think of it!—upward of twenty pounds of trout, all heads up stream, the largest lying in the deepest water, near the log, their mottled backs, black heads and protruding lower jaw as plainly seen as though not covered with four feet of water.

Retreating in the same cautious manner to the log, I rigged up two joints of the rod with about four feet of line and No. 5 trout hook, on which I looped an angle worm, secured with some difficulty, then back again to the tree, where I found all as before. Very slowly I lowered the tip of my short rod until the bait dangled within an inch of the water, and waited. Nothing happened. After a time, by a slight motion of the rod, I caused the worm to perform all sorts of antics, just on the surface. Failing to arouse any curiosity, I allowed the worm to sink slowly to the bottom, landing not an inch from the head of a monster trout. Now, a trout has but four senses; they see, smell, taste and feel; they do not hear. (Talk as much and as loud as you like on a trout stream, but never jar the bank.) This trout both saw and smelled the worm, but, for various reasons, would not touch it. He was hungry, very hungry—and it was aggravating in the extreme to have a beautiful red worm, scented with the fresh woods earth, placed just within reach.

Although he showed not the slightest interest, I well knew what was going on in his mind. It would be untroutly to take this unresisting worm in full view of the whole family. It was not feeding time. If only the water would become roily! or a sudden rain come up! But there was no excuse. However, it was not necessary for him to submit to further temptation; so he allowed himself to drift down stream, backwards, until three or four feet from the worm. Here he remained, looking wise and trying hard to make himself believe he had done his duty. The fact was, he had acted wisely, as far as he had gone, but he had not gone far enough. The current still filled his nostrils with that delicious smell. The worm took on a new lease of life which intensified the tantalizing odor. I had just time to note a sort of kink along the trout's spine, then came the flash. He stooped so suddenly that, for a moment, the dirt he kicked up completely hid both trout and worm. The cloud soon passed, and I beheld the trout still swallowing in a satisfied manner. I struck. The whole band shot forward and disappeared under the log. With much difficulty I landed my fish, killed him and repaired to the log to think it over. To my surprise I found the day far spent, and started on my return journey to camp, through the evening shadows, with the feeling that I had outwitted a very wise old trout and stolen a peep into his everyday life.

German Angling Songs.*

From the London Fishing Gazette.

DR. BREHM, the greatly respected president of the German Anglers' Union, sent me recently a copy of a little volume of songs for anglers published by the union, with this charming letter in English, which I have pasted into my copy of the book.

R. B. M.
"R. B. Marston, Esq., London: Dear Sir—We have pleasure in presenting you a copy of a little publication of ours, titled, 'Anglerlieder,' containing over 150 songs, grave and gay, in praise of angling. Although not all of the songs come up with our Schiller, Goethe or Heine, yet there is true poetry in many of them and an abundance of jollity in most of them. The book has been favorably commented on by our press, and—what means more—has found a large circulation among the German anglers, who sing from it in the unofficial part of their meetings—the 'fidulitas'—and when starting for or returning from their fishing expeditions. Supposing that our songs may be welcome also to those of our English angling friends who are familiar with our language, and may afford them pleasant hours of reading or singing, we shall be glad if you will have the kindness to bring a little note on the 'Anglerlieder' in your esteemed journal.

"The little book is sold at the price of mark 2.40 (say, 2s. 6d.), cloth bound, post free, by Mitscher and Röstel, Jäger Strasse, 61a, Berlin. We remain, sir, with the German anglers' greeting, 'Petri Heil,' yours respectfully, (Signed) Dr. Brehm, President Deutscher Angler Bund."

"Berlin, Jan. 27, 1905."

I have much pleasure in making this extremely interesting volume known to our readers, and can warmly commend it to all anglers who can read German, as well as to all German anglers in England and America. These German anglers are a jolly lot. "Wer liebt die schönste Deutsche Maid" is the burden of many of these songs, and, of course, the answer is "Der junge Anglersmann."

"Seh ich ein hübsches Mägdelein,
Regt sich das Blut in mir,
Ich habe einen Angelschein
Und darf auch angeln hier."

Which verse from "My Favorite Sport" may be freely translated:

"If I should meet a pretty maid
Why should I act the hermit?
Need I of fishing be afraid
When I've a fishing permit!"

And so, like Piscator and Viator and Corydon, these

*"Anglerlieder. Ein Liederbuch für Deutsche Angler und Anglerinnen." "Angling Songs: A Song-book for German Anglers and Angleresses."

jolly German anglers go singing through the meads, and the "angleresses,"¹ too, for some of the lady members of the union contribute verses in praise of the sport. Frau Anni Killian, of Königsberg, won a prize offered by the society for angling verse with her "Das Angeln ist Philosophie"—"Angling is Philosophy," Good! Another sings of how she guessed her lover was an angler by the way he wooed her.

"She could 'tell it from his eye,
And the way he 'cast his fly."

But lest it should be supposed that these angling songs are all of an amatory character, which is not quite the case, I have attempted to give a translation—a very free one—of a poem, entitled, "A Contribution to the History of the Art of Angling." I got to the twelfth stanza before I discovered that this German angler-poet sings—

"Wir lieben England sonst nicht sehr."
(England we love not over much.)

But this jeu d'esprit was written in 1901, when the minds of good German anglers had been poisoned by the fabrications of the gutter press as to our treatment of the Boers, and especially of the supposed cruelty of our soldiers to Boer women and children. The official German history of that war has, let us hope, effectually cleared us of such baseless accusations in the eyes of all Germans whose opinion we need care for.² If "H. B. M." in a future edition of these "Songs" will modify his version, I will gladly alter my translation, if such it may be called. I asked "Dragnet," who is a musician, if it would do to music; he said "Beautifully—to the tune of 'The Cork Leg!'" I hope he is not pulling my leg, but I "hae ma doots," for I never heard that song. If it limps, no wonder. R. B. MARSTON.

ZUR HISTORIA VON DER ANGELKUNST.

CONTRIBUTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE ART OF ANGLING.

Melodie: Als Noah aus dem Kasten war.
To the tune of "The Cork Leg."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF "H. B. M." BY R. B. M.

I.

Als Noah in der Arche war,
Da fühlt er eines Tages klar:
"Die Fleischkost bringt Dich nächstens um,
Ein Fischgericht wär garnicht dumm,
Doch ach, wie fängst du Fische ein—
Das dürfte halt so leicht nicht sein!"

When Noah was sitting in the Ark
He said one day, "My words now mark,
This meaty diet makes me wish
That I could taste a bit of fish.
But how to catch 'em, there's the rub—
We've got no gentles in this tub."

Chorus:

From north to south and from east to west,
Oh, the angler's sport is still the best!

2.

Drauf dachte angestrengt er nach,
Bis dass der Herrgott zu ihm sprach:
"Nimm dort die Strange, alter Mann,
Und binde eine Strippe dran,
Auch einen krummen Haken noch,
Und—Regenwürmer hast du doch!"

Now Noah, he bothered his old head
So much, the Lord unto him said:
"Take up that pole, you hungry man,
And fix a line to't if you can.
Of worms, of course, you brought a pair,
A hook tie on, and there you are."

Chorus.

3.

Der Noah stippte gleich voll'lust
Und ward sich schmunzelnd bald bewusst:
"Das ist ein Sport, der mir gefällt,
Der passt wahrhaftig in die Welt!"
Er angelte bis an sein Grab
Und schrammte hoch-befriedigt ab.

Into the Flood Noah dropped his bait,
And soon caught fish at such a rate,
Cried he: "This angling is divine!
No more for fishes need we pine."
And so he angled with content
Until his days on earth were spent.

Chorus.

4.

Als nächster Fischer wohlbekannt
Sei Petrus rühmend nun genannt,
Doch ist von ihm es nicht ganz klar,
Ob er ein Reiner Sportsmann war,
Dieweil er lieber Seelen fing,
Statt dass er auf Forellen ging.

The next great Fisher known to fame
Had "Simon Peter" for his name,
But of the ways of sportsmen true
'Twas mighty little that he knew;
For he would rather souls pull out
When he should have been landing Rainbow trout.

Chorus.

5.

Auf Pfählen baute sich im See
Der Kelt'sche Urmensch sein Palais,
Und tief in Schlamm dort dann und wann
Trifft man noch Bronze-spinner an,
Auch Haken grob aus Horn und Stein—
Das muss ein Sport gewesen sein!

On piles in lakes the Original Celt
Sat, and angled for salmon and smelt.
And from deep in the mud we now and then
Fish out his ancient tackle again.

¹"Anglerinnen," our German friends call them.

²This writer and all other German anglers freely acknowledge how much they owe to English angler writers from Walton onward. It would be a good thing for England and Germany if the anglers of both countries did all they could to help create a better feeling between the two nations.—R. B. M.

Bronze "Cholmondeley" spinner and "Pennell" hook,
Don't we know 'em again from the "Modern" book
(From horn and stone his hooks he made,
And there were no water bailiffs to make him afraid).

Chorus.

6.

Aus spä'trer Zeit man nennen muss
Den Römer Herrn Ansonius,
Der einst in der "Mosella" sang
Von manchen guten Fisches Fang;
Doch war er wen'ger Anglersmann,
Es kam ihm mehr aufs Essen an.

In later times now let us linger
And listen to that Roman singer
Ansonius, whose tuneful lays,
Crowned salmon, of Moselle, with bays;
'Tis true he much preferred to bite 'em,
Than with his Hardy Rod to fight 'em.

Chorus.

7.

Im Mittelalter fischten gern
Des Klosters wohlbeliebte Herrn;
Sie banden Fliegen schon geschickt,
Und mancher Wurf ist da geglickt,
Auch brachten sie in Fluss und See
Die Fischbrut künstlich in die Höh!

Monks in the Middle Ages fine
Grew fat, loved fishing, and good wine,
Invented flies, and, chucked 'em, when right,
Much further, even, than John Enright.³
They also stocked the lakes and streams
With artificial Trouts and Breams.

Chorus.

8.

Doch fehlte noch der echte Sport
Bis ihm mit meisterhaftem Wort
Ein Angelsachse dargestellt,
Noch jetzt berühmt in aller Welt—
Dem Vater Walton drum ein Hoch!
Was er gesagt, gilt heute noch!

Though men caught fish, by crook or hook,
They sadly needed a good book,
To teach the art with rod and line
To fish "far off" and to "fish fine."
Then Isaac Walton's "Angler" came
And won for him eternal fame.

Chorus.

9.

Herr Nelson—Ach, dass Gott erbarm!
Verlor ein Auge und 'nen Arm.
Doch übte er die linke Hand
Bis er im Wurf sie sicher fand,
Und fing alsdann mit Hochgenuss
Noch manchen Salmo salmulus!

Lord Nelson, fighting for his Land,
Lost eye and arm, and his right hand,
But though of members thus bereft,
He learned to fly-fish with his left.
For he loved catching Trout and Tench,⁴
As much as fighting with the French.

Chorus.

10.

Herr Davy, welcher, wie bekannt,
Zuerst das Bogenlicht erfand,
Stand gern am Bach als Angler da,
Und schrieb uns die "Salmonia,"
"Und Horrocks," wie Ihr alle wisst,
Der beste Fliegenfischer ist.

Sir Humphrey Davy, whose famed lamp
Saves miners from th' effects of "damp,"
Loved by the river's bank to stray,
And catch, or write, "Salmonia-a."
(You'll see that it my rhyme will mar
If I call his book "Salmonia-r.")

Chorus.

11.

Wir lieben England sonst nicht sehr,
Doch diesen Männern Ruh und Ehr!
Die weil von ihnen jedermann
Noch heutzutage lernen kann,
Und weil der höh're Angelsport
Sein bestes Vorbild findet dort.

Although he does not "love" us "much,"
Says this cheeky German, in double Dutch,
He's obliged to admit, like an honest man,
That with us the "love" of the sport began.
Though you search the world from east to west
He admits our anglers "are the best."

Chorus.

Of verses still there are some more,
But I fear this "German" a bit of a "Boer."
(He tells how anglers on every hand
Are spreading all over the Vaterland.)
Well, if we don't "much" love, we don't m
hate 'em,
So I need not bother to translate 'em.

Chorus:

From north to south and from east to west,
Oh, the angler's sport is still the best!

R. B. MARSTON

³Pronounced "Chumley."

⁴See "The Modern Practical Angler."

⁵The champion fly-caster of modern times.—R. B. M.

⁶Nelson was not only a fly-fisher, as his letter clearly pro-

R. B. M.

⁷Horrocks was an English angler who settled at Weimar,

translated Ronald's "Fly Fisher's Entomology."

Haitian Fishing Rights,

The Government has granted to four of its citizens a fish concession in the waters to the west and south of the Republic for nine years, renewable at the end of this period. It covers all classes of fishing—coral, sponge, pearl, oyster, and the like. Heretofore the industry was free to all, but those principally engaged in it were Greek. Under the concession, these people as well as others, will be prohibited from fishing in these waters unless they rent the privilege from the concessionaires.—W. Powell, Minister, Port au Prince, Haiti.



THE BROOK IN APRIL.

Photo by E. C. Grinnell.

The Log of a Sea Angler.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "ANGLING," "THE ADVENTURES OF TORQUA," ETC.

VII.—The Amber Jack—A Hard Fighter—Shooting Jacks—Crailing a Hawkbill—Pegging Turtles—Big Sharks Eating Turtles—A Sea Battle.

We had not turned a turtle for ten days, and John expressed the opinion that the laying was over, or that the turtles had been frightened off; so we decided to try Middle Key, and in the meantime "peg" a turtle on our reef. A good turtle peg can be made out of a file by using about half an inch of the end, the object being to use a sharp three-sided plug that will enter the shell of a turtle but not injure it, the peg, so far as its cap is concerned, being made like that of the grains, fitting on to any grain pole.

Bob sculled the dinghy slowly along, while I looked for turtles that fed on the soft green weed and often slept there, occasionally rising to breathe. It was not long before I saw one and tossed the peg into it just as it moved away; a moment later we were being towed up the reef by the big game that whipped the water with powerful flippers. But it was no match for the dinghy, and we soon tired the animal, and, hauling the boat alongside, forced it to swim inshore, towing us, and landed it on the sands near camp.

Chief borrowed my rifle near here and began shooting at some large fishes which were swimming along shore with their dorsal fins out of water. They proved to be jacks, and Chief killed two in this way, putting a bullet through the vertebrae.

Middle Key was much smaller than East Key, and appeared to be two miles to the west. John sailed the "Bull Pup" over with Bob, while Chief and I rowed the dinghy, it being calm and smooth, that I might see the reef and the coral. On the way I pegged a hawkbill turtle—the kind combs, etc., are made of—the animal differing from the others of the family in having its shell in great overlapping scales. A small remora was fast upon its underside.

We circled the reef, viewing great heads of coral—the vases of the sea—examining the sponges and fans that were suggestive of a good fishing ground, and were slowly drifting along when a commotion in the channel, water tossed into foam, attracted our attention. Pushing in that direction, we succeeded in running near a huge loggerhead turtle, the largest I had ever seen, that was engaged in a deadly struggle with a large shark. The turtle had a bulldog grip on the shark, which occasionally plunged down, taking it out of sight; but up it would come again, the shark bending and snapping at its grim armored adversary, that undoubtedly would have ultimately killed the shark had we not interfered. They evidently saw us, and the turtle made an effort to escape, while the shark wrenched itself away. The turtle I found to be completely helpless. The shark had bitten off all its flippers, leaving mere fringes of flesh, and had attempted to crush the side of the shell. The turtle must have weighed six or seven hundred pounds—a giant and an antediluvian. Its huge mouth was cut and worn into leathery teeth; its

lips perforated with parasitic worms; its eyes were enormous and dull, and altogether it was a picture of great age and decrepitude. We towed the helpless reptile into shallow water away from the sharks, and gave it a chance for its life.

Middle Key was a small duplicate of East Key and one of a line of keys which seemed to extend to the westward, terminating in Loggerhead, five or six miles distant. The boat was anchored in the lee, and the smoke of our camp-fire rose on the beach as we went in. A few birds were swinging around overhead, and later many young were found in the bush. As in the other keys, a platform or reef surrounded it, gradually deepening to the blue channel, on the edge of which the coral flourished and formed a splendid fishing ground. Acting on the suggestion of Chief, I determined to try it. He said it was the only place that he had ever taken the amberjack around the keys, and when he told me the sizes of the fish he had taken with a large cotton hand-line I lost no time in making the attempt. I fished this channel in all fashions for three days, but never saw the fish I desired, though I took several large barracudas.

One day Chief was rowing me in the dinghy, I having rigged up a box seat in the stern in which I could sit facing it. I was using a fairly stout Greenheart rod eight feet long, weighing ten or twelve ounces, with a No. 21 linen line and live mullet bait. I had tried on the surface and had exhausted about all the points that Chief could think of or suggest, and had allowed my line to sink about ten feet, when it suddenly straightened out. I thought it a shark, as this vermin of the reef was always on hand; but this was different game, my reel singing high and low in a long wail that meant many yards of line. The rush of the fish was so sudden—so electric, for a better word—that I fancied it a jack or a bonito, two fishes famous for quick action. It soon had the dinghy moving as I stopped its rush, and made a splendid swing half around the boat with its belly turned upward, so that it appeared a silvery flash of light against the deep blue of the channel, at which Chief shouted, "Amberjack!"

Here was luck of a specious quality, and I played the gamy creature with all possible caution, mentally classing it with the "delight makers." Several times it came in on the line with a splendid burst of speed, turning quickly, as though to break away and gain sufficient force to outwit the unknown enemy which held it. Now it would plunge into the channel, as though sounding, and threw us into despair, lest the line should touch a coral point, and doubtless this was what the gamy creature had in view; but by sheer good luck I held it and continued to gain.

The amberjack never gave up; it fought the good fight every second, and did everything but jump, lashing the surface into foam at times in sheer madness, or perhaps in the hope of cutting the line or discovering some weak spot in it. Chief succeeded in keeping the dinghy stern to the game, despite its rushes, and at the end of twenty minutes I had it well in hand, and saw it swimming around in a circle; then I gained ten or fifteen feet and brought the splendid gleaming creature across the quarter, always bearing off, and then Chief gaffed it, and held it while it tossed the spray over us in a last effort.

This fish was three and a half feet long, thick-set, but

well proportioned, and must have weighed thirty or more pounds, one of the most attractive and gamiest of all the fishes of the reef. I found it a common fish, but not a common catch, at least here. In playing the fish I could not but wonder what would become of a typical salmon rod designed for forty-pound salmon. It was my opinion that the amberjack of forty pounds would make kindling wood of it, so much does the fish exceed the salmon in agility and fighting qualities. Nearly all authorities underestimate the size of this fish, which, like others of the *Seriola* tribe, are among the very large fishes, running up to eighty or even one hundred pounds in individuals.

We carried the amberfish in and feasted on him in royal fashion. John dug a pit in the sand, lined it with shells, then building a rousing fire in it and piling seaweed on the coals. On this pyre was deposited the amberjack, whole, which when baked was served on an oar-blade; and I am prepared to assert that planked amberjack is food for the gods.

On this prolific reef the large fishes are so common that the angler often neglects the small fry; but I had light tackle, small hooks and lines, and experimented on all the lesser game that came my way, and can add parrot fishes, angel fishes, the doctor fish, and many more to the list of good fishes. Of all this throng the doctor fish (*Teuthis*) was the strangest; a high, big-eyed, long-finned fish somewhat resembling the porgy. I had often seen the "doctor" when watching the fishes in a large coral head with a water glass, and had observed singular movements—a peculiar whisking of the tail, well understood after an examination of the "doctor." I caught it readily by using a small fly-hook with crayfish bait. But its mouth was very small and armed with a peculiar array of teeth that easily crushed a delicate hook. My first catch was about eight inches in length, and when netted and brought in, it gave a vivid demonstration of the appropriateness of its name, as on each side of the tail was an opening from which protruded, as from a scabbard, a sharp bony lance, suggestive of the sting of a bee on a large scale. With this weapon the doctor of the sea lanced its companions, and later, when I kept one in a tank, I found that it made war against all comers, cutting and slashing them and easily killing small fishes, as sardines, herring and others. I placed a cowfish, which is encased in armor and provided with horns, and a doctor fish in a tank together; the doctor immediately attacked the other, but to no purpose; the cowfish was a knight in armor.

In hunting for amberfish I fell in with a mass of algæ or sargassum that to the east is caught in the great tidal vortex and constitutes the Sargasso Sea. This was a floating island an acre in extent and a world in itself. In the center were lanes and openings in which swam the flying gurnard, a dazzling creature that I tried to capture from the dinghy; but they would none of it. This is the fish that has astonished anglers by seizing the bait and dashing into the air and soaring away. Such an experience was vouchsafed to Dr. Moseley, of the *Challenger*. I finally gave up the attempt, and alarming the fishes, saw them shoot away over the surface, catching all that landed on the surface of the sargassum. A more attractive fish it would be difficult to imagine. Its head encased in armor, makes it a dangerous projectile to encounter.

This floating island had a life peculiarly its own. Crabs,

shells and fishes were in the main colored the exact tint of the weed, so they were perfectly safe from the laughing gulls soaring around with eager glance. The most interesting fish was a curious creature that even in shape resembled the weed; its foot-like fins, its head being colored, and some parts even shaped like the fringed sargassum. This fish, called the walker, from the fact that it could walk on the bottom, laid prone on the weed, and near it I found the nest, a ball of sargassum about the size of a Dutch cheese, wound and interwound into a globular shape and held together by threads of a glutinous secretion resembling starch which the fish takes from a pore in its belly. The eggs, about the size of small shot, are attached to the nest, and when hatched the young find protection in the mass of weed. There were dozens of these fishes in floating islands drifting along up the Gulf Stream to be thrown off somewhere and sent into the great eddy of this floating sea.

As I drifted with the island I looked down and saw at least a dozen amberjacks of about fifteen pounds swimming in the perfect turquoise water. My dinghy was twenty feet from the edge of the floating island, and over this I cast, watching the actions of the fishes through the blue window. The moment the mullet struck the water, they charged it, evidently thinking it a jumping fish, and one seized it, as I hoped, making directly away; and floating on the verde antique matting, I played my second amberjack, Chief breaking the dinghy out of the thick mass so that I could play and bring the gamy creature to gaff, which I did in about fifteen minutes.

Middle Key was a famous place for shells, the beach at times being made up of the smaller varieties, and quantities were occupied by hermit crabs. I filled my pocket one day with the latter and discovered that they crawled out almost as fast as I put them in, my back soon being covered with them. In the coral here were quantities of *Cypræas*, which the men called micramoks; a beautifully polished creature protected by a fleshy covering which made life in the branches possible. From a survey of this great reef it was evident that the coral polyps, or their eggs, are swept around from the tropics, and have established a reef here which in time may extend out and connect Florida with Mexico or Yucatan. This is conceivable, if we allow the correct number of millions of years.

Middle Key is arid, a patch of sand covered here and there with bay cedar and prickly pear, with now and then a patch of tussock. The sand is ground coral, shell and the limy secretion of a seaweed, white as snow. Its only available production is the fruit of the prickly pear or tuna, and eggs of the tern and noddy. But off from this key stretches a garden of the sea of marvelous beauty—groves of sea fans, sponges and plumes in glowing tints and colors of yellow, lavender, pink and black. High sponges dot the bottom like seats, and scattered about are vast coral mounds—the hills of this landscape beneath the sea.

Gazing into this attractive region, I caught a glimpse of one of the largest man-eater sharks it was ever my fortune to see. It came swimming along beneath me with dignified mien, moving slowly and evenly. It had a number of remoras clinging to it at least a foot long, black against its tawny hide, and swinging like banderillos on a maddened bull. About its head was a swarm of pilots, one or two of which swam in my direction; but the monster, which to my excited imagination appeared nearly twenty feet in length, paid no attention to the boat and was soon swallowed up in the deep blue of the ocean.

Fisheries of the Interior Lakes and Rivers of New York and Vermont

BY JOHN N. COBB, AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

THE first statistical investigation of the commercial fisheries of the interior lakes and rivers of New York and Vermont was made by the writer in 1896. In the fall of 1903 a second canvass was made, when data were gathered showing the condition of the fisheries during the calendar year 1902. With the exception of the Great Lakes and the Hudson, Delaware and Susquehanna rivers in New York, and the Connecticut River in Vermont, all lakes and rivers in the two States were visited in which it was thought commercial fishing might be carried on. The writer is under great obligations to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York, especially to its secretary, Mr. John D. Whish, and to the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of Vermont, for many courtesies extended to him.

New York.

New York is dotted with numerous lakes, many of them—such as Oneida, Champlain and Cayuga—of great extent, while there is a veritable network of rivers, creeks and canals throughout the State. The principal aim of the authorities has been, as far as possible, to confine the fishing in the interior lakes and streams to sportsmen, who are attracted, not only from all parts of New York, but from other States and even from foreign lands by the excellent fishing afforded in these waters. Such pleasure seekers are usually liberal, and the sums expended by them net larger profit to the community than would be obtained by the unrestricted use of fishing apparatus on the part of local fishermen. It has been estimated that the sportsmen leave behind them, in the hands of the railroads, hotels, guides, boatmen, etc., several million dollars each year.

Whenever possible without injury to the sport fishing, the State has permitted the use of nets to some extent, principally for the purpose of reducing the abundance of the commoner species of fishes, which, when in excessive numbers, do serious damage to the game fish by devouring spawn and fry. It has been an exceedingly difficult matter to guard waters so extensive, however, and as a result there is much illegal fishing. During 1901 the authorities seized 803 fyke nets, 443 trap nets, 416 gill nets, 76 squat nets, 20 seines, 335 set lines, 7 spears, 16 eel weirs, 8 wire nets and 2,637 tip-ups. The total number of illegal devices destroyed was 4,761, representing a total money value of \$25,820, a sum greater than the whole investment in the legal commercial fisheries of the entire region.

The greatest drawback to the fisheries of many of the lakes and streams is the presence of undesirable species. The alewife in Seneca Lake, the gar in Lake Chautauqua, and the ling in most of the lakes and rivers, are very unpopular residents, and unless their numbers are reduced shortly they will do considerable harm. These fishes appear to be useless, although the ling has been prepared as cod in Buffalo. The German carp is also regarded with some disfavor, but if taken in the winter time and sent alive to New York City would net the shipper a fair price, since it is a very hardy fish and would stand transportation in ice.

Below is a summary of the general conditions and principal features in the fisheries of each lake and river in which commercial fishing was carried on in 1902. A number of other lakes and streams were visited, but as they had no commercial fisheries they are not considered.

Bear and Cassadaga Lakes.

These are small bodies of water close together in Chautauqua county, not far from Lake Chautauqua. During 1902 spearing for maskinongé was permitted in these lakes on Monday and Thursday of each week for five consecutive weeks, beginning on the first Monday in February. The fishing is carried on in almost identically the same manner as in Lake Chautauqua. Hand-line fishing through the ice for bullheads is also practiced on these lakes.

Canandaigua Lake.

This lake is situated in the counties of Ontario and Yates, a portion forming a part of the boundary line between the two counties. It runs almost due north and south, and is about fifteen miles long, while its greatest width is about two miles. The lake occupies an eroded valley, and has quite high banks. Its waters discharge through Canandaigua Outlet into Clyde River and thence into Seneca River.

The principal fishing town on this lake is Canandaigua. The only apparatus in use in 1902 consisted of pound nets and set lines, the former owned and operated by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the State for the purpose of taking whitefish, which were stripped for fishculture purposes and then sold as food. The set-lines, which were each about 600 feet long, were operated by the fishermen, and the catch consisted of bullheads, pickerel, suckers and whitefish, quite a number of the latter being taken in this way.

Early in 1903 the Legislature passed a law permitting ice fishing with hand lines and tip-ups, except during the months of March and April, and spearing for all fish but lake trout, black bass, and pike perch, except during April, May and June. The use of tip-ups and set lines is restricted to a certain section near the head of the lake. As a result of this more liberal law the commercial fisheries will doubtless soon show a considerable expansion.

Cayuga Lake.

This is one of the prettiest lakes in the State, lying in a deep eroded valley, the banks for the most part being perpendicular cliffs from ten to sixty feet high. It extends almost due north and south for about thirty-eight miles, with an average width of two miles. Its greatest width is about three miles, and its greatest ascertained depth is 390 feet. The outlet from this lake meets Clyde River about six miles from the lake, and together these streams form Seneca River.

Commercial fishing in Cayuga Lake is restricted to fyke nets, which are operated from Oct. 1 to March 31, "in that part of the lake which lies north of Canoga Point and within 1,800 feet from the west shore thereof, and in that part of said lake which lies north of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad bridge across such lake, and within four miles of such lake in the waters of all streams and rivers which have an outlet or inlet in such lake north of such bridge." Nearly all of these nets have four hoops, and the mesh is limited by law to not less than 1½-inch bar. Only common fish, such as bullheads, dogfish, eels, German carp, suckers and sunfish, can legally be sold, the fishermen being required to return to the water all game fish taken in the nets. The waters swarm with dogfish and German carp, and thousands of pounds of both species are taken, nearly all of which are thrown upon the shores to rot or else are used as fertilizer. As the fyke-net fishing is confined to the foot of the lake, most of the fishermen come from Seneca Falls, Cayuga, Auburn and Canoga, by far the larger number being from the first-named place.

Lake Champlain.

A considerable portion of the boundary line between New York and Vermont is formed by Lake Champlain, the northern end of which extends for a short distance into Canada. The greater part of the lake, however, is in Vermont, the dividing line in the northern portion lying midway between a chain of islands running down the center and the New York shore. From its head at Whitehall to the border, the lake is about 100 miles long. In the southern part it is less than a mile wide in places; the northern part incloses several large islands, and is nearly fourteen miles wide. The greatest ascertained depth is 600 feet. By means of the Richelieu River it discharges into the St. Lawrence.

If both shores are considered, the lake supports more important commercial fisheries than any lake in the United States, the Great Lakes excepted. On the Vermont side seines and gill nets are operated, but New York does not permit the use of nets of any kind, and fishing on that shore is consequently restricted to hand lines; set lines, tip-ups and spears.

An interesting fishery is that for smelt, locally called "ice fish." This fishery is carried on between Crown Point and Essex, the most important points being Westport and Port Henry. As soon as sufficient ice forms the fishermen carry small huts out of favorable positions on the lake, each hut provided with a small stove and a bench or chair, and having about a third of the bottom floored. The fish are caught with hook and line through a hole cut in the ice. For a time the "ice-fish" caught in this part of the lake, which are exceptionally large (examples 15 to 18 inches long

having been captured), were thought by the fishermen to be a different species from the smelt, as the fish taken in other parts of the lake and known as smelts average but about seven inches in length. At times the catch of "ice-fish" is quite heavy, but in 1902 it was small, there being but few fishermen engaged. Nearly all who participate do so because they have no regular occupation, and as last year was a busy and prosperous one in nearly every town along the lake shore there were but few persons out of employment, consequently but few fishermen. In the fishing season at certain hours in the day the buyers visit the huts, gather up the fish caught and bring them to the towns, where they are boxed or barreled for shipment.

Near the foot of the lake considerable fishing for black bass, bullheads, yellow perch, pickerel and wall-eyed pike is done by means of rod and line, a few set lines are operated for bullheads, and a few spears are used in catching eels.

Lake Champlain is a favorite resort for anglers, and it is the aim of the New York authorities to keep it so. The dumping of refuse from pulp and chemical works into the lake and its tributaries has seriously injured the fisheries during the last few years, but strenuous efforts are now being made to put an end to this practice.

Chautauqua Lake.

This lake is in Chautauqua county in the extreme western part of the State, and is long and narrow, like most of the lakes in this region. It is twenty-two miles long and from one-fourth of a mile in its narrowest part to three miles in width in its widest part, with an average depth of about twenty feet. The head of the lake is about eight miles distant from Lake Erie, but, unlike all the other lakes of the State, except the small ones, Cassadaga and Bear, which belong to the same system, Chautauqua empties into the Ohio River, through Conewango Creek and Allegheny River.

From a commercial standpoint this lake is one of the most important in the State, and principally on account of one fish, the maskinongé. This species is distinct from the maskinongé inhabiting the Great Lakes, but is identical with that occasionally found in the Ohio River basin. Its real home is in this lake, only occasional specimens being found in other waters. New York was the first State to propagate the maskinongé artificially. A hatchery was built in 1890 and the work has continued each year since with considerable success. The State fish commission has introduced the species in other lakes of the State, but in none has it yet attained importance. As a game fish it is held in very high esteem. In summer it is usually taken by trolling with a specially made spoon or a good-sized minnow; a rather short line is used and the boat rowed only fast enough to keep the tackle taut, the spoon being a short distance under water.

Up to and including 1902 fishermen were permitted to spear maskinongé through the ice on Monday and Thursday of each week for five consecutive weeks, beginning on the first Monday in February. During this season the lake presented a busy appearance, as fishermen came from not only the immediate vicinity, but from Pennsylvania and Ohio. For this method of fishing each man is supplied with a "fish coop" and a spear. The "coops" are huts about 4 feet square, and from 3½ to 4½ feet in height, with a pair of wide runners underneath, and built perfectly tight in order to exclude every ray of light. Within is a small sheet-iron stove, burning wood or charcoal, to furnish warmth for the fisherman. Opposite the stove is a seat, with only a narrow margin of floor around the inside of the hut for the feet to rest upon. The hole in the bottom of the "coop" is about three feet across, and when the "coop" is in place, is immediately above a somewhat larger hole which has been cut in the ice. The spear used in taking the fish has five or seven tines and a short handle, to which is attached a stout cord, and hangs half its length down into the water, secured by a catch on the floor of the "coop." The fisherman sits with one foot on either side of the house and plays a weighted wooden minnow about six or eight feet below the ice. Sometimes he does not have long to wait for a maskinongé to appear, but again there may be no sign of one during the whole day. When a fish does appear it generally approaches the decoy slowly and carefully. The fisherman grasps the spear and quietly poises it directly over the fish, which, as there is no light in the hut, is unable to see its danger. It is his endeavor to plant the spear a little back of the head, thus breaking the backbone and killing the fish almost instantly. He then carefully brings it to the surface, secures it on the spear by means of a gaff hook, lifts it from the water, and throws it through the door of the "coop" upon the ice outside. As soon as the day's fishing is done the "coop" must be removed to the shore to remain until the next legal day for spearing. Owing to the strenuous objections to this manner of fishing made by sportsmen and others, the Legislature of 1903 amended the law so that the practice is now permitted only on Thursday of each week during the month of February.

The gar-pike is an unmitigated nuisance in this lake. Strenuous efforts were made in 1896 and 1897, by securing appropriations of the Legislature and through the efforts of private individuals to get rid of this pest, and the numbers were materially reduced. The fishermen are allowed to spear gar-pike when spearing maskinongé, but as the gar cannot be used as food not many are destroyed in this way, although some of the less experienced spearmen practice on it first.

Bullheads are also quite abundant. They are taken by means of hand lines fished through the ice, and with set lines during the rest of the year.

Chautauqua Lake leads all other bodies of fresh water in the country in the catch of maskinongé, and, with the exception of the Great Lakes, in the catch of bullheads.

Conesus Lake.

This is a medium-sized lake situated wholly in Livingston county, in the western part of the State. The commercial fishing in 1902 was by means of hand lines through the ice, and yellow perch was the only species taken.

Lake George.

This beautiful sheet of water, about thirty-six miles in length, is situated in the eastern part of the State. Like the greater part of Lake Champlain it has high banks, and it discharges into Champlain by means of a short and narrow outlet.

The only commercial fishing permitted is with hand lines, the purpose being to restrict the fishing as much as possible to sportsmen. The species taken in the commercial fishery are black bass, bullheads, lake trout, yellow perch, and pickerel. Large quantities of game fish are unnecessarily destroyed each year by summer residents along the lake shore.

Lake Keuka.

Just west of Seneca Lake, into which it empties through a short tributary, is Lake Keuka, sometimes called Crooked Lake, because of its shape. It is about twenty miles long, two miles wide, and has an ascertained depth of about 200 feet. Fishing through the ice with tip-ups and hand lines is allowed, except during the months of March and April. Pickerel is the only species taken with the tip-ups. During the summer large quantities of game fish, particularly black bass, lake trout and pickerel, are caught by means of hook and line, and sold. From a commercial standpoint this lake is the second most important in the State, being exceeded only by Oneida Lake. So far as game fish alone are concerned, it leads all the other lakes of the State, and, according to the statements of fishermen and others, there are no present indications of decrease in the supply. Penn Yan, at the foot of the lake, and Hammondsport, at the head, are the principal fishing towns.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A Trip to the Fishing Banks.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 7.—Have you ever been to the "fishing banks?" If you have not you have missed a great treat. The name fishing banks is applied to the water off the New Jersey coast, about ten to twelve miles westward, where very large excursion boats take people to fish. The trip lasts all day. These large boats are "three-deckers," and comfortably carry from 200 to 300 people for the most part of the year. The fare is 75 cents, but it seems well worth it.

Rising at 6, we breakfast and hastily get our luncheon ready, and our fishing tackle. By the time we are in New York it is 8 o'clock; the boat starts at 8:15, so we quickly get on board. Our boat is the Taurus; there are two others—the Angler and Edmund Butler. We are now well out of the harbor, and people are getting their tackle ready, while some are fixing bait. After sitting down and talking for about two hours, someone yells, "We've reached the grounds!" and the boat is turning around, and presently the anchor drops. All is hustle and bustle now, for everyone tries to get a good place to fish from. "Low bridge!" is hollowed by someone, and everyone near the spot "ducks." We duck, too, but we know not what for. Then we see what it is all about, for the person who yelled has thrown his fishing tackle into the water, and we are glad we ducked, for we might have had a hook sticking some place in us. We now have our lines out; and down, down they go, and yet no bottom; but now the sinker has struck bottom. One hundred and fifty feet are measured out on the line. "Low bridge!" is yelled again, and we all are glad to duck, for the one who gave the command might be a reckless fellow. "I have a bite," the same fellow hollows excitedly. He reels and reels, and presently up comes a nice big codfish. "Get a gaff, get a gaff!" and then the fish is gaffed and safely landed. When on the scales it weighs 23 pounds, and is a dandy. Having thought he has enough for the day, he quits, and "gets busy" cleaning his fish. Soon all have a mess, but not as big as the cod.

But now the whistle toots, and that is the sign for all to draw up their lines, and homeward bound we go. The three boats race home all the way to New York, a distance of twenty to thirty miles, and it is exciting. At last "dear little old New York" comes in sight, and we dock and take ferry to Brooklyn, a distance of one mile, having had a day of real sport. WALTER MOBLARD.

A Palm Beach Sailfish.

WE find in the Palm Beach News this account of a time with a sailfish:

"The habitués of the ocean pier experienced a most unusual and thrilling sensation on Tuesday morning, when Mr. Richmond Talbot, of Tuxedo Park, N. Y., threw down the gauntlet to a huge sailfish, which he conquered after a desperate struggle that lasted an hour and forty minutes. The monster specimen was hooked while Messrs. Talbot and Thos. D. Whistler were trolling for kingfish off the pier, and the two colored fishermen rowing the surf boat were thrown into convulsions of excitement when confronted with this novel and dangerous situation. Knowing well the traditional habits of these terrors of the deep, their complexions fairly bleached with fear when they realized the close proximity of this dangerous variety of the swordfish family. The fish was thoroughly angered with pain, and momentarily threatened to drive its powerful spear through the side of their frail craft.

"Mr. Talbot's rare skill and good judgment enabled him to handle the great fish with comparatively small personal danger, as in his first rush the fish was allowed to take out over 450 feet of line. The sailfish made a dozen or more of his characteristic leaps, clearing the waves by at least ten feet, something like the tarpon, and instantly regaining his native element with a tremendous splash. When partially exhausted from these tactics, he commenced to set his enormous sail, a peculiar development of the dorsal fin, which in this instance measured nearly fourteen square feet of sail area. This remarkable fish is also equipped with a belly fin which acts as a center-board, and so rigged he took advantage of the prevailing trade wind and set sail for Nassau, towing the gallant little crew well out toward the Gulf Stream, where the leopard sharks abound.

"Although worn to the point of sheer exhaustion, Mr. Talbot pluckily held on and tactfully used the automatic adjustable friction drag of his large Vom Hofe reel until

the fish was drawn close to the boat in a nearly drowned condition. When brought into a position to gaff, he suddenly mustered sufficient strength, and making a desperate effort, nearly drove his formidable spear into the side of the boat. This catastrophe was averted by the dexterous use of an oar that was splintered to pieces at the blade. At this critical moment, Mr. Whistler seized the pneumatic gaff, and, securely planting it in a vital part, the great specimen was quickly hauled into the surf boat, where for a few seconds pandemonium reigned supreme. The superb fish is now safely housed in Heim's piscatorial embalming parlors prior to departing for his final resting place at Tuxedo Park. This record specimen of the sailfish measured something under eight feet, and while not officially placed on the scales, was estimated by competent judges to have weighed between 120 and 130 pounds."

New Jersey Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 8.—Trout streams throughout this county are in fine condition for fishing. While we have not many streams which can be classed as good, still by those who know and are willing to put forth honest endeavor, some good results are to be obtained. Dr. H. S. Kinneth, in company with Game Warden Ackerman, visited the Hockhocks on the opening day, April 1, and secured twenty beautiful fish. The Doctor terms it the finest catch ever made in Monmouth County, several of them weighing over 1 pound each, and two weighing full 1¼ pounds. He deserves the success, as he has for years used both time and money in having many of the local streams stocked and is zealous in their care.

White perch are now plentiful in our lakes and are taking the hook quite freely; but this fishing will be greatly improved within the next two weeks, provided we get some warm rains. Perch fishing is exceedingly popular hereabouts as the streams are of easy access, and under proper conditions success is quite certain.

Winter flounders are plentiful in the rivers and bays. I have taken some very fine ones the past week, they are in fine condition and are taking the hook well.

Law has at last reached the pound net industry. Following the 21 indictments secured last season by the Government, came an order prohibiting the placing of any new poles without Government permit as to when and where, and complaints long and loud have been welling up in the past month as nothing definite could be heard from Washington. They, however, came to light yesterday, but are said to be stringent as to location and character. One of the conditions is said to be that all the old poles now in place must be pulled up and put on the beach. This is a wise provision if true, as they are not only very unsightly but a positive menace to light craft.

It is a case of the mills grinding slowly, but it is to be hoped that the grist will in the near future be exceedingly fine. LEONARD HULT.

Waiting for the Frogs.

WATERLOO, Wis., April 1.—What a terrible winter we have had here. I shall be indeed glad when the frogs begin to peep. There are few or no trout in this neighborhood, but bass and pickerel in season very fine. Pickerel (not pike nor maskinongé) of 12 pounds are not uncommon, they tell me. I shall go for them when the time comes. JACOBSTAFF.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, April 8.—The following additional bills amending the forest, fish and game law have been introduced in the Legislature:

Senator Prime's (Int. No. 856), ordered to third reading, with reference to forbidding the transportation of fish caught in Missisquoi Bay and its tributaries in the Province of Quebec and the Richelieu River.

Senator Malby's (Int. No. 899), amending Section 224a so as to authorize the chief fire warden, under the authority of the State Commission of Forest, Fish and Game, to commence prosecutions for trespasses on the forest preserve. The Commission may appoint five inspectors instead of assistant fire wardens to serve during the season when forest fires occur along the lines of steam railroads in the forest preserve counties. They are to be allowed an annual salary of \$900, with \$600 a year for expenses. They shall perform such other duties in protecting the forest and in reforestation as the Superintendent of Forests or the Commission shall direct.

The Senate has passed the bill of the Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game (Int. No. 677) relative to the duties of the Superintendent of the fire wardens and game protectors.

The Senate has advanced the following bills to third reading: Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 684) relative to the destruction of nets.

Senator Coggeshall's (Int. No. 496), relative to the expenses of seizure of nets.

Senator Raines' (Int. No. 247), in relation to the sale of trout. Assemblyman Appgar's (Int. No. 866), relative to the close season for deer in Rockland and Westchester counties.

Assemblyman Bisland's (Int. No. 1175), relative to the close season for trout.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 265), relative to taking fish through the ice in the town of North East, Dutchess county.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 263), relative to the close season for squirrels in certain counties.

Assemblyman Hammond's (Int. No. 534), relative to taking wall-eyed and yellow pike in the counties of Oneida, Madison, Oswego and Onondaga, except in Lake Ontario.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 305), relative to the protection of land turtles and wild black bears.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 105), in relation to penalties.

Assemblyman Stevens' (Int. No. 1006), relative to the close season on trout in Rensselaer, Warren and Washington counties.

Assemblyman West's (Int. No. 469), in relation to placing carp in certain waters.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1079), relative to the use of nets in Coney Island Creek.

Assemblyman Allen's (Int. No. 1206), in relation to the close season for trout in Fall Brook Creek, Cayuga county.

Assemblyman Cunningham's (Int. No. 599), in relation to spearing fish in Ulster county.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1075), relative to grouse and woodcock not being sold.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1077), relative to the close season on woodcock.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1076), relative to fishing in Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters.

Assemblyman Coutant's (Int. No. 1295), allowing the taking of herring in the Delaware River and that part of the Hudson River below the dam at Troy, with nets operated by hand only, from March 15 to June 30, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Knapp's (Int. No. 1305), relative to the transportation of fish caught in Missisquoi Bay, Province of Quebec.

Assemblyman Phillips' (Int. No. 466), relative to trout fishing in Allegany county.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the following bills:

Assemblyman Santee's (Int. No. 737), relative to the appointing of additional protectors.

Assemblyman Miller's (Int. No. 994), in relation to the pollution of streams.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1078), relative to the powers of game protectors.

The Kennel.**The Handlers' Association.**

THE National Field Trial Handlers' Association is the title assumed by a few field trial handlers, mostly of the Middle West. They are organized ostensibly for purposes beneficial to field trials in general, but in practice have adopted some modifications of the trades union methods. This association seems to act from two erroneous assumptions, one being its own importance and power in the field trial world; the other its capability to improve and manage field trials in general, though leaving all the expenses and labor to the field trial clubs as a matter of course.

There are many little troubles flowing from this Handlers' Association as a source, but the chief and most serious one seems to be the assumption that they have a right to make a list of judges which the field trial clubs should recognize and use. It requires no proof to establish the fact that a field trial club, paying the expense of its field trials, that of its judges included, has a perfect right to conduct its affairs in its own way without any impertinent interposition or intermeddling from rank outsiders. If the handlers do not like the judges or anything else, they are privileged to participate or not, as they may elect. They, however, are not privileged to arrogate to themselves any power to take charge of the club's affairs.

There is one unpleasant feature contingent on refraining to participate: if the handlers do so a few times their patrons will engage men who will attend the trials, and then some of the more turbulent Association members might really have to engage in actual work.

As a rule, a handler is accepted by his patrons as a sportsman, and treated as an equal accordingly. Then what is the need of an association?

The association handlers will soon find that, if they draw the lines much further offensively, they will be placed in the position of mere labor employes, in which situation unconsciously their constitution and acts portray them.

It is also an easy matter for the field trial clubs to organize and do with an obstreperous handler what the racing clubs do with an offensive jockey. The wise handler is he who stands on his individual merits.

The Chase City Meet.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 8.—The most notable "meet" of fox hounds was held at the Hotel Mecklenburg, Chase City, Va., the last week in March. No less than 12 packs, 135 dogs in all, were in the hunts which lasted five days. Nearly all the chases were spectacular. Deer, which frequently jumped up, gave the dogs no little trouble and tested the patience of the hunters, who on one occasion numbered 85, including a round dozen of ladies. Col. W. T. Hughes, of the hotel, was the master of the hounds. Of the dogs a number were from North Carolina. Work began daily at 5 o'clock in the morning. Never were less than 50 in the saddle. Col. Hughes was ably assisted by Sydney P. Cooper, of Henderson, N. C.; Mr. Baptist, of Buffalo Lithia Springs; Mr. Hunt, of Townsville, N. C.; Mr. Jackson, of Norfolk, Va.; Mr. Overly, of Boydton, Va., and Judge Aiken, of Danville, Va. Among the most zealous of the ladies were Miss Norris and Miss Moring, both of Raleigh, N. C., and Mrs. Moody, of Chesterfield, Va. Two of the negro huntsmen devoted to the chase and to the dogs of their packs, were like leaves from old-time picture books or sporting prints, these being Sam. Browne, the huntsman of Mr. Sneed, of Boydton, and Jim Bartell, the huntsman of Col. Hughes, the former wearing a blue broadcloth hunting coat with tails of the pattern of 1825; the latter in a cap of raccoon skin, with a horn a century old and a pink vest. Old Mr. Sneed was a prince among the eager huntsmen. Once when his associates were lamenting a failure to get a fox he assured them that this very uncertainty gave all the more zest to the sport. He keeps his pack and hunts it in the fashion of his great-grandfather. The hunters all wore serviceable clothes, nothing of the fancy style, no hunting boots or gay garments, having no club colors. Instead of these accessories, which the bogus hunters often to be seen to the northward regard as the prime object, they have good horses, the best dogs, practical dogs, and a spirit of the chase and a zeal which never flags.

The packs of hounds in the hunts were from Buffalo Lithia Springs, Boydton, Townsville, Chase City, Henderson, Finneywood, Wake Forest, N. C., Danville, and Lynchburg. The largest pack was from Boydton-Townsville, 53 dogs, owned by Messrs. Sneed, Overly, Lewis and Hunt.

In one hunt two foxes, a grey and a red, were taken in the same clan, after a run of twenty-five miles. Sometimes the hunt crossed the border into North Carolina. The country people turned out, full of interest in this notably great meet. In one hunt the fox was killed near the hotel, and a series of photographs of the finishing scene were taken, showing the party of riders and the immense pack. The dogs hunted well together. Deer, so very abundant in that section, gave the most trouble.

Dr. Arthur Fleming, of Lewisburg, N. C., was in great luck. Twice he got the brush. The very hilly country, well timbered, yet with fine open stretches, gave the best of opportunities to see the dogs.

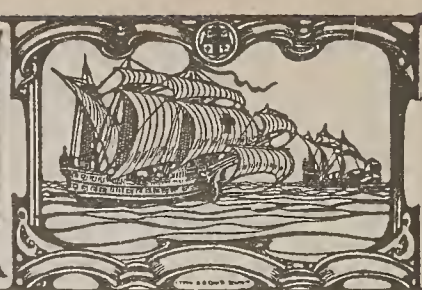
A good result is that the owners of the twelve packs have decided to form a Virginia-North Carolina organization to improve hounds and to promote foxhunting in both States. There are about twenty packs in this State. The owners will be asked to join the organization. A committee is in charge of the matter and will prepare a constitution and by-laws.

Points and Flushes.

GEORGE DE FOREST GRANT, well known in the dog world during a number of years past as one of the chief officers of the Westminster Kennel Club, died of heart disease at St. Augustine, Fla., April 5, in his fifty-second year. He was a member of the Union Club, the Racquet Club, the New York Yacht Club, the Metropolitan Club, and the Coney Island Jockey Club.



YACHTING



The Great Ocean Race of 1866.

Between Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta.

AFTER discussing at length the merits of their respective yachts, Fleetwing and Vesta, Messrs. George and Franklin Osgood and Mr. Pierre Lorillard decided the way to settle the matter definitely was for the two boats to race across the Western ocean from Sandy Hook to the Needles. These gentlemen believed that such a contest would prove conclusively which of the two vessels was the faster; and to give their seagoing qualities a thorough test it was decided that the race should take place in December. The race was sailed in accordance with the following agreement:

Agreement.

George and Franklin Osgood bet Pierre Lorillard, Jr., and others \$30,000 that the Fleetwing can beat the Vesta to the Needles, on the coast of England, yachts to start from Sandy Hook on the second Tuesday in December, 1866, to sail according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club, waiving allowance of time. The sails to be carried are mainsail, foresail, jib, flying jib, jibtopsail, fore and main gaff topsail, storm staysail and trysail. (Squaresails added.)

No sooner was this bold venture known, than a third party, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., requested to be admitted to the match and the following was added to the agreement:

The yacht Henrietta enters the above race by paying \$30,000 subscription by members of the New York Yacht Club; any minor points not embraced in the above, that cannot be settled by Messrs. Osgood, Lorillard and Bennett, shall be decided as follows: Each shall choose an umpire; the umpires chosen in case of a disagreement to choose two others. Twenty per cent. of the money to be deposited with Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, on the 3d of November, the balance to be deposited on the first Tuesday in December—play or pay.

(Signed)

J. G. BENNETT, JR.
FRANKLIN OSGOOD,
GEORGE A. OSGOOD,
PIERRE LORILLARD, JR.

December 5, 1866.

Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta started on the race from Sandy Hook to the Needles December 11, 1866, at 1 o'clock P. M. On Christmas Eve at 6:55 the Scilly Lights were sighted by Vesta, and just fifty minutes later they were picked up by Henrietta. Sailing the whole course without a tack, the latter was but eleven miles out from the straight line from start to finish; she passed the Lizards at 3 o'clock on Christmas morning, picked up a Cowes pilot at noon, and at 3:45 P. M. the two judges on board timed her as she passed the Needles. Vesta was less fortunate, her landfall bringing her a few miles to leeward of Henrietta at the Scilly Islands, and when she finally picked up a pilot late on Christmas evening he went astray in a light fog, so that she did not finish until forty minutes after midnight. Fleetwing made a better course up Channel, and finished at midnight. The brief record of the race is as follows:

	Days.	Hours.	Minutes.	Distance Sailed.	Average Per Hour.
Henrietta	13	21	55	3106	9.39
Fleetwing	14	6	10	3135	9.16
Vesta	14	6	50	3144	9.14

	D.	H.M.S.	P. M.
Henrietta started December	11	1 00 00	P. M.
Henrietta finished December	25	3 45 00	P. M.

	Days.	Hours.	Minutes.
Dif. long.	14	2 45 00	
			5 00 00

13 21 45 00 from buoy off the Hook

(Passed Sandy Hook Lightship 1:39 P.M.)

	Days.	Hours.	Minutes.
Henrietta's time to Lizards	13	9	
Yampa's time from Montauk Point	15	15	
Henrietta's time to the Needles (1866)	13	21	45
Henrietta's time from Sandy Hook L.S. to the Needles (1866)	13	21	6
Endymion's time to the Needles (1900)	13	20	36
Sappho's time to Cowes (1868)	14		
Sappho's time from Sandy Hook L.V. to Queenstown (1869)	12	9	36

The distance was 2,875 miles, and Sappho's best run was 315 miles, averaging 13.10 knots, or an hourly average for the whole distance of 9.664 knots.

In 1887 Coronet was 14 days 19 hours 23 minutes 4 seconds going from Bay Ridge to Queenstown in her race with the Dauntless.

In 1894 the sloop Vigilant made the trip from Sandy Hook to Tory Island, Ireland, in 14 days 8 hours, and to Gourrock, Scotland in 15 days 9 hours.

Lasca covered the same course to Gourrock, Scotland, in 17 days 6 hours, and Valkyrie II. also made a 17-day trip.

Yacht	Year	Hourly average for whole distance	Knots
Henrietta	1866	9.36	knots
Fleetwing	1866	9.16	"
Vesta	1866	9.14	"
Sappho	1869	9.66	"
Yampa	1897	8.00	"
Endymion	1900	9.66	"
Ingomar	1904	8.25	"
Vigilant	1894	8.52	"
Coronet	1887	8.08	"
Dauntless	1887	7.67	"

The Story of the Race.

The London Times of Thursday, December 27, 1866, published the following report of the ocean race between Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta:

The ocean race is ended. The Henrietta passed the Needles at 3:46 P. M. yesterday, winning the race and the amount of £18,000 stakes.

The Fleetwing arrived at 1 A. M. to-day, the Vesta at 4 A. M.

The three yachts are now lying at anchor in this harbor [Cowes], and crowds of people are visiting them and admiring their sharp lines and natty rig. The citizens of this town vie with each other in courtesies to the American yachtsmen, and the hospitality of the Royal Yacht Club has been tendered by the secretary, Captain Brown, Royal Navy.

The Vesta reports no special incident during her long

voyage. The Fleetwing had rather a rough passage, and six of her seamen were unfortunately washed overboard from the cockpit.

Of the trip of the Henrietta, with which yacht my fortunes were linked during the race, I am able to give more detailed account. The logs of the other boats will be sent to you for publication as soon as possible.

We left New York city on Tuesday, the 11th inst. The excitement about the race, which had been gradually increasing during the fortnight before the start, seemed most intense when the day of departure arrived. All the vessels in the harbor and boats upon the river were gaily decked with flags. Numerous excursion steamers were chartered to escort the contestants to Sandy Hook. At the docks, where lay the tugs which were to convey the yachtsmen on board their crafts, great crowds had collected, and cheered heartily as the tugs steamed off. The day was clear, cool and bright, and the westerly wind was just what was desired. The yachts were anchored off Staten Island, and there the scene was even more animated than in the harbor; steamers full of cheering spectators sailed around the little vessels; the music from the band upon the River Queen, chartered by the New York Yacht Club, was echoed by the bands upon the excursion steamers; the United States revenue cutter fired a salute, the hills of Staten Island were dotted with observers, and flags flew from every villa; a fleet of pilot boats clustered off West Bank to accompany the yachts to sea; the forts which line the entrance to the harbor dipped their colors. As the New York Yacht Club steamer passed the Henrietta, the distinguished officers and gentlemen on board gave three hearty cheers for "the only man who goes in his own boat." The enthusiasm was as marked as the good wishes loudly expressed by every lip were hearty and sincere. It required an experienced eye to detect any important difference between the three yachts as they lay at anchor. All are of nearly the same build and burden—the Henrietta registering 205 tons, the Vesta 201, and the Fleetwing 212, American measurement. The Henrietta and Fleetwing are keel boats. The Vesta has what is termed a "centerboard," or false keel, like the celebrated yacht America. Of course the three yachts had been carefully equipped, carrying spare sails and spars, wire rigging and extra tillers.

In the Henrietta sailed Mr. Bennett, the owner; Messrs. Jerome, Knapp and Fisk, judges and guests; Captain Samuels, Sailing Master Lyons, and a crew of twenty-four men, including Mr. Jones, first officer, Mr. Corels, second mate, a carpenter, sailmaker and two stewards.

The Fleetwing, owned by Mr. George Osgood, was commanded by Captain Thomas, with a crew of twenty-two men; and Messrs. Centre and Staples, of the New York Yacht Club, went in her as judges.

The Vesta, owned by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, carried Messrs. George Lorillard and Taylor as judges, Captain Dayton, and a crew of twenty-three, petty officers and judges.

Each of the yachts had previously won several closely contested matches, and only the popular prejudice against the "centerboard" vessels in rough weather gave the other boats an advantage over the Vesta in the heavy wagers staked upon the race.

At 11 o'clock the racing signal of the Henrietta was displayed, and the yachts were taken in tow by the tugs for the starting point off Sandy Hook, accompanied by innumerable steamers, propellers, yachts and pilot boats, and, amid renewed cheering and excitement, they were hauled down through the Narrows and assigned their respective stations.

Precisely at one o'clock Mr. Fearing, the starter, gave the signal for the race to begin. In a moment the tugs were cast off and sails hoisted, the Fleetwing occupying the most northerly position; first fresh breeze, and danced away before the wind, the Vesta following closely. The Henrietta, lying nearer the shore, had decidedly the worst of the start, but regained her position as she dropped away from the land. The tugs and steamers sailed in line after the yachts, and presented a most picturesque sight. The wreck of the Scotland was in full view; grimly reminding the yachtsmen of the dangers they were about to brave; the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" from the steamer recalled to the adventurers the friendships they were leaving. Then a cloud obscured the sun, the wind gradually rose, the yachts increased their speed, the good-bys to each were faintly heard, the lightship off Sandy Hook was passed, the open sea was before us, and the voyage had commenced in earnest. At 2:45 P. M. the "Neversink Highlands" sunk out of sight. The yachts were then abreast of each other. The Henrietta having caught the ten-knot breeze, all canvas was set, and the Vesta sailed wing and wing. Daylight now rapidly faded, and the sun disappeared in a glory of crimson and gold. The tug Philip, which had been chartered by Mr. Lorillard to accompany the Vesta until nightfall, turned homeward with a farewell hurrah, and the crews of the yachts bade good-by to the United States with answering cheers. Each captain now chose his own course, the Fleetwing keeping to the northward, the Henrietta holding the European steamer track, and the Vesta evidently making for the northern passage.

At six P. M. wind blowing steadily from the W.N.W., we lost sight of the Fleetwing in the darkness; but the Vesta was still abreast, looking like a phantom in the dim starlight. The Henrietta now increased her speed, rocking over the waves as gently as a cradle, and at eight o'clock the Vesta had disappeared; we saw neither of our rivals again until they came to Cowes. Songs and stories in the cabin and heavy snow squalls on deck marked our first night at sea.

The next day was bright and cold; we carried all sail, making eleven knots an hour until noon, when the Henrietta was struck by a heavy snow squall, and the top-

sails had to be taken in. During the twenty-three hours we had made 235 knots by observation and 237 by log, and found ourselves in lat. 40.70, and long. 68.52; the wind was northerly, and came in strong gusts; at ten minutes to four we passed the steamer Cuba and another steamer, to both of which we showed our racing signals, receiving prompt replies. Several sailing vessels were sighted, but they all kept away from us as soon as we showed our dark blue flag, as if believing the canard that the yachts were Fenian privateers. The weather grew more stormy toward night, and our little boat was at times half under water, but behaving most admirably. The mainsails were reefed before midnight, but as the weather moderated the reefs were shaken out, and both jibs set. Messrs. Lipus and Jones who headed the two watches into which the crew was divided, vied with each other in handling the yacht carefully, and through this storm, as throughout the entire voyage, the Henrietta had all the canvas she could safely carry, but not an inch more. Consequently her speed was steadily maintained, but nothing was strained and nothing carried away. At noon on the second nautical day, we scored two hundred and ten miles by observation and two hundred and thirty by log, the discrepancy being accounted for by a current which had drifted the yacht over twenty miles to the southwest. Clear, sunshiny weather during the day, and bright moonlight, with occasional snow squalls at night, closed the record for the 13th of December.

The next morning the weather was cloudy and warm, and the sea had fallen; some of the guests enjoyed their siesta on deck; the servants unexpectedly appearing in white trousers, seemed like ghosts from the long departed summer. Nothing was in sight upon the ocean except flocks of gulls and Mother Cary's chickens. At noon we had made two hundred and four miles. By a fine observation in the evening the placid moon showed silvery upon a sea as smooth as the Thames. Reclining in the comfortable cabin, the Château Margaux and cigars within easy reach, the guests listened to the Captain's stories of haunted ships and suicides at sea and dismal wrecks of the Southern Ocean. Toward midnight, however, the scene changed and repeated squalls with rain and hail struck the tiny craft, and bowled her along at the rate of eleven, twelve and thirteen knots an hour. At sunrise the next morning a snowstorm began; the sea and sky seemed one, and both were a deep slate color; the men, half white with new snow, moved slowly at their work; the dark horizon was noticeably narrowed; as the snow drifted down the Henrietta passed through the water that foamed upon the deck; to leeward a spar from some wreck lifted itself to the view like a great skeleton finger indicative of ruin; all our surroundings were mournful and depressing. No observations could be taken but by dead reckoning. We had gained two hundred and twenty-five miles during the past twenty-four hours. As night fell the yacht sailed faster and faster, until as we looked over the side where the waves came cascading over the diminutive bulwarks, we seemed to be fairly flying along. The sky cleared, but the wind freshened at sunset, and the light sails were hauled down and the mainsail reefed. The yacht quivered like a racehorse over-driven, and the pumps, which were tested every hour, sounded dismally, but showed no leakage. Sea after sea boarded the staggering craft. A wave came bursting through the skylight into the cabin. All night long this heavy weather continued; but the yacht ran so easily before the free wind that everybody slept as quietly as if the Henrietta was the Great Eastern.

In the gray of the following morning, Sunday, December 16, we passed a brig bound to Newfoundland, and her crew, who had evidently heard nothing of the yacht race, climbed up the rigging to stare at us as we dashed swiftly and silently by like the Flying Dutchman. We were now crossing the Grand Banks, and at noon we had sailed 246 miles for the day, and over one-third the distance to Cowes. The wind still remained northerly, and the yacht kept her course without variation. At 2 o'clock the captain, officers and yachtsmen assembled in the cabin for divine worship, while the winds whistled shrilly without, and the waves splashed across the deck lights overhead. The prayers for the day were repeated, and a chapter from the Bible and one of Jay's brief sermons were read. At 10 P. M. we were off the Grand Banks and off soundings, going at the rate of twelve knots an hour. Heavy seas still boarded the vessel, washing overboard one of the crew; the wind still held from the northward, and all hands were not too sensible to credit the captain's superstitious stories and refrain from changing their attire, lest they should bring a change of wind. The night passed quietly, and the ship averaged eleven knots, in spite of the seas that constantly hammered her like marine Vulcans.

The next day found us in "the roaring forties," which we had been taught to dread the character of. The ocean had entirely changed; instead of dancing over short, chopping waves like those of the English Channel, we appeared to be passing between ranges of water hills. Running thus in the trough of the sea, there seemed to be no horizon. The water, glazed by the snow that fell almost constantly, had the consistency of oil; the sky was filled with dull leaden clouds; but the barometer rose steadily; the wind, which had been rather doubtful during the morning, blew from the north once more. A fine observation gave us two hundred and eighty miles for the yacht's progress during the preceding twenty-four hours. In six days and fourteen hours we had sailed half way across the Atlantic. In the afternoon a beautiful rainbow brightened the horizon; but this "bow of promise" proved most deceitful, and brought us renewed hail and snow squalls instead of pleasant weather. During the night the wind shifted to W.S.W. We gybed ship and hoisted the squaresail, but were forced to lower it again in a few hours, as the signs of dirty weather

ominously increased. The effect of gybing, we may explain to the uninitiated, is to change the cant of a vessel from one side to the other. Naturally, then, the guests, who had gone to rest when the yacht had an inclination of 45 degrees in one direction, suddenly awoke, cross and sullen, when they were rolled over in their berths by the earcening of the yacht to 45 degrees the other way. The weather was now exceedingly threatening. The mainsail was double reefed for the first time and the vessel put in order for a storm. At noon we had run two hundred and fifty miles. The southwest wind freshened after noon, and at 4 P. M. it blew a regular gale. The mainsail was furled and three reefs taken in the foresail and the jibs taken in. Even with this small spread of canvas the yacht was driven nine miles an hour. On deck the rain and spray shut in the vessel like a watery curtain. Below the pitching and tossing rendered it impossible to sleep. A bucket of water was placed near the stove to extinguish the fire should the necessity arise. The dead lights leaked unexpectedly and uncomforably. Holes were bored in the stateroom floors to let out water should the skylight be broken in. The servants were dashed about the cabins as if shot from invincible catapults. The guests had enough to do to hold themselves inside their berths. Under these circumstances, which would have delighted Mark Tapley, everybody became again good humored. Just at midnight the struggling yacht was struck by a tremendous sea that burst over the quarter, struck full upon the foresail, and then fell heavily upon the deck, staving in the yacht's boat. Simultaneously the carpenter rushed wildly into the cabin, pale with alarm, and shouted, "Mr. Bennett, we must heave her to; she is opening forward, sir!" With great good sense nobody stirred save Mr. Bennett, who quietly informed Captain Samuels of the carpenter's report. As quietly the Captain came down from the deck and examined the supposed leak, which turned out to be nothing but the bilge water oozing through the line-planking near the cook's berth. The gale strengthened, however, and at last the Captain decided that the *Henrietta* could be driven no longer. Preparations were made to heave to, which is simply laying the ship head to the wind under close canvas, so that she rides as if at anchor. The storm trysails happened to be stored in the cabin, and as the sailors came silently down, oiled the tackle and carried the sail upon the deck, the scene reminded one of the bringing forth of the pall for a funeral. A pause in a race like this seemed the burial of all our hopes. Nevertheless it was some consolation to be informed by Captain Samuels that in his thirty years' experience he had never seen a vessel that could face such a gale so long, and it was charitable to hope that our rivals were having better weather than ourselves. Once hove to, the yacht rocked lazily and pleasantly; the waves rushed and the winds howled past, but did not disturb her.

Before noon the next day (December 19) the wind had lulled, and the ship again started off briskly, as if rested and refreshed. Everybody now changed his attire, and for once an old superstition proved true, for the wind shifted to the north and west again. The sun shone pleasantly, but the sea was still running high; the waves, blown about like the sandhills of a desert, disclosing strange mirages of tents and sails, as they revealed strips of the horizon here and there. We made our shortest distance on this stormy day, gaining only 153 miles. At 3 P. M. we were going fifteen knots, and kept up this pace for several hours. In the evening we sailed calmly in the mellow moonlight that marked our track before us with its sheen; the cabin fire was allowed to die out and overcoats were discarded. The seas rose on either side like walls, and the yacht ran swiftly between them at the rate of thirteen knots an hour. There could have been no stronger contrast to the incidents of the previous night. Sailing at the same pace next morning, we scored 260 miles by noon. The clouds moving in a grand procession from east to west, and forming in solid masses behind us, promised a continuance of the fair wind. At 3 P. M. we passed the steamer *Louisiana*, bound west, making out her name from Maryatt's signal flags. That night everything was cheering, the yachtsmen sang lustily in the cabin, and the sailors answered as lustily from the forecabin; the captain turned in for the first time since our start; but nothing is so variable as the weather. By 1 o'clock the next morning there was a dead calm, and we came on deck after breakfast to find a warm summer day. The yacht was scarcely moving through the water, the sails hung drooping from the yards, the ocean was perfectly smooth; the stillness was remarkable; there was no ripple of the waves, no rustling of the sails. Of course another superstitious change of the toilette ensued. One of the servants was discovered to be a professional barber, and a shaving shop was improvised, everybody contributing oils, pomaturn and perfumery. There was general "rejuvenation." Those who had not shaven for ten days came out from the barber's hands as from a disguise. Bits of unsuspected finery, such as neckties and scarf-pins, were displayed. One would have thought it was a gala day; but, in truth, nothing could have been worse for us than this calm; welcome even another gale, so that it came from the west.

All this mummery was again effectual; about 11 A. M. a fine breeze sprung up from the south, and under full canvas, all the sails drawing well, the *Henrietta* cut her way through the calm ocean. The cabin was too warm for comfort, and the yachtsmen reclined on deck like turtles in the sun. A school of porpoises passed the ship, and the second mate started a legend which I cannot but believe that the yacht was going so fast as to strike one of the fish and cut it in two. Better evidence of her speed is to be found in her log, which records that she sailed one hundred and fifty-seven miles that day, despite the time lost by the calm. By night we were making eleven knots, with everything as snug and trim as on the first day out.

A soft balmy morning succeeded, and we were roused up at sunrise to salute a Bremen steamer that dipped her colors as she passed. The yacht now ran easily, like a machine, rolling up two hundred and fifty-two miles by noonday; at 3 P. M. we fell in with a Scotch mist, in the midst of it we spoke the packet ship *Philadelphia*, eleven days out from Liverpool. The captain of the *Philadelphia* doubly encouraged us by reporting that he had heard nothing of the other yachts, and that the winds were westerly.

The next day, Sunday, December 23, we logged one hundred and ninety-six miles. There was a brief calm at daybreak, followed by light southeast winds. At noon divine service was held in the cabin. The wind gradually rose during the afternoon, and, as usual, in the evening the good yacht rallied splendidly, increasing her progress rapidly from seven knots up to twelve, at which rate she was dashing along as the moon rose, blood red, in the hazy English sky.

The excitement in regard to the race now reached fever heat. All jokes and stories became stale, and nothing was talked of but yachts and time and wind, and the probabilities and possibilities of the contest. In every distant vessel we saw a *Fleetwing*; every star near the horizon was transformed into the *Vesta's* signal light. At 8 P. M. we were on soundings; at 12, midnight, off Cape Clear. Thus the next morning, December 24, found us in the chops of the Channel, hoping to eat our Christmas dinner at Cowes. It was a murky, foggy, dark, damp, disagreeable morning, and even at noon it was impossible to take a solar observation; but by dead reckoning we had made one hundred and seventy-two miles. The carpenter who had given us one sensation by discovering a spurious leak, now treated us to another by announcing that the *Fleetwing* was in sight. Everybody clambered on deck. Binoocular glasses, eye-glasses, spectacles and telescopes were brought to bear upon the imaginary yacht, which was soon made out to be an English topsail schooner bound the other way. Indignation followed excitement, and both quickly merged into a hearty laugh. Nearing the land of Christmas carols and Dickens upon Christmas Eve, it was impossible to go to rest. After a very late dinner we had our Christmas songs and stories; among the former was a ditty composed in honor of the *Henrietta*, and sung to the familiar air of "Sweet Evelina." While these festivities were in progress we had made the Scilly Island lights at 7:45 P. M. The current drifting us to leeward, we steered S.S.E. for an offing, and passed the islands handsomely, having made no tack since we left New York, and having varied only eleven miles from the straight line between the two points. So admirable a landfall reflected great credit upon Captain Samuels. At 3 o'clock A. M. we passed Lizard light, going thirteen knots an hour steadily, the *Henrietta*, like a well jockeyed racehorse, reserving her best pace for the finish. Running close in to the bold coast, we sighted the Eddystone, Start Point and Portland Hill, and at 12:40 P. M. on Christmas Day took on board a Cowes pilot. A heartier cheer never rent the air than that which greeted the pilot's announcement that no other American yacht had passed up the channel. The race seemed won, and a sudden blaze of sunshine lit up the chalk cliffs of Old England in silvery glory. It was like an illumination of welcome. Under every stitch of canvas, with even her staysail set, and with her racing flag and yacht club ensign proudly floating on the stiff breeze, the *Henrietta* dashed by the *Needles*, and Messrs. Jerome and Knapp, the judges for the *Fleetwing* and *Vesta*, deciding that all the conditions of the race had been strictly complied with, down went the racing flag and the private signal of Mr. Bennett took its place. As the yacht turned up the channel to Cowes and land shut out the wind, and like one who had finished a long and toilsome task, the brave little yacht slackened her speed and floated leisurely along. Her blue lights and rockets announced her arrival here, after having crossed the Atlantic to the Isle of Wight in the unprecedented time of 13 days, 2 hours and 6 minutes mean time, and that without having carried away any of her light sails or spars, or even so much as a shred of canvas or strand of rope.

As she dropped her anchor she was cheered from the Royal Yacht Club house and by the people of Cowes.

Captain Luard, of Her Majesty's ship *Hector*, by direction of the Admiralty, at once sent a midshipman on board to offer Mr. Bennett the facilities of Her Majesty's dock yard at Portsmouth for repairing any damages the yacht might have sustained. But this offer was gratefully declined, since no repairs were needed. And thus the winners of the blue ribbon of the ocean Derby enjoyed their Christmas dinner in Merrie England, and toasted the Queen, the President and the *Henrietta*.

Captain Samuels' Log of *Henrietta*.

From the New York Herald, Jan. 12, 1867.

Wednesday, Dec. 12.—We here begin our sea account at 1 P. M. Wednesday (or civil time 1 P. M., Tuesday), at which time we squared away at a signal given from yacht club boat, in company with *Fleetwing* and *Vesta*, from the buoy off the bar. Twenty steamer tugs escorted us to lightship, which we were the first yacht to pass, at 1:30, the *Fleetwing* bearing N.N.E., the *Vesta* N.N.E. by $\frac{1}{4}$ E. At 2:30 P. M., all canvas set; at 2:45, lost the Highlands of Navesink; at 2:45, parted with the tug *Philip*, the *Fleetwing* bearing the same, and the *Vesta* about half a mile ahead. At 6 P. M., came alongside and passed *Vesta*; were compelled to shift our course several times to shake her off, she annoying us very much by keeping so close to us. Wind strong and heavy. Lost *Vesta* at 8 P. M., in the dark. Midnight, wind hauled to the W. with heavy squalls; gybed ship at 4 A. M., very heavy squalls with sleet and snow; all canvas set; day breaks dark and lowering with appearances of northerly wind; wind freshening, and in the squalls blowing hard; at noon ship running under mainsail, foresail, jib and flying jib, light as a bottle and buoyant as a cork. Dark clouds on horizon from N. to W., with every prospect of a gale. Distance run, 225 miles by observation, 237 miles by log.

Thursday, Dec. 13.—Strong breezes and squally weather. At 4:15 passed steamer bound west, supposed to be the *Cuba*; hoisted racing flag and steamer showed her colors. This steamer will probably carry first news of the yachts to New York. At 9:30 P. M., passed another steamer bound west; showed our rockets and blue lights, to which she replied. At 10 P. M., wind increasing; took in topsails and flying jib. At 12, double reefed mainsail. At 4 A. M., set flying jib; heavy snow squalls. At 6 A. M., weather more settled; let reefs out of mainsail yards and stowed it to windward. Noon, set gaff topsails; wind hauling to eastward; barometer steady at 30; experienced a current to W.S.W. of 22 miles; everything easy and comfortable; distance run 210 miles by observation, 232 by log.

Friday, Dec. 14.—Moderate breeze from N. and E. At 2 P. M., set topsails and main topmast staysail. At 8 P. M., hauled them again; squally. From 8 to 4 took in and set light sails several times. Midnight, strong breeze and squally with snow. At 3 A. M., blowing hard, furled flying jib. At 5 A. M., moderating, set flying jib. At 6 A. M., set all-light sails, weather dark and heavy in S. W. Noon, cloudy weather; moderate; lat., by indifferent obs., 45.6, long. 60.32; distance run, 203; barometer, 29.50.

Saturday, Dec. 15.—First part of day moderate breeze and cloudy weather. At 7 P. M., wind freshening; took in fore topsail and main topmast staysail. During the night very squally—up and down with topsails and staysails as weather required. At 6 A. M., blowing hard, handed all light sails. Day breaks dark and cloudy, with heavy hail and snow squalls. Ship fairly dancing over the water often at the rate of 13 knots. At 12 A. M., weather moderate, fine clear sky, passing clouds, wind N.N.E., as usual; sea pretty smooth; everything as trim and comfortable as on shore.

Sunday, Dec. 16.—These twenty-four hours we have had strong northerly winds, with violent squalls and spits of snow. At 4 P. M., took in topsails, staysails and flying jib. At 8 P. M., blowing heavy, double reefed foresail and mainsail, and took bonnet off the jib. Ship running across the seas and behaving well. At 6 P. M., passed close under stern of a brig steering to southward under double reefed topsails and reefed foresail. Noon, sky overcast; no observation; very high sea from northward; weather a little more moderate, let reef out of foresail, barometer 29.70. Everybody on board well and hearty. Distance run, 246 miles—over one-third of the distance across in fifth day out.

Monday, Dec. 17.—Strong northerly breezes, with heavy squalls. At 2 P. M. (Sunday), Divine service in the cabin, reading of prayers and lesson for the day, and one of Jay's sermons. Midnight, blowing hard, ship running in the trough of the sea and fairly burying herself. This is yachting in earnest. Double reefed foresails; passing snow squalls throughout the night. 4 A. M., let reefs out of foresail. Noon, let reef out of mainsail; weather more moderate; set the flying jib; barometer 30.10; distance run, by observation, 280, the best run yet; off the Grand Banks and off soundings; everything trim and snug.

Tuesday, Dec. 18.—One week out. At 6 A. M., we were half way to Cowes. This is at the rate of a thirteen days', four hours' trip across, being six days, fourteen hours mean time. Day began with strong breeze and heavy cross sea. At 4 P. M., wind moderating, let reef out of foresail. At midnight, wind increasing, set squaresail with bonnet off; high seas and heavy wind; weather very dark and cloudy. At 5 o'clock wind lulled, and hauled to the southward and eastward; gybed ship, and set whole squaresail and let out all reefs. Noon, dark, with very threatening appearances to S.W.; reefed mainsail and furled squaresail and flying jib; no observation; distance, by log, 250 miles; ship in perfect order, and all hands in best of spirits and condition.

Wednesday, Dec. 19.—First part of the day fresh gales. At 3 P. M., double reefed sails and took bonnet off jib. At 6 P. M., gale increasing, close reefed sails and furled mainsail. Second part, blowing very heavily, with high toppling seas. At 8:40 boarded by very heavy seas, completely burying us, filling the foresail and staving the boat; the little craft fairly staggered and strained. Heaved to under storm trysail. How hard to lay to in such a race; but few ships in my thirty years' experience could run in the trough of the sea so long as the little plaything did. Well may her owner feel proud of her. At 11 P. M., the sky cleared; the moon shone out beautifully the rest of the night. Third part, moderating. At 5 A. M., nearly calm; sky became overcast from S. W., with dull lightning from S. to W. At 6 A. M., set single reef foresail and jibs. At 9 A. M., freshening wind, ship beginning to step off again, set squaresail. Sea still running very high. During the blow, barometer fell from 30.10 to 29.30, at which it stands at noon. Wind is hauling westward, with fair prospect of second edition of last night's performance, but from the westward.

Thursday, Dec. 20.—Throughout these twenty-four hours strong westerly winds and squally weather. At 2 P. M., put bonnet on squaresail; 4 P. M., let reef out of foresail. From 6 to 8, very squally; ship going as fast as 14 knots during the squalls. At 1 A. M., wind canted to N. and W. Gybed ship. Day ends with alternate showers and sunshine; wind and sea moderating; barometer rising—30.05. Distance, by log, 267 miles, by observation 260.

Friday, Dec. 21.—Commences with a stiff breeze and heavy swell from N.W. At 8 P. M., set mainsail; at 3:30, signalled steamship *Louisiana* bound west. At 9, set topsail and main topmast staysail from 4 to 5 A. M. At 6, took a light breeze from southward; weather clear, warm and pleasant. Noon, day ends with fine summer weather; passed immense shoals of porpoises. Distance run 163 by log, 157 by observation; barometer 30.45. Everybody on deck, like turtles in the sun.

Saturday, Dec. 22.—Throughout these twenty-four hours northerly wind dark and cloudy weather; with sharp flaws warm and pleasant. At 7 A. M., signalled Bremen steamer bound westward; all light sails set, and everything working beautifully. As we near the end of the race the excitement becomes more and more intense; but the wind and weather are all that could be desired. Distance run 252 miles; no good observation. Barometer 30.40.

Sunday, Dec. 23, began with steady wind and smooth sea, light southerly wind, followed by occasional passing fog bank. At 3 P. M., spoke the *Philadelphia*, from Liverpool, bound west; reported light westerly winds; pleasant sunshiny Sunday; everybody on deck with camp stools. Barometer 30.40.

Monday, Dec. 24.—First part of day clear and pleasant—service at 1 o'clock in the cabin, reading of sermon, prayers and lesson for the day. Middle part, beautifully moonlight night. Latter part, dark, cloudy and squally weather. Hauled the yacht southward of her course to forestay this wind; 9 A. M., took in topsails and flying jib; yacht pitching heavily in high head

sea. Noon, sun observed; weather threatening; barometer at 30.35; distance run, 172 miles; on soundings, passed three ships bound west.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.—Throughout these twenty-four hours brisk southwest wind, dark and hazy weather. At 8 P. M., sighted the Scillys. At 10 P. M., Scillys N., 12 miles. At 2:30 A. M., Lizard N., 8 miles. At 8:30 A. M., Start N., 6 miles. At noon, Bill, of Portland N., 5 miles. Ends with fresh southwest winds, everything set and yacht going her best. This closes the sequa day. At 1 P. M., took pilot off Portland Hill. At 3:45 passed the Needles, and at 5:32 anchored in Cowes Roads.

LOG OF THE HENRIETTA.

From Sandy Hook to Needles.

Start, Dec. 11, 1866.			
December.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Distance.
12	40.07	68.52	225
13	41.33	64.37	210
14	42.56	60.32	203
15	44.17	55.38	225
16	45.48	50.50	246
17	47.31	44.18	280
18	49.16	38.33	250
19	113
20	49.50	30.44	260
21	50.13	24.51	159
22	50.18	18.22	252
23	49.59	13.15	191
24	49.37	8.51	172
25	50.20	2.20	271
To Needles			49
Total			3,106

Log of Fleetwing.

From the New York Herald, Jan. 12, 1867.

Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Lat. 40.22, long. 68.50. At 1 P. M., made all sail, Sandy Hook bearing W.S.W., distance two miles, moderate gale, in company with Henrietta and Vesta. At 10:30 P. M., wind N.W. by W., distance run, 239 miles.

Thursday, Dec. 13.—During this day pleasant breeze from N. W. At 8 P. M., Vesta bearing N. by W. At 6:30 A. M., wind N.N.E., carried away jibboom. At 7 A. M., in squaresail and light sails; lat., by observation, 41.27, long. 63.26; distance run 249 miles; wind N.W.

Friday, Dec. 14.—Commences with pleasant gale from N.N.E. At 3:30 P. M., squally with snow; two reefs in the mainsail. At 8 P. M., more moderate; out all reefs; set light sails; lat. 42.0, long. 58.37; distance run 220 miles; wind N.N.E.

Saturday, Dec. 15.—This day commences with an increasing gale; in light sails; two reefs in the mainsail, bonnet off jib. This day ends with a strong gale and cross sea; lat. 42.30, long. 54.41; distance run, 186 miles; wind N.E.

Sunday, Dec. 16.—This day begins with a moderate gale. At 4 P. M., set all sail; lat. 43.35, long. 49.58; distance run 218 miles; wind S.W.

Monday, Dec. 17.—During this day pleasant gale from N.W. All sails set; lat. 44.30, long. 44.50; distance run 240 miles; Wind N.W.

Tuesday, Dec. 18.—First part, pleasant breeze from N.N.E.; noon, calm, latter part, light from S.W.; lat. 45.50, long. 41.13; distance run 160 miles.

Wednesday, Dec. 19.—This day commences with a light breeze from S.S.W. At 2 P. M., in all light sails, gale increasing, with heavy sea. At seven P. M., blowing a gale, running under two-reef foresail and fore-staysail. At 9 P. M., shipped a sea, which washed six of the crew out of the cockpit; hove to for five hours under two-reef foresail. At 2 P. M., kept off; latter part moderate, wind hauling to west, set squaresail; lat. 47.20, long. 37.27; distance run 188 miles.

Thursday, Dec. 20.—Moderate gale from the west; all sails set; lat. 48.2, long. 31.0; distance, 260 miles; winds W.

Friday, Dec. 21.—During this day moderate gale from the S; lat. 48.14, long. 25.12; distance run, 136 miles; Wind S.

Saturday, Dec. 22.—During this day fresh gale from the S.; passed a ship and a bark bound east; lat. 48.33, long. 21.43; distance run, 232 miles.

Sunday, Dec. 23.—Moderate breeze from the S., with a cross sea; lat. 48.57, long. 16.19; distance run, 215 miles.

Monday, Dec. 24.—During this day strong breeze from the S. At 2 P. M., passed a steamship bound west; lat. 49.16, long. 11.22; distance run, 194 miles; wind S.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.—This day commences with strong gale from the S.; in light sails, one reef in all sails. At 4:40, Bishop's Rock bore N., distance, eight miles.

At 5 A. M., St. Agnes bore N. by E. Lat. 49.52, long. 4.36; distance run, 270 miles. At 3 P. M., Start Point bore N. W., distance 10 miles. Midnight, passed the Needles. At 1:30 anchored in Cowes Roads.

LOG OF THE FLEETWING.

From Sandy Hook to Needles.

Start, Dec. 11, 1866.			
December.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Distance.
12	40.22	68.05	239
13	41.27	63.26	247
14	42.00	58.37	220
15	42.30	54.41	188
16	43.35	49.58	218
17	44.30	44.50	240
18	45.50	41.13	160
19	47.20	37.27	188
20	48.02	31.00	260
21	48.14	25.12	136
22	48.33	21.43	232
23	48.57	16.19	215
24	49.16	11.22	194
25	49.52	4.36	270
To Needles			130
Total			3,135

Log of Vesta.

From the New York Herald, January 12, 1867.

Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Fine N.W. wind, and cloudy; distance run, 240 miles; lat. 40.27, long. 68.46.

Thursday, Dec. 13.—Wind N.W., moderate breeze, cloudy weather; distance run, 205 miles; lat. 41.50, long. 64.6.

Friday, Dec. 14.—N. wind, fine weather; distance run, 205 miles; lat. 43.11, long. 59.52.

Saturday, Dec. 15.—Commences with strong N. W.

wind and very heavy sea; distance run, 227 miles; lat. 44.31, long. 55.6.

Sunday, Dec. 16.—Wind W.N.W., strong and rough sea; distance run, 234 miles; lat. 45.40, long. 49.53.

Monday, Dec. 17.—Strong westerly wind and rough sea; distance run, 236 miles; lat. 46.42, long. 44.21.

Tuesday, Dec. 18.—Fresh N.W. breeze and fine weather; distance run, 207 miles; lat. 47.40, long. 39.35.

Wednesday, Dec. 19.—Heavy gale of wind from S.S.W., vessel scudding for eight hours; distance run, 222 miles; lat. 50.56, long. 36.4.

Thursday, Dec. 20.—Fresh W. wind, sea going down; distance run, 277 miles; lat. 50.36, long. 28.54.

Friday, Dec. 21.—Wind N. W., light and fine weather; distance run, 165 miles; lat. 50.36, long. 24.38.

Saturday, Dec. 22.—Fine S. breeze, smooth sea; distance run, 253 miles; lat. 50.36, long. 17.54.

Sunday, Dec. 23.—Fine S.W. breeze and smooth sea; distance run, 201 miles; lat. 50.11, long. 12.49.

Monday, Dec. 24.—Light S. breeze, fine weather; distance run, 165 miles; lat. 49.55, long. 8.33.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.—Fine breezes from S.E. to S.S.W. Start Point, W.N.W., distance 10 miles. At 8:40, took pilot 10 miles W.S.W. of Needles light. Pilot erroneously laid his course for St. Catherines, instead of Needles, and nearly run the vessel ashore on the point. Wore ship and hauled up for Needles light, which brought abeam at 0:40 A. M., Wednesday. Came to anchor in Cowes Roads at 3:30 A. M.; distance run since last, 209 miles.

LOG OF THE VESTA.

From Sandy Hook to Needles.

Start, Dec. 11, 1866.			
December.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Distance.
12	40.27	68.46	240
13	41.50	64.06	205
14	43.11	59.52	205
15	44.31	55.06	227
16	45.40	49.53	234
17	46.42	44.21	234
18	47.40	39.35	207
19	50.56	36.04	222
20	50.36	28.54	277
21	50.36	24.38	165
22	50.36	17.54	253
23	50.11	12.49	201
24	49.55	8.33	165
25	50.10	3.40	209
To Needles			98
Total			3,144

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 8.—The annual meeting of the Edgewood Y. C. was held this week, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, C. Fred Vennerbeck; Com., George R. Babbitt; Vice-Com., William Gibbs; Rear-Com., Walter D. Wood; Sec'y and Treas., Harry Fulford; Fleet Surg., Dr. J. H. Prior; Measurers, Albert C. Davis and Fred M. Gammell; Directors, the flag officers and George H. Flint, William P. Stone, Henry E. Smith and Herman G. Posner; Regatta Committee, Albert C. Davis, D. C. Stranger, Robert L. Ward, Cutler Laffin and Fred M. Gammell.

A silver loving cup, 20in. in height, was presented to ex-Com. H. G. Possner, and a handsome stick-pin was presented to the retiring President, Charles I. Brown. The total membership is now 520, and the growing activity has necessitated the building of another addition to the club house, the work now being in progress. The club house was substantially enlarged at the beginning of last season.

At the quarterly meeting of the Washington Park Boating Association, held this week, it was unanimously voted that the name of the organization be changed to the Washington Park Y. C. The question of a summer cruise was left to the decision of Com. Patt and a committee. The total membership of the club now is 249. The commodore appointed Elgin H. Kerr Fleet Captain, and Dr. W. Louis Chapman Fleet Surgeon. The boat owners elected the following: Regatta Committee: Edward Lassone, Arthur L. Almy, T. Joseph Pearce, Charles Guy and Roland Shaw; Measurers, Albert C. Davis and Charles Guy.

The Rhode Island Y. C. has issued the first number of the R. I. Y. C. Bulletin, a four-page publication that will be put out from time to time, with general orders, schedules of fixtures and items of general interest to yachtsmen. Matinee cruising races will be a feature this season, the course being from the home club house at Pawtuxet to the Prudence Island station. They will be sailed on Saturday afternoons and are for cruising boats. The series of the N. B. Y. R. A. open races has been placed one week later than the dates previously given. The schedule of Narragansett Bay fixtures, with the exception of the Edgewood Y. C. and Washington Park Y. C. regattas, which have not yet been decided, is as follows:

- Tuesday, May 30.—Fall River Y. C., open regatta.
- Saturday, June 17.—Rhode Island Y. C., ladies' day.
- Saturday, June 24.—Bristol Y. C., open regatta.
- Saturday, June 24.—R. I. Y. C., first cruising race.
- Saturday, July 1.—Bristol Y. C., ocean race.
- Saturday, July 8.—R. I. Y. C. second cruising race.
- Monday, July 17.—Edgewood Y. C., open regatta, N. B. Y. R. A.
- Tuesday, July 18.—Open regatta at Prudence Island, N. B. Y. R. A.
- Wednesday, July 19.—Rhode Island Y. C., open regatta at Prudence Island, N. B. Y. R. A.
- Thursday, July 20.—Team race between R. I. Y. C. and Schem's Head Y. C., off Prudence Island, N. B. Y. R. A.
- Friday, July 21.—Fall River Y. C., open regatta, N. B. Y. R. A.
- Saturday, July 22.—Bristol Y. C., open regatta, N. B. Y. R. A.
- Saturday, July 22.—R. I. Y. C., third cruising race.
- Saturday, July 29.—R. I. Y. C., fourth cruising race.
- Saturday, Aug. 5.—R. I. Y. C., fifth cruising race.
- Saturday, Aug. 12 to Aug. 19.—R. I. Y. C., cruise.
- Saturday, Aug. 19.—R. I. Y. C., Rhode Island day.
- Saturday, Aug. 26.—Rhode Island Y. C., annual race.
- Saturday, Sept. 2.—R. I. Y. C., sixth cruising race.
- Saturday, Sept. 9.—Bristol Y. C., open regatta.

F. H. YOUNG.

Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

(Continued from page 280.)

An engine 4 inches diameter and 5 inches stroke, other conditions being the same, should develop but two-thirds of what an engine 5 inches diameter and the same stroke would. An engine 5 inches diameter and 4 inches stroke should develop 20 per cent. less than a 5-inch by 5-inch stroke, and some 25 per cent. more than a 4-inch diameter and 5-inch stroke. This can best be illustrated by finding the piston displacement of the different sizes, which can be done by squaring the diameter, multiplying by .7854, and that by the stroke in inches.

The connecting rod in length is governed by the stroke of the engine, and by conditions, engine requirements, etc.

The form is usually of the I-section, although some are round, larger in the middle, tapering toward either end; others are straight, and occasionally is met one with strengthening ribs crossing like the + sign in addition. One manufacturer uses a square rod with a square cored hole the whole length. When made round they are frequently lightened in weight by means of round holes either drilled or cored, but when of the I-section it is frequently noticed that an outside lubricating conduit is used to conduct oil from a hollow wrist pin to the crank pin. When the connecting rod is hollow there is no necessity for the outside piping, and some manufacturers, depending on other means of lubrication, use neither a hole through the rod nor the oil tube. Hard grease is sometimes used through a hole in the end of the crank shaft, but if of any use for the purpose, has to be several times as large as usually at first attempted, to prevent filling with dirt and foreign matter, completely stopping the passage of grease.

The upper end of the connecting rod is usually solid, although frequently a bronze bushing is used, with a steel wrist pin. The wrist pin in the more expensive engines is case-hardened and ground, and where this construction is used the bushing is quite likely to be also machine steel, case-hardened and ground. The lower end sometimes has a flat end with halved boxes, or it may be bored round to fit the wrist pin, or a round bronze bushing, in halves, may be fitted, that they may be renewed should occasion require. In two-stroke engines more particularly, some manufacturers hinge one side and hold the other by means of a machine screw with lock nut and cotter pin. In this construction there needs to be but a single hand-hole plate, and on this account the extra cost of machining is more than balanced in work on other parts of the engine.

In one engine at the Boston show the connecting rod was solid with bushings and taper wedge take-up. The connecting rods had to be put on the shaft before the shaft was put in place, and to renew one it would be necessary to remove the shaft.

There is still one other construction that could be mentioned. It is used on but one engine, so far as I know. The bearings at either ends are spherical in shape, fitting into spherical ends, with taper take-up similar to stationary steam engine construction. Claim is made that any imperfections in alignment are cared for, but why any such imperfections should occur is rather incomprehensible. Another claim is made that a scraped fit to the bearings is unnecessary, that the connections can be made with the parts just as they come from lathe, drill press or milling machine.

Valves on gasolene engines are perhaps the subject of more different designs and various forms of construction than almost any other important part of its mechanism.

In two-stroke engines, even those advertised as "valveless," there are at least three valves to each cylinder, while the four-stroke engine has at least two. In the two-stroke engine, three-ported type, the port which allows inlet of gasolene vapor and air into the crank chamber is a valve, as also is the port which allows the gas to pass from the crank case to the explosion chamber. The third is the exhaust port. If the engine is of the older two-ported type there is a check valve attached to the inlet, sometimes called a vaporizing valve, but nevertheless a check valve. If a float feed carburetor is used, there must be a valve as well. It is so seldom that mechanically operated valves are used in two-stroke engines that but little attention will be accorded them. One construction has in reality a three-way cock operated by the crank shaft, that alternately allows the gas to enter the compression chamber, and pass into the combustion chamber. Another shows large inverted clack or check valve, operated automatically, in the top of the cylinder head. It was only recently that I noticed an inlet valve on a two-stroke engine, operated by an eccentric on a jack shaft, running at the same speed as the crank shaft. In order to reverse the direction of the engine, two idler take-up sprockets were changed to lengthen or shorten the chain drive. What especial benefit there was to this complicated mechanism was not apparent to me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Queries on Marine Motors.

J. B. W., Smyrna, Del.—Which do you consider better, a bored or reamed gasolene engine cylinder?

Ans.—It is a mechanical impossibility to ream a cast iron cylinder, using a fluted reamer for the purpose, and get it as true as can be done by means of a boring bar and cutter mounted on centers in a lathe, or a good horizontal boring mill with the outer end of the spindle supported in a bushing. A bored cylinder that has to be "trued" with a reamer, is a pretty crude, out-of-date engineering proposition.

A. V. R., St. Louis, Mo.—I contemplate buying a two cylinder engine for my boat. Do you consider it practical to lubricate engine cylinders and connecting rods by mixing cylinder oil with gasolene, as one manufacturer advises?

Ans.—To satisfy yourself, whether or not such a plan is feasible, put a few drops of cylinder oil in a clear glass bottle, fill it with gasolene and let it stand an hour or two. Cylinders should be lubricated by oil which reaches the walls of the cylinders, pistons and rings, rather than mixed with the gasolene if such a thing were possible.



THE REVERSIBLE FALL AT ST. JOHN, N. B.—THE EBB TIDE.



BURNT ISLAND LIGHT, BOOTHBAY, ME.

A Voyage to the Golden Cape.

July 19 to Sept. 13, 1904.

BY BROOKS H. WELLS.
(Concluded from page 280)

Shortly before our visit, a small fishing boat with two men from the town of Advocate attempted to enter at night before the tide was high enough, and missing the shifting channel was overwhelmed by the surf. Next morning the boat, broken and battered, and one body, cut and bruised, were found on the sand in the harbor. The other body never was found. There are now at Advocate only one or two little boats for use about the harbor. Throughout this whole region the small sailing craft is conspicuous by its entire absence.

On the strip of level meadow back of Advocate, Mr. McClellan's father, hale and hearty at eighty, was hurrying in the last of his crop of hay. Four eager pairs of hands turned to and helped for a time, and were cordially invited to stay to supper. Were we hungry? Never was there a more enjoyable meal. Several kinds of bread and biscuit, butter fresh from a cool spring, tea, and delicious wild strawberry preserve, disappeared in a manner that must have made our hosts fear a famine. About 7:30 we said good-by, and started at a four-mile clip over the neck of land between us and Spencer's Island anchorage. As we finally came over the last rise in the road and looked down at the riding lights of the three vessels at anchor, there was no red glow from the light tower. The keeper had impressively told the oldest of the children not to forget to light the lamp at sunset, but in the excitement of driving a couple of young bears away from the sheep and then poking out a porcupine from under a neighbor's porch, the light did not shine out before about 9:30. The bears had wisely retired, but the poor porcupine was caught and killed while we were there.

Quite a number of moose are found about here, and a few deer. Bears and bobcats are quite common, and kill a number of sheep and lambs every season. Hares are plentiful, and they tell some remarkable tales of their resourcefulness and fighting capacity.

McClellan and Dr. Fillmore some years ago undertook to stock Glooscap's Kettle (Spencer's Island) with rabbits. They caught a large number on the mainland and kept them in wooden cages until a convenient time should come to visit the island. In one cage nearly every day a dead and more or less mutilated buck rabbit would be found. Finally only one big buck was left, and it became evident that he had in some way killed the others. He was placed in a cage by himself. One day a small McClellan boy put in his cage a half-grown tomcat and waited to see the fun. The rabbit sat motionless, his back to the cat, apparently not at all concerned, but in reality keenly watching his antagonist with big, widely-spaced eyes that could see perfectly well over his back. The cat pretty soon woke up to the possibilities of the situation and prepared for a rabbit supper. With gleaming eyes and slightly twitching tail, it crouched and slowly crawled toward Br'er Rabbit. Br'er Rabbit sat as if carved in ice. The cat's muscles tightened, there was a lightning-like spring, and—slam went Tom against the side of the cage! Br'er Rabbit's powerful hindlegs had lashed out and caught the cat under the point of his chin as he leaped, and had broken its neck.

This remarkable instance of fighting ability was told by

McClellan the next evening after the walk around Cape D'Or, when all of Istar's crew and the Yankee skipper of the wind-bound barkentine in the roads were sitting about the stove in his office. We all expressed our deep interest in the incident, so McClellan went on to say that finally the island was stocked, and for a time the rabbits increased rapidly and ate up nearly every green thing in sight. Then they began to disappear, and suspecting poachers, he hid one evening in the bushes and watched. For a long time everything was quiet and still, but by and by the big buck rabbit that had killed the cat (he knew him because of a white spot on his port hind-quarter) came out on the beach, cocked his ears carefully so as to feel the direction of the wind, looked about for a while, went back into the woods, and soon reappeared with his whole family. He jumped into the water, arranged his right ear carefully so as to catch the wind like a mainsail, and when he got steerage way on put up the other ear for a balloon jib, and sailed straight for the main shore, followed by all the others.

At this point the solemn-faced Yankee skipper stopped whittling, took his feet off the table, brushed the chips carefully from his lap, and, as he was putting his knife in his pocket, said: "You are the d—est liar that I have ever listened to."

August 12, homeward bound. Got under way at 2:45 A. M.; night dark and cloudy, no wind. Drifted from Spencer's Island anchorage nearly to Isle Haut, going sometimes bow first and sometimes sideways or stern on, as we were twisted about by the fierce, eddying seven-knot current of the ebb. Off Cape Spencer a sudden swirl drove us in rapidly toward an isolated pinnacle rock. We dropped over the anchor some ten fathoms, but it hung straight down. We were in the grip of the current, and absolutely helpless. Just as we expected to strike the rock, the water boiled up about us and another swirl swept us back into the fairway. In ten minutes we were nearly a mile off shore, and once more felt able to breathe.

At 5 A. M. a light air struck in from north. At 7:30 this freshened to a good breeze, and with all sail set we went along at a ripping pace, but now against the incoming flood, to nearly opposite Quaco Head. As usual, the north wind failed, and we drifted back five miles before the southwest breeze came in. At 12:40 Quaco Head was again close off our starboard beam, and the tide slack. Wind light, west; clear, beautiful day. Aided by the tide, we beat rapidly down the coast. At 5 P. M. passed Black Point whistle, off St. John, and later drifted in with the last of the breeze to Musquash.

August 13.—With a light air from southeast, pushed our way slowly along against the flood, overhauling and passing a fishing boat on our way. At 2 P. M., when between Cape Lepreau and Beaver Harbor, the fisherman, a half mile behind us, got a wind that carried him by and out of sight over the horizon, while until 11 P. M. we were wallowing in the sea kicked up by the breeze, but still in an absolute calm. A little after 11 a bit of a squall with rain brought down the topsail, and carried Istar into Beaver Harbor, where midnight found us just tucking in the blankets.

There was constant fog and calm until noon of August 15. A little after noon the barometer, which had fallen to 29.56, began to rise, and expecting a shift of wind we sailed at 2 P. M. in dense fog and a moderate southeast breeze. At 3:30 the fog cleared during a sharp squall from northwest. Later we ran into Head Harbor, a little picturesque slit with deep water and good anchorage in

the extreme north end of Campobello Island. The next day we worked down via Lubece to Cutler's, and the following afternoon smelled our way through fog of extreme density by Libby Island and into Machias Bay to an anchorage between Stone's and Starboard islands. We had expected to make Starboard Cove, and would have done so had our nerve held out, but getting into a strange rocky harbor through black darkness, impenetrable fog, and with a tidal current of unknown velocity against you, is not exactly pleasure. With the lead going constantly, we crept over the last mile until, finding smooth water and good holding ground in four fathoms, we dropped the anchor, knowing that at least we were out of the path of any stray steamer. When the fog cleared in the morning, found Istar's stern not more than two hundred feet from the beach. Had a glorious sail from here to Winter Harbor.

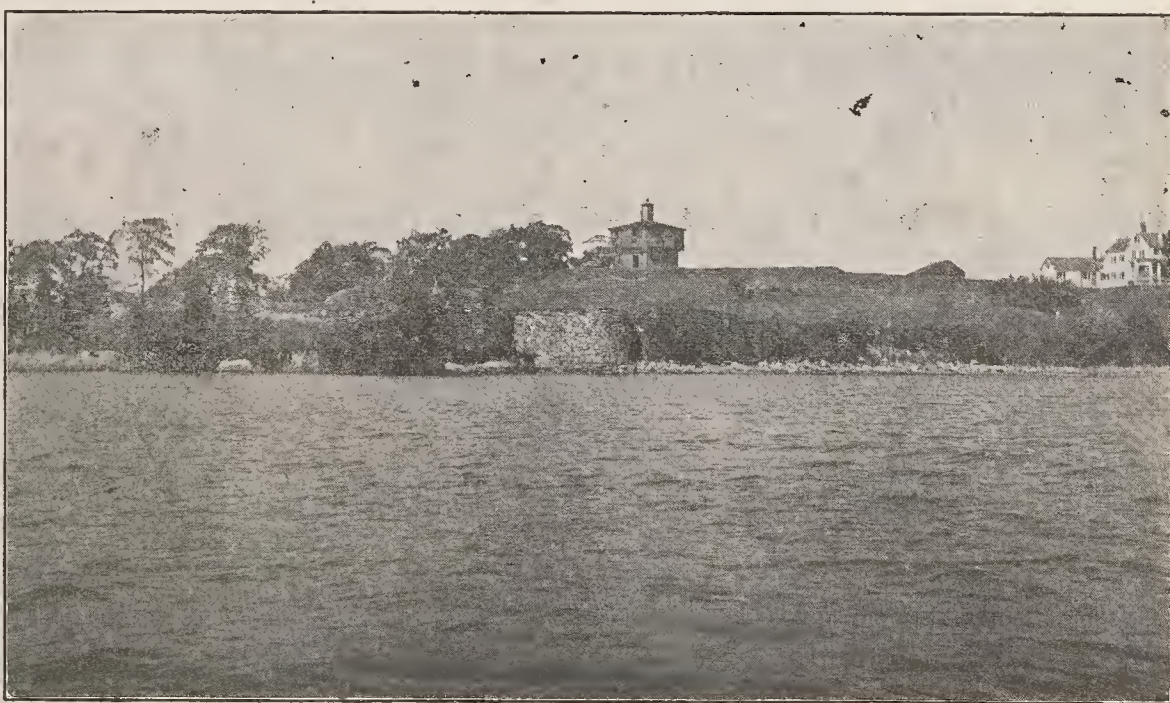
When we said good-by to Doctor M. and Vincent at Bar Harbor on August 19, it was a beautiful clear afternoon, and as Istar raced over to Sorrento, John and the skipper planned to paint and varnish the next day, so as to be in fine order when the skipper's two daughters should come aboard from the Bar Harbor train. But alas! for varnish, the day opened wet and cold. The barometer at noon was 30.28, and beginning to fall. At 4, when we dropped our snug mooring in Sorrento, and ran around under staysail into Sullivan Harbor to an anchorage behind Ingall's Island, so as to be sure not to miss the girls on the morning train, it was down to 30.12. At 7 P. M. it was 29.85, and it was blowing a heavy gale. Our first anchor got a good bite, but soon began to drag, and the second barely held her with cables out 30 fathoms in a depth of 20 feet. We had dragged somewhat out from the island and rolled badly in the swell that came in around its edge. At 8 P. M. the barometer was 29.72. With 45 fathoms to the first anchor and 40 fathoms to the second the cables stood like steel bars. Our small boat, towing close astern, had long ago been swamped. At 9 P. M., barometer 29.59 and still falling, with furious wind and rain. Wind shifting by S. to S.W. Every sea broke clear over us, and it was impossible to stand on deck without holding on to keep from being blown away. 10 P. M., barometer 29.48, wind west and furious; heavy rain; anchors holding well; chafing gear in good condition. If the cables do not part we will ride it out safely. If they do—well, we can do nothing more. So John and the skipper each took a drink—a good stiff one—of *spiritus frumenti*, the first horn that either one had had on that cruise, and turned in.

August 21, 4:30 A. M.—Turned out after a rather restless sleep. Barometer 29.72; wind fresh, north, clearing. 11 A. M., clear; barometer 30.06, wind fresh, north. The two girls came safely on the 7 A. M. train from Boston, and after breakfast we had a glorious sail over the great swells raised by the storm. Near Crabtree light was an impressive witness of the storm's fury. Driven high on the shingle a fine schooner yacht lay on her beam ends, her masts almost hidden by the dark branches of the beach cedars. When Istar was safely anchored in Winter Harbor, the girls took the skipper in the dinghy to Turtle Island and walked to its outermost point to see the magnificent surf which lifted itself a full twelve feet as it came crashing in on the rock.

From this time until Istar went into the basin at Greenport, three weeks later, the weather was almost ideal for sailing. Clear skies and brisk winds prevailed, with only a few hours of calm and no fog. As we jogged along down the coast by easy stages, exploring rivers, bays and



HEAD HARBOR LIGHT, CAMPO BELLO ISLAND, BAY OF FUNDY.



OLD FORT NEAR WISCASSET, MAINE.

quaint old towns like Wiscasset, seldom seen by the casual tourist, every minute was a pleasure. The girls became enthusiastic sailormen, and so expert as almost to deserve the title of "able seamen." Finally one fair night and day carried us around the Cape from Provincetown to the Vineyard, and from there the way was all too short to the anchorage at Black Rock, where the dinghy carried them ashore and their cruise was ended.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

YAWL CHEROKEE SOLD.—The auxiliary yawl Cherokee has been sold by Mr. Bancroft C. Davis, of Boston, Mass., to Mr. Arthur G. Thompson, of New York city, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman. She was designed and built in 1902 by the George Lawley & Son Corp., Boston, Mass., and is 48ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 12ft. beam, 5ft. draft. A 14 horsepower Buffalo engine gives a speed of 7 miles an hour. The yacht leaves Boston, where she now is, about the 10th of April for home waters.

STEEL YACHT SHIPPED TO MEXICO.—The Racine Boat Manufacturing Company have shipped by steamer to Frontera, Mexico, a 75ft. shallow draft, steel steam yacht, the purchase price of which was \$40,000. This boat was erected at their works at Muskegon, Mich., then taken down and shipped in sections on four 50ft. cars to New York, where they were transferred to the steamer.

DORIES FOR SHELTER ISLAND AND HARTFORD Y. Cs.—A class of one-design dories are now being built for members of the Shelter Island Y. C. They are 18ft. over all and 5ft. breadth. The members of the Hartford Y. C. are also going to have a class of one-design dories. These boats are 21ft. 1in. over all, 15ft. waterline, 5ft. 10in. beam, 7in. draft (with board down, 3ft 4in.); sail area, mainsail, 214 sq. ft.; jib, 36 sq. ft.

BAY VIEW Y. C. ELECTION.—The Bay View Y. C. has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Com., Edward R. Karutz; Vice-Com., Edward Efinger; Rear-Com., George C. Miller; Fleet Capt., Harry Groth; Sec'y, W. A. De Whitridge; Fin. Sec'y, Paul Rosa; Treas., John Fraas. The Regatta Committee comprises Paul Rosa, W. A. De Whitridge and Rudolph Fuehrer. The club house is on Jamaica Bay, off Hollands Station. The club will go into commission on Decoration Day.

WORK BY THE HUNTINGTON MFG. Co.—The Huntington Mfg. Co., of New Rochelle, are to turn out two boats for the Brooklyn Y. C.'s ocean race. One of the boats Mr. Huntington built for himself, and she will sail under the flag of the Brooklyn Y. C. The boat is known as Gauntlet, and is 28ft. over all, 22ft. 2in. waterline, 10ft. 2in. breadth and 5ft. 6in. draft. She will have 5ft. headroom below, and there are two tons of iron on her keel.

The second boat is for Mr. Frank Maier, owner of the yawl Fanshaw, which boat Mr. Huntington built last year for the race to Marblehead. She is 38ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 6ft. draft. The following boats that were built at this yard this spring have been completed: Class Q boat for Mr. W. H. Childs; Class Q boat for Mr. George Reiners; 18ft. raceabout for Mr. Edwin Outwater; a 25ft. and a 23ft. launch for Mr. Henry Darlington; an 18ft. catboat for Mr. James D. Sparkman, and a 14ft. launch for Mr. E. T. Birdsall.

J. MONTGOMERY SEARS PURCHASES SULTANA.—Messrs. Gardner & Cox have sold the three-masted auxiliary schooner Sultana for Mr. John R. Drexel to Mr. J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston. Sultana was designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb and built at Brooklyn in 1890 for Mr. Trenor L. Park, who made extended cruises in her. She is 187ft. over all, 155ft. waterline, 27ft. 6in. breadth and 15ft. draft. Captain Peter Derby will command the vessel.

HOUSEBOAT FOR W. J. LA ROCHE.—The Morse Dry Dock & Repairing Company, of South Brooklyn, are building a houseboat 75ft. long and 23ft. wide, for Mr. W. J. La Roche, of Brooklyn.

THE ROYAL ARCANUM Y. C.—The Royal Arcanum Y. C., formerly the Royal Arcanum Shore Club, has decided to move from its present quarters, Remsen lane and Gravesend Beach, Bensonhurst, and locate on the newly made ground at Ulmer Park, foot of Twenty-fifth avenue, Bensonhurst. The club has leased a plot of ground sufficiently large for the erection of a handsome club house and for the storage of, during the winter months, at least fifty yachts. Contracts for the work have been let, and the work of building the club house will commence this week. The building committee expects that the house will be ready for use by May 15.

DEATH OF N. Y. Y. C.'S OLDEST MEMBER.—Joseph Peabody, of Boston, died at Augusta, Ga., on Thursday, April 6. Mr. Peabody stood No. 1 on the club's membership list, having been elected a member on July 14, 1846, two years after the club had been organized. No member ever took a more active interest in the

club than did Mr. Peabody, and he saw the organization develop from its small beginning in Hoboken to the largest and most powerful yachting club in the world. Mr. Peabody had been personally acquainted with eighteen commodores, and had seen all the races for the defense of the America Cup. Mr. William Butler Duncan, elected on Jan. 29, 1852, now becomes No. 1 on the membership list.

HOUSEBOAT IDLEWILD BURNED.—The houseboat Idlewild, owned by Miss Carrie Smith, of New York, was destroyed by fire while in winter quarters on the easterly shore of Sheepshead Bay near the Oriental Hotel. The houseboat Bessing, owned by Mr. George Bessing, of New York, which was nearby, was also damaged.

SCHOONER VERONA LAUNCHED.—The schooner Verona, designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris, for Mr. Robert Olyphant, was launched from the yard of the builder, Mr. Robert Jacob, on Saturday afternoon, April 8. The yacht was named by Miss Sophie V. Olyphant, a daughter of the owner, and she will be enrolled in the fleet of the New York Y. C. She is 65ft. 6in. over all, 45ft. waterline, 15ft. breadth, 9ft. 6in. draft and 3ft. 2in. least freeboard. The boat has a large amount of accommodation under a flush deck. The companionway leads to a steege, which is used as a chart room. On the starboard side is a toilet room, while aft there is a ladies' cabin running the full width of the boat. The main cabin is reached from the steege. Forward of the main cabin on the starboard side is the owner's room, while opposite is a small cabin for the sailing master. Forward of these rooms come the galley and forecabin. Two boats will be carried on davits, a market boat 10ft. long and a 13ft. sailing tender. Messrs. Lathorne & Ratsey furnish the sails. The boat is beautifully built, and the construction throughout reflects great credit upon the builder.

PERMANENT RACING MARKS ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.—The Lighthouse Board, a branch of the Department of Commerce and Labor, has agreed to set out buoys, which will serve not only as marks for navigation but racing buoys as well for all clubs that race on the western end of Long Island Sound. This is a very courteous thing for the department to do, and will prove not only of great convenience, but a saving of great expense for the Sound clubs.

EXPLOSION ON THE SCHOONER GRILSE.—A bad explosion occurred on the auxiliary schooner Grilse, on Thursday, April 6, while in winter quarters at Tebo's Basin, South Brooklyn, and four of the sixteen men on board were injured. The boat's deck aft was ripped off and the entire stern will have to be replaced. Several men were working in the lazarette with a lighted lamp, installing some new gasoline tanks. Leakage from the old tanks or drip pans allowed enough gas to generate to cause the explosion. New gasoline engines will probably have to be installed and considerable work will have to be done on the boat's hull and interior in order to put her in shape again. After the explosion the boat caught on fire and the flames spread to the dock and the steam yacht Mindora, which boat was moored close by. Mindora, owned by Mr. Albert Richards, received considerable damage. Grilse was built in Yarmouth, N. S., and is owned by Mr. John T. Pratt, of Brooklyn.

S. C. Y. C.'S ASSISTANT MEASURER.—Mr. J. Clinton Work has been appointed assistant measurer of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. by the Board of Trustees.

FOUR ENTRIES IN RACE AROUND LONG ISLAND.—The race around Long Island, to be sailed under the auspices of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., will start off the Atlantic Y. C. at Sea Gate on Monday, Aug. 10. The four boats already entered in the race are as follows: Tito, owned by Mr. Colgate Hoyt; Nike, owned by Mr. Victor I. Cumnock; Regina, owned by Mr. F. G. Stewart, and Peggy, owned by Mr. Frank S. Hastings.

FIRST ENTRY IN K. Y. C.'S POWER BOAT RACE.—The first launch to be entered in the Knickerbocker Y. C.'s powerboat race to Marblehead is Coyote, owned by Mr. Harold Wesson, of Camden, N. J. Coyote was designed by E. H. Godshalk & Co., of Philadelphia, and built by the Excelsior Launch Co. She is 32ft. 6in. over all, 32ft. waterline, 4ft. 10in. beam and 1ft. 3in. draft. This race will start on July 22 off the Knickerbocker Y. C. club house at College Point.

GREGORY AT PONTA DELGADA.—The motor boat Gregory arrived at Ponta Delgada on Tuesday, April 5, from Bermuda. A heavy N.N.E. gale, which lasted from March 24 to 26, made it necessary to heave the boat to. The boat was in no danger, as she lay to a sea anchor without difficulty.

BOATS BUILDING AT PATCHOGUE.—Three auxiliary cruising sloops are being built in George H. Miller's yard at Patchogue, L. I. The largest of the trio is for Mr. Joseph Physioc, the well-known scenic artist of New York. This boat is 50ft. over all, and will be fitted with a 10 horsepower gasoline engine. She will be enrolled in the Manhasset Bay Y. C. The second boat in point

of size is for Mr. W. B. Henry, of Philadelphia. She is 36ft. over all, and will have a 6 horsepower engine. Mr. Henry will use the boat in the waters near Atlantic City. The third boat is for Mr. L. A. Fuller, of the Bergen Beach Y. C. She is 33ft. over all, and is equipped with a 5 horsepower motor.

BELLE HARBOR Y. C.—The newly organized Belle Harbor Y. C. is making great progress. A site for a club house has been purchased to the westward of the Rockaway Park property, and a \$15,000 club house will be erected at once. The building will be 60 by 85ft. in size and will be three stories high. A 12ft. piazza extends along the front and sides. The first floor will include a reception room, parlor, dining and grill room and buffet, while the kitchen is in an L. On the second and third floors are forty-eight sleeping rooms and lavatories. The attic contains several sleeping rooms, although mainly given up for lockers and storage purposes. The members expect to be at home to friends Decoration Day, although the new building will not be entirely finished by that date. The membership roll now numbers 132, the limit having been fixed at 150. The officers for the coming year are: Com., H. F. Hewlett; Vice-Com., Louis Bossert; Rear-Com., A. W. Courtland; Fleet Capt., L. M. Pearsall; Treas., R. J. James; Fin. Sec'y, E. J. Christopher; Sec'y, George W. Fash; Chairman House Committee, C. C. Pearsall; Chairman Regatta Committee, Walter Smith; Chairman Entertainment Committee, P. M. Schaffner; Board of Directors—William Scheer, H. F. Hewlett, W. W. Butcher, Frank G. Bush, L. M. Pearsall, George W. Fash, William G. Gallagher, P. M. Schaffner, William A. Courtland and R. J. James. The club pennant is triangular in shape, the colors being red, white and blue.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

No. 42, Harry M. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.; No. 43, Edward F. Wyer, Woburn, Mass.; No. 44, Frederick W. Donnelly, New York city.

NEW MEMBERS.

No. 4890, Edward J. Fonda, Rochester, N. Y., Central Division; No. 4891, Irwin N. M. Cubberly, Trenton, N. J., Atlantic Division; No. 4892, George O. Groll, Cleveland, O., Western Division; No. 4893, Carleton N. Bonfils, New York city, Atlantic Division; No. 4894, Frank Fell, Trenton, N. J., Atlantic Division.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Eastern Division.—Daniel R. James and H. S. McCormack, of Providence, R. I.; Harry L. Peabody, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.

Should the Use of Revolvers be Prohibited?

Editor Forest and Stream:
In reading the criminal statistics of the United States for last year I was struck by the wonderful increase in the crimes of murder and homicide.

This suggested to me an inquiry as to why a people who boast the very highest civilization of any in the whole world, after twenty centuries of Christianity, exceed all others in the commission of homicidal crimes.

I have resolved, with your permission, to submit a few queries for the consideration of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. I do so because these ought to include a fair representation of the sanest and most intelligent people of the United States—a class that ought to typify the highest and most robust phase of our twentieth century civilization.

The answers to these queries will be illuminating, and will shed such light on the "point of view" as will enable the most casual observer to draw correct conclusions.

The queries are to the following effect:
Are the Americans more bloodthirsty than any other civilized nation?

If not, do they lack some necessary elements in their composition that all other thoroughly sane and civilized men possess—something that would make them exercise their reason, their Christianity, a regard for the rights and life of others, that would restrain them from resorting to the extreme limit of taking life when resenting wrongs, real or imaginary?

I do not here refer to crimes of lynching, which result from extraordinary excitement and from extraordinary causes. If they are not more bloodthirsty, less sane and less Christian than other people, how is it they are so "quick on the trigger"?

Regardless of the foregoing, I think the answer to the following will touch the crux of the whole matter.

Are the Americans, for their own welfare and for the fair fame of the nation, too familiar with the use of revolvers and other small firearms?

Should ordinary citizens (especially in view of certain national tragedies, as Presidential assassinations) be permitted under any conditions in cities and other populous places, to have or carry about their persons, revolvers or other firearms?

Should the Government prohibit the total use of small arms, except to the military and police?

Should revolver practice at targets be confined to the military and police?

Should the leading journals and moulders of public opinion discourage by every means the use of revolvers and small arms, by sportsmen, sporting clubs and reputable citizens generally?

Are not the possession of small firearms, familiarity with their use, and the undue importance given in leading journals to scores made by revolver experts, all contributory causes of a large number of homicides?

Are there not many ordinary good (if hasty) men to-day suffering untold remorse for murder or homicide, that never would have been committed, if at the psychological moment a revolver was not at hand?

Is it, then, not the natural depravity or degeneration of the American people, but their familiarity with small arms that is responsible for this grave stain on the fair fame of the whole nation?

If it were possible and permissible to compare small things with great, in order to get a result for comparison, I would instance this community of nearly a quarter of a million of people. For years we have not had a single murder here; not that we are less violent or less prone to anger than other Anglo-Celtic people, but nobody thinks of carrying a revolver for every-day use. The only crime of that kind we have had of late years was the killing of a seaman in our waters by an American captain, who is now in penal servitude. His crew were noisy and disagreeable, as they had been dozens of times before, but one evil day he put a revolver in his pocket, with the result that where he had quieted his crew often before by fair means, he shot one of them who attempted to go ashore.

The captain has since expressed himself to the effect that any legal punishment he would get as a consequence would not begin to compare with the tortures of remorse that he has since suffered, and that the few minutes he was unfortunate enough to have the revolver in his hands not only affected his victim and those depending on him, but also ruined his own life and affected seriously the welfare of his family of grown-up sons and daughters.

I submit the foregoing to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as to a high court of appeal. The facts submitted are of particular interest to the representative sportsmen of the continent.

Entries in Ocean Race for German Emperor's Cup.

Name	Type and Rig.	L.W.L.	Owner	Club	Designer	Year Built.	Net Ton.
Valhalla	Aux. Ship	240ft.	Earl of Crawford	Royal Yacht Squadron	W. C. Storey	1892	648
Apache	Aux. Barque	168ft.	Edmund Randolph	New York Y. C.	J. Reid & Co.	1890	307
Ailsa	Yawl	89ft.	Henry S. Redmond	New York Y. C.	William Fife, Jr.	1895	116
Hamburg	Schooner	116ft.	German syndicate	Imperial Y. C.	George L. Watson	1893	135
Ucwana	Aux. Schooner	155ft.	Allison V. Armour	New York Y. C.	J. Beavor-Webb	1891	267
Sunbeam	Aux. Barque	154.7ft.	Lord Brassey	Royal Yacht Squadron	St. Claire Byrne	1874	227
Thistle	Schooner	110ft.	Robert E. Tod	Atlantic Y. C.	Henry Winteringham	1901	235
Atlantic	Aux. Schooner	125ft.	Wilson Marshall	New York Y. C.	Gardner & Cox	1903	206
Hildegarde	Schooner	103.4ft.	Edward R. Coleman	Philadelphia Cor. Y. C.	A. S. Chesebrough	1897	146
Fleur de Lys	Schooner	101ft.	Lewis A. Stimson	New York Y. C.	Edward Burgess	1890	86
Endymion	Schooner	86.6ft.	George Lauder, Jr.	Indian Harbor Y. C.	Tams, Lemoine & Crane	1899	116

Being familiar with the use and abuse of arms, they are in a better position to give the matter a fair judicial consideration than any other group of men available. Nothing but good could result from a fair discussion of the matter.

I append a summary of American criminal statistics for 1904 for consideration. I have no means of verifying the conclusions, but rely on some reader to give the necessary corrections, if those submitted be inaccurate.

"One of the most remarkable papers that has appeared of late in the American periodicals is that from the pen of Mr. S. S. McClure in the Christmas number of McClure's Magazine.

"Mr. McClure opens with five pages of quotations from American journals, lamenting the rapid increase of criminality and anarchy which is everywhere observed. He then proceeds to examine statistics. In 1881, with a population of 51,000,000, there were 1,266 murders and homicides in the United States. In 1902, with 79,000,000 population, there were no less than 8,834. The normal number, allowing for increase of population, would have been only 1,952. In 1881, there was one murder per 40,534 inhabitants; in 1902, one per 8,955.

"How lightly murder is regarded is shown by another column. In 1881, with 1,266 murders, there were 90 executions; in 1903, with 8,976 murders, there were 124 executions. About half the murders result from quarrels and brawls. The increase of self-murder is even more astonishing. In 1881 there were only 605 suicides in the country; in 1903 suicides had risen to the astonishing number of 8,597."

St. Johns, Newfoundland.

ΒΕΟΤΗC.

United States Revolver Association.

THE full results of the United States Revolver Association championship contest, held simultaneously at New York, Chicago, Pinehurst, St. Louis, Pine Bluff and San Francisco, are appended.

Mr. S. G. Sears, of St. Louis, also winner last year, won the revolver championship with a score of 461. Dr. R. H. Sayre, of New York, was second, with 446; Dr. W. H. Luckett, third, 434.

Dr. Sayre, New York, won the pistol championship with 451. John A. Dietz, Jr., New York, won second with 438. William G. Kreig, Chicago, third, 431.

The silver cup presented in 1901 has been won by Dr. Sayre three times, and is now his property.

Conditions, 20yds., 50 shots, Standard American target. Springfield did not compete. Scores:

Match A, revolver championship: S E Sears, St. Louis, Mo. 10 10 9 10 10 9 7 10 8 8-91. Dr R H Sayre, New York. 10 10 10 9 10 10 9 7 6-89. Dr W H Luckett, New York. 9 9 8 8 7 9 8 8 8-86. Dr R M Moore, St. Louis. 85 87 89 89-434. J A Dietz, New York. 85 85 86 82-428. E L Harpham, Chicago. 87 87 88 83-428. A L A Himmelwright, New York. 82 85 82 89 85-423. Albert Sorensen, Chicago, Ill. 74 83 84 84 88-413. Frank M. Gardin, Chicago, Ill. 85 75 79 87 84-410. S M Tyrrell, Chicago, Ill. 77 85 77 81 86-406. William G. Kreig, Chicago, Ill. 85 93 83 72 69-402. C C Crossman, St. Louis, Mo. 89 82 63 69 78-401. Dr J A Close, St. Louis, Mo. 68 76 68 78 53-343. S Acott, New York, and F. V. Kington, San Francisco, Cal., withdrew.

Match B, pistol championship: Dr R H Sayre, New York. 10 10 9 9 7 10 8 8 8 7-86. J A Dietz, Jr., New York. 10 9 9 8 7 10 9 8 7-83. W G Kreig, Chicago. 7 8 10 7 10 8 7 8 9 10-84. A L A Himmelwright, New York. 88 85 81 87 80-431. H Klotz, New York. 87 85 83 86 89-430. E L Harpham, Chicago, Ill. 85 88 81 88 84-426. Dr Dudley Smith, Oakland, Cal. 81 86 86 78 75-406. R P Prentys, Chicago, Ill. 81 79 78 86 77-401. R Swartz, Pine Bluff, Ark. 84 75 75 74 77-385. M Eisencramer, Pine Bluff, Ark. 77 80 74 66 63-360. A L Smith, Pine Bluff, Ark. 68 57 74 80 74-353. Miss M. Waterhouse, Pinehurst, N. C. 70 61 66 80 75-352. C R Fitzhugh, Pine Bluff, Ark. 73 68 66 62 72-341. Mrs Leonard Tufts, Pinehurst, N. C. 62 63 64 60 56-305. D H Hostetter, Pinehurst, N. C. 70 52 44 67 63-296. J V Hall, Pinehurst, N. C. 53 61 62 44 52-272. Dr George S. Hill, Pinehurst, N. C. 38 37 55 40 46-216.

By the rules of the Association, in the case of any State entering a given number of competitors in either match, the Association awards to the contestant making the highest score, provided that score does not win first place in the national contest, a silver medal, representing the State championship, and a bronze medal as second prize to the contestant making the next highest score in the State. The State championship honors follow:

Arkansas.—Pistol championship: Silver medal, R. Swartz, of Pine Bluff, Ark.; bronze medal, M. Eisencramer, of Pine Bluff, Ark. Illinois.—Revolver championship: Silver medal, Edwin L. Harpham, of Chicago, Ill.; bronze medal, Albert Sorensen, of Chicago, Ill. Pistol championship: Silver medal, William G. Kreig, of Chicago, Ill.; bronze medal, Edwin L. Harpham, of Chicago, Ill. Missouri.—Revolver championship: Mr. Sears winning the national championship, the bronze medal for second place in the State shoot goes to Dr. M. R. Moore. New York.—Revolver championship: Silver medal, Dr. R. H. Sayre; bronze medal, Dr. W. H. Luckett. Pistol championship.—The position of New York in this is a little peculiar, as Dr. Sayre and Mr. Dietz, who win first and second place in the State contest, also win first and second place in the national contest, and the greater honor includes the less.

North Carolina.—Pistol championship: Silver medal, Miss M. Waterhouse, of Pinehurst, N. C.; bronze medal, Mrs. Leonard Tufts, of Pinehurst, N. C.

Providence Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 6.—We had a nice sociable practice this week, and much interest was shown. Two new members started in at 10yds. with pocket revolvers and did excellent work. They have "shoot" in them and handled the .32s in a way which will graduate them to the target class in the near future. We hope to have our 10 x 13 shooting house at Cranston open on Decoration Day, and from then on the 50yd. targets will be kept busy. The plucky Pinehurst, N. C., pistol team shoots a match with us on the 15th. They have been defeated in their initial trials at match shooting, and as our team has not yet recovered from the licking administered by Louisville, there is considerable speculation as to the probable winner.

We had a very pleasant visit from Chief Yeoman F. S. Mayo, of the Navy, who is at present stationed here on recruiting service, and we hope he will remain in Providence, for he will be a most agreeable and valuable addition to our membership list. Mr. Mayo was a member of the Navy team at the Fort Riley competition, and although badly out of practice at present, will soon keep our best men tuned up. President Coulters was present after an absence of several weeks, having been confined to the house with a severe illness, and found the 240s beyond reach.

The following scores were recorded this week: Rifle, 25yds., German ring target, 10-shot strings, possible 250: Fred Collins 235; W. Bert Gardiner 224, 233; A. B. Coulters 218, 226.

Rocket revolver, 10yds., Standard American 20yd. target, 10-shot strings, possible 100: Fred S. Cowdin 73, Milton B. Brown 68, 66. Revolver and pistol, 20yds., Standard target: A. C. Hurlburt 85;

Arno Argus 79, 82; Wm. Bosworth 79, 82; Fred Liebrich 79; D. P. Craig, 74.

Revolver, 50yds., Standard target: Wm. Almy 84, 89. Rifle match, 50yds., 22 rifles, on German ring target: H. Powell 225, F. A. Coggeshall 218, B. Norman 216, W. Almy 212.

Rifle match, Gardiner vs. Harmon, 30 shots per man, in 5-shot strings, .22cal. rifles, German ring target, 25yds., possible 750: W B Gardiner.....120 123 123 123 122 122-733 Bert Harmon.....119 122 120 120 122 122-725

Gratis (O.) Rifle Club.

THE following scores were made at the regular medal shoot of the Gratis Township Rifle Club, on April 1. The contest was at 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, 48 possible, and was won by G. O. Chrimer, with a score of 45.

The club will hold a special shoot on May 6, to which all rifle-men are invited. On that day a special prize will be offered in the free-for-all, 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, 48 possible. The prize is a .32-20 rifle, and the maker of high scores takes. A large entry is expected. The day's scores follow:

Medal contest, 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, 48 possible: G O Chrimer.....12 10 12 11-45 G W Izor..... 9 9 11 10-39 Mose Pence.....10 12 10 12-44 Walter Stump.....12 8 7 9-36 Chas Chrimer.....11 12 10 10-43 Chas Glaze..... 7 8 12 8-35 J W Lesher.....10 9 10 12-41

Winners of the medal so far are as follows: Chas. Glaze (Jan. 7)..... 11 12 12 10-45 Mose Pence, (Feb. 4)..... 12 11 12 11-46 J W Lesher (March 4)..... 11 12 12 11-46 G O Chrimer (April 1)..... 12 10 12 11-45

Special matches, 4 shots in each, 100yds., offhand, possible 48, or total of 420 for 20 shots: G O Chrimer.38 46 44 47 45-220 M Pence.....38 37 44 45 41-205 G W Izor.....42 43 44 48 43-220 W Stump.....45 34 43 40 38-200 C Glaze.....42 40 43 43 43-211 C Chrimer.....36 44 40 38 41-190 J W Lesher.....42 37 46 42 41-208 BONASA.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

The last regular shoot, held the night of March 29 on the Zettler ranges, at 75ft., offhand, was well attended, and twenty-five members competed on the ring and bulls-eye targets. Reinhold Busse made the best score on the ring target, with a total of 484, and J. N. Siebs had the best bulls-eye. The results follow, two 10-shot scores, counting on the ring and the best single shot on the bulls-eye target:

R Busse.....238 246-484 F Rolfes.....223 224-447 G Viemeister.....242 246-482 W Schillingman.....225 220-445 J Hess.....238 236-474 A Ritterhoff.....214 229-443 W J Daniel.....234 238-472 H von der Lieth.....219 219-438 H D Muller.....234 235-469 H A Ficke.....214 217-431 C Ottmann.....237 232-469 H Roffmann.....226 207-433 D Scharninghaus.....234 231-465 H Graveman.....113 117-230 J N Siebs.....233 230-463 C Tietjen.....201 217-418 C Gerken.....231 226-457 G Rohde.....216 200-416 J von der Lieth.....222 230-452 J Eisinger.....203 208-411 B Eusner.....220 228-448 H Brummer.....189 214-403 Wm Wessel.....219 230-449 G Dettloff.....189 200-389

The scores on the bulls-eye target were as follows: R. Busse 71, G. Viemeister 106, J. Hess 199, W. J. Daniel 140, H. D. Muller 76, C. Ottmann 109½, D. Scharninghaus 109, J. N. Siebs 49½, C. Gerken 91½, J. von der Lieth 114, B. Eusner 151, G. Dettloff 125, F. Rolfes 102, W. Schillingman 74, A. Ritterhoff 116, H. von der Lieth 191, H. A. Ficke 90, H. Roffman 102, H. Graveman 99, C. Tietjen 145½, G. Rohde 206½, J. Eisinger 134, H. Brummer 54.

Zettler Rifle Club.

TWELVE members finished five or more scores the night of April 4, shooting .22cal. rifles on the 25yd ranges, at headquarters, in West Twenty-third street. Richard Gute, who made such a good showing in the recent 100-shot championship match, was again high man, this time with a total of 2444 out of the possible 2500 points. A. Hubalek, who is also improving rapidly, was second with 2442, while Louis P. Hansen made 248, the highest individual score. The results follow, 10-shot scores, at 75ft., offhand:

R Gute.....240 247 243 247 243 245 245 246 243 245-2444 A Hubalek.....245 245 243 243 247 246 241 244 246 242-2442 L C Buss.....242 245 243 241 246 238 246 242 241-2426 C Zettler, Jr.....244 247 243 244 242-1220 L P Hansen.....243 248 245 241 241-1218 R Busse.....242 244 244 244 241-1215 I Smeth.....245 238 243 238 236-1200 B Zettler.....240 232 234 241 240-1187 C G Zettler.....225 244 238 235 242-1184 H C Zettler.....227 233 243 246 232-1170 G J Bernius.....225 232 231 226 240-1154 H Fenwirth.....228 230 231 238 236-1153

Harlem Independent Schuetzen Corps.

A GOODLY number of members and their guests gathered at the Zettler ranges the night of April 7, when the regular club shoot was held, at 75ft., offhand, on the 25 ring target, with .22cal. rifles. High man was C. Thiebauth with a total of 460 for 20 shots, but B. Eusner was but one point below with 459. The scores follow, members firing two 10-shot strings, the possible 500 points:

C Thiebauth.....227 233-460 A Fenninger.....195 218-413 B Eusner.....232 227-459 F Koch.....206 206-412 J H Blumenberg.....232 224-456 A L Ilsen.....203 200-403 A Fegert.....223 217-449 Ph Zugner.....196 203-399 G Thomas.....222 223-445 L Rohkohl.....219 188-397 A Muller.....215 217-432 C P Rupp.....206 192-398 L Lewinson.....202 224-426 F Horn.....183 200-383 E Modersohn.....212 213-425 J Fey.....167 177-344 H Behrman.....212 128-425 Jos Holler.....151 172-323 St. Baumann.....205 215-420 J Lanzer.....119 97-216 E Hiker.....215 199-414

Next Year's Indoor Championship Match.

At the last business meeting of the Zettler Rifle Club, held at its headquarters in this city, it was decided to fix the dates for the indoor 100-shot championship match at that time, in order that all intending competitors would have plenty of time to prepare for this important annual affair. The dates selected were March 10-17, inclusive, 1906. Shooting will begin at 10 o'clock in the morning and close at 11 o'clock at night on each of these days. The place will as usual be the club ranges and headquarters, at 159 West Twenty-third street, New York city. The distance will be 75ft., position, offhand, but there will be no restrictions on palm rests, etc., and any kind of sights will be allowed. As usual, however, only .22cal. short cartridges can be used. The prize list will be as large as the hustling members of this club can make it, and there should be a goodly array of merchandise prizes, which are always attractive to shooters.

Nothing definite was decided regarding a prize shoot at 200yds., but we are informed reliably that one will probably be held at Union Hill in September.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, April 3. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with a score of 228. Hasenzahl was high on the honor with 64 points.

A variable wind from 3 to 6 o'clock quarter blew all day. Mr. Topf appeared among us again to-day, after a sojourn in Florida during the past winter, and we were well pleased to see his genial form once more. The scores: Payne.....228 221 219 217 216 Freitag.....208 207 207 202 190 Hasenzahl.....225 222 221 221 216 Nestler.....199 188..... Bruns.....220 213 210 207 201 Odell.....190 188..... Roberts.....216 199 198 193 181 Drube.....176 172 163.....

Rifle Notes.

The National Rifle Association announced that the annual tournament will be held at Sca Girt, N. J., commencing Aug. 24, instead of Aug. 22. The National Revolver match will be held on Aug. 26. The tournament will continue to Sept. 9.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- April 12-13.—Spring tournament of Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Wilmington Gun Club. H. J. Stidman, Sec'y. Wilmington. April 15.—Long Island City, L. I.—Queens County Gun Club open tournament. R. H. Gosman, Sec'y. April 15.—Newark, N. J.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Forester Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr. April 18-20.—Waco, Tex.—Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament. April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y. April 19.—Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club Patriots' Day tournament. S. G. Miller, Sec'y. April 20.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club all-day shoot; live birds and targets. Wm. R. Ficles, Sec'y. April 21.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Recreation Rod and Gun Club first regular monthly shoot of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. E. F. Jacobs, Sec'y. April 22.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club re-entry match for \$100 gold watch. April 22.—Easton, Pa.—Independent Gun Club second annual tournament. Jacob Pleiss, Cor. Sec'y. April 26-27.—Scottsdale, Pa., Gun Club shoot. April 26-27.—Hopkinsville, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hopkinsville Gun Club. A. F. Gant, Sec'y. April 27.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot on grounds of Freeport, L. I., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr. April 29.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club re-entry match for \$100 gold watch. May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenslager, Sec'y. May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament. May 2.—New Britain, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut second tournament. Dr. Y. C. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester, Conn. May 3.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City Gun Club spring tournament—Indiana State League series. F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y. May 4-5.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club spring tournament. E. M. Storm, Sec'y. May 6.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club re-entry match for \$100 gold watch. May 6.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Brooklyn, N. Y. Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr. May 8-9.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi Delta Trapshooters' League first tournament. May 9-10.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club second monthly shoot of Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. E. F. Jacobs, Sec'y. May 9-10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y. May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb. May 11-12.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Foord, Sec'y. May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament. May 16-18.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament. May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association ninth annual meeting and tournament; \$600 added money and prizes. F. E. Mallory, Sec'y. May 17.—Boston, Mass., Gun Club annual invitation team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y. May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs. May 17-18.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club. James Lewis, Sec'y. May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (Incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 178 Mill street, Toronto. May 19-21.—St. Louis, Mo.—Rawlins first semi-annual tournament; two days targets, one day live birds. Alec. D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street. May 20-21.—Shakopee, Minn., Gun Club tournament. Mathias A. Deutsch, Sec'y. May 23-25.—Lincoln.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. May 24-25.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Catchpole Gun Club tournament. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y. May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec. May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y. May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y. May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's all-day target tournament; merchandise. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y. May 30.—Mullerite Gun Club all-day shoot on grounds of Point Pleasant, N. J., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr. May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club fourth annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y. May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y. May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club annual Decoration Day tournament. A. B. Parker, Sec'y. May 30.—Fifth annual Decoration Day tournament of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt. May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Anatolian Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W. May 31.—June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament. June 5-6.—New Paris, O.—Cedar Springs Gun Club tournament. J. F. Freeman, Sec'y. June 6-8.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament. June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament. June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt. June 3-4.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association amateur tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y. June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y. June 13-14.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. R. E. Dinger, Capt. June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y. June 13-15.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament. June 15.—Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. June 20-21.—Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club tournament, Vernon L. Perry, Sec'y. June 21-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. June 21-22.—Bradford, Pa., Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y. June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secy-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa. July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y. July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y. July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash. July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y. July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament. July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W W McQueen' Sec'y July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament H. A Brehm Mgr., Baltimore Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y. Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y. Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published.

The second tournament of the 1905 series of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut will be held at New Britain, Conn., on May 2.

The Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club announces that a merchandise event will be a feature of their fifth annual Decoration Day tournament, May 30.

At Colombia, B. C., the gun club contemplates the installation of up-to-date traps. For the advancement of game protection, the majority of the members are in favor of the \$2 a year gun license.

Messrs. Knox & Knapp, Auburn, N. Y., write us concerning their tournament, to be held May 17 and 18: "We add \$32 in cash, put up two hammerless guns, and include targets in all entrance at 1 1/2 cent."

Nine teams of five men each participated in the team contest of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut tournament, held under the auspices of the Rockville, Conn., Gun Club, April 4. The Willimantic team won by a score of 77.

Mr. A. B. Parker, Secretary, writes us that "The Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Pa., will hold their annual holiday tournament shoot on Decoration Day, May 30, on their new grounds at Jeffersonville. Trolleys pass within one square of grounds. There will be three magautraps. Programmes will appear later."

Th Awosting Gun Club, New Paltz, N. Y., announces their second annual tournament, to be held April 21, beginning at 11 o'clock. Merchandise event, with prizes valued at \$200, and \$50 average money, will be material attractions. Address the Captain, Mr. V. B. Strong.

At the housewarming shoot of the Wawaset Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., April 6, Mr. Luther J. Squier made highest average, 133 out of 150, there being a strong wind as to weather conditions. The new club house is much more commodious, more pleasantly situated, and the background is better.

The Philadelphia Trapshooters' League contests last Saturday resulted as follows: Clearview defeated the Florists' by a score of 205 to 190. Meadow Springs defeated North Camden by a score of 180 to 130. S. S. White was defeated by Highland; score 192 to 191. Hill Rod and Gun Club defeated Narberth, 149 to 135. Media defeated Hillsdale, 172 to 133.

At the second annual meeting of the Indianapolis Gun Club, held Tuesday evening, April 4, the following list of officers were elected for the ensuing year: Directors, C. H. Morrison, Dr. C. A. Pfaffin, Jos. Morgan, Gus Habich, Gustav Moller, William Armstrong, and James W. Bell. The board then elected the following: President, C. H. Morrison; Vice-President, Dr. C. A. Pfaffin; Treasurer, Jos. R. Morgan; Secretary, Jas. W. Bell.

The ninth all-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club is fixed to be held on the grounds of the Aquehonga Gun Club, Tottenville, S. I., April 8, commencing at 11 o'clock. The grounds are at Richmond Valley, S. I. There are eight programme events, 10, 15, 20 and 50 targets, 70 cents, \$1.05, \$1.40 and \$2.50, the latter being event 6; class shooting, handicap. No. 3 is a merchandise event. Albert A. Schoverling, Manager, 2 Murray street, New York.

The South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., announce a re-entry match for a gold \$100 watch, April 22, 29 and May 6. Conditions: 100 targets, entrance \$2.50; re-entries \$1. Best single score wins, but a contestant must participate in two contests at least to be eligible to win. Any surplus over \$100, expenses deducted, will be divided, one money for every \$10 or fraction thereof, high guns; second high gun to receive first money of surplus, etc. Competition begins at 1 o'clock. To reach the grounds take South Broad street trolley to Vanderpoel street. Mr. I. H. Terril, Manager.

The Bradford, Pa., Gun Club announces that at their two-day tournament, \$400 added, June 21-22, everyone is welcome. E. C. Charlton, Secretary, City Hall, Bradford, Pa. Invitations have been sent out with a card which reads as follows: "Four hundred dollars added money. Programmes ready May 1. Manufacturers' agents are invited to be present and participate for targets, also for a silver cup which will be awarded to manufacturers' agent making high average for the two days. In addition to the different contests, all visiting shooters will be entertained with a trip by trolley to the famous rocks at Rock City, which will be followed by a banquet at the Hotel Bon Air. F. P. Holley, Chairman."

The Queens County Gun Club offers a list of attractive merchandise prizes, to be contested for at their shoot, to be held at Long Island City on Saturday of this week. Following is a list of them in the order in which they will be awarded: Event 4, 15 targets, Scratch.—Parlor lamp, gun case, worsted shooting jacket, brass letter rack. Event 5, 25 targets, handicap.—Prairie chicken panel, carving set and case, manicure set, fishing reel, pocket flask. Event 9, 25 targets, handicap.—Pair of field glasses, parlor lamp, steel fishing rod, solid gold cuff buttons, hunting knife. Event 10, 15 targets, scratch.—Carving set and case, silk umbrella, ormolu cupid clock, fancy cork screw. Consolation events: Event 1, sterling silver match safe; event 2, gold-mounted fountain pen; event 3, gold scarf pin. A silver loving cup to the amateur making the highest average; \$2 to the amateur making lowest average, and \$5 to the professional making the highest average. The grounds are located on Hunters' Point avenue, Long Island City, within half a mile of Thirty-fourth Street Ferry. Fram Manhattan take the Thirty-fourth Street or James Slip Ferry to Long Island City, and there take Calvary Cemetery trolley running straight out Borden avenue from ferry. Get off at iron bridge across small creek. From Brooklyn take cross-town or Greenpoint trolley to end of line and cross over Oakland street bridge to Borden avenue, Long Island City, turn to right on latter avenue, and grounds are then only about five minutes' walk. Refreshments will be furnished free by club to shooters.

A cold temperature on both days and an ill-wind on the second day, which blew no good to anybody, with splashes of hail and rain for good measure, affected the scores somewhat on the minus side at the opening tournament of the Interstate Association at Augusta, Ga. On the first day, April 5, there were forty-two contestants; second day, forty-three. Averages, first day, amateur: Mr. John Peterman first, Mr. W. A. Baker second, Mr. G. M. Collins third. Professional: Mr. J. M. Hawkins, first, Mr. Walter Huff second, Col. J. T. Anthony third. Second day, amateur: Mr. W. A. Baker first, Mr. J. G. Chafee second, Mr. H. D. Freeman third, 338. Manufacturers' agents: Mr. Walter Huff first, 363 out of 400; Mr. J. M. Hawkins, second, 353; Col. James T. Anthony, third, 343.

The Mullerite Gun Club, A. A. Schoverling, Manager, No. 2 Murray street, New York, has issued the programme of its tenth all-day shoot, to be held on the grounds of the Forester Gun Club, Newark, N. J., April 15. The grounds are situated at Wiedemeier's Park. Take Hamburg Place cars from Market street and Broad street direct to grounds. There are eight programme events, 10, 15, 20, 25 and 50 targets, the latter being a handicap for merchandise prizes; class shooting. Entrance, 70 cents, \$1.05, \$1.40, \$1.75 and \$2.50. Totals, targets, 150; entrance, \$9.50. A special event, second shoot of 25 target handicap, use of both barrels, for the Hunter Arms Co. silver badge, entrance 75 cents, will be a feature. This badge becomes the property of the amateur winning it the most times in six shoots.

The team of the Crescent Athletic Club defeated the Yale Gun Club team at New Haven, Conn., April 7, by a score of 260 to 259. The contest took place on the Yale Field. Each man shot at 25 targets, unknown angles, in strings of 25. The members of the team and their scores were as follows: Crescent A. C.—Kryn 44, Southworth 47, Brigham 42, Grinnell 41, Palmer 42, Remsen 44; total 260. Yale—Pugsley 43, Morrison 45, Thompson 43, King 44, Borden 42, Clarke 42; total 259. On the following day, April 8, in a return match at Riverside, the Crescent team defeated a team of the Boston Athletic Association by a score of 827 to 811. The conditions were teams of ten men, 100 targets per man. The scores were as follows: Boston A. A.—Gleason 93, Adams 91, Weld 88, Howe 84, Baxter 84, Ellis 78, Grompton 76, Clark 75, Moore 72, Beale 70; total 811. Crescent A. C.—F. D. Stephenson 95, Remsen 91, Palmer 90, Southworth 90, Brigham 83, Lott 83, Kryn 77, G. F. Stephenson 74, Grinnell 73, Bedford 71; total 827. In the match, shot on the Crescent Athletic Club's grounds, March 18, ten-man teams, the scores were Crescents 855, Bostons 831.

BERNARD WATERS.

Atchison Tournament.

ATCHISON, Kans.—The second annual tournament, managed by Mr. Louis Erhardt, under the auspices of the Forest Park Gun Club, was held at Forest Park, April 3 and 4. A high wind each day materially cut down the scores. Professional high average was won by Mr. W. R. Crosby; amateur high average, by Mr. Ed. O'Brien, of Florence, Kans.

April 3, First Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, and scores for various participants on April 3, First Day.

April 4, Second Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, and scores for various participants on April 4, Second Day.

Mullerite Gun Club.

TOTTENVILLE, S. I., April 7.—Following are the scores made at the shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club to-day:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, and scores for various participants at the Mullerite Gun Club shoot.

Lowell Gun Club.

LOWELL, Mass., April 8.—The third alternate Saturday shoot of the Lowell Gun Club, held to-day, brought out but eight shooters, and scores were somewhat below the average.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, and scores for various participants at the Lowell Gun Club shoot.

Consolidated of Connecticut.

ROCKVILLE, Conn.—The first tournament of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut was held in Rockville on April 4. There were sixty-six shooters present, and over 8,000 targets were thrown.

It was a cold day, with a high wind, not favorable for high scores. The following shot the full programme of 190 targets:

Table listing names and scores of participants at the Rockville tournament.

McPettridge made first amateur average. In the five-man team race, the following scores were made:

Table listing team scores for the five-man team race at Rockville.

Table listing scores for participants at Rockville.

Table listing scores for participants at New Haven.

Table listing scores for participants at Hartford.

Table listing scores for participants at Bristol.

A suit pattern, offered by President E. F. Badmington, of the Rockville Club for the best score in event 8 at 20 targets, was won by McMullen, of Somersville, a member of the Rockville Club.

The next tournament of the Consolidated Gun Clubs will be at New Britain, May 2, 1905. F. C. METCALF, Sec'y Rockville Gun Club.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, April 8.—Eighteen men faced the traps to-day at the weekly shoot of the New York Athletic Club. Tom McCahill, Dan Bradley and Eddie Murphy, the Carteret Gun Club experts, and Albert Tilt, who has been winning trophies at Palm Beach, were among the club contingent present.

A strong southwest breeze made the shooting difficult; left-quartering targets went spinning skyward, while the right birds took involuntary dives into the bay.

Some good scores were made, however. Messrs. Tilt, Fleischmann, McCahill and Wyman getting 23s and 22s. All matches were shot scratch, excepting the April cup match. F. L. Barnes, with a handicap of 6 points, won the second leg on the last-named cup handily.

A gratifying feature of the day was the opening of the club restaurant for the season. Summer excursion tickets at half usual rates, or 25 cents for the round trip, are now issued by the Harlem Branch R. R., good only for N. Y. A. C. members and their guests. The scores:

April cup, second leg, 50 targets: A. O. Fleischmann (6) 42, F. L. Barnes (6) 47, T. McCahill (10) 37, J. N. Borland (8) 35, F. W. Hilbard (12) 44, J. D. Calhoun (8) 43, W. C. Wyman (10) 35.

Event 1: F. L. Barnes 20, D. J. Bradley 16, A. O. Fleischmann 17, J. D. Calhoun 17, J. N. Borland 19, T. J. McCahill 16, W. C. Wyman 13, J. J. Kelley 18, H. Tilt 12.

Event 2: D. J. Bradley 20, A. O. Fleischmann 19, F. L. Barnes 16, J. N. Borland 17, W. C. Wyman 16, T. F. McCahill 22, A. Tilt 19, J. J. Kelley 14, J. D. Calhoun 16, E. F. Murphy 7.

Special, No. 3: J. D. Calhoun 18, J. N. Borland 19, F. L. Barnes 15, W. C. Wyman 22, A. O. Fleischmann 17, J. J. Kelley 21, A. Tilt 17, W. Whitman 16, Dr. Brown 13, F. S. Hinsdale 16.

Special, No. 4: Dr. Williams 14, E. D. Hawkins 12, Dr. Brown 17, M. Hinsdale 14, W. Whitman 13.

Special, No. 5: J. N. Borland 18, J. D. Calhoun 20, A. O. Fleischmann 17, W. C. Wyman 16, J. J. Kelley 20, A. Tilt 22.

Trophy shoot: J. D. Calhoun 17, L. Hawkins 10, M. Hinsdale 13, W. Whitman 19, A. Tilt 23.

Trophy shoot: A. O. Fleischmann 20, Dr. Brown 18, J. J. Kelley 14, Dr. Williams 12, M. Hinsdale 11.

Trophy shoot: Dr. Brown 8, W. Whitman 13, M. Hinsdale 16, L. Hawkins 11, Dr. Williams 17, A. O. Fleischmann 23.

Trophy shoot: A. O. Fleischmann 21, Dr. Brown 11, Dr. Williams 14.

Enterprise Gun Club.

McKEESPORT, Pa.—The third contest for the Daily News cup was pulled off on April 8; also the second contest for the Hunter Arms Co. gold badge. Mathew Schorr won in the cup race on 47, and J. F. Calhoun in the badge race.

Twenty shooters took part, and a large number of spectators were present. Much interest is being taken. So far there are three winners in the cup race. Two contests yet remain to be shot.

Mr. Schorr has named this club as the place for the next contest, and the date is April 15, at 3 P. M.

As an inducement this club will give any man outside of the members of this club and who lives inside of the territory named, a \$10 bill who can come and lift the cup on the above date. If there are any better than we have, we consider it worth the amount to know it. H. H. Stevens was again present and shot through the programme, and left for the East.

Hunter Arms Co. gold badge:

Table listing scores for participants in the Enterprise Gun Club badge race.

Daily News cup, 50 targets: Schorr 47, Calhoun 46, W. Hale 46, Cochran 46, McFarland 46, Stevens 45, Irvin 43, Stephan 43, Davis 42, Noel 41, Good 41, Watson 40, H. Hale 39, J. Hale 39, Douglas 39, Knight 38, George 32, Jennings 31, Ross 28, Simrock 30.

Practice, 15 targets: Stevens 14, Schorr 12, Irvin 12, W. Hale 9, Ross 14, Simrock 14, Cochran 12, Davis 12, Good 12, J. Hale 10, H. Hale 10, Taylor 10, Jennings 10.

GEO. W. MAINS, Sec'y.

Cumberland Gun Club.

CUMBERLAND, B. C., April 4.—You will find inclosed herewith scores of our first shoot of the season, which took place last night. Only the score of those who were shooting for the season's aggregate were to be sent to you, but I have appended the names of a couple members who were well up in the scoring; in fact, one of them was high man. We will esteem it a favor if you will publish in your valuable paper.

Each event was at 15 targets: T. Bate 7, E. B. Skinner 8, L. D. Picket 9, R. E. Walker 2, J. L. Roe 8, I. H. Feener 10. The following scores were also made: C. Grant 12, E. Emde 10.

Fairview Gun Club.

FAIRVIEW, N. J., April 8.—In addition to the appended scores, several other sweeps were shot. Scores:

Table listing scores for participants at the Fairview Gun Club shoot.



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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—April 8 was a fair sort of a day, not a bad day to smash targets, which some of the boys did in good style. In the Peters trophy event, of eighteen participants, eight made a straight score of 50 including their handicaps. Randall was high man in actual breaks with 47. Tuttle and Don Minto were second with 46. Peters third with 45.

A number of team matches were shot, Faran making the best showing, missing but 3 out of 75 in two of the contests. Gambell and Pfeiffer shot two matches at 50 targets each, and one at 25 targets, against Bullerdick and Pohlar, winning two of them, and defeating the latter team by 3 targets in the grand total, with 200 to 197.

Practice shooting was kept up until dark, good scores being made. The annual club meeting will be held the second week in May. Messrs. Tuttle, Roll and Coleman are a nominating committee to prepare a list of candidates for the several offices.

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors, Supt. Gambell was the recipient of an unexpected token of the esteem in which he is held. The Board voted to present him with \$200 as a sign of their appreciation of the work he has done for the club. Mr. Gambell was taken by surprise, but acknowledged the testimonial in fitting words.

A party will visit the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, on the 19th. At Dayton, a special car on the Erie road will be in readiness to take the party directly to the grounds. The party consists of Gambell, Bleh, Faran, Barker, Hesser, Peters, Harig, Pohlar, Pfeiffer, Dick, Kramer, Herman, Maynard, Bullerdick, Williams, Boeh, Osterfeld, Randall, Medico, Schuler, Ahlers, Roll, See, King, Lindsley, Sunderbruch, Trimble, French, Smith. There may be a few additions later.

In the system of handicapping of the Cincinnati Gun Club each contestant receives added targets to commence with, enough to enable him to score 45 in 50, providing he shoots his average. For instance, a 90 per cent. shooter receives nothing; an 80 per cent. man, 5; a 70 per cent. man, 10, and so on. Should any of them break 40 at the next shoot he gets 5; 41, 4; 39, 6; 35, 10; 45 and up, nothing. Fifteen contests are shot, and the general average counts. A contestant must compete in at least ten contests to qualify. So far this handicap is a success, but more can be told about it at the finish. There are seven more contests in this trophy. Of course, this mode of handicapping is for club contests only.

Peters trophy shoot, 50 targets, handicap allowance: Randall (4) 50, Kepplinger (6) 50, Tuttle (7) 50, French (8) 50, Herman (11) 50, Smith (13) 50, Strauss (17) 50, Andrews (22) 50, Maynard (6) 48, Steinman (10) 48, Don Minto (1) 47, Williams (5) 46, Roll (4) 46, Peters (0) 45, Bullerdick (2) 45, R. Trimble (0) 44, Falk (5) 42, Heidel (0) 32.

Team races: Events: 1 2 3 Targets: 50 50 25 Gambell 39 43 20-102 Bullerdick 43 34 17-94 Pfeiffer 37 42 19-98 Pohlar 37 45 21-108 76 85 39 200 80 79 38 197

Team race, 50 targets: Gambell 22 25-47 Faran 25 23-48 Ahlers 22 23-45 Peters 23 21-44 44 48 92 48 44 92

Team race, 25 targets: Gambell 21 Faran 24 Ahlers 22-43 Peters 21-45

Rohrer's Island Gun Club.

Dayton, O.—Nineteen members took part in the regular weekly medal shoot on April 5, and five tied for first place on 25 or better. After five shoot-offs, L. Whitacre won the medal, defeating Hodapp in the fifth by a score of 5 to 4, each having a handicap of 1 extra target to shoot at.

The weather was fair for the sport, and the medal contest was a hot one, as is usually the case. The club is anticipating a strenuous time on the 19th, when Gambell and his delegation of Cincinnati Gun Club members will be entertained. After the medal shoot a number of practice and sweep events were pulled off. The scores: Club medal shoot, 25 targets, handicap of extra targets to shoot at: Shot at. Broke. I Sirran 35 26 J Schaerf 33 23 P Hanauer 30 26 J Gerlaugh 30 19 Ed Cain 28 25 A Makley 35 19 G Hodapp 30 25 J Ballman 35 19 L Whitacre 30 26 W Oldt 32 18 H Oswald 30 24 C Miller 25 18 M Schwind 28 23 A Balswicz 35 16 I Sapp 35 23 A Fiorini 35 14 T Cook 34 23 G Donohue 35 8

Dayton Gun Club.

The Dayton, O., Gun Club opened the season of 1905 with a well attended shoot on April 7. Twenty-four men took part in one or more of the eight 25-target events which constituted the programme of practice events, and fifteen entered the handicap sweepstake event. In the practice events Clark made the best showing, shooting a 94.6 per cent. clip, breaking straight in two events, the only straights made during the afternoon, and missing but 4 targets out of 75 shot at. Rike broke 113 out of 125, or 90.4 per cent. In the sweep Rike took first on 23. Schwind second on 22, and Theobald, Craig, Oswald and Carr divided third on 21 each.

Ohio Notes.

Shooting grounds will be located at some point near Troy, O., which will be convenient for shooters of that place, as well as of Piqua and Tippecanoe City.

President Wm. R. Clark, of the Cedar Springs Gun Club, of New Paris, is visiting various gun clubs of that section, in the interests of the tournament to be given in June.

Mr. James Dodds, of Dayton, celebrated on April 6 the thirty-sixth anniversary of the establishment of his business in its present location.

The officers of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club are being urged to invite the Ohio Trapshooters' League to hold the 1906 tournament at their grounds. They have as fine shooting grounds as any club in the State, and could take care of a big crowd in good shape.

Mr. Joseph Deem won the regular medal contest of the Preble County Gun Club, Eaton, O., March 31, with a score of 21 out of 25. Joseph Ackley, who had won and held the medal for four consecutive times, was not in his usual form, and was defeated.

The shoot of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club, April 1, was well attended. In the club event, three Class A men, Thompson, Jack and Tryon, headed the list with 48 each. Brockway, of Class C, was second with 47. Doolittle and Snow, of Class A, third with 46 each. In the contest for the Hunter Arms Co.'s gold badge, Doolittle and Tryon tied on straight scores of 20 each, and in the shoot-off, at 20 targets, the latter won, 19 to 18. The contest for the trophy offered by the Mullerite Powder Co. had twenty entries, Thompson and Jack tying for first on 47 out of 50. The shoot-off at 25 targets was won by Thompson, who broke 24 to Jack's 23.

In Other Places.

The Oneida, N. Y., Gun Club has been reorganized with Samuel L. Dobbins, President; John Maxwell, Vice-President, and Frank B. Petrie, Secretary. The Executive Committee is composed of Thomas A. Devereux, Julius M. Goldstein and Henry M. White.

The Meadowbrook, N. Y., Gun Club gave a reception at Hewitt's Hotel last Saturday evening, about twenty members being present, and a good time was reported.

The Fresno, Cal., Gun Club will hold their shoots weekly during the summer months. The Lake Shore Gun Club is made up of the shotgun enthusiasts of Manitowoc and Two Rivers, Wis., with Frank Kaufman, the well-known shooter as the president. A meeting is to be held to discuss plans for the coming season.

The Mohawk Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., held its opening shoot Sunday last. This being the second year for this club, it has developed some good marksmen, and with the steadily increased membership, the club's success in the future is assured.

R. M. Edwards, of the Houghton, Mich., Club, has shown good form. He has won one club medal, and by winning once more will have become the possessor of another.

The South Side Gun Club, of Port Huron, Mich., has reorganized with James Benline as President. The first shoot of the season will be held this week.

A handsome trophy has been donated by Mr. Fred W. Booker, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., to be contested for weekly by the members of the Kentucky Gun Club. Regular shoots are to be held Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

The White City, Ia., Gun Club made a visit to What Cheer last Saturday, and in a team contest won out with a score of 106 to 105. Another shoot will be held soon, as the closeness of the score would indicate.

The Snerman Gun Club, Columbus, O., held a meeting Monday, at which important business was to be transacted. Considerable interest is manifested in the formation of a gun club at Lebanon, S. D.

It was voted at the last meeting of the Deadwood, S. D., Gun Club that medals would be provided for shooters that would represent their standing as to ability thus: 80 per cent., A; 65 to 80 per cent., C; below 65 per cent., C. The directors expect that this division will stimulate the sport, and equalize the chances for winning. Frank Waugh was elected field captain. There are forty members, with a prospect of twenty-five additions.

The third annual tournament of the Pittston, Pa., Trapshooting League will be held April 19.

Drs. Cook and Swimley and a number of the crack shots of Upper Sandusky, O., are organizing a gun club, with the purpose of keeping in practice with the scatter gun.

The Madison, Ind., Gun Club will soon be reorganized. W. D. Stannard, of Chicago, the new man on the road, won high average at the Jonesville, Wis., shoot. High winds prevailed, and his 109 out of 115 was considered very good. Guy Deering, of Columbus, Neb., won the live-bird event with 12 out of 15.

Messrs. Wallace, Miller and Chas. Young are touring Texas. At a meeting of the Juvenile Gun Club at Brenham, Mr. Miller entertained the crowd with some fancy shooting. The Juvenile Club was organized during last January, after the Brenham handicap shoot. The members are under fourteen years of age.

The Valley Beagle Gun Club, Martin's Ferry, Ohio, held their first meet of importance Saturday last.

The Salem, O., Gun Club is to hold a meeting Wednesday for a reorganization, and to get all things in readiness for the contest during 1905.

Al. Olson, the Swede, made the high average at Blue Hills, Neb., with 363 out of 400. This was done in a high south wind. Mr. Maxwell, the one-armed man, also shot well.

At a call meeting of the Le Mars, Ia., Gun Club, H. J. Fuller was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of E. W. Edington from the city. Dr. G. W. Cunningham was elected President, after which an oyster supper was served as a fitting farewell to their old secretary, who is soon to depart for Washington.

Sim Glover drifted into Parkersburg, W. Va., and the club members entertained him at the traps. He shot well, but J. F. Mallory was equal to the occasion, and tied him. Scores, 100 targets: Glover 95, J. F. Mallory 95, Mallory 90, Gillispie 83, Ewing 81, S. T. Mallory 81, Stewart 78, Ewing 78, Slater 64, Hopkins 55.

Indianapolis is getting ready to entertain 100 more shooters than were entered last year. Won't Shaner be a busy man? The Luverne, Minn., Gun Club will hold a tournament at the club grounds, April 26 and 27. There will be ample prize money.

Monroe Rapp, of Lebanon, Pa., will represent their club at the State shoot, Pittsburg, May 2 to 5.

The annual meeting of the Oil City, Pa., Gun Club was held Thursday, and the following officers elected: President, A. Smedley; Vice-President, C. H. Lay, Jr.; Secretary, Charles A. Mc

Leuth; Treasurer, H. C. Dosworth. This club has a membership of eighty, and the financial affairs are in a fine condition. The same trap to be used at the G. A. H. will be installed.

During the late shoot held at St. Joseph, Mo., a special street car was run to accommodate such special artists as Heer, Crosby, Gilbert, Powers, Whitney, Budd, Marshall, Elliott, Viemeyer, Borden, Cadwallader, etc.

Members of the Lakeside Club, of St. Joseph, Mo., are preparing for an active summer's sport. A new Blackbird trap has been installed, which was thoroughly tested during the past week. The club house lately built is said to be one of the finest in the State. It is claimed that several live-bird races will be a feature in the near future.

Charles Slack and Walter Prescott are organizing a rod and gun club at Attica, N. Y.

The Confarr medal was contested for Saturday last at Butte, Mont. The weather was cold and dreary, and scores low. Ed. Secks, a new member, broke 19 out of 25 for his maiden effort.

There is a probability of the Marion, O., Gun Club holding two large tournaments during this year. The members are now arranging a series of contests for the early start.

The Portage, O., County Gun Club has reorganized, electing the following officers: J. A. Flick, Ravenna, President; William Mitchell, Kent, Secretary; W. G. Lyman, Kent, Captain; J. W. Lee and E. O. Creager, Kent, Executive Committee.

Hugh Snell, the Litchfield, Ill., trapshooting promoter, was in Bloomington last week, and the club men advanced their shoot a day to have the pleasure of his company at the traps.

At the weekly shoot of the Pastime Gun Club, Detroit, Mich., Hart won the Ford trophy; Tolson, medal in Class A; Weise in Class B, and Hannebauer in Class C.

The election of officers for the Faribault, Minn., Gun Club medal, resulted as follows: President, Wm. Drehmil; Vice-President, J. W. Snyder; Secretary, John H. Rage; J. J. Rochac; Captain, Jos. Fredette. This club will boom, as the claim is made that 100 will be the number of its members.

The nimrods in the car shops at Douglas, Ariz., have formed a gun club, and have ordered several traps and several barrels of targets. Some of the members have good records, while others are mere novices. Some of the business men will join, and the club will no doubt be a permanent institution, and some of the members may compete in the annual territorial shoot.

There was a good attendance at the Dover, Pa., shoot Saturday. C. Johnson, of Wrightsville, won the porkers, but he was closely pushed. Some of the locals made a good showing.

The Ouray, Colo., Gun Club will shoot Sunday. The Leggett trap arrived Tuesday, and the Peters Cartridge Company has donated a gold medal. The officers are: Albert Arps, President; C. W. Hadley, Secretary. Members are Wm. Story, Jr., Barney Chase, R. L. Lowe, Ed. Hellstern, Ed. Arps, A. Schlichting, T. R. Hiebler, S. E. Dupuy, D. B. Humphrey and J. P. Carney.

The Westchester, Pa., Gun Club will give a shoot April 15. This club has been on the quiet for the winter, but promises to get up a lively gait now that the summer has come.

A. C. Fleming, Dr. R. E. Dinger and O. E. Shumaker are a committee to arrange for a tournament to be given by the Crescent Gun Club, New Bethlehem, Pa.

Some of the old-time shooters, like Tom Marshall, will be pleased to know that a new gun club will soon be organized at Benson, Minn.

The Detroit, Mich., Gun Club has new officers, viz.: President, F. Abbey; Vice-President, H. Carter; Captain, H. Butterfield; Trustees, F. Eaton, S. W. Randall and C. Terry.

A new gun club has been formed at Youngstown, O. It will be styled the Half Way Gun and Rod Club. They will hold trapshoots and also go fishing when the sign is right.

The members of the Illinois Legislature, by a vote of 95 to 8, passed the bill to prohibit live-bird shooting. Not much use to stop that kind of a majority.

When the Chicago City Council put a stop to live-bird shooting, there was a lull in the trapshooting pastime. Last June a stock company was formed, and the lease and buildings owned by John Watson at Burnside were purchased. These grounds consist of twenty acres, together with twenty acres of level ground containing club houses and conveniences for trapshooting. The care-taker lives on the park, and shooting can be indulged in every day in the week. The Chicago Trapshooters' Association is growing, and 400 members is the estimate that is put upon its growth. The president informs me that a bid will be made for the next State tournament, and for the 1906 G. A. H.

Springfield Mass., Shooting Club.

THINGS were doing on our grounds again on the afternoon of April 8, it being our first practice shoot of the season. The unfavorable weather conditions kept many shooters at home, but the few that did turn out did some fair shooting, all things considered. Scores follow:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke. Includes names like Finch, Le Noir, Merritt, Kites, Warfield, Douglass.

Bradford Gun Club.

BRADFORD, Pa., April 4.—Following is a total of the events held at the traps of the Bradford Gun Club on April 1:

Table with columns: Shot at, Broke. Includes names like Russell, Benninghoff, Costello, Durfey, Bodine, Pringle, Disney, Hoey.

Interstate at Augusta.

AUGUSTA, Ga., April 8.—The opening tournament of the Interstate Association's series for the season of 1905 was given at Augusta, Ga., April 5 and 6, under the auspices of the Augusta Gun Club.

The weather conditions were something out of the ordinary for this particular section of the country, and will not be soon forgotten by those who were present and took part in the tournament. Talk about the "Sunny South," and "Land of Flowers!" While the flowers were in evidence everywhere, and the sun did shine occasionally, the first day, a raw wind both days made overcoats feel comfortable to those who had the forethought to wear them to the shooting grounds.

Up to 9 o'clock the first day the sun had made no visible effort to transact business, and the indications at that time were that there would be cold showers, if not during the day, at least by night. This was the case, as rain called a halt during the shooting of event No. 10, the last on the programme for the day.

There was not much of an encouraging aspect about the weather the morning of the second day, and the lowering clouds did not display any inclination to give way to the sun, as they did the first day. In fact, they looked businesslike. Not only that, but there was a dampness in the air that a fifteen-mile northwest wind seemed to drive clear through to the bone, while the mercury-seemed anchored and showed no ambitious inclinations. As the day wore away, the wind increased in force, and event No. 10, the final event of the day, was shot with it blowing a tremendous gale. The rain, however, held off until the last squad was at the firing points, but when it did strike the shooting grounds with full force, it was accompanied by hail and a hurricane of wind that played havoc with a well arranged shooting tournament, and did much damage to the Interstate Association's outfit. There was lively "scrambling" for a few moments when the big tent was blown over, but, fortunately, few were injured, and these but slightly.

Forty-two different contestants took part in one or more events the first day, and forty-three the second day. While the scores made do not look good on paper, a person had to be present and understand the existing conditions to appreciate how good they really are. In fact, the scores are first-class, and away above the average.

Mr. John Peterman was high amateur the first day, with Mr. W. A. Baker second, and Mr. G. M. Collins third. Mr. J. M. Hawkins was high manufacturers' agent, with Mr. Walter Huff second and Col. J. T. Anthony third.

Mr. W. A. Baker was high amateur the second day, with Mr. J. G. Chafee second and Mr. H. D. Freeman third. Mr. Walter Huff was high manufacturers' agent, with Mr. J. M. Hawkins second and Col. J. T. Anthony third.

For general average Mr. W. A. Baker was in first place among the amateurs with 354 out of 400 shot at; Mr. J. G. Chafee was second with 343, and Mr. H. D. Freeman third with 338. Mr. Walter Huff was in first place among the manufacturers' agents with 363 out of 400 shot at; Mr. J. M. Hawkins was second with 358, and Col. J. T. Anthony third with 343. The scores of both days follow:

April 5, First Day.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for various contestants on April 5, First Day.

April 6, Second Day.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for various contestants on April 6, Second Day.

Sydney Gun Club.

SIDNEY, N. Y., April 5.—The Sydney Gun Club held their first spring shoot April 3. Scores as follows:

Table with columns for Shot at, Broke, and Av. for Sydney Gun Club contestants.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 8.—To-day marked the first shoot for the prize of \$50 in gold offered by the club to be divided into four moneys, \$20, \$15, \$10, \$5. The conditions are distance handicaps, 14 to 21 yds., at 200 targets, entrance 1 1/2 each, to be shot for on April 8, 22, May 11, 25, and June 8. Not more than 75 targets may be shot for on any one shooting day. Those in order breaking most out of the 200 targets take the purses. High gun system of dividing.

Table with columns for Shooting to-day, 18yd. mark, and Scores for Ossining Gun Club.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

April 5.—The shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held to-day. The birds were excellent. The following scores represent the months of January, February and March, 10 birds each month, but all shot on one day. Conditions, club handicap. Baudendistel shot in rare form, scoring 10 straight, 9 out of his second 10 and 10 straight in the third 10. The scores:

Table with columns for names and scores for Hell Gate Gun Club.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., April 8.—To-day was the day scheduled for the Daly gun contest, the second of a series of twelve contests for a \$200 Daly gun, offered by the club, to be shot for by members. The conditions are 50 targets, unknown angles, added handicaps. G. Boxall broke 42; this, with his handicap of 8, gave him a perfect score and the April contest.

Event No. 3, 15 targets, for a box of Havana cigars, was tied for by six men, breaking 14 each. The tie was shot off in the next event, and was won by I. S. Crane. Event No. 5, also for a box of cigars, was won by G. Howard, who made a perfect score of 10.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for Montclair Gun Club.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., April 8.—The shoot of the South Side Gun Club, held to-day, had scores as follows:

Table with columns for Targets and scores for South Side Gun Club.

Peerless Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., April 8.—Officers were elected by the Peerless Rod and Gun Club at its regular meeting, as follows: President, Harry Santree; Vice-President, Peter R. Garrabrant; Treasurer, Jacob Dorrhofer; Financial Secretary, John Alserda; Recording Secretary, Wm. R. Curran; Field Marshal, T. Walker; Trustees, James Garrabrant, Ott Herman and John Burghardt. Sergeant-at-Arms, John Jackson. The club meets every Thursday night.

Scores of shoot held April 8: J. Jackson 1, O. Herman 4, J. Dorrhofer 8, J. Deaner 13, W. Buckner 5, J. Polhemus 7, P. Garrabrant 8, G. Herman 2, W. Buntzen 1.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., April 8.—Event 7 was the handicap for solid gold watch charm. It was won by Mr. Carl Richter. Scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for North River Gun Club.

Lehigh Rod and Gun Club.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., April 4.—The one-day shoot of the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club to-day had twelve events, each at 15 targets, and resulted in the appended scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for Lehigh Rod and Gun Club.

Morrisania Gun Club.

NEW YORK, April 4.—Last Sunday afternoon we had the pleasure of Mr. Keller, Jr., Mr. Benjamin and H. B. Williams, Sr., and they had quite a time. Mr. Benjamin was the life of the party, and also was the only straight 10-score man in the whole shoot. We have just finished our new platform and house last week, so will be able to accommodate all those who pay us a visit, and I know they will be pleased. Inclosed will find scores of Sunday shoot.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for Morrisania Gun Club.

Consolidated Sportsmen's Association.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 5.—I am inclosing herewith programme of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association's first club tournament, and call your attention to the system of handicapping which we have adopted, which was originated by the writer. I believe that you will see a whole lot of merit in this system for handicapping club tournaments, and so far as I know, it has never been tried before. W. B. JARVIS.

First club handicap tournament, beginning Friday and Saturday, April 7 and 8th, and ending Decoration Day, May 30, 1905. Prizes.—First and second, one \$25 shotgun each, donated by W. B. Jarvis Company and Foster-Stevens Company. Third, \$15 in merchandise, donated by C. G. Baisch.

First.—Any member in good standing is eligible to competition.

Second.—Handicapping will be done and scores compiled according to the system explained below.

Third.—A contestant shall shoot through the entire tournament on the basis designated by the handicap committee before such contestant has shot a tournament score; in other words, no changes will be made after the contestant has shot a tournament score.

Fourth.—The number of targets that each contestant shall shoot at during this tournament will be 250, viz.: 25 each week except on the closing day, when he will shoot two scores of 25 each.

Fifth.—Scores may be shot either Friday or Saturday between the hours of 2 and 6 P. M., when three or more contestants are present.

Sixth.—A referee shall be elected each tournament day by the contestants present, whose decision shall be final.

Seventh.—It shall be the duty of a contestant desiring to shoot a tournament score to see that his name is entered on the tournament score sheet.

Eighth.—The refereeing shall be done according to expert rules, and failure on the part of the contestant to understand the same will not be accepted as an excuse.

a A dusted target shall be a lost bird. b A target broken by the trap shall be a "no bird," whether shot at or not.

c Failure to shoot at a fair target, except through failure of cartridge to explode when primer shows that it has been struck by firing pin, and except when gun fails to work when caused by carelessness of the contestant, shall be a lost bird.

d In cases such as above the contestant must not open gun until it has been examined by the referee.

Ninth.—In case of ties at the conclusion of the ten shoots, they will be shot off Decoration Day at 25 targets on the same basis as those tied have been shooting through the tournaments.

Tenth.—Each contestant may make up one back score, which he may have been unable to shoot for any reason, and any number of scores missed on account of sickness or absence from the city, by application to handicap committee.

The handicap committee shall designate the class each shooter shall contest in, according to his known ability by percentage, and the score shall be compiled by points, as follows:

Table with columns for Shot at, Score, and Point for various percentages.

After the contestant has made his "point," each additional target broken will score an extra point up to 24, and for 25 straight two additional points will be allowed.

Through this tournament of ten shoots there is a possible 50 points to the 50 per cent. or better men, 130 to the 50 to 56 men, etc.

The Peters Cartridge Co. handicap champion trophy, a handsome silver cup, valued at \$25, begins April 7 and 8, continuing each week on same days as club handicap, 25 targets each week, and ends July 4. Same rules and handicaps; contestants must announce prior to beginning each score which trophy they are shooting for, and see that it is properly indicated on score sheet.

Wawaset Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., April 6.—The Wawaset Gun Club dedicated their new grounds in due and modern form by holding a successful merchandise shoot on them, over thirty participating, requiring the consumption of 3,650 targets. The programme was governed by distance handicap conditions, 16 to 20 yds. Mr. L. J. Squier made high average with a total of 133 out of 150; Edmundson, second, 130; third, Miller, Ford and C. Buck, 129.

There were seven events on the programme—five at 20 and two at 25 targets. Three was a strong wind and erratic targets in consequence. The weather was pleasant.

The club house is roomy, pleasantly situated, and there is a good background. Scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for Wawaset Gun Club.

Indianapolis (Ind.) Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 4.—Mr. J. S. Boa, a trade representative, broke 67 out of a possible 68, doubles. Dickman won Peters trophy. Dickman, Dixon, Armstrong, Button and Smith tied for club trophy. Scores:

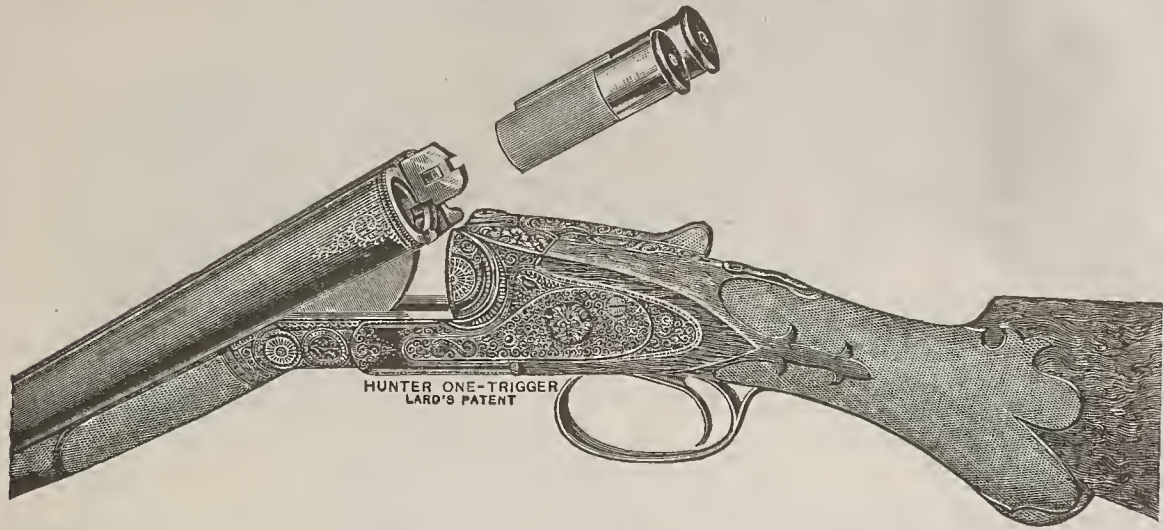
Table with columns for Events, Targets, and scores for Indianapolis Gun Club.

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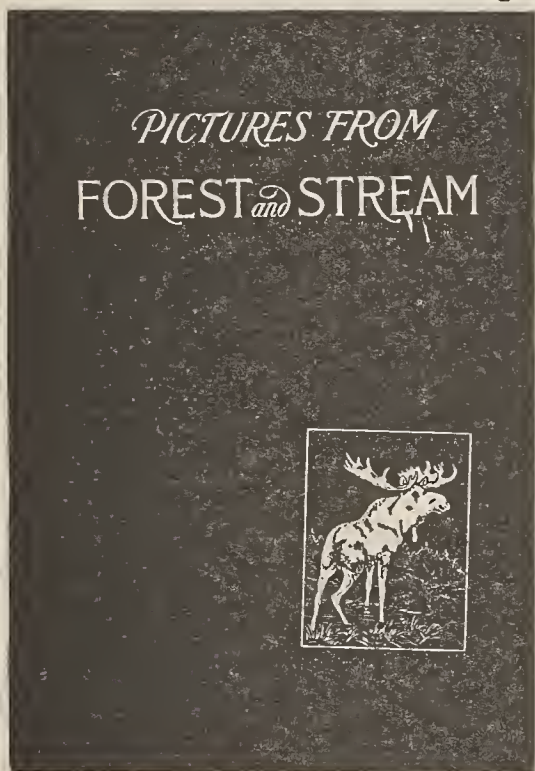
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| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - - J. J. Audubon |
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| 6. The Home of the White Goat. | 22. Rap Full, Schooner Constellation in a North Easter, - - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
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| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - Carl Rungius |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - - E. Osthaus |
| 9. Calling the Buffalo—3 The Fall, E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer) - - - - - E Osthaus |
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| Photo by West & Son | 28. Home of the Bass, - - - - - W. P. Davison |
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| 15. The Black Duck, - - - - - J. J. Audubon | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), W. P. Davison |
| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon | |

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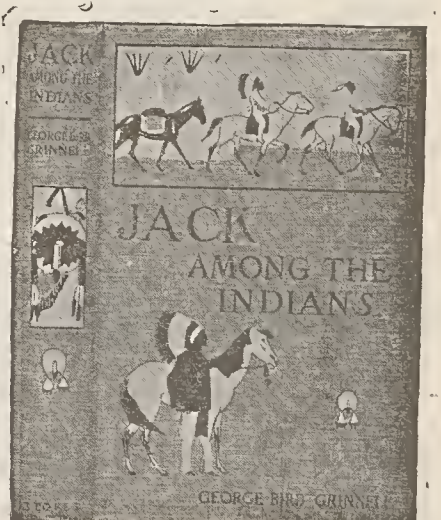
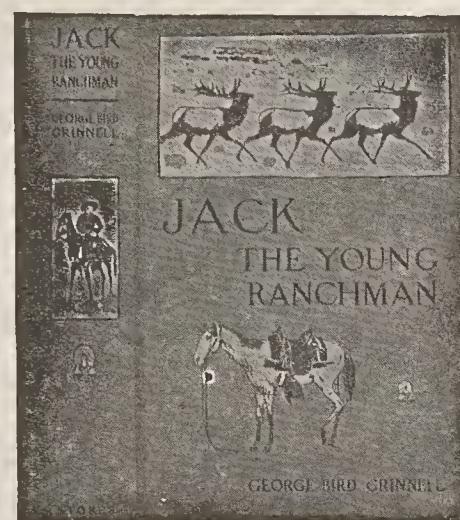


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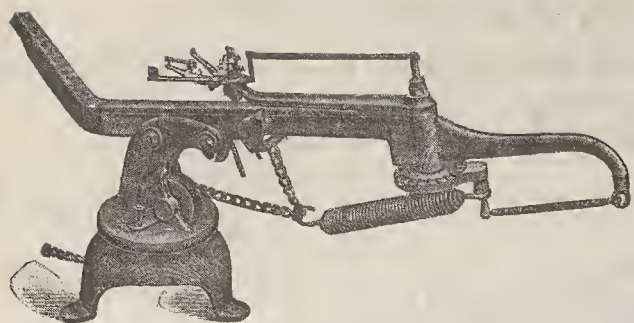
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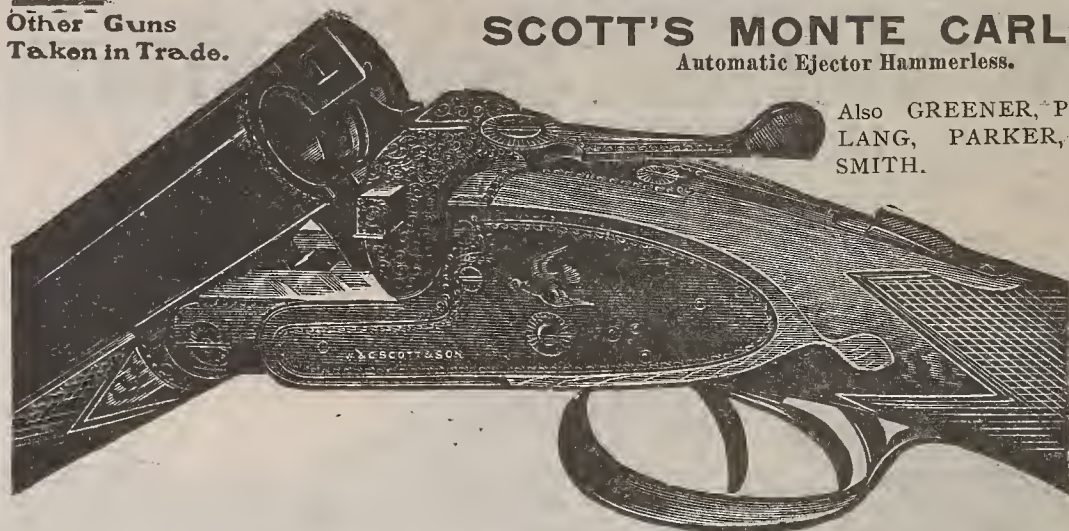
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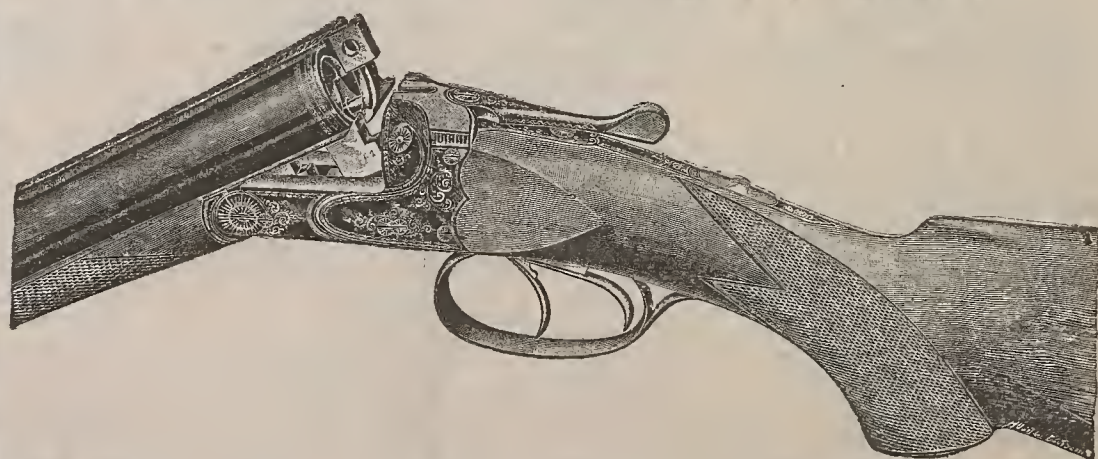
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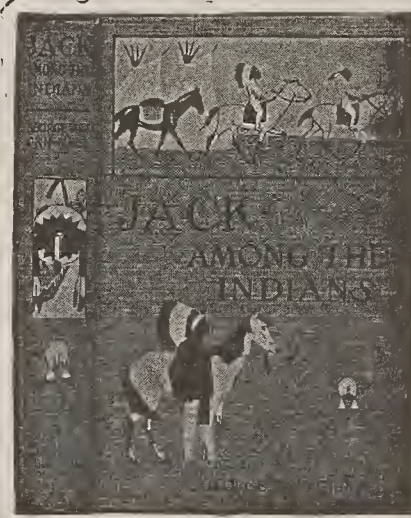
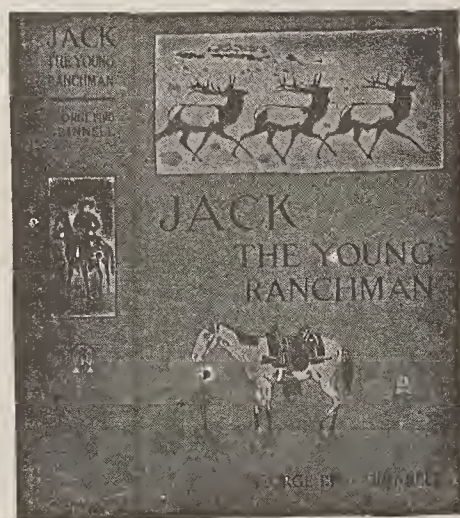
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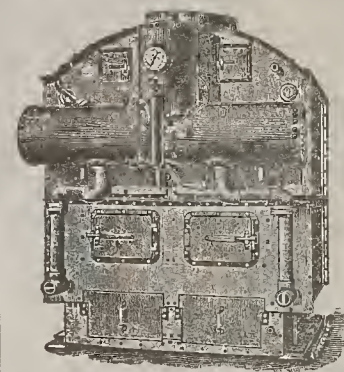
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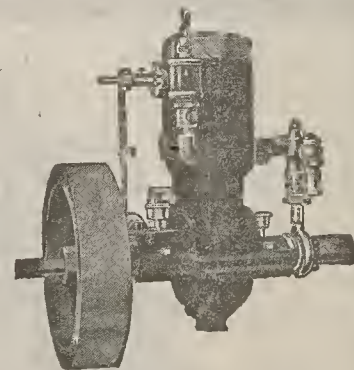
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1905.

VOL. LXIV.—No. 16.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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There is not any exercise more pleasing or more agreeable to a truly sober and ingenious man, than this of Angling; a moderate, innocent, and salubrious and delightful exercise: It wearieth not a man overmuch, unless the waters lie remote from home: It injureth no man, so that it be in an open large water; he being esteemed a Beast rather than a Man that will oppose this exercise; neither doth it in any way debauch him that useth it: The delight also of it rouzes up the Ingenious early in the Spring mornings, that they have the benefit of the sweet and pleasant Morning-Air, which many through sluggishness enjoy not; so that Health (the greatest Treasure that Mortals enjoy) and Pleasure go hand in hand in this exercise. What can be more said of it, than that the most Ingenious most use it?
John Worlidge Gent., 1675.

THE SILZ GAME CASE.

A CASE of very great importance has come up in the Supreme Court of New York city. It is that of the People against August Silz, in which suit has been brought for the possession of imported game during the close season. The evidence upon which the suit was based was obtained April 29, 1904, and the case having been pushed as rapidly as possible, it was on the calendar for last week and again for this week, but at the time of our going to press (Tuesday) it had not yet been reached.

The importance of the suit lies in the opportunity it affords to make a test of the constitutionality of that provision of the law which forbids the possession in close time of game imported into the State from abroad. Mr. Silz is a game dealer of this city who imports large quantities of game from Europe, comprising woodcock, partridges, pheasants, golden plover, Egyptian quail (the migratory quail of Europe), and other species. The claim is made in his behalf that he deals exclusively in imported birds and does not handle native game. Whether this be true or not is beside the mark in so far as the present case is concerned, for the question here to be tried out is as to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the possession in close time of what is conceded to be game of foreign origin.

The traffic in game in New York city is continuous in season and out. It may be found listed on the menus of practically every important hotel and restaurant in town. To such of these concerns as buy their stock from Mr. Silz he gives a guarantee that they shall not get into trouble with the authorities for the possession of any game which they can prove they obtained from him. In a circular offering game for sale, he says:

"The game warden has visited most of my customers, such as Louis Sherry, Hotel Astor, Delmonico's, Hotel Manhattan, Café Martin, Imperial Hotel, Victoria Hotel, etc., etc., and is so well satisfied that all the game I sell is the real imported game, and I am ready to give you a guarantee to that effect, which would give you the right to sell and put on your bill of fare all the imported game that you wish without interference from any game warden or association for the protection of game, provided you can prove that you purchased your game from A. Silz."

We question most emphatically, however—and just here lies the objection to the traffic to imported game—that it is possible for the game warden who visits the hotels and restaurants and inspects the game he finds there to satisfy himself that it is "the real imported game." As a matter of fact, many of the varieties of game now upon the market said to be imported, the game warden is totally unable to distinguish from the domestic birds, either with or without their plumage. Notably is this true of pheas-

ants and ducks; nor, indeed, upon these varieties in particular is an expert naturalist able in every case to pass judgment. With some such species as the golden plover it is extremely difficult for one though a naturalist to say where they came from; and if they are plucked, as is customary, it would be impossible to tell this. We have then this condition, that there is a vast traffic in game birds in the close season, and it is beyond the range of practicability for the authorities on the spot to determine by such inspection as is open to them, whether the game comes from abroad or from the United States. Granted that all the birds supplied by Mr. Silz are imported, the door still remains open for the consumption of vast amounts of other game which is not imported. It is a truism that an open game market means the provision of a supply to meet the market demands. If New York can consume American woodcock and grouse and plover and ducks, American woodcock and grouse and plover and ducks will flow into the metropolis. Every device that cunning and cupidity can invent to bring it into the market will be made use of. This is not a fanciful theory; it is a plain statement of what we all of us know to have been going on for years.

The Silz prosecution is one of many now in the hands of the Attorney-General. The utility or futility of these prosecutions will depend in a large measure upon the result of the present suit. Game Protector Overton, the local protector upon whose detective work the suits are based, has expressed the opinion, "Should the courts sustain the contention of this dealer that imported game can be sold at any time, there will be practically no closed season in this State, because after the feathers are removed, the condition in which it is found in the hotels, foreign birds can't be told from domestic birds."

The Audubon Society is interested in the case because the principles involved in it apply also to the various prosecutions undertaken by the Society to suppress the traffic in plumage of foreign origin; and it is understood that the Audubon legal talent will be at the service of the prosecution in the Silz case in carrying the suit up to the higher courts; and if it shall be feasible, to the Supreme Court of the United States.

COL. NICHOLAS PIKE.

THE death last week of Col. Nicholas Pike at the advanced age of eighty, removes another of the men, who in their time played a prominent part in matters of sport and of nature study. Col. Pike was author, mathematician and naturalist, besides being a very keen sportsman. He was the friend of Agassiz and many other scientific men, and was deeply interested in everything connected with nature. He was one of the first people in this country to advocate the importation into the United States of European small birds, and perhaps the first to bring over and set free any considerable number. The enthusiasm which he felt for this project was at that time shared by everyone who wrote or spoke on the subject. It was not until twenty-five or thirty years later that the action came to be regarded as a mistake.

Colonel Pike was one of the last men who had killed the extinct Labrador duck. His account of this, printed in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 5, 1903, was as follows:

"I have in my life shot a number of these beautiful birds, though I have never met more than two or three at a time, and mostly single birds. The whole number I ever shot would not exceed a dozen, for they were never plentiful. I rarely met with them. The males in full plumage were exceedingly rare; I think I never met with more than three or four of these; the rest were young males and females. They were shy and hard to approach, taking flight from the water at the least alarm, flying very rapidly. Their familiar haunts were the sandbars, where the water was shoal enough for them to pursue their favorite food, small shellfish. I have only once met this duck south of Massachusetts Bay. In 1858 one solitary male came to my battery, in Great South Bay, L. I., near Quogue, and settled among my stools. I had a fair chance to hit him, but in my excitement to procure it, I missed it. The bird seems to have disappeared, for an old comrade, who has hunted in the same bay for over sixty years, tells me he has not met with one for a long time. I am under the impression the males do not get their full plumage in the second year. I would here remark, this duck has never been esteemed for the table, from its strong, unsavory flesh."

For many years Colonel Pike was a contributor to the FOREST AND STREAM and a frequent visitor at its offices. His earnestness, enthusiasm and simple heartedness lent a great attraction to a strong personality. Colonel Pike had lived in Brooklyn for much of his life.

TEXAS DUCKS.

ON Monday last good news for game protectors reached New York city. It is remembered that in 1903 the Texas Legislature passed a law forbidding the shipment out of the State of ducks and other game. This action was an entire surprise to the market men and market shooters, who were greatly outraged by it, and declared that it should be at once repealed. Texas, the winter home of vast multitudes of wildfowl, has been also the winter working ground of the market shooter, who, killing wildfowl by the tens of thousands, put them in barrels and shipped them to northern markets, St. Louis, Chicago, and even New York.

Last autumn, when the Legislature met, it was well understood by those interested in game protection and by the market hunters, that a bitter fight was on, and both sides were prepared for it. The leader of the forces for game protection, the man who was going to fight tooth and nail to prevent the law's repeal, was Capt. M. B. Davis, Secretary of the Texas Audubon Society. He did not stand alone, but was ably supported by Mr. T. J. Anderson, G. P. A. of the G., H. & S. A. R. R. Co., who has printed a number of letters on this subject, and by many others. The fight was long and strenuous; the market interests did their best, but now the Legislature has adjourned, and on Monday Mr. William Dutcher, the President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, received from Captain Davis a telegram declaring that a complete victory had been won. In other words, the law forbidding the shipment of wildfowl and game out of the State of Texas still stands, and one of the greatest causes of the destruction of our wildfowl is removed.

The Texans who have carried on this splendid fight are to be congratulated. They have done a great thing for their own State; but they are entitled to the thanks of the whole country as well, and every duck shooter throughout the land should feel a sense of gratitude for them, because they have done something for him as well as for the Lone Star State.

NIAGARA.

THE situation at Albany with respect to Niagara Falls is this: The Niagara and Lockport water jobbers are reputed to have bought enough votes to insure the success of their bill; but confidence is widely expressed that Governor Higgins will veto the measure. All then will have been saved except legislative honor. That being a merchantable commodity is of trifling account in comparison with the priceless work of nature which will have been preserved to us by an upright Executive.

A STORY of woodcock shooting in the spring when the birds are mating, may sound strange to American ears; and yet in Norway, where, as a correspondent relates, it is the custom of the country, the spring woodcock shooter might retort that the practice differs in no essential principle from the killing of mated wildfowl on their way north, a sport which has been followed and sanctioned in the United States from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Nor if the story as here told be of a typical shoot, may the sport be said to be particularly destructive. These bits of experience in the fields and covers of distant countries are extremely interesting, not only because they describe novel methods of pursuit, but as well because they demonstrate that the sportsman is the same creature in all lands and under all skies.

THE meeting of representatives from the States bordering the Great Lakes, notice of which is given on another page, promises to lead to a substantial reform in legislation relating to those waters. There is nothing but folly in diversity and disagreement of protective laws for adjacent States. The interests represented at Chicago are of such weight that we may with confidence expect the attainment of the purpose of the meeting.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Almost an Adventure:

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have been reading some of Capt. Mayne Reid's tales of late, and having been over the ground covered by most of them, and hunted the same kinds of game, have felt to speculating on why it was that each hunting exploit of his ended in such desperate adventure, while mine have so singularly failed in that line.

Of course, Mr. Reid had the advantage of performing in a new land, far removed from human knowledge, and of an audience far removed from the scene of his activities. In those earlier days buffalo and bears charged the hunters on sight. Coming on the stage in later years I found it difficult to get within long rifle shot of the buffalo that drove Mr. Reid to tree on sight, or the bears that charged boldly into his camp and engaged the hunter in hand-to-hand, or hand-to-paw combat. In my time the vast herds of the western plains had got wise by reason of most of their members carrying from one to a dozen rifle or pistol balls in their bodies, planted there by hunters of the Reid type. This may account for the wide disparity, or it may be that such adventures, like history, can only be properly told when far removed by time or distance from the events narrated, which only means that then the historian can say what suits his purpose, as there is no one at hand to dispute him. In any case, after thirty years of exploiting over the same ground, in much the same manner and for the same purpose, I have utterly failed of any thing like such desperate encounters as were everyday occurrences with Mr. Reid.

To be sure, I have had my canoe upset in quick water on various canoe trips, but being a good swimmer and having prepared for just such emergencies, they have only been vexations. I once lassoed a wildcat or prairie lynx, which I thought fast in a trap, but which came loose at the critical moment and left me at one end of a rope with a raging wildcat at the other; yet an animal that would weigh no more than twenty-five pounds could not be wrung into a hair-raising adventure with good effect. Besides, I had only to loose the rope and the cat would have taken it and gone, well satisfied with his bargains. But hold! there is one event that dawns upon my memory, which, looked at from a certain viewpoint, might be regarded as a desperate affair. I will relate it.

We were jumping ducks on a western river. Alternate wild rice swamp and forest margined the stream. It was a straight down-stream run of a hundred miles. We had teams with heavy camp outfit, cooks and so forth, paralleling the river overland, with instructions to go into camp at a certain point halfway down. We were crossing an Indian reservation, and few people passed that way. Game was plenty, and the forenoon had been a busy one. At noon we had stopped to lunch on the river bank, and to make our coffee had built a small fire. I had noticed before starting it that the grass was very dry and combustible under the noonday sun, and had thought our fire was likely to get away in the heavy fitful south wind that was blowing; but as the Indians had already burned over most of the country, all the grass left being inside the small bend of the river, an acre or so, that surrounded our camp, it made no difference if fire did get out. While we were eating lunch, I noticed the fire eating away at the short grass, having spread a couple of feet. Thinking to put it out, I took a broken bush to whip it out with. One blow, and the burning grass clinging to branch and twig was scattered for ten feet round. Had I taken a paddle, or something with a flat surface, that one blow would have ended the blaze. As it was, the labor of putting it out after it was scattered was too great, considering that it could do no possible damage, and I made no further effort in that line. Busying myself in packing up the lunch kit ready for the start, I paid no attention to what my companion, or rather employer, was doing. Looking up later I noted that Capt. B. had taken up where I left off and was fighting the fire. I noted, too, that he was in the tall grass in front of the fire striking back at it. Indeed, he was standing in a dense mass of swamp grass higher than his head. He was a very large man, whose combined flesh and age were the only just excuse any man ever had for going hunting for the healthy exercise it entailed (not for the mere slaughter of game), and then taking some one along on whom he could shunt the exercise. The fire was working its way leisurely through the short grass and only about a foot from the dense mass. The wind, which was gusty, had lulled for a moment. The very next gust would shoot a sea of flame through Capt. B.'s gray hair and whiskers. I saw the situation at a glance; knew the danger, and shouted to him to get out quick. He did make a quick move backward (the wrong direction) as if to escape, and then the ground gave way beneath him and he dropped into a muskrat burrow up to his hips. He was wedged in tightly and could not possibly have gotten out by his own exertions. I rushed in and pulled that 200-pound man, out of there like pulling a goose quill out of an ink bottle and hustled him back across the line of fire, just as the next gust of wind came and swept the innocent blaze into a seething mass of fire that covered

a hundred feet of ground in half a minute. So fierce was the heat, that we were compelled to turn our faces away at a distance of forty yards. We watched that acre of tall swamp grass wither before it, and then got into our canoe and started on down the river.

Not a word was said about the matter, nor has there been from that day to this, though many long years have passed and many hundred miles have been traversed in that same canoe. I have often thought that the Captain could not have understood the real extent of his peril, and must have been under the impression that a few blisters would have been all he would have had to contend with at the very worst; then again he might have taken a more cold-blooded view of the matter and concluded that he at least would have soon been out of trouble, while on me would have fallen the onus of presenting to the wife and widow at camp that night the few charred remnants as all that remained of the vigorous sportsman I had started out with in the early morning. Yes, it is hard to penetrate its disguise, but I believe it was a real adventure after all.

AITKIN, Minn.

Nessmuk.

My angler is something of a hero-worshipper. One of the most valued of his heroes is the man whose writings, over the signature of Nessmuk, charmed the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* years ago.

Nessmuk's home was in Wellsboro, Pa. During a recent visit to that place, my angler went to the old home-stead, where still lives Nessmuk's wife and son, and also to the graveyard where stands the granite stone erected by *FOREST AND STREAM* over Nessmuk's grave. At that time he made and brought home with him a drawing of this stone; the medallion containing Nessmuk's profile in bas relief; the wreath, and the inscription, "George W. Sears, born Dec. 2, 1821, died May 1, 1890," the ax carved on the base of the stone, with the word "Nessmuk" cut on the handle, being faithfully reproduced. This stone stands, as you know, at the edge of the cemetery, near the pines whose sighing in the wind Nessmuk loved.

Once, years ago, my angler was fishing in the river, and had just landed a bass, when Nessmuk came slipping along in his canoe, just in time to see the capture, and to stop and chat a few minutes about fishing. The fisherman had little difficulty in identifying the stranger, for it was known that Nessmuk was in the neighborhood. This incident has figured in the fireside stories of the man who caught the bass, as might the visit of an inhabitant of another sphere, and is a highly valued recollection. The canoe, too, has come to be described as the same as that exhibited by *FOREST AND STREAM* at the World's Fair at Chicago, and my angler took a personal interest in the number of lovers of the woods who visited it.

As to Nessmuk's writings in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and his two volumes, "Woodcraft" and *Forest Runes*, my angler reads them over and over, especially in the late winter, when he is low in his mind, and spring is still a long way off. He asserts, though none dispute, that Nessmuk had an exceptionally good command of clear and vigorous English, and a style so direct and clear, that there was never a doubt as to his meaning; that, though he lacked the training, he had the heart of a poet, and that "Forest Runes" contains some real poetry. Again he maintains, and proves, that "Woodcraft" is as much a source book for writers on camping as Parkman's "Oregon Trail" is for writers about the Indians. Sometimes he finds in more recent books on this subject whole paragraphs that apparently should be credited to Nessmuk, reading aloud to me descriptions of camp-fires and camps, from books whose authors are widely read, afterward turning to "Woodcraft" to show how the ideas, and occasionally even the words, have been borrowed. For my own part, I have never appreciated Nessmuk's poetry, though I am willing to admit that some of his poems have a flavor and smell of the woods that would endear them to the heart of the nature lover.

My angler is a camper, and here again he is under the influence of Nessmuk's spell. For many years he pitched his camp in a maple grove beside a trout stream that flows down through the Alleghanies into the west branch of the Susquehanna. This camp was named Camp Nessmuk, and the campers were known as Nessmukers. Near by was an unnamed stream that ever since has been known as Nessmuk Run. The camp-fire and the camp range before the tent were made after Nessmuk's directions, and the bed of picked hemlock browse was laid according to Nessmuk's rule. Many a time have I heard visitors to this camp relate how they sat at this camp-fire and heard for the first time the name of Nessmuk, and how they listened through an evening to accounts of Nessmuk and his woodcraft, his ten-day trip across the trackless forests of Michigan, his hunting and fishing camps and his canoe trips.

My angler is, of course, first of all, a fisherman, and while he will not admit freely that Nessmuk was a finished angler, he appears to feel that his favorite added something to the literature of angling that the profession could not well afford to lose. As it happens,

Nessmuk's description of "Catching Trout on the June Rise" is a faithful account of what happened to himself once upon a lucky time.

Probably a similarity of experience in this and other ways has led to this deep appreciation, for the streams fished by the two men must be alike in many ways. In fact, the mouth of the Loyalsock, whose "banks and braes" are more familiar to my angler at certain seasons of the year than are the paths of our village streets, is but fourteen miles from the mouth of Pine Creek, the stream that Nessmuk loved so well.

Then again once upon a time, my angler invented a fly, a trout fly, which, according to his story, the trout adore, and with which he has taken many a basketful of trout, when said trout disdained any other inducement to rise. It is, I understand, similar to the stone fly, with various additions that catch the fancy of the Loyalsock trout. This invincible and most alluring fly was at once given the name of Nessmuk. The maker of the fly corroborates this story, and relates how many hundred gross he sells each year, seeming also to regard its success largely due to the name.

Now—if naming a well-beloved summer camp, a new stream and a most remarkable trout fly after a man; if poring over his books, and recommending them indiscriminately to everybody; if to sing his hero's praise in season and out of season, does not brand a man as a hero-worshipper, my first proposition must remain unproved.

JUSTINA JOHNSON.

Sporting in China.

AMONG those who come to China on the steamships which ply between her principal ports and western countries there occasionally appears a passenger with a gun case among his other baggage. This is a sportsman, and he regards as next in essential to the instruments of his toilet the instrument that contributes to the chief pleasure of his outdoor sport. Sometimes he is seen leading a beautiful pointer or setter dog, and then it may generally be understood that he comes to China to make it his business home.

For more than fifty years sportsmen have been coming to China until they now constitute quite a numerous proportion of the foreign population of the Empire, and as a consequence the game that formerly abounded in such great quantities about the open ports has been shot or driven into the interior. The sportsman can leave, as heretofore, on a Saturday afternoon for an "up-country shoot," but he does not return, as in the old days, early Monday morning with fifty or more pheasants. The thoughtless slaughter he indulged in when game was plentiful now impresses the fact, that had he been more thoughtful of the future he might have indefinitely prolonged the pleasure of his sport. Now one has to travel far into the interior to make a bag of a half dozen pheasants a day; and as there are no roads in China, as in the sense of roads in western countries, the journey to the interior has to be made by means of a boat, and the pleasure and comfort of such a journey greatly depends upon the sportsman being fortunate in obtaining a suitable boat.

If, however, the sportsman succeeds in getting a suitable boat he will have but little if any difficulty in finding his way to the "happy hunting ground" of the interior, for it appears that no country in the world can have better water facilities for transportation than China. Nearly the whole Empire, from every point of the compass, is interlaced by creeks and canals, and there are excellent maps, among others, Wade's, by the aid of which the traveler or sportsman can easily trace his way to the objective point of his choice.

What is a suitable boat must be answered by the taste and desire for comfort of the sportsman. At the port of Shanghai the boat in general use by sportsmen is known as a houseboat, and some of these are palatial in their fitting up. But the houseboat that will prove more convenient, and which will be found sufficiently comfortable, will answer to the following description, and would cost about four hundred gold dollars. It should be about forty feet in length and with a full width beam to insure its steadiness. Such a boat can be divided into every proper compartment for convenience, which would mean a cabin large enough for sleeping and eating purposes, a toilet room, kitchen, and a small kennel for a dog. The quarters for the crew are generally under deck, and as Chinese compose the crew they, as a rule, prefer such quarters. As many of the creeks are shallow, especially during the latter part of the shooting season, it would be advisable for the houseboat to be built of as light timber as possible consistent with the necessary strength. The finer and more costly class of boats have the hull constructed of wood very similar in fibre to oak, and which the Chinese call teakwood. This wood is very strong, and has a beautiful grain, but a hull built of Chinese pine and oiled with Chinese oil is lighter and perhaps as durable. The sportsman will find it greatly to his convenience to have his boat of as light a draft as may be without sacrificing strength, and the top or covering should therefore be of light boards closely put together and covered with a good quality of canvas, and that well painted. The top should be just enough oval in shape to shed water easily, and it can be made strong by hoops spanning the inside from

side to side and fastened to the top boards with nails or screws.

If the boat described is fitted with a sail, and nearly every such boat is, it greatly facilitates the going from place to place, for otherwise the principal means of progression is by sculling, or what the Chinese say is *yu-ling*, which is done with an oar about 22 feet long and fitted on an iron pivot and worked by two or more men. The head of the oar is shaped to resemble the tail of a fish, and the pivot on which it moves is an iron rod, somewhat the size of a man's thumb and not more than a few inches long. The rod is driven into the piece of timber which holds together the upper part of the extreme aft of the boat, and the oar is held in its place on the pivot by means of a hole in the handle at a proper distance between the ends. To attain the greatest propelling power, there is a small rope attached near the end of the handle where it is grasped, while the other end of the rope is securely fastened to the side of the boat nearest to which the iron pivot is fitted, it never being fitted in the center of the aft of a boat. The oarsman who

to cross would perplex the most expert navigator. By no compass could he take his reckoning when following their meanderings.

Under the present treaties foreigners can travel in the interior of China, and when one preserves his temperament there has seldom been a wanton attack made by the natives. The Chinese are more inclined to share the sportsman's enjoyment than to attempt or wish to molest him. Frequently the inhabitants of an entire village will follow him to see him shoot, and if he throws away the empty shells the boys, and often the grown men, will keep him company to pick them up. If he is diplomatic he may learn from some of them the places mostly frequented by game in that neighborhood. There is rarely any reason for a sportsman to get into trouble with the natives. If he will put a Mexican dollar or so in his pocket there is scarcely a wound that he may accidentally inflict with a No. 6 shot which will not heal at the sight of that coin. However loud the bewailing when inflicted, he has only to put into the hand of the sufferer a Mexican dollar, and there is quiet and peace. But when a shot

derness, between the Missouri River and the shores of the Pacific; and he connected the surveys of the State of Missouri with those made by the Wilkes expedition at the mouth of the Columbia. This involved much labor and hardship, and was of high value at the time, but it is not to be compared with the work done by Lewis and Clark, and Pike; and the fact that Fremont gained great fame while his predecessors seemed until recently to be almost forgotten, seems unjust.

Fremont's first expedition went only as far as the Rocky Mountains, terminating at the South Park and Fremont's Peak. The second, which reached those mountains by another route, crossed them at the South Pass, and proceeded west to the Oregon River (the Columbia), and northern California.

The story of these two journeys is embodied in a report addressed to the Chief of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, and published in Washington in 1845.

Although a formal report, made by an army officer, and written in the ordinary style of an itinerary of the daily march, yet Fremont's account of his travels is told with much vividness; and quite apart from the interest which attaches to it as a description of the still unexplored West, it attracts by its graphic style. The accounts of the hunting, encounters with Indians, and mountain climbing, are spirited; and the descriptions of wild scenery show real feeling.

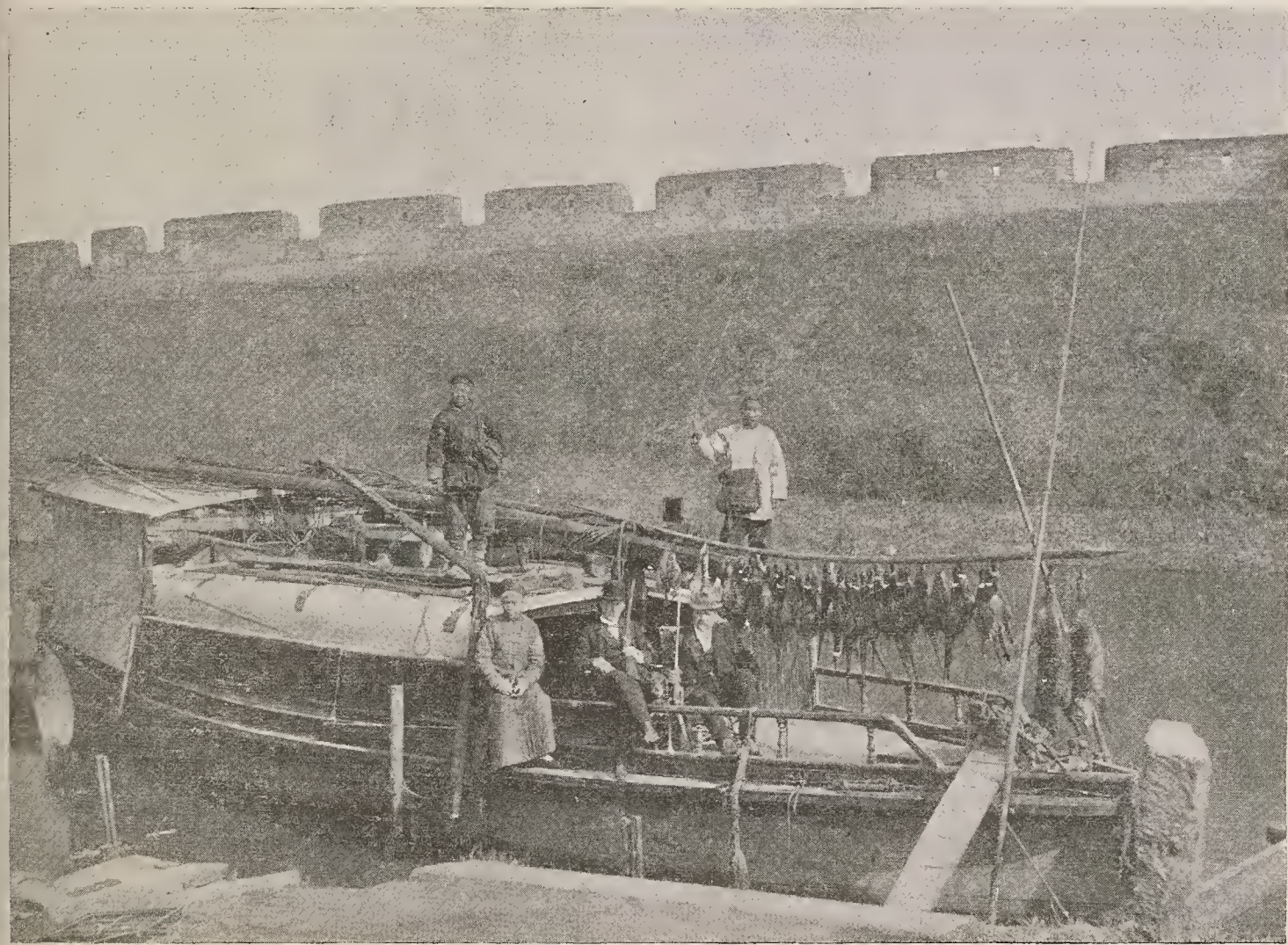
Fremont's party consisted of Charles Preuss, his assistant in topography; L. Maxwell, a hunter, with Kit Carson as guide. Besides these, he had engaged more than twenty Frenchmen, Creoles, and Canadian voyageurs, old prairie men, who had been servants of the fur companies. Among these men are such names as Lambert, L'Esperance, Lefèvre, Lajeunesse, Cadotte, Clément, Simonds, Latulippe, Badeau, Chardonnais, and Janisse. The children and grandchildren of some, perhaps of many of these men, are still living, at various points in the West, and still bear the names of their ancestors. Joseph Clément, for example, probably a son of old man Clément, lives to-day on the Standing Rock Indian Reservation, in South Dakota. Nicholas and Antoine Jeunesse, or Janisse, a few years ago were still alive, one at Pine Ridge, the other at Whetstone Agency, in South Dakota.

The expedition started on Friday, June 10, from Cyprian Chouteau's trading post, near the mouth of the Kansas River, and marched up that stream. Their baggage, instruments and provisions were carried in mule carts, of which they had eight; and the men, except the drivers of these carts, were mounted; and some of them drove loose horses, and a few oxen taken along as food. They marched up the Kansas River, and from time to time purchased milk, butter, and vegetables at Indian farms, a condition of things which indicates that the Indians at that time were further advanced toward civilization and self-support than many of them seem to be at the present day. It was the practice to encamp an hour or two before sunset, when the carts were arranged so as to form a sort of barricade, or at least to mark the boundaries of a circle about the camp, eighty yards in diameter.

"The tents were pitched, and the horses hobbled and turned loose to graze; and but a few minutes elapsed before the cooks of the messes, of which there were four, were busily engaged in preparing the evening meal. * * * When we had reached a part of the country where such a precaution became necessary, the carts being regularly arranged for defending the camp, guard was mounted at 8 o'clock, consisting of three men, who were relieved every two hours; the morning watch being horse guard for the day. At daybreak, the camp was roused, the animals turned loose to graze, and breakfast generally over between 6 and 7 o'clock, when we resumed our march, making regularly a halt at noon for one or two hours. Such was usually the order of the day, except when accident of country forced a variation; which, however, happened but rarely."

The party had the usual vicissitudes of prairie travel in old times. Horses were lost, and time spent in recovering them; rain-swollen rivers must be crossed, the animals driven in to swim, and the carts transported on an india rubber boat. Such river crossings were especially subject to accident; and on one of his first, Fremont, through carelessness, lost overboard some of his carts, and a large quantity of his baggage; though everything except part of the provisions was recovered. During a halt of a couple of days, on the Kansas River, on account of bad weather, the men were busy drying things that had been wetted, and preparing for the continuation of the march. Here it was noticed that "in the steep bank of the river were nests of innumerable swallows, into one of which a large prairie snake had got about half his body, and was occupied in eating the young birds. The old ones were flying about in great distress, darting at him, and vainly endeavoring to drive him off. A shot wounded him, and being killed, he was cut open, and eighteen young swallows were found in his body."

During his march up the Kansas River, Fremont noticed the rich appearance of the soil of the bottom; and speaks of passing a large but deserted Kansas village, "scattered in an open wood along the margin of the stream, on a spot chosen with the customary Indian fondness for beauty of scenery. The Pawnees had attacked it in the early spring. Some of the houses were burnt, and others blackened with smoke, and weeds were already getting possession of the cleared places." June 17 they crossed the Big Vermillion, and Big Blue; and saw their first antelope; while Carson brought in a fine deer. They were now on the trail of a party of emigrants to Oregon, and found many articles that they had thrown away. Game began to be abundant; there were flocks of turkeys in the bottom of the Little Blue; elk were seen on the hills, and antelope and deer abounded. When they reached the Pawnee country, many were the tales told of the craft and daring of these independent people. One morning they had a genuine Indian alarm; a man who was somewhat behind the party, rode up in haste, shouting, "Indians! Indians!" He stated that he had seen them, and had counted twenty-seven. The command was at once halted, and the usual precautions made for defense, while Carson, mounting one of the hunting horses, set out to learn the cause of the alarm. "Mounted on a fine horse, without a saddle, and scouring bare-



CHRISTMAS SHOOT—1904.

Shooters, boy, cartridge and game carriers, dog and game. The houseboat lies in the inner moat of the wall around Soochow, China. The front of the wall is perpendicular and has a brick face. The wall is twelve miles in circumference, and its foundation was laid 500 B. C.

grasps the handle of the oar steadies it while the one who pulls the rope back and forth generates the power that propels the boat. By such a unique arrangement large boats, as long as a hundred feet and heavily laden, are swiftly driven through the water without any very apparent great exertion on the part of the oarsmen.

To navigate such a boat as indicated, the number of the crew should not be less than five, and one of these the captain, or, in Chinese phrase, "the lao-dah." And if the sportsman is fortunate in getting a crew that is willing and obedient it will add very much to his success and pleasure.

The lao-dah is one of the noted characters of Shanghai. As nearly every sportsman has his own houseboat, there are quite a number of such characters at Shanghai. They are very annoying when so disposed, for when one is not in a willing mood he can easily ground the boat in a narrow creek, or find water too shallow for it to float in, and with the most assuring countenance declare how sorry he is that the boat cannot proceed. The sportsman will find it very much to his advantage to have a lao-dah who has some knowledge of the geography of the territory in which he proposes to shoot, for in order to save time he must do his traveling mostly at night, and unless his lao-dah is somewhat familiar with the "lay of the land," he may wake up in the morning to find himself a long distance from the place he wished to reach. Great care should, therefore, be taken to engage a reasonably intelligent lao-dah who will command the services of the crew when needed, or else the success of the shooting trip will be constantly interfered with and its pleasure destroyed.

After arriving at the place where it is desired to shoot, the boat is made fast at some convenient landing on the banks of the creek or canal, and, as a preparation, the sportsman will select his boy to carry his cartridges and one or more of the boat's crew to carry his bird bag and to beat the places where the briars or other obstructions may be too thick for his log to enter. If he expects to remain away from the boat during the entire day he will have lunch prepared and another one of the crew may be selected to carry it.

Being ready, and before entering the field for his shoot, the sportsman will do well if he takes his bearing and fixes in his mind one or two conspicuous landmarks of the surrounding country as a guide to the location of his boat. However familiar he may be with the country, there are times when such landmarks will guide him to shorter paths and save him much unnecessary walking. If he be a true sportsman, he will not think or care about the points of the compass or the intensity of his pleasure and excitement, and the innumerable ditches and small streams he will have

has gone astray and entered the leg of a Chinaman, it is advisable, if the boat be near a village or town, to have it moved at once to some other place, or otherwise the majority of the population will pay him a visit with the view of also being compensated to "finish any trouble."

No reference has been made to the furniture of the boat, because the sportsman will select that and arrange it according to his preference. Most of the boats are fitted with bunks, one on each side, for sleeping, and in connection with a bunk there are at least two drawers for clothes, towels, napkins, boots, and such like. It would be preferable, I think, not to have bunks, but instead, a small folding bed, which could be put aside during the day, and thus give more room, or converted into a lounge, as one could be made to answer either purpose. The bunks are constructed so as to be immovable, and during the warm weather become the home for bugs, while a movable sleeping arrangement could be taken out of the boat when not in use. If the sportsman should fear malaria, or if his thirst should run in a special direction, he will take with him a bottle of quinine and, what may prove more palatable, a few bottles of whiskey and soda. J.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXX.

Fremont.—I.

THE inequality which which fame distributes her favors has always been a fertile subject for moralist and philosopher. One man may do great things, and yet through innate modesty, or ill fortune of some sort, may make no impression on the popular imagination; so that his deeds are soon forgotten. Another, by a series of fortunately narrated adventures of relatively much less difficulty and danger, may acquire the name of having accomplished great things. Zebulon M. Pike, the explorer, was a man of the first kind. John C. Fremont, commonly spoken of as the Pathfinder, and by many people believed to have been the discoverer of the Rocky Mountains, belonged to the second class. The work that Fremont did was good work, but it was not great. He was an army officer, sent out to survey routes across the continent; and he did his duty, and did it well; but he did not discover the Rocky Mountains, nor did he discover gold in California, as often supposed. He passed over routes already well known to the men of the plains and the mountains, and discovered little that was new, except the approximate location of many points. Nevertheless, in his two expeditions, which cover the years 1842 and 1843, and '44, he traversed 10,000 miles of wil-

headed over the prairie, Kit was one of the finest pictures of a horseman I have ever seen. A short time enabled him to discover that the Indian war party of twenty-seven, consisted of six elk, who had been gazing curiously at our caravan as it passed, and were now scampering off at full speed. This was our first alarm, and its excitement broke agreeably on the monotony of the day."

The party now crossed over to the Platte River—which Fremont calls the Nebraska—and encamped on its banks. Two days later, while they were halted for noon, there came the startling cry, "*Du monde!*"—people. In a moment, all were prepared for defense. Horses were driven in, hobbled and picketed, and the horsemen were galloping at full speed in the direction of the new comers, screaming and yelling with the wildest excitement. The travelers proved to be a small party, under the charge of a man named John Lee, which had left Fort Laramie two months before, endeavoring to transport the furs of the American Fur Company down the Platte by boat; they had started with the annual flood, but before they had traveled 150 miles, found that their waterway had become too shoal for their boats; they had therefore cached their possessions, and had started east on foot, carrying on their backs their provisions, clothing, and a few light furs. It was from among this party that Fremont engaged Latulippe, who, though on his way to St. Louis, really had no special desire to go there, and was quite willing to turn about and face the west again.

The same day three Cheyennes were met, returning from an unsuccessful horse-stealing expedition against the Pawnee village. They joined the party, and for some days afterward traveled in its company. On the 29th, the first buffalo were seen, and on the following day, these animals swarmed "in immense numbers over the plain, where they had left scarcely a blade of grass standing." "We had heard from a distance a dull and confused murmuring, and when we came in view of their dark masses there was not one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker. It was the early part of the day, when the herds are feeding, and everywhere they were in motion. Here and there a huge old bull was rolling in the grass, and clouds of dust rose in the air from various parts of the bands, each the scene of some obstinate fight. Indians and buffalo make the poetry and life of the prairie, and our camp was full of their exhilaration." Here first they feasted on buffalo meat. Fremont says: "At any time of the night might be seen pieces of the most delicate and choicest meat, roasting *en appolas*, on sticks around the fire, and the guard were never without company. With pleasant weather and no enemy to fear, an abundance of the most excellent meat, and no scarcity of bread or tobacco, they were enjoying the oasis of a voyageur's life. Three cows were killed to-day. Kit Carson had shot one, and was continuing the chase in the midst of another herd, when his horse fell headlong, but sprang up and joined the flying band. Though considerably hurt, he had the good fortune to break no bones; and Maxwell, who was mounted on a fleet hunter, captured the runaway after a hard chase. He was on the point of shooting him, to avoid the loss of his bridle (a handsomely mounted Spanish one), when he found that his horse was able to come up with him."

The next day Fremont himself made a chase for buffalo. He says, under date of July 1: "As we were riding quietly along the bank, a grand herd of buffalo, some seven or eight hundred in number, came crowding up from the river, where they had been to drink, and commenced crossing the plain slowly, eating as they went. The wind was favorable; the coolness of the morning invited to exercise; the ground was apparently good, and the distance across the prairie (two or three miles) gave us a fine opportunity to charge them before they could get among the river hills. It was too fine a prospect for the chase to be lost; and, halting for a few moments, the hunters were brought up and saddled, and Kit Carson, Maxwell, and I, started together. They were now somewhat less than half a mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation, a wavering in the band, and a galloping to and fro of some which were scattered along the skirts, gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a grand gallop, riding steadily abreast of each other, and here the interest of the chase became so engrossingly intense, that we were sensible to nothing else. We were now closing upon them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already in rapid motion for the hills, and in a few seconds the movement had communicated itself to the whole herd.

"A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about, and then dashed on after the band a short distance, and turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to stand and fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards, we gave the usual shout (the hunter's *pas de charge*), and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction in their heedless course. Many of the bulls, less active and less fleet than the cows, paying no attention to the ground, and occupied solely with the hunter, were precipitated to the earth with great force, rolling over and over with the violence of the shock, and hardly distinguishable in the dust. We separated on entering, each singling out his game.

"My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the West under the name of Proveau, and, with his eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, and, rising in the stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair, and passing near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of the gun, and, checking my horse, I looked around for my companions. At a little distance, Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands, at some distance below, I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and while I was looking, a light wreath of white smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer, and between me and the hills, towards which

they were directing their course, was the body of the herd, and, giving my horse the rein, we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes, and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffalo were not distinguishable until within thirty feet. They crowded together more densely still as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body, that I could not obtain an entrance—the horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided to the right and left, the horns clattering with a noise heard above everything else, and my horse darted into the opening. Five or six bulls charged on us as we dashed along the line, but were left far behind; and, singling out a cow, I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap, and scoured on swifter than before. I reined up my horse, and the band swept on like a torrent, and left the place quiet and clear. Our chase had led us into dangerous ground. A prairie-dog village, so thickly settled that there were three or four holes in every twenty yards square, occupied the whole bottom for nearly two miles in length. Looking around, I saw only one of the hunters, nearly out of sight, and the long dark line of our caravan crawling along, three or four miles distant."

Continuing up the Platte River, describing the country, the stream, the plants and animals seen, and the daily incidents of the journey, Fremont reached the junction of the North and South Platte, and camped there on the 2d of July. On the 4th, there was a little celebration; liquor was served to the men; and at night, the day was celebrated by a feast; which led the Cheyenne Indians, who were with the camp, to ask if such "medicine days come often." Incidentally, the Indian boy got drunk. This day was marked also by another excitement in camp: "While we were at breakfast, a buffalo calf broke through the camp, followed by a couple of wolves. In its fright, it had probably mistaken us for a band of buffalo. The wolves were obliged to make a circuit around the camp, so that the calf got a little the start, and strained every nerve to reach a large herd at the foot of the hills, about two miles distant; but, first one, and then another, and another wolf joined in the chase, until his pursuers amounted to twenty or thirty, and they ran him down before he could reach his friends.

The buffalo here were enormously abundant, and during the afternoon, clouds of dust, rising from different points, announced the approach of the different herds to the water. They came down, column after column, galloping directly to the river. "By the time the leading herds had reached the water, the prairie was darkened with the dense masses. Immediately before us, when the bands first came down into the valley, stretched an unbroken line, the head of which was lost among the river hills on the opposite side; and still they poured down from the ridge on our right. From hill to hill, the prairie bottom was certainly not less than two miles wide; and, allowing the animals to be ten feet apart, and only ten in a line, there were already eleven thousand in view. Some idea may thus be formed of their number when they had occupied the whole plain. In a short time they surrounded us on every side; extending for several miles in the rear, and forward as far as the eye could reach; leaving around us, as we advanced, an open space of only two or three hundred yards."

Fremont now decided to divide his forces, sending one party up the North Platte, to Fort Laramie, and another up the South Platte, to St. Vrain's fort, and thence across country to a meeting point at Fort Laramie. This last party he determined to take charge of himself, taking Mr. Preuss, and four of his best men. The Cheyennes, whose village was supposed to be on the South Platte, also decided to accompany him. The party for the North Fork was to be in charge of Clément Lambert. The separation took place July 5. The party following up the South Platte took one lead horse, and a pack mule, and traveled very light. The cook had been ordered to prepare provisions for this outfit, and they started. When they stopped for noon, however, they discovered that the provisions they supposed they were carrying, had been left behind, and they had nothing to eat except the meat of a poor bull that they had killed during the day. As the trip promised to be a hard one, Fremont sent two of his men, Preuss and Bernier, across the country to rejoin those who were traveling up the north branch of the river. Buffalo were still extraordinarily abundant, and one of the incidents of the march was a bull fight on a large scale, which the travelers intercepted: "In the course of the afternoon, dust rising among the hills at a particular place, attracted our attention; and riding up, we found a band of eighteen or twenty buffalo bulls engaged in a desperate fight. Though butting and goring were bestowed liberally, and without distinction, yet their efforts were evidently directed against one—a huge gaunt old bull, very lean, while his adversaries were all fat and in good order. He appeared very weak and had already received some wounds, and, while we were looking on, was several times knocked down and badly hurt, and a very few moments would have put an end to him. Of course we took the side of the weaker party, and attacked the herd; but they were so blind with rage, that they fought on, utterly regardless of our presence, although on foot and on horseback we were firing in open view within twenty yards of them. But this did not last long. In a very few seconds, we created a commotion among them. One or two, which were knocked over by the balls, jumped up and ran off into the hills; and they began to retreat slowly along a broad ravine to the river, fighting furiously as they went. By the time they had reached the bottom, we had pretty well dispersed them, and the old bull hobbled off, to lie down somewhere. One of his enemies remained on the ground where we had first fired upon them, and we stopped there for a short time to cut from him some meat for our supper." The next day, quite unexpectedly, they were charged by about three hundred Indians, Arapahoes, who were well known to Maxwell, who had been a trader with them a year or two before. The mistake was recognized before hostilities actually commenced, and friendly relations were established. These Arapahoes were about to make a surround on the north side of the river; and though, from a distance Fremont watched the whole operation, he did not see a single buffalo emerge from the cloud of dust which hung over the herd, and their relentless pursuers.

A day or two later, while still at some distance from St. Vrain's fort, two white men and the, even then, notorious Jim Beckworth, were met; and a little beyond that a camp of four or five white men, who had accompanied Captain Wyeth to the Columbia River. Next, Fremont came to Chabonard's camp, on an island in the Platte. Chabonard had started down the river with furs, belonging to Bent and St. Vrain, and had been finally stranded, and forced to give up his trip, at this island. The next day they came to the post, and were cordially received by Mr. St. Vrain.

At the post no provisions could be had, except a little coffee; but the way from here to Fort Laramie was through a country supposed to abound in buffalo; so that there was no danger of starvation. Here Fremont obtained a couple of horses and three mules; and he also hired a Spaniard for his trip; and took with him two others who were going to obtain service on the Laramie River. Crossing various streams they passed through a pleasant buffalo country, and crossed Lodgepole Creek, and Horse Creek, coming to Goshen's Hole. The curious bad-lands there, reminded the traveler of other points on the North Platte—Court-house Rock and Chimney Rock; and he compares the pass into Goshen's Hole to a massive fortified place. "Along the whole line of the parapets appear domes and slender minarets, forty or fifty feet high, giving it every appearance of an old fortified town. On the waters of the White River, where this formation exists in great extent, it presents appearances which excite the admiration of the solitary voyageur, and forms a frequent theme of their conversation when speaking of the wonders of the country. Sometimes it offers the perfectly illusive appearance of a large city, with numerous streets and magnificent buildings, among which the Canadians never fail to see their *cabaret*; and sometimes it takes the form of a solitary house, with many large chambers, into which they drive their horses at night, and sleep in these natural defences perfectly secure from any attack of prowling savages."

The party struck the North Platte thirteen miles below Fort Laramie, and continuing up the stream, they first came in view of Fort Platte, a post belonging to Messrs. Sybille, Adams & Co.; and from there kept on up to Fort John, or Fort Laramie. Mr. Preuss and his party had already reached there, but had been much alarmed by the accounts of Indian hostilities, received from James Bridger and a large party of traders and trappers that he was guiding eastward. GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Woodcock in Norway.

It is in the middle of April. A warm south wind has been blowing for the last few days, and out in the fields the moist black earth is commencing to show through its covering of snow. The sparrows and magpies have been chattering and fighting all day, and everything seems to have waked up to a new life after the long and hard winter. To-day the *maaltrost's** warblings have been heard in the woods, and we know the woodcock has arrived.

About sundown the gun is taken from its peg, a handful of shells together with pipe and tobacco is shoved in the pocket, and, as the snow is still deep in the woods, a pair of skis is taken along. A ten minutes' walk brings us to a clearing, where we are pretty certain of seeing birds, and after we find a convenient stump to sit on, the pipe is filled and got agoing and we are ready for them.

This way of hunting the woodcock is very comfortable. You don't have to run around looking for them, as they come right to you. Every evening in spring, when mating, and till the latter part of June, the birds fly around in the woods, mostly along and over clearings and marshes, making a sound resembling a sharp "pisst," followed by a sort of a "croak."

The flight starts a little after sundown and continues till dark, when they keep quite close to the ground, and fly a good deal like an owl.

It is a way of hunting the game-butcher does not appreciate, as the bag is light—one or two birds for an evening, and very often none at all; but to the genuine lover of nature it has a charm of its own with which no other sport can compare.

How quiet and peaceful in the pine woods at the ebbing of day. The wind whispers gently in the fir trees, and from a nearby tree-top the clear liquid warblings of a *maaltrost* is heard.

The glorious coloring of the western sky is commencing to disappear when a faint "pisst" is heard in the distance, and with the gun "at ready," we wait for the bird to appear. The call comes nearer and nearer, and at last the bird is seen silhouetted against the western sky, flying slowly along with his bill turned toward the ground, singing his love-song. At the report of the gun he tumbles to the ground, where we find him in all his fluffy beauty; his big reproachful eyes making us feel like a murderer.

The pipe is filled again and we take our seat on the old stump. Dusk is now fast settling over the woods. The *maaltrost* has ended his song, and all is quiet save the distant hoot of an owl, and the rippling and tinkling of a little brook. The color has now disappeared from the western sky, and the tall pines stand dark and silent. Night is dropping its curtain.

A "pisst" close at hand wakes us from our meditations. A shadowy form is seen flitting among the pines. The last of the birds for to-night.

CHR. S.

*A thrush.

Mosquitoes and Malaria of Old.

Under date of February 8, 1905, United States Consul Marshal Halstead, Birmingham, England, reports that in the London Times of the same date there was a cablegram from Colombo, Ceylon, dated February 7, in which the statement is made that Sir A. J. Blake had announced, at a meeting of the Asiatic Society, that Singhalese medical books of the sixth century recorded 67 varieties of mosquitoes and 424 kinds of malarial fever, caused by mosquitoes.



NATURAL HISTORY

Albino Brook Trout.

Notes of an Experiment at the Adirondack Hatchery.

BY G. E. WINCHESTER, FOREMAN.

DURING the hatching period of 1902 there were produced at this hatchery out of one million brook trout eggs about forty pure albinos, and about ten others which were of a bluish silvery gray tint. These fish were at once placed in a separate compartment, and given the best possible attention. They proved to be unusually weak fry, and died from time to time until only two of the albinos and two of the others were left on Aug. 30, 1903.

At this time the albinos had attained a creamy white color, dotted with crimson spots, and had pink eyes. The others had the natural eye, and showed only faint crimson spots with markings on the back and sides that were more of a barred appearance than mottled. All four of the fish had the natural form, and showed the instincts of the parent fish. In September, 1903, the four fish were exhibited in a small tank at the State Fair at Syracuse, where they attracted considerable attention.

As the two albinos were male and female, it was decided to use them for experimental purposes, and the eggs were taken on Nov. 10, 1903. The fish were then at the age of 20 months, they weighed about one-half pound, and the female was the larger of the two. A total of 630 eggs were produced by the albino female, which were treated as follows: 527 of the eggs were fertilized with milt from the albino male, and 103 of the eggs were crossed with milt from the natural male trout. Also 424 eggs of the natural female trout were crossed with the milt of the albino male.

On Feb. 15, of the first lot but 65 eggs remained; of the second lot but 55, and of the third lot 418. It was then evident that few if any of the pure albino eggs would hatch, and but few of the eggs crossed to the natural male, while it was expected that a large percentage of the eggs taken from the natural fish and crossed with the albino male would live.

The pure albinos and the crosses began hatching about the same time, March 1, and finished hatching on March 13. Of the pure albinos (627 eggs) 32 fish hatched and lived, or about 6 per cent. Several of these were imperfect, but it was hoped to raise most of the perfect ones. They resembled the parent albino fish, but were unmistakably weak and delicate. Out of the 103 eggs taken from the cross of the female albino with the natural male, 43 fish hatched, or about 42 per cent. Of these several were imperfect, but the others were notably stronger than the pure albinos, and resembled the parent male more than they did the female fish. Of the opposite cross of 424 eggs from the natural female fertilized by the albino male, 416 hatched, or 98 per cent. All these were perfect fish, and as strong apparently as any natural brook trout. They all resembled the female or natural brook trout, and none showed the albino cross.

On April 13, or thirty days after the hatching, the record stood as follows: Pure albinos living, 20, or about 62 per cent.; cross of albino female with natural male, all dead; cross of natural female with albino male, all living.

The bluish-gray pair did not spawn, and are apparently barren fish.

The albino female now measures 9 inches in length, and the male 6½ inches.

The bluish-gray fish are 7 and 8 inches long respectively for the male and female.

The male albino died soon after the exhibit at the State Fair at Syracuse, in September, 1904.

Some Bird Names.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

WE now come to the geese and ducks.

The former name is evidently descended through Teutonic channels from a remote Aryan source, which has given *anser* to the Latin and *gans* to modern German. *Gander* is a wrongly constructed English masculine, by what Schele de Vere denominates "an abuse of language": and geese is one of those few remaining plurals, like mice, women, etc., which are formed by a change of the radical vowel. In Arctic America all geese are "wavies," which I take to be a corruption of the Cree or Chippeway (Algonkin) name of these birds, doubly derived from their word for "white" (the plumage), which also stood in this language for "north" (the place of white snow), whence the geese came.

The "brant" is always said to be the "burnt"-goose, and to be so called from the charred or sooty black of its plumage, the word easily suffering this change in popular speech, as might be shown by numerous parallels in modern Scotch and provincial English dialects. In the old English and Scandinavian tongues *brant* meant steepness, as of precipitous cliffs; but there is nothing in the habits of these fowls to attach such a word to them. The name of another species, with which this is closely associated, the barnacle goose, recalls an old superstition that these birds were hatched from the big barnacles that stud the rocks of northern Europe.

The duck is, of course, "the diver," or creature that ducks. "But drake is an entirely different word; it is contracted from *ened-rake* or *end-rake*, a masculine form of the Anglo-Saxon *ened*, a duck. In Swedish, *and* is a duck, and *anddrake* is a drake; in German, *ente* is a duck, *enterich*, a drake; the first part of the word being from the stem of the Latin *anas* (*anat-*) a duck, and the suffix is allied to the Gothic *reiks*, ruling, mighty, and to *ric* in 'bishop-ric'. So that drake means 'duck-king'."

(Wharton). Two French words are interesting in this connection. *Canard*, the modern French word for duck, seems to have come from an older word for goose, changing its ornithology more than its form: as for *mallard* (our mallard), that is merely a male duck, and originally had nothing to do with any one species, as the English and Americans apply it; but it was always, probably, restricted to wild ducks.

The list of *Anatida* holds many old English names. The gadwall or "gadwell" seems to have struck the person who called it so as a good "gadder" or goer. The pintail duck is sometimes called "pile-start" in Massachusetts, which is in reality only a synonym; and "wigeon" is often spelled with a *d*. This is wrong, for, according to Mr. Wharton (*Zoologist*, 1882, p. 110), it is descended from Pliny's name *vipio*, in a manner analogous to pigeon from *pipio*. The shoveller takes its name from its spatulate beak; and "teal" is said to come from the same root as the verb to till, or cultivate. Professor Skeat says that "the original sense was merely 'a brood,' or a 'flock,' and its use as a specific form was accidental." It is a curious fact that from the Latin sound-name of this duck, *querquedula*, came the modern Mexican name "cerceta," and also that of an English falcon, which was trained to fly at teal and hence came to be called a kestrel. A local name in New Hampshire for the redhead or pochard is "quindar," which may be a corruption of French-Canadian *canard*. "Bell-bird" and "whistler" are heard in New England for the noisy *Bucephala clangula*, while its brother-species (*B. albeola*) is usually called "buffle-head"—a shortening for "buffalo-head." There is no need of adding duck to "eider" in speaking of that famous down-producer. *Eider* is an ancient Icelandic name, but the early writers speak only of its eggs, as the down did not become an article of value until its introduction into British trade in the fifteenth century. The scoter is "the scudder"; and the scaup received its name from its love of shellfish, a bed of which was a "scaup" in old Scotch. In America "sheldrake" is a synonym of the merganser (*mergus* and *anser*, diving goose) or "gooseander," but formerly, in the Old World, this name belonged to *Harelda glacialis*, the long-tail duck of northern waters; the word is properly shield-drake, and denotes the shield-shaped mark upon the bird's breast. "The singularity of its cry has caused it, in the countries it frequents, to receive some peculiar names, indicative of the sounds emitted; thus in the north of England and in Scotland, it is known by the whimsical appellation 'Coal-and-candle-light'; in the United States, Wilson informs us, it goes by the title of 'South-southerly'; in Kamtschatka the natives call it 'a-au-gitche'; and the North American Indians 'caccawee' and 'ha-ha-way.'" So writes Selby. "Old Injun" (male) and "old squaw" are common names in New England, reminding us of "lord and lady" given popularly to the odd little "harlequin" (*Histrionicus torquatus*) in admiration of its fine feathers.

Birds' Sense of Smell.

From Nature.

A STUDY of the habits of flesh-eating birds shows that if they possess the sense of smell at all, it is not sufficiently acute to enable them to use it in finding food. All observers are agreed that when a carcass is hidden, by never so slight a screen, it is safe from the attacks of vultures and other carrion-seekers; but the most remarkable proof of the ineffectiveness of the sense (if it exist at all) is afforded by experiences which Dr. Guillemard was good enough to relate to me. Many times it has happened, he tells me, that, having shot a wild beast or other game which was too heavy to carry home, he has disemboweled it, and has hidden the carcass in the hole of an "ant-bear." On returning with natives to carry it to camp, he has found a circle of vultures standing round the spot where the offal had been thrown, completely unaware of the carcass within a few yards of their beaks. Of observations proving the possession of the sense I know none, unless we are willing to accept as evidence the belief, which is very general among fanciers, that birds are attached to the smell of anise, and the similar belief of gamekeepers in some parts of the country that they are attracted by valerian. It is said that pigeons may be prevented from deserting the dove-cote by smearing their boxes with oil of anise. Poachers are supposed to lure hen pheasants from a wood by anointing gateposts with tincture of valerian.

With the view of testing the smelling powers of gaminivorous birds, I placed a pair of turkeys in a pen which communicated with a large wired-in run. The pen was closed by means of a trapdoor. In the run I placed, each day, two heaps of grain, right and left of the trap-door, but so far in front of it that they made with it an angle of about 50 degrees. Various substances which give out a powerful odor were placed under one of the heaps, alternately the right and the left. The birds were lightly fed in the morning in their pen. At 2 o'clock the trap-door was raised, and they were admitted to the inclosure. It was curious to note that after the first few days the hen almost always came out first (in the last ten experiments this rule was broken but once), and invariably went to the heap on her right; the cock following went to the heap on the left. The cock usually tried the hen's heap after feeding for a short time from his own, but the hen never trespassed upon the preserve of the cock. In the earlier observations I placed beneath one of the heaps a slice of bread soaked with tincture of asafetida, essence of anise, oil of lavender, or sprinkled with valerianate of zinc or powdered camphor. When the birds, plunging their beaks into the bread, took some of the tincture or essential oil into the mouth, the head was

lifted up and shaken, but they immediately recommenced to peck at the grain. They were completely indifferent to the presence of camphor or valerianate of zinc. In several cases in which these substances were used, they consumed the bread. As a turkey does not steady the thing at which it is pecking, with its foot, but, seizing it in the beak, shakes it violently until a piece is detached, it is probable that most of the powder was shaken from the bread.

As these experiments gave absolutely negative results, the birds showing neither preference for nor repugnance to any of the odorous substances used, I proceeded to stronger measures. The grain was placed upon a 7-inch cook's sieve, inverted. The odorous substance was placed beneath the sieve. Each of the following experiments was repeated three times, first with a small quantity of smel, then with a great deal, and lastly with as much as possible. It is only necessary to describe the final tests. Four ounces of carbide was thrown into the saucer of water and placed beneath one of the sieves. There was no reason to think that the birds were aware of the existence of the acetylene which was evolved. The saucer was filled with bisulphide of carbon. The hen turkey finished her meal. When the grain was exhausted she knocked the sieve over with her foot. Both birds then lowered their beaks to within half an inch of the colorless liquid, which they appeared to examine. It is perhaps unfortunate that they had already satisfied their thirst at the water-trough. A bath sponge soaked in chloroform was placed under the sieve, the wire of which rested upon it. The hen finished her meal without leaving the sieve. Toward the end she pecked very slowly, and frequently raised her head and stretched her wings as if partially narcotized. This experiment was repeated on the cock, but I could not detect any indications of narcosis. The saucer was filled with hot dilute sulphuric acid, into which an ounce of powdered cyanide of potassium was thrown. The evolution of prussic acid was so violent that I considered the neighborhood unsafe. My gardener, who was working thirty yards away, spoke to me of the "smell of almonds." For some minutes the cock turkey fed with his usual eagerness; then, suddenly, he began to stagger round the inclosure, crossing his legs and holding his beak straight up in the air. He made his way back into the pen, where he stood with head down and wings outstretched. After ten minutes he returned to the inclosure, but did not eat any more grain. His comb and wattles were deeply suffused with blood.

In all observations on the sense of smell of animals we have an obvious difficulty to face. There is no reason for supposing that an animal enjoys an odor which pleases us or dislikes one which we find disagreeable. My dog appeared to be almost indifferent to bisulfid of carbon. He showed, however, great repugnance to chloroform and prussic acid. It is difficult to think that an animal which is unable to protect itself from the injurious effects of such drugs as these can possess the sense of smell.

English Starlings in Australia.

UNITED States Consul-General Bray writes from Melbourne, Victoria: "The English starlings, first introduced here from Great Britain for the destruction of insects, and protected by law, have completely changed their habits, and have now become a serious pest to orchardists. The few pairs of these birds brought into the State a few years ago have increased to myriads, and have become so destructive to the fruit industry that the regulations framed for their protection by law have been repealed, and energetic steps are advocated for their eradication. The fruit destroyed by them includes peaches, pears, cherries, figs, apricots, plums, grapes, strawberries, and apples. Both vine growing and fruit growing are seriously threatened if the pest is not suppressed.

"From many districts reports come that fruit growing will have to be given up unless some radical steps are taken. As many as ten cases of apples have been destroyed by a flock of these birds in less than half an hour. Valuable insect-eating birds, such as kingfishers, diamond birds, tree swallows, and tree creepers, are being driven out of their nesting places in tree hollows by swarms of starlings, and before long the birds so useful to the farmer and orchardist will be driven out of the State. The starling is said to raise five broods in a year and multiply with amazing rapidity. In one district three years ago not one was to be seen; now there are thousands.

"The Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria and all other similar associations are uniting in a request to the Government to take active steps to eradicate the pest."

The Audubon Society.

THE annual meeting of the Audubon Society of the State of New York was held on Thursday afternoon of last week at the American Museum of Natural History. William Dutcher, President of the National Association of the Audubon Society, presided.

Following the reading of the report of the Secretary, Emma H. Lockwood, officers were elected for next year, including the old Board of Directors.

The report of the Secretary says, in part: "The Society has practically won the battle in stopping the slaughter of song and insectivorous birds for millinery purposes. This was but an incidental feature of the great work at best. It must be remembered that the best of laws may be repealed. It is now, therefore, incumbent upon the Society to build up an impregnable wall of public opinion with which to resist any attacks in the future."



GAME BAG AND GUN



The Blue Buck.

DURING my residence in South Africa, there was no animal which I met oftener, and which excited my interest more, than the diminutive blue buck of the colonists; blau-bok of the Boers, and ipiti of the Zulus. Residing on the outskirts of Durban, Natal, and at the foot of the Berea Hill, which was covered with a dense forest growth, making an ideal haunt for this pretty and interesting little bush-loving antelope, I constantly met it, on unexpected occasions and frequently in company with its relative, the duyker-bok (diver buck), so called from its rapid manner of diving and darting through the densest undergrowth when frightened.

My first meeting with it happened a few days after taking possession of my shanty, while I was trying to become acquainted with my surroundings. I had wandered through the thick woods, to the upper portion of the hill, just back of my abode, on an intensely hot afternoon, and had seated myself at the foot of a huge tree, which afforded a refreshing shelter; I had lolled back against the massive trunk and was lazily puffing a penny clay pipe, when my attention was attracted by a series of suppressed snorts, just behind me. I did not dare to make the attempt of slowly turning around the tree, for fear that the action would cause the animal to beat a hasty retreat. Therefore, I remained perfectly quiet for a few moments when, happening to cast a look over my right shoulder, I caught a partial view through the intervening foliage of a huge collard fruit bat, which was swinging from a bough not more than ten feet above the ground. Instantly divining that it was the cause of the sounds emitted by the animal which I could not see, I remained perfectly quiet, and awaited developments. My patience was not severely tried, as in a few seconds, by glancing over my shoulder, I detected a portion of the head of a tiny antelope thrust through the leaves, with increased snorts, and vigorously striking the earth with one of its fore feet. The actions of the antelope did not seem to interfere with the slumber of the bat, which continued motionless and evidently enjoying a deep sleep. The blue buck finally became so excited, that it passed out from under the foliage into an open space, nearly underneath the hanging bat, when it began to spring upward, as if it were endeavoring to pierce it with its diminutive horns. After making several ineffectual attempts, it happened to alight with its head turned in my direction, when it caught a glimpse of me and instantly scrambled out of sight and hearing. I straightened up and made my way down the hill, much diverted with my first interview with this interesting little animal. Henceforth I never wandered in the bush without my Winchester, as the incident taught me to be constantly on the lookout for game of any description, the capture of which thoroughly interested me, besides making a welcome addition to my daily bills of fare.

But a short time elapsed before I succeeded in shooting one, under somewhat difficult conditions. I had gone into the bush to select some slender growths of timber, and was in the act of notching several of a group with my knife, when my attention was attracted by hearing a slight sound—very similar to that which I had heard but a short time previously. I cautiously knelt down and gradually managed to lie flat on the ground, so that I could peer underneath the foliage and past the bodies of the slim trees which surrounded me. My maneuver was a complete success, as I found myself within full view of three blue bucks, two of which were evidently males, preparing to battle for the possession of the third one, which was a female. My patience was not severely tried, as in a very short time they sprang at one another and interlocked horns. Thenceforth it was merely a test of strength, which was brought to an end by one gradually pressing the other backward, some eight or ten feet, when the weaker one gave up the battle by unlocking his horns and rushing somewhat in my direction. During the fight my rifle had been firmly held against my shoulder, ready to make a shot at any time, and, just as I expected, the vanquished one ran but a short distance, before he stopped, in order to catch his wind, when a bullet dropped him in his tracks, while the conqueror and his prize vanished in the thick undergrowth.

I had just crossed the Tonga River, in Ponda Land, when a shortage of fresh meat was reported, and I started on a ramble down the banks of the river to see if I could replenish the larder. Picking my way along cautiously, and keeping a sharp lookout for game, I had gone but a few hundred feet when I detected something moving through the undergrowth just ahead of me. Exercising the greatest vigilance, I slowly moved forward, and was finally rewarded by catching a glimpse of a pair of blue bucks lounging along, and nipping off dainty bits of the foliage. Noticing just ahead of them a thin place in the vegetation, I trained the rifle for the spot and awaited the appearance of the game. The female was the first to reach it, and I was anxiously looking for the male to follow suit, as I wished particularly to secure him. Suddenly I was startled by the whiz of an assegai, and the female darted out of sight. Keeping my position and awaiting developments, I soon caught sight of a Kaffir quickly advancing through the thicket; and so intent was he on securing his game, that he did not detect my proximity, until I was alongside of him just as he was lifting it on to his shoulders. I was coolly saluted with the customary "Ugh," and informed that he knew of my being in the vicinity, and was on his way to my camp, when he fortunately encountered the pair of antelopes. His spear had struck the buck

with such force, just behind the foreshoulder, that its head projected on the opposite side. It required but a few moments to bargain for his prize and its delivery at my bivouac, where he was received with a profusion of congratulatory ejaculations, by my Zulu henchmen.

In my wanderings in the neighborhood, I once encountered a device for trapping blue bucks alive, which I ascertained was quite successful. It consisted of a long, rough fence of boughs, reeds, etc., with an opening in the center, which led the animal into a crate-like trap of reeds. I visited it for several days before succeeding in encountering the Zulu who had built it. Finally, one morning I detected a buck in the trap, and had not to wait long before the trapper put in an appearance. It did not require much persuasion to induce him to part with his booty, as I supplemented my words with an offer of sufficient coin to purchase at the butcher shop in Durban sufficient meat to last him for some time. This occurrence was the means of my obtaining several other living specimens of this beautiful little animal.

I made it my mission to pass along the fence as often as possible, and one morning detected an opening underneath, which seemed to have been made by some small creeping animal. In order to test if it was a regular passageway, I filled the aperture with leaves, and on passing along the next morning I discovered that some animal had forced its way through during the night. That afternoon I arranged a noose trap, and the next morning found that I had been successful in snaring a small badger-like animal, which was entirely new to me. It was the Cape hyrax, a very singular genus of mammalia; and in spite of my utmost endeavors to secure a living specimen, I was never able to do so.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Flanking a Wolf.

I STARTED one day in the summer to ride from a saw-mill that the Government had on the North Concho River to Fort Chadbourne. This country was on the frontier then, and away out on it, too. There was no one here except ourselves and the Indians, and the Indians did not want us here. I had to keep a good lookout or they might be around here and want me. There was a creek that crossed the road I was on just ahead of me, it had steep banks that had been cut away at the ford, and when coming toward them I would not approach them by the road. I could not see if there were anyone down near the water; it would just be into an Indian's hand, to let me ride down between these banks, then when I could not turn my horse in a moment, shoot me; but I had been out here about long enough to know better than to ride up to where I expected to find Indians before I found out whether they were there or not. I left the road a couple of hundred yards before I got to the ford, then striking across the prairie, got to the creek above the ford, then rode down along the bank.

When I was still some distance above the ford, about a dozen prairie wolves and one loper* wolf ran up from the water. They told me that there were no Indians near here or they would not be here; and they were not here long, either. The coyotes lit out across the prairie behind me; they might just as well have taken their time about it, I would not hurt them; and the big loper left on a slow gallop off in the other direction toward some low hills on the right of the road. He was a hundred yards from me now, and was not losing any time about getting still further from me.

At first I thought to let him go. I did not care to run my horse, the day was too warm, and I had a long road before me yet; but after the loper had got several hundred yards away I took after him.

This route was across the grass, and partly up hill. There was a long low hill in front of us, and the wolf was going to it. If he crossed it I would let him go. I knew the country behind the hill, it was a chaparral, a prairie covered with low bushes. I might as well hunt a needle in a haystack as hunt a wolf here when mounted.

He ran ahead of me parallel with the hill, but did not seem to be going to cross it soon; his hind legs were trailing after him as though his back were broken. But I had seen lopers before; I knew that there was nothing the matter with his back now, there might be if I could get close enough to reach him with a pistol, though. A carbine was of no use here, I would only be wasting ammunition on him if I tried to use it while mounted, and I had none to waste.

When these lopers are run they travel with their head turned back and can see what is going on behind them. It takes a good horse to run one of them down; a cart horse would have no business here. I had one under me that could run them down, though, if I let him out; but I did not want to run him to-day to shoot a wolf. I might need all the speed he had before night to keep from being shot myself. We never could tell out here when we might have to get out before a party of Indians, who were too many for one man to stand off. I had had to let my horse get up and travel before them more than once, and always took good care to have a horse that could do it when I wanted it done; so I was not fool enough to kill a good horse hunting a wolf I did not need.

He kept on ahead of me, just keeping far enough ahead to be safe; he was not hunting himself; if I had gone faster so would he. At last he turned to the left and climbing the low hill, disappeared over it.

I pulled up now to go back, and just then remembered that about a hundred yards ahead of me here this hill was cut through by a dry ravine; an arroyo it is called.

*Loper, corruption of Sp. lobo, wolf.

It had been made by the water in the wet season breaking through to lower ground.

That wolf may stop and take a rest behind that hill, I thought, then wait to see if I was coming after him. He has filled himself with water at the creek and don't care just now to do much more running than he has to do. I had served under McClellan long enough to know how to execute one of his flank movements—he was heavy on the flank movement—and I ought to be able to flank a wolf, but would not have any pickets out on his flank; his front was what he need look after, and he would be doing that himself. I'll flank him.

I rode down to the arroyo, then turned up it, and soon got behind the hill. The wolf was here right enough. He stood just at the foot of the hill watching to see if I would come over it. He had not seen me yet; so pulling my horse up here I got ready to let him hear from me. Drawing my carbine out of its case under my leg I sprung the lever, not making any more noise in doing it than was necessary. I meant to fire at him out of the saddle. My horse would stand like a rock while I did it. I had taught him to stand or lie down if I wanted him to. The banks on each side of the gully I was in were as high as my saddle; and the bushes that grew on the bank between me and the wolf screened me from him. He was a little more than a hundred yards away. So I aimed at the lower line of his belly, just behind his fore leg. I wanted to hit him behind the shoulder; but these Spencer carbines carried high at a hundred yards.

I fired and the wolf fell; but I had not killed him, he lay there clawing around and probably cursing his curiosity now that had led him to stop here, when his better judgment had told him to keep moving; he had all eastern Texas to keep running in. I had to keep on up the ravine for some distance before I found a place where I could ride out of it, then I rode over toward the wolf. He was still rolling around, and my horse was timid about going up to him, so I let him stop thirty yards away, then sent three pistol balls over to the wolf.

Two of them hit him; the other did not miss him by more than a mile, and the wolf lay still. I got off my horse and led him up and examined the wolf. My carbine ball had taken him well back in the flank, it was high enough but too far back. One pistol ball caught him in the head, another had broken his back.

I mounted now and rode off. I had wasted nearly an hour of the Government's time and about fifteen cents' worth of its ammunition, shooting a wolf that I had no use for.

The time I made up many times after this out of my own time when I ought to have been asleep, but the ammunition was a total loss.

I need not have lost it, though I might easily have found it again had I not forgotten to report it.

Nothing is ever totally lost in the army, you can always find it on the pay roll if you can't anywhere else.

Had I reported this loss, the next time I came to sign the pay roll, I would have found the legend: "Due the United States for ordnance, fifteen cents," staring me in the face. While I forgot to report my shortage of ammunition I did not forget to replace it and some more that I had fired at different times, and did not want to bother the first-sergeant about, the first chance I got at his ammunition boxes.

CABIA BLANCO.

Manitoba Protective Association.

WINNIPEG, Man., April 3.—The Manitoba Game Protective Association was organized last evening when sportsmen representing Winnipeg and many portions of the province met in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, to the number of 75; and after some preliminary discussion, officers were elected and steps taken for the completion of an organization of a provincial scope, which, it is expected, will include all classes of people who are interested in the protection and propagation of game birds, animals and fish, song birds and the forests of the province. Provisions were made for the organization of branches of the association in all cities, towns and municipalities of Manitoba, all of which will work for this one general object. The constitution and by-laws of the organization are in the hands of a committee, and as soon as drafted will be sent broadcast throughout the province.

On the opening of the meeting A. B. Code was selected as chairman and J. P. Turner as secretary. Mr. Code explained briefly the object of the meeting, pointing out the need for a protective association in Manitoba, where the great natural game wealth is being rapidly depleted by careless and illegal shooting. He pointed out the effects of such shooting, illustrating his point with the destruction of the buffalo and the passenger pigeon.

The motion for the formation of the Manitoba Game Protective Association was made by Rev. J. W. Mathieson, of Boissevain, who, in moving, said that at a recent meeting of those interested held in that town he had been chosen a delegate to the Winnipeg meeting, and had been instructed to express the hearty accord of the sportsmen of the famous Whitewater Lake district in any movement toward the protection of game birds and animals. Whitewater Lake had suffered from the depredations of game hogs who were merely shooting for records or some similar object. Already the effects were being felt in the decrease in the game supply, and now is the time to work for protection. The motion was seconded by Sheriff Inkster, and carried unanimously.

There followed a lengthy discussion on what should be considered as the requisite officers. All of the speakers were unanimous in the idea that all sections of the province should be represented and various schemes were presented to attain this end. Dr. Mc-

Innis, M.P.P., Brandon, spoke of the feeling with which he had come in contact in that city. The local gun club was also organized for game protection, and every member was bound to do all in his power for this object. The doctor strongly advocated that the system be adopted throughout the province. He pointed out that unless the hearty support and cooperation of the farmers was secured the association would have difficulty in carrying out the work. There was not the slightest doubt that if a campaign of education were instituted the farmers could be brought to see that game protection was more to their benefit than to the resident of the city, and he suggested that an organizer be secured to start branch associations in the different districts. It was finally decided that in the officers of the central organization one vice-president should be chosen from Winnipeg, and wherever a branch of the association was formed in the province, the president of that branch would be an ex-officio vice-president of the central organization.

The officers, as elected, were as follows: Patrons, Lieutenant-Governor Sir Daniel McMillan and William Whyte; President, Dr. McInnis, M.P.P., Brandon; Vice-President, Sheriff Inkster; Secretary-Treasurer, J. P. Turner; Executives, A. B. Code, Geo. Bryan; Dr. Gordon Bell, Isaac Pitblado, Eric Hamber and G. W. Britton.

At the close of the election of officers a general discussion was in order. Mr. Turner read a number of letters which he had received from various sources on the organization of the association. The presidents of the Game Protective Associations of Ontario, Quebec and the Kootenays, sent their congratulations to Manitobans for the step they were contemplating, and inclosed considerable useful literature on the constitutions and work of these organizations. A number of the members of the local house, including the premier, Mr. Roblin, sent their heartiest commendations of the move and promised their support of any suggestions toward the protection of the game. The Reeves and clerks of a number of rural municipalities also sent their assurances of support and several of the councils sent copies of motions which had been adopted, in which the circular issued by the organizers of the association was commended. Mr. Turner then read a most interesting paper on game protection, in which he explained that the object of the association is to conserve the game of the province for all classes of people. It is not to provide protection for the city sportsman, nor keep it away from the farmer, but to formulate a plan whereby the rich man and poor man, farmer and city sportsman, settler and townsman may each get his share of the game and at the same time protect the game in such a way that the whole of it will not be killed off in the course of a few years, as is threatened at the present time.

The Adirondack Park.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An act to amend the forest, fish and game law in relation to the boundaries of the Adirondack Park, introduced sometime ago by Assemblyman Steele, of Herkimer county, deserves more attention than it has received. The Adirondack Park boundaries inclose an area within which the State can condemn and purchase land for the purpose of making the Adirondack Park. This park is supposed to embrace the headwaters of the streams in the Adirondack region, but as the law now stands, it fails to cover the headwaters of the large and important East Canada Creek, on which many industries depend for motive power. Most important of all, however, is the fact that on one of the tributaries of the East Canada, Spruce Creek, Little Falls, a city of 11,000 inhabitants, depends for two months for its water supply each year. The primary object of the Adirondack Park was to conserve the water, and why the headwaters of the East Canada were not originally included in the park is past finding out.

One reason may be guessed at, however. A steady effort for permission to exchange State lands outside the park boundaries for lands within has been made on the part of those in authority. Lands within the forest reserve are not to be sold or exchanged, according to law, but if the forest reserve could be reduced in size to the boundaries of the Adirondack Park, State lands outside of the park line would become graftable. Cheap second growth in the mountain country could then be exchanged for good woodlands outside the line. It appears to be the policy of those in control to keep as much land outside of the park line to pick from as possible.

The forest reserve and the Adirondack Park are two propositions, having laws applying to each that do not apply to the other. The reserve is a wide territory, bounded, roughly, on the south by the Mohawk River, on the west by the R. W. & O. railroad, on the north by the railroads, and on the east by Lake Champlain. From within this territory flow the Hudson, Mohawk, St. Regis, Black, Indian, Oswegatchie and other important northeastern streams of the State.

Within this area is the Adirondack Park nucleus, which includes a large part of the actual forest lands, and which ought to be all owned by the State, otherwise the forest will be in constant jeopardy on account of the money-making possibilities offered by the forest. It ought to be greatly extended at several sides.

Gradually the State was acquiring this land within the park, but recent administrations have had no thought of preserving anything but their own opportunities. In consequence of this, countless thousands of acres which the State could have easily purchased in the past four years, are slipping from the market, and the State can get much of this land now only through the exercise of the right of eminent domain. And yet this land is absolutely necessary for the control of the water supply, and must sooner or later be acquired.

The park boundaries ought to be extended down the East Canada Creek, for instance, and then all the land within taken by the State as rapidly as possible. Only those who have watched the countless cords of pulp plunging down stream, followed by the countless thousands of hemlock logs, and all interspersed with balsam,

realize how near and how deadly the danger to the Adirondacks as an adequate watershed is.

One of the hardest fights Little Falls ever had was only this winter to prevent the passage of a law which would permit the floating of logs through its very water reservoir. When pulp and lumber companies are willing to jeopardize the health of a city, what can be expected if they have a chance at the wood depths themselves?

The Adirondack question is one of the most serious that confronts the State these days. Every city around the region must look to it for water—Utica has gone 25 miles to the West Canada, and others must soon go in the direction of the mountains. Why Steele's little bill, to which no one in particular objects, was forgotten is not known, but it's a step in the right direction.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

In Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Mass., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, held at the office of the Association to-day, 108 new names were added to the list of annual members, and three to the roll of life members. Ten life members and 100 annual members were elected at the February meeting. Only a small proportion of this increase in membership has resulted from personal solicitation. The importance of the work the Association has been doing of late in caring for the birds in our covers and its efforts to restock them have awakened a wide-spread interest in the community, and appeals for aid from those interested in this and other lines of work incumbent upon this organization have met with a gratifying response.

While this special bird work has been going on, matters of legislation have not been neglected. As soon as it was known that the fish and game committee had reported in favor of making the open season for quail shooting the months of November and December, instead of October and November, as now, protests began to pour in from sportsmen's clubs and from individuals in nearly every county of the State, earnestly remonstrating against the change. One of the members of the State Association, who has been buying many quail to liberate in his section the past two years and providing food for all the coveys in his neighborhood, says the passage of the bill will be very destructive to partridges, and will undo what we have gained for their increase since the enactment of the anti-sale law in 1900. It will also prevent him from continuing the efforts he has made to increase the number of quail. Last December, he says, he and a friend put out twelve dozen imported quail, and by constant feeding he has been able to bring through at least eighty good strong birds, the shrinkage being largely due to foxes and hawks. If December were allowed the hunters, he would be obliged to put off his winter planting till January, which would be unfavorable to success. "We have found it necessary," he says, "to look up the birds in the first snows which occur in December." He says that last year he found and secured in special feeding boxes three coveys in December, and they stayed at the feeding places they were started in all winter. In January the snow becomes so deep "the percentage of loss will be so great, we will hardly want to venture the outlay."

James H. Bowditch, of the Massachusetts Forestry Association, writes: "As a sportsman and citizen of Massachusetts, interested in the protection of birds in general, I desire to protest strongly against the proposed change making December an open month for quail." The testimony of these two gentlemen will serve as an illustration of the general sentiment of those men in all walks of life who give any thought to questions of this nature.

The report of the committee in favor of this bill was a great surprise, as was the indorsement of the bill to allow the sale of imported lobsters nine inches in length during the winter months. An ex-senator who, several years ago, did all he could to secure a 9-inch lobster law tells your correspondent that he does not think such a law can ever be enacted in Massachusetts—that is, a law to legalize the taking and sale of 9-inch lobsters.

Senator Kimball's substitute bill to legalize only those from 9 to 11 inches does not please the short-lobster men, and the impression prevails that final action will result in the defeat of all legislation and the retention of the present length limit of 10½ inches.

The absence of Senator Harding, detained at home by sickness, has prevented any action as yet. Our commissioners have started a campaign for protection of song and insectivorous birds. A dealer in Boston market has had snow-buntings in his stall, which were shipped from Montreal, the sale of which is illegal and will be stopped.

Dr. Field has sent a notice to the millinery dealers, calling attention to the State laws in reference to the wearing of the body or feathers of wild birds as articles of dress or ornament, whether taken in this Commonwealth or elsewhere. Some dealers claim that their particular goods, especially aigrettes, are manufactured, and therefore are not prohibited. While expressing a desire to secure results with as little hardship as possible to the public and requesting the cooperation of the dealers, the chairman declares that all legitimate means for enforcing the laws will be used and that "all persons having such birds and feathers, whether dealers or wearers, are liable to arrest."

Ex-President J. R. Reed returned the first of the week with a good string of trout taken near his cottage in S. Sandwich, and started out yesterday for another trip to the same place. Mr. Luther Little, of Boston, had good luck last week on a club preserve in Wareham.

The bill requiring unnaturalized foreigners to pay a license fee of \$10 for the privilege of hunting received a favorable report of the committee, and has passed its several readings in both branches of the Legislature, has been engrossed and in all probability will go to

the Governor, and, it is thought will receive his signature.

This class of people have become a nuisance almost intolerable in the suburbs of all manufacturing centers, and it is devoutly hoped that this law will prove an effective restraint.

CENTRAL.

A National Society Proposed.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with considerable interest the various articles by correspondents to your paper in regard to the protection of fish and game, and in some instances have seen a synopsis of the game and fish laws of the State of the writers, and have also observed remedies suggested by such writers, but I realize that a law that would cover the subject and be a sufficient remedy in one State would fail in another, so that laws would have to be enacted corresponding with the climate, the game and fish and their habits.

For instance, the laws of this State prohibit the taking of game in the closed season, also the having of certain game in one's possession; and the law also provides for the taking of fish at certain seasons and how it may be done, and prohibits it at other times, and gives the size and weight of fish that it shall be unlawful to take; it also provides that one shall not have in his possession certain fish at certain seasons and of certain sizes taken from the lakes and streams of this State, but says nothing about fish shipped from other States, and I frequently see upon our market in this city a goodly supply of small bass, some of them not over five or six inches long, and bushels of small crappies not to exceed three inches in length, that are said to be shipped here from adjoining States.

Now, in my judgment there should be, if not already, a national society to take charge of this matter and see that uniform laws are enacted in the various States prohibiting the sale or the having in one's possession any game in the closed season, and the same as to fish, whether the game is killed or captured or the fish caught in your own State or not.

I regret to expose my ignorance by admitting that I know of no national body which could take charge of this matter, but should there be one, I hope they will take hold of the same along these or other lines which will accomplish the desired results. And I hope your paper will take the subject up in a way that will attract the attention of a sufficient number of true sportsmen, that a conference may be held and that body may come to a common understanding, and formulate a uniform statute prior to the assembling two years hence of the various Legislatures and a sufficient organization get behind the same and secure its passage.

J. W. B.

Destruction of Canadian Game.

United States Consul Worman, writes from Three Rivers, Quebec: "Complaints are multiplying against the wholesale destruction of game and fish in the Dominion, regardless of legal restrictions. The people of the province of Quebec say that the law for the closed season is not observed, and that in all seasons partridges are shipped to the United States."

"A gentleman who spent some time recently in the northern portion of Argenteuil County inspecting timber, says that a few days ago he visited a wooded tract that he had gone over before and found teeming with game. On this last visit, however, he covered eight miles of the tract, but saw no living thing. The partridges have disappeared, having been killed by the thousands to meet the needs of the American market, while the deer have been stalked with dogs, battued in droves, and killed, skinned, and buried. The people who destroy this fine game do it simply for commercial purposes. The deer-skins are all that is wanted, the remainder being buried to prevent prosecution. The settlers are in sympathy with the law, but they dare not express themselves to that effect through fear of the consequences."

"The superintendent of fish and game is doing all that he can under the system which now prevails. He is assisted, to a large extent, by the fish and game protection societies, but he lacks efficient support. The game wardens get only sums ranging from \$25 to \$50 a year, which is not sufficient salary to secure men who would save forests and streams from being devastated."

"The fish in the lakes are also sadly in need of protection. In some districts where the lakes teemed with trout a few years ago the fish have disappeared almost entirely. Mills have been built on the borders of the lakes, and sawdust is dumped into them, so that the fish are driven away."

A Prayer for the President.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 11.—Chaplain Bradford, of the Illinois House of Representatives, offered, at the opening of the Legislature's daily session on April 11, a prayer for the safety of President Roosevelt, on the latter's hunting trip through the Southwest and West. He drew a picture of the dangers into which the President was going, and prayed for his safe return. His prayer was, in part, as follows:

"We invoke Thy choicest blessings upon our country at large. Bless the Chief Executive of this great nation personally and officially, and as he is soon to reach the 'happy grounds' on which he has fixed his far-away gaze, and where the wild beasts abound, whether these monsters of the mountains flee from him in fear or fly at him in fury, may he find himself protected by the shield of the Almighty, so that upon his return to his home in peace and safety, like Thy servant David, of old, he can testify to the people that the Lord delivered him out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, and let all the people praise Thee. Amen and amen."

The reference is to David's story of his encounter with the lion and the bear while he was tending his father's sheep. See I. Samuel, 17; and read the whole chapter.

A farmer had a seeder for the sowing of his seed, 'Twas a seeder made of cedar, and, said I, "Pray, is there need Of a seeder made of cedar?" Said the farmer, "Yes, indeed, I have never seed a seeder, sir, that I'd concede the speed To exceed a cedar seeder for the seeding of the seed."

—Life.

The New York Commissioner.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sportsman of New York State may well feel not a little anxious these days—pending the appointment of the commissioner by the Governor, into whose hands for the next four years the fate of our forests, fish and game goes. If he shall be a man who is not personally interested in the matters, in other words, a sportsman (and when I say sportsman, I mean in the best sense of the term), then it will be an evil day indeed. If the appointee is a politician, as many fear he will be, then the money of the taxpayers will be practically thrown away, and this department cannot but go from bad to worse—and much worse.

The Governor stated on the 6th inst., that he had fixed upon the person who is to receive this appointment. About the capitol it was surmised that Mr. James S. Whipple, of Cattaraugus, is the man. The Governor also stated that he intended to appoint a good man to the place. This we have no reason to doubt, but it is the opinion of many persons that if the appointee is not a practical man, with personal knowledge of the requirements, the people's money will be simply wasted, as before stated. As to Mr. Whipple's qualifications, I have been unable to learn anything.

The New York State League for the Protection of the Forest, Fish and Game, while doing a good work, should be more thoroughly organized throughout the State, so that when the appointment of a commissioner is to be made it can, and will take an active part in securing a person fully qualified for the place. Now the fact is, the league, as such, has simply done nothing, yet this appointment is of most vital importance as to our forest, fish and game.

Unless the appointee has the qualifications bordering on that of an expert, it would be much to the interests of the people, and very great advantage to the department, that Commissioner Middleton be retained, for his experience must be of value, and one without it must of necessity be very costly in many ways. We shall hope for deliverance from one without experience.

J. R. F.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 18.

Thoughts That Come Unbidden.

A MOMENT for rest and a newspaper are responsible for my text. It is wrong to envy our chief executive for the privileges accorded him, or am I mistaken in supposing that this outing of his means as much to him as it would to poor, humble humanity, like myself? From Frederick, Okla., comes this: "The camp is nestled in timber fringing the branches of Deep Red Creek in a picturesque spot, and when the President awoke at 6:15 this morning and first beheld the vast panorama of virgin soil, without a sign of civilization except the camp, he said he felt that he was at home."

Ah! that sensation; that freedom from mental strain; that simple boyish feeling that quickens the pulse and brightens the eye, yet soothes the brain. Who would not go picnicking in the wilds, even under less favorable conditions? And our President is hunting coyotes and jackrabbits. Can he hit them on the run with a rifle? Will the evenings be spent in spinning yarns? Will he have bean-soup for his noon time meals, and at night potatoes with the jackets on? If he don't, he will miss something.

A hunting trip in April. It calls up my boyhood, when the hunting season was every month in the year. No license, no trespass signs, no close season. Squirrels grew on bushes, wild turkeys hatched their brood in hollow logs, partridge nests were in the thickets, quail fluttered before the scythe and little rabbits hopped in the stubble—and I am not an old man, either.

Jackrabbits, coyotes and mountain lions, with a rifle; fish *moresuo*. The camp in the wildwood, *nemine dissente*. Ah.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

They Met by Chance.

The Manchester, Vt., Journal told this little story the other day: A pretty incident occurred recently upon M. J. Hapgood's log job in Mt. Tabor, Vt. Hay had been scattered along the log roads for the benefit of the deer who were pressed for food on account of the deep snows. John McIntyre, one of the workmen, approached a doe in one of the log roads, and came so near that he struck her with a light switch, which he happened to have in his hands. She jumped aside into the deep snow and gave a sharp bleat. Then came a scene fit for the gods to gaze upon. For soon a magnificent buck, evidently in answer to the signal of distress, came leaping down the road, and, unawed at the sight of man, when within about twenty feet of him, stopped, and with the hair bristling upon his back, began to stamp his feet and shake his heavily antlered head. The woodsman, although a stout, strong specimen of his craft, was thoroughly frightened, and after managing, upon the sly, to get hold of a club, began to move backwards upon a retreat. The deer noticed the movement, followed him up, and, by motion of head and glance of eye, commanded a halt. Finally the doe got back into the road, between the woodsman and the buck, and, probably from exhaustion, laid down. The buck approached her and lapped her sides, but upon any attempt of the man to retreat, would dart after him until he stopped. This condition of affairs continued for nearly half an hour, the man, meanwhile, as he freely admits, sweating great drops of agony. Finally, the buck prevailed upon the doe to get up, and by degrees induced her to move off the road, and when a goodly distance away both disappeared from the scene.

Alaska Big Game.

No permits will be issued this year for big-game hunting in Alaska, except to authorized representatives of museums. Similar action was taken last year, because of the knowledge that game in Alaska was rapidly being destroyed, and it was desired to preserve it so far as possible for the benefit of the natives, although they are required to comply with local game laws.

The Return to Nature.

THE Pacific Coast Forest, Fish and Game Association's first annual sportsmen's show, in Mechanic's Hall, San Francisco, has proved a very successful enterprise. The plan was modeled upon that of the earlier New York shows. In an address at the opening, James D. Phelan said:

"With advancing civilization man is weaned away from nature, but the strong hold which nature has upon man constantly draws him back. Here in this exhibition an attempt is made to illustrate animal and vegetable life, forest and stream, but every attempt to reduce nature to a small scale or to imitate it in its beauty and variety must necessarily be inadequate; and yet, the mere suggestion of nature, here displayed, leads in the right direction.

"The men and women who live in cities instinctively feel that they have been despoiled of something; they miss, perhaps, the companionship of birds and beasts, of flowers and trees; they have been cut off from the good green earth by the hard paved streets and the cheerless houses; and hence there is that irrepressible idea, always present, of bringing the country to the town by making small plantations here and there, called parks, like oases in a great desert of brick and mortar.

"No matter what may be the allurements of civilization, exemplified in great cities, no son of the soil, sprung from the earth and destined to return to the earth, can ever be wholly reconciled to the artificial character of his surroundings. Warped ideas, shattered health and luxurious vices are the protests which go out from hospital and jail and lyceum against the perversion of nature's plan.

"Emerson, in his beautiful essay on nature, says that cities do not give the senses room enough: 'He who knows the forests; he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man.'"

Law Enforcement a Joke.

LA SALLE, S. C., April 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find clipping from Niagara Falls paper which explains itself. What, in the name of common sense, is the use of game protectors doing any work when they receive such support from the magistrates? The game laws and their enforcement are one huge joke in this vicinity.

A READER.

The report runs:

"Acting Police Judge C. H. Piper and Fish and Game Protector J. W. Buckley are at odds. Several days ago Mr. Buckley applied for warrants in the local police court for the arrest of Arthur Logan and George Casey, both of Ransomville, on the charge of violating the fish and game laws of the State, it being specifically charged that they had fished with spears in Twelve-Mile Creek. The warrants were issued and were served by Protector Buckley, the two men appearing before Judge Piper yesterday afternoon and pleading guilty to the charge. A fine of \$3 each was imposed and paid. The men went their way and Mr. Buckley went into a rage. He claims that the fine was ludicrous and that the section of the fish and game laws under which the case was brought provides that upon conviction a fine of not less than \$60 shall be imposed.

"Mr. Buckley's ruffled feelings were by no means smoothed when he applied to Judge Piper for warrants for the arrest of two other men and was refused. Mr. Buckley based his request for warrants for these men on having caught them in the act of making their way toward a stream down the county with lanterns in their hands and spears over their shoulders. He did not catch them in the actual process of spearing fish. Judge Piper held that while the men no doubt intended to spear, still they had not been apprehended in the act of doing so. Mr. Buckley contended that the presence of the spears was a sufficient cause for their arrest and exhibited a letter from Chief Fish and Game Protector Pond, of Albany, to support his contention, but Judge Piper said that until he had an opinion from the Attorney General on the matter he should decline to issue warrants."

Nevada Fish and Game Commission.

SAYS the Carson City, Nev., News of April 6: "Yesterday Governor Sparks appointed the Hon. H. H. Coryell, of Elko county; Hon. P. A. McCarran, of Washoe county, and Hon. G. T. Mills, of Ormsby county, as the three members of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners. The appointments meet with universal approbation, as the gentlemen named are greatly interested in the propagation and protection of fish.

"Under the old law, which was repealed several years ago, only one Commissioner was allowed; but the last Legislature re-enacted the measure and provided for the selection of three Commissioners. No salary is attached to the position; on the contrary the Commissioner often expends his own money for the furtherance of some scheme that will be a benefit to the people of the State, but he does not let a little thing like that bother him or prevent him from being just as enthusiastic as ever on the fish question.

"Mr. Mills served the State for nine years as Fish Commissioner and is particularly fitted for the position, as fishculture is a fad with him, and he leaves nothing undone that will be for the good of the State in a piscatorial line. Nevada has led in the propagation of fish in many respects, particularly in the taking and transplanting of what is known among fishcultivists as 'green spawn,' being the first to take the spawn from the fish and transport it sixteen miles to a hatchery. The State has also led in the handling and distribution of fry at long distance with comparatively no loss. It is to be hoped that the people of the State will appreciate the appointments and co-operate with the Commissioners in their work and thus place the fishculture of Nevada on the same plane it occupied before the Commission was abolished."

[Maine Deer.]

LUMBERMEN coming out of the woods are full of stories of deer dying by the hundred, almost, and some very reliable lumbermen have told the past week of seeing anywhere from three to a half dozen deer a day, lying dead or dying in the logging roads, the teams having to stop nearly every day to lift out some of these emaciated, starved creatures before the team could go on. So accustomed did the horses become with the sight and smell of deer that in one case, at least, the lumberman drove his horse right up to a big buck lying directly across the road, and the horse stepped unconcernedly over, dragging the sled across the carcass. Earlier in the winter the same horse would have shown fright at so close proximity to wild meat. Most of these reports came from the valley of the Penobscot, west and north branches. A well-known lumberman who was on the Allagash and tributary waters all winter, gave it as his opinion that the deer wintered there even better than they did a year before; although some died, yet not as many as died in the winter of 1903-4. He said that in several instances he noticed the deer that died were as fat and plump as deer ever are in the winter, and he commented on the fact to one of his firm who was with him on a trip over the territory. His opinion was that some epidemic was killing those deer, for they were certainly not starved.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

West Virginia Quail.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reports from different localities in this part of the State show great loss among the quail during the past winter. It has not been uncommon to find whole coveys where they have perished with cold and hunger; and it is believed that they are almost exterminated in some localities.

The Fairmont Game Association, of our neighboring town of Fairmont, has purchased two hundred southern quail and liberated them to assist in re-stocking their covers, and one of the rod and gun clubs of this place has made a move in the same direction, but no definite action has been taken in the matter. EMERSON CARNEY.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 15.—Much progress was made in the Legislature the past week with bills relating to fish, forest and game.

Senator Armstrong introduced a bill (Int. No. 915) amending Section 65 so as to allow the use of dip-nets and scap-nets without a license from the State Game Commission.

Assemblyman Hubbs introduced a bill (Int. No. 1443), amending Section 103, relative to wildfowl on Long Island so as to permit them to be taken on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays from March 1 to April 15, both inclusive, instead of from March 1.

The Senate Committee on Forest, Fish and Game has reported the following bills, which have been restored to their place on the order of third reading:

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1077), relative to the close season on woodcock.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 1087), relative to the selling of woodcock, grouse and quail in Orange county.

Assemblyman Cunningham's (Int. No. 599), relative to spearing fish in Ulster county.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1075), relative to penalties.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1076), relative to fishing in Jamaica Bay.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1074), relative to grouse and woodcock not being sold.

Assemblyman Knapp's (Int. No. —), relative to the transportation of fish caught in Missisquoi Bay.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 1181), relative to woodcock, grouse and quail in Orange county.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1079), relative to the use of nets in Coney Island Creek.

The Senate has advanced to third reading the following bills:

Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 110), relative to the protection of nests of wild birds.

Assemblyman F. G. Whitney's (Int. No. 1019), relative to fishing through the ice in Oswego county.

Assemblyman Yale's (Int. No. 771), relative to the close season for lake trout in Putnam county.

The Senate has passed the following bills:

Senator Alld's (Int. No. 436), providing for the publication of the game laws of 1905.

Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 684), relative to the destruction of nets.

Senator Coggeshall's (Int. No. 496), relative to the destruction or exhibition of illegal devices used in violation of the game law.

Senator Raines' (Int. No. 247), relative to the sale of trout.

Assemblyman Apgar's (Int. No. 866), relative to the close season for deer.

Assemblyman Bisland's (Int. No. 1175), relative to the close season for trout.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 265), relative to taking fish through the ice in Dutchess county.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 266), relative to the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 263), relative to the close season for squirrels.

Assemblyman Hammond's (Int. No. 534), relative to taking pike in the counties of Oneida, Oswego, Madison and Onondaga.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 305), relative to the protection of land turtles and wild black bear.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 115), relative to penalties.

Assemblyman Stevens' (Int. No. 1006), relative to the close season on trout.

Assemblyman West's (Int. No. 469), relative to placing carp in certain waters.

Assemblyman Bisland's (Int. No. 476), relative to the close season for hares and rabbits.

Assemblyman Gates' (Int. No. 651), relative to the protection of beaver.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading these bills:

Assemblyman Prentice's (Int. No. 897), relative to the close season.

Assemblyman Plank's (Int. No. 1307) in relation to fires to clear lands.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading and recommitted the bill of Assemblyman F. C. Wood (Int. No. 1194), in relation to the compensation of game protectors and the disposition of proceeds of actions.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Santee's (Int. No. 737), relative to appointing additional protectors.

Assemblyman Becker's (Int. No. 778), relative to special game protectors.

Senate committee's bill (Int. No. 677), relative to the duties of superintendent of forests, fire wardens and game protectors.

Assemblyman Miller's (Int. No. 994), relative to the pollution of streams.

Governor Higgins has signed the following bills:

Assemblyman Bisland's (Int. No. 1175), amending Section 40 by providing that the close season for trout shall be from Sept. 1 to April 15, both inclusive; but if the 16th day of April shall be Sunday in any year, such close season shall end with the 14th day of April.

Assemblyman Wade's (Int. No. 249), providing that the meshes of nets used in Lake Erie shall not be less than 1½ inch bar.

"Paw, would it be ungrammatical to say, 'I seen you when you hid \$10 under the bureau?'" "Yes, son, both ungrammatical and dangerous. When you are in doubt on such points always come to me, and never go to your mother."—Cincinnati Tribune.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Log of the Mystery.

GASOLINE cabin launch Mystery, 42ft. long, 11ft. beam, 20-horsepower gasoline engine, sloop rigged, chartered by Trask and Newberry, of Cleveland, Ohio, for a month's cruise from Miami to Punta Rassa, via the Keys of Florida.

Charles R. Meloy, owner, captain and cook, 35 years old, born in New Haven, Conn., tall and strong, has been prize-fighter, railroad man, and now owns the Mystery and charters her to fishermen.

Captain John R. Roberts, pilot, 40 years old, born in Wisconsin, a gentleman by birth and training, handsome, agreeable, with property enough to support him comfortably. Has been in the United States Volunteer Army in the Philippines and got a captain's commission there at close of war. Traveled over most of the world, now makes his home in Miami and fishes, shoots and guides as part business and part amusement.

Walter Jenkins, assistant engineer, deck hand, general utility, "cracker" by birth and education. Sixteen years old, tall and thin, smokes cigarettes all the time. A well-intentioned boy, but apt to forget things and be picturesquely cursed by the captain in consequence.

J. C. Trask, general agent of a big insurance company, short, stout and jolly.

A. St. J. Newberry, lawyer and manufacturer, tall, thin, and the keeper of this log.

Monday, Jan. 16.—Sailed from Miami 1 P. M. High north wind; bright sun; trolled down Biscayne Bay without results. Went aground at mouth of Caesar's Creek, 24 miles south from Miami, about 5 P. M., on a falling tide. Stuck there all night.

Tuesday, Jan. 17.—Cold north wind; rainy; got off ground about 6 o'clock with great difficulty; anchored in Caesar's Creek for breakfast; went after crawfish for bait and the table in a branch creek; got a lot of them with the spear, weighing up to five pounds each. Very good sport and food, tasting like lobster. Found a school of silver moonfish up the creek, and secured seven by casting the spear; the most beautiful fish I have ever seen. One 12in. long and 10in. across, was $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, and all shining like mother of pearl and silver. Caught a few grunts in channel late in the afternoon—very good on table.

Wednesday, Jan. 18.—Sunny; northeast wind. Caught a parrot fish and a grunt from the anchorage. Moved up creek again. Speared crawfish and moonfish. Tied up to mangroves, where water was about 12ft. deep and perfectly clear. Many blue and yellow angelfish and snappers visible; but they would not bite. A large school of salt-water chub in a cave under the bank. Caught a dozen of them about two pounds each with light rod, small hook and a very small bait; very active and strong fish, and interesting fishing.

Thursday, Jan. 19.—Warmer; showers; wind, east. Down channel and outside keys to Angelfish Creek. Caught a few grunts. After lunch ran up through creek and down inside keys to Steamboat Creek. Fished there for snapper; caught one and two little sand perch. At five ran down creek and anchored outside. Fished for snapper at mouth of creek. Mosquitoes fearful. Trask caught three snappers, small, and then hooked a 4ft. stingray, which towed him round awhile and was led out into the bay. We got gaff and grains; Roberts grained him, the hook giving way then. I gaffed him, and we both towed him to the boat. Captain grained him again. Walter broke the barbed lance in his tail with an oar, and we hoisted him on deck. Estimated weight 80 pounds, dark olive back, white below. Slept in bay that night; no flies; fair night.

Friday, Jan. 20.—Wind, west, light; bright and warm. Back to Angelfish Creek. Down outside to Indian Key, about 30 miles south of Angelfish. Rigged tarpon rods and wire leaders for expected big barracuda. Trolled down, some strikes from mackerel; no fish. Anchored one-quarter mile north of Indian Key. Caught abundance of runners (or hard tail), snappers, grunts, a yellow tail and fifteen or twenty of the curious "half-beak"—a silvery fish from 10in. to 15in. long, about 1in. deep, tail with lower blade the longer, and a long protrusion of the lower jaw making a 3in. or 4in. beak, the upper jaw short. These swim in schools near the surface, and take very gently a small hook with piece of crawfish about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square. Very lively, but too small to give sport. A 4ft. shark made a dash at one of my hooked fish, and nearly got him.

Saturday, Jan. 21.—North wind; fresh; cool. Landed on Indian Key, shot two doves and could not find them. Tried to catch groupers in rock holes along shore. Saw some of five to eight pounds, but could not get them to bite. Caught some small porgies and grunts off the cay. Moved to our last night's anchorage. No fish, but a school of half-beaks. Caught eight with one bait. Later got several good mutton fish, runners, etc. Fish bit for last part of ebb tide only. I fell backward from the after deck into the cockpit, campstool and all. Ought to have broken my neck, but got off with a scare and a few strains.

Sunday, Jan. 22.—Wind, north; light, falling to almost nothing; warm and pleasant. Up at 5:30; breakfast. To Alligator Reef Light, 3 miles southeast. Trolled around light with tarpon rod, reel and line, piano wire leaders, 10-o hooks and 6in. bait, pork rind or fish. Caught twenty-one barracuda, from 10 to 30 pounds, five amber fish from 25 to 60 pounds, five groupers from 10 to 70 pounds, two Spanish mackerel 8 pounds each. Lost a good many fish and several hooks and leaders. Perfectly wonderful sport. Very gamy and strong fish, especially the amberjack, which, in sustained power, excel every fish I have known, weight for weight. Is first cousin to the California "yellow-tail." The work very hard, and after each big fish was gaffed, one wanted to sit down and gasp, and rub

his aching muscles. I was astonished at the strength of the tackle, and got to think it would hold anything, so lost two big amberjack by holding them too tight and breaking my line at the leader knot. A hammer-head shark, about 10ft. long, swam close around the sloop while we were anchored for lunch. Tried in vain to shoot him; fished for him with shark hook, but he wouldn't bite.

Our total catch was thirty-three fish, and I estimated total weight over 700 pounds. Trask had two reels fail him and broke his line twice, and so took my spare line and reel to go on with. His click slipped off, the reel overran and snarled the line, and the next rush broke it. Largest grouper was about 4ft. long, 70 pounds; largest amberjack, $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft., 60 pounds; largest barracuda, $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft., 30 pounds. The barracuda plays like a salmon, making long side runs and often leaping repeatedly. One of my large fish went clear out five times. The amberfish play deeper and do not leap, but are much stronger weight for weight and fight longer. The groupers surge heavily, play deep and get into a hole if they can. Took fish to Indian Key, photographed them, and gave to a "Conch," as the natives of the keys are called, all but four, so none were wasted. Find inside of sole leather brake pad deeply hollowed by friction against the coil of line on the reel. Had a plunge off the sloop. Very fine.

Monday, Jan. 23.—Wind, northeast, light; fair. After breakfast started for Bahia Honda, outside the keys, a run of 40 miles. Passed fleet of spongers about 9 A. M., and of mackerel seiners, each schooner with a big seine boat in tow and a look out on the jibboom end, about eleven. Toward noon saw several mackerel jump, but they would not strike the squids. About 2:30 two struck at the same moment, and were landed, $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each. About 3:30 entered Bahia Honda Harbor, passing near a small rocky islet with a large flock of pelicans on it. Shot at them muchly with small rifles with no results. Landed on Bahia Honda Cay. Low coral reef, with rank grass and bushes on the higher part, and a few coconut palms in the distance. Caught a lot of small crabs for bait from under stones, and I speared a nurse shark about 15in. long. Back on boat, and caught a lot of small porgies and grunts before sundown. Going back to boat we saw a large stingray, speckled this time; but he got away too quick for me to spear him. They move through the water by motion of their wide flanges, which is singularly like the flight of a bird. 6 P. M., wind north, light; quite warm. These southern keys have white beaches, and are inclined to be rocky and dry, quite different from the mud and mangrove cays for the first 50 miles south of Miami. Trask snores regularly every night, but not violently, and it don't seem to bother me any. He is very cheerful and jolly and a very pleasant companion.

Tuesday Jan. 24.—Anchored in channel before breakfast; caught large grunts and porgies of about 2 pounds, and one pork fish, silver with yellow and black stripes. Started for Key West about 8 o'clock. One valve stem of engine broke about 10 o'clock; drifted for two hours and repaired it. Trolled with big rods over some reefs for about an hour after lunch. I caught a 15-pound grouper, and had one more strike. Trask got one strike, but no fish. Started for Key West 2:15 P. M., about 18 miles away. Timed the boat for an hour this morning. She made $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles towing her rowboat behind, and with two trolling lines out. A perfect day; north wind early in day, and quite brisk. Now, 2:30 P. M., soft S.W. wind; very warm and perfectly clear; water, turquoise with purple patches of rocky shoal; wind, light, northerly, increasing.

Wednesday, Jan. 25.—Wind, northerly fresh; fair weather. Took some photographs, bought supplies, etc. Dropped my glasses into the harbor while trying to photograph a 200-pound jewfish tied to dock. A genial colored gentleman fished them out and seemed grateful for a quarter. Wind rose rapidly, by noon blowing a norther. Shifted boat to south of steamer pier; cold and cloudy; dined at hotel; a very bad dinner. Cold night; wind high.

Thursday, Jan. 26.—Norther still blowing very cold. Sun out about 10 A. M.; warmer. Think we are stuck here for a day or two. Storm all day, very cold, extra blankets bought and slept in underclothes and stockings.

Friday, Jan. 27.—Fair; cold north wind. Many fish picked up by boys, so numbed with cold as to be helpless. Wind falling and somewhat warmer. Drove with Trask to Martelo Towers, old forts east of town, and took some photographs. We had been told this could not be done without a permit, so drove to the barracks, and were told that the commanding officer was at Fort Taylor. Drove to the fort, passing through a gate where a sentry was stationed, who said nothing to us. After some inquiry found a group of officers at one of the batteries, prominent among whom was a stout red-faced, grizzled personage. I lifted my hat, and he said, "Well, sir." I said, "We are told that permission to inspect the Martelo Towers is necessary, and beg to ask leave to do so." He thundered, "How the devil did you get in here?" and, without waiting for a reply, began to abuse our driver for bringing citizens into the fort and threatened him with the guard house; ordered the officer of the day to arrest the sentry at the gate and have him tried by court martial. Said to me most gruffly, "Am sorry I can give you no permission to see any of the fortifications," and stalked away. The whole performance was so absurd that it struck me as funny, and I did not begin to realize that our dignity as American citizens had been offended until about next day. The army is amusing when it gets on its hind legs and prances, and this particular individual may have been a very good officer, but seems to have lacked training as a gentle-

man. We found the towers practically ruinous, and nobody objected to our visit to them.

The islands where not cleared is a desolate wilderness, sand and rock covered by scrubby jungle. Got some more supplies and hope to start in morning for the west coast. This storm appears to have been general all over the country, with zero or below in northern cities and freezing or below far down into Florida, and has doubtless done great damage. Saw a jewfish on dock, about 6ft. long and very thick and heavy, would weigh at least 300 pounds, brown, mottled with lighter shade and very ugly. Large turtle crawls on dock next us. Full of green turtles. Some very large ones. Toward night wind much lighter, and temperature much milder. Night cold, but not nearly so bad as the last one.

Saturday, Jan. 28.—Cloudy; light northeast wind. Started at 9:30. On the way passed a small shark and a hawkbill turtle, circled to try and spear them, but they both got out of the way. Reached Bahia Honda 3:30. Landed on Pelican Key, got two shots at flock of small beach birds with shotgun. Killed several, but only got two, others washed away. Fired four shots at pelican on the water, about 300yds., with .22 rifle; first shot short; second and third nearer, but still short. Fourth caught him through the neck and killed him instantly. Picked him up with launch, full-grown female, very handsome plumage, spread of wings 7ft. Much larger bird than I supposed. Anchored inside channel. Quiet night.

Sunday, Jan. 29.—Cloudy; heavy black bank to the east. Started for Cape Sable 9 A. M. Skinned the pelican; beastly job. Partly cloudy; light north wind. Are running up inside keys, and shall strike across in an hour or so and get out of sight of land. Bay of Florida. Water shallow, to-day muddy from long storm, so pale turquoise. Cape Sable about 3 P. M. Up along shore to Sawfish Hole. Very shoal water. Anchored off post-office of Flamingo, near some small keys. Few drops of rain in evening. Quite comfortable temperature. The pelican skin kept me busy for four days, hanging it up to the sun to dry, covering it with canvas when it rained and putting it away at night. It got wetter and worse smelling every day, and I finally gave it up as a bad job and threw it overboard.

Monday, Jan. 30.—Fair, light east wind, comfortably warm. Up at sunrise. Went to keys with shotgun and rod. Shot a great white heron and a qua bird, or night heron. Caught a sea trout three pounds. Roberts speared a drum of about same size. Picked up a chilled burrfish. Yellow ground, fine black stripes in pattern, emerald eyes, yellow border, spined profusely on back and head to tail; 8in. long. Afternoon, speared a red drum, shot a Florida cormorant and young white ibis, called "curlew" here. Fired many shots. Shot (No. 8), too small. Warmest night yet.

Tuesday, Jan. 31.—Fair, light east wind; warm. Fished for drum around keys, no bites. Shot at a red drum and missed him. Speared a gray drum, 20 pounds, which croaked repeatedly when in the boat. Roberts picked up a 50-pound tarpon, dead, evidently killed by cold; no mark on him. After lunch started for Shark River on west coast. East wind became high about noon. Still quite warm. We were disappointed at not seeing a sawfish, for which this last spot is noted. Had cormorant and curlew stewed for dinner. Both horrid. Tender, but with a dead and gone after-taste that was abominable. The red drum proved an excellent table fish. About 2:30 ran hard aground on bank a mile from shore. Tide went out and boat lay over 20 degrees or more. Engine broke down just after we struck. Tinkered it, tide came in and we got off about 7:30 and anchored in channel. Big lot of porpoises puffing and jumping around us. Wind fallen; warmer.

Wednesday, Feb. 1.—Fair; wind east, fresh. Fished off boat. Trask caught four sand perch; I didn't get a bite. Ran along coast past the triple capes called "Sable," toward Shark River. Reached same about noon. After lunch went up river in boats. Fished, but caught nothing. Shot two Louisiana herons and a young one of the "little blue heron." This last was pure white, the ends of the primaries very slightly marked with bluish. In about two years the bird becomes deep blue all over. Trask shot an adult. Took skin of back and wings of my Louisianas. Two porpoises in river; Trask shot at them with big rifle and missed; Walter chased them with grains, but couldn't reach 'em. Mosquitoes numerous here. Shall pull out for Marco and Pavilion Key or Punta Rassa in morning.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Golden Trout Shown in San Francisco.

GOLDEN trout from an icy stream 7,000 feet up the wild sides of Mt. Whitney were one of the attractions of the Forest, Fish and Game Association's show in San Francisco last week. The fish were caught in Whitney Creek by R. W. Regua, foreman of the Sissons hatchery. With two assistants he started up the towering mountain. One of his companions turned back when a blinding snow-storm came on, but the other two proceeded. Regua got about three dozen of the trout, which were brought down in a bucket of water and ice. Plenty of ice was kept in the tank in which the fish were shipped, and a large chunk of it floated in the water in which they lived at the pavilion.

The Wag.

From the New York Times.
He laugheth best who laugheth last,
So on the mundane ball
The dog, who chuckles with his tail,
Must laugh the best of all.

New York Hatcheries.

THE following paragraphs are from advance sheets of the report of the Deputy Commissioner in charge of the New York State Hatcheries to Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner D. C. Middleton, as submitted to the Legislature:

During the past season the value of the fish distributed for the purpose of stocking the inland waters of the State was, at the lowest market price charged by commercial hatcheries, \$119,684.67, which is a larger value than that of the previous season and secured without any great additional expense.

Some idea of the increase in the demands made on the hatcheries may be had from the fact that during the past year we received 2,320 applications for fish of various kinds, as compared with a total of 1,908 applications received in 1903, and a total of 1,459 received in 1902. We filled 1,929, as compared with 1,551 during the previous season, and carried over 196, which were filled satisfactorily during the late fall.

Owing to the severity of the previous winter, a considerable number of the fish had to be carried over until spring, which is the reason for the large increase in the number of yearlings distributed. As a rule, the fish are planted chiefly as fingerlings, that being the size which gives the most satisfactory results. Should any yearling fish happen to be on hand they are planted only in the larger bodies of water, or in such streams as are closed to all fishing in the manner provided by law. Valuable assistance has been received from local organizations for the protection of fish and game in planting many of the inland lakes, and it is the intention to continue systematically the work of restocking the larger bodies of water on applications made in the name of the Commission itself.

The Food Fish.

For reasons not well understood, there were unusual difficulties last season, attending the highly important work of propagating what are classed in this State as "food fish." These difficulties, it has been learned, were also experienced in other States. In our own hatcheries the apparently healthy eggs, especially of the pike perch, perished by thousands or hatched out weaklings without any reason that was apparent to the experienced men in charge. In the opinion of many fishermen the trouble was due to the unusually prolonged and severe weather of the winter preceding the spawning season.

The run of shad in the Hudson River was also much smaller than usual. Several snow squalls which came on during the season, chilled the water at various times sufficiently to check the run, but the fishermen also assert that the pollution of the river is now so great that the fish do not run in any great number far above Catskill. It has also been suggested that the myriads of carp which now infest the river seriously interfere with the spawning of this important species of fish, and a number of suggestions have been made by the fishermen with a view to overcoming these difficulties. One plan which has been urged is that the Commission take steps to raise the shad fry to a more advanced stage of growth before planting them. Another suggestion is that the Commission remove the shad hatchery from its present location on the banks of the river at Catskill to some desirable location on the banks of the Delaware River—either in the town of Hancock, in Delaware county, or lower down in Sullivan county. The water there is practically free from pollution, and the fish run annually in great numbers. It would not be expensive to make this change and, in the judgment of experienced fishermen, a great many more eggs could be taken there and planted to much better advantage. As the failure of the shad fisheries is a serious matter, any reasonable experiment having for its object the improvement of existing conditions will recommend itself to the taxpayers.

The output of trout exceeded that of 1903 by 584,499, and the grand total output of game fish was 5,045,914. The Commission was able during the year to restock many depleted streams for which applications were made by line fishermen, and also to supply an unusually large number of requests from citizens interested in public waters in many parts of the State. Apparently the severity of the winter did not affect the trout to any extent, and good fishing was reported by those living in the very localities where the streams were said to have been frozen solid and from which doleful predictions came that the waters would be barren of fish in the spring.

The wisdom of the Legislature in making timely and encouraging appropriations for the use of the hatchery system rendered it possible for the Commission to so improve several of the hatcheries that their condition is now better than it has been before in years. It is believed that the extensions made at Margaretville will now render it possible to produce a supply ample for the stocking of the waters in the important Catskill region, and that changes made at the Pleasant Valley, Cold Spring and Fulton Chain hatcheries will result in more and better work at each. The great hatchery at Caledonia, and the very important trout hatchery at Saranac Inn Station, should have similar attention next season. It is also desirable that provision be made for the rearing of black bass, and the Commission has plans for this well in hand and will push them to a successful conclusion just as soon as certain questions involving the water supply can be settled. The demand for this species of fish has grown steadily for several years and is now so great that the importance of this work can no longer be overlooked.

A very serious epidemic among the brook trout at the Cold Spring hatchery, a misfortune which was shared by one or more of the great private hatcheries on Long Island, has temporarily removed this hatchery from active service. The Commission at the outbreak of this disease, communicated with Hon. George M. Bowers, the United States Commissioner of Fisheries, who promptly furnished one of his best experts to render all possible assistance. The matter was given the closest possible attention, but in spite of every effort not a single fish could be saved. With a view to preventing any further occurrence of the kind at this important hatchery, the Commission has replaced all the old rearing ponds by cement structures and has thoroughly renovated all their connections. An entirely new lot of brood fish—12,000 in number—were sent to this hatchery from

the Adirondacks during the fall, and it is believed that no further trouble will be experienced.

In connection with this hatchery it is regretted that the Commission has been forced, temporarily at least, to abandon the valuable work that was being done there in lobster culture. Excellent progress had been made in this work, and the great need for continuing it will be apparent to anyone familiar with the rapidity with which the lobster is disappearing from our waters.

Very material assistance has been rendered by the United States Fisheries Commission during the past season, and thanks are due to the Hon. George M. Bowers, Commissioner, for his ready responses to our various requests. In this connection, it may be said that in addition to the fish planted in New York State waters by our Commission, the United States Commissioner has distributed: 1,148,000 brook trout fry, 3,375 brook trout yearlings, 4,470,000 lake trout fry, 10,900 rainbow trout fry, 1,850 black bass yearlings, 350 rock bass yearlings, 100,000 pike perch fry, and 15,235,000 whitefish fry.

Recommendations.

In view of the preceding statements, and of other matters which have come to my attention during the year, I would make the following recommendations:

1. That an effort be made to have the committees of the Legislature, in their travels through the State, pay visits to the several hatcheries, for the purpose of giving these committees a well-defined idea of the magnitude of our work and its importance to the people, as well as of the requirements of the hatcheries.

2. That the location of the shad hatchery be changed in accordance with the suggestion and for the reasons already given.

3. That in recognition of the work done by the secretary in connection with the hatchery system, and more especially because of the interest he has taken in the distribution of the output, the collection of specimens for the various exhibits, and of his knowledge of the waters of the State and their requirements, the honorary title of Assistant Fish Culturist be bestowed upon him, and a suitable record of this action made in the minutes of the Commission.

4. That the State hatcheries be opened in a modified way to scientific workers engaged in the study of fish-cultural problems, and especially to those studying the diseases of fish.

J. D. LAWRENCE,
Deputy Commissioner.

Secretary John D. Whish has prepared the following comparative statement of what was done by several of the States during the season of 1904. The figures are compiled from official reports, and furnish an interesting comparison for all those concerned in the work of fish-culture. It should be stated before considering the figures that in Maine the game fish distributed are trout and ouananiche; in Minnesota, New York, New Jersey and Vermont they are all trout. In Michigan, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin the pike perch is called a game fish, but in making the comparison in the table this species is rated as a food fish in order to place all the States on the same footing. New Jersey buys all its fish from the commercial hatcheries:

State.	Total Distribution.	Food Fish.	Game Fish.	Cost.
Connecticut	7,250,450	7,135,000	115,450	\$4,237.11
Maine	1,084,504	None	1,084,504	25,000.00
Massachusetts	26,411,337	22,100,000	4,311,337	5,800.00
Michigan	48,904,460	29,875,000	9,229,460	32,000.00
Minnesota	72,700,000	67,800,000	4,900,000	8,000.00
New York	111,667,830	106,617,466	5,050,364	52,000.00
New Jersey	27,100	None	27,100	6,045.00
Pennsylvania	85,000,000	77,293,000	7,707,000	17,000.00
Rhode Island	3,040,500	3,000,000	40,500	7,500.00
Vermont	880,000	None	880,000	2,000.00
Wisconsin	83,837,850	20,375,000	63,462,850	30,413.06

The History of a Fly.

SEATTLE.—This is the story of a new fly invented by Mrs. Chet Belding, one of the most expert fisherwomen on the Pacific Coast. Its killing qualities were tested on Cedar Lake last fall and found to be better than any of the other artificial lures in use at that time of the year.

It is impossible to give a name to the new fly, because the original, so far as investigation has gone, is not classified. It is found only in the lakes of high altitude, and makes its appearance about the middle of August. For three weeks the water along late in the afternoon is well covered with this species of fly, and the trout feed on them almost exclusively.

In general appearance it resembles the devil's darning needle, but it is a distinct species, even if it should belong to that family. Its body is rather long and yellow; its wings are of good size, gauzy and of a drab color. It rests on the water by means of four legs.

One of the most peculiar things about the odd creature is that it does not move about, after once settling for the night, or, at least that is the deduction made from observations by both Mr. and Mrs. Belding. It does, however, twist its body back and forth with a sort of spasmodic action.

Its birth takes place in the mud at the bottom of the lake near the shore. About 9 o'clock in the morning it slowly works its way to the top of the water, where it rests perfectly motionless for eight or ten minutes; then it slowly spreads its wings and flies directly into the rays of the sun. Nothing more is seen of it until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when it returns to the water and remains there for the night, unless some hungry trout ends its existence.

The length of the fly is about one inch, and it comes out of a cocoon, wherein it lives during the chrysalis state. The cocoon collapses and appears on the surface of the water in the form of a brown scum.

Mr. Belding says that from his personal observations in Idaho and California he believes that this fly is not found in either of these States; from inquiries made among sportsmen he is inclined to doubt its existence in Oregon, although he does not feel like making a decided statement to that effect. Eastern fishermen of years' experience in all parts of the United States have told Mr. Belding that Washington is the only place they have ever seen this fly.

The story of how Mrs. Belding happened to commence her investigations which resulted in the mak-

ing of the artificial fly is out of the ordinary. A party was camped on the shore of Cedar Lake in August. All of a sudden the trout ceased biting and nothing in the way of bait or flies would tempt them to action. One evening Mr. and Mrs. Belding went out on the lake and commenced casting. Now Mr. Belding is candid enough to admit that his wife can handle a rod better than he. She can stand with her back to a tree and, without apparent effort, place a fly within a six-inch circle four out of five times, at fifty feet. How she makes the line circle gracefully into the air over her head and then commence its journey at right angles to the ground is what stumps Mr. Belding. Mrs. Belding has attempted to initiate her husband into the mystery of the delicate wrist action which produces this result, but he says that it is beyond him—and Chet is a mighty good fly-caster at that.

On the evening in question Mr. Belding cast his fly in vain, but every time Mrs. Belding tipped the rod there was a splash and in came a firm-meated mountain trout.

"What have you got there?" inquired Mr. Belding; "I don't see why you should be such a favorite."

"Why," replied Mrs. Belding, with a laugh, "I have a fly of my own manufacture."

She had taken an ordinary hook, lined the shank with very fine strips of cork, and then covered it with a yellow body. The drab wings had been made of yarn. The cork kept the artificial fly on top of the water in imitation of the original, and in order to prevent the leader from sinking close up to the hook she had taken bits of cork and attached them to it.

In reality it was still-fishing that made Mrs. Belding's success. She aimed to imitate the fly which she had observed on the water, but realized that her aim would be destroyed if she dragged the fly over the surface, because the real fly does not move about. Having the fly stationary and on top of the water and the leader also on the surface, she had an exact imitation of the conditions she sought to imitate. Her creel was filled without trouble and the party humbly acknowledged the wisdom of woman.

PORTUS BAXTER.

A Night at Headquarters.

"HEH, there!" My friend Brown, originator of the Shenandoah Rod and Reel Club, was just turning Bell's corner when I called to him, and, catching up, we went on up to the quarters of the club.

"Give the countersign, Cline." "Right you say." I knock on the door, and presently we hear the measured tread of the quartermaster, Dorsey Yeakley.

"Don't light the gas, Dorse; let's light up the pipes instead."

"Well," says Brownie, "only three more months."

"Hush, Brownie; don't mention it, please; I'll be catching fish all night."

"Hello! somebody at the door. That's all right, Dorse; let him in; his knock is all right."

The sturdy form of Carson Yeakley stands in the doorway. Bless his old soul. Without old Carse and Brownie the Shenandoah Rod and Reel Club would be like a ship without a rudder.

"Well," says Dorse, "how long are we going to stay this time?"

"A whole month!" spoke up a voice.

"Good! an excellent idea, if every one can do the same," says Carse. "Its is none too long, and the time will slip by quick enough."

"I understand," Carson continued, "that Mr. Van Alstyne, the song-writer, musician and all-round camper and fisherman, is to be with us this year."

"That's the calculation," says Brownie, "and we'll never regret taking him with us, and, by the way, that gentleman desires us to bear in mind that he doesn't go as a guest, either."

"Say, look here, Mr. Quartermaster Dorsey Yeakley, I want to make a motion that we be allowed to stay up until 10 o'clock this year."

"Well, now," says Dorse, "we'll see. If Squire Grant doesn't get too obstreperous and doesn't shoot too many buckshot at Cline's cork we might change the rules a little."

"That's all right about the Squire," spoke up a voice, "I'll fix him all right when I get him out in Van Alstyne's canvas boat."

"Let him in, Dorse; I'll bet that's the Squire now."

"I told you so!"

"Hello, Squire; we were just talking about you. Dorse here says if you are right good he'll let you go out in the canvas boat with me, and then I'll do the rest."

"Well!" says the Squire, "I'll be with you at the go-down."

The club will pitch their tents this year on the banks of the Shenandoah, in the valley of Virginia, where our little mascot, Jack Greenwall, can once more hear the distant rumble of the "double hitter" and the "double single." He says he has almost forgotten the whistle, but is ready to bet with Dorse on the first one that comes along. He caught his first bass last year, and his only regret is, that he landed it "nigger" fashion. He is now the possessor of a rod and reel, and says he will land his next fish like a gentleman.

A. T. CLINE.

WINCHESTER, Va., April 8.

A Hudson River Striped Bass.

A THIRTY-SEVEN-POUND striped bass was caught one afternoon last week in the Hudson River off Grant's Tomb in the nets of A. J. Fertenbach, of West 125th street. This is said to be the largest striped bass ever caught in the Hudson. It measured 48 inches from tip to tail. The fish was exhibited last night at the Claremont, and will be stuffed for the Museum of Natural History.

To Preserve Minnows.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—For preserving minnows try formalin, diluted of course. This will keep even the eyes bright, and the fish will last better on an archer spinner than when fresh from the water.

J. C.

The Bangor Salmon Pool.

BANGOR, Me., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Contrary to the usual experience at the Bangor salmon pool, the first week of the season passed without the landing of a single salmon, and, indeed, but one salmon was taken up to the 11th of the month anywhere on the river, that one being caught in a down-river weir. However, on the day mentioned the pool redeemed itself from going on record as furnishing no fish whatsoever, for on that day Charles Eugene Tefft, a New York sculptor, who is at the home of his parents in Brewer for a rest, caught the first salmon of the season, and the manner of landing the fish was so unusual that it is deserving of especial mention. Mr. Tefft, in common with a number of other enthusiasts, had been up to the pool for several days, but the muddy water prevented good fishing. On the afternoon in question he was casting from the shore, and all the other fishermen had left the pool for home, except one, who was landing on the Bangor shore, Mr. Tefft being on the rocks on the Brewer side of the river. As he cast there was a rise just a little way beyond his fly, and at the next cast he hooked his fish. Here was a dilemma, for with no person handy to help him land his fish, and without gaff or landing net, there was a good chance for the fish to get away, and a long dash might mean the loss of the fish. At once he began to reel the fish in toward the bank, and as the salmon came within easy distance from where he stood, a bright thought came to him. Incidental to the pleasure of the afternoon he had brought along his small target rifle, and this lay close at hand. The dorsal fin of the salmon was all that showed, and holding the rod with one hand, Mr. Tefft stooped, picked up and cocked the rifle with the other, aimed and fired, the bullet fortunately passing directly through the head of the salmon. It was the work of but a few seconds to tow the dead salmon to the shore, and when the angler from across the river got there, having hurried across to offer his assistance, he found the fish already high and dry on the bank. When he learned that the whole operation of playing and landing the fish had taken but a minute, when he has often been kept at the game for an hour and more, he was incredulous until told how the fish was "gaffed" with the rifle. The fish weighed 22 pounds.

The very muddy water of the first half of the month is doubtless responsible for the otherwise lack of results at the pool, for the salmon are there, and as soon as the water clears there should be some sport for those who are patient, for patience is a prominent characteristic of those who catch fish in the famous pool of the Penobscot.

The great topic among the anglers now is the probable date of the going of the ice in the lakes and ponds. Sebago Lake, which usually opens very early, in fact has an annual race with the Penobscot River to see which shall be clear first, is still locked in the embrace of the ice king, and it is predicted may not open before the 25th of the month. At all events, the probable date of opening is too far ahead to be fixed with any approach to definiteness, and will depend largely upon what kind of days intervene between now and the opening day. Sebago, which always opens early, perhaps a few days, although less than a week, ahead of the big lakes, is already partly open, having become clear of ice in the narrows this past week. This would indicate an early opening. Reports from Moosehead are that the travel on the lake has been discontinued entirely, and as this usually takes place about three weeks before the final breaking up of the ice, it is safe to look for reports that the lake is free about May 1, barring the approach of a cold snap, which might delay it for several days. The essential conditions to the larger lakes of Maine becoming clear is not only warm suns and soft winds, but unless there is a strong southerly breeze to rot out and set the ice in motion, it might be a week or ten days longer in so dissolving that it would disappear. The writer has been at Greenville when, on a sharp night, the ice would be strong enough in the cove at the foot of the lake to drive across, and by night it would be entirely clear, the sun being hot and the wind just right.

Reports are that the coots have begun to fly on to the coast and that Seguin lighthouse is recording quantities of the fowl passing into the coast inlets. Careful observers say that this is about the average time for the arrival of the fowl.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Interstate Convention.

A CONVENTION of representatives of the States bordering the Great Lakes, Vermont and Canada, was held at the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, April 8, at which the following members were present:

Illinois Fish Commission—Nat. H. Cohen, S. F. Bartlett, A. Lenke.

Michigan Fish Commission—Chas. D. Josylin, Geo. M. Brown, Game Warden Chapman, ex-Warden C. E. Brewster. Senate Fish Committee—Mills, Wordman, Cook and Moffatt. House Committee—Clark, Knight, Robinson, Scidmore, Whelan and Ward.

Minnesota Game and Fish Commission—Sam F. Fullerton, Henry Smith.

Ohio Fish and Game Commission—Paul North. Wisconsin—Game Warden H. Overback, Superintendent of Fisheries James H. Nevin, Senators Wiperman and Wright, Assemblymen LeRoy, Everett, Ottman and Swineholt.

United States Bureau of Fisheries—Frank M. Clark and S. P. Bartlett.

Mr. J. N. Whelan, of Michigan, presided, with Mr. E. W. LeRoy, of Wisconsin, secretary. On motion of Nat. H. Cohen it was voted:

"Whereas, One of the most serious obstacles to the protection of fish and game exists in the absence of uniformity in the provisions of the laws in contiguous States, on account of which absence of uniformity the territory and markets of the one frequently become a shield and protection for violators of the law in the others; therefore,

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that general uniformity should be attained in the States herein represented and bordering on the Great Lakes, with a view to arresting the indiscriminate destruction of the valuable food supplies existing in these waters.

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed by this meeting to formulate a uniform bill by original draft, or by codifying existing laws, for the purposes herein referred to, and to report such bill to the respective legislative bodies of the States and Canadian Provinces interested, with a view to its enactment into law at their next session."

The committee named by the chair included: Sam T. Fullerton and H. G. Smith, Minnesota; W. N. Mills and Walter C. Robinson, Michigan; Nat. H. Cohen and Thomas D. Bear, Illinois; Paul North, Ohio; H. Wiperman and James Swineholt, Wisconsin; Frank N. Clark and S. P. Bartlett, United States Fish Commission; S. T. Batredo.

The following recommendations were adopted, for future submission to the legislatures of all States and Provinces concerned:

"The closed season for all fish on Lake Erie, Detroit River, Lake St. Clair and St. Clair River shall be from Nov. 15 to April 15.

"The closed season for wall-eyed pike on Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and all bays and harbors tributary and St. Mary's Straits shall be from Jan. 1 to May 15.

"The closed season on Lakes Huron and Michigan for whitefish and lake trout shall be from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15.

"The open season for black bass shall be from the first day of July to the first day of January for rod and line only.

"The closed season for sturgeon on the Great Lakes shall be ten years from June 1, 1905.

"Prohibit the sale and export of black bass, maskinongé, brook trout, rainbow trout, German brown trout, Scotch trout, steelhead trout, grayling, landlocked salmon and bass.

"All boxes and packages containing fish shall be marked with the name of the consignor and consignee, and the name or names of the species of fish therein contained."

The minimum size of the different fishes was adopted as follows, the measurement to be from the tip of the snout to the center of the fork of the tail: Small and large-mouthed black bass, 12 inches; maskinongé, 30 inches; all yellow perch caught and offered for sale, 9 inches; wall-eyed pike, 15 inches; blue pike and saugers, 10 inches; whitefish and lake trout 2 pounds dressed, and 2 pounds 4 ounces round; herring in Lake Erie, 10 inches.

On motion of Mr. Clark, it was

"Resolved, That the propagation and sale of speckled and rainbow trout by private persons or companies in private waters be permitted under such regulations and restrictions as shall be recommended by the fish commissions in the various States."

On motion of Mr. Chapman, of Michigan:

"Resolved, That having in possession any green fresh fish three days after the closed season shall be prima facie evidence of the violation of the law."

On motion of Mr. Hoyt it was resolved to recommend to the various States bordering on the Great Lakes a law licensing commercial fishermen; also the licensing of the rod for trout and grayling fishing.

On motion of Mr. Fullerton it was

"Resolved, That this convention recommend to the Legislatures of the States represented that they memorialize Congress to take jurisdiction of the international and interstate waters for the purpose of propagating and protecting fish in said waters, and that said States express their willingness to cede to the Federal Government all jurisdiction that rests in said States."

Other recommendations were that resident hunters be permitted to take home two deer, and non-residents one; that the Lacey Act be enlarged to include all game shipped from any State; that the work of Dr. Palmer be heartily commended; that the sale of game, the cold storage of game and spring shooting be prohibited.

Chicago Casting Tournament.

An international fly and bait-casting tournament will be held under the auspices of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club on the North Lagoon, Garfield Park, Chicago, Ill., Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18 and 19, 1905. Fly and bait-casters throughout the world are earnestly invited to attend this tournament and compete, as it is intended to make it of as wide a scope as possible, covering all such forms of casting as may be deemed advisable and found feasible.

Contestants from other parts of the world will find every effort made to arrange contests in conformity with those forms of casting with which they are familiar.

Among the events scheduled will be long distance fly, delicacy fly, and distance and accuracy fly, together with long distance bait (½ oz. weight), distance and accuracy bait (½ oz. weight), and delicacy and accuracy bait (¼ oz. weight). Team contests and other interesting features are contemplated.

Diamond trophies will be provided for all leading events, and a large number of attractive, valuable and appropriate prizes will be awarded.

Naturally, the rules of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club will prevail, but exceptions will be made where deemed advisable, in behalf of visiting anglers—the desire being to make this tournament as nearly representative as possible of expert angling at large, and suggestions from anglers contemplating attendance at the tournament are earnestly requested and will receive careful consideration if received in time.

The tournament is open to either representatives of clubs or unattached individuals. A nominal entrance fee will be charged in each event. Handsome souvenir, illustrated, historical programmes will be provided, and no expense will be spared to make this the most successful tournament in angling annals.

Special arrangements will be made for the comfort and enjoyment of ladies, and social features of an enjoyable nature will contribute to the pleasure of guests.

All anglers contemplating entering the tournament and all clubs proposing to send representatives, are urged to communicate at the earliest moment with the secretary, who will also furnish anyone with further information, programmes, etc.

B. J. KELLENBERGER, Sec'y.

52 St. Clair St., Chicago, Ill.

A Sturgeon Hatchery.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The Fish Commission has established a hatchery on Winyah Bay at the mouth of the Pedee River, near Georgetown, North Carolina, where sturgeon will be artificially hatched. The scarcity of the sturgeon has resulted in the practical abandonment of the caviar establishments along the Atlantic coast. In past years sturgeon was so abundant in the Potomac, James and Delaware rivers as to be a great annoyance to the fishermen whose nets were badly broken by the monster fish in efforts to escape.

Fishing with a broom handle, with nothing but fresh air as bait, is something new in this vicinity, but it is practiced in the River Rouge district, and in the canals running through the Ecore marshes. The canal was closed up when the shipyard was built on the river front, and thousands of fish had no opportunity to escape. Last winter the canals were frozen from end to end and not an air hole was visible. Men in the neighborhood have discovered the fish need fresh air, and provide breathing places by cutting through the ice. The unsuspecting fish poke their noses about half an inch above the water, and the fisherman's broom handle strikes them on the snout, knocking them unconscious. Several big hauls are made in this way every day.—Detroit Free Press.

The beauty of earth, except for some spots that our sordid industries have ravaged, has altered but little since the days of Augustus and Pericles. The sea is infinite still, still inviolate. The forest, the plain, the harvest, the villages, rivers and streams, the mountains, the dawn and the evening, stars and the sky, vary as these all may according to climate and latitude, offer us still the same spectacles of grandeur and tenderness, the same soft, profound harmonies, the same fairy-like scenes of changing complexity, that they gave to the Athenian citizens and the people of Rome. Nature remains more or less as it was; and besides, we have grown more sensitive, and to-day can admire more freely.—Maurice Maeterlinck in the April Critic.



REVIVE THE CATBOAT.

IN a measure fashion regulates styles in boats very much the same as it does in architecture, literature and dress. To those who have watched the development of the different types of yachts during the past decade this fact has been made very plain.

After the public at large has had a try at anything and it has become indulged in by the numbers, its popularity soon wanes and it is abandoned, not owing to faults or shortcomings, but because the great majority desire something new or better or more expensive. No matter what the reason is, the desire for a change exists, and it is eventually brought about. In these progressive days changes are usually improvements, and the desire for change is generally a healthy inclination for something better. There are some things, however, which are abandoned mainly because something new has come into the field, and oftentimes the merit of the thing neglected is seen and appreciated after a short time and the wise ones return to their first love.

When the boats that were forerunners of the modern raceabout made their appearance some years ago, the majority of small boat cruising and racing men in the East did their sailing in catboats. These boats had been brought to a reasonably high state of perfection, and the average craft of this type was a very smart and weatherly vessel. The builders on Cape Cod put their best energies into the modeling of catboats, and their products were highly creditable. The plumb stem and square stern Cape catboat is known the world over, and particularly the creations of that peerless builder, Hanley. Although the catboat proved to be a fine craft for ordinary sailing and cruising, the knockabout grew so fast in favor that the catboat was overlooked for the moment and then almost forgotten except by a loyal few who clung to old boats and traditions, and who to-day are more enthusiastic than they were fifteen years ago. The average catboat was the product of the rule of thumb builder, and while it answered every purpose, we venture to assert that had our best naval architects expended as much

time and scientific knowledge in the designing of the catboat as they have in the raceabout and the knockabout, a very perfect type of vessel would have resulted. Catboats were popular when yacht designers were not so numerous nor so well versed in their profession as they are to-day, and this is one reason why these craft did not receive all the attention due them.

The knockabout and the raceabout not only brought many new men into the sport, but they thinned out the ranks of the catboat sailors. Each year saw the knockabout improved in various ways and the new craft proved slightly faster than the old ones. This slight increase in speed was gained at the cost of some comfort and greatly increased expense. In order to win races new boats were necessary nearly every year, while to-day the raceabout of twenty-one feet waterline length costs upward of \$2,000 when turned out by any one of the first-class builders of the East. This excessively high cost greatly restricts the number of boats built, as the price is prohibitive, and few men can afford to indulge them-

selves in such extravagant playthings.

We do not wish to be misunderstood in regard to our comparisons between the catboat and the raceabout, for we believe that this type of craft has done much for yachting on the whole, as the boats generally are handy and serviceable craft. It is a question, however, whether these boats with their greatly increased cost afford the owners any more comfort or amusement or speed than the catboat that cost less than half as much.

If properly designed, catboats can be made to balance perfectly, so that they can be steered without discomfort. Even with their big sail plans they can be handled with reasonable ease, as their rigging is very simple and there are no back stays or jib sheets to look after. The catboat is thoroughly seaworthy if constructed by an experienced builder and handled by an efficient sailor, and she is no more easily capsized than any other modern centerboard boat. The men who really know these craft will usually concede that they are as fast, able, safe and comfortable as any boat of their inches afloat.

To one who can afford to build a raceabout and enjoy racing it, we say by all means continue. This advice is not intended for those fortunate gentlemen, but for the men of modest incomes who would like to get into the game and cannot afford to do so. For them the catboat solves the problem. If they are recruits they won't allow old prejudices to prevent them from building, and if they are old hands they need not be urged. They will not be alone, for the catboat is bound to return again. Another year or two will bring out many new and improved boats of this type, and if the right men build, it is certain that the racing will be as keen as it ever was even in the catboat's palmiest days.

Some enthusiastic boat sailors on Boston and Narragansett Bays have kept up interest in the catboat during the years it has been under the ban, and now some owners of catboats who make their headquarters at Quincy, Mass., have formed an organization, the object of which is to encourage the racing and building of catboats. This association is known as the Cape Catboat Association. These men deserve credit for having taken the initiative, and they should receive the strongest indorsement and support for their efforts to revive interest in the catboat.

We are confident that the association will be given the support it merits, and we should like to see a similar association at every yachting center along the coast. Another season will find such an association organized at the west end of Long Island Sound, for the project is already under discussion.

Cape Catboat Association.

Constitution and By-Laws.

NAME.

The name of this Association shall be the Cape Catboat Association.

OBJECT.

The object of the Association is to create among the clubs of Massachusetts Bay a class of cabin boats that can race together under such by-laws and restrictions as will keep boats of this type together and make interesting and instructive racing. Any cabin catboat that conforms to the rules and restrictions, and is accepted by the measurer and voted in by the executive committee, may belong to this Association.

DEFINITION.

A Cape catboat belonging to this Association is intended to be a seaworthy type of cruising cabin boat, heavily constructed, having good cabin and moderate sail plan, and also does not include boats having square sides, snub nosed bows, fin-keels, bilge boards, hollow keels or double centerboards or rudders, and conforming to the following limitations.

LENGTH.

Over all length of boats shall not be less than 20ft., nor more than 30ft.

RACING LENGTH.

The racing length be L.W.L. plus one-third of all overhangs unless the overhangs are more than 20 per cent. of the L.W.L. In that case the racing length is to be the length of the L.W.L. plus two-thirds of the extreme overhang, no overhangs to be more than 25 per cent. of L.W.L.

SAILS.

Working sails only shall be used. (Jib and mainsail.)

BALLAST.

All ballast be below cabin and cockpit floors and transoms.

CREW.

One man to every 4ft. of waterline measurement.

HEADROOM.

The minimum head room in cabin shall be 3ft. 6in. for every boat 16ft. on waterline, and that addition of not less than 1½in. be made for every foot of additional waterline.

POSITION OF MAST.

The forward side of the mast shall not be more than 1ft. aft of waterline.

RESTRICTIONS ON NEW BOATS.

Scantlings as heavy as the average of the boats now belonging to this Association. Keel to be of oak. Frames to be of oak. Clamps and bilge stringers of hard yellow pine or oak. Planking to be of pine, cedar, cypress or spruce. Deck beams of oak. Side of cabin trunk to be of oak, pine or cypress.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any boat applying for membership in this Association shall be inspected by the measurer of this Association, and reported on to the membership committee.

RULES.

The Yacht Racing Association rules to govern racing, except as herein stated, and local club rules to govern racing, except in the open races.

ALLOWANCES.

All allowances to be figured by the Herreshoff table.

FIXTURES, FITTINGS AND EQUIPMENT.

There shall be a substantial partition at the after end of the cabin, two lockers, two transoms, cushions for transoms, receptacle for two gallons of water, one anchor and suitable cable, one life-preserver, compass, boat-hook and bucket.

EXISTING BOATS.

Any catboat built prior to the adoption of these restrictions may

join the Association, providing that she conforms to the spirit of these restrictions in the judgment of the measurer and the executive committee.

OFFICERS.

President—Ira M. Whittemore, of Dorchester.
Vice-President—George W. Lane, of Boston.
Secretary and Treasurer—Dr. F. C. Dawes, of Neponset.
Measurer—Ralph E. Winslow, of Quincy.
Executive Committee—Frank Coleman, Frank F. Crane, Chas. O. Whitney, Geo. Sawyer.

British Letter.

THE FITTING OUT SEASON.—The fitting out season is now in full swing, and reports received from the various yachting centers give promise of a very successful year as far as the smaller classes are concerned. Nor will the bigger boats show any falling off as compared with last year, but there will be one or two notable absentees, though their places will probably be filled by others. Bona is not fitting out and her absence will be a cause for general regret, for although she could never be called a cruiser racer, as she was a real thoroughbred, she was always well handled and well kept up and a welcome addition to any fleet. Bona was one of the late Mr. G. L. Watson's best efforts. She was moreover beautifully built and so kept her shape and speed. Indeed there is no reason to doubt that she was as fast last season as the first year she came out. No doubt Mr. Donaldson will have her out again next year unless he disposes of her. Mr. Hardcastle has decided not to fit out Merrymaid and there is no rumor of Mr. Quentin's schooner Cicely being under racing colors. Both these boats are bona fide fast cruisers and can ill be spared. This is Cicely's second year of idleness and it seems a pity that such a fine vessel should be laid up for two seasons running. As regards the Nicholson cutter Merrymaid, she was only built last year, and although she is a fine, handsome looking vessel, she did not appear to do nearly as well as might have been expected. She is the type of boat to be encouraged in the handicap class, fast, dry, of moderate dimensions, and a first rate sea boat. Mr. Kennedy's yawl, White Heather, has got what she wanted—a good skipper—in the person of Charles Bevis, who did so well last year in the 52-footer Maymon. Bevis had charge of Sybarita in her first two seasons and right well he did with her. Had he been in charge of her when she met Kariad in the Mediterranean the following year and got beaten nearly every time they started, the result would have been very different. White Heather is sure to prove a very much improved boat with Bevis at the helm, and now that Bona is not to appear she should be the most dangerous boat in the fleet. White Heather was a little tender when she first came out, but that fault was soon rectified by the addition of lead to her keel. She gave evidence of speed on several occasions, yet there is no doubt that she suffered from inferior handling. This year the utmost will be got out of her and she will be a thorn in the side of the biggest boats in the class. The Payne designed Betty, once a cutter and now altered to yawl rig, and the schooner Sunshine will fill the gaps caused by the withdrawal of Bona and Merrymaid, so that the class will not suffer in numbers though it will in quality. For the rest Brynhild, Valdora, Creole, Rosamond, Nebula, Nicandra, Fiona, etc., will all be under fighting flags.

TUTTY SOLD.—The ex 65-footer Tutty has been bought by Dr. Inglis and will appear in the principal handicap class on the Clyde with Zinita and Carina. This class was threatened with extinction, for Messrs. Connell had almost made up their minds not to fit out Zinita and had some idea of joining the 52ft. class. However, it is fortunate that Tutty has come to the rescue and saved the Clyde handicap class from ruin. Tutty is a good boat still, so is Carina, and the three ought to provide good sport. The 52ft. class is flourishing, and among the smaller fry the numbers are greater than ever, especially in the restricted and one design classes. From Dublin, Belfast, the Clyde, the Thames and every other center of small class racing the reports are in favor of a busy season. Some of the clubs on the Upper Thames have already begun their programmes and by Easter most of the estuary clubs will be following suit.

THE RIVIERA REGATTAS.—The Riviera regattas do not seem to be up to the usual standard this year. Neither Navahoë nor Susanne went out there as was expected, so the biggest class consists of the two British ex-52-footers Magdalen and Caprice. What a change from the glories of ten years ago when Britannia, Satanita, Ailsa and other first class English craft were the backbone of the racing. Now we have so many fixtures crammed in at home that the French races seem to have been dropped for good, and the German regattas have proved the last straw.

RACING IN THE 52FT. CLASS.—It does not seem to be decided yet as to whether the ex-52ft. class will race from Cowes to the Clyde on June 22, but the success of the big race is already assured as several entries have been received, including White Heather, Brynhild, Valdora and the schooners Adela and Evelyn.

E. H. KELLY.

BAYSIDE Y. C. APPOINTMENTS.—Commodore G. Waldo Smith, Bayside Y. C., has made the following appointments: Fleet Capt., John H. Taylor; Fleet Surg., Dr. Charles B. Story; Legal Adviser, Elmer G. Story; Regatta Committee, C. L. Willard, Robert B. Currie and Joseph E. Hill; House Committee, Elmer G. Story, William Clark Roe and Archibald Nesbett; Entertainment Committee, William H. Johns, Leo Bugg and Harvey G. Rockwell, and Library Committee, James H. Lee, Herbert Wigan and Charles H. Roberts.

CHANGES IN OWNERSHIP.—The following yachts have recently been sold by Mr. Frank Bowne Jones: The steam yacht Endion, for Mr. Le Roy Fales, to Mr. George T. Bishop of Cleveland; the auxiliary yawl Friendship III., for Mr. H. L. Friend, to Mr. Arthur J. Rosenthal, of New York; the sloop yacht Sigma II., for Mr. L. L. Lorillard, Jr., to Mr. W. Hamilton Busk, and the raceabout Maryola, for Mr. Charles W. Allen, to Mr. Edwin H. Sayre, of Glen Cove.

Boston Letter.

FIRST 22-FOOTER OUT.—Medric II. is the first of the new fleet of Y. R. A. 22-footers to take the water, having arrived at Marblehead on Sunday, April 9. Medric II. is owned by Mr. H. H. White, who also was the owner of last season's Medric. The new boat was designed by Messrs. Small Bros., and was built by Messrs. Hodgdon Bros., at East Boothbay, Me. Since her arrival at Marblehead she has been tried out several times with her owner and Mr. John F. Small taking turns at the tiller, and has proven satisfactory. She does not look unlike Clotho, the champion of the class last year, but she is said to steer very much easier than Clotho, her balance being well-nigh perfect. Medric II. will not be raced until the opening regatta of the season at South Boston on May 30, and before that race she will be given a thorough tuning up. The other four new boats that have been building for the class during the winter are all nearly ready for the water. Mr. W. H. Joyce's boat, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield and also built by Messrs. Hodgdon Bros., will probably arrive at Marblehead soon. Mr. W. H. Bowden's new 22-footer from the board of Messrs. Small Bros., and building by Graves, of Marblehead, is nearly ready for the water. The new one for Mr. A. C. Jones, building by Hanley, of Quincy, is also about ready for launching. Mr. Charles D. Lanning's 22-footer, building at Lawley's east shop, from designs of Mr. Fred D. Lawley, is growing to the fishing stages rapidly.

LAUNCHING OF ELMINA II.—Mr. F. F. Brewster's new steel 90-foot schooner Elmina II., designed by Messrs. A. Carey Smith & Ferris, will be launched at Lawley's west shop on Tuesday morning, April 18, between the hours of 9 to 10. Workmen are engaged on the joiner work below decks, and some of this will have to be finished after the boat has taken the water. She should be ready for her owner, however, early in the season. Her sails will be by Messrs. Wilson & Silsby.

FRAMES BENT FOR INVADER.—About half of the frames of the new 95-foot schooner Invader, designed by Messrs. A. S. Chesebrough and Fred D. Lawley, for Vice-Commodore Roy A. Rainey, of the Larchmont Yacht Club, have been turned out at the Lawley shops, and these will be set up as soon as Mr. F. F. Brewster's Elmina II. has been launched from the west shop.

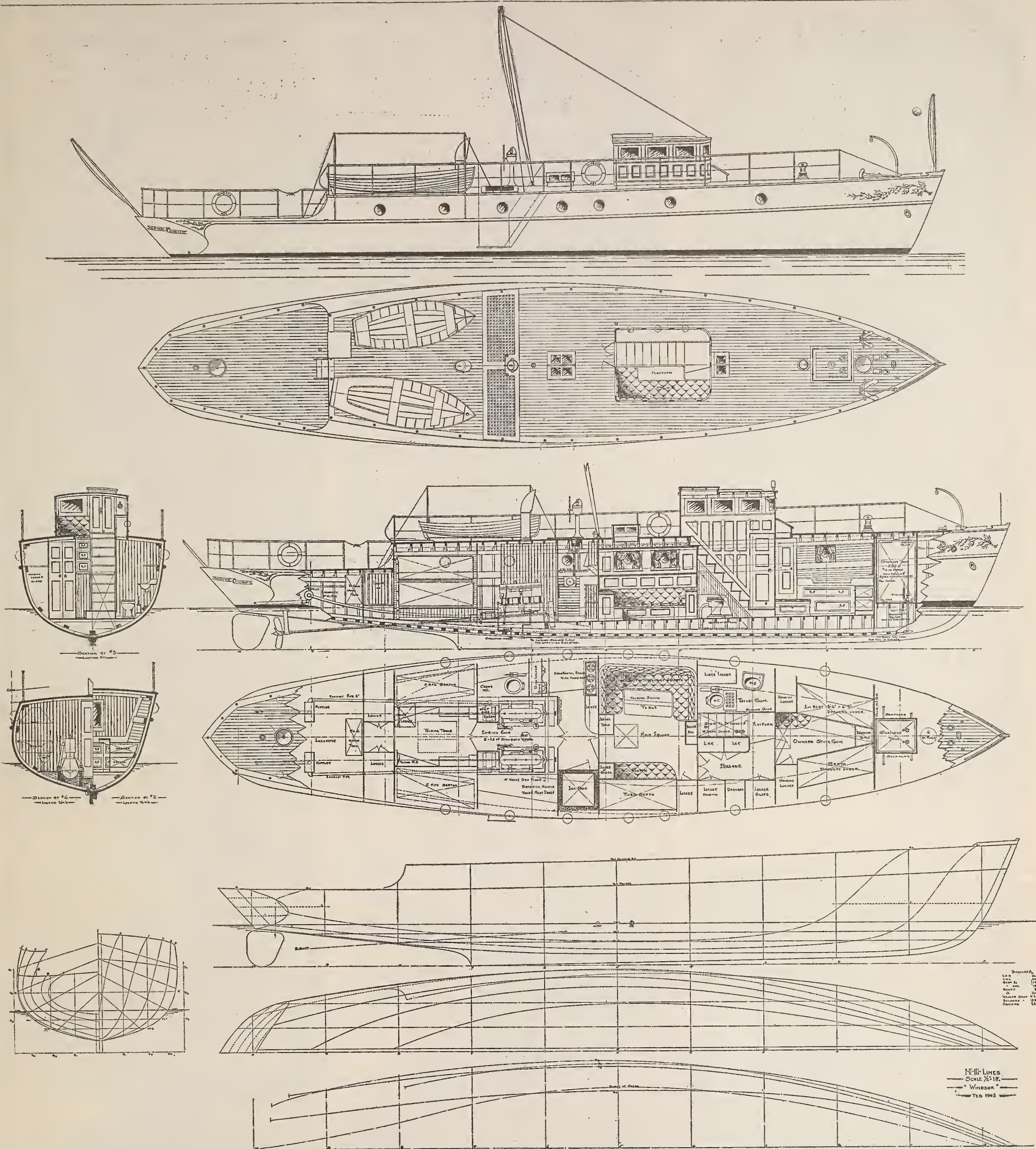
AUXILIARY SCHOONER FOR MR. S. F. HOUSTON.—There is to be built by Messrs. Oxner & Story, of Essex, Mass., an auxiliary schooner for Mr. S. F. Houston, of Philadelphia, for cruising along the New England and Nova Scotia coasts. This boat was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield. She has considerable body and the construction will be quite heavy. She will be 100ft. over all, 82ft. waterline, 22ft. 4in. beam and 10ft. 6in. draft. She is of the centerboard type. The ballast will all be inside, consisting of 50 tons of iron and cement. She will have a 40 horsepower kerosene engine that is expected to give her a speed of about 8 knots under power.

MR. W. H. AMES' STEAM YACHT BEING LAID DOWN.—The 117-foot fast steam yacht, designed by Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page for Mr. W. H. Ames, is being laid down at Lawley's, and the molds are being made. This boat will be of steel with twin screws and will have engines of 850 horsepower. She is very similar in outline to Visitor, which was built at Lawley's from designs of Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page.

SPINSTER SOLD.—Mr. Walter Burgess, Secretary-Treasurer of the Boston Yacht Club, has purchased the 21-foot knockabout Spinster, originally built for Messrs. L. M. Clark and F. O. North, and has renamed her Pet. Spinster is an open boat, but Mr. Burgess may have a trunk cabin built on her.

WITH THE POWER BOATS.—Interest in power boats in the waters about Boston has been growing each year, and for the coming season there will be a number of new ones of all descriptions. It is not only among the purchasers of launches of the smaller measurements that gasoline has become the favorite means of propulsion, but during the winter there have been a number of launches of greater length supplied with gasoline engines. Interest in power craft of great speed has also been increased, and during the winter there have been under construction no less than four racers in the different shops, which will have large powers. Besides these there have been built several fast ones of smaller powers, and it is quite possible that some will be built for the Eastern Yacht Club's new power boat class. At Lawley's several fine cruisers have been turned out, the largest of which is Elkhorn, designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley for Mr. C. H. Hanson. This boat is 87ft. long and has twin screw Standard motors aggregating 100 horsepower. Another by the same designer is a 60-foot cruiser for Mr. John H. Proctor. Both of these boats are ingeniously arranged below decks and have the maximum amount of room. A 60-foot cruiser that has been built from designs of Mr. Arthur Binney is a well-laid out boat, having a large amount of room. She has a deck house forward and another aft and between the two, and over the engine and galley space is a low bridge deck. In all three of these boats the gasoline tanks and accessories are placed in the engine rooms, thus giving room forward for housing the crew, with dining saloon forward and owner's sleeping quarters and main saloon aft. At Murray & Tregurtha's a 45-foot launch has been turned out for Mr. George H. Wightman for afternoon cruising. She has low trunks forward and aft, with steering space between the two on the plane of the main deck. The houses are provided for shelter rather than to supply cruising accommodations. A 38-foot hunting cabin launch is nearing completion for Mr. T. H. Webb, of Peoria, Ill., a member of the Columbia Y. C. of Chicago, and also of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead. Another hunting cabin launch that is nearly ready to go overboard from the same shop is 35ft. long, with full headroom under the fairly low trunk and good cruising accommodations. She is for Mr. John J. Tobin, of the South Boston Y. C. At Sheldon's Neponset shops the new twin-screw 90-foot launch, Prosit, for Mr. John B. Schoeffel is ready for the water. She will be launched on April 23. At the same shops a 65-foot cruising launch, designed for Mr. Alanson Bigelow, Jr., by Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page, is in the finishing stages. She will have an engine of 100 horsepower.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.



FOREST AND STREAM DESIGNING COMPETITION No. IV.—DESIGN SUBMITTED BY MARTIN C. ERISMANN, MARINERS' HARBOR, STATEN ISLAND.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

For a 60-Foot Cruising Launch.

DESIGN SUBMITTED BY MARTIN C. ERISMANN, MARINER'S HARBOR, S. I.

In the design for a 60ft. waterline twin-screw launch to conform to the conditions laid down in competition No. IV. of the FOREST AND STREAM, it became at once apparent that freeboard would play an important part; first in respect to accommodation, and secondly the outboard appearance. The maximum amount of freeboard was taken advantage of, and the lines run to produce a slightly vessel; a heavy fender carries the main line of sheer, and reduces very considerably the apparent height of side. The bow is of a type very common on larger ships, and known as a flared bow; it is very buoyant in a seaway; and, unlike the straight-sided bow of many launches, is dry, besides having the added advantage of deck room, where it is most needed—in the vicinity of the anchors. Amidships the form rounds very perceptibly and continues to the stern, where the fore and aft

lines are simply cut by V-shaped transom, whose two surfaces are those of a cylinder. This form of stern is somewhat original, and is a development of the sterns used by Mr. Normand on his torpedo boats. It is to the same end as the pink stern, but allowing of easier construction, protection to the screws, increased deck room and the same seaworthiness, and is a logical development of the form of the boat, and conforms well with the idea in a yacht of having some overhang. In brief, the boat's form was made as easy as was consistent with her arrangement and make her safe and not too quick in her motions at sea or at anchor in the swell of a passing steamer.

Deck.—On many occasions it is desired to be on deck and yet out of the weather; such an arrangement cannot be carried out with the usual companionway, and recourse was had to a sunk house 3ft. 6in. high above deck, but without the disadvantage of wasting room under it. With the exception of the saloon skylight, the upper deck is unbroken. In way of the boats—two of which are carried, one dinghy 10ft. long and a sailing tender 12ft. long—there is room to swing them on deck; usually they would be swung outboard; in very bad weather they could be stowed on the after deck, insuring them against being broken by sea boarding the vessel. The steering gear is placed on deck a little aft of amidships, but close enough to the deck house not to interfere

with the navigation of the boat. It was thought that outside was eminently the place for it, where the helmsman could see and hear, leaving the deck house clear for the owner's use. Forward is located a windlass and usual gear to handle the ground tackle. The least headroom to permit the boat passing under bridges is 10ft., and in most canals the limit is something over 11ft. The after deck is cut down to the level of the main fender, making a dry and safe place in rough weather. Deck plates (16in. diameter) give access to fore peak and lazarette, which are both large and roomy, for the accommodation of the usual stores.

Cabin.—Entering the deck house on starboard side is a platform and sofa commanding a good view of the deck and horizon; under one end of the sofa is located drawers for charts and instruments; on port side of the stairs, raised to the level of the windows, is a toilet room, ventilating trunk. The stairs land on a raised platform, really the first step of the stairs, from which, and by a sliding door to port, access is gained to the toilet room. Situated as it is between saloon and owner's room, it is always accessible without disturbing anyone. It is fitted with a water-closet, wash-basin, also an ample towel locker; light is obtained from a roin. port; ventilation above by means of trunk and ports inside of deck house, which, under most conditions of weather, can be

left open. To starboard and down one step from the platform is the steerage, forward of which is located the owner's room; a double thickness water-tight bulkhead separates it from the fore peak and oil tank; one fixed berth to starboard and an extension berth to port, 3ft. 6in. wide, with drawers under each; dressing case, mirror, also two large hanging lockers and a seat with locker under, complete the arrangements of this cabin. The head room is 6ft. 4in. under the beams, as it is throughout the boat. Two ports and a skylight give ample ventilation and light.

Steerage.—The steerage—6ft. long by 28in. wide—is fitted on starboard side with two large hanging lockers for oilers and boots, and make a convenient place to shed and store them outside of the cabin. The middle section under the port light is built up to the level of the main clamp, and is fitted with drawers for linen, etc. On port side two lockers built up to level of platform make a convenient place to stow bags and cases. Under the stairs is located a fresh-water tank of 180 gallons capacity, placed off center to balance the weight of ice-box, etc.

Saloon.—The steerage aft opens into the main saloon, 8ft. long by 12ft. wide, where accommodation has been made for one fixed berth to starboard and one to make up on sofa to port. The saloon is provided with a folding swing table, serving table, silver locker and book-case. Four port lights and a small skylight take care of the ventilation and lighting.

Galley.—Abaft of saloon is situated the galley, which is used as a means of deadening the sound of the engine in the owner's quarters. To port a three-burner oil stove, under a hood to carry off the odor, sink, dish racks and lockers, and on starboard side a large ice-box, built to the level of the main clamp, complete the equipment. Next abaft is the engine room, in which are located two 25 horsepower Standard motors, abreast and far enough apart to give passage room and manipulate the levers, etc.; overhead a roin. Cowl ventilator supplies air; on starboard side is provided room for batteries and whistle tank, also engineer's stores. To port is located the crew's water-closet. Abaft of engine room is the fore-cabin, a large room 7ft. long, containing four pipe berths, folding wash-basin, and aft, under the deck, large clothes lockers on either side, aft of which is situated a water-tight bulkhead; a crew's hatch to deck and ladder complete the accommodations.

Lazarette.—The lazarette is reached from deck by a 16in. plate and contains the exhaust pipes and mufflers from the two engines, a 70-gallon water tank against the bulkhead, and room for spare gear that would not find its way to the fore peak. The rudder gear is located aft. The rudder stock is of Tobin bronze 2½in. in diameter, connected to steering stand by a sliding eye on tiller, 7/16in. wire tiller rope over 8in. blocks and through a ¾in. galvanized iron pipe to a rack and pinion under the roof of the galley, and driven by a bevel gear from hand wheel on upper deck.

Joiner Work.—Joiner work has been kept as simple as was consistent with the general idea of the boat. The deck house to be of mahogany, and all woodwork about the stairs to owner's quarters to the platform to be Honduras mahogany. Owner's room to be in pine, white enameled; steerage finished in butternut; in the main saloon the styles to be of mahogany, and all panels to be of butternut. Galley, engine room and crew's space to be of T. & G. yellow pine, varnished; but the ceilings of all rooms to be painted white. In owner's quarters beams to be chamfered and picked out in gold.

Engine Room.—A great deal of care was used in the selection of engines. Twin screws were adopted for the reason of safety, so that if one engine should be disabled, head could be kept to the sea with the other until repairs were made, insuring one's chances of getting to an anchorage—a consideration when cruising outside. The Standard engines develop 25 horsepower each at 360 revolutions, which is very good for sea work; the engine is consistently heavy all over, weighing in the vicinity of 90 pounds per horsepower. In cruising trim the engines will drive the boat at a speed of 11½ miles per hour.

Tank.—The tank is located in the after end of fore peak, and is inclosed in a water-tight box of 1¼in. yellow pine, whose bottom rests on strong beams 6in. above the water-level; to a height of 24in. above the bottom is fitted and made water-tight a copper pan drained by four scuppers to above the load waterline, these scuppers carrying off all vapor that for any reason might accumulate at the bottom, and which they would not do were they led beneath the water level, thus serving for draining and ventilating the tank chamber. The deck above the tank is made portable, so that at any time the tank may be lifted for inspection. From the bottom of the pan near the center line two lead pipes lead directly through the garboard, diameter about 1in.; through these pipes a ¾in. copper pipe runs through outside along the keel and garboard to the engine, thus keeping all gasolene outside of the boat. In the lead pipe and around the ¾in. copper gasolene pipe, water is permitted free circulation, thus precluding any leakage of gasolene accumulating gas and endangering in any way the safety of the boat. About the filling hole a collar of copper is firmly fastened to the tank and fits snugly under the deck plate, preventing the flooding of the compartment by an overflow from the filling pipe. The tank is made of 16oz. copper, fitted with wash-plates and braces, riveted and soldered. Two hand-plates to the shut-off valves complete the tank installation. The capacity of 285 gallons is sufficient for a cruising radius of 700 miles at 8 miles per hour.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all, feet.....	66.00
L.W.L., feet.....	60.00
Overhang—	
Forward.....	3.00
Aft.....	3.00
Breadth—	
Extreme, feet.....	13.45
L.W.L., feet.....	12.20
Draft—	
To rabbet, feet.....	2.60
Extreme, feet.....	3.45
Freeboard—	
Forward, feet.....	6.30
Least, to top of fender, feet.....	2.93
Least, to upper deck, feet.....	4.93
Aft, feet.....	3.35
Displacement, tons.....	20.46
Volume, cubic feet.....	716.48
Center buoyancy forward No. 5, feet.....	1.26

Area—	
Lateral plane, square feet.....	150
Rudder (.045 per cent. lateral plane), square feet.....	6.50
Load water plane, square feet.....	505.00
Midship section, square feet.....	19.68
Tons per inch at load waterline.....	1.20
Motors, two 25 horsepower Standard.	
Revolutions.....	360
Speed (per hour), miles.....	11.5
Cruising radius at 8 miles per hour, miles.....	700.00
Oil capacity, gallons.....	285.00
Water, gallons.....	250.00
Diameter of propeller shaft, inches.....	1½
Diameter of propeller, inches.....	32
Engines.—One 125lb. stockless, 5-16in. chain; one 75lb. stockless, for 3½in. manila.	
Boats.—One 10ft. dinghy and davits, one 12ft. sailing tender and davits.	

HULL SCANTLING.

Stem.—Oak, 6in., and moulded as required.
Keel.—Oak, 6in., and moulded as required.
Archboard.—Yellow pine, 1¼in.; connections to be made with knees thoroughly fastened by rivets.
Frames.—Oak, 12in., center to center, steam bent, 2in. by 2in. at the head, 2in. by 2½in. at heel.
Floors.—Oak, 2½in. by 2½in., and at least 3ft. long amidships.
Center Keelson.—Yellow pine, 4in. by 5in. Four bilge keelsons, yellow pine, 3in. by 5in., two of which are to lay alongside of and be secured to engine bed.
Engine Floors.—Oak; fore and afters and head piece at least 4in. thick.
Keel Batten.—Yellow pine, intercostal, 2½in. deep and 9in. wide.
Planking.—Yellow pine, 1½in., finished.
Main clamp, 6in. by 2½in., yellow pine. Upper clamp, yellow pine, 4in. by 2½in.
Shelf.—Yellow pine, 3in. by 2in.
Deck.—White pine, 1½in. finished.
Deck Beams.—Oak, 2½in. by 1½in.
Cabin Sole.—Yellow pine, ¾in.
Cabin Sole Beams.—Oak, 2½in. by 1¼in.
Bulkheads.—Yellow pine, double, ¾in.
Fender.—Oak, 3 by 3½in.
Fastening.—Copper and galvanized iron, respectively, below and above the waterline.

LIST OF WEIGHTS.

	Tons.
Hull, complete.....	10.00
Joiner and deck work.....	1.82
Fittings, inside.....	.42
Water tank and piping.....	1.02
Machinery.....	2.50
Oil and tank.....	.92
Fittings and outfit, boats, anchors, etc.....	1.10
Passengers and effects (crew).....	.80
Galley stores.....	1.00
Ballast to trim.....	.88
Displacement to L.W.L.....	20.46

Rhode Island Notes.

NEW FALL RIVER YACHT CLUB HOUSE.—A large club house is about to be erected by the Fall River Yacht Club at Stone Bridge, R. I., on Seaconnet River, a tributary of Narragansett Bay. The location is some six miles from the home club house, and midway between two bridges that form a protected basin about a mile in length, and an ideal rendezvous for yachtsmen. The new club house will be two stories in height and about 50 by 50ft., exclusive of the balconies that will extend around three sides. The first floor will have a large central hallway, extending through the building, a dining room 25 by 15ft., a lounging room 25 by 20ft., a ladies' room 20 by 20ft., and a locker room 20 by 30ft. A good-sized kitchen will be contained in an ell. On the second floor will be a hall 50 by 50ft., the full size of the building. Since the plans for the new club house were decided upon, there has been a 50 per cent. increase in the membership.

WANDERER IV.—In the Davis Brothers' shop at Warren the frames for Messrs. Harvey J. and Dutee W. Flint's new 30-foot cat, Wanderer IV., will be set up. The boat is of the extreme centerboard type, with a bow showing a moderate reverse curve. The sloop yacht Ethelka has had her keel dropped about a foot, and 5,000 pounds of outside ballast added. F. H. YOUNG.

Y. R. A. OF L. I. S. CHAMPIONSHIPS.—The Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, awards a championship pennant in all classes under 43ft.

The championship winners of the various classes for the season of 1904 are as follows:

36ft. sloop Spasm, E. D. King.
30ft. sloop Alert, J. W. Alker.
25ft. sloop Firefly, G. P. Granbery.
21ft. sloop Jeebi, A. D. R. Brown.
18ft. sloop Plover, Howard Place.
Raceabout, Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins.
Larchmont 21ft., O. D., Dorothy, K. G. Spence.
Indian Harbor, O. D., Wa Wa, J. E. Montells.
Manhasset Bay, O. D., Arizona, G. A. Corry.
Hempstead Harbor, O. D., Scud, Donald Abbott.
In the yawl, catboat or 43ft. sloop class, no yacht qualified.

As officially announced by the Executive Committee Y. R. A. of L. I. S. G. P. GRANBERY.

RECENT SALES.—Messrs. Macconnell & Cook have made the following sales:

The auxiliary sloop yacht Genevieve, owned by Mr. A. Homer Skinner, of Fall River, has been sold to Mr. C. Albert Rickard. The Genevieve is now being put in commission at Larchmont, where Mr. Rickard will use the yacht during the summer.

The sloop La Reine, owned by Mr. F. G. Provost, of the New York Y. C., has been sold to Mr. Frank B. Fox. Mr. Fox will use the sloop about his summer home at Taunton, Mass.

The gasolene hunting launch Byron, owned by Mr. G. F. Newbury, New York City, has been sold to Mr. W. E. Patterson, of Norfolk, Va. The launch will be immediately shipped to Norfolk, where it will be used by the owner for hunting expeditions up the James River.

INGOMAR'S FOREIGN PRIZES EXHIBITED.—On Monday, April 17, there was placed on exhibition at the club house of the New York Y. C. prizes won by Ingomar, Mr. Morton F. Plant, owner, in England and Germany, during the racing season of 1904.

Among the Missing.

Miss Utlaplace: Tell me, confidentially, when you and Georgie were out on that hunting trip to the North, did Georgie seem to miss me?
Rowland Parke: Well, I can't say as to missing you, but he missed everything else.—Baltimore American.

Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.
(Continued from page 289.)

The two valves to the four-stroke engine are, of course, the inlet and exhaust, with occasionally the overrunning exhaust port to relieve the pressure on the exhaust valve. The exhaust valve has to be opened by means of some contrivance near the end of each alternate down stroke. The means usually employed is the two-to-one, cam, or lay shaft, mounted sometimes within the base, occasionally outside the base, on the cylinders, or frequently on the heads.

Various construction is used. The valve seat may be in a removable head, may be in the cylinder casting with the valve stem guide, or the exhaust valve chest and guide may be separate from the seated, bolted on. In some engines the valve seat, chest and guide are fastened to the cylinder or head, and in others still the entire valve is assembled outside and held in place by a clamp.

Some very ingenious points may be observed in examining the construction and operation of exhaust valves. The seats are usually of cast iron, although where cast steel cylinders are used the seats are of the same material. Nickel steel has latterly become quite popular for exhaust valves, either in one piece or built up with machine steel stems. Claim is made that these valves will never scale from the excessive heat and will not warp. For these same two reasons cast iron valves are often used with steel valve stems.

In the valve seats occasionally is found the flat, frequently the 45 degree bevel, more likely not quite such a radical departure from the flat to the 45 degree is adopted, usually 30 degree, and rarely, if ever, the spherical seat, which, to my way of thinking, would be the rational construction, it being easier to keep in shape, bound to seat itself, even if the valve stem were a little loose or slightly warped from heat. Some trouble has been experienced in getting cast iron seats to remain secure on steel stems, but careful machining and brazing seems to overcome this disadvantage.

There are several methods of operating these valves, but those most in favor are from cams, while occasionally eccentrics are employed. These may operate directly on the valve stems or through bell-cranks, taper levers, etc. The cam offers possibilities that the eccentric does not, while on the other hand, the eccentric insures a return of the valve actuating mechanism that the cam does not. It is evident that an eccentric would be better on high than low speed.

Some designs show the cam shaft located not directly beneath the center of the valve lifter, but a little beyond. The object of this is to give a quicker opening and closing than if located directly in line of the axis of the lifter. This could be accomplished also by a different shape of the cam, but not quite so readily. An adjustment is usually provided, so that the opening of the valve, as well as the closing, may be regulated to best suit conditions of speed, etc. As a high speed engine naturally needs a quicker opening exhaust valve than a slow running engine, this is usually accomplished by advancing the cam shaft gear one tooth and regulating the time by the adjustment.

Manufacturers are gradually adopting cam relief of compression instead of cylinder cocks, on account of their safety and cleanliness. In order to do this, another cam is thrown into position, which allows a part of the charge to escape into the exhaust on the compression up-stroke, which is the up-stroke when the exhaust valve is otherwise closed. This allows of more easily starting, and when running very slowly the engine is less liable to stop if the compression is relieved.

Inlet valves on many engines are interchangeable with the exhaust valves. In such construction they are usually operated by the same cam shaft or by another on the opposite side. In this case the valves would be covered by plugs or bonnets held in place by studs and nuts, or by clamps. If the inlet valve is mounted above the exhaust valve, it is usually automatically operated, although a rocker arm actuated through the cam shaft is often employed to operate it positively. At the Boston show one engine was exhibited, the only one I ever saw, in fact, with that arrangement, with the inlet on the side opposite to the exhaust, and inverted at that.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion as to the utility of the inverted valve. Hardly any two manufacturers agree on the amount of tension to inlet valve springs on automatically opened inlet valves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Queries on Marine Motors.

J. E. H., Bayonne, N. J.—1. Is it necessary in a four cylinder four-stroke engine using make-and-break ignition to use two or four induction coils? 2. Would there be anything gained by putting two into each circuit?

Ans.—(1) If the ground wire from the engine base or any other uninsulated part of the engine leads to a single induction coil it will be ample. The principle of the make-and-break system is that a complete metallic circuit is established within but one cylinder at a time, which is the "make," at which instant the positive and negative currents freely traverse in opposite directions, but intensified by the induction coil. It takes an appreciable length of time for the coil to magnetize, for the current to attain its maximum strength, less for a 6-inch than a 10-inch coil. The insulated and uninsulated points in the combustion chamber are separated at the "break," where the arc is formed, usually termed the spark. It makes no difference where the induction coil is placed, whether between the engine ground and switch or batteries, or between the insulated electrode and switch or batteries; but if in the latter position it will be necessary to use a separate coil for each cylinder. As a good coil costs from \$2 to \$3, there is a considerable saving with single coil. In using secondary or jump spark ignition with a single jump spark coil, it is necessary to use a special distributor, which commutates the secondary or high tension-induced current. The usual method is to use a separate coil for each cylinder. (2) Nothing can be gained in using two coils in make-and-break. If bound to use or have two, carefully wrap one up and keep it dry to use in an emergency.

Motor Boats in Sweden.

UNDER date of December 22, 1904, Robert S. S. Bergh, U. S. Consul at Gottenborg, Sweden, writes as follows:

The motors demanded in Sweden are (1) gasolene (benzine) motors for pleasure launches and boats, (2) kerosene motors for fishing boats, barges, and small tugboats, and (3) small, cheap motors which can be fitted into open rowboats.

The persons in Gottenborg with means enough to buy first-class motor launches are comparatively few; still there are enough of them to warrant efforts on the part of American manufacturers to get an extended market here. The motors should be reliable and in good working order when delivered, and not too expensive. The fishermen—that is, those who can afford to do so—will undoubtedly continue to buy kerosene motors for their boats and dories; it is possible that the most of them now purchase Swedish motors, because the Swedish manufacturers provide special facilities for putting their motors in the boats. Some small freight boats or barges have been provided with kerosene motors recently, and others will undoubtedly follow. It has been proposed to build small passenger boats with motors for traffic on the coast.

If motors for 14 to 16 foot rowboats could be made very cheap, and still reliable, I think the demand would be considerable. There are a great many persons of limited means here who like to take a boat trip on the river, or out to the sea, on leisure hours or on Sundays, but even \$50 or \$75 would be considered by this class far too much for a small motor, when the boat itself could be bought for \$13 to \$20. The agent selling the motors should be thoroughly familiar with their mechanism—better still if he could have a small workshop where defects could be corrected.

Upon inquiry I find that American marine motors are used here to a considerable extent, with varying results, and it is claimed that many cheap machines of inferior quality have been imported, detrimental to the trade of American manufacturers in general, and causing trouble to the Swedish importers. The chief objection against this class of American motors seem to be that they are difficult to start; that the vaporizers or carburetors are defective, and that the spark shifters (if there are any) are not adjusted so that the time of the spark can be regulated to get the most work out of the motors. The following is from a dealer in motors here, as given to me, and it seems to agree with the general opinion:

"My experience with American motors is this, that they are prominent for simplicity of construction, and would be excellent if a little more work was expended on them. It is easy to see that they are products of work en masse; they are usually carelessly put together, and insufficiently tested. Such motors are often useless if delivered directly into the hands of the actual purchaser. A great deal of work must be done here in testing and adjusting the motors and in making new parts for the American machines before they can be delivered to customers. This increases the initial cost considerably, so the apparently low prices quoted by some manufacturers are mostly imaginary. As to solidity and finish the American motors are often inferior to those of Swedish manufacture. There are, of course, American manufacturers who turn out motors of better quality, but their prices are usually so high that there would be no profit in importing them. If careful finishing work is spent here on an American motor, it can as a rule be made to work to entire satisfaction."

It will be noticed that the foregoing is not so flattering as it might be. Having in mind the competition from the Swedish, Danish, German, and French manufacturers, it seems to me necessary for the American manufacturers to do what they can to gain for their motors a reputation for reliability and finished work. How first-class work can be combined with low prices is a problem which I must leave to the manufacturers to solve.

The most economical way, under ordinary circumstances, is to import the motors and build the boats here. The transportation charges for boats or launches would be too high, it is said. There is no import duty on boats or vessels. The import duty on gasolene or kerosene motors is 10 per cent. ad valorem, transportation costs, etc., entering into the dutiable value. The duty on electric apparatus is 15 per cent. ad valorem.

Gasolene motors may occasionally be imported by other parties, but the two persons in this city (Gottenborg) who seem to have made their import a specialty are Karl Heineman and G. R. Liljegren. I understand that they import and sell motors of different models and prices. Mr. Heineman has a workshop, superintended by an engineer, for the repairs, etc., of motors, and Mr. Liljegren is himself an engineer.

I may say that catalogues sent to the consulate are always welcome, and as a rule useful, but would be of much more service if the manufacturer would at the same time write and inform the consul of the net prices, stating approximately, if possible, the freight charges on his goods from the shipping point to the country under consideration.

RECENT SALES AND CHARTERS.—The following sales and charters have been reported by Henry J. Gielow: Steam yacht Wana, owned by the estate of S. R. Van Duzer, has been chartered to Mr. Henry F. Shoemaker, New York Y. C., who will use the boat for making daily runs between his summer home at Riverside, Conn., and New York city. Wana was built by the Herreshoffs in 1903, and is a flush-deck vessel 131ft. over all, 109ft. waterline, 15.9ft. breadth, and 5.5ft. draft. She has a speed of 19 miles per hour. Auxiliary schooner yacht Planet, owned by Dr. Ambrose L. Ranney, New York Y. C., has been chartered to Mr. Howard Willets, New York Y. C. Planet is 100ft. over all, 79ft. waterline, 24ft. breadth, and draws 7ft. 6in. of water. She is equipped with a 50 horsepower gasolene engine, lighted by electricity, and has excellent accommodations. Mr. Willets will use the yacht for cruising, principally in Eastern waters. The motor yacht Enaj, Mr. T. G. Bennett, has

been sold to Mr. Henry Collinge. Enaj is 60ft. over all, 51ft. 6in. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. She was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith and built by Samuel Ayers, of Nyack-on-Hudson, in 1899, and is fitted with a 35 horsepower Globe engine. Mr. Bennett is now having a new 75ft. power yacht built from Mr. Gielow's designs which will soon be ready for launching. Hunting cabin launch Maud, John H. Oberlander, has been sold to Mr. W. C. Powers. This boat is 37ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. breadth, and is fitted with two gasolene engines. The sloop yacht Monsoon, Col. J. H. Brown, has been sold to Dr. F. H. Boynton. This boat is 51ft. over all, 34ft. waterline, 13ft. 6in. breadth, and 4ft. draft; built in 1902. It is the intention of Dr. Boynton to make an auxiliary yacht of Monsoon. Yawl Ragnild, Mr. C. H. Weeden, has been sold to Mr. W. L. Guilleaud. This boat is 37ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth, 3ft. 6in. draft, and was built in 1901. This boat will be used for Long Island Sound cruising, and will be sailed around from Providence at an early date. Yawl Chenoden, Mr. Herbert L. Bodman, Yale University, has been sold to Commodore W. A. Marble, Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. Chenoden is 45ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 11ft. breadth and 6ft. draft; built by Lawley of South Boston, and launched in 1898. The boat is now at New London, and will be put in commission at an early date for Commodore Marble's use.

Canoing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. East, Rochester, N. Y. Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y. Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J. Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York. Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J. Executive Committee—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York; E. M. Underhill, Box 262, Yonkers, N. Y. Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Rear-Commodore—Frank C. Demmer, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg. Purser—J. C. Milson, 736 Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Committee—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.; H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y. Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y. Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—D. S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass. Rear-Commodore—Wm. W. Crosby, 8 Court St., Woburn, Mass. Purser—William E. Stanwood, Wellesley, Mass. Executive Committee—Wm. J. Ladd, 18 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.; F. W. Notman, Box 2344, Boston, Mass.; O. C. Cunningham, care E. Leel & Co., Medford, Mass.; Edw. B. Stearns, Box 63, Manchester, N. H. Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 James St., Montreal, Can. Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada. Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada. Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto, Ont. Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont. Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O. Rear-Commodore—Charles J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O. Purser—George Q. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O. Executive Committee—Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O. Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I, Section I, of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

No. 45, Raymond L. Watt, Buffalo, N. Y.; No. 46, Richard L. Ball, Buffalo, N. Y.; No. 47, James K. Hand, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW MEMBERS.

Eastern Division—No. 4895, Earle Roth, Providence, R. I.; No. 4896, Henry W. Brown, Newport, N. H.; 4902, Herman J. Bruns, Jr., Providence, R. I. Atlantic Division—No. 4897, Edw. K. Merrill, Philadelphia, Pa.; No. 4898, Clifton Sparks, Bensonhurst, N. Y.; No. 4899, J. Augustus Edgar, Frankford, Pa.; No. 4900, Julius Schmitz, Frankford, Pa.; No. 4901, Frank T. Wilson, Frankford, Pa.; No. 4903, Benj. V. R. Spicdel, New York City. Central Division—No. 4904, Edward T. Berry, Irving, N. Y.; No. 4905, Walter Blount, Evansville, Ind.; No. 4906, Wickham C. Taylor, Norfolk, Va.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Edward Polasek, New York city, proposed by A. Kumke; George Willing, New York city, proposed by W. A. Roos, Jr.; A. C. Hagerty and William F. Hagarty, both of 117 Montague street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association. July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE last shoot of the indoor season was held the night of April 11 at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, and after it was concluded and the scores for the entire season figured out, the prizes were distributed. In the regular shoot, Richard Gute was high for 100 shots, and O. Smeith for 50 shots. The results at 25yds., with .22 caliber rifles, follow:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Richard Gute 247 244 240 245 244 244 244 247 242 245-2442. Louis C Buss 248 244 241 236 244 245 245 247 244 243-2436. George Schlicht 239 243 243 243 241 236 245 241 241 242-2414. August Begerow 235 244 233 241 232 231 224 235 237 228-2350. T H Keller, Jr. 234 236 232 233 233 229 236 234 237 238-2342.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. F. J. Herpers 229 222 226 231 222 224 240 237 230 225-2256. O Smeith 244 245 246 243 239 ... -1217. L P Hansen 244 244 236 242 244 ... -1216. Charles Zettler, Jr. 241 245 243 241 240 ... -1210. A Hubalek 247 236 236 238 241 ... -1198. C G Zettler 241 238 237 242 238 ... -1196. H Fenwirth 240 238 234 228 241 ... -1181. Barney Zettler 234 239 239 233 235 ... -1180. G J Bernius 227 235 229 228 241 ... -1152.

Back scores: L C Buss 245 245 249 242 243 ... -1224. George Schlicht 236 238 239 239 241 246 242 242 240 237-2400. T H Keller, Jr. 231 236 236 237 240 ... -1180.

Louis C. Buss was high man for the entire season with 31,695 out of the possible 50,000 points, closely followed by Richard Gute with 31,676. These men took the first two premiums for most rings. The results follow:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Points, Prizes, Name, Prizes. L C Buss 31,695 \$14.00 B Zettler 30,647 13.53. R Gute 31,676 13.98 A Begerow 30,939 13.60. A Hubalek 31,661 13.98 H Fenwirth 30,612 13.48. L P Hansen 31,653 13.92 F J Herpers 30,122 13.29. C G Zettler, Jr. 31,453 13.89 G J Bernius 24,039 10.63. O Smith 31,411 13.86 H C Zettler 20,175 8.92. George Schlicht 31,134 13.75 Louis Maurer 17,740 7.86. C G Zettler 31,015 13.69 T H Keller, Jr. 17,535 7.76.

For the greatest number of rings during the season: L C Buss \$10.00 A Hubalek 3.00. R Gute 5.00 L P Hansen 2.00.

Bullseye Target. Best single shot by measurement during the season on a 4in. bullseye. The scores and prizes:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Degrees, Prizes, Name, Prizes. H C Zettler 17 \$15.00 A Begerow 31 4.00. B Zettler 17 12.00 R Gute 32 3.00. T H Keller, Jr. 26 10.00 Louis Maurer 38 3.00. L C Buss 27 8.00 G J Bernius 39 2.00. O Smith 24 7.00 George Schicht 41 2.00. C. Zettler, Jr. 29 6.00 F J Herpers 42 2.00. L P Hansen 30 5.00 H Fenwirth 44 2.00. C G Zettler 31 5.00 A Hubalek 52 2.00.

Providence Revolver Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. April 13.—This week's practice gives us the following scores to record: Revolver and pistol, 20yds., Standard Target: A. C. Hurlburt, 83, 89; Arno Argus, 79, 82, 78, 79; D. P. Craig, 73, 63, 62; Wm. F. Eddy, 72; Fred Liebrich, 72.

Twenty-five yards, nine, German ring target: Sterry K. Luther, 241, 249; A. B. Counters, 239, 235; C. L. Beach, 233, 225; Fred Collins, 232, 230.

Twenty yards, military revolver, Creedmoor target, possible 50: D. P. Craig, 42, 46, 44, 42. Ten yards, pocket revolver, Standard 20yd. target: M. B. Brown, 60, 48; A. C. Hurlburt, 81.

Fifty yards, revolver, Standard target: Wm Almy 10 10 9 6 7 7 8 6 8 10-81. 7 10 7 7 8 6 10 9 8 10-82. 7 9 7 9 9 10 7 8 9 9-84. 7 7 8 9 8 9 7 9 8 8-80. 9 7 10 9 6 8 10 9 8 10-86-413.

Fifty yards, .22 rifles, Standard target: F. A. Coggeshall, 87, 82, 78; H. Powell, 81, 79, 78, 77, 77. Twenty-two caliber rifle shooting at 50yds. is going to be very popular here this summer, and we are glad to see some of the other clubs in our class taking it up.

Scores of Providence Revolver Club team in match Pinehurst vs Providence, April 15, 1905. Five-men teams, 20 shots per man in 5-shot strings at 20yds. on Standard American target. Team possible, 1,000 points:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Walter H Freeman 41 43 39 41-164. Wm Bosworth 41 41 46 34-162. A C Hurlburt 40 39 40 32-151. Arno Argus 37 36 34 37-144. F L Corey 35 26 33 25-119.

Providence team total 740. Pinehurst team total 486. Providence team led by 254 points. In practice freeman shot one 10-shot string of 94, which put the team in good spirits.

Mr. Corey was badly handicapped in the match work by recent alterations in his revolver, which materially increased the trigger pull and did not shoot anywhere near what he is capable of holding.

April 15.—Practice scores: Rifle, 25yds., German ring target: W. B. Gardiner, 235, 234, 240, 237; L. A. Jordan, 235; B. Harmon, 229.

Revolver and pistol, 20yds., Standard target: W. H. Freeman, 94; W. F. Eady, 72.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

The regular shoot was held the night of April 8, on the Zettler ranges in West Twenty-third street, at 25yds on the ring target, two 10-shot scores to count. Miss Millie Zimmermann was high with 492 out of the possible 500 points, and Mrs. Scheu second with a total of 488. The scores follow:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Miss M Zimmermann 247 245-492. Miss Stoltz 244 238-482. Mrs H Scheu 247 241-488. Mrs. H. Fenwirth 240 241-481. Miss B Ludwig 244 243-487. Miss K Zimmermann 239 240-479. Miss Eusner 238 247-485. Miss C Ludwig 239 239-478. Miss Muller 242 242-484. Mrs F. Watson 239 231-475. Mrs. F. Liegibel 243 240-483.

The last shoot of the Lady Zettler Rifle Club for the winter indoor season will occur on May 6, followed by the distribution of prizes and a reception by the ladies to their friends and relatives who are members of the Zettler Rifle Club. No outdoor shoots will be held by the ladies during the summer, but the club shoots will be resumed in the autumn. The present season has been a successful one with this club, and the interest in shooting has been kept throughout the series.

National Rifle Association of America.

THE report of the National Rifle Association of America for 1904, is a book of seventy-seven pages, containing a list of officers for 1905; a list of life members; of affiliated organizations; the report of the Secretary for 1904, and accounts of matches. The conditions governing the organization of Government rifle clubs throughout the country are presented in circular form. Lieut. Albert S. Jones, Passaic, N. J., is the Secretary.

Rifle Notes.

The Princeton, N. J., Gun Club has taken up the rifle, as well as the shotgun, and has become identified with the National Rifle Association of America. The members contemplate active practice and competition in the great rifle tournaments.

A Provincetown dispatch reports the discovery that fish can freeze at the depth of twenty fathoms. Fishermen declare that many frozen flounders were drawn from the water of that depth midway between Wood End and the Ledge on a recent date, many boats' crews sharing in the harvest—the first of the kind ever known to have occurred in this latitude. The fish were thoroughly frozen. Fishermen, astounded at the spectacle, severed specimen after specimen to ascertain if the flounders were frozen throughout, and found none that was not.

J. Pierpont Morgan holds a five years' lease (from October, 1904), of the game shooting on two estates near Newmarket, one of which belonged to the late Duke of Cambridge.

Miss Oldblood: Are your family early settlers? Mrs. Newblood: Yes; paw always pays every bill on the first of the month, —Brooklyn Life.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- April 19.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club annual tournament. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- April 19.—Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club Patriots' Day tournament. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
- April 20.—Atglen, Pa.—Christiana-Atglen Gun Club all-day shoot; live birds and targets. Wm. R. Fieles, Sec'y.
- April 21.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Recreation Rod and Gun Club first regular monthly shoot of the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. E. F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
- April 22.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club re-entry match for \$100 gold watch.
- April 22.—Easton, Pa.—Independent Gun Club second annual tournament. Jacob Pleiss, Cor. Sec'y.
- April 26-27.—Scottsdale, Pa., Gun Club shoot.
- April 26-27.—Hopkinsville, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hopkinsville Gun Club. A. F. Gant, Sec'y.
- April 27.—Youngstown, O., Gun Club tournament.
- April 27.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot on grounds of Freeport, L. I., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
- April 29.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club team and individual prize shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
- April 29.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club re-entry match for \$100 gold watch.
- May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenslager, Sec'y.
- May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
- May 2.—New Britain, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut second tournament. Dr. Y. C. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester, Conn.
- May 3.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City Gun Club spring tournament—Indiana State League series. F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y.
- May 4-5.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club spring tournament. E. M. Storm, Sec'y.
- May 6.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club re-entry match for \$100 gold watch.
- May 6.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Brooklyn, N. Y. Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
- May 8-9.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi Delta Trapshooters' League first tournament.
- May 9-10.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club second monthly shoot of Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. E. F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
- May 9-10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
- May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.
- May 11-12.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Foord, Sec'y.
- May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 16-18.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association ninth annual meeting and tournament; \$600 added money and prizes. F. E. Mallory, Sec'y.
- May 17.—Boston, Mass., Gun Club annual invitation team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.
- May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
- May 17-18.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club. James Lewis, Sec'y.
- May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (Incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 178 Mill street, Toronto.
- May 19-21.—St. Louis, Mo.—Rawlins first semi-annual tournament; two days targets, one day live birds. Alec. D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
- May 20-21.—Shakopee, Minn., Gun Club tournament. Mathias A. Deutsch, Sec'y.
- May 23-24.—Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club annual tournament. H. Marston, Sec'y.
- May 23-25.—Lincoln—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 24-25.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Catchpole Gun Club tournament. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
- May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.
- May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Cleveland, O., Gun Club's tournament.
- May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's all-day target tournament; merchandise. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Mullerite Gun Club all-day shoot on grounds of Point Pleasant, N. J., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
- May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club fourth annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshal, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club annual Decoration Day tournament. A. B. Parker, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Fifth annual Decoration Day tournament of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
- May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Analoatan Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
- May 31.—June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- June 5-6.—New Paris, O.—Cedar Springs Gun Club tournament. J. F. Freeman, Sec'y.
- June 6-8.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament under auspices of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.
- June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament.
- June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt.
- June 3-4.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association amateur tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
- June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
- June 13-14.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. R. E. Dinger, Capt.
- June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
- June 13-15.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament.
- June 15.—Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament.
- June 20-21.—Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club tournament, Vernon L. Perry, Sec'y.
- June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
- June 21-22.—Bradford, Pa., Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y.
- June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
- July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
- July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
- July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
- July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament.
- July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.
- July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
- July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
- July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.
- Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.

- Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
- Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okobojo, Ia.—Indian annual tournament.
- Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
- Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club, \$25 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap.
- Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
- Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
- Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
- Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Youngstown, O., Gun Club announces an all-day tournament, to be held on April 27.

Mr. E. J. Burns, Secretary, informs us that the Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club will hold a team and individual prize shoot on April 29.

A brief note from Mr. F. C. Peters, manager, informs us that the office of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co. is now at 170 Broadway, New York, instead of 99 Cedar street.

The Secretary of the Aquidneck Gun Club informs us that his club intends giving a two-day tournament on July 28 and 29. A club team shoot will be a feature on the second day. Programmes for the fourth annual tournament on Memorial Day will soon be ready.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association Executive Committee, after carefully reviewing the correspondence received from the various clubs on the subject of the 1905 tournament, has selected the Rahway Gun Club to hold that event, dates having been claimed for June 6, 7 and 8. The Secretary is Mr. W. R. Hobart, 440 Sumner avenue, Newark, N. J.

At the shoot of the Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club, April 13, the Dede prize, a cut-glass bowl, was won by Mr. Montanus, after two closely contested shoot-offs. In the first shoot-off, Mr. Montanus broke 24 out of 25; Williamson and Schortemeier, the latter shooting along, broke 25 straight. In the prize event at 50, Mr. Schortemeier broke 47 from scratch.

The Montello Gun Club, Brockton, Mass., met recently and elected officers as follows: President, Dr. Allen D. Hammond; First Vice-President, H. S. Wood; Second Vice-President, Wendall Blanchard; Secretary and Treasurer, Harry Windle. The first regular shoot is fixed to take place on Patriot's Day, and the grounds will be fully prepared for trapshooting.

The Hanover Park Shooting Association announces their third annual all-day tournament to be held at Sans Souci Park, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., April 27. Shooting begins at 10 o'clock. There are ten programme events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, the latter being the medal shoot. Entrance, 70 cts., \$1, \$1.10, \$1.30, \$2. Totals, 165 targets, \$14 entrance. Targets, 2 cents, included in entrance. Moneys divided, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Money purses are for amateurs exclusively. Lunch and shells obtainable on grounds. For programmes, address Mr. Edgar L. Kliipple, 71 South Main street, Wilkes-Barre.



The Stanley Gun Club Cup.

some dogs whose performances in high class competition hold high places in field trial winnings and merit.

Mr. Miles Taylor, Secretary, writes us that "The Analoatan Gun Club is in a very prosperous condition, and the members are taking a great interest in the preparations for the tournament on May 30 and 31 next. There will be hung up, for those who attend, \$200 in added money, which will be shot for under a sliding handicap, and the percentage system—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent."

The programme of the St. Paul, Ind., Gun Club, concerning their shoot of May 4, provides ten events, 10, 15 and 20 targets; entrance 50 cts, \$1 and \$1. Interstate rules will govern. Moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Shooting begins at 8:30. Targets 2 cents. Handicap committee: Messrs Albert Raymond, C. C. Hudgell and J. B. Armstrong. The Secretary is Mr. E. G. Bless.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Member of Committee in Charge, Pittsburg, Pa., writes us that "Judging by the inquiry for programmes, the coming tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, at Pittsburg, May 2 to 5, is going to be well attended, and it will, undoubtedly, be one of the big successes of the year."

We have sent out something over 2,500 programmes, and still have a number on hand; it will afford us pleasure to mail a copy to any person who may have been overlooked."

High general averages were made at the Delaware State Trapshooters' League, at Wilmington, April 12 and 13, as follows, out of a possible 325: First, R. O. Heikes, 309; second and third, W. H. Heer and A. B. Richardson, 295; fourth and fifth, J. M. Hawkins and C. E. Mink, 290; sixth, T. A. Marshall, 288; seventh, Lester German, 285; eighth, Neaf Apgar, 283; ninth and tenth, H. H. Stevens and W. M. Foord.



Diamond Medal. Professional high average, annual while to challenge for the championship. Stanley Gun Club of Toronto.

Mr. H. Marston, Secretary, writes us that "The Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club will hold its annual tournament May 23, and 24, at our Intercity Shooting Park. Besides the 200 targets each day per man, the programme will contain the diamond badge, emblematic of the State championship of Minnesota. Also the Hirschy five-man team trophy and a good lot of added money. Programmes will be ready for distribution early in May."

The Elks of the Wawaset Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., on the home grounds, shot a five-man team match with an Elk team from Norristown, Pa., on Friday of last week. The Wawaset team won by a score of 218 to 201 out of a possible 250. Mr. Wm. M. Foord, ex-champion of Delaware, led all the competition by a score of 49 out of 50 in the team race, and a total of 147 out of 150, making a run of 94. In his present form it is worth while to challenge for the championship.

In the contest for the individual championship of Delaware, at the tournament of the Delaware State Trapshooters' League last week, Mr. A. B. Richardson, of Dover, was victor, with the excellent score of 93 out of 100. He broke his last 25 straight. In the five-man team race the Wawaset team No. 1 won with 221 out of 250.

BERNARD WATERS.

Stanley Gun Club Programme.

The programme of the Stanley Gun Club of Toronto tournament, to be held on May 17-19, is alike for each of the first two days, ten events, each at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, and \$40 added to each save the first. On the third day there are nine events, eight at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$40 added to each, excepting the first. Event 9, the twenty-ninth of the programme, is for the Stanley cup, value \$100; 50 targets, \$5 entrance. High averages, first day,



Second Prize—High average, tournament Stanley Gun Club of Toronto.

first, Lefever Arms Co. gun; second, silver cup. Second day, first, Ithaca gun; second, silver cup. Third day, first, silver cup; second, Winchester gun. Professional high average, diamond medal, valued at \$100. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. May 16, practice day. Competition open to all amateurs. Targets thrown about 50yds. Targets, 2 cents. Rose system of division,



High average third day—Annual tournament Stanley G. C. of Toronto.

7, 5, 3 and 2. Warm lunch served on the grounds. Ammunition, etc., may be sent to John Chambers, Esq., Exhibition Park Toronto, but must be prepaid. Shells shipped from the United States will be subject to duty, which may be paid by the consignee when he arrives in Toronto, but the club's broker will

pass them through the Customs House. Be sure and forward duly certified invoices. Reduced rates to competitors are granted by a number of railroads, a list of which, with conditions, is given in the programme. For programmes and other information address the Secretary, Mr. Alex. Dey, 178 Mills street, Toronto; or Mr. Thomas A. Duff, Chairman, 14 Clove avenue, Toronto. The cuts of the beautiful diamond medal and three cups are presented in our trap columns in this issue. For the high general averages for the tournament, there is a piano, valued at \$500, for first, a Marlin gun for second. To a resident of Toronto making high average, a silver cigar cabinet, valued at \$15.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Queens County Gun Club.

Long Island City, L. I., April 15.—The inaugural shoot of the Queens County Gun Club was a most gratifying success in every particular.

The grounds are situated at Hunters Point avenue, about a half-mile from Thirty-fourth Street Ferry. The club house was built on a generous scale. There was ample room within its walls for the shooters to move freely about, and also ample room on the platform for the shooters who were in competition. This was in pleasing contrast to the ordinary club house which is built on plans to accommodate a dozen shooters, and yet, in a tournament is required to accommodate many times that number.

Two sets of traps were provided, a set of expert Sergeant system, and a Blackbird trap. The latter was installed in front of the club house, the former about 40yds. to one side.

The club house is situated on a bank, bordering a large marsh. The traps, erected some feet above the level of the marsh, threw the targets nicely, but, being so high above the level of the ground, caused many misses on the part of those who were unaccustomed to such conditions, or who were not expert enough to be independent of conditions. There was quite a stiff wind blowing, which added to the difficulties of making high scores.

The \$5 gold piece for professional high average was won by the renowned expert, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott.

The silver loving cup for amateur high average was won by Mr. George Piercy, of Jersey City. This was a beautifully designed cup, bearing the following inscription:

"President's Cup, Amateur High Average, Queens County Gun Club, Long Island City, April 15, 1905. Won by —. Presented by Joseph Cassidy, President Borough Queens."

The merchandise prizes were all articles of sterling worth. They were artistic in design and excellent in material. Following is a list of the articles and their winners:

Event No. 4, 15 targets, scratch.—First, parlor lamp, Piercy; second, gun case, Jap; third, shooting jacket, Hans; fourth, brass letter rack, Call.

Event No. 5, 25 targets, handicap.—First, pair field glasses, Loebel; second, carving set and case, Brugman; third, manicure set, Hans; fourth, fishing reel, Blamford; fifth, pocket flask, Goetter.

Event No. 9, 25 targets, handicap.—First, pair field glasses, Small; second, parlor lamp, Brugman; third, steel fishing rod, Piercy; fourth, solid gold cuff buttons, Goetter; fifth, hunting knife, Guhring.

Event No. 10, 15 targets, scratch.—First, carving set and case, Brugman; second, silk umbrella, Guhring; third, cupid clock, Stephenson; fourth, fancy corkscrew, Small.

The cashier's department was filled by "Johnnie Jones" (J. H. W. Fleming), who has acted in a like capacity at shoots about New York in many years past. He was ably assisted by the secretary of the club, Mr. Richard H. Gosman. The other officers, President John H. Hendrickson and Capt. James H. Cassidy, were active in attending to the details of the shoot, and in extending a welcome and promoting sociability. Messrs. Schneider and Schoverling were valuable assistants as honorary squad hustlers. A substantial lunch was served free to the shooters. The utmost good fellowship prevailed. It was a most liberally conducted shoot in every respect. The prizes were valuable, the managers were patient and courteous, and every one had a day of genuine enjoyment. The scores follow:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names (Elliott, Jap, Hopkins, Call, Brandeth, Meeker, Young, Glover, Small, Bradley, Piercy, Travers, Schneider, Hearne, Gales, Schoverling, Payntar, Blanford, Wamters, Goetter, Morrison, Hans, Bermel, Bickmar, Hall, Grabie, Rider, Forster, Gardner, Stephenson, Guhring, Brugman, Kuhlhem, Lockwood, Cowdrey, Reynolds, Loebel, Bergen, Gus, Ritchie, Wood) with scores for 1-10 targets.

The first two columns above (H. H.) are the handicap allowances in the two merchandise events, 5 and 9 respectively.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., April 13.—The Dede prize was a beveled cut-glass bowl with base. The shooting was not difficult, though the flight of the targets varied noticeably. Messrs. Schorty, Jonas and Deck did not compete for prizes. The scores, 50 targets: Montanus (16) 43, 59; Schorty, 47; Jonas, 46; Allen (28) 30, 58; Schoverling, 42; Cooper (18) 37, 55; P. Suss (18), 34, 52; Capt. Dreyer (20) 30, 50.

Shoot-off: Montanus (4) 25, Allen (10) 25, Williamson (4) 25, Cooper (5) 25, P. Suss (5) 18, Capt. Dreyer (10) 25.

Second shoot-off: Montanus (2) 25, Allen (5) 20, Williamson (2) 23, Cooper (3) 21, C. p. t. Dreyer (3) 22.

Red Dragon Canoe Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 15.—The final trophy shoot of the season was held by the trapshooters of the Red Dragon C. C. on the grounds at Wissinoming to-day. The weather conditions were all that could be desired, but for some reason most of the members fell below their average. There was very little wind, but the targets were thrown with good speed from unknown angles.

Omar Shallcross was the winner of the handsome prize by making the best score of his shooting experience. Considering that his knowledge consists of two or three trials each season, his score was very fair. An added handicap gave the weaker shots encouragement, and the contest was an exciting one to the end. Mrs. Park did the best work, but her small handicap, owing to her winning the cup shoot two weeks ago, brought her out one point behind the winner. Her score of 22 out of each 25 was very good for these grounds. Will Wolstencroft showed a sad lack of practice, and his second 25 was shot at with duck loads of No. 4 shot, which he was forced to admit were not suited for targets.

The shoot was followed by a supper given by the gun club to its members and friends, being paid for out of the profits of the season's shooting, and the evening was very enjoyably spent. The scores follow:

Trophy shoot, 50 targets, added handicap: Park (7) 18, 14-39; Mrs. Park (5) 22, 22-49; Fenimore (8) 20, 19-47; Francis (18) 13, 12-43; Hamilton (20) 9, 13-42; Shallcross (20) 16, 14-50; Murray (20) 13, 9-42; W. H. W. (4) 20, 13-37.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., April 15.—A few outsiders met at the grounds of the Bound Brook Gun Club, at their monthly club shoot. There was a small programme of five events, all handicap. In the first, for two scarfpins, Mr. Rupell and Mr. Maltby won. Mr. Slater, of Westfield, won three firsts in three other events. These events were for loving cups. Mr. Mankin won a second prize cup after tying Mr. Stelle in five shoot-offs. Mr. Hoocy won the silver loving cup in event 4. Two of the regular club cups found owners after going the rounds for six months. The first was won by Mr. Hoocy, he having two previous wins. The third was won by Mr. Stelle, who also had two wins. The second was won by Dr. J. B. Pardoe. This is his first win on any of the three cups.

Following are the scores of actual breaks in each event, the handicap being changed according to the previous score made:

Table with columns for Club race, Events, Targets, and names (Dr. Lucky, Maltby, Mankin, Slater, M. H. R., Martin, Hoocy, Stelle, Nichol, Dunning) with scores for 1-5 targets.

Table with columns for Hdp. Brk. Tot'l and names (Hoocy, Martin) with scores for 1-5 targets.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., April 15.—But six men were present to-day, as several of the members had taken the opportunity to visit other clubs. Event No. 2, for a box of cigars, was tied for by Messrs. Bush and Doremus, the tie being shot off in the next event, and resulted in a tie again for both men. The prize finally went to Bush, who broke 22 straight, Doremus not shooting.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names (Porter, Benson, Doremus) with scores for 1-4 targets.

Peerless Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., April 15.—The scores made at the shoot of the Peerless Rod and Gun Club to-day were as follows: A. Garrabrant 2, P. Garrabrant 8, J. Garrabrant 1, W. Klee 1, J. Jackson 1, O. Hermann 9, E. Edmonds 7, N. Graham 4, J. Dorrhofer 6.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., April 15.—The scores made at the shoot of the South Side Gun Club to-day, each event at 25 targets, are as follows:

Table with columns for names (Engel, Colquitt) and scores for 1-19 targets.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., April 15.—The U. M. C. team—Marshall, Heer, Butler, Stevens and Heikes—was the chief attraction, and drew a large crowd of spectators. In a special event at 100 targets, Mr. Heikes broke straight. The scores in this event follow: Marshall 24 25 23 24—96 Stevens 22 24 24 22—92 Heer 25 25 24 24—98 Heikes 25 25 25 25—100 Butler 22 21 21 21—85

Numerous sweepstakes also were shot.

Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, April 9.—The return match in the City Blue Rock League between the Stanley and National gun clubs was shot on the grounds of the latter on Saturday; fifteen men a side, 25 targets per man, and was won by the Stanleys by 14 birds.

The day was fine, with a strong westerly wind, which made shooting under difficulties. The grounds of the Nationals face the West, and what with the strong wind and the sun in the eyes of the shooter, the wonder was any scores were made at all. After the match all retired to the National's club room, where a most enjoyable time was spent. The following are the scores:

Stanleys—McGill 19, Hampton 11, Martin 11, Fritz 18, Rock 18, Ingham 16, Dunk 22, Herbert 15, Morshead 17, Dey 16, Thompson 20, Buck 12, Thomas 20, Townson 17, Wilson 15; total 247. Nationals—Vivian 20, Harrison 21, O. Spanner 12, W. Spanner 12, Waterworth 17, Turner 16, Haberly 18, C. Mougencil 14, McDowall 15, Morgan 16, Wallace 16, Ross 13, Patterson 14, G. Mowgenel 14; total 233.

April 16.—The Stanley Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot on their grounds on Saturday. The day was raw, with a stiff north wind, which made the birds rather shy. The spoon event, which was a handicap by extra birds to shoot at, proved very interesting. Mr. Dunk, from scratch, and Mr. Edkins, with 4 extra, tied with 24. In the shoot-off, Mr. Dunk won. The following are the scores:

Table with columns for Spoon shoot, 25 targets, Handicap, Total, and names (Dunk, Fritz, Philips, Hulme, Hiron, Edkins, Wilson, Edwards, Ely, McGraw, Martin, Hoocy, Dey, Green) with scores for 1-5 targets.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I., April 5.—The eleventh shoot for the medal showed the best attendance had for three months, partially accounted for by the presence of Mr. G. M. Wheeler, who dropped into town on that day, and the boys turned out in consequence and gave him a good shoot. But fickle April did not dispense her best weather, for the last events were shot in a driving rainstorm from the northeast. Under these conditions the scores were fairly good, Dring, Powell and Bowler tying on 46, with handicaps added.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names (Wheeler, Dring, Powell, Bowler, Hughes, H. A. Peckham, Mason, E. S. Peckham, Coggeshall, Thomas) with scores for 1-4 targets.

April 12.—Somewhat higher scores than those of last week ruled at to-day's shoot, the twelfth for the medal. Powell was high with 48, the rest being closely bunched, the lowest total, with handicap, being 44. Good weather prevailed during the shoot. The scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names (Powell, Dring, Bowler, Mason, E. S. Peckham, H. A. Peckham, O. Howe) with scores for 1-4 targets.

WESTERN TRAP.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, April 11.—There is always a good delegation out at Watson's Park on Saturday and Sunday, as a different club hold meetings there on these days.

Saturday was a bad day. At 12:30 the rain was coming down steadily, then the day was dark and windy. And old shooters know that there is wind at the old park if there should be any going about the city suburbs. The Saturday gathering was notable for the many manufacturers' agents present. They were Vietmeyer, Stannard, Steenberg, Heer, Marshall, Lord and Fanning. Four of these live here, and that accounts for their presence. Heer and Marshall were on their way to Washington City, and Fanning was out making a western tour.

Heer was not equipped with his shooting coat, and yet he made the only 25 straight of the day. Marshall was using a borrowed gun. All the scores were low on account of weather conditions.

Sunday found a great change in the weather—warm, sunshine and but little wind. Tosetti and Kinney, local members, were the ones to get straight 25; many others made low scores, as the targets were faster than usually thrown at this park.

Frank Riehl came out to the grounds and with him was the old "Tramp," who was busy shaking hands with all the old shooters as well as the new ones. Max Hinsler was also present. He might be said to be stationary about Chicago.

Willard won the Peters trophy; Pooler, the Hunter. Tosetti made high score for his own trophy. Wineberg made high to qualify; then Kinney won the sweep on 25 straight, with Stannard and Fanning on the 24 for second. The scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names (Lord, Vietmeyer, Eek, Kinney, Riehl, Shogren, Wineberg, Porter, Kumpfer, S. Eck, Tosetti, Perry, Willard, Wm Stannard, Fanning, Manning, Noah, Shellenberger, Smith, Barothy, Myrick) with scores for 1-6 targets.

In the following, No. 1 was Peters trophy; No. 2 was Hunters trophy; No. 3 was Tosetti Cup; No. 4 was to qualify.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names (Vietmeyer, Kinney, Hutchinson, Stannard, Steenberg, Duncan, McClure, Wineberg, Heer, Dr. Carson, Mrs. Carson, Marshall, Lord, Fanning, Porter, Tosetti, Barto, Kochs, Willard, Shogren, Hoffman) with scores for 1-8 targets.

At Vicksburg.

Vicksburg, Miss.—It is not long before it will be all aboard for Vicksburg. Messrs. Miller, Hayes, Fletcher, Pinkston and Bradford, the tournament committee, report that a very active interest is being taken this year in trapshooting in their part of the country, and that the attendance at their shoot, May 8 and 9, will form a gathering, composed of all the best shots of the south. There will be \$250 cash, and over \$250 in other prizes.

The final contest for the elegant trophy, donated by the Postel Milling Company, will take place first day. As no one man has won this beautiful trophy more than once, all stand an equal chance.

Both the DuPont and the Lafin & Rand Powder Co. have offered a trophy for the year's shooting.

It is said that the Vicksburg merchants have come to the club's aid, have donated money and trophies, and that they hope to see the shoot a greater success than any of the former ones. Only members who belong to clubs which have affiliated with the new organization, the Mississippi Delta Trapshooters' League, can share in the prizes. The cash prizes are open to any amateur, and the Postel trophy to amateurs of Mississippi only.

In Other Places.

The State of Pennsylvania can show up more trapshooters who shoot in the winter months than that of any other State in the Union, and its summer doings will, no doubt, compare favorably with that of Iowa, the great center of the West. A new club has been organized at Allentown, Pa., with a large membership.

The North End Gun Club, Conshohocken, Pa., has been re-organized, and the new officers are: President, Andrew J. Morgan; Vice-President, Paul Johnson; Secretary, George J. Dougherty; Treasurer, J. T. Ruth; Captain, Thomas Smith. Good grounds have been secured in the north part of the town.

The 21st annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, Portland, is to be held on June 22, 23, 24. This association includes Oregon, Washington, Idaho, British Columbia, Montana, Utah and California. Owing to the reduced rates for the Lewis and Clark fair, this meet will be the largest ever held in that part of the great West. M. Abrahams, of Portland, is President; and A. J. Winters, same address, Secretary.

The Hopkinsville, Ky., Gun Club reports a steady growth, and all are enthusiastic for Mr. Elmer Shaner's arrival to pull off the interstate shoot.

It would seem that the live-bird match shooting had been delegated to the southern States. A match was shot last Monday at New Orleans between the well-known Messrs. Saucier and O'Trigger. Each shot at 100 pigeons, and the race was so close that no decision could be made until Saucier had safely landed the last bird, then he was just one to the good. Another match will result, as one would naturally suppose, from the closeness of the score. O'Trigger was more on the classy order on difficult shots. He is well known to the Western shots as being game.

The last Wednesday shoot at Bloomington, Ill., was not well attended, owing to bad weather, and the scores made were not reported. It is intended that the next shoot shall see a team in practice for the State shoot to be held at Lincoln, May 23.

The Whitaker Gun Club, Homestead, Pa., was organized two weeks ago. A new trap has been received, and will be put in position for the Saturday shoot. The club start out well, as the membership is reported to be large.

Seventeen shooters of the North Side Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., met last Sunday. S. Meunier and F. Meixer each broke 45 out of 50.

Little had been heard of the Minneapolis Gun Club during the very cold winter months, but the warm April sunshine has thawed it out. At a meeting, held Wednesday, there was an awakening. The new officers are: President, J. C. Fanechon; Vice-President, L. F. Kennedy; Secretary, Dr. H. F. Narston. The first shoot will be held Saturday and will be followed by weekly shoots during the season. A big tournament is on for the latter part of May. Every effort will be made to make this equal to, or better than the one held last year. It is reported that many cups will be put up, together with about \$2,000 cash added, and that should draw shooters from all parts of the country. This is part of the country where champions are made.

All will remember Hirschy and Don Morrison as championship C. A. H. winners. Hirschy has been reported as touring the world, while Morrison, though quiet of late, will soon come forth shining brightly.

J. F. Mallory and his brothers and associates will get their shooting eye lined up, as they are meeting regularly at Parkersburg, Va. J. F. has already gone 92.5 in practice. This coming August will see the three boys at the famous Indian lake, Okoboji, there trying to scalp some of their fellow braves.

Trapshooting at Kalamazoo, Mich., will soon be started for the summer. Weekly shoots and a tournament for the season of 1905 is on the programme already mapped out. A meet to elect officers and perfect plans will be held shortly.

There will be very many large tournaments held this year throughout the West and Middle West.

Now comes the report that the fourth annual tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids, Mich., will be held Aug. 29, 30, 31, which will be the week following the Indian shoot. So enthusiastic are the members, that it is proclaimed that this will be second only to that of the Grand American handicap. All the best amateurs of the United States will possibly be present. The committee have thus decided to make the shoot popular locally. With this in view, the first day will be advertised as manufacturers' and railway day; the second, merchant and bankers', and the third, as citizens' day. Provisions will be made to accommodate large crowds, and admission will be strictly by card or badge. What our country needs, are more clubs with large memberships. Other cities could follow Grand Rapids with a consolidation of all club interests.

Some good scores were made when the Grove Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., met last Saturday at Gratiot avenue. Weather fine, good scores resulted. Wolf won the highest honors, with taking Class A medal, Klatz won B and Bringham C. C. Weise, Jr., won the 5-bird event, and Berlin was top-notch in the extra 10 event.

The Celina, O., Gun Club's first shoot was held Saturday. Mr. Grass, a manufacturer's agent, was present and made the club some propositions that will be acceptable. George Kister made 20 out of 25, and Jacob Webber, 18. Another shoot, open to all, will be held Tuesday, at which some interesting features will develop.

The Mason City, Ill., Gun Club held a meeting last Saturday, at which W. H. Cadwallader was a guest. Backwitz, Mulford and "Lead" were the high men. Others, not quite in their class yet, made good scores. At 100 targets Mulford broke 94, Bockwitz 93, Cadwallader 92, Ramsey 89.

The Appleton, Minn., Gun Club hold weekly meets. The officers are: President, A. L. Sloss; Secretary, A. E. Close; Captain, Edward Lende. A tournament, to which all will be invited, will be held later in the season.

When the Houston, Mich., Gun Club met on Monday evening, Del Stewart was chosen President; Wm. Rollins, Secretary, and Chris. Blexrul as Treasurer. Grounds have been secured for the shoots during the summer.

Trapshooting for the City of Fond du Lac, Wis., will boom during 1905. A new club, with over fifty members, has been organized. Grounds have been selected, and as soon as a trap can be set up, the shoots will be started. Your readers will be duly informed as to who the permanent officers are when they meet for first practice.

Way out in South Dakota, at the town of Martinsville, there are many hunters, and they have guns that they put to some use for trapshooting in summertime.

The Cleveland, O., Gun Club will hold shoots for a gold fob presented by a powder company. The club extends an invitation for the public to attend.

For the first time in the history of the Texas State shoots the professionals will be disqualified from contesting for the trophy events. The management requests that secretaries forward at once a list of all their members. The railroads have granted one and one-third fare for the trip. The Waco club is well organized and is making every effort to hold the best shoot in the history of the association.

Another New York gun club has been organized, and Syracuse claims the honor. The Salvoy is the title, with officers and members, Daymon Whitney, L. P. James, Frank Ingersoll, Myron Brown, John Mehan, and Mathew Windhausen.

Uncle Joe Marks was out at the Klein grounds, Detroit, Mich., on Sunday last, and shooting a new single barrel gun, broke 25 straight, and thereby hangs a tale.

The Danforth, Ill., Gun Club has become a permanent organization by the election of the following officers: President, Ben Cramer; Secretary, E. Eilts; Treasurer, C. J. Walters, and Captain, Fred Gerdes. The initiation fee is \$2, and there are twenty-one members to start with, which shows that many "clays" will be busted this season.

J. A. R. Elliott is contemplating an invasion of the western field as he is reported to have an eye on the Jacksonville Ill., shoot.

Des Moines, Ia., Gun Club will hold regular shoots on Friday afternoon of each week. A special event will be put up each week, and the shooters will thus be kept interested during the season.

Dan Bray and Gus Schroeder will hold a shoot at Columbus, Neb., April 25 and 26. They have the assurance of a large gathering of the clans.

Officers of the Oil City Gun Club, Jamestown, N. Y., are: President, A. Smedley; Vice-President, C. H. Lay, Jr.; Secretary, Charles A. McLouth; Treasurer, H. C. Dorworth; Trustees, L. L. Crum, William Eaton and F. S. Bates.

The Beech Grove Gun Club, Madison, Ind., was fully reorganized on last Monday night. President William P. Schofield; Vice-President, Samuel G. Boyd; Secretary, M. Fred Herbst; Treasurer, Andrew Augustin, Sr.; Executive Committee, C. R. Johnson, Jr., W. H. Miller, James E. Crozier, John Knoeble and M. M. Laidley. A membership fee of \$1 will be charged.

It has been suggested to the writer, that if the programme given out by the G. A. H. manager this year should specify that targets would not be thrown more than 45yds., the attendance would be much increased.

Did you know that the Louisiana courts had decided that pigeon shooting was legal? Maurice Kaufman is shooting in form, as in a match at the Crescent City he killed 25 straight live birds and then made 98 out of 100 targets.

The Lafayette Gun Club, Bradford, Pa., have now new 1905 officers, viz., President, Dr. G. E. Benninghoff; Vice-President, Clayton S. Dorn; Secretary and Treasurer, R. T. Lain.

The members of the Marion-Prospect, O., Gun Club met Tuesday evening. After the preliminary work had been gone through, the officers were elected, viz., President, W. H. Porterfield; Secretary, Arthur Berry; Assistant Secretary, Harman Haberman, and Captain, O. Brown. The season's prize for best average will be a gold-lined silver cup.

Those who belong to the Chestnut Rod and Gun Club, Anaconda, Mont., have opened up the season.

Recently, 10,000 blue rocks were received by the Missoula, Mont., Gun Club. This club was recently reorganized and now has thirty members. There will be weekly shoots, and the public are invited. President A. W. Woodworth gave notice that the Butte club had invited the club to visit them and take part in the club shoot. The invitation was acknowledged and accepted.

The meeting held by the Davies County Gun Club, Owensboro, Ky., was well attended, and much business transacted. The interest taken shows that trapshooting will prove very popular this year. The new ground chosen will be so much nearer to the city, that it will tend to increase attendance. The members have in consideration the making of the grounds attractive to the ladies, and as many of them as possible will be induced to join in the shooting, both with the rifle and the shotgun. The newly elected officers are: President, John Smith; Vice-President, William Calhoun; Secretary, James Lewis; Treasurer, Weir Griffith; Captain, Ab. Newman.

The Billings, Okla., Gun Club was at practice last Wednesday, J. A. McKee making the highest score with a possible 10, then D. Huddlestone and E. Blank failed on but one each.

The regular weekly shoot of the Birmingham, Ala., Gun Club will take place each week. This club contains many members, and some of them are the best shots of the south, and they have given assurance of their good intention of being present at all the shoots.

There will be something doing when the Jacksonville Gun Club holds their tournament this week, as in the practice shoot held last week out of 200 shots Ed. Scott made a score of 194 and James A. Groves made 193.

From April 10 to 25 the hunters of Wisconsin will be busy with the ducks.

The Ogden, Utah, Club, formed for the purpose of duck shooting, have a location that would set an Illinois man to thinking. The grounds are reported to consist of twenty-five square miles, and thereon will be erected a club building that will cost \$35,000. This will be among the very best clubs in the United States.

News comes from Salt Lake that is gratifying to the trap shots of the West. A new club has been formed with the prospect ahead of it as that of being the strongest in Utah. The

membership is already near the 50 mark, with 25 more applicants. A new blackbird trap, presumably the club, has been purchased, and 15,000 targets for a starter. The ground to be used has not yet been selected.

Some twenty members of the disbanded Detroit, Mich., Gun Club met and organized the Oakland Gun Club, with a purpose of making it among the leading ones of the State. The officials are President, Michael Heintz; Vice-President, Julius Jedeke; Secretary, William E. Morris; Treasurer, Chas. F. Kiesling; Captain, George Stauch; Assist. Captain, James Eaton; Trustees, Theo. Funke, K. Caldwell and Leno Johnson. There will be three trophies for the A, B and C classes.

Pleiss and Novontny secured the highest scores in the St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club at the opening meet. Saturday the regular events will start and will be held each Saturday and Sunday during the season.

The Nardin, O. Ter., Gun Club met Wednesday for the election of officers and held their meeting at the traps. A rod and gun club has lately been organized at Cazenovia, N. Y.

A local newspaper report concerning shooters to be present has the following personal notice in type: "Fred Gilbert, 'Pop' (?) Crosby, Elliott Hawkins, Fleming and others." Now what will Heikes say to Crosby's title?

The Jacksonville, Ill., Gun Club members challenged any county in the State shoot to a team match five or ten men on a side, the purse to be \$10 per man.

Keep your shooting eye on that \$2,000 to be hung up by the Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club.

There will be many guns popping at the shoot of the Great is the case with far too many clubstainhrdlu0 .ggc,sathe24rditu Bend, Kans., Gun Club, which occurs on April 24 and 25.

The Winona, Minn., Sportsmen's Club yesterday afternoon held the first of the series of weekly shoots at their range.

The opening of the 1905 trapshooting season marks the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Minneapolis Gun Club. It has come all down the line through the era of puff balls, glass balls and finally the clay pigeons of to-day. It is claimed that there is now a membership of 300.

It is reported that a large gun club will be organized in West Duluth, Minn., but our correspondent does not state whether it is to be a trap club or a social duck hunting one.

Ohio Notes.

Eight men took part in the trophy shoot of the Hamilton, O., Gun Club, Link winning with the good score of 49 out of 50; Smith, second, with 44, and Jones, third, with 41.

The following scores were made at the shoot of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club on April 8. In the 100-target shoot, Tryon was high gun with 93. Gross and Doolittle tied for second on 92, each making a straight 25. Kirby, third, with 89. Bingham had hard luck at his first 50, but recovered himself and broke 48 in the last 50, going straight at the last 25. In the other events of the afternoon Tryon missed but 3 targets, finishing high gun, with 67 out of 70. The club will give a tournament on May 30, to which all sportsmen are invited, and a good time is guaranteed.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—April 15 was a cold, disagreeable day, cloudy and with a high wind. Twenty-two took part in the trophy shoot. Block, Strauss and Myers were high with full scores of 50, including their handicaps. Block, Barker and Hesser tied for high gun in actual breaks on 46 each.

The Dayton Gun Club has challenged for the Phellis trophy, and the match will probably be shot on April 26. Supt. Gambell will cross the pond, to visit the Emerald Isle, leaving early next month and will make a stay of about six or eight weeks. E. A. Donnelly (captain), cashier of the Market National Bank, is once more at his desk, after an absence of six months, during which time he has been in South Carolina, searching for health, and incidentally enjoying field sports to the utmost. He has gained nothing in weight, but says he feels 100 per cent. better. The boys are hoping to see him at the grounds soon.

A number of team races were pulled off, as well as a lot of practice events. In the last Peters broke 73 out of 75. The best work of the day was done by Harig in the team race, 49 out of 50.

Peters trophy shoot, 50 targets, handicap: Block, 4, 50; Strauss, 8, 50; Myers, 17, 50; Harig, 3, 48; Williams, 4, 48; Lindsley, 10, 48; See, 3, 47; Barker, 46; Hesser, 46; Maynard, 3, 46; Falk, 8, 46; Don Minto, 45; Peters, 45; Gambell, 3, 45; Andrews, 9, 45; Herman, 1, 43; Ahlers, 1, 43; Randall, 42; Tuttle, 41; Kirby 40; Kepplinger, 1, 36; Willie, 2, 36.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Team race, 50 targets: Gambell 19 23-42, Harig 24 25-49, Barker 24 22-46, Peters 24 23-47. Totals 43 45-38, 48 48-96. Ahlers 24 22-46, Hesser 23 23-46. Totals 47 45-92.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Team race, 50 targets: Faran 46, Don Minto 46, Gambell 46-92, Hesser 43-89.

Rohrer's Is and Gun Club.

Dayton, O.—Twenty members took part in the medal shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club on April 12. The contest was an interesting one. Four tied for first on scores of 25 or better, and the second shoot-off decided the winner, Hodapp being the lucky one. The club entertains a big crowd of the Cincinnati Gun Club on the 19th, and has everything prepared to give their visitors a hot time. J. Schaerf shot into the tie to-day and only needed one target to keep in, but he dropped out on 9 in the first shoot-off. Mr. Hodapp, the winner of the medal, is also expert with the rifle, being one of the best shots in the Dayton Sharpshooters.

Medal shoot, 25 targets, handicap of extra targets to shoot at:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot, at. Broke, Shot, at. Broke. G Seigriz 35 28, A Keller 35 22, Hodapp 28 27, J Gerlaugh 30 19, H Lockwood 30 25, Donohue 32 19, J Schaerf 33 25, C Ballman 35 18, L Whitacre 28 25, M Ford 35 18, E Keller 32 24, J Gemin 29 16, H Oswald 30 23, J Ballman 35 16, P Hanauer 29 23, F Morris 35 13, Shorty 35 23, A Fiorini 35 12, W Oldt 32 22, M J Colgan 35 7.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot, at. Broke, Shot, at. Broke. H Hodapp 11 11, 5 5, H Lockwood 12 10, 6 4, J Schaerf 13 9,, L Whitacre 11 8,, G Seigriz 14 7,

Dayton Gun Club.

The second shoot of the Dayton, O., Gun Club was held on April 14. Fifteen members took part in the various events. In the handicap sweep, Lindemuth and Oswald divided first on 23 out of 25; Carr, second. Theobald, Dial and Ike divided third on 20. The other events were at 25 targets, Schwind being high with 132 out of 150; Craig, second, with 107 out of 125. Schwind and Theobald each broke 87 out of 100. Oswald and Rike made a straight each in one of the events. Cord reached the grounds late, and shot in only one event, breaking 24. Oswald, Schwind, Carr and Ike shot at 20 targets each in an event, breaking 19, 19, 15 and 18 respectively. The club has challenged Cincinnati for the Phellis trophy and will probably shoot on April 26 on the latter's grounds.

Mr. J. L. Theobald, President of the club, is an expert with rod and line, as well as with the scatter gun. He caught in the stillwater, on the 12th, four black bass weighing 10 1/2 pounds.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Targets: Schwind 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 150 132, Craig 22 23 20 23 22 22 22 20 125 107, Oswald 18 19 18 25 21 21 21 21 125 101, Dial 17 16 18 20 21 21 21 21 125 93, Carr 15 16 19 22 21 20 20 20 125 91, Theobald 23 23 21 21 21 21 21 21 100 87, Rike 25 21 18 22 21 21 21 21 100 86.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Kellet 15 16 11 20 18 18 18 18 125 79, Lindemuth 24 22 24 24 24 24 24 24 75 70, Ike 19 23 19 19 19 19 19 19 75 61, Arthur 16 21 20 14 14 14 14 14 100 71, Kirby 19 19 20 20 20 20 20 20 75 58, Heikes 18 19 17 17 17 17 17 17 75 54, Whitacre 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 50 30, Cord 24 24 24 24 24 24 24 24 25 24.

Sweepstakes, distance handicap, 25 targets, \$1 entrance, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Lindemuth (18yds.) 23, Oswald (18) 23, Carr (16) 22, Theobald (17) 20, Dial (16) 20, Ike (17) 20, Craig (18) 19, Rike (18) 19, Schwind (18) 19, Kirby (18) 18.

Urbana Gun Club.

Urbana, O.—The opening shoot for the two championship cups donated by the Peters Cartridge Co., was held on April 12, on the grounds of the Urbana Gun Club. The attendance was very good, shooters being present from Springfield, Troy, Piqua, New Moorefield, De Graff and West Liberty. The weather was ideal for the sport, and good scores were the rule.

Thirty-one shooters took part in the 15-target events, Kirby and Lorimer tying for first on 57. H. Good and Hill, second with 56 each. In the individual champion cup contest, twenty-three entered. Holding and Lorimer tied on 47, and they agreed to decide the matter by taking their average for the day. This gave the cup to Holding, of Urbana.

A large crowd of spectators watched the team shoot, five teams being entered, one each from Urbana, Troy, New Moorefield, Springfield and De Graff. The home team was the victor, and the club felt good at capturing both trophies on the initial contest.

Mr. H. N. Kirby managed the affair, and to his efforts are due the smoothness with which everything passed off. The next contest will be held within a month or six weeks.

In the team match Holding, of Urbana, and Smith, of Troy, tied for high individual score on 42. Ernst, of New Moorefield, was second with 41.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. Individual championship cup, 50 targets: Targets: 25 25, Targets: 25 25, Holding 24 23-47, D Snyder 20 20-40, Lorimer 24 23-47, Runyon 22 17-39, Kirby 24 22-46, Long 24 14-38, Ernst 24 22-46, Bruner 21 17-38, Gross 23 23-45, Poole 23 13-36, Dr Good 23 11-44, R Snyder 20 16-36, Karnhem 23 20-43, Nunlist 15 19-34, Haines 22 22-42, Reardon 21 12-33, Hill 22 20-42, Lockhart 17 15-32, Neer 22 20-42, Erwin 18 13-31, O Smith 23 19-42, Losh 16 14-30, Strong 19 21-40.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. Team championship trophy, five-man teams, 50 targets per man: Urbana G. C., Targets: 25 25, Springfield G. C., Targets: 25 25, Holding 22 20-42, Strong 22 15-37, Kirby 22 18-40, Snyder 20 17-37, Losh 20 19-39, Foley 18 18-36, Muzzy 19 19-38, Poole 17 17-34, Karnhem 16 16-32, Downs 13 15-28, 99 92 191, 90 82 172.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. Troy G. C., Targets: 20 42, New Moorefield G. C., Targets: 20 41, Lorrimer 21 18-39, Job 17 18-35, Haines 21 17-35, Neer 16 17-33, Nunlist 20 15-35, Snyder 19 14-33, Dalzell 12 16-28, Shields 12 11-23, 96 86 182, 84 81 165.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score, Name, Score. De Graff Gun Club, Targets: 17 33, Bruner 13 18-31, Long 14 18-32, Reardon 13 12-25, Runyon 15 16-31, 71 81 152, BONASA.

Norwich Shooting Club.

The annual meeting of the Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club was held at the club house on Saturday, April 8, at 2 P. M. The report of the secretary-treasurer showed the club to be in good condition, with fifty-six members and money in the treasury. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Willis Austin; Vice-President, Arthur C. Wright; Secretary-Treasurer, L. P. Taft; Captain, W. H. Gates; Board of Managers, John A. Mitchell, Geo. S. Brown, Thos. B. Leahy; House and Range Committee, A. C. Wright, C. O. Tracy, Geo. W. Dolbear, H. F. Ulmer, A. E. Grimes.

After the business meeting the members adjourned to the traps, making the following scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot, Per at. Broke, Cent., Name, Shot, Per at. Broke, Cent. W Austin 105 78 74, G Brown 50 27 54, Gates 70 51 73, Greene 50 24 48, Wells 95 61 64, Grimes 50 21 42, J Mitchell 50 32 64, A Mitchell 65 26 40, Moran 70 43 61, Ames 50 19 38, Sanders 50 27 54.

I. P. TAFFT, Sec'y.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, April 15.—The contest for the April cup to-day was won by Mr. A. O. Fleishman. He scored 42 out of 50. This was event 1 in the following summary. In a special match between Messrs. Fleishman and Barnes, 25 targets, the former won by a score of 21 to 19. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Events: 1 2 3 4 5 *6 7 8, Targets: 50 25 25 25 25 25 25 25, J N Borland, 8 39 18 13 14 16 16 16, A D Fleishman, 6 42 17 17 24 21 14 19 22, F L Barnes, 4 39 15 18 16 18 11 18 19, J W Hebbard, 12 35 19 17 22 20 19 21 21, J D Calhoun 19 17 22 20 19 18 16 20, A Tilt 15 20 19 18 16 20, J J Kelly 18 15 18 17 19 11, W D Judson 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0.

*Five pairs, 15 singles.

Enterprise Gun Club.

McKeesport, Pa.—The fourth contest for the Daily News cup was shot off on April 15, and Attorney J. F. Calhoun was high man with 48.

The fifth and last contest for the cup this year, will be shot on next Saturday, April 22, at 3 P. M., on these grounds, and also the third contest for the Hunter Arms Co. gold badge.

Daily News cup, 50 targets, scores: Calhoun 48, W. Hale 45, Knight 45, McFarland 44, Irwin 43, Schorr 42, Noel 42, Ross 40, Stimer 39, H. Hale 38, Keeley 38, Stein 37, Good 37, J. Hale 37, Merritt 35, Jennings 34, Watson 34, Harrison 33, Hurly 32, Taylor 31. GEO. W. MAINS, Sec'y.

Crescent Gun Club.

NEW BETHLEHEM, Pa., April 17.—This club will hold its second annual tournament on July 11 and 12, which promises to be the most successful affair at inanimate targets this club ever held. Added money, \$100, and a large merchandise event on the second day. W. R. Crosby, J. A. R. Elliott, Luther Squier, J. R. Hull, H. H. Stevens and Mr. Garland have all signified their intention to be present on those dates. Any information will be cheerfully given by writing to the Secretary, O. E. Shoemaker. H. P. Fesenden was with us at our last regular shoot, decorating the boys with stick pins, and advertising literature, and incidentally talking up the good qualities of his goods. This club holds its regular weekly shoots on Friday afternoons at 3:30. All visiting shooters welcome. The latch string hangs on the outside. R. E. DINGER, M.D., Mgr. & Capt.

"Well, Bob Streeter has failed for a million, and the creditors 'll get about fifty thousand, I suppose." "Does Bob feel sore?" "Naturally, yes; fifty thousand is a whole lot of money, you know."—Puck.



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Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., April 12.—Seventeen shooters took advantage of perfect conditions and journeyed Wellingtonward to-day, the occasion of the Boston Gun Club's eleventh serial shoot, and it proved to be the right kind of a shoot, one of those that was purely for pleasure, and good feeling prevailed during the twelve events.

Just ten of the congregation secured averages of 80 or over, which shows the quality of shooting which was being performed. Dr. Gleason held high average with a Gilbert or Crosby percentage, pegging away as usual with his Daly and shattering birds right and left, with no apparent trouble. His match score of 28 completed the necessary number of scores, and now rests comfortably in first place with 187, 4 targets to spare over Burns, who occupies second position. Frank's 29 of to-day gave him a good boost, dropping a previous 19, and a return of the old form will make the leaders hustle from now out. Capt. Woodruff, too, was moving some, an 89 per cent. average and a match score of 28 with his "Krupp barrel fuscé" showing that the oldest standby of the club was still in the ring, and could be counted upon for a good score at almost any time.

C. A. Allen, of Manchester, could not bear the thoughts of coming to Boston and not shooting, so he picked up a gun that "kicked like a mule," and gave a good account of himself, time alone preventing him from making more straight scores. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Av.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	25
Frank, 19	8	13	9	10	14	15	9	13	12	9896
Bell, 20	5	10	10	8	13	11	9	10	12	7760
Burns, 16	9	12	6	9	13	13	10	11	13	9	15	17	.830
Roy, 19750
Gleason, 19	10	14	9	10	14	14	8	14	14	9	14	24	.933
Blinn, 16	7	12	9	10	14	13	9	13	12	7	13	..	.850
Sadler, 16	8	12	7	8	10	10	9	14	15	9816
Willard, 16	6	15754
Ford, 16871
Woodruff, 17	8	14	9	9	13	15	10	12	..	8890
Bryant, 16	6	9	7	10	9	7	3	11620
Muldown, 16733
Masure, 16490
Allen, 16811
Stewart, 16800
Kirkwood, 20	8	15	9	10	13	15	9	13	14	9	14	24	.927
Retwood, 14	2293

Merchandise match, distance handicap: Frank (19yds.) 29, Gleason (19) 28, Woodruff (17) 28, Kirkwood (20) 28, Blinn (16) 27, Burns (16) 26, Ford (16) 26, Bell (20) 24, Roy (19) 22, Muldown (16) 22, Allen (16) 22, Willard (16) 21, Sadler (16) 20, Masure (16) 17, Bryant (16) 16, Retwood (14) 13.

April 5.—The regular weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was well attended to-day, though weather conditions were anything but agreeable for the average trapshooter, it raining hard during the entire afternoon. Between drops some twelve events were run through, and judging from scores made, etc., every one was very well satisfied, even if put to the inconvenience of a ducking.

Visitors came from far and near to enjoy the afternoon. Secretary Burr, of the Montpelier, Vt., Gun Club, and Mayor Eugene E. Reed, of Manchester, N. H., were from the most distant points.

The prize match, which is now taking up all the interest, as there are only four more shoots to secure scores in, and the regulars are attempting to drop poor scores, did not bring forth the usual high scores. Reed's 25 was in a class by itself, 4 targets ahead of the second man, Roy, with 24, who in turn led Gleason and Baxter by one target.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Av.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	25
Gleason, 19	9	14	11	9	10	13	7	8	12	9	19	23	.822
Frank, 19	8	14	12	10	8	9	6	7	10	9	17	..	.733
Bell, 20	5	12	11	5	8	9	8	9670
Lee, 16	7	11	10	8	9	9450
Burns, 16	8	11	11	9	9	13	8	4	8	9720
Roy, 19818
Woodruff, 17	10	15	14	5	11	10	8	4770
Bernhardt, 16	10	14	14	9940
Barry, 16	10	14	11	5	10	8725
Reed, 16	7	12	12	6	13	15	7	7790
Bird, 16	4	14	11	3	8	7	4	6570
Cavicchi, 16	10	10	13	6	11	7	10750
Packard, 16	6	9	6	6	5	7	4477
Williams, 16	4	13	13	5	11	7	5	7650
Burr, 16850
Willard, 16860
Muldown, 16720
Ford, 16750
Masure, 16520
Baxter, 16763
Merrill, 16541
Eowman, 16463
Cavicchi, 16566
Frederick, 16600
Retwood, 14	2200

Merchandise match, distance handicap: Reed (16yds.) 28, Roy (19) 24, Gleason (19) 23, Baxter (16) 23, Burns (16) 22, Cavicchi (16) 22, Woodruff, (17) 21, Muldown (16) 21, Ford (16) 21, Willard (16) 19, Lee (16) 18, Barry (16) 18, Williams (16) 18, Frank (19) 17, Bell (20) 17, Bird (16) 15, Masure (16) 15, Packard (16) 12.

Remington Gun and Rifle Club.

At the annual meeting of the Remington Gun and Rifle Club, held April 11, the following officers were elected: President, T. D. W. Moore; Vice-President, D. G. Baker; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Grimshaw; Captain, R. H. Tomlinson; Collector, J. J. Jackson; Range Officer, Jos. Tomlinson.

Trustees: L. N. Walker, T. Corbin, Geo. De Lany, Jos. Loy, Frank Russell, J. D. Pederson, H. H. Bassett.

Report of the secretary showed the club to be in very good condition. Eleven new members joined and a number expect to join at the next meeting, which will be held April 18. It is expected that during the coming season there will be quite a spirited contest both at the traps and at the rifle range.

Inglewood (Ontario) Gun Club's Annual Tournament.

The annual tournament of the Inglewood, Ont., Gun Club was held on April 7, with a very good attendance of shooters. This is a young club, composed of a few enthusiastic shooters, who did all in their power to make their visitors enjoy themselves. The day was fine, and the targets hard on account of the height to which they were thrown.

High average was won by Mr. Thomas Upton, Hamilton, Ont. Second went to Dr. Hunt, Hamilton. Third high average to Mr. Thomas A. Duff, Toronto, and fourth to Mr. J. H. Thompson, Toronto. The following were the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	25	20	15	15	100	92
Thomas Upton, Hamilton....	10	14	25	18	13	12	100	90
Dr Hunt, Hamilton.....	10	14	20	17	14	15	100	89
Thomas A Duff, Toronto.....	10	14	24	15	14	12	100	88
J H Thompson, Toronto.....	9	14	20	18	14	13	100	88
P Wakefield, Toronto.....	8	13	21	17	13	13	100	85
Dr Wilson, Hamilton.....	6	12	18	18	12	15	100	81
G B Smith, Ayton.....	7	12	20	17	12	12	100	80
G Thomas, Toronto.....	9	13	20	15	12	8	100	77
John McCague, Inglewood....	6	12	20	18	11	9	100	76
Geo W McGill, Toronto.....	8	8	22	15	12	10	100	75
A Kidd, Inglewood	9	11	15	16	10	12	100	73
J Kidd, Inglewood	6	9	19	16	13	9	100	72
M Rasberry, Hamilton.....	4	7	20	14	13	13	100	71
W Roberts, Toronto.....	7	10	20	9	10	11	100	67
G Kidd, Inglewood.....	4	9	16	19	12	7	100	67
F Overholt, Hamilton.....	10	10	19	12	11	..	85	72
G Vivian, Toronto.....	7	13	22	11	13	..	85	66
C Harrison, Toronto.....	7	12	16	16	12	..	85	63
W White, Snelgrove.....	7	11	18	16	11	..	85	56
A Spanner, Toronto.....	5	8	17	13	11	..	85	54
Geo M Dunk, Toronto.....	8	10	17	15	12	..	85	52
J Bennar, Hamilton.....	6	5	17	10	11	..	85	49
J Dent, Inglewood.....	6	8	13	10	9	..	85	46
W J Campbell, Snelgrove....	5	5	14	8	9	..	85	41
W Smeaton, Inglewood.....	8	9	15	50	32
Geo H Cashmore, Toronto....	5	8	40	23
Mr James, Inglewood.....	5	9	11	40
W Elliott, Inglewood.....	6	10	25	16
C Patterson, Inglewood....	3	7	8	40
J Nunn, Inglewood.....	6	8	25	14
Doc Sheppard, Toronto Jn....	25	14
J Dunham, Hamilton.....	25	13
C J Peaker, Brampton.....	4	9	25	13
W Beamish, Inglewood.....	5	7	25	12
J Patterson, Inglewood....	5	6	25	11
W Friend, Hamilton.....	25	11
J Duke, Inglewood.....	4	5	25	9
Thomas Henry, Brampton....	9	11	13	9	10	11	100	63

B. P. ROCK.

"Amateur" is Corrected.

EASTON, Pa., April 8.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of FOREST AND STREAM of March 4 there appeared a communication under the caption "Clerks and Professionals" and signed "Amateur."

As a committee, commanded by a unanimous vote of the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, at its first meeting after the appearance of "Amateur's" communication, to voice the club's sentiments in the matter, and as it seemed possible that "Amateur's" cowardly attack was made on one of our own members, to make a public statement in his defense, we ask the courtesy of your columns.

As to the sentiments of our club, it ought to suffice to say that we vote as we shoot; that is, according to our best judgment; and that judgment has enabled us to win every match in which we have taken part, and they are not few in number. That same judgment, exercised on "Amateur's" no-name, stab-in-the-back methods, condemns them as the efforts of a jealous rival.

On behalf of our brother member, Mr. Ed. F. Markley, who was supposed by some to be the object of "Amateur's" attack, we take pleasure in stating that he is held in the highest esteem by our club. In "Amateur's" communication, the only statement truthfully applicable to Markley is that he is a clerk in a wholesale house. Surely that fact will not bring him under suspicion unless a diseased imagination like "Amateur's" comes in to bolster it up.

We hope we may be pardoned for venturing the opinion that "Amateur," who talks so glibly of "sharks" and the killing of the sport, might better turn his attention to his own reformation as an "assassin of character," and that none but mischief-makers write anonymous communications.

FORREST W. KOLB, }
W. R. IVEY, } Committee.
JOHN HEIL, }

Anaostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15.—The Anaostan Gun Club held a practice shoot on Thursday, April 13. Several new members, who never shot at the trap, were present. The wind was high, but notwithstanding the breeze, some good scores were made, especially that of Mr. Jos. H. Hunter, who shot a professional gait. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
J H Hunter.....	115	107	Burridge	50	27
E H Storr.....	115	105	Willis	35	25
Geo Nalley	100	66	Rhodes	45	30
Wilhite	60	48	Vinson	35	21
Miles Taylor	55	48	Enders	20	10
Baskett	50	43	McKnew	15	12
Dr Taylor	50	35	Williams	20	6
Dr Wolfe	55	25			

E. H. Storr, trade representative, was present, and spent the afternoon, and although shooting a new gun, made a very creditable score under the circumstances.

MILES TAYLOR, Sec'y.

Chicago Trapshooters' Association.

CHICAGO, April 8.—The Chicago Trapshooters' Association wish to announce the dates of its big midsummer amateur target shooting tournament on Aug

The Delaware State Shoot.

Second Day, April 13.

General Averages.

THE first annual spring tournament of the Delaware State Trapshooters' League was held in Wilmington, Del., April 12 and 13, on the grounds of the Wilmington Gun Club.

The club had calculated that it should have about sixty shooters present, so it was rather hard work for its tournament committee to look after their guests' comfort as well as to keep things moving.

The new club house, 32 x 24 feet, with its piazza, seemed to accommodate the crowd well, the large tent, 45 x 25, not being needed.

The programme for the first day was twelve events, 15 targets each, but owing to the number of entries, only eleven events were shot, many not being able to shoot their scores in No. 11 on account of darkness.

The programme for the first day was twelve events, 15 targets each, but owing to the number of entries, only eleven events were shot, many not being able to shoot their scores in No. 11 on account of darkness.

First Day, April 12.

Table of scores for the first day (April 12) across various events and shooters. Columns include shooter names and scores for events 1 through 11.

The weather at the opening of the second day was almost unpromising as the early hours of the first day. As a whole, it was a much more unpleasant day, for the reason that the wind was easterly all the time and blew for the most part quite strongly.

The chief interest was taken in events Nos. 5 to 8 inclusive, four 25-target events, which constituted the race for the individual championship of the State. The winner turned up in A. B. Richardson, of Dover, who finished strongly with 25 straight, and won out by 3 targets over his nearest competitors.

The team race for five-man teams brought out ten teams, and it was 7:15 when the last man in the last squad had shot his string. Wawaset Team No. 1, of Wilmington, put up an excellent piece of team work, and won out easily, with the good total of 221 out of 250, each of the five men shooting at 50 targets.

Heikes again easily led the experts with only 8 lost out of 160 shot at, breaking 152. Hawkins broke 146, Heer and Apgar 142, and Marshall 141. The amateurs did some good work, Richardson, the winner of the State championship, taking first honors in the amateur class and also second honors all round for the day with 147 breaks, one more than Hawkins' total.

The programme comprised 160 targets.

Table of scores for the second day (April 13) across various events and shooters. Columns include shooter names and scores for events 1 through 8.

The scores in the team races were as follows:

Summary table of team race scores for Wawaset No. 1, Dover Gun Club, Wawaset No. 3, Wawaset No. 2, and Blue Ball No. 1.

The wind, the dull sky which prevailed a great part of the tournament, and the sliding handicap all combined to ruin the chances of most people for high averages. Rolla Heikes was in remarkable form, and it made no difference, apparently, whether he stood at 18, 19 or 20 yards.

The order in which the ten high guns finished is as follows: First, R. O. Heikes, 309; second and third, W. H. Heer and A. B. Richardson, 295; fourth and fifth, J. M. Hawkins and C. E. Mink, 290; sixth, T. A. Marshall, 288; seventh, Lester German, 285; eighth, Neaf Apgar, 283; ninth and tenth, H. H. Stevens and W. M. Foord, 282.

This tournament was the Wilmington Gun Club's first effort in that direction. The club is barely a year old and will learn by experience; in fact, it promises to do so. If its late guests will only bear its youth in mind, and excuse any mistakes on that ground, the club members will feel perfectly happy and will do their best to hold up their end when called upon to act again in the capacity of hosts.

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKEN.

Wawaset Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., April 14.—There was a pleasant solution of some questions pertaining to skill between a team of the lodge of Elks, Morristown, Pa., and an Elk team of the Wawaset Gun Club, on the grounds of the latter to-day.

The visitors led by one target at the half-way mark, but the home team finished the stronger, and won by a score of 218 to 201. Scores:

Table comparing scores of Wilmington Elks and Norristown Elks across various shooters.

The programme of the Wawaset Gun Club's annual spring tournament, Wilmington, Del., May 11 and 12, provides a sliding handicap, 16 to 20yds. The programme for each day will consist of twelve events at 15 targets each. Total entrance, \$15.00.

Instead of adding a small amount of money in each event and dividing it among from fifteen to twenty-five contestants who would shoot into the money, which makes the amount that each would receive very small, we are going to give the entire profits of this shoot to the amateurs who shoot through the programme.

The entrance in each event will be \$1.30, including price of targets at 2 cents each. For each target thrown during the two days we will set aside 1 1/2 cent as a special purse to be divided among those who shoot through the programme and do not win their entrance.

Last year we threw nearly 20,000 targets, and if we do as well this year—and we believe we will—this purse will amount to \$250. We believe that this purse will amount to more than the combined losses of those shooting through the programme, and if it does, we will only pay to each a sum sufficient to cover their loss, and the balance of the purse will be given to the high guns, one money for every \$10.

This, we think, is about the best proposition that has ever been offered to the amateur, and we hope to have you with us on May 11 and 12, 1905. Write for programme.

Tournament Committee as follows: W. M. Foord, E. Melchior, Jr., L. J. Squier.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BERGEN BEACH, Brooklyn, L. I., April 11.—The scores made at the shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club to-day are as follows:

Table of scores for the Bergen Beach Gun Club across various events and shooters.

South End Gun Club.

READING, Pa., April 14.—The South End Gun Club entertained the U. M. C. squad to-day. There was a large crowd present to witness the performances of the celebrated artists. In the second event at 100 targets, the scores were as follows: Marshall 86, Heer 99, Butler 80, Stevens 93, Heikes 98.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

G. McA., Worcester, Mass.—I desire to learn the etymology of the words sisco and siscowet—the two words being variously spelled—names applied to varieties of the salmon family. Whence are these names derived, what do they signify and why are they given to these fish? Ans. The words are of Indian origin, but have been adopted into our language, as have many others, such as hickory, sassafras, hominy and so on. They are Indian names of fishes. Siskowet is an Ojibwa word, and has relation to the fact that the fish is often very fat. The word is said to mean "cooks itself," given because the fish is so fat that it can be set on fire and will cook itself.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Reduced Rates to Pacific Coast Points.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Lewis and Clark Exposition and Various Conventions.

ON account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, Ore., June 1 to October 15, and various conventions to be held in cities on the Pacific Coast during the summer, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets on specified dates, from all stations on its lines, to San Francisco and Los Angeles, April 9 to Sept. 27; to Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria, Vancouver, and San Diego, May 22 to Sept. 27, at greatly reduced rates.

For dates of sale and specific information concerning rates and routes, consult nearest ticket agent.

It is only within a comparatively short time that large game preserves have been started in America, but to-day the demand for wild game to supply such preserves is very large. While at present most preserves are stocked with native game, there is a constantly increasing tendency to import living wild game from Europe. Such wild game, as well as many sorts of ornamental fowl are supplied by the firm of Cross, Liverpool, England, who has already sent much of this stock to America, and is likely to send much more. Owners of estates may profitably communicate with Mr. Cross.

Nos. 9 and 10 comprised the merchandise event. For this event the club had prepared a list of some 80 odd prizes, but as there were only 69 entries for the prizes, everybody got something, and the majority got value received for their entry fee, while many got decidedly more. W. Edmonson and J. Graham tied for first and second prizes, and took both the L. C. Smith and Ithaca guns, tossing for choice. McHugh and Richardson tied for third and fourth prizes, a large and handsome Stein of Austrian manufacture, and a pair of field glasses. They shot off miss-and-out, McHugh winning by breaking his target, Richardson having missed his. All the other prizes were decided by lot, there being no time for a shoot-off.

Altogether there were seventy-four shooters who took part in the several events, and a grand total of 10,240 targets were thrown during the day, making just 20,110 targets for the two days. A Leggett trap and a set of expert traps were used, and both worked satisfactorily, the only time that was lost during the entire tournament was due to the exigencies of the "sliding handicap," which necessarily causes lots of trouble in the cashier's office, although manifestly popular with the shooters.

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PICTURES FROM FOREST and STREAM



LIST OF THE PLATES.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - - Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 5. "What's That?" (Antelope), - - - - Carl Rungius | 21. The American Plover, - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 6. The Home of the White Goat, Photo by H. T. Folsom | 22. Rap Full, Schooner Constellation in a North Easter, - - - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair off Larchmont, - - - - Photo by Jas. Burton |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - - Carl Rungius |
| 9. Calling the Buffalo—3 The Fall, E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - - - E. Osthaus |
| 10. Calling the Buffalo—4 Packing the Meat, E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer), - - - - E. Osthaus |
| 11. Sail, Sea and Sky, Navahoe on the Solent, Photo by West & Son | 27. Between Casts, - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 12. The Trapper's Camp, - - - - E. W. Deming | 28. Home of the Bass, - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 13. Pearl R. (Setter), - - - - E. H. Osthaus | 29. In Boyhood Days, - - - - W. P. Davison |
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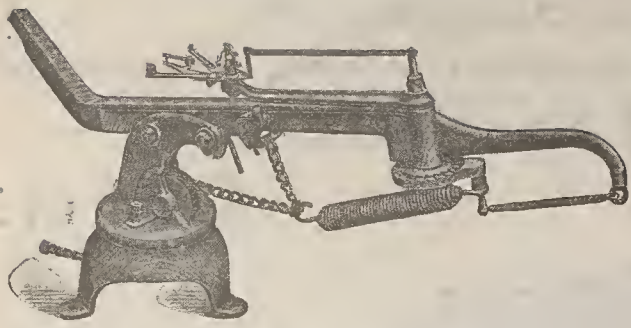
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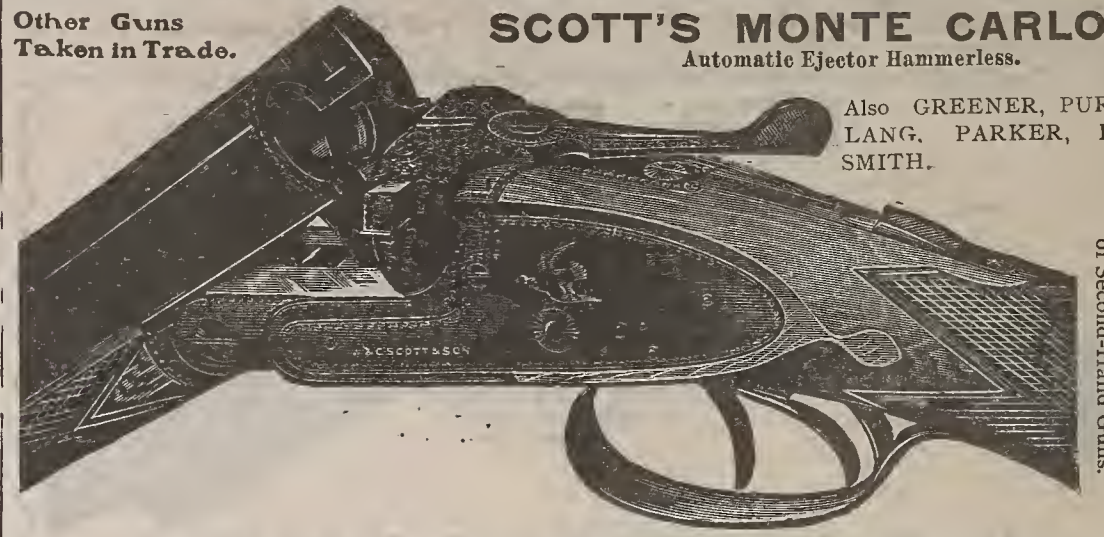
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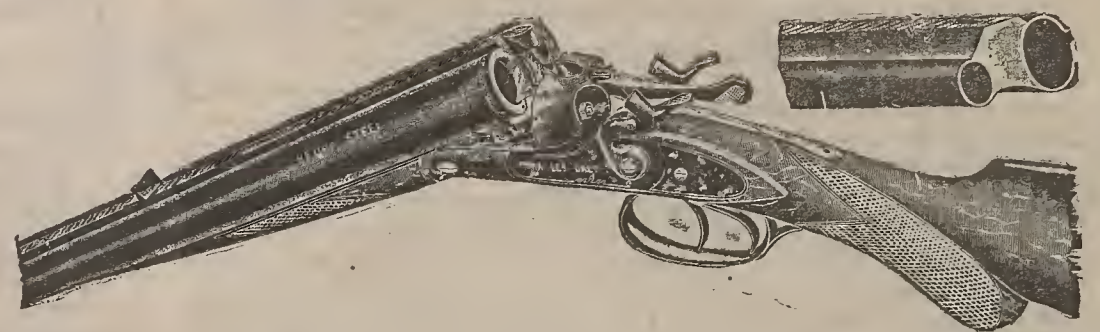
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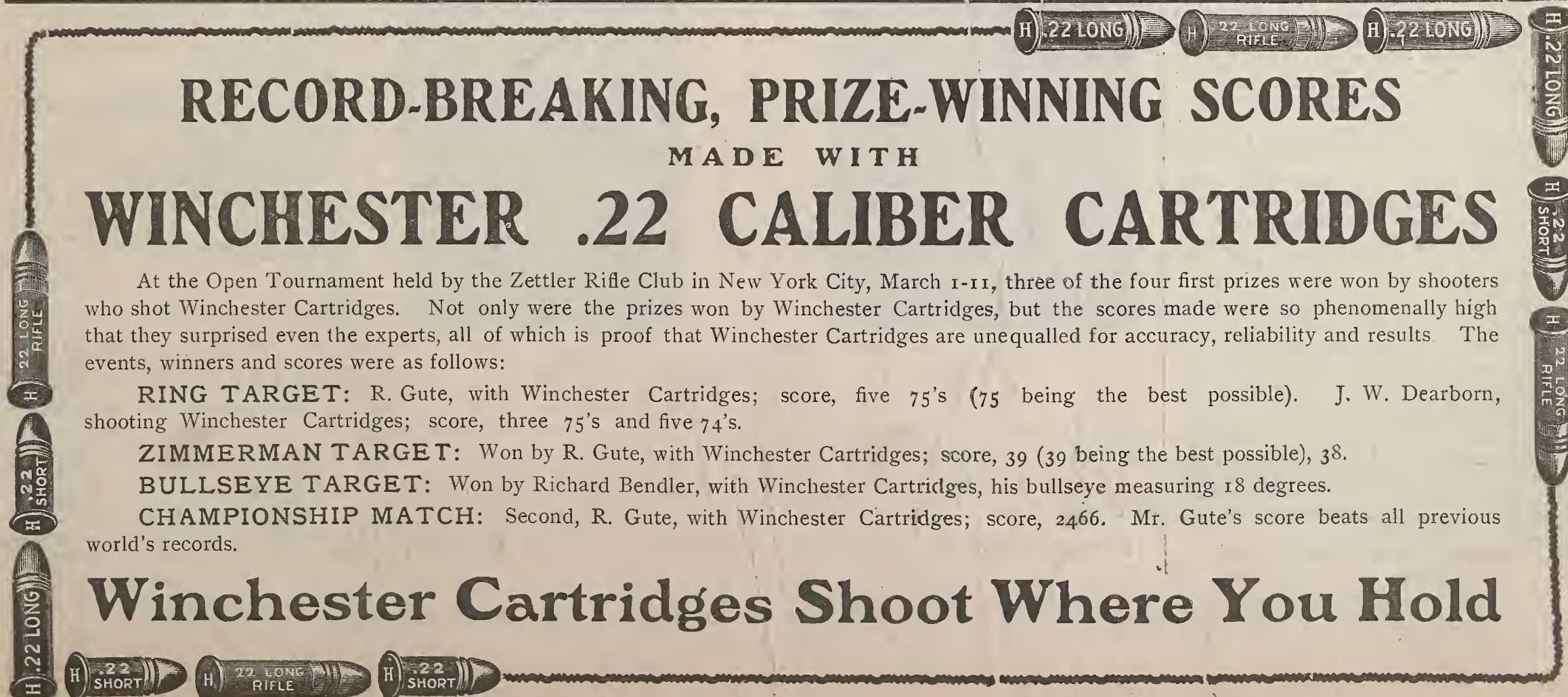
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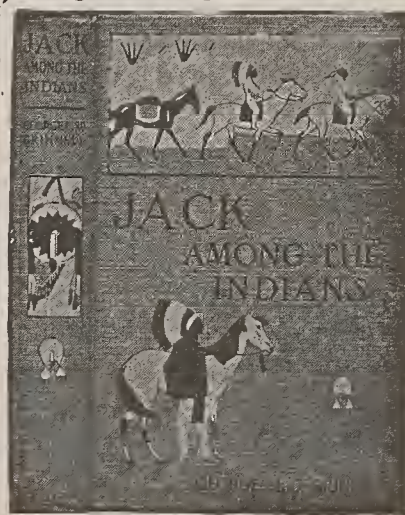
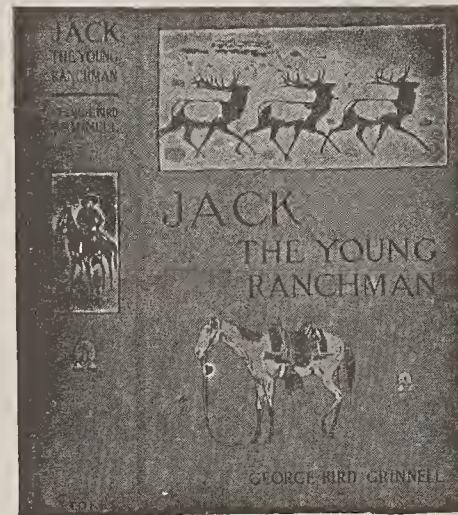
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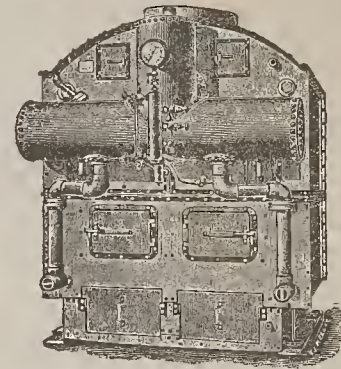
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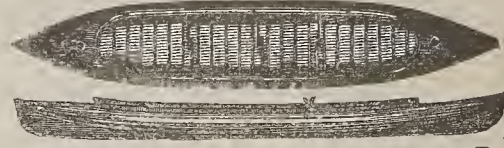


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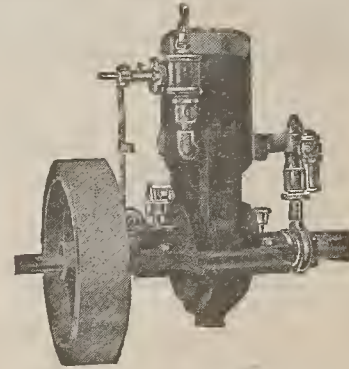


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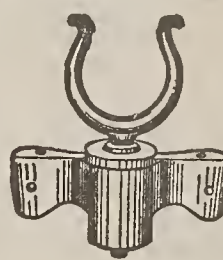
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1903.

VOL. LXIV.—No. 17.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MINNESOTA SPIKES THE PLANK.

We have long since come to look to Minnesota for expression in the statute of the advanced ideas of game protection; and the latest code, as it has come from the Legislature of 1905, admirably sustains the reputation of the State in this respect.

First as to the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank, that the sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons. As is well known, Minnesota was one of the first of the Western States to recognize the wisdom of the Plank and to embody it in their game legislation. Some of the most noteworthy changes in the law as amended this year have to do with making the rule against sale more stringent and more difficult of evasion. As a firm and solid foundation the Legislature makes declaration in the following unequivocal terms of the State's ownership of the game and fish, an ownership which may not be alienated except in so far as the statute expressly provides:

No person shall at any time or in any manner acquire any property in, or subject to his dominion or control, any of the birds, animals or fish or any part thereof of the kinds herein mentioned, but they shall always and under all circumstances be and remain the property of this State; except, that by killing, catching or taking the same in the manner and for the purposes herein authorized, and during the periods when their killing is not herein prohibited, the same may be used by any person at the time, in the manner and for the purposes herein expressly authorized; and whenever any person kills, catches, takes, ships or has in possession, or under control, any of the birds, animals or fish, or any part thereof, mentioned in this chapter, at a time or in a manner prohibited by this chapter, such person shall thereby forfeit and lose all his right to the use and possession of such bird, animal or fish, or any part thereof, and the State shall be entitled to the sole possession thereof.

The importance and working advantage of this declaration are manifest at a glance. There is no room left for quibbling about a "natural right" to take game, and having taken it to do as one may please with it. The law declares the game is the State's, it may only be taken when and how the State permits, and only for such disposition and use as the State prescribes. The rest is simple. The State provides that it may be taken only for the personal consumption of him who takes it, or of those to whom he gives it. It may be taken only in certain times, by certain means, and in certain amounts—not exceeding fifteen birds in one day, or forty-five in possession at any one time. It may not be taken for sale, nor sold. It may not be held in cold storage. "The placing or receiving within or storage of any game bird or game animal or any part thereof in any cold storage plant is hereby prohibited and made unlawful." The Game and Fish Commission and the wardens are charged by the law with the duty of inspecting, from time to time, hotels, restaurants, cold storage houses or plants, and ice houses commonly used in storing meats, game or fish for private parties, for the purpose of determining whether game or fish are stored in them in violation of the law; and refusal to accord the officers permission to make such inspection is a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment. Any illicit game or fish discovered is declared contraband, and is to be sold to the highest bidder—but not for resale by him. This, by the way, deprives the hospitals and other charitable institutions of a game supply, which, under the old system, gave them many an unanticipated game dinner; under the new rule, the money received for the discovered game goes into the game protection fund.

From this outline it will be seen that Minnesota has provided a system which, if enforced, will put into operation the letter and the spirit of the anti-sale plank so strictly and so effectively that if there be in the principle all that is claimed for it, the conservation of the game supply may be reckoned a thing accomplished. That the law will be enforced there is not the slightest doubt. As it stands to-day, the statute is, in respect to the anti-sale provisions at least, a fruit of the earnest efforts of the game commissioners and in particular of Executive Agent Sam. F. Fullerton. These officials stand for the law; in these features it represents their views, gives them the more stringent regulations and the enlarged powers they have sought; and we may share the confidence of the sportsmen of Minnesota that, with the admirable statute now provided to work under, the game protective force of the State will render a service even more efficient and valuable than that which has been so creditable in the past.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

IN the death of Joseph Jefferson the country has lost one of its best known and best loved citizens. People long since gray haired remember going as children to see Rip Van Winkle, and as time went on they took their children and their grandchildren to see the play which itself never grew old, so that in fact four generations knew him and all felt that they knew him well. He was far and away the best known comedian of America; he enjoyed an unflinching popularity which had its perennial spring in the sweetness and simplicity of his nature. In the characters which he represented was seen the man Jefferson, and this simplicity and fidelity to nature won—as simplicity and truth always do—admiration, respect and love.

The span of his life, seventy-seven years, is a long time; it covers by far the greater share of the growth of this country. When Jefferson was born there were Revolutionary veterans aplenty, and the veterans of the War of 1812 then were made no more of than are those of the Spanish War to-day. In his early days of barnstorming there were no railroads nor any telegraph, and but few of the scores of those modern appliances which to-day we regard as necessities. Rip's famous old gun was by no means such a curio to Jefferson's first audiences as it came to be in the later years. Much of this spirit of change and development and growth characteristic of the period of his life is reflected in the reminiscences written by him some years ago, and which have place among the most entertaining volumes of American autobiography.

Mr. Jefferson was one of the most versatile of men. A successful actor, he was also a good painter, and a most skillful and enthusiastic angler. Canadian salmon waters, Catskill Mountain trout streams, the salt water stretches of Buzzard's Bay and the winter fishing grounds of Palm Beach, all were familiar to him. He was a keen sportsman, realizing what sport should be, and as clean and wholesome in his favorite recreation as in the other activities of his life. Jefferson and Grover Cleveland were close angling friends, and it was out of the intimate knowledge and appreciation of one's fellow which comes through the character testing familiarity of the fields and the waters that Mr. Cleveland said the other day:

"All knew my friend's professional supremacy and his conscientious service in professional work; many knew how zealously he defended dramatic art and how completely he illustrated the importance of its cleanliness; many knew how free he was from hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, but fewer knew how harmoniously his qualities of heart and mind and conscience blended in the creation of an honest, upright, sincere and God-fearing man.

"I believe that in death he has reached a world where the mercy of God abounds, and I know that in the world of men the sadness of his loss will be felt the most by those who knew him best."

THE EXPANSION OF TRAPSHOOTING.

THE phenomenal growth of target shooting, year by year, since its first humble beginnings in America as a form of sport, affords just ground for the trapshooter's heartiest felicitations. It is steadily progressive. Great as the support of it has been in past years, the signs indicate that the present year will far surpass, in magnitude and importance, the trapshooting values of any preceding year, however great they may have been.

For the broader activities and consequently greater scope in recent years, much credit is due the various trapshooting leagues, the State associations, and last, but not least, the powerful Interstate Association. Without the prestige and effort of these great associations, the sport relatively would be the local diversion of many hundreds of local clubs, and hence devoid of the national importance which now obtains as a consequent to general intercommunication and national competition.

In the national furtherance of trapshooting interests, the action of the Interstate Association this year in broadening its scope geographically will be a beneficent factor, the full value of which at present it is difficult to compute.

At the time of the sixth Grand American Handicap in June next, the Interstate Association will have given three tournaments under the auspices of different clubs in the South, after which the itinerary is westward; from Menominee, Mich., to Albert Lea, Minn., to Kansas City, is within the territory previously cultivated, but

from Kansas City the Association goes to Colorado Springs, Colo., thence to San Francisco, Cal., where, Sept. 12-14, it will hold a tournament, the Pacific Coast Handicap at targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association, which is likely to rival the older great event, the Grand American Handicap at Targets.

These tournaments, conducted by an acknowledged masterful expert, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, fill many needs as educators. They are an object lesson in the way that a tournament should be conducted in every particular, are arranged on the most rigid principles of fair competition, and appeal to the best sportsmanship of every section.

This generous expenditure of talent, time and money on the Pacific coast by the Interstate Association will undoubtedly result in a broad, healthful boom to the sport in that vast section, thereby making this year a record breaker if the data of geographical area and extra skillful effort are a fair criteria by which to make a forecast.

While in general the trapshooting increase has been marvelous, there are certain State associations, in particular the New York State, New Jersey State, and the Illinois State Associations which seem to have declined in vigor and importance, though the decline seems to have been at the top instead of the bottom; that is to say, there is abundance of material in the way of individual clubs to support those State associations if they were organized under constitutions of proper vitality. However, the decay of some parts is insignificant in comparison to the greater general gain. All of which denotes that the sport of trapshooting is inherently a beneficial outdoor sport, appealing to the good class of the people who seek wholesome pleasure and give prestige and indorsement to it by participation.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PEEPING TOMS.

MR. GEORGE KENNEDY sends a feeling protest against the impudence of the little-minded men of yellow journalism who are exercising their functions as Peeping Toms and faking stories of the President's hunting in Colorado. After his four days' chasing of wolves and jack rabbits at Panther Springs, Okla., where the party secured eighteen wolves, Mr. Roosevelt went on to Colorado; near the State line he was presented by the Governor with an official license permitting him to hunt any species of game; and at Newcastle he left the railroad, to make camp at a point in the mountains twenty-three miles from the town. His companions were Dr. Lambert, Philip B. Stewart, in charge of the expedition, and several guides.

It was the President's strongly expressed and altogether natural and reasonable desire to be permitted to go on an actual hunt, that is, to enjoy a genuine outing in the wilderness alone, without interlopers on the hunting range. "If a lot of newspaper men come into the hunting grounds after me," he said, "I shall have to go home." It was a wish which any decent man—even though a yellow newspaper man—might respect with credit to himself and his paper; and so far as subsequent events indicate, it has been respected. The pretended detailed records of the President's Colorado hunt, such as that to which Mr. Kennedy takes exception, are merely fakes engendered of the imaginations of writers who, by instinct and training, are the Peeping Toms of yellow journalism. We do not imagine that the sportsman who is now enjoying his hunt "all by his lone" in the Colorado wilds, would give a second thought to these gentry—they may conjure up the wildest yarns about him in their newspaper offices, if only they will keep themselves away from his hunting grounds.

THE exercises commemorative of the one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday of John James Audubon, which take place on Thursday of next week, are likely to draw together many people interested in a single subject, yet who occupy widely diverse walks in life. We have already called attention to the fact that this is probably the last occasion when any of the material objects surrounding the old home of Audubon can be seen. Even five years hence it is probable that the avalanche of improvement, so called, will have swept over the site of the old home and will have carried away the ancient land marks which his generation had set up and cherished.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Rosy Sierras of Chihuahua.

BY CARYL D. HASKINS.

EIGHT years and more have passed, each with an autumn all too short, since I sent my first bull moose to his knees, in the low lying black timber of the Tobique region. For years before, and ever since that day, through many a joyful moment of success and many more of failure, St. Hubert has claimed me for his own. The sunshine and the rain, the black forest, the hardwood uplands and the open barren of the great North woods have been mine for a few weeks year by year, with an enchantment which could not be denied.

Now and again the "wanderlust" has been mine, and I have strayed from the place of the spruce, the fir and the maple, into other latitudes and longitudes. It has been mine to tread the great evergreen forests of Scandinavia, the almost unexplored pine barrens and hammock lands of Northwest Florida, the thickets of Louisiana, and the rolling smoke-crowned mountain country of the Carolinas and Tennessee.

But now the Southwest, the wonderland, has claimed me for its own. The land of the barren pink-gray mountain ranges, piled peak on peak, the land of the "mesquite," of the cactus and of sand; barren, hard-featured, yet beautiful. To me it is a world of wonder.

Reluctantly, and with many doubtings, I turned my back this year on the old familiar country of the Northeast, determined to strike out a new path, to see new sights, live through new experiences, and perhaps to use my rifle just enough, but not too much, in gathering new trophies, heretofore beyond my reach.

So wonderful has been my autumn hunt, in contrast to those many hunts which have gone before, that my brothers of St. Hubert must share it with me.

It was early May when the plan of a hunt in Northwest Mexico first crossed my mind. At first I turned my back upon it resolutely, imagining many fearsome, unknown hardships, not the least of which was that of thirst. But no undertaking fascinates us of the brotherhood, which is easy of accomplishment; so by July the venture had been decided upon. There then began that long struggle with railway folders, atlases and hopelessly uninforming books of generality, which most of us have lived through and know so well.

By the end of August my country, my route, my outfit and my ways and means had all been determined upon, and the die was cast. The Sierra Madres on the borderland between Chihuahua and Sonora was my promised land, El Paso my starting point.

Wonders of modern travel! How one may put the miles behind one in a few short hours, if one but will! There is, I think, but one path for the northern man to follow into this new promised land of big game. There are other ways, many of them, all of them I have sifted and thought out well, but there is but one path, and that path I took.

Get you to Chicago as you will, it is but twenty short hours, or thirty long ones from any of us, however eastern we may be. From Chicago the path is blazed wide and clear; there is none other that I care to take.



HABITATIONS OF A VANISHED RACE.

From Chicago to El Paso is close on 1,500 miles, half of them miles through wonderland. The Rock Island Railroad was my route. I left Chicago, cold, damp and smoky, on a Sunday night. On Tuesday night I was in El Paso. One may do it even in twelve hours' less time if one cares to take the Pacific Coast Flyer of the winter schedule, but for me the slower fast train was quite fast enough.

By the afternoon of the first day out, one is rolling mile upon mile through the boundless grain fields of Kansas, watching and taking imaginary quartering shots at galloping jack rabbits, eating the best possible railroad dinner, with none of the iron-clad, copper-riveted viands of the East, at Herington, and finally turning into one's Pullman berth at night in a new world.

The next day it is wonderland indeed. A bare, rolling, sun-kissed country stretches league upon league in all directions, bringing to one's mind Rem-

ington pictures, and tales of Apache raids, made the more vivid by the gradual shutting in of the snow-capped mountains on either side, as one rolls further southward. One crosses the Canadian River, famed in Indian warfare, and so along down the edge of the San Andreas Mountains, beyond whose silver pinnacles, in a valley of their own, the great remnant of the "good" Apaches find their enforced home.

By the time one comes to Alamogordo one is saturated with wild, bizarre and wondrous tales of the great unruly Southwest of yesterday. Out of the window coyotes have from time to time during the afternoon been seen galloping away from the train, scuttling to cover, and innumerable prairie dog villages have swallowed up, as the train came booming on, their multitude of little citizens under one's very eyes, and so at nightfall of the second day one rolls into El Paso, the last outlying vidette of the civilization which one seeks each year to leave behind.

I lingered one day at El Paso, and was guided by kind friends over the river into old Mexico; a more foreign land than I have seen in my European wanderings. Good friends, and a generous introduction,



HOW WE LIVED.

brought me close to the head of our customs service at El Paso, a gentleman and a sportsman, from whom I received ready sympathy and much wholesome advice. Through his kindness I made the acquaintance of the chief of the Mexican customs service at Ciudad Juarez, just across the river, a true Castilian type of gentleman of the sort we have all read about; and the next day this good brother of the gun—for he, too, was one of us—made things very smooth and easy for me at the Mexican customs house, without diverging one iota from his official duty.

You may take almost anything in the way of camp outfit into Mexico without paying duty. Guns and rifles must be registered by number, that one may prove, on coming out, that they have not been left in the country. Revolvers do not count, they are wearing apparel, like one's boots, down there. A small duty must be paid on ammunition when it is in excess of one hundred rounds per gun; but what does a man want with more than a hundred rounds? I fired but three rifle shots in the North Woods in the year which I look back upon as my best.

There is a new railroad stretching down southwestward from El Paso, across the State of Chihuahua. It has crept across the face of the country, mile by mile, until it ends some 150 miles southwest of Ciudad Juarez and El Paso. It is going further, perhaps to the Pacific Coast, some day, and in anticipation of this ultimate achievement, its owners have christened it the Rio Grande-Sierra Madre and Pacific. A train runs out one day to the end of the present line, and it runs back the next.

We left Ciudad Juarez in the early morning, rumbled out from among the adobe huts surrounding the little Mexican city, leaving the bull ring (to which do not go, Oh! my brother, lest you rise in righteous wrath and kill a picador) upon our right, and so out on to the plains of Mexico. I cannot tell you of the wonders of this country, because sufficient gift of language is not mine. The air is wine, and the temperature of the late autumn spells a blue flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and comfort. The plains country is thick with blossoms in November, blossoms which I do not know by name, but which linger in my memory with a scent as sweet as violets; new found friends, which I could not forget if I would, and which I mean to see again right soon.

The train trundled down between the two great lakes, shallow and far flowing, of Northwest Chihuahua. At noontime we stopped on the border of one of these lakes (Lake Guzman), and in the little railway station Chinamen, all of a pattern, administered to us a luncheon which was not too bad, but which principally offered oysters, "Far, far from home," and at the end left with me sundry dollars of lead, which I carefully saved and delivered once more to these same Chinamen on the way homeward.

At the railroad station, Lake Guzman is almost at

one's feet, and Oh, shades of Chesapeake hunters! Were there ever so many ducks in the world before? They rose in rafts from the ditch beside the track; they drove in armies across the quiet surface of the purple water; they dotted the little bays and inlets with an innumerable host. It seemed that one could shoot ducks without end, with a rifle even, if blind-folded. I shot none there; there was not time, and they were very, very happy ducks, and, judging from what I saw, for their guns were not.

I had visions of an 18ft. canoe, a two-weeks' outfit, and a trip along the shores of this very same lake. They told me down yonder, that in the foothills around the southeast border of the eastern lake (Santa Maria) blacktail still linger in numbers to make it worth while, and sheep, too, they said are there; but the sheep I doubt. Antelope there are, for friends who came home with me had the heads in the baggage car. Of this hunting, however, I cannot speak of my own knowledge.

The conductor of this little train in Mexico was out of my own land, an ex-Adirondack guide, learned in the ways of game, and full willing to tell thereof at length and in detail. From the train window he pointed out to us a rolling hill a mile or so to the westward of the track, where he and a friend had brought to earth some six or eight antelope a year or two before, as they "milled" around and around the summit.

Late in the afternoon of Thursday (I had been in Chicago on Sunday night, and had lingered one whole day and two nights in El Paso) I reached the end of the railway at the little Mexican village of Casas Grandes, and here my two guides met me. These two fellows were the hopeless wonder of the trip. Eastern men both; they had the knack of writing good letters and making one believe they knew things. If a trip in such a wonderland could have been spoiled, they would have spoiled it. Incompetent, lazy, untruthful, lacking in all the qualities of sportsmanship, and in most other attributes, except the negative ones; they were the worst examples of guides and guiding that man ever saw, but of that more presently. They did not spoil my trip, for they could not, and they served their purpose, for they were the instruments through which I reached my promised land, which is to know me many a time hereafter.

Nuevas Casas Grandes, the village at the end of the railroad, is some four miles from old Casas Grandes, old beyond the history of man. Here one may wander for hours through the well-preserved ruins of one of the greatest, if not the very greatest of Montezumas' palaces, conjuring, without great imagination, mental pictures of the Aztec's days of glory.

It is between twenty and thirty miles from Casas Grandes over the plains to the point where the terraced Sierras break in sharp shelves and pinnacles upward from the table land. At Casas Grandes we were between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above sea level, our destination in the mountains between 2,000 and 3,000 more.

We had planned to pull out from the railroad with our duffle and the wagon shortly after sunrise the next morning, that we might be sure to make the mountains in good time to camp, but Oh, my brothers! The wheels graced the next morning at our first moving



HOMES OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

at something after ten. One of our guides had lost his horse and stayed to find it. It was the custom of our guides to lose from one to three horses each night, a custom which I strove vainly for a few days to break up, and then accepted as inevitable.

It was a wondrous ride that first day over the plains of Chihuahua. For the first three hours we followed along a little watercourse, lately swollen by the autumn rains, as the cottonwoods along its deep trench attested by their load of brush, wood and debris, but now shrunken, in a short three weeks, to a shallow run, promising soon to vanish altogether. By early afternoon we were amid the cone-shaped hills which gave token of approaching mountains, and behind them we could see the towering outlines of the real Sierras.

The plains, wide sweeping, mile on mile, were dotted sparsely, here and there, with grazing cattle; once, almost at high noon, a coyote sprang from the brush, al-

most under the wheels of our wagon, and loped, with low hung tail and high borne head, away, quite unafraid. Flowers were everywhere amid the sand of the half desert. Tuft grass grew sparsely over the entire plain, and furnished a scanty grazing for the great herds of unrestrained cattle, creatures almost as wild as those we were seeking out. Birds were everywhere. Our own familiar-bluebird fluttered ahead of our team, quite as he does at home in June.

Black specks in the skies, slanting easily to right and left and back again, attested to a multitude of buzzards. Hawks and eagles topped the taller patches of Spanish bayonet plants, silent predatory figures, which scaled away to another resting point, only when we came within a few yards.

We lunched just within the boundary lines of one of the greatest ranches in Mexico; the hacienda of Governor Terrasas of Chihuahua, and in the late afternoon we passed the hacienda house with its neighboring village of adobe huts, suggesting an almost feudal state of government. As we approached the foothills and left the level plains behind us, we passed numerous whitening skeletons and shrunken mummy-like carcasses of drouth-killed cattle. It was told to us that on this one property alone, Gov. Terrasas had lost 8,000 head of cattle the year before, for lack of water and the verdure which the water only can give and maintain. To our right all through the latter part of the afternoon, towered a lonely cone-shaped hill of proportions somewhat greater than its neighbors, and on its topmost peak there stood out clear against the burnished sky a rectangular object, which our Mormon driver told us was an ancient Aztec stone of sacrifice.

The plains about were eloquent of a vast prehistoric population. Countless mounds told of ruined, nature-buried, Aztec homes; unopened mounds, almost without exception, each holding unknown treasures of the unrecorded past, for future archæologists.

As the sun sank in the western sky, and we drew in close to the foothills, we jumped, almost from under the horses' feet, a pair of antelope hare, strange, swift-running little creatures, the like of which I had never seen before. They bounded away before us, like wind-blown thistle down, their white hind-quarters marked almost exactly like the antelope, suggesting their namesakes in a most startling and realistic manner. Shortly after this we passed a "water-hole" of some fifty acres or so, filled by the early autumn rains and now fast drying up. Its borders were literally speckled with ducks through its entire circumference. I had but a moment, but I could not resist springing from the wagon and running down to the water's edge for just one shot. The ducks rose in clouds, and circled, reluctant to leave the only feeding ground within miles. As one little bunch came driving past me, well over the shore line, I picked a single bird, and brought him whirling down, a quartering incomer, almost at my feet. It was a beautiful shoveler drake, the first of his kind that I have had a chance to kill for years.

I had not the time to wait for more, so clambered back into the wagon, and pushed on until the gray of evening and the chill which comes in Mexico with the setting of the sun, drove us into camp on the first slope of the real Sierras. We built a great fire of live oak dead wood, smoked a slow pipe over the dying fire and turned into our sleeping bags to the music of far distant bellowing cattle, future champions of the bull ring at Ciudad Juarez perhaps, and then—presto! It was morning. The gray was creeping through the tent roof, and sharply up from the plains came the mournful lament of a multitude of coyotes, fleeing before the coming sun.

The nights are chill in the Sierras of Mexico. My minimum registering thermometer showed me as low as 28 degrees at night, and the maximum which I observed at high noon in the shade during a two-weeks' stay, was 80 degrees, but the wine-like air, almost never still, the lack of humidity and the fact that the really hot period is comparatively brief, keeps one from realizing the high temperatures of the middle of the day.

After leaving the plains country, we saw few Mexicans. The mountain valleys, to which the few passes from the plains lead, are peopled with a sparse population of Mormons.

The Mexican government has granted many privileges to the Mormon people, and they have established in Chihuahua many thriving industrious colonies, which went far to alter my preconceived ideas of this strange people.

The wonders of the first early morning tramp up from the foothills of the first night's camp, to the 7,000 feet high summit of the mountain table land which we were to cross, is beyond all power of words to describe. There was no morning haze, no softening of outline, but silhouettes sharp as a cameo, of peak towering beyond peak, of rolling hills, and soft pink-gray plains land beyond us, all distant outlines tinged deeply with that shade of withered rose leaves which I had wondered at so often in colored pictures of the Southwest, and which I realized now not to be impressionistic distortions, but nature as she is.

By years of toil and effort the Mormons have built so-called roads through two of the passes which make upward to the table land. Over one of these our Mormon driver urged the patient horses which drew the team with our outfits, and it overtook us some half hour after we reached the immediate summit.

As the team came up I had my first sight of that wonderful little mountain game bird, Bertram's partridge. A noble little fellow, he is perhaps over fond of sprinting and very reluctant to fly, but offering for one who is patient and stout of limb, as magnificent shooting as any game bird it has ever been my lot to bring to bag. Nearly twice the size of our familiar Bob White he is, as our Mormon driver expressed it, "most all meat." I killed just two while I was in the mountains. Frankness drives me to confess that this small number was not entirely of my own choosing, however. I can do fairly with Bob White. I do not seek too many favors of the North Woods partridge; the woodcock, I confess, can balk me badly, but Bertram's partridge seems well-nigh beyond me. But I was not in the mountains to play with a shotgun, and rarely during the trip did I have it from its case.

We slept the second night in a little Mormon village, perhaps forty miles from the railroad, a self-contained community of some sixty families, leading a primitive and patriarchal existence, in a new and almost unbroken region, a region so new to fully civilized man and agriculture that it is but two years back to the last Apache massacre.

At the Mormon village of Colonia Pacheco we abandoned our wagon, and our pack train and saddle horses met us. Never have I dreamed of such saddle work as lay before us. I have often heard it said that where a man can go, there a horse can go. It is true, every word of it, and I know many a man who carries a rifle into the woods who scarce could have gone on his own feet where our sure-footed horses carried us.

The third night we slept in a log camp, built by our so-called guides, just within the western border of the last outlying ranch territory, and perhaps some five or six miles from the dividing line between Chihuahua and Soñora. It was quite obviously the custom of our guides to dissuade all incoming sportsmen who intrusted themselves to their care, from venturing into the virgin land further on, and to accept, in lieu of real hunting, a week or two of real comfortable, kid-glove sport in the country immediately surrounding their camp.

We found in this region deer sign in plenty, not the little dwarf deer of Mexico, but the old familiar Virginia deer, the white tail, which all of us have hunted, whether our ground be in Maine, in Florida or in the countries which do lie between.

We were assured that bear, timber wolf, mountain lion, and turkey were also plentiful in this region, but I doubt it much, for I saw no sign of them.

The next day we urged and coaxed our reluctant guides to proceed with the scheme we had planned so many months before, and by 9 o'clock, despite lost horses, lost broncos, lost lariats, and—alas, lost tempers, we were pushing on toward Sonora and the sunset land.

Some fifteen miles (by guess) to the west of our third night's halting place, and perhaps sixty miles from the railroad at Casas Grandes, a strange and wonderful valley opens sharply downward from the rolling table land or mesa of the main Sierras. Locally this valley is known to the few who have been there as "The Hole."

Some thirty-five miles long, and varying in width from five miles to one-half mile, there are said to be but two trails down which one can take horses from the mesa above into the depths of the valley, the rolling, hill-strewn floor of which is some 2,000 feet below the surrounding rim, and probably five thousand feet above sea level.

Down this valley runs a brawling, boisterous stream, suggesting strangely old friends of the Katahdin region, realistic even to the darting trout in the clear, cool crystal pools below the ripples.

The edges of this valley are half precipice, half crag-like towering slopes, almost defying investigation, except on hands and knees.

Along the stream, which is in reality the headwaters of the Yaqui River, grow almost unbroken thickets of scrub and timber and even many towering trees; sycamore, cottonwood and live oak.

The valley is filled with a jumble of hills and miniature, rough-hewn mountains, some conical and smoothed by nature's trowel, others mere olympic fragments of nature-tossed rock, each one a hill in itself. Thickets of cane brake lay along the still running bends of the stream, and the smoother hills are dotted thick with live oak, like old New Hampshire orchard spots.

Cacti, long, round pointed and short, with spikes and hooks of every known shape, were everywhere. The Spanish bayonet towered at every turn, and everywhere the tracks of game, big game, the game that I had come so far to find, the game of whose tracks I had dreamed many a winter-night before the flickering fire, and which was now, I believed, to be mine.

There lacks both space and reader's patience to make this a narrative of my entire stay within this valley solitude. It must suffice for me to say to my brethren that, never in my whole experience have I been where the fresh, plain written sign of a great variety of game of the noblest was so plentiful. There never was a day during my whole stay that I did not see the deep pressed track of the silver tip by the stream side, around ant hills, wherever the soil would take the marks.

More plentiful yet, so plentiful that one could find them almost anywhere by searching for a hundred yards, were the tracks of the mountain lion, whose numbers must have been exceedingly great.

Close about our camp, day by day, I found the fresh marks of the timber wolf. Turkeys were there in plenty. I doubt if I saw in all more than thirty or forty, for I did not hunt them at all, but I jumped them from under the horses by the stream side twice in large flocks, and anywhere the sand was soft and damp by the running water, one could find their marks.

Had I cared to do so, I believe that I might have killed deer at the rate of three or four a day, but I did not chance to see a good typical head of the country, and so I let them be, and watched them trot slowly and unafraid away in front of the horses day by day, in peace and comradeship.

They are little fellows these Mexican whitetail, a good buck weighing, I should say, not more than a hundred and twenty pounds, dressed. So tame were they, and so conspicuous in the comparatively open country among the hills, that one could not help but see them, and get them easily.

It was typical of the men who were with us, and who called themselves our guides, that in all of the times that we saw deer when they were with us, never once did they see them first or point them out, and once I had to resort to inviting a glance along my rifle barrel before my "thoroughly tried and experienced" guide could locate a standing, unsheltered deer.

It is a strange thing for a man to return without a trophy from a new game region, and to laud it as a great game country, but thus it is with me in this case. There are two reasons for it: In the first place I had gone on my long journey determined to secure a silver tip if I could, and, with the exception of one short day, I hunted nothing else.

I realized all too soon that I was hunting hopelessly. One must have a dog or dogs to find one's quarry, if one lusts for silver tip or lion in this mass of canyons, cross-

canyons, rocks and pinnacles. Full easily one might pass by bruin within ten feet and never see him lurking amid the broken cross-canyon mouths, but when I go again, dogs will go with me, dogs which can be had quite easily at the Mormon settlements through which I had passed, and then, so surely as I write this now, silver tip will be mine, cinnamon will be mine, lion will be mine quite easily, and—visions of triumph and un hoped-for glory; there will be a fighting chance for both jaguar and peary.

I am not one of those to whom the killing constitutes the trip, and there is another reason beside my patient bear seeking, which accounts perhaps more fully for my empty-handedness.

Wending our way upward through the passes to this valley we had come upon cliff dwellings, wondrous structures of the men of yesterday, of a race gone and forgotten, speaking eloquently of the struggle of a persecuted people, clinging to mere existence among the crags and fastnesses of the mountains after their plains brethren had been exterminated.

In the first one which I visited, a few moments' digging gave up to me a pathetic handful of human bones. At the entrance to this cave dwelling I had found a stone ax, and almost before we were down in the valley, the lust of the archæologist, dormant in me until now, was strong in my blood.

Who can wonder then, when on the third day in the valley my Goerz binoculars revealed to me a vast pile of masonry capping the highest of the hills on the valley floor, that hunting should have dropped to second place?

It was a long, hard struggle from the canyon at its foot, up the steep slopes of that mountain, work for the hands and feet and knees, and lots of work for the lungs in that rare atmosphere, but, Oh the reward of it when the summit was achieved! I scarce half understood then, but I now know that I had found an ancient Toltec temple.

The summit of the hill was flattened off to an area of perhaps two acres, and this summit was sustained by an eight or nine-foot retaining wall of massive masonry. Below this vertical wall lay a shelf following the contour of the top, around the edge of the retaining wall, and below this yet a third, but these shelves or terraces were arranged spirally, so that one starting to walk on the bottommost would, in a day when the temple stood in better repair than it is to-day, have traversed the circumference of the hill twice, and would have so, by easy stages, reached the top.

The lowermost of the shelves lay eighteen feet perhaps, or, at the most, twenty feet below the summit. The way was much broken, and in some places quite destroyed, but there was ample evidence that in days long gone, an easy inclined way had led to the basin of the valley.

I had no implements with which to dig, except those of primitive man, a sharpened stick, augmented later, as my interest grew, by the free and destructive use of my hunting knife, yet I secured, in a few short hours, two very beautiful examples of Indian pottery bowls or olas, each in many fragments, but now restored.

There had been dozens, or perhaps hundreds of these little bowls around the summit. Digging revealed that each had rested upon its little fire, the embers of which still lingered, almost petrified, and well preserved. Immediately around one of these bowls, the most perfect that I have, I found fragments of deer bones, and the hill spoke eloquently of a simple people mounting upward on the hill side as the sun kissed the top of the temple, to offer, in the morning light, their sacrifice of food and fire to the Giver of warmth and life.

This is indeed a wondrous land, good hunting, treasures of unrecorded history, dwellings of prehistoric man without number, unvisited and untouched by any of our race unto this day, towering mountains, pink in the morning light, desert and cane brake, towering pine and stunted live oak, all that nature lovers love, all that an adventurous spirit can seek, are there.

Going into this country one might arrange quite easily for adequate guiding, and even for most of one's camp outfit, with one of half a dozen trustworthy Mormons, whose names I shall be glad to give, and of whose attainments glad to speak so far as I can know them without having been with them.

My time was brief. Fourteen days from my starting from the railroad found me back, and the night of the fourteenth day I slept in El Paso, and so, laden with treasures of Indian pottery, with opals and drawn-work purchased in Ciudad Juarez, with a real serape, and other spoils of old Mexico I found myself in two short weeks from my start, rolling smoothly and swiftly northward to Chicago, once more dining in a dining car, once more leaving nature and the joys of the annual hunt behind me, once more smoking cigars and not a pipe, but with memories which will be a joy forever, and with health brimming over, sufficient to last me through many a toilsome day of office life until the spring fishing and the spring fever come together, and once more I "hike" into nature's homeland.

Right soon again I shall roll southward on my beaten trail, from Chicago to El Paso, and so on into the sun-kissed Sierras, and when I return again it will be with trophies of the kind I seek, and I do not doubt, with new made vows to go yet again and again until all that I seek of the Southwestern mountains is achieved.

Go ye my brothers and do likewise.

An Austin, Tex., dispatch says that President Porfirio Diaz, of Mexico, is a valiant hunter, and this fact has led the stockmen of the country districts of the Territory of Tepic to extend him an urgent invitation to visit their region and kill off some of the tigers that infest the ranches. The animals have killed many head of live stock, and have lately become bold near the larger settlements. The territorial Government has offered a reward of \$10 for each tiger killed. The main object of the stockmen in inviting President Diaz is to impress on him the necessity of affording them relief.

Motors for Scotch Fishing Boats.

A noteworthy innovation in the fishing industry of Scotland is the introduction of boats propelled by motors. Experiments have demonstrated the great advantages of such boats over sailing craft in calm weather or when the wind is unfavorable. Inasmuch as the Scotch fishing fleet comprises fully 10,000 boats working at line and net fishing, in addition to 100 or more steam trawlers, the demand for marine motors may become important.—Rufus Fleming, Consul, Edinburgh, Scotland.

The Magic of the Oaken Branch.

Reginald Scot, the author of a work on witchcraft, tells us: "That never hunters nor their dogs may be bewitched; they cleave an oaken branch, and both they and their dogs pass over it."

ers.—XXXI.

Fremont—II.

At Fort Laramie, Fremont heard much about the hostilities of the Sioux and Cheyennes, who, the year before, had had a severe fight with a party of sixty men, under the command of Mr. Frapp, of St. Louis. The Indians had lost eight or ten men; and the whites, half as many, including their leader. This left the Indians in a bad frame of mind, and many of the young men had gone off on a war path, threatening to kill emigrants, and, in fact, any whites passing through the country. One or two parties had already been saved, through the efforts of Fitzpatrick, of the "Broken Hand"; but the Indians were clearly in a bad temper. A large village of Sioux was camped here, and Fremont had many savage visitors who were very much interested in him and his curious actions. His astronomical observations and instruments especially excited their awe and admiration; but the chiefs were careful to keep the younger men and the women and children from annoying the astronomer. Here the services of Joseph Bissonette as interpreter were secured, and the party prepared to start. Before this was done, however, a delegation of chiefs warned Fremont not to go further. He, however, explained to them that he must obey his orders, and was finally allowed to go at his own risk.

The party proceeded up the North Platte River, and the first night out were joined by Bissonette, the interpreter, and by his Indian wife and a young Sioux sent forward by the chiefs at Fort Laramie, partly as guide and partly to vouch for the explorers in case they should meet with hostile Sioux. Fremont imagined, from Bissonette's long residence in the country, that he was a guide, and followed his advice as to the route to be pursued. He afterward learned that Bissonette had seldom been out of sight of the fort, and his suggestions obliged the party to travel over a very rough road. They met a party of Indians who gave very discouraging accounts of the country ahead, saying that buffalo were scarce, that there was no grass to support the horses, partly because of the excessive drouth, and partly on account of the grasshoppers, which were unusually numerous. The next day they killed five or six cows and made dried meat of them. Buffalo continued plenty and they pushed forward, meeting Indians, who again gave them bad accounts of the country ahead, so that Bissonette strongly advised Fremont to turn about. This he declined to do, but told his men what he had heard and left it to each man to say whether he would go on or turn back. Fremont had absolute confidence in a number of the best men, and felt sure that they would stay with him; but to his great satisfaction all agreed to go forward. Here, however, the interpreter and his Indians left him, and with them Fremont sent back one of his men, who, from the effect of an old wound, was unable to travel on foot and his horse seemed on the point of giving out. The carts were taken to pieces and cached in some willow brush, while everything that could be spared was buried in the ground. Pack saddles were arranged and the animals from here were to carry their loads, not to haul them. Carson was appointed guide, for the region they were now entering had long been his residence.

Instead of following the emigrant trail, which left the Platte and crossed over to the Sweetwater, Fremont determined to keep on up the Platte until he reached the Sweetwater, thinking that in this way he would find better feed for his animals. The decision proved a wise one. The day after leaving their cache they found abundant grass as well as some buffalo, and although when they passed the ford where the Indian village had crossed the river they found there the skeletons of horses lying all about; nevertheless, they had no trouble in finding grass for their animals. Many mountain sheep were seen during the day's journey and some were killed; and in this day's itinerary Fremont perpetuates the story, no doubt long before heard from others, that the horns of the sheep are useful to it in going down hill. His exact language is, "The use of these horns seems to be to protect the animal's head in pitching down precipices to avoid pursuing wolves—their only safety being in places where they cannot be followed." He notes also that these animals were called, indifferently, sheep or goats.

On Aug. 1 they camped near Independence Rock, an isolated granite rock about 650 yards long and forty in height. "Everywhere within six or eight feet of the ground, where the surface is sufficiently smooth and in some places sixty or eighty feet above," he relates, "the rock is inscribed with the names of travelers. Many a name famous in the history of this country, and some well known to science, are to be found mixed among those of the traders and of travelers for pleasure and curiosity, and of missionaries among the savages."

It was on Aug. 3 that the party had their first sight of the Wind River Mountains, distant then about seventy miles, and appearing as a low, dark, mountainous region. Soon after this they came to the cañon where the Sweetwater comes out of the mountains, and they followed the river up for some distance, but finally left it and turned up a ravine leading to the high prairie above. For some time recently they had found fuel very scarce, and had been obliged to burn buffalo chips and sage brush as they did here. The rain, which from time to time had been falling upon them down in the valley, now showed as snow on the white peaks that they had approached, for they were within a short distance of the South Pass, which was the objective point for the expedition. Soon they reached the highest point of the Pass, which Fremont estimates at about 7,000 feet, passed over it and camped on the Little Sandy, a tributary of Green River. But a few days before, when he had his first glimpse of the Wind River Mountains, Fremont had spoken rather contemptuously of them, saying that, "The view dissipated in a moment the pictures which had been created in our minds by many descriptions of travelers, who had compared these mountains to the Alps in Switzerland, and speak of the glittering peaks which rise in icy majesty amidst the eternal glaciers nine or ten thousand feet into the region of eternal snows." But on Aug. 10 he says, "The air at sunrise is clear and pure and the morning extremely cold but beautiful. A lofty snow peak of the mountains is glittering in the first rays of the sun, which has not yet reached us. The long mountain wall to the

east, rising two thousand feet abruptly from the plain, behind which we see the peaks, is still dark, and cuts clear against the glowing sky. * * * Though these snow mountains are not the Alps, they have their own character of grandeur and magnificence, and will doubtless find pens and pencils to do them justice."

The party was now approaching the loftiest part of the Wind River chain. "Here a view of the utmost magnificence and grandeur burst upon our eyes. With nothing between us and their feet to lessen the effect of the whole height, a grand bed of snow-capped mountains rose before us, pile upon pile, glowing in the bright light of an August day."

These fine snow-covered mountains made a great impression, not only upon Fremont, but upon all the other members of the party; and he was very desirous to ascend some of the peaks. Unhappily, however, the last barometer was broken on this day; and as soon as camp was made, Fremont began to repair it, and succeeded so well that it was quite an efficient instrument, until a few days later, when it was again broken beyond hope of repair.

The explorer felt a natural longing to push northward from this point, wishing to cross the heads of the Yellowstone, which he justly supposed arose among the mountains which lay to the north of him, but the party were in no condition to make such a journey; the men were more or less exhausted by the difficulties of past travel, provisions were almost gone and game was scarce. He, however, built a stout corral and felled timber on the margin of a lake not far off, where there was abundant food for the animals; and, dividing his party, left some of the men and the weakest animals here, and taking fourteen men with fifteen of the best mules, set out to penetrate further into the mountains, and perhaps to climb some of them. Travel through the mountains, though slow and difficult, was very attractive; it was down one steep slope and then up another and then down again. Every hilltop showed some deep and beautiful valley, often occupied by lakes, always showing the course of some pure and rapid mountain torrent. The vegetation was fresh and green, as different as possible from the parched grass and juiceless wormwood through which they had so long been traveling. Fremont says, "The air was fragrant with the odor of the pine, and I realized this delightful morning the pleasure of breathing that mountain air, which makes a constant theme of the hunter's praise, and which now made us feel as if we had all been drinking some exhilarating gas. The depths of this unexplored forest were a place to delight the heart of a botanist. There was a rich undergrowth of plants, and numerous gay colored flowers in brilliant bloom. We reached the outlet at length, where some freshly barked willows that lay in the water showed that beaver had been recently at work. There were some small brown squirrels jumping about in the pines and a couple of large mallard ducks swimming about in the stream."

At their camp of Aug. 13 the upward way became so steep and rough that it was determined to leave the animals here, and to continue the journey on foot. The men carried with them nothing but arms and instruments; and as the day was warm many of them left their coats in camp. They climbed and climbed, finding, as always happens in the mountains, that the distances were much greater than they supposed. At night they were still far from their objective point, and they lay down without anything to eat. The next morning, however, starting early, and of course without food, they got among the snow fields. The elevation was now great, and several of the men, Fremont among the number, were taken ill and were unable to proceed. From here Basil Lajeunesse with four men was sent back to the place where the mules had been left, with instructions to bring on, if possible, four or five animals, with provisions and blankets. Soon after this Fremont and the remaining men returned to their camp, and that night the men sent back for the animals returned with food and bedding. The next day, encouraged by rest and a couple of hearty meals, they determined once more to essay the peaks. They rode their animals well up on to the mountains, and then turning them loose, again began to climb. Their previous experience stood them in good stead; they climbed slowly, and at last reached the summit of the mountains, presumably the peak now known as Fremont's Peak. From this point the Three Tetons bore north fifty degrees west, and Fremont's elevation he gives as 13,570 feet. He says, with reasonable pride, "We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below, and, standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers."

They returned to the camp where they had left their animals, and traveled rapidly eastward, through South Pass, and down on to the Sweetwater and the Platte. An effort was made to run this river with the india-rubber boat, which for daring and hardihood really deserved success. However, although they ran some distance and passed a number of threatening places, they did not get through. "We pushed off again, but after making a little distance the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope. Lajeunesse, the third man, hung on and was jerked headforemost into the river from a rock about twelve feet high, and down the boat shot like an arrow, Basil following us in the rapid current and exerting all his strength to keep in mid channel—his head only seen occasionally like a black spot in the white foam. How far we went I do not exactly know, but we succeeded in turning the boat into an eddy below. 'Cré Dieu,' said Basil Lajeunesse, as he arrived immediately after us. 'Je crois bien que j'ai nagé un demi mile.'* He had owed his life to his skill as a swimmer, and I determined to take him and the two others on board and trust to skill and fortune to reach the other end in safety. We placed ourselves on our knees and with the short paddles in our hands, the most skillful boatman being at the bow, and again we commenced our rapid descent. We cleared rock after rock and shot past fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with the cataract. We became flushed with success and familiar with the danger, and, yielding to the excitement of the occasion, broke forth together into a Canadian boat song. Singing, or rather shouting,

*"Good Lord! I believe I have swum half a mile."

we dashed along, and were, I believe, in the midst of the chorus when the boat struck a concealed rock immediately at the foot of a fall which whirled her over in an instant. Three of my men could not swim and my first feeling was to assist them and save some of our effects; but a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy, and I landed on a pile of rocks on the left side. Looking around I saw that Mr. Preuss had gained the shore on the same side, about twenty yards below, and a little climbing and swimming soon brought him to my side. On the opposite side, against the wall, lay the boat bottom up, and Lambert was in the act of saving Descoteaux, whom he had grasped by the hair, and who could not swim. 'Lache pas,' said he, as I afterward learned, 'lache pas, cher frère.' 'Crains pas,' was the reply, 'Je m'en vais mourir avant que de te lâcher.'† Such was the reply of courage and generosity in this danger. For a hundred yards below the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales of blankets and scattered articles of clothing; and so strong and boiling was the stream that even our heavy instruments which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle and the long black box of the telescope were in view at once. For a moment I felt somewhat disheartened. All our books—almost every record of the journey—our journals and registers of astronomical and barometrical observations—had been lost in a moment. But it was no time to indulge in regrets, and I immediately set about endeavoring to save something from the wreck. Making ourselves understood as well as possible by signs (for nothing could be heard in the roar of the waters), we commenced our operations. Of everything on board the only article that had been saved was my double barreled gun, which Descoteaux had caught and clung to with drowning tenacity. The men continued down the river on the left bank. Mr. Preuss and myself descended on the side we were on, and Lajeunesse, with a paddle in his hand, jumped on the boat alone and continued down the cañon. She was now light and cleared every bad place with much less difficulty. In a short time he was joined by Lambert, and the search was continued for about a mile and a half, which was as far as the boat could proceed in the pass.

"Here the walls were about five hundred feet high, and the fragments of rock from above had choked the river into a hollow pass but one or two feet above the surface. Through this and the interstices of the rock the water found its way. Favored beyond our expectations, all of our registers had been recovered with the exceptions of one of my journals, which contained the notes and incidents of travel, and topographical descriptions, a number of scattered astronomical observations, principally meridian altitudes of the sun, and our barometrical register west of Laramie. Fortunately, our other journals contained duplicates of the most important barometrical observations which had been taken in the mountains. These, with a few scattered notes were all that had been preserved of our meteorological observations. In addition to these we saved the circle, and these, with a few blankets, constituted everything that had been rescued from the waters."

Having gathered up the things which they left on the shore, the members of the party, half naked, started on foot for the camp below where the other men had been sent. They reached there that night and found the much needed food and clothing.

After passing Fort Laramie, Fremont made another effort to navigate the Platte River, trying to descend it in a bull boat; but this descent, instead of being a trip by water, resolved itself into dragging the vessel over the sands and finally abandoning it. On the 22d of September, Fremont reached the village of the Grand Pawnees, about thirty miles above the mouth of the Loup fork, on the Platte River, and on Oct. 1 he found himself at the settlements on the Missouri River. From here the river was descended in a boat and St. Louis was reached Oct. 17.

†"Don't let go; don't let go, dear brother."
"Don't fear, I will die before I let you go."

The Silz Game Case.

IN the suit brought by the Attorney-General against August Silz, in the Supreme Court, this city, last week, to recover penalties for the possession of imported game in the close season, it was determined by the jury that the game involved, English pheasants, English and German partridges, blackcock and Russian (tame) ducks were not of the species indigenous to this State and concerned in the law. On this showing Justice Greenbaum directed a verdict in favor of the defendant.

Justice Greenbaum, upon the application of the Attorney-General, said he would accept briefs on a question of law raised as to whether the difference between foreign and domestic game having been conceded, penalties could be inflicted under the statute in force in this State, and would hand down his decision after consideration of the authorities.

The Attorney-General has published a statement setting forth that the points of law involved in the case are not yet settled, and warning all dealers that they will make themselves liable to prosecution if they deal in foreign game in close season.

Bainbridge Bishop.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., April 24.—Bainbridge Bishop, a frequent contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, and a man well versed in woodcraft generally, died at his New Russia home in this town early Monday morning of pneumonia, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. As a hunter and fisherman he had few equals and no superiors in this region. It is probable that he was the best posted man on fish and fishing in Lake Champlain which this region ever produced. He invented the color organ and was the author of a book on the soul of the rainbow and the harmony of light, which was gladly received in the British Museum at London, England. Mr. Bishop was a bachelor and had always resided on the homestead at New Russia, where his grandfather settled in 1793. A man of unusual ability, strict integrity and proverbial kindness of heart, he will be much missed in the community where his active, useful life was passed.

GEORGE L. BROWN.



NATURAL HISTORY



Report on the Natural History of Kiska Island.*

BY DR. J. HOBART EGBERT, SURGEON U. S. COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY.

EXTENDING westward from the Alaska Peninsula for somewhat more than a thousand miles and dividing the Pacific Ocean from Bering Sea, is the archipelago of the Aleutian Islands—formerly belonging to Russia, but under the stars and stripes since its purchase, together with the territory of Alaska, by the United States, May, 1867. This American archipelago, beginning in about 163 degrees west longitude, at Isanotski Strait—which separates Unimak Island from the Alaska Peninsula—and terminating with the island of Attu, in about 172 degrees east longitude, extends quite three-fourths the distance from the Alaska Peninsula to the mainland of Russia. The last link in this chain which connects two continents, viz., the Comandorski Islands, is still Russian territory, but between Cape Wrangle (the most westerly point of Attu Island) and South East Cape of Copper Island (the most easterly point of the Comandorski Islands) is an ocean expanse of 200 miles, with an average depth of nearly 1,900 fathoms, or somewhat more than 2 miles.

These islands of the north—situated between the 51st and 55th parallels of latitude—are rough, rocky and treeless, some scarcely more than mountain peaks rising abruptly from the sea, and all evincing the violent action which evidently gave them birth; yet they are far less uninteresting than might at first glance be supposed. Cold and barren as these islands at first appear and wrapped, as they are in winter, in snow, they are, during the summer, verdant with many grasses, mosses and ferns, and perfumed and beautified by myriads of flowers—representatives of many families, genera and species. Nor are the winters particularly severe, for the Japan current, sweeping northward through Bering Sea, tempers the cold winds of the north. Here is the home of the eider, the teal, the ptarmigan, and, on one island at least, the caribou; here the habitat of the trout, the resort of the salmon, the cod, the halibut, and the plaice. Here, too, is seen the seal, the sea lion, and, occasionally, the rare and valuable sea otter. The Aleut is the native human species, but on some of the eastern islands the Caucasian is now found. Many of the islands are entirely uninhabited, while others are frequented by small colonies of Indians during only the hunting and fishing season.

Concerning the geological history of this region some difference of opinion exists. Some observers assert that each island, or group of islands, of the Aleutian chain is a distinct volcanic upheaval, but little changed since the period of emergence from the sea—a conclusion not unnatural, considering the volcanic character of most of the rocks, ancient and recent, of which most of these islands appear to be composed, and by the many extinct or feebly active volcanoes occurring here and there throughout the chain. But it is asserted on equally good authority that, though often blurred and obscured, there are throughout the Aleutian Islands, unmistakable evidences of glacial action—moraines, roches moutonnées, alternating ridges and valleys, erosions, etc. The rather limited observations of the writer in this field have led to no hard and fast conclusions, for, while the evidences of volcanic influence on the modeling of the islands are far too apparent to admit denial, monuments of glaciation are also to be found.

On the 52d parallel of north latitude and about 2½ degrees of longitude west of the 180th meridian—or, in other words, about 100 statute miles over the line into the Eastern Hemisphere—is Kiska Island, one of the Aleutian chain. This island, which is about twenty-five miles long and with an average width of about five miles, does not differ essentially from the other components of the Aleutian chain. It is a rocky, treeless island of mountain ridges interspersed with valleys and gorges, with an irregular coast line, and an excellent harbor on its eastern side. On the northern end, a conical peak rises rather abruptly from the sea to a height of 4,000 feet (vid. seq.), and is almost separated from the main portion of the island by a large lake, or lagoon, which extends along the base of the mountain quite three-fourths the distance across the island.

This mountain at the northern extremity of Kiska Island is, by a wide margin, the highest mountain on the island. It was ascended by the writer on two separate occasions. It is a volcano, pure and simple, and still active—though at present feebly so. The elevation of the highest point on the crest of the crater is, as already mentioned, about 4,000 feet, as determined by barometer. A different barometer was carried on each of the occasions of ascent. On the first occasion, the barometer recorded an elevation of 3,900 feet, and on the second, 4,150 feet. The correction to be applied to the first reading, for change in atmospheric pressure at sea-level, is not definitely known, as sea-level was not reached until the following day—about twenty hours after the reading at the summit was taken; but on the second occasion of ascent less than twelve hours elapsed between the readings of the barometer at sea-level before and after the ascent of the mountain. On this latter occasion, a subtractive correction of 25 feet (one-half the total change) was determined.

The ascent of this volcano is comparatively easy along either its eastern, northeastern or southeastern

slopes, though the western and southwestern exposures are steep and abrupt. Although some snow remains on the higher portions throughout the entire summer, it is evidently sufficiently dispersed by the month of August to interfere in no way with the ascent of the mountain. Arriving at the summit, one finds himself standing on the crest of a perfect crater, the floor of which is about 300 feet below him. At the rim, the crater has a diameter of about 600 feet (estimated) and its steep and quite regular walls are well preserved on all sides, except to the northwest, where the crest is wanting, and a portion of the side has been thrown down. Through this gap, which does not, however, extend to the floor of the crater, a large amount of rock, lava, sulphur, etc., has escaped—apparently at no remote time—down the side of the mountain, on which a considerable portion of it still remains.

On the first ascent of the mountain the writer did not go down into the crater, owing, in part, to the lateness of the hour when the summit was reached, but more particularly to the fact that a dense fog shut in the landscape, making it impossible to see more than a few yards in advance, filling the crater, and rendering travel along the declivities and among the rocks extremely dangerous. The strong wind that was blowing across the crater from the westward, was heavily freighted with sulphur fumes, affording the only clue to volcanic activity obtained on this occasion. The second ascent of the mountain was made under much more favorable weather conditions, and this time the crater was quite thoroughly explored and photographs made of different portions of it.

Inside the crater and on the western slope of the mountain near it were found numerous sulphur beds—some, apparently, very recent deposits—and all surrounding openings into the belly of the mountain, from whence they have apparently been cast up. Much of this sulphur is in the form of pure crystals (brimstone), and occurs both as separate bright yellow nuggets and in cakes and masses. One large heap of a finely granular sort, of decidedly greenish color, was observed. There are also within the crater huge clusters of rock that have evidently been subjected, quite recently, to intense heat, and a few isolated granite boulders that have been cracked by the heat, but which still retain their original shapes and structure. Large patches of congealed snow existed on both the north-eastern and the southwestern walls of the crater, while on the floor under the northeastern slope was a large pool of greenish water. In the western aspect of the floor of the main crater is a sort of secondary crater—a rounded depression with central bonnet of fused rocks.

But while the several openings, about which the sulphur deposits occurred, and various general appearances spoke of the quite recent escape of material from within, it was not inside the main orifice of the crater that the manifestations of immediate activity were found, but on the northwestern slope of the mountain below the crater, and on the steep, rocky side of the gap in the northwestern aspect of the crater, about midway from floor to crest. In both these places steam was found escaping in considerable quantity from holes among the heated rocks, and, in one locality at least, carrying with it a moderate quantity of fine ashes.

Along the mountainous sides of the volcano, and particularly on the northern and western slopes, are collections of lava and rocks which have been baked and burned. But on this mountain are also massive ledges of fine granitic rock, and isolated boulders of the same, exhibiting fine cleavage and clean edges, and suggesting desirable material for walls, buttresses, and buildings.

At the foot of the mountain, from the point where its southern slope runs sharply down to the water of the large lake (which, as already noted, extends along the base of its entire southwestern aspect), and stretching from this point to the sea shore at "Kelp Cove," is a close series of ridges, more or less flattened on top, and composed entirely of huge boulders—mainly granite. Most of the component rocks are massive and are piled well upon each other, in such manner that the exposed portions, or tops of the ridges, are high above accumulated silt, gravel and smaller rocks. A thick layer of "tundra" covers, for the most part, the exposed portions of the rocks and hides caverns dark and deep; and while this layer of vegetation assists one in maintaining a foot-hold when standing on or stepping to and from the individual rocks, is also frequently forms a treacherous covering or bridge, extending from rock to rock, which is not strong enough to sustain the weight of the body, and demanding that one direct his footsteps with extreme caution. In fact, travel over these boulders is both difficult and dangerous, and the appellation of "The Devil's Cobblestones" is now commonly applied to the locality by those who have a personal acquaintance with it—the term having first been employed by the writer, who, on his first trip to the summit of the mountain, was overtaken by darkness while crossing this area and compelled to spend the night there, in the rain and with only the wet "tundra" that covers the boulders for a blanket—although within a few hundred feet of the border of the ridge and of safe going when darkness settled down and made further attempt to advance among the boulders almost suicidal. What natural forces or conditions have heaped together these boulders in this particular place, over such an extensive area, and whence they have come, are not clear to the writer. They do not appear to have been thrown up from below, or to be the superficial out-crop of an under-

lying stratum. That they have been hurled down from the volcanic peak which towers above them, seems not unlikely, since bold out-crops of massive granite are still to be seen, well up the steep sides of the mountain, and detached fragments—many of large dimensions—are everywhere strewn about its base; and yet the vast numbers and the segregation of the boulders, the isolation and rather regular arrangement of the ridges, and their uninterrupted extension from the base of the mountain toward the sea for a distance of nearly a mile, are peculiar, and would scarcely result alone from the gravitation of the rocks from former elevated positions on the mountain, or from a down-pour of material hurled into space by volcanic activity.

The arrangement of these boulders and the dearth among them, at least in the superior portions, of sand, gravel and small stones, etc., are suggestive of a special segregating and emassing force, such, for example, as might be exerted by glaciers. Indeed, were it not for the general absence—or, perhaps, obliteration—of the monuments of glaciation throughout the island, these "Devil's Cobblestones" might, not unreasonably, be regarded as moraines.

It should be mentioned, en passant, that the term "granite" is here used in its broadest sense—i. e., as including the holocrystalline igneous rocks of granitic structure generally without special distinction between true granite, eurite, syenite, diorite, etc., all of which doubtless occur. In certain parts of both Kiska and Little Kiska Islands basaltic formations are observed—as on the face of the cliff at the North Head of Little Kiska Island. General out-crops of trap rock occur almost everywhere throughout the island, and evidently contribute mainly to the "flooring" of "shingle" so common on areas which are bare of mosses and grasses. In most places exfoliation appears to have been augmented by the rocks having been subjected to a high degree of heat.

Conglomerates—usually appearing as fresh from an oven—are encountered almost everywhere; sometimes as small turrets or buttes, and sometimes in more extensive mounds or layers. Grits and sandstones—often coarse and appearing of recent formation—are conspicuous in certain parts of the island. The extreme western portion of the ridge that rises abruptly from the head of Kiska Harbor appears to be composed largely of a coarse yellowish sandstone, and a broad flooring of similar material is traversed in crossing from the main ridge to the somewhat disconnected western extremity. The bluff along the northern aspect of Kiska Harbor is composed almost entirely of a brownish sandstone. Scattered fragments of quartz and agate occur on portions of the island, though no extensive veins or accumulations were encountered. A few small geodes were found. No fossils were discovered.

Iron occurs throughout the island—in the rocks, the sand, and even the water of some of the streams. Besides magnetite, hæmatite, and limonite, pyrite occurs in moderate quantity in certain clays and shales.

Kiska Island has an abundant supply of fresh water. All over the island small to moderate size streams course through valleys and gorges to the sea. Even near the summit of the big mountain there is, in summer, no dearth of fresh water, for here accumulations of ice and snow continue throughout the warmer weather as fountain-heads of streams that pour down the rocky slopes of the mountain to the valleys below. The water of the streams is soft and sweet and excellent for drinking and culinary purposes. Only where a stream drains a considerable marsh is the water likely to be contaminated to any extent by organic material. In specimens of such water examined by the writer, the microscope revealed the low forms of life—both animal and vegetable—common to pond and ditch water.

In addition to the streams, there are, scattered over the island, hundreds of fresh-water ponds—most of them small, yet some of fair magnitude. There are also a number of large lakes, or lagoons, along the seashore which are not elevated above sea-level and which, even though opening by only a narrow stream or brook to the ocean, or even apparently cut off from the sea, are brackish. The large lake at the base of the big mountain belongs to this class.

The existence of a hot spring on the north end of the island has been reported, and its occurrence is not unlikely, as the writer has personally inspected a stream which flows down the northeastern slope of the big mountain, the water of which is freighted with sulphur and iron.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Audubon Birthday Anniversary.

MENTION has already been made of the service to be held next week in commemoration of the birthday of Audubon, the naturalist. The meeting will take place at the Church of the Intercession, 157th street and Broadway, New York, at 8 o'clock of the evening of Thursday, May 4. The exercises will open by a brief address by the Rev. M. H. Gates, the rector of the church, who will introduce the Hon. Alton B. Parker, who will deliver the oration. This will be followed by the singing of an anthem, and then by brief addresses by Mr. F. M. Chapman, Richard Watson Gilder, Ernest Thompson-Seton, Bishop Greer, and Hon. George F. Parker. While the meeting will not be a very long one, it will be of exceeding interest throughout, and will be largely attended by the scientific people of New York, and many others interested.

The Church of the Intercession is most easily reached by taking the Broadway Subway to 157th street. The church is distant only a block from the station.

*Published by permission of the Superintendent U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Howard Eaton's Buffalo.

"WITH the opening of the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana to settlement the coming summer, the last large band of buffaloes in the United States will be scattered to the four winds, or else removed to the Blackfeet reservation further north, or into the Milk River country of the Canadian provinces."

This is the statement made by Howard Eaton, of Wyoming, who is interested in the largest herd of buffaloes in the world, mostly belonging to Michael Pablo, who has a herd of about 350 on the Flathead reservation.

"The Pablo herd is the largest in existence," said Mr. Eaton, "and comprises one-third of all the buffaloes in the world. A few years ago, when 'Buffalo' Jones went broke on a big irrigating scheme, he sold his bunch, which were then in Kansas, to Pablo and Allard, making the largest herd of pure bloods now in the world, and carrying the strains of the old herds of Texas, Indian Territory, western and northern Montana, North Dakota and Manitoba. Jones built his ditch all right, but he got no water, so that his venture was a disastrous failure.

"When I afterward purchased the Allard interests there were 400 in the herd, and I secured four-fifths of the Allard holdings. I have been gradually selling them off, and this year I expect to have disposed of nearly all of these."

During the last summer Mr. Eaton accompanied Count Ernest Bernstroff and his son, Arthur, on an extended hunting trip through the Flathead country, and as the Count wanted to secure a pair of buffalo heads to take to his home at Ouaden, Schoenfeld, near Wiesbaden, Germany, Mr. Eaton sold him two buffaloes from his bunch on the reservation, and the Count and his son had the pleasure of stalking them for a day or two before they got a good chance to shoot them, even at long range.

Buffaloes are now worth \$1,000 a pair, bull and cow, and in a few years will be hard to get at any price.

In speaking of the breeding of these animals, Mr. Eaton says that the bunch on the reservation produced sixty-six calves in 1904 and fifty-five in 1903. He sold the Government a herd of twenty in October, 1902, two bulls and eighteen cows, for the Yellowstone Park, and they have now, in two years, increased to forty.

Mr. Eaton has sold buffaloes to the cities and private individuals all over the United States. He deals in nothing but pure bloods. The mixed breeds, of which Pablo has quite a number crossed with polled Angus cattle, are easily distinguished by the lengthened tail, finer hair in the coat, and the hair on the fore legs is shorter.

On the full blood, the hair hangs from the knees almost

to the ankle, while it is much shorter on the mixed breeds. The buffalo will feed with his head against the wind, being so well protected by the shaggy coat around the shoulders, but the mixed breeds are inclined to turn their tail toward the wind, like common cattle.

Pablo, the owner of the great herd, is of mixed blood and a direct descendant of some of the early Hudson Bay trappers. He is about 63 years old, has a family of several children, and is worth at least \$600,000, half of it being in cash. While uneducated, Pablo is, nevertheless, very shrewd, and one of the finest men in the Flathead country.—Helen (Mont.) Independent, April 15.

The Rattler and His Stroke.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Spectator in the number of April 15, says that he has ridden many miles through Texas and New Mexico without having seen a single rattlesnake. He has arrived on the scene too late; that is all. Had he been in western Texas thirty-five or forty years ago he might have seen any number of them, but they, like the buffalo, have, no doubt, been pretty well killed off, though I would expect to find a few there yet.

In the country where Fort Concho was afterward built, the railroad town of San Angelo occupies the ground now, and there are no rattlesnakes there, of course; but in 1866 I saw half a dozen of them in an hour, and did not have to hunt them, either.

Around old Fort Cummings, New Mexico, was another good place to find them; as late as 1882 I hunted them there, using a shotgun to do it, and in one afternoon killed eight. I must have shot at least fifty of them before they began to get scarce.

The largest one that I ever killed, or saw killed, I shot in 1867, on the prairie half-way between Cañon Pass, near Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos River, and the head of the North Concho River. I killed him with the old Colt's powder-and-ball pistol, cutting his head off as he lay in a coil. I could not have made another shot like that had I tried; it just happened so. That snake measured 9½ feet in length, with a largest diameter of four inches. There was no guess work about these measurements, I used a foot rule to measure him, but he only had eleven rattles and a button.

A correspondent a few weeks ago expressed a doubt about the rattlesnake's bite being always fatal. If I were bitten by one and used no remedy, I would not expect to live three hours. Still, the rattler is not half as dangerous as is our northern copperhead; he always tells you where he is in time to get out of his road; he throws himself

into his coil, then springs his rattle; and while he is in that coil—and he never strikes before that—he can only strike half the length of his body. I have tested this time and again by having one strike at my gun barrel while I stood just beyond his reach.

We have one snake that I never kill myself or let others kill if I can prevent it; that is the black snake. I ought to qualify this, though. I won't kill him as long as he remains on the ground where he belongs, but when he climbs a tree after birds' nests he gets a charge of shot from me.

CABIA BLANCO.

More Loon Lore.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see I have got the loon into trouble, and I must see if I cannot extricate him. In writing a short sketch of anything, one is very likely to leave out some things, and so to make it appear very different from the experience of some one else, and further explanation will be needed to clear up the matter.

Now, that the loon that Mr. Hampton wrote of dodged twenty loads of shot, is, no doubt, all true; and that then they only succeeded in killing him by a ruse; but it appears that they were in plain sight of the bird until the last shot, when the gunner was concealed by a pile of drift wood, and the other person was attracting his attention by pointing a stick at him.

The loon referred to as having been hit with one hundred shot was not shot at continuously or several times in close succession, but was all summer in accumulating those shot, and he was shot at from a natural screen of brush, and the shooter's idea was that he dodged the shot after hearing the report of the gun. That was what I ridiculed. On several occasions when I saw the bird shot at with the rifle during the course of the summer, I was out in the clearing, and they invariably shot over him. In the fall I shot the loon to demonstrate my knowledge of the game, and to win a bet. What I particularly wished to call attention to in my previous article, was certain peculiarities of the bird. The thick tough hide is one, and that their feathers cannot be plucked without scalding is another. I will further add that I never saw one alight on the water as ducks or geese do. They fold their wings when several feet from the surface of the water, and dive into it head first, and often come to the surface as much as a hundred yards from where they went in. I have only once seen a loon in shallow water, and I think it swam around through the channel from a deep lake that was a short distance away.

W. A. LINKLETTER.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Legal Cranks in Game Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial on "The Sale of Imported Game" affords a good text on the peculiar lengths to which game protecting legislation will go, lengths to which law does not seem to go on other subjects.

On no conceivable ground can the sale of game imported from outside this country, be held to interfere with protection of game in this country; so the only excuse for such an interference with commerce, must be in the confession that we must do wrong to prevent another wrong.

Nor is this an unusual kink for game protection law to take, as witness the United States game protection idea of my old and valued friend George Shiras 3d. He must have forgotten that his honored father joined (practically) with Justice White of the United States Supreme Court, in the lottery ticket case, that there is a Tenth Amendment to the United States Constitution, oblivious as that Court seems to be to that fact. Let any layman read that Constitution, and all amendments thereto, and see where he can hatch out any power given the United States to meddle in strictly State affairs. And if there is anything but the most finical of dodging, that can make game protection anything but a matter entirely for local legislation, then I don't see why Congress may not legislate on assault and battery, or picking pockets.

Then Mr. Dwight W. Huntington, in his excellent work, "Our Big Game," page 14, has these statements, "If it were not for the fact that the privilege would be abused, I would strongly favor taking one or two dogs into the woods, to be used only to run down and locate the wounded deer," and further along, "The most disagreeable thing about shooting is the wounding of an animal which escapes to die." This is an honest confession, and must come from an honorable man, that "sport" must be beastly.

And the confession is, that sport may not be freed from beastliness, because the means for so doing would be abused! In other words, law must do wrong, for the sake of preventing other wrong! Can this be paralleled in other departments of law? I don't know, not being a little of a lawyer, but some of your lawyer readers might enlighten us on whether law is given to such pranks?

Your Raleigh, N. C., correspondent, page 299, points out the nuisance deer were at the fox hunts at Chase City; and no foxhunter ever wants his hounds to "get after a deer" when foxhunting is the job, as that means an absence of some hounds from home for a considerable time, their being badly worn-out, and the strong probability that some will be shot by some "high-toned sportsman" of a still-hunter. My own opinion, based on a tolerably long experience in both fox and deer chasing with hounds, is that hounding kills fewer deer than still-hunting, and that the real impulse that moves the still-hunter, is that hounding makes the deer so shy that still-hunting is a much harder job than if they are not run by hounds.

Yet your game protection laws make it likely that our hounds may be lawfully shot, because when we are fox-hunting, some fool deer gets in their way. Have we fox-hunters no rights in your eyes?

The real truth about game protection seems to be that it takes heed to the individual selfishness of particular classes, who want lots of game and easy shooting of it, for—according to Mr. Huntington—the capture of the wounded deer is a secondary consideration, and when so fair-minded a man as his book shows him to be is driven to such a position, what monstrous absurdity is the average "sportsman" to take to?

WM. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., April 19.

Do Woodcock Decoy?

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Dec. 5, 1904, I took a short gunning trip with a friend whom I consider one of the greatest living authorities on that fast vanishing game bird, the woodcock, and before the day was over had one of the most novel experiences that has ever befallen me afield.

Our destination was some hills on Long Island, about an hour's run from the city. For several days the weather had been very cold, and when we got afield we found the ground frozen so hard that walking was made decidedly unpleasant, and to add to our discomfort it soon began to snow and sleet quite hard.

Without going into details of the early part of our hunt, I will get right down to my story. We were approaching some hills where earlier in the season we had had several days of excellent woodcock shooting, when my friend suddenly stopped and, turning to me, said he would show me a woodcock in a few minutes; and he was so positive in his statement that I simply laughed at him and told him to go ahead, that I would have to see the bird before taking any stock in his statement. Going up a hillside, I went to the right and my friend to the left; and on account of the dense growth of saplings and bushes we became separated, and I had almost gained the top when I heard him call for me to come to him; and when I finally worked my way to where he was standing, he showed me some woodcock droppings which were probably a couple of days old. He then related to me the most curious yarn I had ever heard about this, the most mysterious of all our game birds. He said that the bird he was about to show me (for at no time did he seem to be in doubt as to his ability to show me the bird) was a small light colored cock that had been on this very hillside all summer and fall, as he had found it there every time he had looked for it, and he had even seen it on the ground on several occasions. He said further, that he felt positive that this bird had inhabited this very spot for the past three seasons, and he made me promise if I flushed a bird and it proved to be this small light colored one, not to shoot it, as he said he had refrained from killing it himself, although he had had many opportunities to do so, for the reason that he considered it was the "decoy" that had lured the other woodcock to this

hillside, and to kill it would surely spoil our sport in the future.

This latter statement made me laugh outright, but my friend, who is quite an old man and has made a study of woodcock for many years, insisted that woodcock will decoy to others, and in support of his theory stated that he had known many birds like the present one that lived in certain spots year after year, and while they were allowed to remain undisturbed, good shooting could always be had close by, but, as soon as they were killed, only an odd bird or so would be found in that particular locality.

Casting about, we soon found plenty of sign, some of it apparently only a few hours old; and ordering on my dogs, two pointers, I saw them suddenly stiffen out side by side, and calling my friend's attention to them, he said to go in. As I approached the dogs a bird flushed to one side of them and darted thirty feet or more straight in the air, and quicker than it takes to relate, I had covered it and fired. At first I thought I had missed and was glad of it, for I had fired on the impulse of the moment without giving a thought to my promise, but my old dog Bob stiffened out at the foot of the hill, and going to him I saw the woodcock lying on its back dead.

Well, when I handed the bird to my friend and he recognized in it the bird he had been watching all summer and fall, at first no apology I could make would be accepted, and he looked as though he had lost an old friend. Then he said we would have to suffer next season for what I had done, as I had destroyed the "decoy" that had made our covert such a good place for birds.

That my friend knows the bird and its habits thoroughly I have had many demonstrations, for he has shown me birds every time I have been with him, and he claims that he can find birds any time from their first appearance in the north until they leave again for the south. On a previous trip, in October, 1904, he told me of a bird which had been in a certain hollow in a high woods season after season for about five or six years; and when I doubted a bird would remain so long as that in any one locality he took me to the place, and going direct to the spot mentioned, flushed a bird. This bird also he would not kill.

If my friend is correct in his theory that an individual woodcock will come season after season to a certain locality and will there raise its young if left undisturbed, might not this be one of the principal reasons for the scarcity of this bird in coverts where it was formerly plentiful and an excellent argument against all-summer shooting, for we all know that a good shot with a good dog can, in July or August, clean out a brood of woodcock in a very short time?

J. H. H.

West Virginia Wild Turkeys.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A recent report has been received from the mountains in this vicinity that two wild turkey hens have been seen with broods of young already this spring. This makes us glad.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Federal Game Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I seem to have failed to make myself understood by Mr. Shiras as to several points under consideration, and it is mainly to clear up, if possible, these differences, that I deem it necessary to go further with the discussion.

His migratory bird bill, Sec. 1, provides:

"That all wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, wild pigeons, and all other migratory game birds, which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory" * * * shall be under Federal protection.

My point is, that the italicized words should have been omitted, as they qualify the whole section and limit the protection to such wild geese, etc., as "do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory."

It is true as he says that the term "migratory" has a well understood meaning and comprises an entire class or subdivision of the bird family, hence, as I claim, the lack of necessity, and the danger of putting into a law a definition of the word, especially an inaccurate one.

All wild geese and ducks belong to the class of migratory birds, but some of them do sometimes "remain permanently the entire year in a State or Territory," and do not, in fact, migrate at all.

Under Mr. Shiras' definition of "migratory" these individual birds are not under Federal protection, and in every case under his bill the prosecution would probably be bound to prove that the particular bird in question did, in fact, migrate.

What the bill is intended to do is to protect the whole class of migratory game birds, and if the section referred to had been, as I have suggested, it would have included the class as a whole, regardless of the particular habits of any individual bird.

If this does not make my point clear, then I will have to give it up.

Again he says that I "refer to the migratory habits of many wild animals" and that such reference is far fetched "since the bill does not cover game animals." (By this it is not meant, of course, to assert that a bird is not an animal, except for the purposes of his bill.)

But let us see if it is far fetched. The fact of migration is in the bill made the basis of Federal jurisdiction as to birds, and I was discussing whether that could be a sound basis, for if so, it would also determine that certain game quadrupeds and fish (those which were migratory) would also be under Federal protection while others of the same species would not be. That is, if migration is a test for bird jurisdiction, it must also be for all migratory game.

Now, as to the case of Geer vs. Connecticut, which was decided by the United States Supreme Court when Mr. Shiras' father was a member of that Court, and which decision, if it is against Mr. Shiras' present position, he suggests may be a "visitation of the sins of the father upon the son." He asserts that that decision has no bearing on the present controversy, because no Federal statute then existed as to migratory birds, or was in question in the case, and therefore the Federal power in that respect was not in issue.

I grant the premises, but deny the soundness of his deduction.

In that case Geer had game in possession lawfully killed in Connecticut and was undertaking to transport it out of the State, and being prevented by the game wardens, claimed that the law preventing such transportation was an interference with interstate commerce, and therefore invalid.

While it is true that the case did not directly involve the power of Congress to legislate on migratory birds because they were migratory, it did involve the police power of a State to legislate as to all its game, migratory and otherwise, notwithstanding such legislation might to a certain extent interfere with interstate commerce; and even, although as to interstate commerce, Congress had unquestioned legislative power expressly conferred by the Constitution, and had legislated, the court in the case notwithstanding that fact, affirmed the existence of the power of the State to absolutely control the game within it, and the reasons given for so deciding were of a character which would as effectually forbid Federal control of migratory birds, as if that very question had been involved, and before the court can uphold Mr. Shiras' migratory bird bill, it must overrule or greatly modify the Geer decision.

The fact that Mr. Shiras' father concurred in the decision of the case, which I claim shows his migratory bird bill to be without constitutional authority, does not necessarily lead to the conclusion as he says, "that the sins of the father are visited upon the son." It might, perhaps, be more accurate to say that the legal wisdom of the father was not visited on the son.

Mr. Shiras says that his bill has been submitted to some of the best constitutional lawyers in the country and received their entire approval, and therefore he is content.

If by this he means it to be understood that these lawyers have approved as constitutional the provisions of his bill that a "Department" of the Government can make regulations and prescribe penalties for their violation, then are the decisions of the courts of little use in determining such questions.

And if this assertion of his is to now settle the controversy, without an opinion to that effect, and the reasons therefor, from at least one of these lawyers, it had as well not have been begun.

As to my plan of game protection on all public lands, he urges two objections.

First: The opposition of Congressmen to placing what he terms "local" game under Federal control.

But it seems to me that anyone opposing that would also oppose such control of migratory birds, as the latter furnish the principal shooting all over the country.

Second: That it would be so difficult to determine the public lands from the private that the law-abiding sportsman could not tell by which law he was bound. I take it that the "law-abiding" sportsman would be willing to keep within the provisions of that law which was the most restrictive, and would therefore have no trouble, while the other fellows would hunt, if at all, at their peril in that respect, and the plea of ignorance as to where "they were at" would not save them.

The purpose of what he calls my "checkerboard" of laws is to make it troublesome for just such people, and the more the grass is tangled in the path of the transgressor, the less likely he is to travel it.

Since writing the foregoing, Mr. Shiras has introduced two more bills, copies of which he has sent me, one of them being to protect migratory fish in the public waters of the United States.

This bill undertakes to protect these fish only while spawning, and goes at it by declaring the spawning period to begin when the fish enter the bays, rivers, etc., and to end "upon the completion of the act of spawning."

Inasmuch as the end of the spawning period is not the same in all the fish family, nor in all of each species or kind, there being abnormal conditions in many of each kind, spawn being found at all times of the year in some fish, there can be under this bill no simultaneous closing of the season, but each individual fish may have its own ending of the season.

Besides this, the male fish, which do not spawn at all, will have no open season. This beats my "checkerboard" out of sight.

This bill also provides for imprisonment of the violator, but fixes neither a minimum nor a maximum of imprisonment.

The other bill is much in the same line, and both are, as I think, open to many serious objections; but I do not believe further discussion of the subject will be either profitable or interesting to the public.

I have a draft of my proposed law covering game quadrupeds, birds and fish, on public lands, and in public waters, which when perfected according to my ideas I will submit to public criticism, as I do not agree with Mr. Shiras that a bill which the author confesses to be imperfect should be introduced in Congress and there perfected, as that usually results in patch-work legislation, which no two persons will understand alike.

D. C. BEAMAN.

DENVER, Colo., April 20.

Massachusetts Notes.

BOSTON, April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to report the organization of another club for the purpose of fostering fish and game interests in Massachusetts. Mr. Edward H. Richards, a member of the State Association, has been active in doing missionary work in Woburn and informs me that the interest awakened among the hunters and fishermen of the town has resulted in the forming of the Woburn Fish and Game Association. The president is Mr. Charles W. Ames; vice-president, L. A. White; treasurer, W. J. Hammond; secretary, John H. Sweetser; chairman of the Board of Directors, Dr. C. H. Buss.

The membership already numbers about one hundred. The formation of many local clubs in the large towns and cities of the State is one of the encouraging signs of the times. The late Captain Collins, in a speech before one of these clubs last fall, declared that without the support of such societies "the work of the Commission would amount to very little." In the last annual report of the Commissioners (p. 120) this statement appears:

"The notable work of the fish and game protective associations deserves the interest and support of all loyal citizens." Special emphasis is put upon the activities of these associations in liberating quail, "well-nigh the most beneficial feathered friend of the farmer," which but for this work might have "long ago disappeared from within our State."

Such organizations, besides carrying on specific lines of work, are of great value from an educational standpoint. There is no better way to reclaim a pot-hunter or a fish or game hog than to bring him into the fold where he will imbibe the ideas of more enlightened sportsmen. The number of clubs is constantly increasing in our State, but there are yet many communities where they are very much needed; and it is my belief that within a few years there are likely to be twice the number we now have.

George M. Poland, Esq., chairman of the executive committee of the central committee, has recently secured the conviction of a man at Ayer for allowing his dog to chase deer, and the man convicted has brought an action for damages against the warden for shooting the dog. The result is awaited with a good deal of interest on the part of all our wardens. During 1904 the number of arrests for owning or keeping dogs that chased deer was twenty-two, and as the deer are increasing rapidly, the number of such cases in the future is likely to be far in excess of what they have been hitherto. In the town of Lee it is said to be a favorite pastime with the people to watch the movements of deer by the use of field glasses. The predictions of some sportsmen a few years ago that there never could be many deer in the State for lack of the food they require does not appear to have been verified by the facts. Reports of numbers of them being seen are constantly coming in from every county in the State. The same conditions exist in New Hampshire and Vermont. Game wardens in Rutland county report that they have wintered "better than in the last five years." They have come out fat and sleek this spring. In what is known as "Long Yard," two and one-half miles southeast of the Killington Park House, they say as many as 265 deer were counted within the radius of a mile. Good hunting for both deer and partridges in the Green Mountain State is counted upon for next fall.

Col. E. B. Parker is getting his tackle ready for a trip to his preserve in northern Vermont, and will also take along a few cans of trout-fry from the hatchery of Mr. Wood, of Plymouth. He proposes to start the last of next week so as to be on hand for the opening of the season May 1. The streams in Windham county have been liberally stocked during the past few years in part by the Vermont Fish and Game League, by the Forest and Stream Club, of Wilmington, and by large consignments from the United States Bureau of Fisheries—these being secured through Congressman Haskins. The effects of generous stocking were apparent last year, resulting in the taking of larger trout than usual, but even better catches are confidently expected the coming season.

A party of Boston sportsmen (too modest to allow their names to appear in print) have recently returned from brant shooting off Nantucket, where in less than two weeks they secured more than a hundred birds. There has been a wonderful flight at Monomoy, where in a single day there were killed about two hundred birds.

Prof. C. F. Hodge, of Worcester, writes that his cock partridge (reared from the egg) began "drumming like a house on fire" the other day. He has a lot of elegant photos showing the performance in every phase. He has discovered, he says, that he has three hens and two cock birds.

There is much interest in our community in the result of the fight for short (nine-inch) lobsters. Senators Harding is expected to resume his seat early the coming week, when the subject will receive attention. Courtesy for him as a dissenting member of the committee has caused the matter to be deferred until his return.

CENTRAL.

The President's Hunting

And the little people of the press.

WHEN the President of the United States, desiring, and doubtless requiring, some of the balm of outdoor life in the mountains, started for Colorado from Oklahoma, he announced that if he was pursued by the newspaper correspondents he would simply have to give up his trip, and it is safe to presume that the correspondents of standing, the kind usually selected to follow in his train, graciously and decently accepted the situation and let him alone. But the opportunity was too tempting for the other kind. Gentlemen had stopped furnishing bulletins of the movements and doings of the President of the United States, hence there might be a market for the drive of other people. And in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat of April 16, under the statement "Special Dispatch to The Globe-Democrat. Camp Roosevelt, Penny's Ranch, Colo. (by courier to Newcastle, Colo.), April 15," appeared along with about a column of other drive, the following:

The hunt was on in earnest. Fifteen minutes of mountain climbing, and then the leading dog sounded the trail.

"We've found him," shouted the President, as he drew back, his eyes glistening and body all trembling at the sport in store for him.

"Away they go," answered Goff, as he unleashed the fifty bounds.

They started off in mad pursuit, with the hunters and guides wildly galloping after them. For an hour the chase kept up. Over rocks, across gullies, around trees, down cañons, and up mountainsides, the bear led them. President Roosevelt was always in the fore. Side by side with him was Wells. For an hour they raced, and then together they came on the bear, looking angrily and disgustedly at the baying hounds. Goff and Borah were right behind them.

"Your shot, Teddy," Goff called out as he approached, and Teddy took the first shot. He used his own rifle, a sportsman make of the new .30-10 Springfield rifle now being used in the Army. A long and steady rest he took across the horn of the saddle.

"Crack," it sounded, and with it the bear toppled.

"He's a dandy!" shouted the President, as he went forward to view his game. He was a 600-pound bear, in prime condition. Cook Jack Fry will serve bear steaks for breakfast in the morning.

The doctrine of hunting is merely the doctrine of rest, which in these times has to be invoked by all hard working men whether presidents or preachers of the Word or humbler of their parishioners, and why should it be thus belittled? I suppose there is nothing to be done about it except to hold it up to the scorn of those of us who know. And yet there are some of the family of the FOREST AND STREAM who have weight with the managers (there are no more editors) of the daily papers—they advertise; and would it not be well for them to mildly protest? Might they not suggest to the manager to employ his little minded folk to ridicule the man who works himself to death at the age of middle life and leaves his work half finished? Or, better still, to employ the little people at little things, pending mature growth? The gospel of hunting, because it is the gospel of rest, should be respected and respectable, and its facilities made ample and permissible in perpetuity to the citizens of the Union. The trend of modern medicine is such that any wayfaring man can see the time is coming when the doctor will feel the pulse, perhaps look at the tongue, as of old, but will then say "Prescription, four weeks in the mountains. Fee, \$10." And it will be worth the ten.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Game at Currituck.

CURRITUCK, N. C., April 14.—There has been much less spring shooting than usual, and ducks are still here in large numbers. I saw 3,000 to 4,000 ruddy ducks in one flock on the 10th of April, besides several small bunches of canvasbacks, blackheads and black ducks. Quite a number of the latter lay and rear their young at Currituck now. English snipe are more abundant than I have seen them in five years. Yellowlegs, dowitchers and creakers are late coming. I think I never saw them so scarce in April as they have been this season. We having had no snow of any consequence our quail have wintered well, and are quite up to their usual numbers.

There seems a serious question as to whether we shall be able to shoot ducks at Currituck next season, except from Nov. 20 to Jan. 20, two months. The representative from Anson county, in making laws for his county, seems to have made a duck law for the whole State. Currituck's representative and senator claim that it was an error; and some of our leading State papers claim that the Supreme Court will hold that we can shoot as usual. The opinion of the FOREST AND STREAM would be very acceptable just now.

MORE ANON.

Mr. Atkin's Paintings.

DURING the week ending with the date of this paper there will be held at Clausen's Galleries, 381 Fifth avenue, an exhibition of paintings well worth seeing. About a year and a half ago Mr. Louis Akin went to the Southwest to paint Indians and the general life of that section. He had not expected to remain very long, but the country got its grip on him and he returned only a short time ago. A number of his paintings made in and near the Desert are on exhibition at the address given above, and all who are interested in Indians, or who are familiar with the Desert, should see them.

"Aren't you carrying things with a high hand?" "Sometimes it's a high hand," answered the South American President, "and then again sometimes it's only a bluff."—Washington Star.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Log of the Mystery.

(Concluded from page 317.)

THURSDAY, Feb. 2.—Partly cloudy; warm; wind very light, southwest. Left Shark River before breakfast. Up coast; stopped Pavilion Key, 20 miles north, for clams. Tide too high. Bay full of big drum fish, showing fins above surface. Roberts speared three, 20, 10 and 8 pounds. I shot at two, but did not fetch them. Kept on north. Saw great flocks of pelicans on sand bars and reefs, touched on shoals off Cape Romano, but did not stick. Reached Marco channel about 5 P. M. Stuck on bar outside. Got off and made entrance all right. Grounded again in river, pulled off and dropped anchor off Marco P. O. Half a dozen houses and good sized hotel and store. Mailed letters, and were given New York papers to Jan. 30, and invited to supper, but declined; clothes not good enough for ladies' society. Shot at flock of ducks, but got none. Shall get a few supplies and may stay here for a day if fishing and shooting good. Mailed letters. No mosquitoes. Good night.

Friday, Feb. 3.—Fog at sunrise. Light showers once or twice during morning. Caught fiddlers on point; great droves of them there. Went up creek and caught three red drum (channel bass) about 2 pounds each. Struck a great sheepshead hole. Caught a dozen, from 3 pounds to 1, and stopped because I wouldn't catch more. They are very light biters, and great bait stealers. Trask caught half a dozen and stopped. We gave all we could not use to hotel. Got some fruit, beans, etc. Roberts grained a whip ray, about 2ft. across. Started for Punta Rassa, noon. Pelicans and porpoises all the way. Many dead fish floating—mostly catfish. Near Sanibel passed a loggerhead turtle close by, 6ft. long. Trask wanted to shoot him and Roberts to grain him, and the turtle woke up and dived while they were discussing. Saw a great devil fish jumping near the light. He went clear out six or seven times. Was eight feet long at least, and much wider than that. Anchored at Punta Rassa at sundown. Got letters and telegrams at hotel. The threatened northwest storm did not materialize. Starry night.

Saturday, Feb. 4.—Partly cloudy; east wind, light; cool, but pleasant. After breakfast sailed to Fort Myers for supplies. Sixteen miles up Caloosa River. Shot at many ducks, bluebills; bagged one, and had my glasses kicked off into the river. Got supplies, waited until morning for ice. Nothing doing. Caught two snappers off dock at Punta Rassa, small. Bluebill ducks in Myers Harbor amazingly tame. Shooting is prohibited there, and the ducks know it. They are wild, as usual, a mile away.

Sunday, Feb. 5.—Foggy; easterly wind; fairly warm. Ice late in coming. Left order to send it to Punta Rassa and sailed 9 A. M. Stopped to fish for trout. Caught none. Shot two bluebill ducks, and picked a bushel of oysters off bar—excellent. Caught a 5-pound sheepshead off dock at Punta Rassa, and Trask caught a 6-pounder. Great sport for our light rods.

Monday, Feb. 6.—Fair; light southwest wind; warm. Ice came 9 A. M. Sailed to Sanibel Light, 9:30. Picked up many and large variety of shells on beach, and caught four or five sheepshead, 4 pounds each, off dock. Sailed for Marco, 10:15 A. M. On beach at Sanibel many dead fish, killed by the late freeze. Men at Punta Rassa say that about all fish caught in shallow water were killed. Three dead sharks and a dead porpoise on bar. A beautiful run to Marco; light southeast wind. Long swell from gulf. Got to Marco at 4 P. M. Took in gasoline and caught fiddlers.

Tuesday, Feb. 7.—Fair; light southeast wind; warm; a perfect morning. Got up before sunrise, dressed and rowed to shore for fiddler crabs, caught about four quarts in a few minutes. They covered the ground so as to make large brown patches on the edge of the mud flats, but scattered in a very lively way when approached. It was a muddy job, but rather good fun. Started at 7:30, following a launch that was to make the run through Big Marco River, a tidal channel through a multitude of islets, hard to distinguish and follow and to find good water, for most of it is quite shallow and the channel swerves perplexingly from side to side. We scraped several times, it being dead low tide, but got through all right in about two hours. Saw many herons, ibis and ducks, and a very few of the rare roseate spoon-bill, called "pink curlew" here. A big bald eagle sat on a mangrove just as we came out into the open. The mangroves grow down to low water mark, their trunks being raised to high tide level on a cluster of spider-like roots. Branches and pendant roots hang to the water and are often encrusted with oysters, always small and not eaten where the bigger and better kind, which are always water-covered, can be had. Reached Pavilion Key about noon. I fished for drum with no results; could hear their croak all around us, but they would not bite. Grained a big fish in 5ft. of water. He raced around with the pole for two or three minutes before I got hold of it; then surged mightily against my pull, and finally worked loose and got off. Must have been a 40-pounder, probably a big drum. Grained a big stingray and lost him after ten minutes. Trask went out with Roberts, who grained four sharks and lost them all. Was pulled overboard by one of them. In the evening went wading for clams by lantern light on the big flats, left bare, or nearly so, by the tide. A very weird and queer experience. Got a few clams only.

Wednesday Feb., 8.—Fair; warm; light easterly breeze. Whole crew went after clams after breakfast, and kept us waiting three hours, which might have been much better employed in running south. I

tramped the beach with shotgun, missed a big hawk, or rather failed to stop him, and saw nothing else. Tide very low, and a striking difference in the appearance of the island. Got under way about 9:30 for Cape Sable, and beyond if we can get there.

Pleasant run to Sandy Cay. Arrived 4:30 P. M. Anchored one-quarter of a mile south. On shore with gun. No game. Saw thirty or more great white and blue herons perched on one tree, and two bald eagles on a dead stub. Shore swarming with large horseshoe crabs, in clusters of from three to twelve. Trask

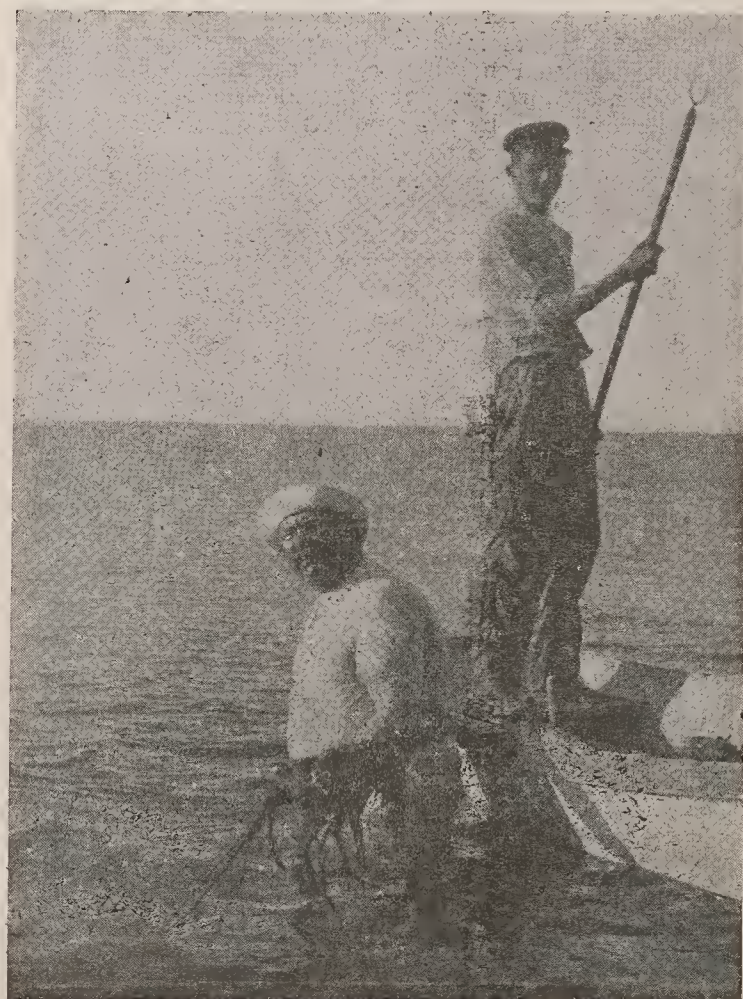


MYSTERY AGROUND.

caught one catfish off yacht and stopped fishing. Quiet night; warm. Slept without a blanket for the first time.

Thursday, Feb. 9.—One month from Cleveland; twenty-four days from Miami. Fair, bright and very warm; wind southeast, light. Started at 8 A. M., for Indian Key. Run is among sand banks, not reaching the surface, the sea being entirely open, except for some small cays to the north, and the deepest water being 7ft. to 8ft. only. Passed fleet of spongers. Went through a narrow channel between sand banks, and anchored off Lignum Vitæ Cay at 2 P. M. Hunted crawfish in the rock holes along shore, speared 119, mostly big ones, and salted them down. Anchored off Indian Cay about 4 P. M. Caught a lot of runners and jacks, nothing else; very strong fighters, but worthless on the table. Threw them all back. One pound to two. Very hot night. Slept without covering and with all windows open. All very restless.

Friday, Feb. 10.—Wind S. E., light; very warm. Fished off boat before breakfast. Caught only runners. Saved a few for barracuda bait. To Alligator Reef after breakfast. I caught three barracuda, 10, 15, 18 pounds, and three Spanish mackerel, 7, 7, 4 pounds. Trask caught two barracuda, two groupers, one mackerel, about the same size, and a 2-pound parrot fish, green and yellow. I fished under the light for



SPEARING CRAWFISH.

snappers and hooked a good one, who instantly ran under one of the iron braces and broke my line. An impossible place. Saw a lot of them outside, but they wouldn't look at a hook. Sharks began to appear, so we rigged a shark line, baited with a chunk of barracuda, hooked and lost a 6-footer, and caught a 10-footer, whom Trask quieted with his big rifle. Three remoras were attached to it, each about 2ft. 6in. long. We speared them. Roberts dived for a lot of sea fans and a starfish—he is a great swimmer and diver. He hit a gray snapper with the spear, but it failed to hold. Back to Indian Cay about 4 P. M. I fished to-day with my medium-weight rod and a No. 12 line, until a big barracuda made a tremendous rush, and my reel overran and snarled the line. He kept quiet just then, and by backing the yacht I managed to reel in a lot of line and save him. In his last rush he again snarled the line, but was too far gone to break it. This trouble was caused by the pad brake on this reel not being clamped tightly enough to the bar, so that it fell back every time I reeled in, and required some time to get into service when the fish made a rush. Very hot all day. The big fish made us work very hard, so we suffered. Fishing to-day was much inferior to that of our former day at the same place, which was evidently exceptionally favorable; we saw great numbers of fish, but they were not inclined to bite. Half a dozen barracuda often followed our baits for a long distance before one could summon up pluck enough to strike. Clouds banked up in the north this afternoon, which preceded a sharp blow from the north and northeast, rising about 7 P. M., and increasing to quite a gale. Captain rowed out and set the second anchor, and we are riding easily, being protected from any sea by the shoal water on a bank just north of us, bare at low tide. It is much cooler, which is a pleasant change. We fished in channel here after returning from light and caught only hard-tail runners, all of which we threw back. High wind and heavy rain in showers, continued all night.

Saturday, Feb. 11.—High wind, due east, working toward the south during the day. Fair; partly cloudy. Yacht lay at anchor in channel all day. Water grew very cloudy. I tried to fish, but the boat kept swinging about 60 degrees, going nearly across the channel with each swing, so I gave it up after awhile. Nothing doing all day.

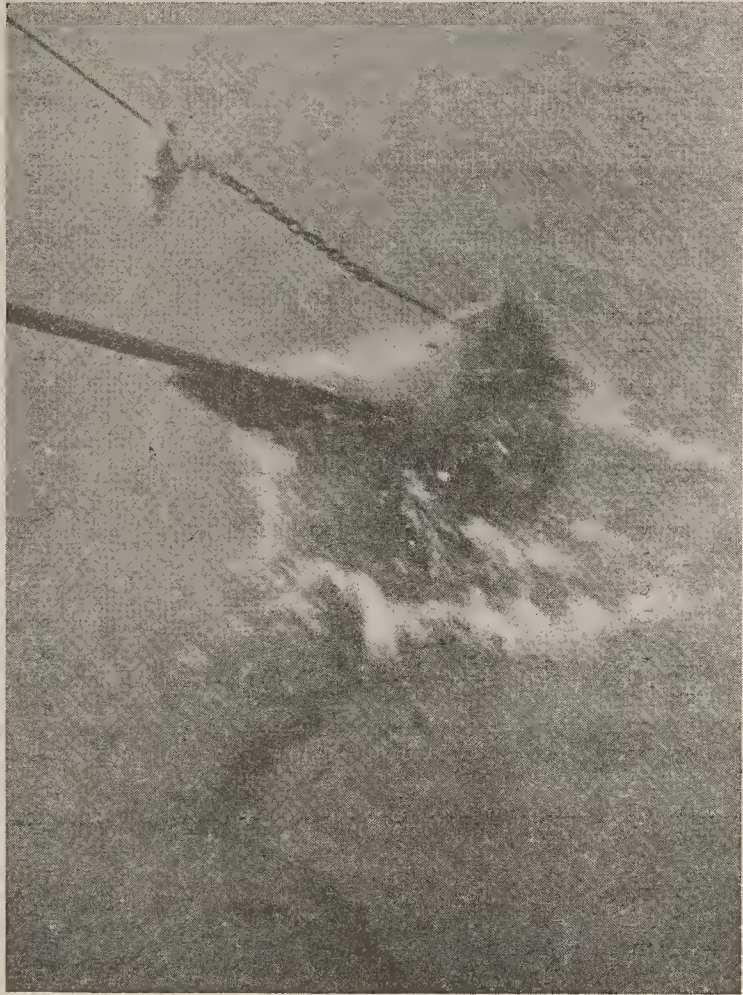
Sunday, Feb. 12.—Cloudy; brisk S. E. wind; too high for us outside. Shall try the inside course north. Had a rough sea for a mile, getting round outside to the channel. Ran back of Lignum Vitæ Key through narrow channels of blue water winding through broad flats, brown and yellow, with here and there a young mangrove stem, and saw flocks of white herons, ibis and other waders. Came out into a sound several miles wide, beyond which we got through a crooked pass in a sand bank, just wide enough for the boat, dragging her skeg through the mud to do it. Crossed another sound several miles wide but, on sending out a small boat and sounding, found we could not cross the bar beyond it. Ran several miles north for another crossing but, owing to the wind and sea having made the water muddy, missed the channel and got hard aground. Couldn't get off with the engine or poles, so ran an anchor out, put the small boat on the fore deck and filled it with water (to bring the bow down and the stern up). The Captain and Roberts got overboard and hoisted; Walter worked the engine; Trask and I hauled on the anchor cable, and we got off. Roberts found channel, and we got through into another big sound. Ran seven or eight miles through this, passing three flamingos feeding on a bar, brilliantly scarlet against the green water. There was quite a sea running, which once bumped us very hard on a high place and started a small leak astern, but did no serious damage. Got into Boggy Creek all right, dragging a little, but grounded hard at the other end, and had quite a time getting off, repeating our earlier performances in all details. Finally did so, ran through the new sound to the mouth of Jewish Creek and anchored outside of it. All hands were pretty tired, and we served out drinks from our only bottle of whiskey, which were much appreciated.

Monday, Feb. 13.—Partly cloudy; wind S. W., light; warm. Had a fine plunge over the side before breakfast. At that meal Trask sat on the side of the table, where the movable leg is, and, on getting up, knocked the leg out, precipitating half the contents of the table, including my unfinished breakfast, to the floor in a grand smash. Ran through Jewish Creek, a narrow channel bordered by mangroves, with shoals at entrance and exit and deep, dark water inside. I trolled with a No. 8 Skinner spoon, and half-way through saw the break of a good fish as he rushed and missed it. Let the rod go back, and he struck heavily. Everybody happened to be forward, so I let the reel run as much as necessary, held the fish in the center of the channel and yelled like a wild Indian. They thought I had fallen overboard and all came rushing back, stopped the engine, and I finally landed a 12-pound grouper, a very strong and hard fighting fish, though rather slow in his rushes.

We went through another sound. Then through Steamboat Creek, crossed Barnes' Sound and down through Angelfish Creek to the sea. Got aground at head of Angelfish, but were off without much trouble. Ran up outside of the keys to Cape Florida, and anchored in Bear's Cut at about 4 P. M. Caught several spot, grunts and groupers off the boat with light rod. Hooked something big, but lost him at the first rush.

Tuesday, Feb. 14.—Wind shifted to north during the night. Partly cloudy and cooler in morning, with N. E. wind. Think it will be very rough outside, and the

Captain seems to hesitate about going out. Fear we may lose our kingfishing, with which we had hoped to end the trip gloriously. Fished off boat before breakfast, but caught nothing. Captain fussed over a lot of trifles and was evidently afraid to venture out, but about 9 o'clock other boats came along bound for the grounds, and we finally started. Found some swell outside, but nothing to speak of, and could see the white sails of quite a fleet of boats on the grounds several miles to the north. When we got near the southernmost we



A SHARK, HOOKED.

put out our lines, I using tarpon rod, 21-thread line and a 5in. block tin squid, and Trask trying lighter tackle. Trask gave his rod to Roberts for a moment when the first fish struck his squid, was reeled in pretty close, and then broke the line. I had a number of strikes, the fish leaping 5ft. or 6ft. into the air and knocking the squid high above the water. Presently there came a mighty jerk, and the line ran out 50yds. in spite of my fullest pressure on the brake pad. Then I checked him, reeled in a little, lost it and more in another dash, and finally got the fish near the boat and Roberts hoisted



A SHARK, LANDED.

him in and swung him into the big fish box, getting one finger badly gashed by the sharp teeth in trying to free the squid; blue and silver, a yard or more long, 15 pounds. Now we were in the middle of the fleet, and the fish were striking every minute or oftener, jumping 10ft. straight up, knocking the squids into the air, and every now and then being hooked. I seemed to generally land them, while Trask's lighter tackle lost fish after fish. Presently he struck something which, in steady successive surges, ran out his whole 200yds. of line and broke it at the end, doubtless a heavy shark, of which we could see a number about. Twice sharks seized my hooked fish, and were hooked themselves, broke my line at or near the swivel, so I did not lose much. Trask rigged out with heavier tackle, and we both caught fish, from 10 to 15 pounds each, until we had a dozen or more. Then I reeled in the line short and held the squid within 20ft. of the stern, and got strike after strike, the fish showing no caution whatever, and could not avoid hooking one every now and then. Then we took our cameras, trying to get a snap of a leaping fish, and made several exposures, which may turn out good, though the best leaps were generally just when we were not ready or the sun was wrong.

At noon we had about twenty fish and started back for Bear's Cut, being fully satisfied. On the way I hooked and landed, after a great fight, much the largest kingfish we took, 4ft. 9in. long, and weighing 35 pounds.

His first rush took out nearly my whole line. Came in to Bear's Cut, had luncheon, shifted into civilized garb and started for Miami, and the end of our trip. Got aground on the bank near the cut, but got off in half an hour.

The kingfish, in combined power, dash, vigor, beauty and grace, surpasses any fish I have ever known. His numbers, on certain very restricted grounds, seem unlimited. There must have been at least forty boats out to-day, and the hand-line fishermen caught an enormous number. Even with our rods, which are very much slower than hand lines, we could certainly have taken many times our catch had we been willing to do so. We have had a delightful experience with a most noble fish, have taken discreetly of his bounty, and none of our trophies will be wasted.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 21.

Canadian Waters.

The Spring Fishing Prospects.

QUEBECKERS, with a recent ice jam at their doors which even the new Clyde-built Dominion ice-breakers could not move, know very well that it must be some time yet before they can expect to successfully allure the unsuspecting trout with the counterfeit presentment of a natural fly. At the same time it is not perhaps to be wondered at that American anglers who come to Canada for their fishing should be a little impatient at the late opening of the season here, when open water has shown itself for some time past in their own particular bailiwick.

Many days before the high tide of the 20th inst. broke up the big ice jam in the St. Lawrence, six miles above Quebec, letters had been received here from many of the New England States, as well as from New York, inquiring concerning the prospects for the opening of the Canadian fishing season. Having learned from the experience of former years, the uncertainty of the Canadian spring, and taking into consideration the number of the inquiries received, I have promised all my questioners to endeavor to keep them posted in regard to the progress of the season, by the medium of FOREST AND STREAM.

While I shall not attempt to make any prophecy at present as to the probability of an early season, which altogether depends upon the weather conditions of the next week or two, there are a few facts respecting the recent winter and the present outlook which will be of interest to fishermen. In the first place, the winter through which we have just passed has been the most severe in the memory of any living Canadians. Storms of any magnitude have been notable by their absence in the Quebec and Lake St. John districts, as also in the Gaspé country and in eastern New Brunswick. In northern New Brunswick, in Nova Scotia and in Cape Breton, on the other hand, the snow blockades have been tremendous. The extreme and continuous cold throughout the province of Quebec caused the accumulation of ice of unusual thickness over the lakes and rivers. Much of this ice is from two to three feet in thickness. It will require considerable warmth or rain to remove this thick covering from our fishing waters, and up to the present writing, with the exception of a few mild days at the end of March and in the first week of April, the weather has continued quite cold and wintry. The last of the snow-drifts in the vicinity of Quebec had barely disappeared on Easter Sunday. Unless bright sun and warm rains take the place very soon of the present raw winds, it is likely to be well on toward the middle of May before our northern lakes will be clear of their icy fetters.

Good Fishing Anticipated.

Those local fishermen who enjoy the reputation of knowing how to read the signs of the times, in consequence of many long years of experience in comparative study of the seasons, are promising themselves and their angling friends an unusually satisfactory fishing season this year. Not only do they hold that fish are always more plentiful and better risers after a very severe winter, but it is also claimed by them, as it is likewise by Mr. D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner of New Brunswick, that the best fishing seasons repeat themselves only once in four years, and that one of these quadrennial periods of pre-eminent success in angling operations is that upon which we are now entering.

There is another side to the story of severe cold and thick ice in respect to their influence upon fish and fishing, if any importance is to be attached to a statement which recently appeared in a daily newspaper, to the effect that a considerable loss of fish was feared through the freezing from top to bottom of small streams and shallow lakes inhabited by them. It is more reasonable, however, to believe, that as the winter advances, fishes in the streams and ponds seek the deeper places and live well under the ice, and that if this latter should envelop them, by reason of an excess of cold, they then remain in a frozen, torpid condition, and suffer no harm if gradually and naturally thawed out in the spring.

Good News for Nepigon Fishers.

It will be good news for all who take an interest in the fishing in Nepigon waters, and, in fact, for all friends of fish protection, that the fishing monopoly accorded some time ago by the Ontario Government for the netting of fish for commercial purposes out of Lake Nepigon is about to be cancelled. The granting of this contract or lease was vigorously opposed at the time, and yet the lease was made for a period of twenty years. Violation of the contract by non-payment of rent is the reason given for its cancellation by the Government.

The Federal Government, on the other hand, is unfortunately continuing the leasing of commercial fishery rights in some of the best of its northern waters. How absurdly it is acting in this matter may be seen from the fact that for the sum of ten dollars a year for nine years it has awarded the exclusive franchise to fish in the rich waters of Lesser Slave Lake. The company to which the political favorite who secured it subleased this valuable privilege, is said to have taken four hundred tons of whitefish alone out of the lake during the last winter, and to have made arrangements for taking seven hundred tons next winter. It may easily be seen that at this rate the lake will soon be depleted. A Montreal lawyer has been given

another concession for twenty-one years, at the rate of a nominal ten dollars a year, to take fish for commercial purposes in the Nelson and other rivers in the district of Keewatin and Great Slave Lake. Still another individual is said to have secured for a nominal price the exclusive fishing rights in James Bay. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Trout in Pennsylvania and New York.

SAYRE, Pa., April 21.—The trout season opened in this section of country under adverse conditions. Alternate snow, sunshine and rain were the prevailing weather factors to be reckoned with, and only the hardiest anglers were abroad the first few days. Most of the streams were running above normal water and, all in all, the disadvantages were about as numerous as the early trout fisherman encounters. In this immediate vicinity comparatively few trout have been taken and none of a size worthy of special mention.

In the more remote trout-inhabited localities—reached from Binghamton, Elmira, Ithaca and Cortland, for instance—I have heard of some fine creels of trout being taken. Many of the streams about Ithaca are yielding some nice sized California brown trout, a local paper stating that a youth of the University City last Sunday caught a brown trout 22 inches in length. Some years ago nearly all of the most promising trout streams of Tompkins county were stocked with California trout and the fish have evidently thrived.

Probably the trout angler is likely to find as good sport along the streams encircling Cortland, as he will find anywhere in the more southern New York counties. And what is particularly pleasing to the angler, these streams are easy ones, for the most part, to fish. To be sure, one will not get a great many trout, as not a few men in these latter days define the term, but he will get enough to satisfy a conservative appetite, besides looking upon an exceedingly pretty country and enjoying something that money nor the sordid ambitions of the city cannot buy.

The pleasantest trout fishing experiences, which the writer calls to mind, centered around Cortland, some twelve years ago, and each springtime as the grass comes to its color and the bluebird flits from post to post, "the call of the wild," as one hears it from the dear old Cortland county streams, arouses the spirit that is sweet to commune with. And because of this I like to tell my angling friends to go to the town of buggies and screen factories and outfit for a thoroughly delightful experience.

The prophecy has again and again been repeated in local papers that by reason of prolonged and unusually cold "spells" the past winter the smaller streams would be found devoid of trout, the fish having been frozen in the shallow water. It remains to be determined to what extent, if any, the freezing solid of these streams has had upon the trout supply. It is to be hoped that in this instance, at least, the prophet has erred in his prediction, for the little streams across which one may step at a stride really furnish some of the fishing that is best remembered. Many a boy now grown to manhood, and even to old age, can recall the little silver thread of water singing across the meadow below the red farmhouse, and the orange-splashed trout he yanked in plenty therefrom. Monuments crumble, but these memories live on. M. CHILL.

Maine Angling Waters.

BANGOR, Me., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What the anglers at the Bangor salmon pool, or, in fact, at any pool, do not know about the why and wherefore of salmon fishing, its streaks of plenty and streaks of scarcity, lean and fat, but, like the Irishman's pig, all lean most of the time, would fill a very large volume—and they're very well informed fishermen, too. Of one thing they are certain, and the knowledge is general, that no salmon are being lured to action by the beautiful flies being cast on the surface of the Penobscot, be they ever so attractive or artistically cast. With the exception of the fish reported in the last letter, not a salmon has been taken at the pool in the twenty-two days of open season. A very few fish have been seen at the pool, and more have been reported as seen at the Veazie dam above, so that they have not entirely forsaken the river, but why they won't get into the down river weirs or take the fly at the pool, is an unanswered question.

The high winds prevailing during the week just past have had their effect on the lakes, and several are reported as open and opening. Sebago, usually the first to clear, began to break up on Thursday, and is now practically clear throughout its length, and is furnishing some magnificent sport to the early trollers.

Lake Auburn has begun to break up, and is probably by this time clear of ice, and the first of the week will see crowds of anxious anglers trolling for some of those big salmon. Clearwater pond is expected to be open for anglers by to-morrow or early in the week, and those ponds and lakes lying nearer the sea coast, like Tunk, Green Lake, Phillips and others, will open one after another during the next week, and perhaps less time than that. Moosehead Lake residents in the city to-day say that there is still a great deal of ice in that lake, and that it may last until the 5th, although various opinions fix the opening date all the way from the 1st to the 5th of May. Sebec usually opens a day or two, perhaps three days, ahead of Moosehead and the Rangeleys, which are apt to be close together in this regard. The fishing in Sebec, which is one of the original salmon basins, is apt to be at its very best for the first ten days or a fortnight after the leaving of the ice, and sometimes the first day records great luck. In general, however, the angler who waits so as to be on the water a week or ten days after the breaking up of the ice, gets the best results.

Reports from the Belgrade lakes say that those lakes will break up by to-morrow, and the fact that Maranacook and Cobbossecontee are already clear is promise of early sport in the lakes made famous as bass waters, but where of late years there has been steadily im-

proving sport with the trout, some very large specimens being taken there. From now until the middle, and perhaps the last of May, each day will see one or more of the lakes and ponds in Maine opening to the angler. Although there is a license fee for all who hunt in Maine, there is none as yet on the fisherman, who is simply asked to abide by the protective laws laid down.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

BOSTON, Me., April 22.—There is good news from Sebago that the ice is out. Already several anglers from Portland and some from Massachusetts have given their lines the first wetting of the season and with good results. Several local fishermen who had camped on shore were out with their boats as soon as it was possible to launch them. Mr. Curtis Sanborn got a thirteen-pounder; Frank L. Shaw, of Portland, one weighing nine pounds. W. H. Stevens, C. F. and W. L. Jones, of Portland, have also met with good success. Lake Maranacook is also clear and has yielded up a 2½-pound trout. So the fishing season in Maine has begun, although it may be several days yet before the sport will commence at the Rangeleys or Moosehead. Below Bangor at Verona, several salmon have been taken, which shows that the fish are running and presages good sport at the Pool before long. It is claimed that more work in stocking has been done the past year than ever before, and for that reason there should be an improvement in the fishing in the Maine waters. One of the changes in fish laws relates to Rangeley waters, including Mooselookmcutic, Cupsuptic and the Richardson lakes, a law having been passed last winter allowing a party in one boat to catch only four fish by "plugging," as it is called—"still-fishing"—in a day. If there is but one person in the boat only two fish are permitted. White perch caught while trolling for trout or salmon may not be kept as heretofore but must be returned to the water.

Only ten pounds of trout or salmon may be sent out at a time and that but once in thirty days, properly tagged, of course. No person is permitted to take more than fifteen pounds of trout and salmon in one day while trolling in these waters.

Dr. W. C. Woodward, of Middleboro, says that several sportsmen of his town have taken good strings of trout in nearby streams since the opening of the season, April 1. Mr. Ed. Grant, who has been spending a few weeks in Boston, tells me that deer have come through the winter in fine shape, and are very numerous in the country about his camps at Beaver Pond, and that there are lots of partridges. He says that there had been no perceptible falling off in the fishing for the last few years. It seems to me "Ed," as every one calls him, does not look a day older than he did way back in the '80s when he acted as one of the guides of our party at Kennebago Lake. One of his sons is associated with him in running the camps.

CENTRAL.

How to Tell a Grilse.

NEW YORK, April 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish that some of your readers would tell me how to distinguish a grilse from a salmon—that is a distinctive characteristic which is unmistakable.

For instance, I can tell a parr from a smolt, for the parr still retain the dark bars—they are unmistakable. Again, I can tell a smolt from a grilse (or perhaps better, I think that I can) for it has not yet been to the sea. But I have no knowledge which enables me to infallibly tell a grilse from a salmon.

As an illustration, I read from one authority, "I have never seen a grilse in Canada of above six pounds, while in Britain ten pounds is not a very rare size, and one is reputed to have been taken of twenty pounds." I conclude, therefore, that weight is not a scientific test, for salmon of those weights have been taken. An English writer says that grilse have longer fins than salmon; this is absurd from a scientific standpoint. Relative looseness of scales has been mentioned, but here this distinction is too vague, for it furnishes no standard of looseness. It has been said, also, that grilse have a forked tail, while salmon have a square tail; but this is not adequate, for no salmon has a tail that would true to a perpendicular line erected at its caudal extremity. It seems not to be sexual maturity, for I read that both male and female grilse have been known to breed.

It has also been said that grilse have a thinner root at the tail than a salmon, but this furnishes no clew, for the question at once arises, how thick is the root of a salmon's tail? The salmon that I have taken have shown various thicknesses in the roots of their tails; so have the grilse. But it would appear that there ought to be some unmistakable difference to justify the different nomenclature. Have grilse the X marks of the salmon? Does a salmon always have them?

J. E. HINDON HYDE.

Mr. G. A. Boulenger writes in the London Field on the subject:

"A grilse is a young salmon on its first return from the sea, and is intermediate in character between the smolt and the salmon proper, the principal differences as compared to the latter being a more distinctly emarginate caudal fin when fully spread out (this fin being forked in the smolt and truncate, or very feebly emarginate in the salmon), and a smaller mouth (the upper jaw extending to below the posterior third of the eye in the smolt, to beyond the vertical of the posterior border of the eye in the salmon). In salmonids, as in most other fishes, size does not always coincide with maturity, and the argument which has often been adduced in favor of the grilse and salmon being distinct fishes, viz., that the former may be as large as the latter, is of no importance. According to Frank Buckland, grilse have been captured of the extraordinary weight of fourteen pounds. The male grilse may be sexually mature, but not the female.

"The following is the definition of a grilse by a high authority on the life-histories of fishes, the late Prof. Brown Goode: 'The grilse is the adolescent salmon, it weighs from two to six pounds, and is more slender and graceful than the mature fish, with smaller head, thinner scales, more forked tail, and spots rounder, more numerous, and bluish rather than jetty black. The two may easily be distinguished, even though both should be of the same size, as not unfrequently happens.'"

A Boy and a Bass.

I WAS living in the city of Boonville, Mo. The Missouri River ran close at hand. The water was low. There was a good deal of fishing going on, and I had been working steady for three weeks trying to get enough money to hire a guide to take me fishing in real style, although I could fish plenty along the bank. I determined to go out and have a try at the big fellow so many had let get away.

At last the money was earned, and I waited till a pretty day. The second day I waited was dandy. I hired a boatman and started out as happy as a lark. My rod and reel were heavy and strong, and my reel held 400 feet of line. I fished till noon without much success, ate my luncheon, and continued fishing. I was getting drowsy when my reel gave a loud discordant scream and darted away. "Ah," said the boatman, "you have a stunner"; and indeed I had. The fish started out in a way which taxed my strength to the utmost. I pressed on the brake as hard as I dared, and I began to think that if he did not stop directly he would take all my line; but, really, I had a good deal of line yet.

"Need any help?" said the boatman. "N-n-not yet," I gasped; but just then the fish turned and started toward the boat and I was kept busy taking in line. He had got nearly to the boat when he sank and I was almost sure he got away, and said: "Got away!" "What?" said the boatman, as the fish gave another terrible lurch that nearly jerked the rod out of my hands and the reel crank hitting my fingers almost hard enough to break them. He now began to make for deeper water and the flying line threw spray two feet above the water. I knew if I did not stop him it was all over; so I put all my strength on the rod and reel and succeeded in turning him. All this time the boatman was kept busy with the oars.

Long before this my breath began to come in quick, short gasps; my hands were bleeding and my strength was nearly exhausted. But now the fish began to tire and we were succeeding in getting him in shallow water. Once, when I had him in about nine feet of the boat, I cried out: "Quick, mister, with the gaff!" The boatman raised his gaff and like a shot it descended, but too late. The fish made a leap into the air and then plunged beneath the surface and the battle raged as furious as ever. Now making long runs, now plunging deep beneath the surface, now rising and making leaps into the air as if mad, now letting itself be pulled close to the boat. At last it let me pull it nearer than ever; and this was fatal, for the boatman's gaff was caught securely under the gills and it was dragged into the boat and killed. I was glad the struggle was ended, as it was growing dark; and we pulled for land. My prize weighed nine pounds; it was a black bass and was found to be the largest caught with the rod for two years.

M. P. SOHLINGER.

STOUTSVILLE, Mo.

Mullets in Fresh Waters.

GALVESTON, Tex., April 20.—Yesterday I saw the common salt water mullet, in a pond where, I feel certain, no salt water has been since September, 1900. On mentioning it to Col. W. L. Moody, who owns Lake Surprise on the mainland, he tells me that the water is fresh, they drink it; and that mullet are very abundant in it.

This suggests a very interesting question as to whether the mullet could not be accustomed first to brackish and then to fresh water. What a food supply it would make for bass in lakes, and what a supply of bait. It is the favorite food of all large fish of salt water.

When I lived in the coast country of Virginia many years ago, it was well known that a few striped bass had been found in mill ponds, the stream or race from which emptied into salt water, but the ponds were fresh, and the race fresh. It was generally thought that the fish had been thrown into the pond by the mill-wheel, or fish hawks had dropped them when small. In carrying to their young the hawks frequently drop fish when the bald eagle gets after them.

I wish some of the Fish Commission stations, National or State, would experiment with getting fresh water mullet.

G. E. MANN.

Bearing on the subject are the following notes from earlier issues of FOREST AND STREAM, the first by William P. Seal and the second by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean.

I have found that when fresh water is introduced into a salt-water aquarium it will remain on the surface unless the whole is thoroughly stirred or mingled. It is probable that the fresh water of rivers is not thoroughly mingled with the water of bays, but flows off on the surface, and that at considerable depths it may be very nearly as salt as that near shore outside, say 1.024, or at least 1.020.

The sheepshead and tautog are bottom fishes, and extremely local, requiring hard or rocky bottom (ledges). It occurs to me, in view of the extreme changes of salinity encountered by these fishes in this transition without apparent effect, that it opens an interesting field for experiment. It is probable that the conditions of environment of most animals, and of fishes especially, are accidents rather than necessities of existence. I feel confident that it would be possible to transfer successfully many salt-water fishes to water wholly fresh, by slow degrees, if conditions were found otherwise similar to their native ones. What a noble fish the sheepshead would be for the Great Lakes.

The possibility suggested by Mr. W. P. Seal in FOREST AND STREAM recently, of extensive transfers of marine fishes to fresh water, reminded me of an experiment made by Prof. A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, about ten years ago. As Prof. Verrill's experience harmonized very well with that of Mr. Seal, I wrote to the Professor for information about it, and received the following in reply:

"DEAR DOCTOR BEAN—The experiment that you refer to was made some ten years ago. Seeing some very fresh-looking tomcod in the fish market here, but frozen very hard and stiff on a cold winter day, I got permission to put a dozen or more into a large aquarium in the market, supplied with a constant current of city water. My object was to see if they would revive after being frozen. They all revived perfectly in an hour or

less. As they seemed to feel satisfied with their quarters in the aquarium, we allowed them to remain, and there they lived all winter—probably three months or more—till turned out in the spring to make room for other things. Sincerely yours, A. E. VERRILL (New Haven, Nov. 24, 1889)."

Here we have a marine fish suddenly transferred from salt water to air below a freezing temperature and then into fresh water without loss of health and vigor. This was a remarkable case, and the result could not have been anticipated. There are many anadromous fishes which ascend rivers from the sea far into the interior for the purpose of spawning. Among these the shad, alewife and salmon will be recalled by every one. The alewife will even endure perpetual landlocking and continue to multiply; the same is true of the smelt and white perch. Doubtless numerous other illustrations of a similar nature will occur to some of our readers. Some of the flounders run into the rivers above tidal waters; the bluefish and the silver gar ascend far from the sea. Even the halibut has come up the Potomac to the vicinity of Colonial Beach, where the water is brackish. Examples of marine species domiciled in fresh water can be cited indefinitely, and we should not be surprised by any new developments.

T. H. B.

Fishing in the Delaware River.

ABOUT this time every season we read somewhere that "The fishing in the Delaware River will be poor this season because of the floods and ice during the winter," etc. But those of us who go up there find a fish here and there just the same, and learn to love the river and its environments more than ever. Perhaps the chief reason why the Delaware attracts so many people is its nearness to New York City, and the low fares on the railways, yet I hazard the assertion that not one out of every thousand persons who go to the various resorts at a week-end see and enjoy the river as it should be seen and enjoyed; in short, through the eyes of the angler or canoeist who camps along shore and sees the grand stream and its mountains at their best—at sunrise, sunset, at noon, and when a storm is brewing; who picks wild strawberries and blackberries when they are ripe, gathers great bunches of laurel in bloom and wishes he might take it home with him, or merely casts now and then in the eddies and rifts when the spirit moves him, and tries to persuade his camp-mate, who grows lazier day by day, that it was fishing they came for; that they can loaf at home as well. Anyhow, it is not a place for strenuous people, unless running rapids attracts more than does the fishing and the daily flopping across country in search of elusive eggs that go to the boarding houses in spite of the campers' protests that they are willing to pay more than anyone else, if only the eggs will be kept for them when laid; but eggs are bought far in advance, and the unlucky camper who is not a steady customer, must be content with the case article from New York unless he can bribe the farmers' wives to save one or two for him each day out of the lot hoarded for the boarding-house people, who insist that their boarders come to the country for country air and truck, and will be satisfied with nothing that comes from the box if there is any way to prevent it.

To me it seems the best way to enjoy the Delaware and the fishing thoroughly is to drift downstream in a canoe. There are many reasons for this, chief of which is that one accustomed to wide expanses of water and broad vistas of lowland soon becomes oppressed with the feeling of being shut in by the hills which border this beautiful stream, and longs for new scenes until nothing short of breaking camp will satisfy him; and the further he drifts the more will the feeling be present with him, particularly as running the myriad rapids and rifts is most exhilarating and the constant search for better fishing waters becomes a sort of will o' the wisp.

I have a friend who, with his wife, drifted down a part of the Delaware one wet summer in a canvas canoe, and who left camp one day for a woods ramble which proved to be longer than expected. On their return these good people found their tent on the ground and all their belongings trampled into the soil by a drove of cows which grazed up and down the shores every day. Certain articles left in camp were missing, among them a box of cigars and a whole ham. Now, I have known cows to be accused of many things by canoeists, but to accuse a cow of taking down a ham that had been hung on the limb of a tree and some nine feet from the ground, as well as eating strong black cigars, is unkind, to say the least. The only lesson one may draw from this is to keep an eye on the camp while away. Personally, I was never bothered by two-footed prowlers, although there are vandals along the Delaware, no doubt. However, there seems to be a scarcity of Weary Willies who drill along the railway tracks. As a rule, I avoid the railway side of the river in making camp, but this is not always convenient. At one place I camped under the railway embankment from necessity for nearly a week, but was never visited by tramps. The visitors were of the right sort with the exception of a few who, on a Saturday night, insisted that I go with them to the nearest ginmill for a night-cap, but who were not offensively persistent, as some are when partially under the influence of the fiery stuff they call tanglefoot or bugjuice, according to the locality. The neighbors have a pleasant way of dropping in at nightfall, bringing with them a few choice apples or a half-dozen mealy potatoes, knowing that the little canoe does not carry a cargo of such size as to supply the owner for many days, when his appetite is whetted so keenly by the mountain air and hard exertion in the rifts. Money in return is never expected, and seldom accepted, and I recall one farmer who supplied three persons in our camp with fresh milk for four days, and every time had to be urged persistently before he would accept coin in exchange. "Oh, that is nothing," he asserted, although it was a fact that he rowed across one of the worst rifts along the river twice daily to deliver milk to one of the boarding houses, and our modest wants were supplied on the ground, his cows grazing all about our camp, much to the discomfort of the Madam, to whom cattle of both sexes look alike, and all are terrifying.

One may read the railway fishing guides and the fishing laws relating to the river, and learn a lot that will be of real service to him; but neither one will bring fish

The First Account of Fly-Fishing.

PROBABLY few fishermen are aware that fly-fishing dates back to classic times. A minute description of the artificial fly as used by Macedonian anglers is given by Ælian, a Greek writer of the third century A. D.: "Between Beræa and Thessalonica there flows a river, Astræus by name, and there are in it fishes of a spotted color; but by what name the people of those parts call them it is better to ask Macedonians. At any rate, these fish live upon the native flies, which fall into the river, and are like no flies of any other part; one would neither call them wasp-like in appearance, nor would one reply to a question that this creature is formed like what we call the bumble bees, nor yet like the honey bees themselves. It has really the proper fashion of each of the above. In audacity it is like a fly, in size it might be called a bumble bee, in color it rivals the wasp, and it buzzes like the honey bees. All common creatures of this sort are called horse tails. These pitch upon the stream to seek the food they affect, but cannot help being seen by the fish, which swim underneath. So whenever one of them sees the fly floating, he comes softly, swimming under the water, fearful of disturbing the surface and so scaring away his game. Then he comes near the shady side of the fly, gapes and sucks him in, just like a wolf snatching a sheep from the fold, or an eagle a goose from the yard. This done, he disappears beneath the ripple. The fishermen understand these manœuvres, but they do not make any use of these flies for a bait for the fish; for if the human hand lays hold of them they lose their natural color, their wings fray, and they become uneatable to the fish. So for this reason they make no use of them, disliking them because their nature forbids their capture. So with angling craft they outwit the fish, devising a sort of lure against them. They lap a lock of reddish wool round the hook, and to the wool two cock's feathers, which grow under the wattles, and are brought to the proper color with wax. The rod is from six to ten feet long, and the horse hair line has the same length. They lower the lure. The fish is attracted by the color, excited, draws close; and, judging from its beautiful appearance, that it will obtain a marvellous banquet, forthwith opens its mouth, but is caught by the hook, and bitter indeed is the feast it enjoys, inasmuch as it is captured."

THE Hudson River fisheries are year by year dwindling. A valuable food resource is falling off. The causes should be ascertained, the remedy applied. Mr. John D. Wish's letter on the subject in another column sets forth the situation, and his estimate of the importance of remedial action is not exaggerated.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, April 22.—Fish and game matters were dull in the Legislature the past week.
 The Senate has advanced to third reading Senator Elsberg's bill (Int. No. 78) relative to the appointment of a special assistant oyster protector.
 The Senate has passed the following bills:
 Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 1087), relative to selling woodcock, grouse and quail in Orange county.
 Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 1181), relative to woodcock, grouse and quail in Orange county.
 Assemblyman Cunningham's (Int. No. 599), relative to spearing fish in Ulster county.
 Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1074), relative to grouse and woodcock not being sold.
 Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. 1075), relative to penalties.
 Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1076), relative to fishing in Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters.
 Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1077), relative to the close season on woodcock.
 Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1079), relative to the use of nets in Coney Island Creek.
 Assemblyman Knapp's (Int. No. 1365), relative to the transportation of fish caught in Missisquoi Bay.
 Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 110), relative to the protection of the nests of wild birds.
 Assemblyman F. G. Whitney's (Int. No. 1019), relative to fishing through the ice in the waters of Big Sand Pond, Oswego county.
 Assemblyman Yale's bill (Int. No. 771), relative to the close season for lake trout, in Putnam county.
 The Assembly has passed the bill of Assemblyman Wilson (Int. No. 911), relative to taking fish with nets in Lake Ontario.
 The Assembly has advanced to third reading the following bills:
 Senator Raines' (Int. No. 247), in relation to the sale of trout.
 Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 684), relative to the destruction of nets.
 Senator Coggeshall's (Int. No. 496), relative to the adoption of further regulations for the destruction of nets by Boards of Supervisors.

Salmon River For Sale.—Your attention is called to advertisement on page x.

The Kennel

Ladies' Kennel Association.

JUDGES for the third annual summer dog show to be given by the Ladies' Kennel Association of America at the Fair Grounds, Mineola, L. I., June 7 and 8, 1905:
 Mrs. E. Pulsifer, New Rochelle, N. Y., French bulldogs.
 G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y., Great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, pointers, setters, Russian sheep dogs, Chesapeake Bay dogs, griffons, Dalmatians, basset hounds, dachshunds and Japanese spaniels.
 John Keevan, Brooklyn, N. Y., St. Bernards.
 Winthrop Rutherford, New York, English foxhounds.
 Herman B. Duryea, Westbury, L. I., American foxhounds.
 H. K. Bloodgood, New Marlboro, Mass., sporting spaniels.
 M. N. Palmer, Stamford, Conn., collies.
 E. K. Austin, Brooklyn, N. Y., bulldogs.
 Clair Foster, Douglaston, L. I., bull-terriers.
 A. D. Cochrane, Hastings, N. Y., Airedale terriers.
 H. D. Riley, Strafford, Pa., Boston terriers.
 George F. Reed, Barton, Vt., beagles.
 Charles W. Keyes, East Pepperell, Mass., fox-terriers.
 G. Gordon Hammill, Stamford, Conn., Irish terriers.
 W. B. Emery, Boston, Mass., Scottish terriers.
 Tom Ashton, Leeds, England, all other breeds, variety and miscellaneous classes and unclassified specials.
 Premium lists can be obtained by addressing James Mortimer, superintendent, Hempstead, L. I.

eddies. Along there one sees the mountains at their best, and the streams are not fished so much as further down, and more convenient to the city. The farmers are very friendly, and if the wild berries are ripe at the time of your visit, don't fail to look for them alongshore and in the hills. Fried black bass with wild blackberries for dessert should tempt any angler, and if he is lucky enough to wheedle some farmer's wife into supplying him with a few fresh eggs, and the stage of water is favorable to fishing, he need not sigh for better waters nor a more charming place in which to pass his vacation, for it would be difficult to find. But he who hurries should avoid the West Branch and launch his canoe at Hancock or Stockport, where there is a greater depth of water and smoother sailing in consequence. If the vacation is limited to a fortnight, the trip from Hancock to Callicoon Station is long enough for those who are fond of taking things easy and merely drifting a few miles now and then, to camp for two or three days near every favorable bit of fishing water, which are numerous on the upper river. Still, there is much good water further down that is not fished to death every season, and one can go on to Cocheton or Mast Hope. At the latter place there is the beautiful Ten-Mile River, only a few hundred yards from the village, and several lively rifts at the tail of which it is safe to look for the old bronze-backers.

Finally, write to two or three of the railway station agents before starting for the river, asking them as to the conditions at the time. Generally the river is clear during the summer, but as stated above, it is very sensitive to freshets, and it is annoying to be compelled to wait two or three days for the water to clear and the fish to resume biting. From a low and clear stage I have seen the river rise two or three feet in an hour and remain colored for four days thereafter, during which time not a single strike could be obtained in eddies and rifts famous for their bass, while during heavy rains the river may rise several feet and be in flood for a week. These are extreme cases, of course, but it is well to remember them.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Hudson River Fisheries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What the present season will produce cannot, of course, be foretold, but the fact remains that the valuable fisheries of the Hudson River are steadily falling away to nothingness. Not many years ago these fisheries were conducted as far up the river as Troy. But each year now the fish run less and less up the river, and very recent letters received from fishermen show that they are discouraged. It is not in the hope of offering anything new that this communication is sent, but rather in the hope that it will lead to an agitation which will result in giving the commission means to make an effort to improve existing conditions. After studying carefully the statistics available, I find that each year it has been as if an invisible line was stretched across the river, moving steadily down stream, beyond which the more important fish do not pass. The fishermen attest this in conversation and tell me that, although the greatest falling off is in the shad and herring and sturgeon fisheries, there also is a marked loss in every variety that once was plentiful. The following table, made up from the returns of the licensed net fishermen themselves, shows how serious is the situation:

	1903.	1904.	1903.	1904.
	Pounds of fish caught.	Pounds of fish caught.	Value of fish caught.	Value of fish caught.
Bullheads	54,174	40,825	\$4,217.99	\$3,206.17
Carp	134,140	99,726	3,931.09	4,849.65
Eels	7,024	9,586	711.82	770.20
Frost fish	22,097	40,695	442.02	603.54
Herring	392,110	250,719	6,570.88	3,341.80
Perch	20,032	30,293	1,054.09	1,626.93
Pike-perch	5,080	237.79
Shad	723,811	161,751	35,117.24	13,219.27
Sturgeon	16,715	11,805	2,444.59	1,098.09
Sturgeon eggs	2,267	151	1,136.00	128.35
Suckers	36,491	50,324	1,695.60	2,535.46
Sunfish	4,250	6,694	205.51	352.56
Striped bass	10,301	14,035	1,190.05	1,564.14

Including the miscellaneous fish reported, the catch for the two seasons thus compared, and the value was as follows:

	1903.	1904.	Falling off.
Pounds of fish caught.....	1,441,610	369,459	1,132,151
Value of fish caught.....	\$59,379.65	\$33,664.00	\$25,715.65

The better informed fishermen, who also have been studying the situation, such men as Mr. Matthew Kennedy, for instance, tell me that they think the shad fishery at least can be restored, if the State and Federal Commission, which yearly plant millions of fry in the river, would first raise the fry to the fingerling stage. This plan has been tried by the Connecticut Commission, and excellent results as to increasing the run of shad are reported. To try the plan here would require the purchase or lease of grounds, the building of rearing ponds, and the expense of watching and feeding the fish which are very delicate. Several thousands of dollars would be necessary, but this sum ought to be secured rapidly by the Assemblymen from the river counties if united for the purpose.

My own idea would be to have first a thorough inquiry by some such competent authority as Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, for instance, who would discover, if possible, why the fisheries have so greatly fallen off each year, and why the shad and herring no longer run up the Hudson beyond a fairly well-marked locality. It might take a year to do this, but it would furnish something definite to start on. Mere opinion is not of great value when you are dealing with a fisheries problem, and the Hudson River fisheries are worth enough and of sufficient importance to warrant any reasonable expenditure, either to save or revive them. Personally I cannot see that, if the mature shad with their strong spawning instinct will not any longer run up the river above a certain limit, there is any reason to hope that younger fish would do so, and this is the plain meaning of the plan to plant fingerlings instead of fry.

But let the fishermen themselves take a hand and let us see if something cannot be done. If it is not the steadily increasing pollution of the water that is causing the destruction of the river fisheries, let us learn what it is.

JOHN D. WISH.

Secretary Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

to his creel. Neither will interviewing the farmers en route or the boatmen at the hotels. The best way is to hunt for your fish, just as you would hunt for your game in the autumn. To-day the bass may be at the head of some rift; to-morrow at the tail or in the eddies above or below it. Now and then one will take nice fish from places where none are believed to exist, and so on *ad infinitum*. There is a certain element in the sport that makes dry-fly casting similar to that of casting with the free reel and long line in the rifts and eddies of the upper Delaware, but the latter is generally more like wet-fly casting in that one is constantly searching for his game instead of waiting for it to make its presence known, then seeking to lure it to the creel.

So subject is the river to sudden rises from freshets following heavy downpours of rain perhaps miles further back in the mountains that one will do well to interview the railway people the day before starting for a cruise of short duration. Otherwise he may find the stream high and colored, so that until it falls and clears the bass may not feel inclined to take the most tempting lures. But there is a way to avoid this possible annoyance, by going to a part of the river near which there are small lakes where other fish can be caught. Then, if the river is discolored, go to one of the lakes until the stream resumes its normal state and the bass are again willing to inspect the new-fangled baits put out for them. This is an easier matter, as a rule, than it at first may seem. There are several railway stations where one may leave the train, obtain the services of a teamster, and go with him to one of the lakes within three or four miles of the village, taking the canoe, or at least the camp duff, along. Word travels rapidly in these hills, and almost any passer-by will give the camper exact information relative to the river's condition. If it is clearing, he can return to it; if not, wait a few days longer. Tramping over these grand hills will repay one for the visit, and if there are any small streams nearby where a trout may be snaked out now and then, the game will be well worth the candle. As a rule, one may be told that these streams have been denuded of all, or nearly all, fish life by the heavy freshets and severe runs of ice during the previous winter; but here a pinch of salt will do no harm, and a trial of the brooks may convince one that not all testimony on any subject is entirely credible. Anyway, half the fun of fishing is to learn facts from experience, and those who propose to use electricity as a servant in the taking of fish, turning the sport into an exact science—if only the fish may first be lured to the hook—should devote their energies and researches to other subjects. This applies with equal force to many of the weird devices invented by well-meaning persons and called generally artificial baits. The bait for the Delaware, we are told again and again, is either young catfish or lamprey eels of goodly size, say three or four inches; but these are not easily obtained by those whose outfits are small and time limited, hence the growing desire to take fish with spinners, spoons and similar lures, or with grasshoppers, etc. But it is worth remembering that the black bass in this stream seem to fancy the very small single-hook spinners, copper, brass or silver, according to the light and other conditions. With such lures bait-casting and fly-fishing become somewhat similar. It is true that nearly all small spinners are equipped with treble-feathered hooks instead of single-feathered ones, but in selecting these I always insist on the feathered single hooks, and if one will obtain a supply of bass flies or lake trout flies on eyed hooks, these can be changed on the spinner to suit the conditions and the whims of the fish. I have taken goodly fish on tiny spinners and grasshoppers in July and August, but it seems this is something that proves very attractive to the chubs in the river, and while these fish are eaten by some persons, I do not care for them, and catching one is very disappointing when one is casting for bass in a very likely spot. These eyed hook flies are most convenient for the bait-caster, and can be used with good success in the small brooks where trout abound as well as for casting alone for bass when they are rising. A few bucktail flies on eyed hooks are handy for dark days and early fishing when the mist hangs low on the mountains, as it often does in summer until after 9 o'clock, and bright flies seem to attract the fish at times when nothing else will. Crickets, helgramites and doodle-bugs, all good bait at times, can be picked up in goodly numbers alongshore by anyone who devotes a half-hour to such effort now and then. Preserved minnows and crayfish are advocated by some anglers, and it is well to take along a jar or two of the preserved shiners or chubs, as one can never tell just what the bass are thinking of in the way of a meal, and the embalmed minnows may strike their fancy when nothing else will. Preserving one's own minnows is much easier than many anglers think, and if an empty jar or two be taken along, and a small bottle of formalin, they may be preserved on the ground. The recipe is an old one, but worth repeating. Put the minnows in a small wide-mouthed bottle and cover them with clean water, adding a teaspoonful of formalin and sealing the bottle tightly for three days, then pour off the liquid, add fresh water and only half as much formalin as before, letting them set for a day or two before using. Shaking about in shipment is what makes so many of the preserved minnows look ragged and discolored. The less shaking the bottle gets the better. The same method may be followed in preserving specimens to take home, such as lizards, small snakes, etc.

A great many anglers go to places visited too often by the week-end crowds for the best fishing. There is much to attract the angler to the West Branch of the Delaware, reached by leaving the train at any station on the Erie Railway between Deposit and Hancock, and not so many fish in this branch as in the main river at Parker's Glen, Lackawaxen, Pond Eddy or Callicoon Station. It is true that the West Branch is very rocky and not deep enough at all times for comfortable drifting in a canoe if there are two aboard, but for those who go singly this is a charming bit of water, abounding in beautiful little islands, small brooks and spots no one will be eager to leave in haste; in fact, just the sort of water to attract the lazy angler. Then it is only about fifteen miles from Deposit down to Hancock, and another mile to the junction of the East and West branches, and two large islands finely adapted to camping and to short trips up or down stream to the likely pools and



YACHTING



"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

For a 60-Foot Cruising Launch.

SUBMITTED BY VAUGHN D. BACON, BARNSTABLE, MASS.

IN the plans which accompany this description of a 60ft. power launch the necessary displacement has been taken in breadth rather than depth. Eleven feet beam seems to be the minimum within which the comfortable cabin arrangement selected can be carried out. This, with the consequent light draft of 2ft. 6in. to garboard, necessitates high freeboard and a straight sheer to obtain full headroom in the engine room and galley under the main deck amidships.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	65ft. 0in.
L.W.L.	60ft. 0in.
Overhang—	
Forward	2ft. 0in.
Aft	2ft. 0in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	5ft. 0in.
Stern	4ft. 1in.
Least	4ft. 0in.
Beam—	
At deck	11ft. 0in.
At L.W.L.	10ft. 6in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	2ft. 6in.
Greatest	3ft. 6in.
Displacement	20.66 short tons
Displacement per inch L.W.L.	1.19 short tons
Center buoyancy aft section 1	29.80ft.
Center gravity hull and equipment	29.30ft.

Weights.

	Short Tons.
Keel, keelson, engine keelsons, stems and floors.....	1.74
Planking	2.19
Frames69
Decks and top of trunks.....	.96
Deck frames and carlines.....	.46
Deck clamps, shelves and bilge clamps.....	.66
Cabin floors, frames and ceiling.....	1.21
Fastenings, paint, etc.....	1.10
Interior joiner work, sides of trunks, furniture, etc.....	2.20
Engines	2.10
Shafts, propellers, etc.....	.50
Gasolene, tanks, etc.....	2.00
Water, tanks, etc.....	2.25
W. Cs, lavatories and plumbing.....	.40
Hardware and fittings25
Boat, davits, etc.....	.25
Crew, stores, etc.....	1.50
Total.....	20.66

Construction.

Keel—Oak, sided 7in. and moulded 9in. at section 5.
Keelson—Oak, 7in. by 3in.
Stems—Oak, 4in. by 6in. at heads.
Frames—Oak, 2½in. by 2½in. steamed and bent and spaced 15in., center to center, except along engine keelsons, to be spaced 7½in., center to center.
Floors—Oak, 3in. at throats.
Planking—Georgia pine, 1½in.
Deck—Framed oak, 2in. by 3in. at center and 2in. by 2in. at ends.
Decks—White pine, 1½in.
Deck Clamps—Hard pine, 2in. by 6in.
Deck Shelves—Hard pine, 3in. by 3in.
Bilge Clamps—Hard pine, 2in. by 4in., two each side.
Engine Keelsons—Oak, 3in.
Cabin Floors—Hard pine, ¾in.
Cabin Floor Frames—Oak, 1½in. by 2½in.
Ceiling—Cypress or pine, ¾in.

Power.—For power two four-cylinder 6in. by 7in. Craig gasolene engines have been selected, driving twin screws of 28in. diameter and 36in. pitch. Mr. Craig states that these engines, although listed as 20 horsepower, will develop 25 horsepower each at 400 revolutions, and 30 horsepower at a maximum speed of 450 revolutions. The speed of the launch has been estimated as follows:

Ordinary cruising speed, 11 miles per hour at 50 horsepower and 400 revolutions. Maximum speed 12¼ miles at 60 horsepower and 450 revolutions. To obtain 8 miles per hour would require about 260 revolutions, which should be obtained at 30 horsepower.

The capacity of the gasolene tanks is 350 gallons. Figuring the consumption of fuel at 1 pint per horsepower, would give the boat a cruising radius of 700 miles at 8 miles per hour and 616 miles at 11 miles per hour.

The mufflers and exhaust from the engine pass up through a dummy smoke stack on the main deck. Should a coal or wood stove be preferred to the Primus oil-stove shown in galley, the stovepipe can also be carried up through this stack.

Accommodations.—Beginning at the bow, first comes the cabin locker; then the forecabin, with the usual transom lockers, and two hammock cots on the port side. These cots are both placed on one side, so that there may be ample floor space and seating room left, when both cots are down. At the forward end is a w. c. for the crew, and the crew lockers are at the after end.

Next comes the deck house, which rises to a height of 4ft. 6in. above the main deck. This house contains an extension transom, so that it may be used as an extra stateroom at night, if required. Also a steering wheel for use in bad weather and an extension table for meals, etc. The house is lighted by twelve 12in. bullseyes, six of which open for ventilation. Under this house is a passageway with 4ft. headroom leading to the galley with a 200-gallon water tank on either side, with lockers above, or this space may be utilized for the batteries. The compressed air tanks for whistle are above the water tanks under the main deck, back of the deck house staving.

Next comes the galley with stove and dresser on port side, also ice-box under deck house, opening into the after end of the passageway. On the starboard

side are sink, food lockers, dish racks, and steps leading to deck house. A sliding door opens into the engine room. The galley is in a central position, making it convenient to serve meals in either the saloon, deck house or forecabin.

The engine room is 8ft. long, with transom locker and hammock cot on either side; to port are two lockers; to starboard, small locker under cot, and a wash bowl. The lower half of the saloon buffets are open into the engine room, giving free access to the shaft and couplings. A hatchway and ladder over the reversing gear of the port engine leads to the main deck. Fresh air for the galley and engine room is obtained by three 7in. screw ports on each side and through two 5in. ventilators or windsails at the after end of the deck house. The air thus obtained passes up and out through the dummy stack already mentioned.

Just aft of and a step above the engine room is the saloon, 7ft. 6in. long, with buffets and lockers at the forward end, and a transom berth with drawers underneath on each side. On the after bulkhead is an open fireplace with mantle and book shelves above.

Next comes a passageway, or steerage, leading to the stateroom and main companion way steps, and a locker for oil skins, etc., also a linen press, with a locker back of it opening into the saloon. On the port side is a bathroom, 4ft. 6in. long, with w. c., oval wash bowl and small bath. Placing the bathroom in this passageway makes it equally accessible to the saloon, stateroom or deck.

The owner's stateroom, 7ft. 9in. in length, is aft, and contains a double bed, with drawers under, and large clothes locker on starboard side and a wash bowl and transom with drawers underneath to port, and another and smaller locker aft, with a bureau or chest of drawers against the bulkhead between bend and transom. This transom is full length, and can be used for an extra berth if needed.

Separating the lazarette from the stateroom, and the rest of the boat is a watertight steel bulkhead. This lazarette is reached by a brass man-hole plate in the after deck and contains two gasolene tanks, with a total capacity of 350 gallons. These tanks are supported by keelsons or bilge stringers, running well forward beyond the sternpost or deadwood. This position for the fuel tanks is not conventional, but has been selected for economy of space, leaving better and more comfortable quarters for the crew forward.

The tanks are high enough for the oil to flow to the engines under any condition of trim or settling aft, and the pipes lead outside along the garboards to engine room. The waterjacket or casting is high and can be flushed out at any time.

This cabin arrangement seems to cover everything called for in the requirements of the competition. With the exception of the deck house, the owner's quarters are aft and together and away from the crew, and including the deck house, give three separate sleeping compartments at night, with a total berthing capacity for the owner and guests as follows:

Stateroom 3, saloon 2, deck house 1; or a total of 6 berths. The crew accommodations are two in engine room and two in forecabin.

The forward deck is 12ft. 9in. long, then comes the deck house, with passage way 1ft. 6in. wide each side. The main deck over galley and engine room is 10ft. 9in. in length, giving ample room for the handling of the boat, use of deck chains, etc. Next comes the cabin trunk 18in. in height, with 2ft. waterways on each side, and an after deck 11ft. 9in. in length. The interior finish to be of white enamel with mahogany trimmings, and dark green upholstery. The construction is strong, plain and inexpensive. No estimates have been obtained from builders, but the cost of building should be well within the limit of \$9,000.

Queries on Marine Motors.

B. J. G., Edgartown, Mass.—Is a three-bladed propeller more powerful than a two-bladed, and why? 2. Would I get better results to run my propeller slower or faster than my engine, which runs 410 revolutions per minute?

Ans.—1. If the two-bladed propeller has the same blade surface as the three bladed, and the blades are true pitch the whole of the driving surface, it would be equally as powerful. The principal trouble with two-bladed wheels used for heavy work is they are not true. Quite a difficult matter to make true patterns, and not have the castings warp in pouring. 2. It would all depend upon the propeller.

R. J. H., New Bedford, Mass.—Which is the more economical, a high, low or medium speed marine gasolene engine?

Ans.—All things being equal, there should be more friction in a high than a low speed engine, which would take power. On the other hand, a high speed engine should get a more even quality of gasolene vapor and air, could be run on a higher explosive mixture if proper adjustment were made. As ordinarily designed a propeller wheel will absorb more power at high than low speed. It is, therefore, an open question depending on conditions.

S. J. R., Manteo, N. C.—Which do you consider the better, "splash" or positive feed lubrication?

Ans.—A good system, that is sure, no matter whether "splash" force feed, or gravity, is absolutely necessary. Some "splash" systems are very poor, others have been used successfully for many years. Gravity feed is good, provided the pressure leaking past the rings does not blow the oil back into the cups. Force feed is good unless the small pipes get choked with dirt, or there is a leak in the pressure. A splash system may be positive and a force feed may not be, but no matter what system, it should be positive.

Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

(Concluded from page 322.)

IN order to know the developed horsepower and fuel consumption of a marine gasolene engine, the purchaser will ordinarily have to make his own test. Many manufacturers guarantee their engines to develop a certain horsepower, and also guarantee the amount of fuel per horsepower hour, without making any tests whatever.

If the price at which the engine is sold will not warrant careful test for efficiency, some engines will develop considerable less horsepower than others, and he who buys one is quite as likely to get a poor engine as a good one. The intelligent manufacturer who tests his engines out can tell whether or not each one turned out is up to the established standard. Such tests should be made thoroughly systematically and knowingly, the results should be carefully studied, and in a two-stroke engine they should show whether the exhaust and inlet ports are properly proportioned and located, two of the most important features of two-stroke engines. Imperfections of cylinder boring or improperly fitting piston rings can be proven in no other way. The amount of back pressure on the exhaust, the actual compression and vacuum in cylinder and crank-chamber, the amount of "wire-drawing" in the exhaust, the timing of the spark in multi-cylinder construction, and several other minor, although important, points may be brought out. But paramount above all these, in no other way or manner can the horsepower of the engine be shown and the number of revolutions per minute at which the engine develops the most power. Some engines will develop more power per hundred revolutions at low than high speeds, while others will be found to be very uneconomical at low speed and reasonably economical at high speed. In others high speed causes a great waste of gasolene.

Several years ago I had occasion to run a small launch for a period of twenty hours. It was rated 2½ to 3 horsepower, yet the consumption of fuel, incredible as it may seem, averaged but a trifle less than one gallon per hour, at a speed not far from 350 r. p. m. Another engine of the same make in a similar boat, with the same number of revolutions, used less than two quarts per hour.

If you are to address a manufacturer of the cheaper grades of two-stroke engines, and ask him at what speed his engine develops the most horsepower, and also at what speed the consumption of fuel per horsepower is the least, he will either give you an evasive answer, make no reply, or possibly give an answer, figures, etc., that he has no idea is anything like the truth, or he may possibly make reply, truthfully, too, that he does not know; that he never considered the matter of sufficient importance to make any study of testing.

If not of importance to the manufacturer, it ought to be to the purchaser, for if one make of engine 6in. diameter and 6in. stroke delivers 25 per cent. more horsepower at 25 per cent. less fuel, it certainly must be worth more than the less powered more uneconomical engine.

In four-stroke engines, testing is even more necessary than in two-stroke. It is rare that a two cylinder four-stroke engine will show the same horsepower on each of two or more cylinders. Testing is absolutely necessary in order to regulate the tension on automatically operated inlet valve springs, timing of valves, regularity of ignition, relative timing of ignition in different cylinders, tracing leaks under inlet or exhaust valves or valve seats and a dozen or more different points, all essential if the engine is to be up to the recognized standard of excellence attained in the modern manufacture of marine gasolene engines.

Let the design of the engine be by the ablest gasolene engineers, the machine work the most modern and rational, the assembling the most careful, the amount of perfection in developed horsepower depends on careful attention to the symptoms as shown on the testing block, by one who knows how to make it, and who can read from his records the story of maladjustments, imperfect machinery or material, often crude design.

In testing marine gasolene engines, the only thoroughly reliable apparatus is the Prony brake. Once knowing what the result by Prony brake will show on an electric generator in volts and amperes, this becomes the handiest method of testing, but to be absolutely sure, the work should be occasionally proven by the old reliable brake.

An exhaust or pressure blower may sometimes be used to good advantage to satisfy the manufacturer that the engine is up to an established standard, but no matter what method of testing is employed, it should be exhaustive, made with the engine connected up with mufflers, etc., about as to be installed in the boat. Nothing will teach the manufacturer so much about his own engine, the operation so often neglected, if not entirely omitted, as the object lessons of the marine gasolene engine under test.

GRAVESEND BAY CHAMPIONSHIP RACES.—The five events to count on the championship of Gravesend Bay have been settled upon. The first takes place June 24 at the Atlantic Y. C., the next on July 22 at the Marine and Field Club, the third on Aug. 5, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C., the fourth on Aug. 19 at the Bensonhurst Y. C., and the last on Sept. 9 under the auspices of the New York C. C.

Boston Letter.

ELMINA II. LAUNCHED.—Elmina II., designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris for Mr. F. F. Brewster, of the New York Y. C., was launched from Lawley's west shop on Tuesday morning, April 18. The schooner was christened by Miss Anna H. Fitch, a cousin of the owner. Elmina was started down the ways at 9:55 and took the water gracefully. A snubbing hawser parted when she fetched up on it and Elmina fouled a small schooner in the basin, but no damage was done. Mr. Brewster is in Europe, but several relatives and friends attended the launching, and there was the usual throng of spectators seen at the Lawley shops when a big yacht is sent overboard. Within a short time the designation of succession will be taken from the new schooner, as the old Elmina's name is to be changed. The new schooner is a handsome craft in the water, and although she is not yet down to her lines, there is sufficient to show the fine form of the hull above water. She is 124ft. over all, 87ft. waterline, 25ft. breadth and 15ft. 6in. draft. While the new Elmina will undoubtedly be raced as often as possible during the coming season, she is also intended to be a most comfortable cruiser. Below decks she is well laid out, there being comfortable quarters not only for the owner and his guests, but also for the officers and crew. Aft of the main companionway, leading to the owner's quarters, is an after cabin extending the full beam of the ship. There are berths on each side and transoms. A bath tub is placed below the floor and the washbowl is under the companionway stairs. Passing forward, there is a bathroom on the port side, which may be reached from the passage or from a stateroom adjoining. There is another stateroom forward of these rooms on the same side. On the starboard side, just off the companionway stairs, is a smoking room, which contains a berth and sofas and a good-sized closet. There is a swinging table. Off this room is a toilet room. Forward of the smoking room, on the same side, is the owner's room, containing berth and sofa, with bath beneath the floor. Next forward is the main saloon, which has sofas on each side, bookcase, writing desk and extension table. At the forward end of the room is a fire-place, while on each side there are sideboards. Forward of the main saloon is the galley, of good size and having all accommodations for cruising. Off the galley, on the starboard side, are two staterooms, one for the stewards and the other for the cooks. The officers' messroom is forward of the galley, having berths on the port side, while on the starboard side is the captain's stateroom. Then comes the crew's quarters fitted with pipe berths and forward of this are closets for stores and the chain lockers. The lazarette aft is fitted with shelves for stores, light sails, etc.

NEW YACHT YARD AT MARBLEHEAD.—Messrs. Burgess & Packard are to establish a yacht yard and building plant at Marblehead and will move their building plant there from Salem some time in June. They have acquired about three acres of land on the town side, between the Rockmere Inn and the electric light station, upon which a shed is now being erected. This shed will be 100 by 40ft. In addition they will maintain a store for ship chandlery and engine supplies and will also erect a small machine shop. A marine railway will be built which will have a capacity of 300 tons, in front of which there will be 14ft. at mean low water. It is rather interesting to note that the new yard is on the site of the original Marblehead shipyard, in which ships were built in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is known as the Charles W. Parker estate. In addition to the Boston office at 131 State street, an office will be established on Nashua street, Marblehead. This firm has in the finishing stages at its Salem shops a 40ft. auto boat for Mr. William Wallace. This boat is 4ft. 9in. beam and about 2ft. draft, with a motor of 200 horsepower. She will probably be entered for the big events during the coming season. They are also building a 30ft. power boat, whose model is similar to Mercedes, U. S. A., and which will have a motor of 45 horsepower. A cabin launch, 36ft. long is being built for Mr. S. W. Wilder, which will have a motor of 18 horsepower. This boat will be entered in the ocean race of the Knickerbocker Y. C. from New York to Marblehead. The light draft, 40ft. waterline jib and mainsail Cricket, built for Commodore J. A. Rawlins, of New Orleans, was shipped from New York last Wednesday on the deck of a steamer to Galveston, Tex. She will compete in the South Coast races.

EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE.—Instead of holding its annual cruise after the arrival of the New York Y. C. fleet at Marblehead, the Eastern Y. C. will hold its cruise in July. The month of August, in which the New York fleet will be at Marblehead, is one of fogs along the Maine coast, and it is possible that many yacht owners would not care to take chances on being held up at different ports. Then, too, some of the yacht owners will commence to think of hauling out soon after the end of the New York Y. C. cruise, and this would also be liable to decrease the attendance at a late cruise. The itinerary for the Eastern Y. C. cruise has been announced by the regatta committee as follows:

July 7, Friday.—Rendezvous at Marblehead. Captains will report on board the flagship at 8:30 P. M.
July 8, Saturday.—Fleet will sail at 3 for Gloucester.
July 9, Sunday.—Gloucester to Isles of Shoals.
July 10, Monday.—Isles of Shoals to Boothbay.
July 11, Tuesday.—Boothbay to Camden.
July 12, Wednesday.—Fleet will proceed at will to Islesboro.
July 13, Thursday.—Islesboro to Bartlett's Narrows.
July 14, Friday.—Bartlett's Narrows to Bar Harbor.
July 15, Saturday.—Races at Bar Harbor. Fleet disbands.

NEW SAILS BY COUSENS & PRATT.—Messrs. Cousens & Pratt, at their shops in the Lawley yards, have received orders for sails for the following yachts: Commodore J. O. Shaw's 90ft. schooner Alert; 43ft. schooner building at Lawley's for Mr. Bancroft C. Davis; schooner Winnebago, 35ft. sloop building by Lawley for Mr. Myers; 22-footer Medic II., Mr. H. H. White; 22-footer Rube, Mr. H. L. Bowden; 18-footer Hayseed II., Mr. H. L. Bowden; new 18-footer for Mr. A. R. Train; Mr. E. B. Holmes' 18-footer Nicnack; 21-footer Iola of the Osterville class; Mr. Longfellow's 47ft. sloop Wyvern; Mr. W. H. Wheelock's 25-footer Carina II.; ten new 17-footers for the Cohasset Y. C., two 21-footers and one 30-footer for Stockholm, Sweden; a 21-footer for Viborg, Russia; Mr. C. F. Rockemann's new catboat, eight one-design tenders for the Manchester Y. C., 22ft. knockabout Ejako, Cape cat Marvel, Mr. John D. Batchelder's

schooner Marie, Mr. T. H. Bickwell's 21-footer of the Osterville one-design class, 22ft. yawl building by Schiverick for a member of the Savin Hill Y. C., Mrs. C. H. Williams' 18-footer Kotik, 22-footer building for Messrs. C. D. Lanning and Commodore B. P. Cheney, 21-footer for Mr. C. F. Beyers, of Erie, Pa.; four Larchmont one-design 21-footers by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and one 22-footer by the same designers; Mr. E. A. Shuman's sloop Lamont, Seawanhaka challengers for Mr. J. L. Bremer and Mr. A. Henry Higginson; 30ft. yawl for Mr. R. D. Floyd, of New York; 30-footer Vivian II., Mr. S. E. Vernon, New York; 17-footer for Mr. George Lee; 21-footer Rooster II., Mr. Henry Whiton, Lakewood O., seven suits for yachts in Sweden, and awnings, covers, etc., for Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard's steam yacht Rambler.

BOSTON Y. C.—There will be a regular meeting of the Boston Y. C. at the Rowe's Wharf clubhouse on Wednesday evening at which a proposed amendment to change close of the fiscal year to Dec. 31, will be considered. It has been announced that the floats at the Dorchester station will be put in position on April 29 and the station will be opened May 13. The station at Hull will be opened June 10. The floats at this station will be put in position early in May. New floats will be built to take the place of those destroyed by storm last year. A small machine shop is to be maintained at the Hull station this season at which launch owners may make minor repairs to their motors.

YAWL FOR OCEAN RACE.—There has been built at Boothbay, Me., from designs of Messrs. Small Bros., a 30ft. waterline yawl for Mr. R. D. Floyd, of New York. This yawl was built to compete in the ocean race of the Brooklyn Y. C. from New York to Hampton Roads, and has been designed essentially as a safe, sane cruiser, at the same time showing a very nicely turned hull. She is 40ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, beam 13ft. and 5ft. 5in. draft. The headroom is over 6ft. and there is plenty of elbow room in the cabin. She carries 862 sq. ft. of sail and has 6,550 pounds of iron on her keel. Mr. S. N. Small intended to start from Boothbay to Marblehead yesterday.

AUXILIARY SCHOONER WITH HIGH POWER.—Messrs. Burgess & Packard have designed an auxiliary schooner of 103ft. waterline which is now under construction at the yard of A. G. Story, Essex, Mass. The owner's name is withheld by the designers for the present. The schooner will be 133ft. over all, 103ft. waterline, 25ft. 7in. beam and 15ft. draft. She will have a motor of 300 horsepower, which is expected to give her a speed of about twelve miles an hour without sails.

KEROSENE MOTOR BOAT OF 120 HORSEPOWER.—Last week work was started at Lawley's on a twin-screw launch, 96ft. in length, 14ft. beam and 5ft. draft. The yacht was designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley for a Boston man whose name is withheld. The yacht will be propelled by two kerosene motors aggregating 120 horsepower. The accommodations will consist of three staterooms and a large dining saloon. In one of the staterooms and in the dining saloon there will be a fire-place.

MR. H. L. BOWDEN'S BOATS TRIED OUT.—The 22-footer Rube, built at Graves' yard, Marblehead, from designs by Messrs. Small Bros., was launched on Tuesday, April 18. On Wednesday she was given a trial in company with Mr. H. H. White's 22-footer Medic II., and made a satisfactory showing. Mr. Bowden's new 18-footer, Hayseed II., also designed by Messrs. Small Bros., was also given a trial on Wednesday, being put against last year's champion Hayseed. The new boat is said to have shown up well.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Revive the Catboat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial "Revive the Catboat" is encouraging, comprehensive and timely. Although it must, of necessity, be known to you, that to the Crosbys of Osterville is chiefly due the credit of placing before yachtsmen the fast, able and inexpensive Cape cat; you have somewhat unjustly, I think, omitted mentioning the fact. You say "if properly designed catboats can be made to balance properly." To me this seems rather "a consummation devoutly to be wished," than an accomplished fact. To put it mildly, in a Cape cat equipped with the large sail plan essential to speed it is somewhat difficult to retain ease of steering. Your remarks on the cat and the knockabout are entirely correct and to the point. We believe with you that with the thought, science and skill of modern designers the cat can be made the perfect small yacht. Even now, putting aside the question of hard steering (a thing practically obviated by the wheel gear) I can see no quality in which the cat is inferior. Considering its simplicity, seaworthiness, durability, speed and comfort the Cape cat retains to a much greater degree than the knockabout the old, pre-eminent essential quality of being a "ship."

GEORGE M. SHEAHAN.

QUINCY, Mass., April 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to congratulate FOREST AND STREAM on the article which appeared in this week's issue on the catboat. I feel sure that it will accomplish a great deal toward reviving interest in this distinctly American type of boat, and the point which you make very clear in regard to the expense of building a modern racing boat, as compared with the cat, is certain to appeal to many. At the present time a one-design class of catboats is being considered by members of the New Rochelle Y. C. for next season, and there is every prospect of its being a success. The Cape Catboat Association is certainly a step in the right direction, and their rules and restrictions are both simple and sensible.

J. D. SPARKMAN.

NEW YORK, April 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Was delighted to read your article on catboats in last week's FOREST AND STREAM. No sloop or knockabout compares with the catboat of the same length, in accommodations, ease of handling, safety and cheapness. Your article covers the entire ground and will be appreciated by all who have sailed catboats in all kinds of weather; keep up the good work.

O. H. CHELLBORG.

NEW YORK, April 24.

The Canada Cup Challengers.

TORONTO, April 22.—There will be three Canadian candidates for the honor of challenging for the Canada Cup, and there will be two additional entries in the trial races, so that the final challenger should be a fairly fast boat.

The "two additional entries" will be Beaver and Invader, both of Canada Cup fame, but while they will make excellent trial boats it is not at all probable that either will be selected for the final contest, as neither exactly fit the new 30ft. class.

Of the three new yachts two are owned by Toronto men and a Hamilton syndicate owns the third. She will be known as Hamilton II., the head of her syndicate being Mr. J. H. Fearnside, who built Hamilton I. for the contest of 1899. Mr. William Johnston, who designed Hamilton I., is the designer and builder of the new boat. His previous Canada Cup effort was a pure fin-keel craft and Hamilton II., while technically a semi-fin, resembles her very closely. Her sides are carried down to the fin with a curve which shows little variation, and while she has hollow garboards her fin is quite a distinct feature. The sternpost rakes at an angle of about 45 degrees, but the forward profile is more nearly perpendicular.

Hamilton II. is built of Indiana oak frame, with Michigan pine planking below waterline and British Columbia cedar above. Her lead ballast, which amounts to four tons, is in a nearly straight slab, extending all the way along the bottom of her fin. It is 8ft. long. She is 50ft. 6in. over all, 30ft. waterline, and her draft is 7ft., at least it is calculated at 6ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

There is little possibility of variation in general dimension among the Canada Cup craft owing to the fact that the rules are hard and fast, racing measurements being now secured by specification instead of formula. The 30-footer under the measurements of the Yacht Racing Union is 30ft. on the waterline, must be 9ft. 6in. beam, must not draw more than 7ft., must not spread more than 1,500 sq. ft. of canvas, and must have a cabin-trunk 19in. high. The new boats stick close to the maximum and minimum in every case, and consequently have their principal dimensions in common. Even the relative size of their jibs and mainsails can show little variation, for the proportions are fixed at 25 and 75 per cent. respectively—at least the mainsail must not exceed 75 per cent. of the total area, which makes this sail 1,125 sq. ft. with 325ft. for the headsail triangle. The three boats are all rigged alike, as jib and mainsail sloops. It is principally in over all length that individually is shown.

One of the Toronto challengers is owned by Mr. Fred. Nicholls and designed by Mr. William Fife, Jr., of Fairlie. She is a graceful boat with long ends, her after overhang being 12ft. and her forward one 11ft., or very near it. Her counter is carried out until it intersects the line of the deck. Forward her profile is by no means abrupt, having no more fullness than that of the original Canada—a Fife boat, by the way. The curve of her stem is carried down to the lead at the bottom without much reverse and her lead is shorter than the Hamilton boats. Her sternpost rakes greatly and she has a pear-shaped rudder. Her sides flare slightly, so that her breadth, which is 9ft. 6in. at the waterline, is nearly 10ft. on deck. Her garboards are quite hollow and there is comparatively little deadwood in her fin.

The other Toronto boat is owned by Mr. James Worts and was designed by Mr. Alfred Mylne. She is much shorter, particularly aft, where her counter is cut off with a neat transom. This reduces her over all length to 48ft. Her garboards are not so hollow as those of the Fife boat, and were it not for the slight tumblehome of her sides her sternpost rakes would more nearly resemble a V shape. Her sternpost rakes greatly, but not so much as the Fife boat, and her lead ballast is in a shorter and more compact bulb. She carries more of it, too, having 5 tons 1,760 lbs. to the Fife boat's 5 tons 1,460 lbs. The bulb is flat on the bottom. From the forward end of the lead the profile sweeps up to the stemhead with little departure from the one curve. The two old-country boats are alike in being very fine forward.

The Toronto craft are both the immediate product of Capt. James Andrews' shop in Oakville, a little lakeport twenty miles west of Toronto. It is here that all the Canadian challengers and defenders of the cup have been built so far, Captain Andrews being the best known builder in Ontario. These two boats are only his in part, however, having been completely framed in England and Scotland by the designers, and then sent out by package freight to be planked. Their frames are of English oak and elm, and their sails and a part of their gear are of English make, although local sailmakers may also be given orders for suits, as was done in the case of Strathcona. They are planked with Douglas fir, a very hard and durable Canadian wood. The cabin finishing in all three will be quite elaborate, but it will not be completed until after the races are over.

The sail plan of the Nicholls yacht, Temeraire, as she will be called, is long on the base and not very high. The Worts boat's sailplan shows a generous hoist and short mainboom, this latter spar being only 37ft. in length while the mainmast is over 50ft. She has 5ft. more hoist than Invader. The Hamilton boat's sailplan is more like Temeraire's. All three have the modern short horn, the bowsprits being 4ft. outboard.

The displacement of the two Toronto boats is about equal. They both show a high proportion of wetted surface, possibly 30 per cent. more than is necessary.

In the two Toronto boats all the running gear leads below. This plan was followed in Beaver and Minota with good results in 1899, but they were flush decked vessels, and when on a wind could send everybody below. The cabin trunks which the new boats have to carry prevent any effectual economy of windage, but of course provide full head room, there being 6ft. under carlins.

The trial races will begin at Toronto on July 22. Mr. E. K. M. Weed will sail Temeraire and Mr. J. H. Fearnside Hamilton II. Who the other skippers will be is uncertain at this date. It was hoped that Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, the famous amateur skipper, would sail the challenger, but the latest announcement regarding him is that he will spend the summer in Muskoka on account of his health, which was not of the best even at the time of the last Canada Cup contest. It is possible, however, that it will be sufficiently improved in time to permit him to take the stick. He has sailed every challenger and defender

in the series so far.

There is considerable difference in the construction of the three boats. In Temeraire steel cross ties are largely used in the floors, and the workmanship, direct from the Pife shops, is very fine. She has a very sturdy oak mast step with special castings, and an ingenious set of knees to take up the strain at the chain plates.

There is less iron work in the Mylne boat, and her construction looks comparatively light, but she has three diagonal steel straps on the inner side of her planking. The two boats are planked in long strakes, and do not show more than a dozen butts to the side. The butts are all long scarfs, lapping over four frames, and are put in on the bench, the whole strake going on in one piece.

Hamilton II. does not use much iron work, although she has three steel straps inside the frames at the chain plates, and three more amidships. She is heavily framed and has strong oak floors cross-tied at every frame.

C. H. J. SNIDER.

Rhode Island Notes.

NEW POWER BOATS.—At the shop of the Chase Yacht & Engine Company, in Providence, is building a 40ft. cabin cruising power boat, designed to enter the ocean race for power boats to be run from New York to Marblehead, Mass., under the auspices of the Knickerbocker Y. C., the latter part of July. The boat will be 40ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam and about 2ft. draft, and is to be equipped with a 30 horsepower four-cylinder Chase engine capable of about ten knots an hour. There will be a turtle deck forward and a water-tight cockpit aft, while a large cabin will afford ample cruising accommodations. The same concern is building a substantial 26ft. open launch for Mr. William F. Aldrich, of Providence. At Frederick S. Nock's yard at East Greenwich, there is building a 34ft. hunting cabin launch for Mr. Henry R. Williams, of Hartford, Conn., which will have a 12 horsepower Hartford motor and a 33ft. boat of the same type for Mr. William A. Bardell, of New York. Both boats are from Mr. Nock's designs and are handsomely finished.

F. H. YOUNG.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

SCHOONER SEA FOX SOLD.—Mr. Ansel Phelps Stokes, New York Y. C., has sold the schooner yacht Sea Fox through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, to Mr. Dallas B. Pratt.

RECENT SALES.—Messrs. Macconnell & Cook have made the following transfers:

The auxiliary sloop yacht Phoebe by Mr. H. C. Quinby to Mr. Raymond S. Porter, Manhasset Bay Y. C. The schooner yacht Rosina to a Southern yachtsman. The cabin cat Anemone by Mr. J. E. Dederich, of Bayonne, N. J., to Mr. A. C. Smith, of Yonkers, N. Y., and the sloop yacht Melanie III. by Mr. M. K. Hackett to Mr. William Huger, of Newark, N. J.

BERGEN POINT Y. C. OFFICERS.—At the meeting of the Bergen Point Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Julius C. Shailer; Vice-Com., William T. Barnard; Rear Com., Walter E. Wadman; Sec. and Treas., W. R. Wilde; Directors, F. C. Mahnken, F. Dobson and F. K. Lord; Fleet Capt., F. J. Borland; Fleet Surg., Dr. L. F. Donahoe; Meas., F. K. Lord.

HEMPSTEAD HARBOR Y. C.—The following officers were elected at a recent meeting of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C.: Com., J. S. Appleby; Vice-Com., E. P. Titus; Purser, Ellwood Valentine; Fleet Capt., William L. Hicks; Members of the Governing Board, Edward T. Payne, Samuel J. Seaman, E. B. Hall, Jr., Isaac R. Downing, Ward Dickson and the flag officers; Membership Committee, Isaac R. Coles, W. I. Fancher, Harold Thorne, Herbert S. Bowne and Ellwood Valentine.

STEAM YACHT LEVANTER LAUNCHED.—Mr. Alfred Marshall's new steam yacht Levanter was launched from the yard of the builders, the Gas Engine & Power Co., and Charles L. Seabury Co., on Saturday noon, April 22. The yacht is of composite construction and was designed by Mr. Charles L. Seabury. She is 131ft. over all, 109ft. waterline, 17ft. breadth and 8ft. 5in. draft. The boat has a flush deck, is schooner rigged and two mahogany deck houses. There is a dining room forward, and the after house will be used as a social hall and music room. Below there are seven staterooms. The owner has a large double room on the starboard side, and forward of this a bathroom. The other six rooms are of good size and have bath and toilet rooms connecting. All the living quarters are finished in mahogany and handsomely upholstered. The machinery consists of a Seabury 12in. stroke triple-expansion engine and a Seabury water tube boiler.

RACES FOR O. G. RICKETSON CUPS.—Mr. Oliver G. Ricketson, of Pittsburg, Pa., a member of the New Bedford Y. C., has offered through that club three cups for open contests to be held in Buzzard's Bay next summer. William F. Williams, commodore of that club, with Mr. Eustis, secretary of the Beverly Y. C., has arranged the series for the Ricketson cups, which are to become the property of the owners of the winning craft. The first race will be held off New Bedford on Thursday, Aug. 31, the second at Mattapoisett on the following day, and the third at Marion, Saturday, Sept. 2. The fourth race of the series will be on Sept. 4 off Wing's Neck, over the Beverly Y. C. course. The classes for which the cups are offered are as follows: First, for boats between 25ft. and 35ft. on the waterline; second, for boats between 20ft. and 25ft. on the waterline, and, third, the one-design 15-foot-

Entries in Ocean Race for German Emperor's Cup.

Table with columns: Name, Type and Rig, L.W.L., Owner, Club, Designer, Year Built, Net Ton. Lists various yachts like Valhalla, Apache, Ailsa, Hamburg, Utowana, Sunbeam, Thistle, Atlantic, Hildegarde, Fleur de Lys, and Endymion.

ers of each club. The races will be open to members of all clubs along the coast.—New York Herald.

ATAIR ARRIVES AT CITY ISLAND.—Mr. Cord Meyers' new one-design 30-footer reached City Island on Friday, April 21. She is the first of the New York Y. C. one-design boats to come west.

SUNBEAM'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA.—The following letter from Lord Brassey appears in the London Field of April 15:

SIR: As a veteran competitor for the German Emperor's cup, the Sunbeam's log may interest your yachting readers.

We sailed from Southampton on Monday, March 27, steamed down Channel against westerly winds, gradually freshening. Put into Falmouth Tuesday afternoon. Sailed early Wednesday, March 29. On the evening of Friday, March 31, made Cape Finisterre Light, and on the following evening the Burlings. Anchored off Funchal April 4. Steamed from Falmouth to lat. 45 degrees N., and from off Vigo to the Burlings. The larger half of the distance was covered under sail, with winds moderate to light abaft the beam. Total distance, Falmouth to Madeira, steam, 525; sail, 693 miles. Consumption of coal, twenty tons. Average speed under sail, a fraction under eight knots; under steam, eight to nine knots.

March 27.—Sailed from Southampton.
March 28.—Put into Falmouth.
March 29.—Sailed from Falmouth.
March 31.—Rounded Cape Finisterre.
April 1.—Passed the Burlings.
April 4.—Arrived at Madeira.
Weather: In the Channel, fresh westerly winds. Ushant to 45 degrees north, calms and light airs; 45 degrees north to off Vigo, northerly winds; moderate. Finisterre to Burlings, calms and light airs. Burlings to Madeira, northerly winds; sea smooth; all possible sail set.

BRASSEY.

THE NEW CLASS Q BOATS.—Six new boats have been built for racing in Class Q on Gravesend Bay. The names of boats, owners and designers of five boats follow:

More Trouble, W. H. Childs.....Charles D. Mower
Ojigwan, Geo. E. Reiners.....John R. Brophy
Quest, F. J. Havens.....Henry J. Gielow
Saetta, Geo. H. Church.....Henry J. Gielow
Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb.....Clinton H. Crane

The sixth boat is from Mr. B. B. Crowinshield's design and it is said she is for Mr. Henry J. Roberts.

BELLE HARBOR Y. C. BURGEER.—The Belle Harbor Y. C. has settled on a club flag. It is of the usual triangular shape. On the hoist are the bases of two small isosceles triangles of red. They leave the remainder of the flag in the shape of a white diamond, running horizontally. On the center of this is a blue five-pointed star.

NEW BOATS AT CENTER MORICHES.—Mr. T. A. Howell, of Brooklyn, is having a cruising launch built at Hallock's yard, Center Moriches, L. I. The boat is 38ft. over all and 8ft breadth, with a hunting cabin of sufficient depth to give head room. The engine is a 20 horsepower Twentieth Century and is expected to give the boat 10 knots for ordinary cruising and 12 knots when driven. The craft is intended primarily for use on Shinnecock and Great South bays, but is adapted for winter cruising in southern waters. Mr. Hallock has also under construction four 21ft. class catboats for members of the Shinnecock Y. C.

RECENT SALES AND CHARTERS.—Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has made the following sales and charters:

The auxiliary yawl Vanessa, sold by Mr. J. H. Smedley, of Detroit, to Mr. J. H. Ware, New York Y. C.; the schooner Grampus, for Mr. S. F. Houston, of Philadelphia, to Mr. L. D. Armstrong, of New York, and the steam yacht Turbese chartered by the estate of A. Schwarzmann, to Mr. Roswell Eldridge, New York Y. C.

COMMODORE LAUDER'S APPOINTMENTS.—Commodore George Lauder, Jr., of the Indian Harbor Y. C., announces the following appointments: Fleet Capt., Frank Bowne Jones; Fleet Surg., Leander P. Jones, M. D.; Fleet Chap., Rev. M. George Thompson.

COMMITTEE TO START OCEAN RACE.—Messrs. Newbury D. Lawton, Edward H. Wales, Oliver Cromwell, H. de B. Parsons and Admiral Hebbinghaus will act as a committee to start the boats entered in the ocean race for the Kaiser's cup. This committee is made up of two old members and two new members of the race committee of the New York Y. C. The big tow boat Vigilant, belonging to the Harbor Supervisor, will be turned over to the committee for their use on May 16, which is a very courteous thing for this official to do.

NEW BOATS BUILDING FROM MORGAN BARNEY'S DESIGNS.—Mr. Charles Henry Davis, New York Y. C., is having an open launch 70ft. over all, 66ft. waterline and 10ft.

breadth built from designs by Mr. Morgan Barney. She will be of double plank construction with oak frame. There are two water-tight cockpits, one forward and one aft of the engine compartment. The hull is subdivided by four water-tight bulkheads. The freeboard forward is raised about 14in. above the main sheer line and a turtleback deck is carried from the stem aft for a distance of 21ft. There is full head room. Under this deck there will be sleeping accommodations and a toilet room. The motive power will consist of a 70 horsepower Twentieth Century engine. There are two gasoline tanks of capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 800 miles. This launch is being built by H. Manley Crosby, of Oyster-ville, Mass., and will be completed on June 1. She will be named the Ildico.

Another launch from Mr. Barney's designs is being built by Mr. B. F. Hallock at Center Moriches for a summer resident of Quogue, L. I. Her dimensions are 38ft. 9in. over all, 37ft. waterline, 8ft. breadth and 2ft. draft. There is a low trunk cabin amidships containing the engine room and galley, toilet room and one double stateroom. In order to obtain full head room the freeboard is raised from a point amidships to the bow. There is a seat and cockpit forward of the cabin trunk and a water-tight cockpit aft. The motor will develop 20 horsepower. The propeller will have a weed cutting attachment.

The New York Yacht, Launch & Engine Co. are building a 21-footer from Mr. Barney's design for a Shelter Island yachtsman. She is 32ft 3in. over all, 21ft. waterline, 8ft. 3in. breadth and 5ft. draft. Her sail area is 620 sq. ft. The lead keel weighs 3,200 pounds. The construction is substantial and the finish is all of mahogany. There is 5ft. head room. The accommodations consist of saloon, toilet and galley, with crew space forward.

Mr. Barney has also designed a cruising yawl 32ft. 10in. over all, 23ft. waterline, 8ft. 9in. breadth and 5ft. draft for Mr. J. Cholditch, of Vancouver, B. C. She will have 4,200 pounds of outside lead and 700 sq. ft. of sail. The cabin is 13ft. long and has a head room of 5ft. 3in.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C. RACE SCHEDULE.—The Race Committee of the Royal Canadian Y. C. have arranged for the following regattas:

- June 3.—Cruising race, fleet in two divisions, 30ft. class.
June 10.—16ft. B Class, 14ft. and 12ft. dinghy, 30ft. class.
June 17.—Cruising race, fleet in two divisions, 30ft. class.
June 24.—30ft. class, 16ft. B class, 14ft. and 12ft. dinghy.
July 1.—Queen's Cup race off Hamilton, 16ft. B class, 14ft. and 12ft. dinghy, 30ft. class.
July 8.—Handicap cruising race, entire fleet, 30ft. class.
July 15.—30ft. class, 16ft. B class, 14ft. and 12ft. dinghy.
July 22 and following days.—Trial races for Canada's Cup challenger.
July 29.—Cruising race, fleet in two divisions, 30ft. class; 16ft. B class, 14ft and 12ft. dinghy.
Aug. 5.—25ft. class and 20ft. class.
Aug. 12.—Canada's Cup off Charlotte.
Aug. 19.—Canada's Cup off Charlotte.
Aug. 26.—16ft. B class, 14ft. and 12ft. dinghy, 25ft. and 20ft. class.
Sept. 2.—Cruising race fleet in two divisions.
Sept. 9.—Prince of Wales Cup, entire fleet, 16ft. B class, 14ft. and 12ft. dinghy.
Sept. 16.—Handicap cruising race, entire fleet.
There will be a race for the 30ft. class every Wednesday afternoon during June and July.

First Division—35ft. class and over, L. Y. R. A.
Second Division—30ft., 25ft. and 20ft. classes, L. Y. R. A.
30ft. Class.
25ft. Class.
20ft. Class.
16ft. ballasted class, L. S. S. A.
14ft. dinghy, L. S. S. A.
12ft dinghy, L. S. S. A.

SCHOONER CORONET SOLD.—The schooner yacht Coronet has been sold by Mr. Louis Bossert through McIntosh's agency to Mr. A. K. Perry, of Shiloh, Me., who has turned her over to the Holy Ghost and Us Society of Shiloh. The Rev. F. W. Sandford will use the yacht to spread their religious teachings among the fishermen and their families on the coasts of Maine and Nova Scotia.

About two years ago the schooner Wanderer was purchased by this society to do missionary work along the Maine coast.

Coronet is 125ft. waterline, 133ft. over all, 27ft. beam and 12ft. 6in. draft. She was built in Brooklyn in 1885 by C. & R. Poillon.

In 1887, when owned by R. T. Bush, she defeated the schooner Dauntless in a match race from Bay Ridge, L. I., to Queenstown for \$10,000 a side. Coronet sailed 2,949 miles in 14d. 19h. 23m.

In December, 1895, when owned by Mr. Arthur Curtiss James, Coronet left New York for San Francisco and, being joined there by her owner and a scientific party, proceeded to Japan to observe the total eclipse of the sun in August, 1896.

A Durango man was showing to a friend the good points of his dog and threw a half-dollar coin into the river. Obediently the dog dived for the coin and brought up a two-pound catfish and 35 cents in change.—Floresville (Mo.) Chronicle.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. East, Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.
Executive Committee—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York; E. M. Underhill, Box 262, Yonkers, N. Y.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I, Section 1, of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.:
"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Across Nova Scotia in Canoes.

EARLY in 1904 some one suggested that we select Nova Scotia as the scene for our cruise for that summer. This idea was hailed with enthusiasm by the members of our party—three from Philadelphia, known respectively as Carl, Arthur the Skipper, and H. N. T. the Scribe, and one from Boston, named Charles, alias Chas. O. We had only two weeks vacation apiece, and this meant scarcely ten days for the cruise itself, leaving us very little time to take things easy. So in February active preparations were begun. It has often been said that half the enjoyment of an outing is found in the planning of it, and our experience was no exception to the rule. Sporting catalogues were secured, H. N. T. made a long exhaustive search for a chart or survey of Nova Scotia, Charles looked up the transportation facilities for getting to and from the scene of action and Arthur made deep abstruse calculations as to the amount of food likely to be consumed by four ravenous appetites on a ten-day trip. In all our plans, it was necessary to keep a strict watch on the quantities, as it was our ambition to "go light" and rely largely on our own resources. With this idea we were inclined to think that we could dispense with the services of a guide, since good maps of the country should be sufficient to show us the way—at least, so we thought then.

The outline of our route was as follows: From Boston to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, by the Dominion Atlantic Railway Company S. S. Boston; thence via D. A. Railway around the north shore to Annapolis, Nova Scotia, and thence by stage across the watershed to Milford, about 15 miles inland, where we would put our boats in the water. The start was to be made from Boston on Sunday afternoon; arrive at Yarmouth Monday morning; at Annapolis early Monday afternoon, and at Milford about 5 o'clock that evening. From there we would cruise down the Liverpool River and through the various lakes, fishing and taking things easy, so we thought, as far as the town of Liverpool, where we would take the steamer early Tuesday morning of the week following, around the south shore of Nova Scotia to Yarmouth, returning by the Dominion Atlantic boat to Boston Wednesday or Thursday. This plan was followed completely with only one or two slight changes, as the rest of the narrative will show.

Carl and H. N. T. were the fishermen of the party, the others caring nothing for this delightful sport. We carried no fire-arms other than two revolvers, which were intended more for signalling than anything else, but our fishing tackle was very complete. H. N. T. arranged to take two cameras, a No. 3 folding pocket kodak and a large No. 5 cartridge kodak, using films. Both of these cameras were inclosed in waterproof sponge bags, and the packages of films were also carried in a similar waterproof bag. Our duffle was packed in rubber camping bags, and heavy canvas pack bags, the latter proving the best. We carried an A wall tent with just enough room inside for four persons to lie abreast, and we had four sleeping bags (Phelp's make), with heavy quilted inside bags, expecting cold weather at night. The party was liberally supplied with fly dope, both the pennyroyal and the tar varieties, and H. N. T. carried a small bottle of oil of citronella as an experiment, which proved very efficacious in keeping off what few black flies and mosquitoes we encountered.

We used two canvas-covered canoes, one a 16ft. Carleton make, dark red color, and the other an 18ft. E. M. White, dark green finish. Louis, our half-breed Indian guide, used a small white birch bark.

We decided upon the early summer, partly on account of the fishing, and partly because Chas. O. would not take his vacation after July 1. This suited the fishermen of the party first-rate, since the latter part of May and early June is the best time for trout fishing in Nova Scotia. We counted on striking the first run of grilse, or young salmon, somewhere below the Indian Gardens, as they are due there about the middle of June.

The second Monday in that month saw us en route by boat, train and team for the little settlement of Milford, at the head of the Liverpool chain of lakes. The drive across country from the coast led us through mountainous country, over a series of steep ridges, heavily wooded, with deep gorges and valleys lying between. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon we drew up at Thomas' place covered with dust; and after a wholesome repast, shacked our entire outfit over to the shore of the lake. We quickly loaded all the duffle aboard, and started the cruise at 7:05 P. M., followed by the farewells of the Thomas family. The lake was simply a maze of islands and bays, with low woods

along the shores, and the party got lost promptly within a quarter of a mile of the start, being unable to find the exit to the main body of the lake. Fortunately, we met a man going across the lake in a birch bark canoe, who pointed out the way to us. This lake was like nearly all the others we passed on the cruise, very irregular and full of islands, with any number of apparent exits, which would take probably a day or more to explore, before hitting upon the right one. We ran leisurely into the second lake, and saw several likely spots for a camp, finally deciding upon one, where there was a huge shelving rock sloping up from the water, with a broad flat space at the top, and the woods behind. We hauled the canoes out of the water, and got busy pitching camp about sunset. The days seemed much longer here, since our watches were set an hour earlier, but this difference was not an actual difference in time between Nova Scotia, and say, Boston, so that frequently at 9 o'clock it would be broad daylight. This first night at camp might as well be described as typical of our procedure each evening on making camp.

After the canoes were pulled up safely on shore, all hands would prospect around for a smooth level spot on which to pitch the tent. After this was settled upon, the tent would be unrolled and put up by two of the party, and in the mean time, the cook would unpack the utensils and get things ready for supper. Then the various pack bags would have to be distributed to the proper places—the four sleeping bags to the tent, and the "tin rubber bag" and the "dope" bags to the campfire. One or two of the party would then rustle a supply of fire-wood; the others would go into the woods for hemlock, spruce, or balsam boughs for the beds. By this time the two cooks, generally Chas. O. and Arthur, would be busy with the cooking, and H. N. T. or somebody else would thatch the floor of the tent with the boughs, after smoothing all irregularities in the surface as well as possible with an ax. The rubber blanket would be spread over the spruce boughs, and the four bags unrolled side by side on that; after this the personal kit bags would be unpacked and laid out on each sleeping bag.

During the few minutes before the meal was ready, there was generally a chance to change into dry shoes and socks, and hang up the wet ones to dry by the fire; after this all hands would pitch in and feed heartily. Promptly after supper, two of the party would take their turn at "pot wrassling," one man washing the dishes in hot water and pearline in the tin oven, and the other man drying them off. The oven proved a great success, not only for cooking, but for use as a dish pan afterward for cleaning up. The other two would generally fish or amuse themselves in some other way around the camp, and two or three times on the trip, the party gathered around the campfire for a few minutes, smoking and talking. As a rule, however, everyone was ready to turn into bed as soon as the ordinary duties were finished around the camp, and sleep like logs until the following morning. There was barely room inside the tent for Louis, but this made very little difference, as we could not persuade him to sleep under cover. He had a small square of sheepskin about 4ft. long, and he would stretch out on this close up to the fire, so close that it was a wonder his clothes did not scorch, and roll his head and shoulders up in a blanket. Along toward morning, the fire would naturally die down to nothing but ashes, and he would then be awakened by the cold, and would get up and pile on some more logs, again lying down to sleep until daybreak. We found the sleeping bags a great success, and carried very pleasant memories of each night's camp, with the springy beds of boughs and the strong fragrance of the balsam. This was practically our procedure each evening of the trip, although of course the first night out we were by ourselves, as Louis did not join us until Tuesday morning.

We named our first camp in honor of the commodore for the day, and the crew of the big canoe went out about twilight for a paddle around the lake, after taking everything out of the boat. The distant view of the campfire, the dark forest behind, and the reflection on the water made a very beautiful scene. A little later before turning in, the Scribe tried a flashlight picture of the party around the campfire. This was one of the camps where we did sit around after supper, and smoked beside the fire. All hands turned in early, about half past nine, with great expectations for the morrow. Some little sleep was lost finding the proper thickness of sleeping bags to sleep under, and as the tent was pitched on solid rock, which made it necessary for us to fasten the guy ropes to stones, the party complained somewhat the following morning of the hardness of the beds, since we had gathered scarcely enough balsam to serve as a mattress. The night was clear and cold, and the shelter of the tent was very grateful.

Tuesday, June 14.

The Scribe awoke early, and turned out about 5 A. M., finding it quite foggy and cool. Following the true instincts of the fisherman, he very quickly had his tackle rigged up, and proceeded to try a few casts off the rock, directly in front of the camp. The water was very still and clear, and after a few feeble rises, he managed to hook a small perch about 3in. long. Fortunately, none of the others but Arthur were up yet. After the campfire had been replenished with several huge logs, the others were awakened and they turned out with various remarks about the hardness of the ground, and the fogginess of the morning. Chas. O. had an insane idea, which, however, had sounded very attractive the night before, to take a swim in the lake, which he proceeded to do, although the water must have been little above freezing point. The others stood around and looked on silently, somewhat awe-stricken by his energy, and he tried to put on a bluff that he was enjoying it. We noticed, however, that he was very willing to pay close attention to the cooking around the campfire for some little time afterward.

Breakfast proved a great success. The coffee was made by our special process, which consisted of suspending a small cheesecloth bag filled with ground coffee in the boiling water until the desired strength was secured. Enough of these bags were prepared and filled before leaving home, and we were always sure of

having first rate coffee without grounds, with no trouble whatever. The corn bread baked in the Dutch oven was the most popular item on the menu.

The morning was cold enough to make the campfire very popular, and about the time breakfast was ready, the fog commenced to blow off the lake in long streamers, making a very strange effect. By 6:30 it was perfectly clear with the sun up over the horizon. Curiously enough, a few minutes later, a cloud of fog was seen coming through the trees behind us, and very shortly enveloped everything, so that it was difficult to see more than a few yards in any direction. We were rather anxious about this, as Louis, our guide, was to meet us at 7 o'clock, and we had not set on any definite place, but simply expected him to look for us, somewhere down the lake. Luckily, however, the second fog, which must have come from one of the other lakes in the neighborhood, drifted suddenly off, and the sun came out bright and warm again. After we had cleaned up and taken several pictures, Louis turned up about 7:30 in a small white Indian birch bark canoe, with his duffle bag, and we packed the canoes, rigged up our rods and tackle and paddled off promptly.

Before working down through the series of wide stretches and narrow channels, forming Lake Milford, we stopped for a few minutes a short distance below our camp and tried some casts at the mouth of a small stream, hoping to find some trout, but without success. The exit to Lake Milford was a small creek with scarcely any current, and certainly not a spot which one would hit upon as the exit, except by accident; here again we realized the value of having Louis with us. Further on we found the stream quite narrow and small, with steep, rocky rapids, and our canoes were frequently hung up and badly scraped, as they were heavily loaded. The greater part of the going during the first morning was simple, since none of the rapids were too large or deep to wade through easily. Finally we stopped to fish at a steep falls, too rough to get the boats through, and with an old log dam at the head. Here we pulled the boats ashore, and tried the fishing in the rapids below, promptly catching a small string of small lively trout, none over a half pound in weight. This was a very beautiful little stretch of river, very rocky, and almost shut in by trees on either side. It was necessary to carry the canoe about 400 yards through the woods, around the worst of the rapids, and Carl and the Scribe spent some time in working down along the shores, fishing with considerable success, while the others cooked lunch at the end of the carry. Here we had broiled trout for the first time, and named the lunch camp, "Portage Camp." This camp was at the end of the carry, and was shut in by high trees and underbrush, making rather cramped quarters. We passed a small log cabin on the carry, which was used in the winter time by lumbermen, and in the summer by fishermen. After leaving this camp, we ran down through a few small lakes, taking things easily, except in the numerous rapids between the lakes, where we pounded through, fishing continuously, whenever there was a chance to use the rod. The result was a fine mess of speckled trout by evening. The crew of the big canoe invented a way to shoot these rapids, both parties sitting out on the opposite ends of the boat with their feet in the water, and using both feet and paddles to keep the boat away from the rocks, and to ease it over the steep shallow ledges. Notwithstanding careful treatment of the new boat, it was pretty well scraped by evening, not a particle of paint remaining on the wooden keel, which had saved a great many hard bumps from doing damage.

The traveling was very interesting through these upper reaches of the river, as the stream was small and winding, with lots of quick work and excitement in the rifts, although, of course, no danger. We were continually impressed with the wildness of the scenery, and the roughness of the country. The trees along the river banks were irregular and gnarled, and the underbrush below thick and almost impenetrable, giving a forbidding aspect to the country. The rocks were covered with heavy, rough moss, and the woods were mostly evergreens, with great numbers of dead trees sticking out in every direction. The stream was obstructed everywhere by rocks of all sizes, and this made a very irregular bottom. In one place we would be wading with the boats through a series of shallow ledges, the water rushing down over them in miniature falls, and directly at the foot we would step off possibly into soft water. At other places the stream would wind around many great rocks, some just below the surface, and the canoes were continually being hung up or bumped heavily by these hidden obstructions, which were so numerous it was almost impossible to avoid them. Louis generally kept ahead, striking his paddle on hidden rocks to warn us. All hands voted it great sport, and the first boat to get through a particularly stiff proposition would wait in the eddy at the foot to watch the others come through, with roars of laughter at any mishaps. The canoes would gain great velocity in a short stretch of even ten yards, where it was impossible to reach bottom with the paddles, or to back water against the current, and this would generally result after frantic efforts in a tremendous bump on the rocks at the foot of the slope, much to the amusement of the rest of the party, and to the disgust of the victims.

Before this day's work was over, all hands were getting pretty expert at picking channels, and snubbing the boats away from danger. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we stopped off at a small trail, and went some distance back into the woods to a spring which Louis knew about. This we found was right on the road which ran from Milford to Maitland, and we filled up our canteens, and returned to the boats. The river water was not very good to drink, as the lakes are so large and shallow, and the incoming supply so small, that the water was not very fresh.

Along toward evening, we stopped at the head of a rift about 200yds. long, and started to fish, as usual. It was getting rather late, so we decided that we better look around for our second night's camp. We had some trouble finding a good place, and hunted around in a wood of young birch trees for a likely spot, but without success. H. N. T. then crossed the stream, and

worked down on the other side, finally discovering an old lumber clearing of about half an acre in extent, on the banks of the stream, which widened out here into a small lake. We proceeded to run the canoes down through the rift, and pulled them ashore in a corner of the lake just below it where we could hear the rush of the water all night long. Just before commencing to pitch camp, Carl caught the largest trout so far, weighing three-quarters of a pound. We found great quantities of old dry hemlock bark left by the lumbermen, which made excellent fuel for the camp-fire, and we got ample spruce boughs for our beds. The party took things comfortably and cooked a delicious meal, after which Chas. O. went out in his canoe alone for half an hour, coming back in ghostly fashion after dark. H. N. T. tried a half hour's fishing in the rapids alongside the camp, and then all hands turned in, Louis rolling himself up in his blanket, with his stocking feet to the fire. The weather all day had been very fine, a little warm at noon, but not uncomfortable, and cool by evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

The prize winners and their scores for the winter indoor season have been determined, and the prizes distributed at a meeting of all the members. These were both cash and merchandise, some of high value, others useful or ornamental. The list is too long to be given here; but the scores of the winners are appended. The highest prizes went to the ten members who had the best bullseyes. The next ten prizes went to the members who had the highest totals in ten 20-shot scores, one 20-shot score for each of the ten regular shooting nights at the Zettler ranges, with .22cal. rifles. The balance of the prizes went to members—other than those in the first twenty—who had the best bullseyes. All shooting was at 25yds. The results follow:

Best bullseyes: George Ludwig 25 1/2 degrees, H. C. Hainhorst 26 1/2, H. Nordbruct 27 1/2, G. H. Fixsen 28, J. C. Bonn 30, J. N. F. Siebs 32, Capt. Hainhorst 33 1/2, L. C. Hagenah 35, H. Meyer 35 1/2, G. J. Voss 35.
Best ring totals, possible 5000 points, ten 20-shot scores to count: Richard Gute.....4876 H Beckmann.....4448
Barney Zettler.....4669 A W Lemcke.....4443
Charles Sievers.....4631 H B Michalsen.....4439
H Haase.....4496 J H Meyer.....4420
H D Meyer.....4484 George W. Offermann.....4403

Best bullseyes winning other prizes: W. Schuts 38, N. Jantzen 38 1/2, Henry Decker 40, J. G. Thoeke 40 1/2, F. W. Diercks 41 1/2, F. Schulz 41 1/2, Charles Plump 45 1/2, F. Gobber 46 1/2, Charles Meyer 46 1/2, R. Ohms 46 1/2, H. Kahrs 47 1/2, H. Leopold 47 1/2, H. Gobber 48 1/2, J. Packlamm 48 1/2, H. Offermann 50, A. Sibbens 50, Dr. Grosch 51 1/2, F. V. Ronn 52 1/2, N. C. L. Beversten 53, J. Paradies 57, M. J. Then 59, O. Schwannemann 59 1/2, W. J. Behrens 60, D. Dede 62 1/2, Charles Boesch 62 1/2, W. Grel 63, G. Thomas 64, J. N. Hermann 65, J. Bradley 66, J. C. Brinckmann 67 1/2, N. W. Haeren 67 1/2, D. Peper 71 1/2, C. Mann 76, F. Facompre 77, Charles Koenig 77 1/2, H. Mesloh 78, C. Brinkama 79, P. Prange 80, J. Jantzen 86, H. Quaal 87 1/2, C. Schmitz 90, Henry Koster 92 1/2, Adolph Beckman 93 1/2, F. Lankenau 95, D. von der Lieth 98, W. Ulrich 104, W. Dahl 109, D. Ficken 112, G. Bohlken 114, H. Haase 116, H. Hoenisch 117, L. L. Goldstein 121, G. H. Wehrenberg 122, J. H. Kroeger 123, H. Giebelhaus 123 1/2, J. Willenbrock 131 1/2, J. F. R. Ernst 132 1/2, M. V. Dwingelo 134, August Beckman 140, C. Roffmann 140 1/2, W. Schaefer 153, P. Heidelberger 163 1/2, A. Liederhaus 165, B. Kumm 165, H. Martins 185.

German Rifle Club's Golden Jubilee.

The German Rifle Club, of Charleston, S. C., has issued the programme for its fiftieth annual shooting tournament, to be held on its ranges in Charleston, S. C., May 8-13, inclusive. The ranges will be open for prize shooting from 8 o'clock A. M. until 7 P. M., with an intermission of an hour at noon, every day. The prize list is attractive, and a good deal of money is offered in prizes. A summary of the conditions and prizes follows:

Ring Target.—Entries unlimited. Five-shot scores, at rest, to count, on the regular 25-ring target. Four hundred dollars in cash will be divided among those making the highest single score, the first three prizes being \$100, \$75, and \$50, respectively. Entrance fee, \$1.
Pool Target.—Five-shot scores on the 25-ring target. Entrance fee \$1 per ticket. Fifty per cent. of the pool receipts will be divided into four prizes, as follows: 20, 15, 10, and 5 per cent.
Team Match.—Standard American target, five-man teams, five shots per man, entrance \$5 per team. First team prize, \$50; second, \$20; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; highest individual score, a gold medal; second, a silver medal.
Standard American Target.—Five-shot tickets, 50 cents, unlimited. Highest score takes \$75; second, \$50; third, \$25; \$250 in all going as twenty-two prizes.
Point Target.—Ten-shot tickets, \$1, unlimited. Rest shooting. Thirty-five prizes, aggregating \$350. A shooter making 500 points will receive a gold medal, while a score of 1,000 points will entitle the holder to a very fine gold medal.
Target of Honor.—Rest shooting each day from 1 to 2 P. M., but open only to members who have paraded in uniform.
Charleston Target.—Open to all. Prizes to be announced during the tournament.
Bullseye Target.—Offhand on the Standard American target, ten tickets for \$1. Fifty per cent. of the receipts divided each day.
Eagle shooting on May 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13. Open to members.
All shooting will be at 200yds. Rifles of any caliber from .32 to .45 allowed. Telescope sights barred, but simple glasses in the rear sight cup will be permitted. Metal-jacketed bullets will also be barred. Further information can be obtained by addressing William J. D. Heinz, 387 King street, Charleston, S. C. The tournament will be managed by Charles and Barney Zettler, of New York city.

Advocating Telescope Sights.

THERE is a movement on foot to secure the sanction of all the large shooting clubs in and about New York city, in the use, without restrictions, of telescope sights in all of the important club shoots and tournaments at 200yds. At the present time most of the German-American shooting societies are still holding out against magnifying sights, but influence and the force of practical arguments are being brought to bear, and it is likely all bars will be removed before next year's outdoor shooting season opens, if not during the present season. The younger members see and appreciate the value of telescope sights, and their influence will win the old fellows over in time, they confidently assert. Meanwhile, riflemen are ordering and practicing with telescope sights more than ever before.

Seneca Gun Club.

ELEVEN members took part in the regular shoot on the Zettler ranges the night of April 15. Mr. Woernz was high with a total of 467 out of the possible 500 points, and other scores showed that the members are being benefited by this regular practice. The totals of two ten-shot scores, with .22cal. rifles, follow:
Woernz.....467 A Dick.....413
F Fall.....459 Charles Keller.....392
J Schroeder.....434 Krieger.....385
W Allabough.....423 Simms.....384
Armstrong.....422 C C Winne.....305
Sherwood.....414

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

THE first practice shoot of this club for the season was held on the ranges in Union Hill Park, New Jersey, April 20. The weather conditions were fair during the first part of the afternoon, but rain followed, and the light was then poor. The results on the various targets, at 200yds., offhand, follow:

Ring target, 3 shots, possible 75 points:
F Rolfes.....71 W J Daniel.....59
H D Muller.....68 F Schroeder.....59
Emil Berckman.....67 J Jordan.....56
F Brodt.....66 H Bockman.....55
J von der Lieth.....64 C L A Gerken.....57
D Scharninghaus.....63 M Teschmaker.....54
A Ritterhoff.....62
Man target, possible 60 points:
Emil Berckman.....59 J Jordan.....46
F Schroeder.....58 F Brodt.....46
H Bockman.....57 F Rolfes.....42
D Scharninghaus.....56 J von der Lieth.....41
H D Muller.....54 M Teschmaker.....41
W J Daniel.....53

Trophy target: H. D. Muller 3, W. J. Daniel 3, A. D. Ritterhoff 2, F. Schroeder 2, F. Rolfes 1, C. Gerken 1, D. Scharninghaus 1, E. Berckman 1, W. Schillingman 1, H. Roffman 1, H. von der Lieth 1.
Company bullseyes: W. J. Daniel 2, E. Berckman 2, H. D. Muller 1, J. von der Lieth 1, F. Schroeder 1, H. Young 1, F. Brodt 1, H. Bockman 1, A. D. Ritterhoff 1, F. Rolfes 1, W. Schillingman 1, H. Roffman 1, J. Helmke 1.
Cash bullseyes: D. Scharninghaus 3, M. Teschmaker 2, H. Bockman 2, E. Berckman 2, J. Jordan 1, C. Gerken 1, F. Rolfes 1, A. Ritterhoff 1, F. Brodt 1, F. Schroeder 1.

Riflemen Going South.

A LARGE delegation of riflemen will leave New York city early in May to take part in the golden jubilee tournament of the German Rifle Club in Charleston, S. C., May 8-13. The Zettler Rifle Club and nearly all of the big shooting corps will send delegations. Local riflemen are taking no little interest in this event, as these ranges will be the scene of the great festival of the National Schuetzenbund in 1906.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

April 26-27.—Scottsdale, Pa., Gun Club shoot.
April 26-27.—Hopkinsville, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hopkinsville Gun Club. A. F. Gant, Sec'y.
April 27.—Youngstown, O., Gun Club tournament.
April 27.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot on grounds of Freeport, L. I., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
April 29.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club team and individual prize shoot. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
April 29.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club re-entry match for \$100 gold watch.
May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club; \$1,000 added to purses. Louis Lautenslager, Sec'y.
May 2-6.—Kansas City, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
May 2.—New Britain, Conn.—Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut second tournament. Dr. Y. C. Moore, Sec'y, South Manchester, Conn.
May 3.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City Gun Club spring tournament—Indiana State League series. F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y.
May 4-5.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club spring tournament. E. M. Storm, Sec'y.
May 5.—Rantoul, Ill., Gun Club tournament. J. D. Neal, Mgr.
May 6.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club re-entry match for \$100 gold watch.
May 6.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Brooklyn, N. Y. Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
May 8-9.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi Delta Trapshooters' League first tournament.
May 9-10.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club second monthly shoot of Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. E. F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
May 9-10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
May 9-12.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.
May 11-12.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Ford, Sec'y.
May 13.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club all-day shoot. Wm. Dutcher, Mgr.
May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 16-18.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association ninth annual meeting and tournament; \$600 added money and prizes. F. E. Mallory, Sec'y.
May 17.—Boston, Mass., Gun Club annual invitation team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 17-18.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club. James Lewis, Sec'y.
May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (Incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 178 Mill street, Toronto.
May 19-21.—St. Louis, Mo.—Rawlins first semi-annual tournament; two days targets, one day live birds. Alec. D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
May 20-21.—Shakopee, Minn., Gun Club tournament. Mathias A. Deutsch, Sec'y.
May 23-24.—Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club annual tournament. H. Marston, Sec'y.
May 23-25.—Lincoln.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24.—Catskill, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Seth T. Cole, Sec'y.
May 24-25.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Catchpole Gun Club tournament. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.
May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Prago, Sec'y.
May 30.—Cleveland, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's all-day target tournament; merchandise. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Mullerite Gun Club all-day shoot on grounds of Point Pleasant, N. J., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club fourth annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshal, Sec'y.
May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y.
May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club annual Decoration Day tournament. T. V. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Lawrence, Mass.—Second annual Memorial Day tournament. R. B. Parkhurst, Sec'y.
May 30.—Fifth annual Decoration Day tournament of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Analostan Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
May 31.—June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
June 3.—Long Island City, L. I.—Queens County Gun Club open tournament. Richard H. Glasman, Sec'y.
June 6-6.—New Paris, O.—Cedar Springs Gun Club tournament. J. F. Freeman, Sec'y.
June 6-8.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament under auspices of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt.
June 3-4.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association amateur tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
June 13-14.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. R. E. Dinger, Capt.
June 13-14.—Butler, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
June 13-15.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament.
June 14-15.—Durham, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association second annual tournament. Geo. L. Lyon, Pres.
June 15.—Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament.
June 16-18.—Putnam, Ill.—Undercliff Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. G. Grubbs, Mgr.
June 20-21.—Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club tournament, Vernon L. Perry, Sec'y.
June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
June 21-22.—Bradford, Pa., Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y.
June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secy-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament.
July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.
July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-23.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament.
Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; \$25 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Catskill, N. Y., Gun Club, through their Secretary, Mr. Seth T. Cole, announces that they will hold a tournament on May 24.

Mr. R. B. Parkhurst, Secretary, informs us that on May 30 the Lawrence, Mass., Gun Club will hold their second annual Memorial Day tournament.

The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, commenced their summer series on Saturday of last week, with the large attendance for which their shoots are famous.

At Avondale, Pa., April 22, the Coatesville Gun Club defeated the Avondale Club in a twelve-man team race, 25 targets per man, by a score of 203 to 193.

Dr. C. B. Clapp, Secretary, Moberly, Mo., writes us that the Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters have decided upon dates as follows: June 13-14, Butler, Mo.; Aug. 22-23, Carthage, Mo.; Oct. 10-11, St. Joseph, Mo.

Mr. Geo. L. Lyon, President, Durham, N. C., writes us that "We have decided to change our dates of the second annual tournament of the North Carolina Trapshooters' Association from June 21 and 22 to June 14 and 15."

The Queens County Gun Club will hold an open tournament on their grounds, Hunters Point avenue, Long Island City, on June 3. The programme will be ready for distribution in the near future. Through the summer months, practice shoots will be held every Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

The Penn Gun Club, Norristown, Pa., have issued the programme of their Decoration Day tournament, May 30. The programme consists of eighteen events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.50. Sweepstakes begin at 9:30. Targets 1 1/2 cent. This tournament will be held on the new grounds at Jeffersonville. Mr. T. V. Smith is the Secretary.

The second contest of the four teams, five men to each, in the Boston, Mass., Gun Club series, was shot at Wellington on Saturday of last week, and resulted in a victory for the Boston team by a score of 228 out of a possible 250, a team performance exceeding 90 per cent. Of all the contestants, Messrs. Woodruff and Kirkwood, of the Boston team were high, each breaking 47 out of the 50 shot at.

Mr. Frank W. Belton, Secretary, sends us a list of the officers of the Concord, N. H., Gun Club, as follows: Nathaniel E. Martin, President; Dr. John E. Gove, Vice-President; Frank W. Betton, Secretary; Frank W. Sanborn, Treasurer; Raffaello Nardini, James H. Morris, Hale Chadwick, E. H. Cheney, Orrin Byron, Executive Committee; M. D. King, Field Captain; Andrew R. Lawson, Steward.

The results of the contests in the Philadelphia Trapsshooters' League series last Saturday, are as follows: At Wissinoming, the Flcrists defeated the Highlands by a score of 212 to 193. Meadow Springs defeated Clearview at Clearview, 202 to 197. S. S. White defeated North Camden at Gorgas Station, 181 to 149. Narberth defeated Hillside at Hillcrest, 167 to 160. At Chester, Media defeated Hill Rod and Gun Club, 175 to 155.

In the first contest of the series inaugurated by the Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia, held by the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, at Morgantown, the five-man team shoot for the Peters cup, emblematic of the team championship of the League, was won by the home club. The Infallible cup, emblematic of the individual championship of the League, was won by Mr. John M. Cobun, of the home club.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher is working energetically in the promotion of the Jackson Park Gun Club all-day shoot, to be held at Paterson, N. J., on May 13. A large number of professionals have signified their intention to be present, among whom are the renowned shooters, Messrs. R. O. Heikes, W. H. Heer, H. H. Stevens, J. R. Hull, Neaf Appgar and Sim Glover. This is to be the first great shoot in the new location, and the club extends a welcome to every one.

The programme of the Mullcrite Gun Club shoot, to be held on the grounds of the Freeport, L. I., Gun Club, April 27, consists of ten events, 15, 20, 25 and 50 targets, a total of 150 targets, \$9.50 entrance. No. 5 is a special 25-target handicap, entrance \$2.50, usc of both barrels, for the Hunter Arms Co. silver badge. No. 4 is 50 targets, class shooting, for merchandise prizes. Write for conditions to Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, Manager, 2 Murray street, New, York.

An Alpena, Mich., dispatch of April 19 says that Martin Chase Benjamin, a famous character of the Thunder Bay region, died at Hubbard Lake, aged eighty-five years. He was a wonderful rifle shot, and served in the Mexican and Civil Wars as a sharpshooter. Until a few years ago he was the best marksman in northern Michigan, and was never defeated. The Chase Benjamin Gun Club was named in his honor. He claimed to have killed 3,000 deer, besides much other big game. His early days were spent in the employment of the Hudson Bay Company.

Many portentous signs indicate that the fifteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, May 2-5, will be a great event, possibly a record-breaker. The attractions in added money (\$2,041.75) and trophies are worthy of attention and effort. The annual meeting will be held in the Hotel Henry at 8:30 P. M., May 2. The afternoon of May 1 will be devoted to practice on the club grounds at Brunot's Island. Ship guns and ammunition to yourself, prepaid, care the Sportsmen's Supply Co., 623 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Shipments on which charges are not prepaid will be refused. Competition begins at 9 o'clock sharp each day. Admission to the grounds is free.

A correspondent writes us concerning Boston trapshooting matters as follows: "Some of our sportsmen had a pleasant outing on the 19th, Patriots' Day, at the traps. Quite accessible to Bostonians are fine shooting grounds with modern equipments. The Boston Athletic Association shooters go to Riverside. The members of the Middlesex Sportsmen's Club have traps at E. Lexington, the Trapelo Club at Waverley, the Kennel club at Braintree, the Boston Shooting Association at Wellington. Then there is the Watertown Gun Club and one recently starting upon a successful career, the Winchester Gun Club. The grounds of all these are within less than an hour's trolley ride from the Hub, and all were liberally patronized on Wednesday."

The Magic City Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., have issued the programme of their seventh annual spring tournament, May 3. It consists of twelve events, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets; entrance based on 10 cents per target. It announces one event as follows: "Here is where you can't lose. All contestants are invited to assist in disposing of a fine old-fashioned country chicken dinner, free of charge." Shooting begins at 9:30. Only trade representatives permitted to shoot for targets only. All stand at 16yds. Loads for sale on the grounds. Shoot, rain or shine. Ship guns and shells to Mr. F. L. Wachtell, Secretary, 110 West Washington street, and they will be delivered free. Moneys divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. The club extends a cordial invitation to all their friends throughout the country.

The Interstate Association programme for the trapshooting tournament, given for the Daviess County Gun Club, Owensboro, Ky., May 17 and 18, is now ready for distribution. There are twelve like events for each day, of which four are at 20 and eight at 15 targets, entrance \$2 and \$1.50. To first and second high gun each day, \$8 and \$5 respectively. For the general average of the two days, \$15, \$10 and \$5, first, second and third high gun respectively. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. Luncheon will be served on the grounds. Targets 2 cents. Shells obtainable on the grounds. Practice day, May 16. Rose system, 7, 5, 3, 1. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, care James Lewis Company, Owensboro, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Mr. Elmer Shaner, Manager. Mr. James Lewis is Secretary of the Daviess County Gun Club.

BERNARD WATERS.

Professional Doings.

THE U. M. C Eastern Squad continued their tour last week, shooting in five cities, namely, Boston, Mass.; Auburn, Me.; Springfield, Mass.; New Paltz, N. Y., and Syracuse, N. Y. At each of these points there was a large crowd out to welcome the shooters, both of amateurs and spectators, especially at Syracuse, where great interest was taken, and where at least 500 spectators were present.

Below are the scores at each of the places visited; also total number of shooters: Boston, Mass., April 17.—The wind blew a gale. Targets, 150: T. A. Marshall 131, W. H. Heer 134, F. E. Butler 99, H. H. Stevens 120, R. O. Heikes 136. Auburn, Me., April 18.—Targets 120. Very windy and cold: T. A. Marshall 99, W. H. Heer 107, F. E. Butler 83, H. H. Stevens 160, R. O. Heikes 104. Springfield, Mass., April 19.—Targets, 115. Windy, but no so cold as 17th and 18th: T. A. Marshall 96, W. H. Heer 108, F. E. Butler 75, H. H. Stevens 95, R. O. Heikes 108. New Paltz, N. Y., April 21.—Targets, 180: R. O. Heikes 169, W. H. Heer 166. Syracuse, N. Y., April 22.—Targets, 150: T. A. Marshall 137, W. H. Heer 139, F. E. Butler 118, H. H. Stevens 129, R. O. Heikes 140.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., April 21.—To-day, in the worst and most disagreeable weather of the past month, between thirty-five and forty members of the Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League of West Virginia, and their friends, inaugurated the League season of 1905 at Recreation Park, Morgantown, the tournament being held by the Recreation Rod and Gun Club under the sanction of the League. But for the weather conditions of the past few days we would have had at least sixty to seventy sportsmen out.

The trade was represented by H. C. Watson, J. C. Garland and L. Z. Lawrence.

This tournament is the first of a series of seven monthly tournaments which will be held under League sanction during the season, the next one being scheduled for May 9 and 10, at the shooting grounds of the Fairmont Gun Club, and programmes for same will be ready for distribution on May 1.

At 9 A. M., when the shooting was scheduled to commence, a driving rain and wind storm swept the grounds, compelling the postponement of shooting until 10:30, when event 1 was started and shot through in the rain; and after this event there was no further rain until after the entire programme was shot off; but the gale which blew over the traps during the entire day made good shooting and high scores extremely difficult, and straights were very rare.

The prize for expert average for the day was won by Mr. L. Z. Lawrence, with a score of 156 out of 175, or an average of 85.1 per cent.

First money for high amateur average was won by Mr. W. A. Wiedebusch, Fairmont Gun Club, with an average of 85.1 per cent.

Second money for high amateur average was won by Rice, Wheeling Gun Club, with an average of 81 per cent.

Third prize (a Bristol steel bass rod donated by the Horton Mfg. Co.) for amateur average, was won by G. A. Long, Mannington Gun Club, with an average of 81.1 per cent.

To Mr. J. C. Garland belongs the honor of making the first straight for the day.

Owing to sickness, several of the League clubs did not have full teams on the grounds, and the League team race was narrowed down to teams representing the Fairmont Gun Club and the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, they being the only clubs eligible to compete. This event, which carries with it the Peters cup, representing the team championship of the League, was won for the month by the Recreation Rod and Gun Club team with a score of 95 to their opponents' 94.

The Infallible cup, carrying with it the title of champion of the Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League of West Virginia, was won by John M. Cobun, of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

Table with 2 columns: Shot at. Broke. and names of shooters with their scores.

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Twenty-five-bird team shoot: Fairmont R. and G. C. Recreation R. and G. C.

Table with 2 columns: Shot at. Broke. and names of shooters with their scores.

Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, April 23.—The annual 50-target event of the Stanley Gun Club for prizes took place on their grounds on Saturday. This event is a handicap, ranging from 1 to 15 extra birds to shoot at. Mr. McGill, with 1 extra, was high man with 48.

This event is usually shot on Good Friday, but was postponed on account of the National Gun Club holding an open tournament on that day, to allow as many members to attend as possible. The following are the scores:

Table with 2 columns: Shot at. Broke. and names of shooters with their scores.

On Tuesday, the 18th, Mr. Fred A. Stone, of the Wizard of Oz Company, was entertained by the members of the Stanley Gun Club to a shoot on their grounds. Mr. Stone is an excellent trap shot, breaking 88 out of 100 shot at. The day, though fine, the wind blew a gale, which makes the score all the more creditable. On Wednesday, Mr. Stone was the guest of the Toronto Junction Gun Club, where he also made an excellent score.

ALEX. DEY.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., April 22.—Last Thursday was a day to be desired for those who like to shoot at targets, and many of our members came to the grounds for practice on this the first shoot of the season. We had with us as visitors four gentlemen from Maine who know something of shooting, as they fully proved before the day closed. They were quite complimentary of our grounds and traps, and expressed themselves as having had a delightful afternoon's sport. Their names head the following scores. Mr. Seguin who has not been doing any shooting in past four years, and with a borrowed gun, got 59 out of his first 60 shot at. His average for the day was 92 per cent.

Table with 2 columns: Shot at. Broke. and names of shooters with their scores.

D. W. HALLAM, Sec'y.

Waterloo Gun Club.

WATERLOO, Ia., April 20.—At the Waterloo Gun Club's new grounds on April 19, Capt. Ralph Storm made the highest record for the season, breaking 97 targets out of 100. This eclipses the highest score of last year, which was made by J. C. Hartman, Aug. 17—96 out of 100. Both scores were made from the Leggett trap, targets thrown 50yds.

The club expects a large attendance at its spring shoot, May 4 and 5, when \$100 added money will be donated to participants.

HARTMAN.

"Yes," said Alkali Ike, quietly, "he died very sudden, while playin' poker." "Heart disease?" queried the tourist. "Well, now I reckon ye might call it heart, spade, diamond and club disease. He had all four aces up his sleeve."—Philadelphia Press.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., April 22.—Eight men were out to-day. Two teams were organized and two matches were shot, team No. 1 winning in each event. Event No. 1 was for a box of cigars, and event No. 2 for box of shells, used in the event.

Table with 2 columns: Team No. 1 and Team No. 2, listing events and scores.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., April 23.—The Jackson Park Gun Club have at last got the club house in its new location, where the conveniences are much better both as to shooting and for reaching the grounds, which are located about 300yds. further south of its late position on the Jackson road, which is reached by the Singac trolley road. Cars run every 15 minutes from the City Hall.

The Jackson Park Gun Club intends to open the new grounds on May 13, with an all-day shoot which will be a hummer for attendance. I have assurance of at least fifty shooters. All those who took part yesterday at the North Side shoot have promised to be on hand, besides a great many others. Everybody is welcome.

DUTCHER.

North Side Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., April 22.—The pleasant weather and a good attendance made the opening spring shoot a success. It was managed by the successful manager, Mr. Wm. Dutcher. Shooters from the Passaic and Bergen County clubs were present. There were about one hundred spectators present. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Events and Targets, listing names and scores.

North River Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., April 22.—Event 6 was a handicap shoot for solid gold charm. After two ties, it was won by Dr. Paterno, for the second time.

Table with 2 columns: Events and Targets, listing names and scores.

April 15.—Event 6 was the handicap shoot for solid gold watch charm, which was won by Mr. Carl Richter for the fourth time:

Table with 2 columns: Events and Targets, listing names and scores.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., April 20.—At the monthly shoot of the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club to-day, Mr. Montanus won the badge and the Remsen cup, this being his third win. Others who scored wins are as follows: D. Dede, 2, and one win each by G. Williamson, Judge Voorhies, Capt. Dreyer, G. Morris, Dr. Goubeaud and Ira McKane.

In most of the events to-day Mr. Schortemeier used a 20-gauge gun.

Column 5 contains the handicaps for the 50-target trophy contest, event 6. Messrs. Schortemeier, Spinner, Jones and Martin shot along for targets. The shoot-off in the badge and Remsen cup resulted as follows: Montanus (4) 24, Cooper (5) 22, Williamson (4) 17, Capt. Dreyer (5) 22, Carolan (7) 22. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Events and Targets, listing names and scores.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BERGEN BEACH, L. I., April 22.—The pleasant weather contributed to a most enjoyable shoot, though a stiff cross wind with the consequent freakish flights of the targets, made difficult shooting. Schneider's gun registered a kick on his cheek at every shot, and marred his shooting to a degree far below his average. The scores follow:

Table with 2 columns: Events and Targets, listing names and scores.

*Doubles.

Cumberland Gun Club.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.—April 11.—Am inclosing the balance of scores of aggregate shooters for this month. Members are allowed to shoot either the first or second Monday in each month, so that these arc just the ones that did not shoot for the aggregate last week.

Balance month 15 targets, Interstate rules: T. Hudson 13; F. Tynes 19; C. Grant 10; T. Herby 11; F. Rieckard 8; A. McPhee 12; J. Bruce 3; M. Morgan 12; W. F. Ramson 10; R. R. Napier 9; E. Emac 9.



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Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—It was tournament day with us on April 19, Patriots' Day, and the usual large number of shooters turned out to try their hand at flying targets. The attendance was not as large as usual, the Worcester shoot drawing the shooters who live that way. Still, we had our share, and have no reason to complain. As usual, we had a pleasant day, with the usual wind blowing, which kept the scores down in the forenoon. Conditions improved during the afternoon, and the referee's call of "Lost" was not heard quite as often, though oftener than most of us wished for.

The trade was extra well represented. In addition to the squad composed of Tom A. Marshall, Rolla O. Heikes, W. H. Heer, Frank E. Butler and H. H. Stevens, there were present, J. A. R. Elliott, W. G. Hearne, Sim Glover, and that T. H. Keller, Jr., was present goes without saying. It was the largest gathering of manufacturers' agents ever present at our tournaments at one time; and they did some shooting, too, as the scores will show.

The principal event of the programme was the sixth, a merchandise event, known as the National Sportsman's contest. The entrance fee was \$1, which entitled the shooter to shoot for the several merchandise prizes. This event was handicapped back to the 20yd. mark. Professionals were allowed to shoot for targets only in this event. The prizes, four in number, were won by the following: First, Winchester brush gun, won by Archie Cooley, of Somers, Conn. H. L. Edgerton, of Willimantic, Conn., and J. B. Sanders, of Albany, N. Y., tied for second and third prizes, and on the shoot-off Edgerton won second prize, a Colt's revolver, and Sanders third prize, a Winchester rifle. Fourth prize, a brass cleaning rod, was won by B. F. Smith, of Boston. Scores, showing handicaps, in this event follow, each shooting at 25 targets:

Professionals: Heer 24, Heikes 23, Hearne 22, Marshall 21, Elliott 21, Stevens 20, Glover 20, Keller 18, Butler 17.
Amateurs: Cooley (18) 21, Edgerton (18) 20, Sanders (20) 20, Smith (20) 19, Barstow (20) 18, Jordan (18) 18, Metcalf (19) 18, Gayler (18) 17, Collins (18) 17, Stanley (18) 17, Finch (18) 17, Hackett (18) 17, Dr. Moore (20) 17, Anderson (19) 17, Hawes (18) 16, Delaney (17) 16, Harvey (20) 16, Coats (16) 16, Snow (18) 16, Le Noir (20) 16, Chapin (16) 16, W. Keith (16) 15, Dr. Rowe (18) 15, Cheesman (18) 15, McMullen (20) 15, Talmadge (16) 14, Dr. Newton (18) 14, Dr. Keith (18) 14, Rochford (16) 13, Walker (16) 13, Kites (18) 13, Hills (16) 12, Dr. Warren (18) 12, Lawrence (18) 11, Kimball (16) 10, Spencer (16) 9, Walsh (16) 9, Pinney (18) 8, Peck (17) 6.

Of the seventy-eight entries in this event, thirty-nine shot for the prizes. During the day 6,000 targets were trapped. H. L. Edgerton, of Willimantic, Conn., won the gold badge put up by the club for high amateur average.

Following are the averages of the professionals and amateurs shooting the entire programme, not including the sixth (merchandise) event:

Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		
*Glover	165	147	.89	Finck	165	128	.77
Edgerton	165	140	.85	Dr. Moore	165	128	.77
McMullen	165	135	.82	*Elliott	165	127	.77
Sanders	165	133	.81	Jordan	165	122	.74
Le Noir	165	133	.81	Dr. Newton	165	121	.73
Barstow	165	131	.80	Snow	165	118	.71
*Keller	165	130	.78	Kites	165	110	.67
Smith	165	129	.78	Coats	165	106	.64
*Hearne	165	128	.77	Anderson	165	106	.64

*Professionals.
Shooting at 115 targets Heer broke 108, 93 per cent.; Heikes, 108, 93 per cent.; Marshall 96, 83 per cent.; Stevens, 95, 82 per cent.; Butler, 75, 65 per cent.

In an exhibition shoot by the professionals at 35 targets, the following scores were made: Heer 34, Heikes 32, Glover 31, Keller 31, Marshall 29, Hearne 29, Stevens 28, Elliott 26, Butler 21.

The surrounding gun clubs were represented, Albany by J. B. Sanders; Boston by B. F. Smith; Greenfield by Dr. L. A. Newton; Pittsfield by H. S. Sidway; Northampton by L. F. Gayler; Northboro by J. M. Stanley; Thompsonville, Conn., by Geo. C. Finch; Somersville, Conn., by Wm. McMullen and Archie Cooley; Palmer by Dr. S. B. Keith; Rockville, Conn., by F. E. Metcalf and H. C. Barstow; Windsor Locks, Conn., by J. H. Spencer; Hartford by Dr. Rowe; Willimantic, Conn., by H. L. Edgerton, and South Manchester, Conn., by Dr. D. C. Y. Moore.

Amateur scores in regular events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	20	10	20	25	10	15	10	15	10	15	165	140
Edgerton	7	11	18	8	16	9	15	23	9	14	10	165	135	
McMullen	8	11	17	9	18	8	15	19	7	14	9	165	133	
Le Noir	5	14	13	7	14	8	20	23	9	12	8	165	133	
Sanders	9	11	14	8	17	8	15	21	8	13	9	165	133	
Barstow	5	13	16	6	15	6	19	19	10	13	9	165	131	
Smith	5	12	13	6	19	6	16	22	7	9	7	165	129	
Finck	7	10	15	5	14	8	18	23	8	14	6	165	128	
Dr. Moore	7	8	18	7	18	9	14	19	9	12	7	165	128	
Jordan	7	13	17	7	17	7	15	17	4	11	7	165	122	
Dr. Newton	5	10	17	6	16	8	17	19	6	11	6	165	121	
Snow	8	7	14	7	18	8	14	17	7	9	9	165	118	
Kites	6	10	13	9	15	7	9	18	6	8	9	165	110	
Coats	7	7	13	8	9	5	14	12	9	12	10	165	106	
Anderson	7	9	12	7	14	5	12	15	8	11	10	165	106	
Pinney	5	7	9	7	11	8	10	14	7	7	7	140	78	
Cooley	8	10	9	7	10	6	12	11	8	8	8	120	70	
Gayler	12	12	12	12	14	17	8	10	7	10	7	110	75	
Cheesman	7	12	13	8	13	8	10	11	6	11	6	105	71	
Castine	5	11	15	5	11	15	4	11	8	8	8	90	54	
Hackett	7	7	17	8	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	75	53	
Metcalf	13	7	14	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	75	46	
Dr. Rowe	7	9	8	15	4	11	11	11	11	11	11	75	43	
Lawrence	7	12	14	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	60	39	
Vosburg	14	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	50	31	
Fernside	6	10	3	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	50	25	
Kimball	3	11	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	50	21	
Spencer	6	10	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	45	23	
Collins	6	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	40	23	
Gesner	5	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	40	20	
Talmadge	4	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	35	16	
Dr. Keith	5	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	40	21	

Delaney	6	6	7	30	19
W. J. Keith	5	7	3	30	15
Walsh	3	8	3	25	11
Hills	8	20	8	20	8
Harvey	5	10	5	10	5
Dr. Warren	5	10	5	10	5
Bradford	3	10	3	10	3

Snow and Hawes were on to their job at squad hustling as usual, and kept things moving.

The attendance was rather small during the forenoon, but when the professionals arrived, the "lookers on" came with them and stayed the rest of the day.

Everything considered, it was the best tournament we ever held.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass.—Twenty-six shooters were present at Wellington to-day, the occasion of the second leg in the four-cornered team race, and as the weather was all that could be desired, the afternoon proved to be one of the most enjoyable kind.

Middlesex turned out in full force, and evidently intends to keep the advantage they gained in the first contest, though the boys under Capt. Woodruff's direction proved to be the real things to-day, averaging over 90 per cent. for a team, and shooting through the match with a steadiness that would have spoken well for an expert. During this, however, the Middlesexites were busy, and gathered in a fine total, only losing 5 targets of their previous 32 targets lead, and it surely looks as though nothing short of a clean score would dislodge them.

The B. G. C. are saying nothing, but from all indications are getting in trim for April 29, at Lowell, which will see the third corner run off, when they expect to keep up the good work.

Rob Smith says "all over but the shouting," and intends to have his men in line for that date, hoping for an increased lead, which will place them on Easy street, as the final shoot is now only a few weeks hence, and a good lead will enable them to rest on their oars till the finishing guns are fired.

Lowell presented their strongest team for the fray to-day, and under ordinary conditions their score would have won, but had to be content with a tie for third, with Harvard as a partner.

Harvard was somewhat unlucky, not being able to get their best men to-day, but shot steady, and cleaned up a raft of them. Ward, of their team, was high with a Gilbert or Crosby score, just one target escaping the 25 grains, 1/4 ounces No. 7 1/2 load, and proved to be right on edge, each target being smashed in a clean, decisive manner.

Wait until the next shoot, say all; and as the Lowell boys intend to have everything in the best of shape for that day, there may be something doing. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10
Griffiths	12	8	13	9	13	9	15	9	14	9	15	10	10	10
Climax	13	8	12	9	15	10	15	9	13	9	14	10	10	10
Rule	14	9	15	9	12	8	14	8	15	8	10	10	10	10
Frank	12	8	13	10	13	9	15	10	13	10	13	10	10	10
Adams	13	10	14	10	12	8	12	10	14	9	14	10	10	10
Blinn	12	4	11	9	10	6	8	8	14	7	12	10	9	8
Moore	8	9	9	6	10	8	12	9	13	8	11	10	10	10
Straw	15	10	12	9	10	7	15	9	12	9	10	10	10	10
Fletcher	10	7	12	9	10	8	11	9	10	7	10	10	10	10
Bernhardt	8	7	14	10	13	10	15	10	13	8	10	10	10	10
Baxter	12	9	8	12	8	15	7	12	9	13	9	13	10	10
Bell	12	9	13	10	13	9	13	10	13	9	13	10	10	10
Lee	11	6	14	9	13	7	12	8	11	10	10	10	10	10
Gleason	14	8	9	13	10	14	8	15	10	15	10	15	10	10
Smith	5	8	12	9	14	9	10	15	9	15	9	10	10	10
Ward	10	7	15	10	14	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wickersham	12	10	9	12	9	12	9	12	9	12	9	12	9	12
Webster	9	5	12	7	13	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Marshall	14	5	11	10	14	10	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Cloud	12	7	11	6	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Edwards	11	3	9	9	11	8	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gokey	13	10	12	9	12	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Woodruff	14	10	13	10	15	9	11	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Benner	12	8	12	9	13	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Muldown	5	11	9	13	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Kirkwood	14	9	14	10	14	9	14	10	14	8	14	10	14	8

Team match:	Boston Gun Club.	Middlesex Gun Club.	
Frank	15 10 13 10-48	Gleason	14 8 15 10-47
Bell	13 10 13 9-45	Smith	14 9 10 9-42
Woodruff	13 10 15 9-47	Baxter	15 7 12 9-43
Muldown	11 9 13 8-41	Bernhardt	15 10 13 8-40
Kirkwood	14 9 14 10-47-228	Adams	12 10 14 9-45-223
Harvard Shooting Club.	Lowell Rod and Gun Club.		
Wickersham	9 9 12 9-39	Climax	15 9 13 9-46
Ward	15 10 14 10-49	Rule	14 8 15 8-45
Marshall	11 10 14 10-45	Dean	12 9 13 9-43
Webster	12 7 13 8-40	Fletcher	11 9 10 7-37
Cloud	11 6 9 9-35-208	Edwards	9 9 11 8-37-208

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

THE Rahway Gun Club, which is the most enterprising in the State, having taken hold of the State shoot, will leave nothing undone to cover the members with honor on this event. The Association has several trophies which will be offered as championships; the club itself has contributed more, and various friends have contributed, unasked, among whom may be now announced a trophy from the E. I. duPont Co., through the Shotgun Smokeless Powder Department of that concern. Program

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—Nineteen men shot in the Peters Cartridge Company's trophy event on April 22, and good scores were made. The day was fine. Williams was high man in actual breaks, scoring 49, a record for this trophy which has been equalled but once. Herman and Harig, of those competing, tied for second on 48. A number of interesting team matches were shot, and good scores were made, as well as in the numerous practice events.

Mr. C. O. Lecompte, a trade representative, was a visitor at the grounds, and made a good showing, breaking 48 in the trophy event. The Dayton team will be here on the 26th to contest for the Phellis trophy, and the club has a date with the Newark Gun Club on the 28th, in case they succeed in keeping the cup here, which they propose to do.

Peters trophy shoot, 50 targets:

Table with columns: Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. Williams 1 49 50, Herman 3 48 50, Jay Bee 10 40 50, etc.

Le Compte, Gambell and Nixon did not compete for the trophy.

Team race, 50 targets:

Table with columns: Gambell 40, Faran 43-83, Peters 43, Ahlers 41-84.

Team race, 50 targets:

Table with columns: Gambell 37, Faran 43-80, Peters 38, Le Compte 45-83.

Team match, 25 targets:

Table with columns: Faran 24, Barker 24-48, Peters 24, Harig 24-48.

Team race, 25 targets:

Table with columns: Le Compte 24, Peters 22-46, Barker 22, Harig 23-45.

Scottown (O.) Gun Club.

The opening shoot of the Scottown Gun Club was held on April 20. Owing to the rain, which fell for the greater part of the day, the programme was materially shortened and the number of shooters lessened.

Among the visitors were C. O. Le Compte, D. D. Gross and H. N. Kirby. The latter was high gun for the day with 118 out of 125. Le Compte and Gross finishing second and third with 115 and 113 respectively. Gross and Kirby were the only ones to go straight in any of the events. The scores:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke. H-N Kirby 118, C O Le Compte 115, D D Gross 113, etc.

Hamilton Gun Club.

The regular weekly shoot of the Hamilton, O., Gun Club was held on April 20. A strong wind blowing across the traps made the shooting very difficult, and some of the scores suffered. In the medal shoot Wesley and E. D. C. tied on 43 each.

Club medal shoot, 50 targets: Wesley (16) 43, E. D. C. (16) 43, Schumacher (16) 41, Stickle (17) 40, Wesley (21) 39, Schumacher (16) 36, Jones (17) 36, Smith (19) 36, Link (22) 32, Brunner (16) 30, Cummins (16) 29, Breining (16) 25.

Practice events:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke. Jones 60, E D C 40, Wesley 36, etc.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club.

Dayton, O.—April 19 will long be remembered by members of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club as a most enjoyable occasion. On that day, in addition to the regular shoot for the club medal, the club entertained a large delegation from the Cincinnati Gun Club, as well as a number of shooters from other towns in the vicinity.

The visitors from Cincinnati were met at the Union Station by the Rohrer's Reception Committee—Messrs. John Schaefer and H. Lockwood—and escorted to the 10 o'clock train on the Erie Railroad, which, by courtesy of the company, stopped opposite the grounds. Upon arriving, the visitors were given a royal welcome. The local club members had provided themselves with 200 blank cartridges loaded with black powder and these were fired, making a noise resembling a half dozen gatling guns in action at once. Though taken by surprise, the Cincinnati boys quickly recovered, and somewhat turned the tables on the Rohrer's by replying with a similar salute.

In a large tent, a bountiful hot dinner was served, and the supply of good things lasted all day.

The members of the club were on hand early in the day, so as to get their medal shoot out of the way before the arrival of the guests. Twenty-three took part in this event. Rike, Cain, Oswald and Schwind qualifying with scores of 25 or better.

In the third-shoot-off Cain broke 4, Rike breaking 5 straight and winning the medal.

The big event of the day was the friendly match between ten men teams of the Rohrer's Islanders and Cincinnati. This was at 50 targets per man, and was won by the visitors with a score of 411 to 372. The wind during the match affected the flight of the targets badly and few of the shooters on either team shot up to their usual mark. Ralph Trimble was high man with the score of 49. Maynard second with 44 and Faran third with 43. Cain and Rike made high score for the home club, 41 each.

Two sweepstakes were shot before dinner, and after the team The sport was kept up until it was too dark to see the targets, each, 16yds., \$1 entrance, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The sport was kept up until it was too dark to see the targets, when the boys reluctantly put up their guns and left for the city.

Club medal shoot, 50 targets, handicap of extra targets to shoot at:

Table with columns: Shot at, Broke. Rike 30, Cain 27, Oswald 30, etc.

Shoot-off No. 1:

Table with columns: Rike 12, Cain 10, Oswald 11, Schwind 10.

Shoot-off No. 2:

Table with columns: Rike 5, Cain 5, Oswald 5, 4.

Shoot-off No. 3:

Table with columns: Rike 5, Cain 4.

Following is a list of medal winners to date, with the number in the shoot-off:

March 22: Chas. F. Miller, six men.

March 29: Rolla O. Heikes, ten men.

April 5: L. Whitacre, five men.

April 12: G. Hodapp, five men.

April 19: E. Rike, four men.

Team match:

Table with columns: Cincinnati G. C., Rohrer's Island G. C., R Trimble 49, Cain 41, etc.

Following are the scores made by the winners in the sweepstake events:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke. Le Compte 225, Gross 187, Oswald 128, etc.

New Moorefield G. n Club.

The New Moorefield, O., Gun Club held their first monthly shoot on April 19, with an attendance of twenty-five. Jeff was high gun with 101 out of 125. Foley second with 94. A strong wind bothered the shooters.

H. N. Kirby was the only one who succeeded in breaking straight in the 25-target event.

The club has fine shooting grounds, and will hold regular shoots during the season. Visitors are always welcome and will be well looked after. The scores:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke. Jeff 101, Foley 94, H Kirby 86, etc.

Notes.

The Advance Gun Club, of Dayton, O., has completed their club house and trap pits, and will hold regular shoots on Thursdays this season.

The Welfare Gun Club, of Dayton, will open its season on May 6, when the members of the Greenville Gun Club will be entertained, and beaten in a team match if possible. The club has joined the Ohio Trapshooters' League, and will be represented at events under the jurisdiction of the League.

The Troy, O., Gun Club has undergone a complete reorganization, the new officers being: E. E. Thomson, President; F. O. Reutson, Vice-President; Will Haines, Secretary; Otto Smith, Treasurer; Walter Augsburg, General Manager. There are some good shots among its members, and will be able to put forward a good team in important events.

Greenville (O.) Gun Club.

The fourth medal shoot of the Greenville Gun Club was held on April 17. The weather was not of the best. A strong wind, which blew all the afternoon, caused the targets to dip badly, and made high scores impossible. In Class A, Boice Eidson tied with W. Kirby, the previous winner, on 42 each. Harry Hartzell won the medal in Class B, with a score of 40. There was a good turnout of members, all getting in trim for the tournament on May 9-10. The new members are getting the hang of things, and made a good showing to-day. The scores:

Club medal shoot, 50 targets: Eidson (17yds.) 42, Kirby (22) 42, McCaughey (17) 41, Hartzell (12) 40, Ayers (13) 39, Warner (17) 37, Lockwood (12) 35, Lambert (12) 34, Fouts (12) 32, Huddle (12) 31, Baker (19) 31, Smith (12) 22, Wolf (12) 16.

BONASA.

In Other Places.

The newly organized Salem, O., Gun Club on Saturday closed the deal with R. B. Heaton, whereby the club will have the use of the grounds near the Ft. Wayne station. The same is already equipped with club house, trap-pits, etc.

Sherburn M. Becker, chairman of the committee of the South Side Gun Club, Milwaukee, Wis., on medals and trophies, is planning several prizes that will, when introduced, make a very novel and spirited contest.

One of the gold medals now up for competition between members of the South Side Club, Milwaukee, will be temporarily awarded monthly to the one having the three highest averages during the month. The one having the highest average at end of year to win.

We have a line or two from Hopkinsville which states that C. O. Le Compte, Harold Money, John S. Boa, J. A. R. Elliott, H. N. Kirby and Frank Riehl will be present at the Interstate tournament, April 27 and 28. It is stated that Boa is now shooting in the place of Charley Spencer, who is very sick. Most of these men are well known in the Blue Grass State, and all will be made welcome.

If any of the Illinois shooters happen to be at Freeport on the club practice day they will find a ready right hand awaiting them at the shooting grounds. Freeport is one of the northwest towns of the State, and has long been known as a good shooting center. Dick Linderman is alive and well, and still getting a line on the clay targets now and then. He was lately reported as having attended a meeting held by the Lincoln, Neb., Gun Club.

A tournament will be held at Rantoul, Ill., May 5, under the management of J. D. Neal. He will be assisted by the old veteran W. Tramp Irwin. This shoot was arranged to catch the trapshooters before they got too busy planting corn.

All Western (especially Illinois) shooters should keep an eye on the announcements concerning the tournament that will be held at Putnam, Ill., June 16 and 17, under the auspices of the Undercliff Sportsmen's Association.

The local sportsmen of Breckenridge, Minn., met last Saturday evening and formed a gun club. The officers elected are: President, Moyle Edwards; Secretary, Frank Sykora; Treasurer, J. L. Thompaugh. The start is made with twenty members, and there will be weekly shoots held.

Programmes will be ready May 1 for the Bradford, Pa., Gun Club shoot, to be held June 21 and 22. This will be just preceding the G. A. H., and will be an opportunity to practice. The secretary extends an invitation to all to be present and participate.

The Masonic Gun Club, Syracuse, N. Y., will hold a tournament soon. This club was organized last year, and starts out this year with great enthusiasm.

The Kingdom Gun Club, of Fulton, Mo., has a big name, but the scores reported show that only three men were at the last shoot. E. M. Bolton broke 8 out of 25; H. R. Brogg 43 out of 66; R. A. Moore, 51 out of 66.

West Duluth, Minn., Rod and Gun Club have selected grounds which are thought to be perfect, being surrounded on three sides by water, and containing twelve acres.

The Mankato, Minn., Gun Club have called a meeting for the purpose of electing officers and transacting much other business that will be intended to put the club in good condition for this year.

The Sleepy Eye, Minn., Gun Club held a shoot last Wednesday, and there was some good shooting by old and new members. Hodges for an old member, and Dr. Oscar Werring for the new, made good scores.

The Darlington, Wis., rifle shooters have opened a range on the old gun club grounds, and will proceed to improve in the manly art of rifle shooting. The membership will be limited to fifteen.

The Marino Gun Club, of Frost, Minn., held their first meeting last Saturday. All were green, and the secretary writes that no "world's records were smashed."

After a rest of several years, the Perkins Gun Club, of Sharon, Pa., has come to life. Warren Taylor is President; Thomas Wallis, Vice-President; James W. Carver, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Paducah, Ky., Gun Club has started up the season with a pigeon shoot for \$25 a corner.

The Valparaiso, Ind., Gun Club will initiate its new ground and new trap Monday. Shooters from neighboring towns will participate.

Another club for Iowa. This time it is at Kingsley, and there will be some regular tall shooting, as there are now thirty members. They grow shooters in Iowa about the same as they grow corn and hogs.

The Superior, Wis., Gun Club has taken steps to secure trophies. There will be special inducements offered for the ladies to participate. Special light-weight guns and proper ammunition will be provided, and the grounds will be so arranged as to best suit their convenience and make it a pleasure for their assistance in maintenance.

The members of the new Fond du Lac Gun Club will hold their second shoot on Sunday; then a meeting will be held Wednesday for the purpose of electing officers.

The first State shoot for this year will be held at Mt. Clemens, Mich., May 10, 11 and 12. These dates have been chosen so as not to interfere with the Pittsburg State shoot. Teams from all parts of the State will participate. The officers are alert, and a fine programme will be issued.

Sunday was a blustery day when the Anaconda, Mont., Club members met to shoot at the clays. None but the old reliables were out.

The Undercliff Sportsmen's Association, composed of some seventy of the best sportsmen of Illinois, will hold a tournament at their headquarters, Putnam, Ill., June 16, 17 and 18. It will be a social gathering, as well as a resting place for the traveling shooter or others who tire of city life. Write to C. W. Grubbs, Putnam, Ill., for programme.

The Rantoul, Ill., Gun Club, under the able management of Jack Neal, will hold a one-day shoot May 5. The club is well provided with fine, level grounds.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, April 22.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the first trophy shoot of the season. Dr. Meek, W. A. Jones and Tom Jones tied for Class A trophy on 23; Gould, Class B on 18; Stalnaker, Class C on 19.

The day was ideal for trapshooting, and a large crowd of shooters lined up for the occasion, over thirty taking part in the various events of the day.

Paid representatives were out in good force, there being Veitmeyer, Lord, Stannard and Steenberg, the latter being high man for the day, losing only 9 targets in 110 shot at. Three more applicants for membership were taken, making now eighteen on the waiting list.

Table with columns: No. 1 was the trophy event. No. 7 was at 5 pairs. Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke. Dr Shaw 21, Dr Reynolds 20, Dr Meek 19, etc.

Table with columns: Team race, 25 targets, Messrs. Stone and Lord, captains: Stone 20, Dr Meek 15, Gould 15, Steenberg 20, etc.

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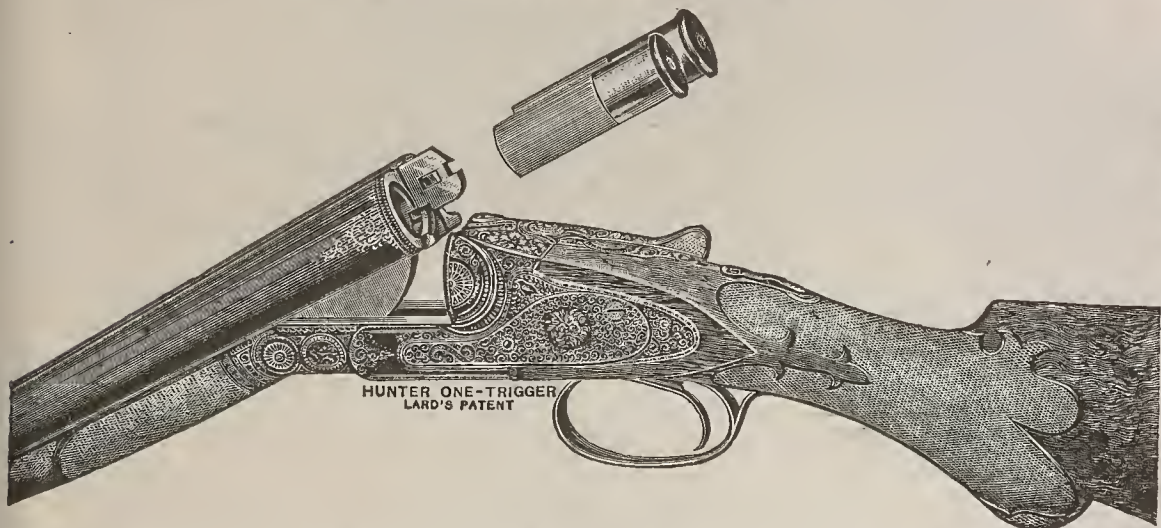
The angler who is waiting to receive the telegram notifying him that the ice has gone out of the Maine lakes will be eager to see the 1905 edition of the "Sportsman's Guide Book," issued by the Bangor & Aroostook R. R., and his brother, who contemplates a summer camping trip or a fall hunt in Maine will welcome its appearance with equal eagerness. Many of the railroad guide books neglect to give the reader that specific information which he desires. The B. & A. R. R. "Guide Book," however, gives just the information the sportsman wants.

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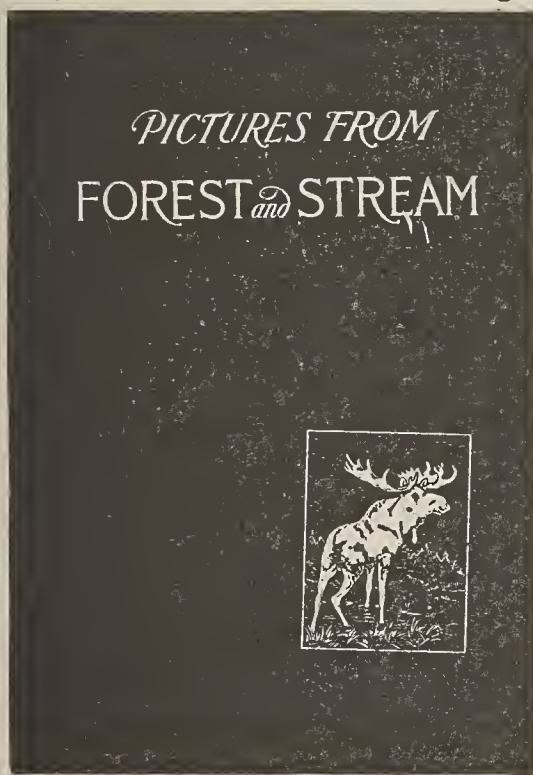
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LIST OF THE PLATES.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - - Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 5. "What's That?" (Antelope), - - Carl Rungius | 21. The American Plover, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 6. The Home of the White Goat.
Photo by H. T. Folsom | 22. Rap Full, Schooner Constellation in a
North Easter, - - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair
off Larchmont, - - - Photo by Jas. Burton |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - Carl Rungius |
| 9. Calling the Buffalo—3 The Fall, E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - E. Osthaus |
| 10. Calling the Buffalo—4 Packing the Meat.
E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer) - - - - E. Osthaus |
| 11. Sail, Sea and Sky, Navahoe on the Solent.
Photo by West & Son | 27. Between Casts, - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 12. The Trapper's Camp, - - - - E. W. Deming | 28. Home of the Bass, - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 13. Pearl R. (Setter), - - - - E. H. Osthaus | 29. In Boyhood Days, - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 14. The Purple Sandpiper, - - - - J. J. Audubon | 30. A Country Road (Partridge), - - W. P. Davison |
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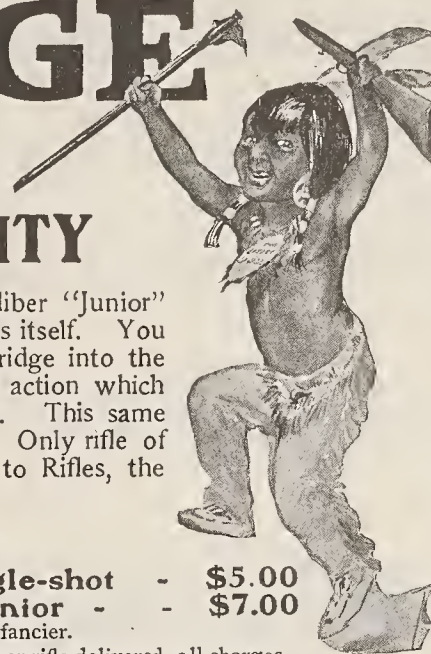
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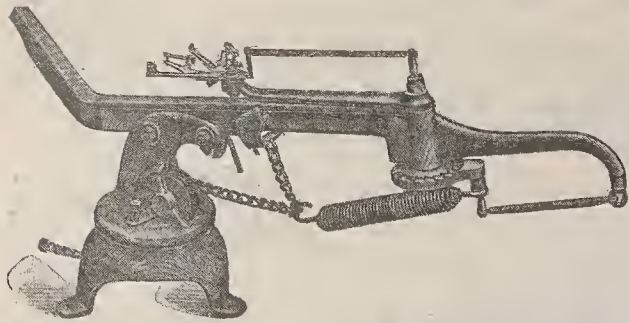
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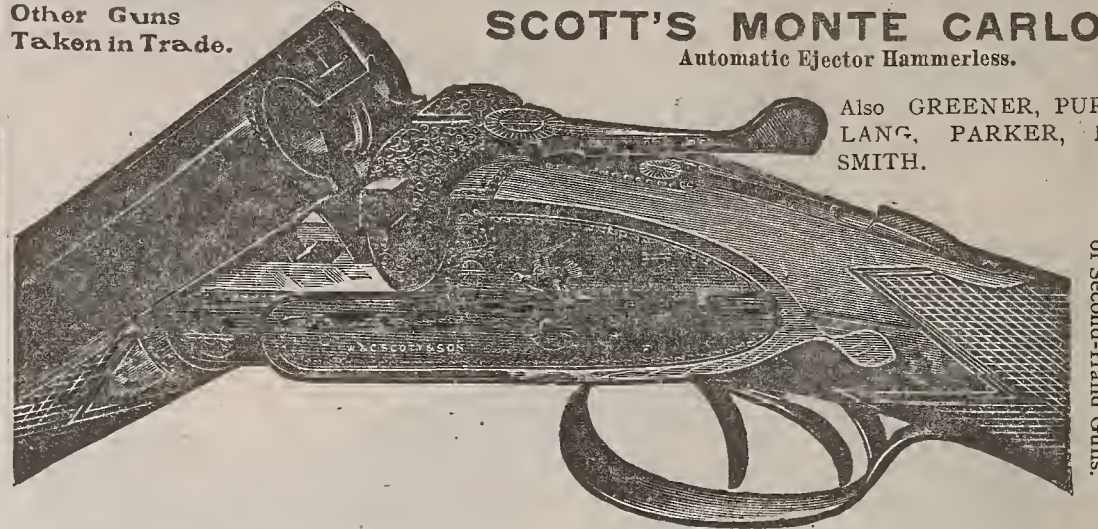
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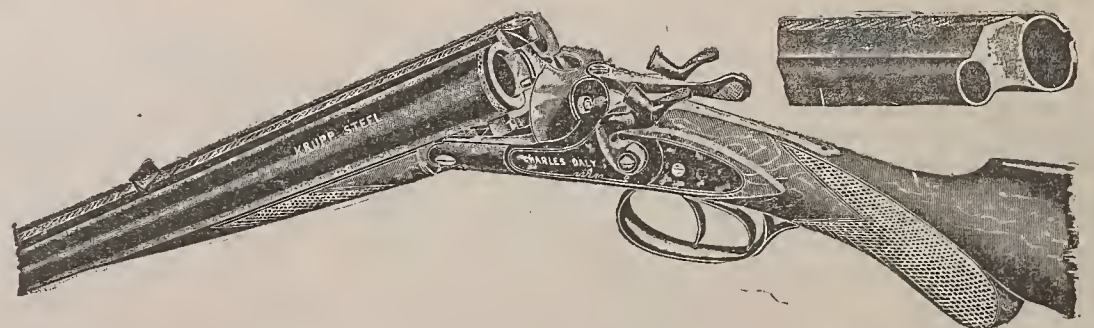
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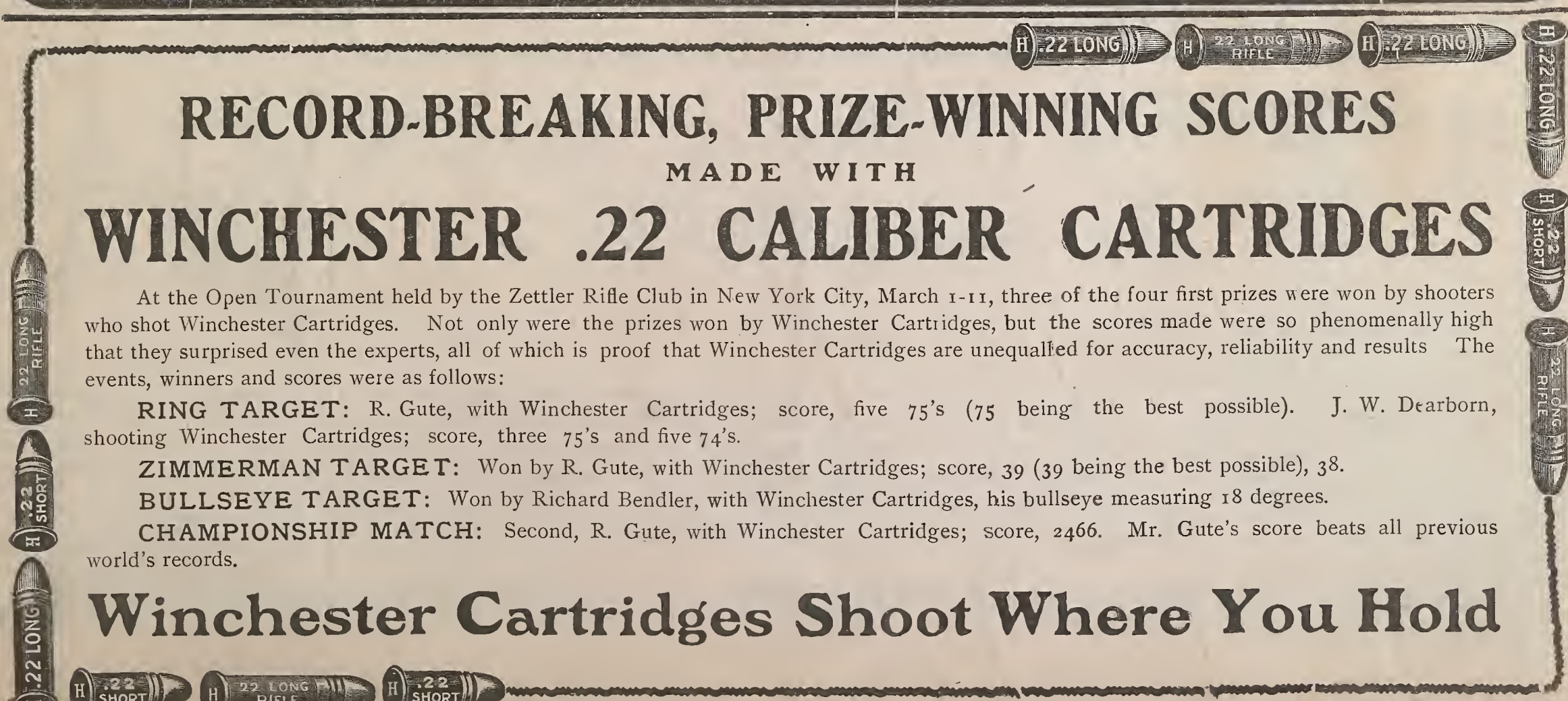
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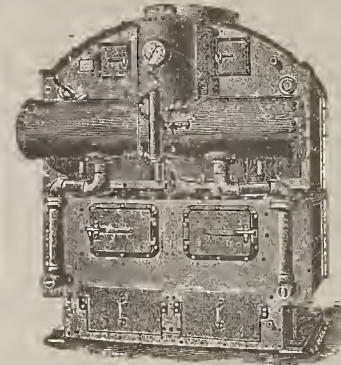
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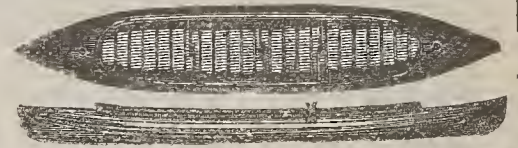


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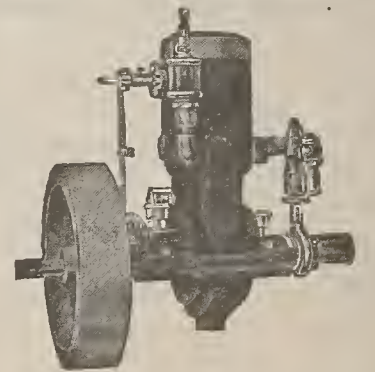
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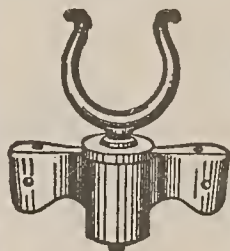
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE ADIRONDACK TIMBER INVESTIGATION.

WHEN the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks preferred its sensational charge against Commissioner Middleton and Chief Protector Pond, last March, accusing them of collusion with Adirondack timber thieves, we said of the affair: "There are two sides to every case. The public has heard only one side of this one. The other side may not be wholly to the credit of the authorities; it may not show that they have been so diligent or alert or efficient as they should have been; but it is incredible that a full ascertainment of the facts would show any such complicity with evil-doers as the letters of the Association charge. Pending the rigid official investigation which should be insisted upon by all concerned, the public may wisely suspend judgment."

Attorney-General Mayer was intrusted by Governor Higgins with the task of investigating the charges. The results of the inquiry as reported by the Attorney-General are given on another page. He finds that by a method of indirection fire-killed timber has been sold from the State lands in direct violation of the Constitution, while on the other hand, those who cut green timber have been vigorously prosecuted and punished. As to the charge of official corruption, the Attorney-General reports:

"Finally, I think it but just to add that after thorough investigation, the examination of many witnesses and documents, there is no evidence that any corrupt consideration was received by the State officials or agreed upon between them and any of the trespassers; but it is unquestioned that the policy which was followed resulted in illegal acts."

ARTIFICIAL BREEDING OF WILD BIRDS.

THE Commonwealth of Massachusetts has always been earnest in efforts to supply the inroads which excessive shooting and fishing have made on the wild denizens of its woods and waters. It is still working on those problems and is breeding some species of game with good results, though attempts to rear quail have not yet been successful. Of all this matter of the artificial rearing of wild birds and mammals for stocking purposes, we know as yet little or nothing, and only by experiments carried on over considerable periods can we learn what may be done and how to do it.

In Massachusetts the authorities have had the very important assistance of an outside experimenter who has accomplished something never done before. Prof. C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, has reared a number of healthy ruffed grouse from the egg, and has also succeeded in taming two captured wild grouse. The wildness of the ruffed grouse has been proverbial among generations of New England farmers, and it has been declared that it was impossible to rear them in captivity. People have said that "a partridge is always a partridge," and no matter how young it may be caught, it will escape or it will die. On the other hand, of late years accounts have been printed of ruffed grouse which seemed to lose all fear of certain human beings and came to regard them as friends. We recall no authentic account of the breeding of this bird in captivity, but a dozen or fifteen years ago the spruce grouse—a bird of very different habit—was bred by a resident of Nova Scotia.

A most interesting fact in Professor Hodge's experiment is that of twelve eggs brought in from wild nests, every one hatched. His full account of the food which the young grouse relish is a valuable addition to our knowledge of the habits of the bird.

Six birds, the breeding stock which Professor Hodge has to start with, is a slender foundation for a grouse farm, but he will presumably add to this stock by birds reared, as last year, from the egg. It is to be hoped that his experiments will be continued, and be supplemented by those of others and that the time may come when ruffed grouse and quail will be reared in captivity as easily as chickens are now.

It is not so many years ago since the experiment of turning out two western species of grouse was tried in Massachusetts, but with no result. It is evident that this was not the proper way to handle those birds, yet some of our western grouse would no doubt do well in New England. Pinnated grouse formerly lived in certain portions of the State—where a few survivors still exist—the sharp-tail grouse might well flourish there, and it is quite possible that if the dusky grouse—one of the most splendid of American game birds—could be introduced, it might do well. The dusky grouse, though commonly considered a

bird of high altitudes, yet flourishes well enough on the seacoast of the Northwest. Experiments ought to be made in breeding all these grouse in captivity, and when success has been attained they may be turned out in the spring in small numbers to take care of themselves.

The whole great subject of the artificial rearing of web-footed wildfowl is as yet untouched in this country. It is successfully done in England, and in many parts of the United States the wild geese in stands of decoys commonly breed in domestication and are reared as easily as tame goslings. Here is a fertile field waiting for the right man. When the time shall come for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to set apart certain wildfowl refuges, which shall be properly protected and sufficiently secluded we may expect to see wildfowl—free as well as domesticated—breeding in those waters.

LONG ISLAND DUCK SHOOTING.

WHILE Utah and Wisconsin have just passed laws stopping the shooting of wildfowl in the spring, and while Minnesota closes the season for water fowl Dec. 1 and limits the bag to fifteen birds in one day, the Legislature of New York has before it a bill to repeal the present law forbidding spring shooting, and to permit such shooting for three days in each week from March 15 to May 1. The bill has already passed the Assembly, a number of members, it is said, having been induced to vote for it on the ground that it made no difference what the Assembly did, for in any event, the bill would be killed in the Senate. Now, it is hoped by its promoters that during the closing days of the session, the bill may slip through the Senate and become law.

In many of the States of the Union the open season for wildfowl is far too long. Several months should be cut off this open season. Three or four months of shooting each year is enough for ducks, as it is for other birds, and the sentiment among sportsmen and game protectors favors the shortening of the season by cutting off the spring months. The trend of sentiment among sportsmen and game protectors is in the direction of putting an end to spring shooting, and sooner or later it certainly will be stopped everywhere.

It seems a pity that the great State of New York should be one of the last to take this action, and above all a pity that it should take a backward step, which, before long, it will have to retrace.

It is said that the sportsmen of New York city are in favor of the repeal of the present law, but we do not believe this to be the case. Certainly the reverse of this sentiment is expressed by the New York papers. Those that have spoken are in favor of the law as it stands.

In most sections of the main range of the Rocky Mountains the winter has been mild and the snowfall light. This is a good thing for the game but a bad thing for the farmers and the stock raisers, who for their summer water depend in large measure on the winter snows.

In the National Park the snow is going fast, and if it is not now practicable to get about over the roads in wags, it will be so soon.

The game is all looking well, and there has been almost no loss this winter. Usually at this season of the year many dead animals are seen. The very aged and the young and weak have already succumbed or are about to do so, and many carcasses of old bulls and weak calves are found on the hillsides and down near the rivers. This year there are none.

THERE are printed on the page which follows two communications from California, which chance has brought together as if by the contrast thus afforded to heighten the loveliness of the one scene and the desolation of the other. Mr. Charles Cristadoro writes of the charms of Point Loma, a spot of beauty where the warm southern sun lights up the tinted seas, the air is fragrant and balmy, and the landscape, the birds and the wondrous products of the sea make living in the open air a delight. On the other hand, Mr. Chas. S. Paige writes of a country whose pristine beauty and healthfulness has been destroyed, the land denuded of trees, of all vegetation, even of the soil, the air polluted and poisoned, and the human inhabitants ruined and driven from their homes. To read the story is to be filled with indignation at the outrage, to sympathize with the victims of it, and to share their impotent wrath against the heartlessness and injustice of those who have wrought the devastation.

THE COLORADO BUFFALO CASE.

THE case of Bartlett against O'Mahoney, sheriff, was tried in the Lake county, Colorado, District Court on April 17, resulting in a verdict for the defendant.

This case is the most important case ever tried under the game laws of Colorado, and is the finish of a number of suits involving the destruction of the last wild buffaloes in the State. It has also proved the efficiency of the State game law of 1899 commonly known here as the Beaman law.

The history of the killing of these buffaloes, as shown by the evidence for the State in the previous cases, is that in February, 1897, one of the Bartlett Brothers (taxidermists in Leadville) with two or three other men, went into Lost Park and killed a large buffalo bull, a cow, a yearling bull and a bull calf.

After doing so they sacked up the hides, skulls and bones and took them to a ranchman's house on the edge of the park where they had the ranchman's wife cook some of the meat which they told her was buffalo meat; the sacks were left in an outhouse over night, and she said she saw blood on the floor next day; the men also talked between themselves in her hearing as to their killing four buffaloes.

Another ranchman living near Lost Park testified that the buffalo cow for some years, and the calf since its birth, had run with his cattle, and he saw them every week until the Bartlett camp was made, and soon after that he saw the cow dead and her head cut off but never saw the calf again; that horse tracks led from the dead cow to the Bartlett camp.

They also paid the first ranchman \$25 for hauling them to their camp and back and for hauling the hides to the railroad, from whence they were shipped to Leadville, where they were stored and nothing more was heard about the affair for nearly four years.

In 1901, C. W. Harris, then State Game Commissioner, got on their track, and pretending to be a buyer for a zoological park in New York, undertook to get hold of them.

During his operations he wrote letters to one of the men supposed to have been concerned in the killing and received an answer as follows:

"Suppose a man had extra fine big male, one big female, one yearling male, and one male baby, about two months old, all skulls and leg bones with them, also accurate measurements of the bodies, and the hides all pickled and dried and put away by a competent workman. All these collected, with the exception of baby, in dead of winter, temperature of 30 degrees below zero, and therefore of very prime quality. Supposing, I say, a man had such an outfit, what would you be prepared to do?"

I want you to imagine a magnificent family, the knowledge you claim of the business will then assure you that their value must be high, say, \$3,000.

Are you prepared to talk business at this figure?

Don't come here until you have answered this letter and have heard from me again.

This letter was neither dated nor signed. Harris then wrote another letter addressed to the same party, offering \$2,500 for the specimens and received the following answer, also undated and unsigned:

If you want a really first-class article, the proposition we submitted presents the chance of your life, as we know the group unsurpassed by any in the U. S. In regard to purchasing live ones at the figure mentioned, you may possibly be able to do so by buying the so-called wild animals, but certainly not the genuine wild animals, but those that are crossed and partly domesticated. One thing I would ask you to not overlook, and that is "accurate measurements"; you will agree that, no matter how good a workman may be, in a case of this kind, accurate measurements are important factors, and certainly worth money.

Would like you to see them, however, and if you will write that you are willing to come and will give at least an hour's notice, I will engage to have them ready for your inspection.

Harris finally got next to the Bartletts and got a sight of the specimens, and had the sheriff arrest the Bartletts and two others, and seize the specimens, under the game law. There were two trials of the accused, in both of which they were acquitted by reason of some mismanagement on the part of the prosecution, notwithstanding the proof was conclusive.

Harris then began a replevin suit on behalf of the State for the specimens, but before it was tried a new game commissioner was appointed. That suit was also mismanaged and dismissed in August, 1903, and it seemed as though the game law was being made sport of. The judge of the court, however, refused to be a party to the farce and ordered the specimens to remain in the custody of the sheriff until the further order of the court.

Thus matters rested until October, 1903, when one of

the Bartletts having bought whatever other alleged interests there were in the specimens, brought a replevin suit against the sheriff for their possession. This suit for some reason hung fire until April, 1905.

In the meantime a new district attorney and sheriff had been elected, and the case was set for trial April 17 and Mr. Beaman, the author of the game law, was employed by them to assist in the defense.

On this trial one of the Bartletts testified that he and his brother bought the hides, etc., of one Foster in February, 1897. On cross-examination he admitted that he last had them in possession in August, 1901, and that the sheriff then seized them, and then the attorney for plaintiff rested his case.

The defendant's counsel then, without offering any evidence, moved the court to direct the jury to return a verdict for the defendant. The motion was argued by Mr. Beaman on the game law of 1899 to the effect that in August, 1901, when the sheriff found these specimens in possession of Bartlett, such possession, by that law, was *prima facie* unlawful, and that there never was a day or a moment since the passage of that law when Bartlett could have lawfully bought or held them in possession, and that Bartlett's own evidence on cross-examination was fatal to his case.

Mr. Beaman also cited, among other authorities, the decision of the Court of Appeals of Colorado last year in the Hornbeke-White case, which involved 300 deer hides purchased by a hide buyer in Rio Blanco county, and which the buyer lost by that decision. This latter case was also argued in the Appellate Court by Mr. Beaman after the hide buyer had been successful in the lower court.

The motion of the defendant in the Bartlett case was sustained and judgment was rendered for the sale of the buffalo hides and skeletons by the sheriff, as provided by the game law. Their value is variously estimated at from \$1,500 to \$3,000.

An appeal was asked by the plaintiff, the bond being fixed at \$2,500, but it is probable that the case is ended forever, as it will be impossible for him to show any right of possession.

It is a shame that the murderers of this remnant of the buffalo in Colorado, whoever they are, were permitted to escape the penalty of the law; the only redeeming feature being that no one was permitted to get away with the proceeds.

The decision of the Court of Appeals in the deer hide case, and the following of that decision in the buffalo case, show the strong features of the existing game law of Colorado, which mark a radical departure from the laws of other States. The distinctive features of the Colorado law are:

First. It declares that all game and fish in the State are the property of the State, and that no right, title, interest or property therein can be acquired, transferred or possession thereof had or maintained, except as therein expressly provided, and that such prohibition extends to every part of such game and fish.

Second. That possession at any time of game or fish unaccompanied by a proper and valid license, certificate, permit or invoice, as in the law provided, is *prima facie* evidence that such game or fish was unlawfully taken and unlawfully held in possession.

Third. The law then proceeds to state the open seasons on all kinds of game and fish, and under what circum-

stances they can be held in possession for a limited time after the season's close.

The Court of Appeals in the deer hide case in discussing the law said:

"It therefore follows that * * * plaintiff's right to the possession of the deer hides could not be established by showing that possession thereof was not *prohibited* by law, but it was incumbent upon him to point out some provision of law which *permitted* him to have possession, and that a failure upon his part to allege and prove facts which would entitle him to possession under the law would defeat his recovery."

It will therefore be readily seen that when on cross-examination Bartlett admitted that he had these buffalo specimens in possession in August, 1901, and did not go further and show facts which entitled him under the law of 1899 to have such possession, which he could not do, his case was defeated.

Under most other game laws it would have devolved on the sheriff to have made proof that the buffalo were unlawfully killed at some time prior to the date when Bartlett claimed to have bought them, or that some other fact or law then existed which rendered such purchase unlawful, which it might have been difficult to do, saying nothing about the effect which the statute of limitations might have had.

It will be well for the game protectors and lawmakers to note and follow those peculiar features of the Colorado game law, which after possession is shown, places the burden of proof on the accused to establish his right to do what he claims to have done.

This kind of procedure renders the prosecution of game law violators easy, as it is under other methods difficult.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Point Loma.

ON THE OVERLAND LIMITED, on my way home from Point Loma, Cal., April 27.—The writer and his better half for six weeks have been tenting on the shores of the blue Pacific. Point Loma reaches into the ocean for nine miles, more or less, standing well out of the water fully 350 feet.

When fog prevails elsewhere brilliant sunshine, tempered with the ocean breeze, is granted to Point Loma.

Day after day as I gazed out upon the rainbow surfaced Pacific I could not help imagining myself far out in the sea on a rose-embowered island, where the air was fragrant with the odor of the orange and lemon blossoms blended with the rose and where, out of the nodding palms, the mockingbirds sang a welcome each morning to the rising sun.

Wandering along the slopes I frequently put up quail, little smoky-hued balls of feathers, smaller to my idea than their brown cousins of the Eastern States. I was not impressed with the ground, for the cactus, prickly-pear and Spanish bayonet, wherein the quail sought cover, would have made it interesting for a dog.

Strange to say, the California weed is almost altogether a flowering plant and as a result the hillsides, after the rainy season, present almost a solid mass of yellows, purples and greens.

Point Loma and vicinity repay the shell hunter with abundant finds. The rainbow never gave more varied or brighter gradations of color than are to be found in the shell of the abalone. Gazing out upon the surface of the Pacific when but a slight breeze stirred its surface I there saw reflected, in brilliant patches, every color of the rainbow. Upon its gorgeous surface was here a patch of velvety green, there royal purple, pink some other place, deep red, yellow and delicate grays, the changing breeze shifting and graduating these colors until the surface of the ocean at times seemed to be one great rainbow sheet of color. We now and then hear that color photography is an accomplished fact, and after gazing upon the kaleidoscopic-hued surface of the ocean I wondered whether the water, acting as a lens, was not in some way responsible for the fixing of the colors on its surface in the shells of the abalone. The coloring of the abalone shells is one of nature's mysteries, explainable of course, but yet unexplained.

They tell me that the flesh of the abalone *per se* is beyond human mastication, but beat it and grind it to a pulp and it is delicious.

I heard outside my tent the plaintive peeping of a fledgling linnnet a few hours out of its nest. Presently the mother bird flew down to it and transferred its beakful to its hungry chick. The mother flying to a nearby perch gave forth musical notes of encouragement to its little one. Like a falcon from the sky down swooped a butcher bird. A grasp of its cruel claws, a stroke or two of its lance-like beak, a flurry of its wings and butcher bird and its prey were in mid air. The brave little mother made one dash for the murderer and with a plaintive cry gave up the chase. I presume it saw its young one was already dead in the grasp of the enemy. Could I have

followed up the pirate bird, I no doubt would have found the fledgling's body impaled on some thorn or hanging dead by the neck from some crotched branch.

This incident reminded me of an engraving, by Audubon, I think, of a sortie of eagles upon the nesting grounds of the swan. It was a scene of ferocious cruelty, but not so much so as that of the butcher bird incident, whose killing was done for the sake of killing and where-in killing for food formed no part.

San Diego Bay is the home of wildfowl. Loons can be seen by the score, diving ducks by the hundred, and gulls and pelicans uncounted.

I was amused at the antics of some pelicans. They would leave the water and soaring twenty feet or more above relax their muscles and fall to the water all of a heap, making a great splash. I have seen swallows when killed stone dead fall in just such a heap. Straightening themselves out in the water they would go through this operation of lofty tumbling again and again.

I saw the pelicans disporting themselves as I bade goodbye to San Diego Bay—on my way to the Golden Gate. Having an hour in Frisco the first thing I did was to hunt up the Pacific News Company and there buy some back numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, making up my mind to catch up in my reading on the train. It was very pleasant to shake hands mentally with the tribe of FOREST AND STREAM once more. I see friend Hallock has been a close neighbor of mine down at National City. The world is pretty small after all.

I had but an hour in San Francisco and saw little or nothing of anything but the main street. I regretted that I could not have gone out and visited the real Kelley-Monarch Grizzly. I had read about the fake, doped one and would much have liked to have seen the genuine article in *propria persona*. It would have given me pleasure to have thrown him a box of undoped honey with Allan Kelley's compliments and best wishes. Could I have understood bear talk no doubt Monarch would have told me that he was trapped fair and square, and would have laughed outright at being fooled on atropined honey.

But to return to Grizzly Adams. I think somewhere years ago I saw a print in which Adams and a whole tribe of grizzlies were mixed up. Two bears lay dead at Adams' feet and four or six more giant animals, standing within paws' reach on hind legs, waited for Adams to place his leaden peas behind their ears where they would do the most good—for Adams. If I am correct in stating that I saw this in Adams' book then I am afraid the artist, as well as the preacher who wrote the book, took liberties. As a boy I had read of the ferocity of the grizzly, and when I saw this picture of Adams calmly thrusting down a patched bullet in his trusty Kentucky rifle and the grizzlies ranged around like a troop of trained dogs waiting for the band to start up, I felt concerned and uneasy about Adams. But seemingly he lived through it. And then I too saw him on Broadway and Ann street under the management of the late lamented P. T. Barnum, where old Samson kept up the traditions of his tribe for ugliness that ended in the death of Adams.

And before I close, may I ask if the Comanche chief recently written about by Cobia Blanco as his hunting companion and the Indian Chief Parker, who recently

met President Roosevelt on his hunting trip, are one and the same Indian?
CHARLES CRISTADORO.

A Free Country.

SHASTA, Cal., April 5.—In FOREST AND STREAM of March 18 editorial comment alludes to the injury done by a smelter plant in Shasta county, California. I feel that this subject comes within my domain as an old correspondent from this region, and I do not rest peacefully when I omit an opportunity to condemn the open and widespread destruction of public and private property, as well as the menace to health and life itself, that these smelting operations are responsible for.

The smelter operated by the Mountain Copper Company at Keswick, Shasta county, has been at work for seven or eight years. The smelter and town are located in the canyon of the Sacramento River, six miles northwest of Redding. It has destroyed in this time nearly all vegetation within a distance of six to eight miles of its works. It has practically destroyed the homes of a thousand people, for some of which it has paid an arbitrary valuation fixed by the corporation, for some it has avoided payment by prolonged legal evasion, and in other cases it has insolently ignored complaints where it deemed its victims could not help themselves. It has been sued by individuals, and by a number of farmers and fruit raisers collectively, with the result that it has been universally victorious in proving that these small farmers and common people have no rights that they can maintain. Lands and orchards have been condemned by scientific witnesses, brought from abroad by the corporation, who have testified in court that the lands were not adapted to products that have been profitably grown upon them for half a century. In a region where every man, woman and child knows the deathly effect upon vegetation of the smelter fumes, the corporation finds juries that visit orchards and give verdicts that the fumes do no damage.

Over one-half the land affected is Government or public land, nearly all of which is timbered, or was timbered, with many varieties of deciduous and coniferous trees. Thousands of acres upon which timber grew have been burned over by forest fires after the fumes had deadened the timber until it was as inflammable as kerosene. Thousands of acres, thickly covered with valuable trees and mountain shrubbery, that mantled this region protecting natural springs and retaining the soil upon steep slopes, now stand incontrovertible evidence of the destruction that is extending further and further, leaving the summits and slopes of ranges of mountains denuded of everything except rocks. The soil itself, in this region of heavy rainfall, is swept to the water courses, into the Sacramento River, and carried by it to the valley and to the Pacific. That the same poisons that destroy forests are also destructive to human life is unquestionable.

In this area at the present time, fully a dozen miles in diameter, the natural flora and fauna hitherto abundant have been utterly swept from existence. The waste precipitations of chemical products upon this area, together with slag and poisonous material from the smelters, all find their way into the principal river of the State. In fact,

it seems impossible to conceive of any other process of destruction within the power of man that could effect that which has been demonstrated in this region.

With the operations of the Keswick corporation as a precedent, half a dozen other smelting plants are under way and projected in this region, some of them have sites near large bodies of as fine timber as is found on the Pacific coast. It would appear from these facts that a large portion of northern California is doomed to absolute destruction, for the sole purpose of smelting operations connected with mines that usually prove unstable and temporary.

After four or five years of investigation and legal procedure an injunction was issued from the Federal Court in San Francisco last month, enjoining the Keswick corporation from further smelting operations in Shasta county.

"The Mountain Copper Company has appealed to the United States Supreme Court from the judgment issued out of the United States District Court by Judge Morrow, enjoining the company from operating its smelter at Keswick to the injury of vegetation. * * *

"The filing of the appeal insures the company against interference with the operation of its great smelting plant for a considerable time to come. The most conservative estimate of the time which will elapse before the matter can be heard by the Supreme Court is six months, while other estimates run from one to two years. General Manager Lewis T. Wright is said to have made the statement that the injunction came as a great surprise to the company.

"The granting of the injunction is of but little effect, as there are many loopholes in the law and more than one way to avoid the consequences of an injunction, even when issued out of a United States court."

In this land of freedom we have been criticised abroad for being too strenuous. It would seem that this view must have been taken somewhat obliquely. It did not include the more deliberate action of courts and protective legislation.

The moral, the educational effect of this denudation of northern California, may perhaps some time affect other regions for their good. Here, it has a tendency to make the preservation of forests, the conservation of water sources, the protection of game and fish, the dignity of general government and the fundamental provisions of the Federal Constitution look somewhat kaleidoscopic.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

About Bob Rodgers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had been sent with a mail from Fort Concho, Tex., to Camp Charlotte, an outpost that we had west of the Concho and half-way between it and the Pecos River. I was allowed to take two days each way on this trip; I would have taken a week, probably, only the officers would not stand for it, and I was on my way back to the Concho when late in the afternoon, while I was thinking of going into camp on a creek just ahead of me, I noticed a party of cowboys with a wagon in camp there already. My camp would be with them to-night, so riding down to them I had just time to get my saddle off and my horse staked out before the cook began to hammer on his tin pan with a spoon, a sign that supper was ready.

Before we sat down to it, though, the cook going to his mess-chest at the tail end of the wagon, brought out a quart beer bottle half full of the post trader's "old rye whisky"—six weeks old, remarking that we might as well finish this now, as this was the last we had; we could trust to luck not to get bit by a snake later on. "You have the most of them killed," he said. I had been shooting them around the post.

This cowboy outfit belonged to a man who had his ranch down near Fort Mason, but he had the contract here of supplying Fort Concho with fresh beef, and these men were out here now hunting up the beef.

The contractor did not own a single head of cattle in this country then. Neither did anyone else, although there were plenty of cattle here—part of them were mavericks—cattle that had never been branded; and the rest were cows that had become footsore and had been left behind out of the different droves that passed here on the way to California; but this man seemed to think that he owned them all, and would try to prevent us from shooting them when we wanted extra beef. He was not here to-day. One of these men I had known ever since we were small boys; he had gone west when nineteen years old to hunt bears and gold, he said. The bears he had found; the gold still remained to be hunted for. He had done his hunting for it in a country where there was none; and to-night while we were seated around the camp fire I got his story for the first time. His name was Bob Rodgers. We had been giving each other an account of how each of us had met our first bear, when Rodgers spoke up addressing me with, "Say, did I ever tell you how I met my first bear?"

"No. Let us hear of it now, though I have often wondered, Bob, since I met you here, what brought you west, anyhow. You were not meant for a cowboy. Your mother meant to make a minister of you, you know."

"Well, it was this way. You remember the time that General Floyd started from Leavenworth to go out and whip the Mormons, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; I was going out to help him whip them when my mother put her veto on it. But he did not have to whip them, he only got as far as Fort Bridger before the winter overtook him and by the following spring Brigham Young had got one of his messages that he was in the habit of getting from God or elsewhere. It told him not to fight."

"Well, I was a kid of nineteen then, and was helping to navigate the old John C. Fremont; you remember her?"

"Yes, I knew her; go on."

"Well, we took the old tub up to St. Louis and here the United States marshal tied her up for us for debt. When the marshal took the boat we were paid off and sent adrift in St. Louis. There were two other young men in this crew, cousins of the name of White; they came from Ohio; and we three formed a plan to go up to Leavenworth, then join Floyd either as teamsters or soldiers. I and one of the Whites thought we would not be taken as soldiers, we were both minors yet."

"Yes, you might both have gone as soldiers; age would not have cut any figure there; your parents would be too far away then to object, and Floyd needed men then. You would be the very fellows I would grab at first, had I been with him and had been sent to hunt recruits."

"Well, the next thing would be to get to Leavenworth without having to walk there; and we thought we saw a way to do it. There was a small stern-wheel boat here that was going to Kansas City, or they thought it was; it may have got there in time, but did not get there this time. It drew two feet when loaded, and no feet when light. We shipped on it. She stuck on a bar about twenty miles below Independence, Mo., and we left her there and walked into town. There we were told that Floyd did not need any teamsters; that all his hauling would be done by contractors who would use bull teams and furnish their own drivers. We held another council, and concluded to let Floyd go to Utah, while we would keep on west and fight Indians, hunt and prospect. Neither of us knew any more about prospecting than we did about preaching, but I thought that I did, and I'll bet that I have waded one hundred miles through those creeks up in Kansas with a tin pan washing out sand and hunting for gold. We had to get an outfit next before we did any prospecting and we got it here. The three of us had about \$200 between us, but that would not get much of an outfit then. We got three heavy rifles, old ones, and plenty of powder and ball. Then we got two Texas ponies for packing; the man that we got them from was so anxious to get rid of them that he let us have them for \$30 each; then threw in a couple of old pack saddles, his ropes, an ax and spade, and his cooking pots, a whole camp outfit, in fact, all except the tent; that we never had.

"We could not afford to get ponies to ride, so we walked, and on the march one of us always went ahead while the other two drove up the pack train.

"We made mistakes, of course, but for three tenderfeet, two of them only boys, we got along first rate. The Whites had both been farmer's boys; they knew how to use a rifle, and so did I. I have you to thank for that; you taught me. So we always had plenty of meat; in fact, we wasted it.

"Before we left Independence we inquired about the dangerous animals we would be likely to meet, and were told that the black bear would be about the only one which would give us trouble. But he would, he was really dangerous, he would charge the whole three of us if our guns did not stop him; and it took a whole lot of lead to kill him, they said. And after night he would be liable to charge our camp. We must keep a good lookout for him. We swallowed this stuff, of course. The only bear I had ever seen was one that was kept chained up in a slaughter house at home. You knew him?"

"Yes, and he would be far more dangerous than any you would be likely to meet out in Kansas."

"These fellows told us this stuff to keep us awake at night I suppose. Anyhow, it did not keep me awake one night when I was watching for the bear to come and do that charging. When leaving Independence we first struck out to the southwest. We wanted to strike the Arkansas River, what for I don't know, unless it was to give the Comanches or Cheyennes a better chance to find us; and I have often since wondered why they never troubled us. In all the time that we were out I never saw them nor any signs of them, and in the next few months we traveled pretty well all over western Kansas, and at last brought up in the Indian Territory, never once seeing a hostile Indian. They may have seen us often enough but may have thought that we were not worth plundering. We set out to make only twenty miles each day, then camp if we could find water at the end of those twenty miles. We generally could find water almost anywhere; but on the fifth day out we had to go at least thirty miles before we found any, and when we did find it we were about ready to drop.

"On account of these bears being ready to charge our camp at night we had up to now always kept a guard on. Each of us would stand one-third of the night, then tramp on foot all next day.

"We were camped to-night on a small creek that had a fringe of small cottonwoods growing along it; and after dark I took my rifle, and, going just below camp, went on post to stand my share of the guard. I was dead tired and sat down, then lay down, and must have fallen asleep almost right off. I was awakened up some time in the night by feeling something cold scraping across my face, and just got my eyes open in time to see a young bear cub about a year old making off as fast as his legs could carry him. He was down in the bushes and out of sight before I had time to fire at him.

"I looked at my watch and found it to be just 3 o'clock. I had been 'standing guard' six hours. Then I went and called my relief, telling him what time it was. I had the only watch in the party. This was the last night that any of us ever stood a guard. After thinking the matter over next day, I told the others just how everything had happened and that those men had only been making fools of us; and this guard was killing us anyhow. I for one would risk the bears killing me.

"We had been out nearly two months, and in that time had not seen a dozen of ranches in this whole country; it was all a wilderness yet, and at last we ran across a small log cabin that we afterward found out had been built by a sheep herder. It was vacant now, and we took possession of it, meaning to stop here a month or more. The cabin was only about ten feet by six and had a flat mud roof. The door, which was next to one corner of it, had been broken off but it lay in the cabin and we put it in place again. We were still more or less afraid of those bears, though none of us except me had ever seen any yet. The cabin had no window, but to the right of the door a log had been cut out leaving a space about two feet long and less than a foot high. We always left this open at night to let fresh air in. To the right of this space I had a small shelf where I kept my cooking utensils and anything we did not want lying on the floor.

"My partners had taken both the ponies and gone after supplies, expecting to be gone about four days, and on the second night after they had left I was awakened up about midnight by the racket made by my tin pans and cups falling off the shelf down on the floor, and looking to see what was wrong now, I could just see the head and shoulders of a bear shoved in through this narrow opening; but he could not get any more of himself in through

it. I had a wooden water bucket half full of coarse brown sugar back at the far end of the shelf. The bear had it now, he held it between one of his paws and his breast, and was trying to clean the sugar out with his other paw, but was not getting much of it. The sugar was in a hard cake; I had to use a knife to get any out of it myself. In reaching for the sugar he had upset my pans, causing the racket. I was lying on the floor in the far corner of the cabin and the bear had not seen me yet. I had left my gun standing leaning against the wall at my head, and keeping my eyes on the bear I reached to get it, and knocked it down instead; and the bear letting go of the bucket, it dropped to the floor while he dropped to the ground outside and made off.

"I had the door held shut by a prop on the inside, and picking up my gun I ran to the door and got it open part of the way, then sticking my head out began to look for the bear, but at first I could see nothing of him. There was moonlight, but the cabin stood up on a hillside in among the trees. At last I made him out about fifty yards away. He had stopped now, then turning around he started to come back again. Not after me I suppose, he had not seen me; he probably wanted more sugar. I took the best aim I could in the light I had, then fired, then slamming the door shut I put up the prop first, then lit a candle to see to load again, and then got the door open but could not see any more of the bear. Not caring to go out after night looking for him I closed the door, put the tin pans in the opening for him to knock down again should he come back, then went to bed again. Next morning, as soon as it was light enough to see, I started to hunt up the bear, first going to where he had been when I shot at him. There was no blood to be seen here. I had no doubt missed him I thought. But his trail led off toward the creek, then up it, and after following it for 200 yards, I found the bear lying in among the willows dead. My big ball had taken him in the breast, then going nearly the whole length of his body, had passed out through his flank.

"It took me half of the forenoon to get that skin off. I was not an expert at skinning bears then, and did not want to spoil the skin, and did not. We afterward traded it for enough supplies to last us nearly three months. As soon as I had the skin off and had it pegged out to dry, I next cut up the bear and had him hung up on trees when my partners got home late that evening.

"This was not the last bear we shot in that country, either. We began to hunt for them now, and in the next few weeks got two more. Then we abandoned the cabin and left that country finally, going down to the Indian Territory next. There in the Choctaw Nation we put in the whole of the following winter, then kept on down to Texas and from here both of the Whites went home, I staid in Texas."

"I'll bet that both of those Whites and I were shooting at you, Bob, a few years after this." Bob had been in the Confederate Army.

"I should not wonder if you were," he told me. "Do you know that you came very near never getting a chance to shoot at me? When I first saw the flag of your division, the winter you were at Camp Pierpont, I had half made up my mind to desert the first time I went on picket and go over to you. That time when you charged us out of Drainsville, I saw the flag that you fellows carried for the first time and refused to fire on it. My captain was going to shoot me, until I told him that your flag was the flag of the State I had been born in. Then when I found out that you were at Pierpont I had half a mind to desert and join you, only I was afraid of getting sent to prison."

"No, you would have been given the oath of allegiance, then sent home to Allegheny."

The flag that Bob would not fire on was the State of Pennsylvania flag. We never carried a United States flag, only the State flag; it has the State coat of arms in the blue field instead of the stars.

The last time that I ever saw Bob, fifteen years after this, was when I defended him before a judge and jury in Silver City, New Mexico, on a charge of horse stealing.

He and two other men had a fast trotting horse that they were using as a "ringer," entering him under a false name in a class that would be too slow for him. It is the worst offense that can be committed on the turf. They had some difference about money and Bob sold his share in the horse for \$100 cash, and a judgment note for \$600. Then when he tried to collect the note he could not, so he took the horse down the country and sold him and was arrested for it on his return. Then he sent for me to defend him. In a northern court of record, the only one that I would be allowed to defend would be myself, and I at first thought that it would be the same in these Territory courts, but a lawyer to whom I went to get him to defend Bob got the judge to let me do it. I put in part of a forenoon raising objections to everything that the prosecuting attorney said or did, and in badgering his witnesses. Then as I had no witnesses except Bob—and I took good care not to use him as one, though the opposing counsel was anxious for me to call Bob—I put in the greater part of another hour in trying to talk that jury to death. They acquitted Bob, and I then had this lawyer collect that note for him. The horse had to be sold again to pay it. Then Bob, taking my advice, went home to where he had been born, the first time he had been there in thirty years. CABIA BLANCO.

For listening to the noise made by fish in the depths of the seas, a Norwegian inventor has devised a telephone to be lowered overboard from fishing boats. With this he claims a fisherman can detect the presence of fish, their numbers, and even their kind. Herrings or smaller fish, when they come in large numbers, make a piping, whistling sound, while cod make a roaring noise. When they come close to the submarine telephone the movements of the individual fish can be distinguished. The pouring of the water through the gills sounds like the labored breathing of a huge beast. The action of the fins gives off a rumble like surf beating on a beach. Crunching of teeth and rustling of scales are also apparent. The instrument consists of a microphone in a hermetically sealed steel box. It is connected by electric wires with a telephone in the vessel above. Every sound in the water below is intensified by the microphone and conducted by the electric wires to the telephone.—Weekly Scotsman.



NATURAL HISTORY



The May Wild Flowers.

BY CLARENCE M. WEED.

To the lover of wild flowers as to the lover of birds, the first half of May is the season of all others when one would wish to live out of doors. Dr. Van Dyke says the month of May was made to "go a-fishing"—an avocation in which the delights both of flowers and birds will appeal to one, but one need not be a fisherman to enjoy the fields and woods in May. During the first half of the month one may hope to find new blossoms every day, and yet will not be embarrassed by the floral riches that the last half of the month brings in almost bewildering confusion.

One of the most abundant of the New England wild flowers is the curious little plant sometimes called the Spring Everlasting, although often called Indian Tobacco or White Plantain. A better name than any of these is the one given it by the botanists, *Antennaria*, and it would be fortunate if we could generally call the plant by this name. An examination of the flowers of *Antennaria* shows at once that it belongs to the great group of composite plants, many small florets being crowded together in one head. It differs, however, from most members of this family in the fact that the pollen-

the most characteristic of the spring wild flowers, while still farther west other species are abundant.

The Painted Trillium delights in moist, rich woods where it is often found in great abundance. It is an interesting and beautiful blossom with its white petals standing out from the background of green leaves, each petal made more conspicuous by the brilliant crimson V-shaped spot upon its surface. This flower is perhaps more likely to attract attention than any other in the woods, and it is certainly one of the most characteristic of the New England wild flowers, although it does not seem to be so universally distributed as the less attractive Purple Trillium. The shallow blossoms of the latter are generally of a deep maroon color often becoming more purple as they grow older. In some regions a white variety of this species replaces the purple kind. The odor of the Purple Trillium is notoriously disagreeable and is believed to be for the purpose of attracting blue bottle flies and other insects which feed upon the dull yellow pollen.

Near the haunts of the Purple Trillium one can generally find the bizarre blossoms of the Jack-in-the-Pulpit. The outer part—so much like the old-fashioned pulpits that used to be in the churches—is called the spathe, while the vertical club in the middle—which I suppose represents Jack—is called the spadix. By removing the spathe one can readily see the stamens and pistils on the lower part of the spadix. There is an interesting variation in the structure of different flowers; in some stamens only will be found upon the spadix; sometimes pistils

name. The time of blossoming of the species is indicated by Longfellow in this verse:

"At Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things
I sought the woodlands wide."

In much the same situation, especially in cold woods, one is likely to find the white flowers of the Goldthread, which, however, seem to blossom a little later than do the foam flowers. The plant is at once identified by finding the yellow rootstock which runs along just beneath the surface of the soil. In their structure these flowers are among the most interesting of all the spring blossoms. The sepals are white and petal-like, the stamens are small and numerous, but the petals are most extraordinary. Each petal arises from in front of and between each pair of sepals, in the form of a miniature column that gradually enlarges from below upwards and finally ends in a cup-like disk, which is yellow with a white



COLUMBINE.



YELLOW CLINTONIA.



BLUE FLAG.

bearing and the seed-bearing flowers are on distinct plants, consequently the species relies upon the many insects that visit the blossoms, for the transfer of the pollen and the fertilization of the seed.

No group of wild flowers is more characteristic of the middle spring season than that of the Trilliums, often called the Wakerobins. Throughout the Northern States the May woods are resplendent with some one of the many species of this family. In New England the Painted Trillium and the Purple Trillium are the most abundant. In New York, Michigan and the region of the Middle West the large White Trillium is likely to be

only, while occasionally both will be found together. These plants are also called Lords and Ladies, the Lords being the highly colored purple ones, and the ladies the more modest greenish ones. Small flies are generally present in the Jack-in-the-Pulpit flower. These carry the pollen from the stamen-bearers to the pistil-bearers. The former fade away, while the latter develop green berries that become bright red in autumn.

In the eastern region we seldom see the curious Green Dragon which is found locally abundant in the Middle West. In this species the spadix is very long, projecting much beyond the spathe, and giving the plant a striking and characteristic appearance. Its general structure is much like that of Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

When the small stream along the banks of which the Lords and Ladies besport themselves reaches a level place in the sparse woods, it spreads out into an area that forms the congenial home for a number of beautiful and delicate flowers. These do not grow in the water itself, but upon the numberless tiny hillocks and banks which the presence of the water keeps always damp.

The most impressive of these blossoms is perhaps the Foam-flower. To appreciate its name you have only to see the great white masses growing like a sheet of foam in damp places in the woods. Hundreds of thousands of the tiny white flowers hide the surface of the ground in a most characteristic manner. These flowers are borne in masses on the ends of stalks which average about eight inches in height, while the round or heart-shaped leaves are borne on stems of about the same length.

Not far away from these masses of the Foam-Flower you are likely to find the much less conspicuous blossoms of the Mitre-wort or Bishop's Cap. The tiny flowers which have well been likened to minute white crystals, are strung singly along the main flower-stalk. When the petals drop off the tiny fruit-pods form miniature mitres, from which fact the plant gets its common

center. This cup is covered with a transparent, sticky nectar which is fed upon by the small flies that carry the pollen from blossom to blossom during the bright days of the middle spring season.

In the deep woods, a little higher up, where the moisture is less in evidence, you are likely to come across the thickly-planted beds of the yellow Clintonia, a member of the lily-of-the-valley family, whose leaves closely resemble those of the Showy Orchis. Each plant sends up from between the leaves a flower-stalk that bears several of the bell-like blossoms. The flowers are freely visited by such bees as penetrate the shady situations where they grow, and the visitors appear to get both nectar and pollen in exchange for their service in carrying the pollen from flower to flower.

The Showy Orchis is likely to be found on the southern slopes of rich, open woods where its broad, smooth leaves form a fitting setting for the pink-purple blossoms arranged on the central stem that projects upward from between the bases of the leaves to a height of six or eight inches. In their structure these blossoms have the same interest that is found in most of the members of



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.



GOLD THREAD.

the orchid family. They are freely visited by bumblebees which bring about pollination by a curious and complicated set of devices. The method by which this is accomplished is well worth the careful study of anyone living in a region where the plant grows.

With the possible exception of the May-flower or Trailing Arbutus, the Wild Columbine is the most fascinating of the spring flowers. Along the rocky shores of the New England coast its nodding blossoms often color the hillsides in May, the scant soil yielding only sufficient nourishment for a growth of a foot or eighteen inches. But in localities where the conditions are more favorable the plants often reach a height of two feet or more.

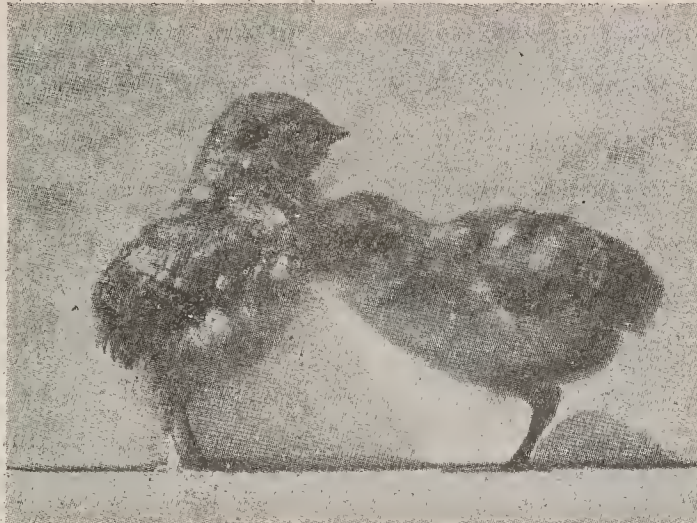
Although the Columbine is found in blossom from April until June, the height of its season in the more Northern States occurs in May. The flower is often called "honeysuckle" on account of the nectar to be sucked through the spurs when the tip is opened, but this name more properly belongs to another group of plants. In some regions the blossoms are also called "red bells." These flowers are especial favorites of the humming-birds.

The blossoms of the Columbine seem to be especially adapted to the visits of queen bumble bees, whose long tongues can reach the nectar secreted in the vertical spurs. Normally the bees alight on the open end of the flower, and as they make the circuit of the five nectar spurs, the under side of their bodies rub against the stamens and pistils. When the flowers first open the pistils only project beyond the petals, so that these are touched by the pollen on the body of the visitor. A little later the stamens curl outward, yielding abundant pollen to be carried by the bees.

The Columbine is often found along the borders of

Rearing Ruffed Grouse.

THE report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game for the State of Massachusetts for the year ending 1904 has just been issued. It contains a great amount of very interesting information from the points of view of both sport or of commerce, and may be read with profit by all gunners and fishermen. The good work of hatching, rearing and distributing fish goes on. For example, 6,100,000 shad fry were planted in rivers of the State, 3,300,000 pike fry were hatched and planted and 16,000,000 landlocked smelt eggs were distributed in various ponds stocked with the landlocked salmon. The question of rearing frogs has been considered by the commission, but as yet



RUFFED GROUSE—SEVEN DAYS OLD.
Photograph from life, by C. F. Hodge.

nothing has been done about it, it being deemed best to await the publication of the experiments of the Commissioner of Fisheries of Pennsylvania in this line. Trout eggs were collected to the number of 668,000. The demand for fish to stock ponds is greater than can be filled, and many novel questions relating to the rights of the public and of town and village communities are coming up which time can only settle. The commission has bred pheasants in some numbers.

Since Massachusetts is about on the limit of the northward range of the quail, this species is likely to be destroyed there at any time by severe winters. In order to protect it as far as possible the commission recommends that the quail be encouraged to live about the farm buildings, where they can be most readily cared for during bad weather; that suitable covers be retained for them, and especially that clumps of bay berries, sumac, black alder, red cedar, and other berry-bearing bushes which retain their fruit over the winter be reserved for them, which will afford them not only shelter, but food. Two severe seasons have practically exterminated the quail in Massachusetts and a close season for a term of years is suggested for both quail and ruffed grouse.

Perhaps the most interesting contribution to the report is the account by Prof. C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, of his remarkable success in rearing ruffed grouse in captivity. This species has always been esteemed the wildest of birds, but in Prof. Hodge's hands it has become absolutely tame. Prof. Hodge's report is as follows:

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 25, 1904.

Mr. Joseph W. Collins, Chairman, Massachusetts Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, State House, Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sir—The permit from the Department of Fisheries and Game allowed me to take twelve eggs of the ruffed grouse for purposes of experiment. Five eggs were obtained May 28 and seven June 1, from nests not less than sixty miles apart, being taken from two nests, in order to avoid the possibility of close interbreeding in case the birds reach maturity. The eggs were carried in the crown of a felt hat, between a thick pad of cotton batting and the head—the first lot from 9 in the morning until nearly 6 in the evening—and all hatched in apparently perfect condition, proving this to be an excellent method of transporting incubated eggs.

Cochin bantam hens were obtained by the kindness of Mr. Merrill from the Sutton hatcheries, and they brought out the respective broods May 30 and June 6. Food was supplied, but little was taken during the first



RUFFED GROUSE STRUTTING.
Photograph from life, Oct. 17, 1904, by C. F. Hodges.

day, and the chicks were left undisturbed in the nest. At the end of this time they were removed to warm nest boxes, placed within boxed yards covered with netting, which gave the chicks access to grass.

The weather was stormy and very cold, and despite every precaution against exposure a number of the chicks were sick, apparently with colds or pneumonia, and five died within the first ten days. One was killed in the nest the first day. Subsequently, two were snagged by cats which reached through the inch-mesh wire of their enclosure, and died in consequence of their wounds. This leaves four of the original stock, and at present writing they are as fine, vigorous birds as one could find in the covers.

About the first of October two wild birds which had flown against windows in the city were added to the flock. These, under the influence of the others, rapidly became practically as tame as they, and we thus have a stock of six healthy birds, from probably four different broods.

My plan of feeding has been to give the birds the greatest possible variety—as much as practicable like the foods they would be likely to find in the woods—and to study and note their preferences. The feeding can probably be simplified when we discover the staples and essentials. At first the chicks were given ripe blowfly maggots and pheasants' custard.* They were able to pick up the maggots from the second day on, and these remained the staple diet until well into August. The custard was plastered on rough boards placed on edge in the pens, since the chicks seemed to prefer to reach up for it. After the first three weeks, however, it could be placed in trays on the ground, and they



RUFFED GROUSE FOUR MONTHS OLD.
Photograph from life, Oct. 3, 1904, by C. F. Hodges.

continued to feed upon it as a staple diet until about the middle of September; after that its place was taken by live grasshoppers.

Along with the foods above mentioned, I gave, especially during the first weeks, great abundance and variety of small insects: plant lice, thrips and rose slugs, spiders, "ants' eggs," mosquitoes and mosquito "wrigglers," small earthworms, flies and gnats; also small grasshoppers and moths, obtained by sweeping the grass and bushes with an insect net. The chicks were also given their freedom—the free run of the lawn and garden as much as possible.

From the first day I kept the pens supplied with fresh chickweed, and the chicks began eating it on the second or third day. They also ate dandelion seeds, and were fond of the green heads of June grass. All kinds of fruits were offered them, and none of the native and common garden fruits was declined (with the exception of pears and peaches, which were scarcely more than tasted), from strawberries in June to apples in October. Raspberries, blackberries and mulberries were eagerly eaten, and blueberries and huckleberries formed a staple food during their seasons. Thorn apples, barberries and black alder berries were not re, fused, but were not taken in large quantities. Grapes of all kinds were greatly relished, especially Delawares. Chokecherries and especially black cherries were eaten in great quantities.

Although liberally supplied with green cabbage and fresh chickweed and generally lettuce, all of which the young birds ate daily, they also took quantities of all sorts of leaves (except grape, snowball, artichoke and Rosa rugosa) of the trees and other plants which grew in their enclosures: hawthorn, cherry, black cherry, apple, hackberry, chestnut, plantain, rhubarb, yellow dock, oxalis, all kinds of clovers and many others. Early in September they began to develop proclivities for budding, and were often seen nipping and tugging at small twigs. They ate chestnuts and acorns eagerly through October and up to the present.

The first moult occurred chiefly in August, and the adult feathers appeared in September, along with "snowshoes" and leggins. Soon after attaining their

*I am again indebted to Mr. Merrill for supplies of maggots, and also for directions in regard to making pheasants' custard, viz.: to one pint of fresh milk add four fresh eggs, and beat; then steam or bake until solid.



RUFFED GROUSE.

This specimen, captured Sept. 26, was photographed Nov. 2, 1904.

rich woods, and in somewhat similar situations the red and the White Baneberries are likely to be seen. These are among the most characteristic plants of the middle spring season. In the case of the White Baneberry a smooth, robust, leafless stalk rises from the ground eight or ten inches before it sends out the one large, doubly-compound leaf, with the margins of its many leaflets cut into numerous serrate lobes which are tipped with a pointed tooth. Then the stalk goes on upward to hold the oblong cluster of small white flowers. Later some of these flowers develop into strange white berries with a purplish white tip, which in New England have long been called "doll's eyes." These berries are poisonous, however, and of course should never be eaten.

The Red Baneberry is very similar to the White, the chief difference being in its bright red berries which are borne on much more slender pedicels than are those of the White Baneberry.

A little deeper in the woods one is likely to find the Star-Flower abundant. Few blossoms have been blessed with so appropriate a name as this, for it is a perfect white star that dots here and there the brown carpet of the leaves. It has an extremely delicate odor, and its grace and beauty are beyond praise. The slender, round, straight stem rises vertically a few inches before it sends out its platform of long, linear, finely-pointed leaves in a whorl, above which the slender pedicels of the one, two or three flowers continue for about an inch until each is crowned by the star-like flower. A clear-cut plant, it seems always sufficient unto itself, and I fancy one is less tempted to gather it than is the case with many other beauties of the wood.

The Wild Iris or Blue Flag is one of the most conspicuous lowland flowers of May. Thoreau thought it "loose and coarse in habit," a judgment with which most of us would disagree. For it is a graceful and attractive plant as it grows in its favorite haunts along the borders of slow-running brooks or in the margins of ponds. It has moreover an extraordinary relation to the world of insects, which adds greatly to its interest. It is visited by a host of bees, flies, butterflies and moths that find an abundance of nectar in the lower part of the flower.

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fall plumage they began to strut, after the fashion of the turkey gobbler. The tail is spread, the wings are dragged on the ground and the ruff is thrown out around the head, and a great deal of bowing, shaking the ruff and hissing is indulged in. The male and female of the ruffed grouse are not distinguished by any marked differences in plumage. I suppose at first that strutting was definite indication of male sex, but doubt if this is the case with young birds. With turkeys the young of both sexes strut. At any rate, all the birds that I have reared from the egg have strutted more or less, and still, from their size and other characteristics of head and neck, I am inclined to think that three of them are females. Neither of the wild birds have shown any signs of strutting, although apparently perfectly at home with the others.

As far as domesticability is concerned, our ruffed grouse are tamer than most barnyard fowls. They have not evinced instincts of fear at any time to any remarkable degree. They feed readily from the hand, and will hop upon the knee—even the wild ones—to do so. They have not drummed as yet, but it is to be hoped they will in the spring. The outlook is good for nests and broods next season, if present health and vigor of the birds can be taken as any indication of future possibilities.

C. F. HODGE.

The pheasant breeding work of the commission—owing perhaps in part to the extreme cold of the previous winter—was not so successful as might have been hoped, but each year as the work is continued more is learned about breeding these birds. An extraordinary incident during the year was the attacking of the pheasants by rats in large numbers. The report closes with a feeling memorial to Capt. J. W. Collins, long the chairman of the Massachusetts Commission.

Havier Venison.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That is a very interesting article of Keeper Hickmott, of England, on havier deer in your issue of April 15. Most of it is new matter to me, and I dare say it is to most of our sportsmen who have never visited Great Britain for sport. In the course of the gentleman's remarks he refers to the period of the year during which natural venison is eatable. In England, he says, the season (that is for buck venison, of course) continues from May to September, and yet we in this country do not permit venison to be killed until six weeks later, or just when the rutting season is on, and the meat, of course, strong. I have seen fall venison that was as rank as an old Rocky Mountain goat, and I am free to say that I have never been friendly to a law which compelled me to eat viands only when most unfit and at their worst. For in classing the two sexes in one under the prohibitory law we do just this very thing.

How few of us would know the taste of really good venison if we had never eaten of it clandestinely. Of course does and fawns should be rigidly protected, and for them the present close season is all right enough, but strange to state, at the very time when the bucks are discarded and outlawed by their own kind, our Legislatures place them under safeguard.

I have had considerable to do with formulating game laws, and your files of FOREST AND STREAM will show, as long ago as 1874, how I appealed to Americans to study the game laws of England, Germany and Switzerland and to be governed by their centuries of experience when the natural conditions were found to conform. But we are still eating fall venison when the bucks are so busy rutting that they have no time to eat, when their flesh is disgustingly strong in flavor, if not actually lean and stringy. So I urge that you circulate Head Keeper Hickmott's letter among the clubs, and let them canvass the legislators in their respective States, so that the laws may be duly amended to except buck deer from their operation at the earliest possible date. Every year in New England, where I rusticate, deer are becoming more and more a nuisance by their numbers and their immunity under the law, so that my suggestion is at least opportune, and, I think, the majority of full-grown sportsmen will approve of it. If we cannot put this in force let us adopt the havier practice. "Gesundheit ist besser als Krankheit."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

The Rattlesnake's Strike.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our always interesting friend, Cobia Blanco, says some things about the rattlesnake which I must object to as generalizations. He says the rattler "throws himself into his coil, then springs his rattle; and while he is in that coil—and he never strikes before that—he can only strike half the length of his body."

I have seen rattlesnakes violate every one of those rules. I have seen them spring their rattles while stretched at full length; I have seen them strike without coiling oftener than from the coil; I have seen a rattlesnake strike my boot at more than his own length, when he had a favorable tail-brace and a downhill slant. My observation has been that the coil—and by coil I mean the posture similar to a coiled line—is a defensive attitude, and that when the rattler is really "on the prod" he strikes from a position like the letter S with an added reverse curve or two.

Friend Cobia Blanco has not seen rattlesnakes do such things, but it does not follow that such things "never" are done. The generalization, I think, is too hasty.

A. K.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Cobia Blanco in his article in the April 29 FOREST AND STREAM was right about rattlesnakes in speaking of Spectator's article, as he generally is.

In the part of Texas in which I have lived and worked on a ranch for five years rattlesnakes were common in the summer season. I have killed as many as five in a day's fence riding, and remember one time when having let the snake get into a dog-hole I walled him in and two days after on taking out the rocks from the mouth of the hole, killed him with my rope. He was blind as a bat and had mashed his nose to a pulp on the rocks in trying to get out.

Along some of the creeks near the ranch there are rocky ledges. The snakes (rattle) take a place of this

kind with crevasses to winter in. Three years ago this spring a ranchman named Cockerell found a den about a mile from his outfit on a branch of Deep Creek and killed over forty-five snakes there (can get affidavits) and I saw a number of the rattles afterward, the largest having sixteen rattles and a button.

Spectator in his travels through Texas evidently did not get into the snake country.

Another fact about rattlers which is curious is that if the snake gets into a dog hole before you can get to him you can generally get him out by standing at a safe distance back of the hole and scratching dirt into it with a long stick. Almost always after a certain amount of dirt has gone down the snake will begin to rattle and eventually come out.

The natives there give as an explanation that when a rattler gets into a prairie dog's hole the dog will try and fill it up to keep him in. The snake being "on," comes out. However that may be, I have killed a number of rattlers that way.

MARK HOPKINS, JR.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Tamed Wild Turkeys.

ARDMORE, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: I send you an extract from a recent letter received from Mr. Chas. Baker, Orange county, Fla., that is of interest. It deals with taming wild turkeys. He says: Over at Clay Springs, where we go for the bathing, Major Skinner, the lessee, is the game warden, and he has gradually baited in a flock of wild turkeys, and now they are quite tame. He feeds them twice a day.

They come stalking in in a long line and feed, no matter how many people are present. There are some forty-three in all, and they make a fine sight; and unless you run at them or make quick gestures or sudden noise they will let you get very close to them—say ten or fifteen yards—and hardly move; stand as still as posts.

They are grand birds, and seem much longer legged than the domestic turkey, with the muscular part of the leg not so large or prominent, necks a little longer and heads smaller. Their plumage is just like metal in appearance. When suddenly alarmed they half uncloset their wings and fold them up again before starting to run or move off. It is not often you get so good a look at such a lot. This is the same place the wild scaup ducks used to come into and were fed in 1902.

I. N. DEH.

Domestic Pigeons Nesting in an Elm.

ROCKLAND, Me., April 11.—You may remember me as an old-time correspondent. Now I want to call your attention to the fact that a pair of common doves have built their nest in an elm tree and are sitting on the eggs. The nest is in a crotch about twenty feet from the ground. The tree is in front of a house in one of the residential streets. There are no dove cotes about nor near this house. I have been quite a close observer of bird life for years but never have heard of a like instance before.

JAMES WRIGHT.

[It is new to us as well, and we think very unusual. Have any of our readers known of a similar case?]



GAME BAG AND GUN



Memories of the Buffalo Range.

I.—Trails to the Salt Licks.

MANY years ago I made a prospecting trip through the great northern range of the buffalo in the Far Northwest, to what was then the limit of the white man's travel by pack horse and horsback, for the great Saskatchewan River is a muskeg country, hardly to be crossed by horses in summer.

When I got some 350 miles north of the forty-ninth parallel I found that I had lost sight of the great herd of buffalo that roamed over those vast plains, much as a sailor loses sight of the land when he makes the wide ocean. We were traveling over that vast stretch of prairie that to-day stands for the last great tract of land in America that is open to the pioneer settler from the older settled States of the Far Northwest and great Middle West. As we were mining prospectors, not hunters, our route of travel took us along the eastern flanks of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and thus we were at most times on the western edge of the great northern herd of buffalo. After we had gone beyond High River we found little or no signs of alkali or ground of that salty nature that the buffalo so eagerly partake of at certain seasons of the year. I noticed now that our horses began to be attracted by the refuse of our camp and to look for food thrown out, such as bacon rinds, and anything else that savored of salt.

After that trip I took much notice of the habits of the large game animals, more particularly the buffalo, in their northern range and in the summer or breeding season. When in the early autumn they began their migrations to the southward—toward the Badlands country—on their great march over the Milk River Ridge on through to the Missouri and Yellowstone, Big and Little Horn rivers, they seemed to seek eagerly for the salt of nature—the alkali—which could be found in abundance in all the valleys and on many of the divides. All the herbivorous animals—the great herds of buffalo, elk and anelope—that roamed over that vast country ate the alkali dirt. I have seen great herds of antelope much like the herds of domesticated sheep of this day on a protected slope of Flat River valley, when, after some early fall storm, at the season of the year, they had begun to bunch together.

I noticed that in their migrations in early autumn to their southern feeding grounds the buffalo, when once they got started, covered a long distance in one steady march, if all was quiet on the range. With great shaggy heads lowered they moved along over trails that nature had taught them led to water, but they did not stop when the water was found but moved along, shaking the very earth with their tremendous passage, apparently having but one thought, to get to some certain place. To see them coming from High River or Big Bow River valleys, across the Belly River, up and on over the great Milk River Ridge, across the North Fork of Milk River down into the valley and toward the Bad Lands of the South Fork of the Milk and to the Missouri River was a sight long to be remembered.

When they found the finish—as it were the end of their march—with an eager running rush they plunged into the alkali pools and lakes of water, eating and drinking eagerly of the salty mud and water. Then all became quiet for the time being, as the great shaggy animals had now reached their goal—the alkali country they loved so well. But in spring, led by experience or instinct, they drifted northward again and in the breeding season found quiet and repose from the white hunters' rifles in the great stretch of the Far Northwest, where the salts of nature were to be found in only very limited quantity.

The buffalo was not by habit a timber mountain loving animal, his natural range being the great plains, particularly where the alkali was most abundant. Every day he would seek water, his great lumbering strong strides enabled him to cover long distances from far up on the ridges and divides where he delighted to feed and bed down, with some watchful animals lying apart while the cows and the calves quietly chewed their cuds.

Nature had so amply protected him that, with his face always toward the wind, he was ready to face any blizzard that might come to him over the plains from the Far North. It was a delight to the buffalo to find a pool of alkali water to plunge into and wallow, when he would emerge covered with the yellow clay peculiar to such conditions, and would then roll about on the dry alkali shale, much as a horse rolls when he is turned loose. Under such conditions he was a sight to see. I have in mind hunts with Indian youths, taking part in the sport of running some great bull whose hide was so coated over with alkali mud that he could hardly keep up with the balance

of the band, owing to the load that he was carrying. The Indian boys chased him in pure fun, calling him all kinds of funny names on account of his uncouth appearance. A buffalo bull in this condition presented a very strange appearance, and after the coating of mud had become thoroughly dry, when running him at close range, he made a peculiar rattling noise, owing to his hard leggings being matted and to the balls of dried mud which hung from his long hair and rattled against one another as he ran. I have had my horse run from such a bull as though afraid that it was some strange animal that had suddenly arisen which he had never seen before.

To-day the old buffalo trails are relocated by the great herds of the domesticated cattle which follow them to water. It is to be hoped that the last remnant of that once great game, such as the Pablo-Allard herd that a gentleman has offered to take over and deliver to the Government, will not be confined to a mountain range such as obtains in the Yellowstone Park, but rather have some two or three divisions or bunches made of them, and a range be selected upon the prairie with a Bad Lands range, where they may have a free run to alkali water and licks, a range condition that they love so well, and which nature has so abundantly supplied for them in our great State.

CHARLES AUBREY.

BROWNING, MONT.

Pinehurst Preserves.

THE work of planting food supply patches on the Pinehurst, N. C., shooting preserves has proven so generally satisfactory that this work will be carried out during this summer even more extensively than in the past. Not only cow peas, but millet and buckwheat will be planted to provide a food supply for the birds.

Within the past month 150 dozen quail have been liberated, which it is confidently expected will breed well and greatly improve the shooting next fall.

Good Roads School at Cornell.

THE College of Agriculture of Cornell University has called a good roads conference for May 16 to 19. This conference is for the purpose of discussing the educational phases of the good roads movement, and to give instruction to students and to all others who desire to come.

The Adirondacks and Lake George.

From the report of the Adirondack Committee of the Assembly, transmitted April 11, 1905.

CHIEF among the subjects of which the attention of the committee was directed by the resolution authorizing its appointment was, "Whether the Constitution should be so amended as to allow the cutting and sale, under proper restrictions, of the so-called ripe timber on lands owned by the State within the forest preserve," and to this question the committee devoted considerable of its attention. The Legislature of 1904 passed a proposed constitutional amendment permitting the removal of dead or down timber from State lands, and this measure is before the Legislature of 1905 for re-enactment before it can be submitted to the people for their approval. Many reasons have been advanced why such a measure should become a law. Notwithstanding these arguments, the committee believes that to permit the removal of dead timber from State lands, even under State supervision, might have a tendency to bring about further devastations of the forests by fire, and that it would be unwise at this time to depart from the State's policy of permitting not even so much as a stick of timber to be removed from the State's property which the Constitution now holds shall be forever kept as "wild forest lands."

The majority of forest fires during the year were caused by sparks from railroad locomotives, as has been the record for several years. The railroad companies, however, have co-operated with the State authorities, as a result of which the forest fires attributable to locomotives have greatly decreased in number.

The committee is deeply interested in an experiment recently tried by the New York Central Railroad, in which an electric engine hauled a heavy train successfully at the usual rate of speed. The application of electricity to trains, both passenger and freight, running through the forest region would certainly result in a great alleviation of the fire nuisance, and eliminate completely this source of woodland destruction.

Mr. Blagden's Deer Park.

Leaving Wawbeek on the morning of July 30, the committee made a tour of Upper Saranac Lake, arriving at Saranac Inn at noon. Here the committee was met by Mr. Thomas Blagden of Washington, and invited to inspect his deer park in the vicinity of the Inn. The committee was conducted to a tract of about thirty acres of wild forest land inclosed by a high wire fence. Here, Mr. Blagden explained, are confined about thirty deer, some tame and docile, allowing the visitors to fondle them, others so wild that only a fleeting glimpse of them was obtainable as they dashed away into the thick woods. In order not to overcrowd the park, Mr. Blagden told the committee that he liberates annually about ten or a dozen of his captives, thus adding to the stock of Adirondack game.

"What the State ought to do," suggested Mr. Blagden, "is to set apart a tract of wild land somewhere in the mountains, inclose it, and raise deer, elk, moose and other game, liberating the young as soon as they are able to care for themselves. The moose and elk that are sent to the mountains from private preserves and liberated are in many cases so tame that one can almost knock them over with a club. Of those sent to the woods only a few remain."

The committee was deeply appreciative of Mr. Blagden's courtesy and greatly enjoyed the "deer hunt" in which they were permitted to participate.

Leaving Keene Valley on the morning of Aug. 4, a drive of twenty-four miles took the committee to Ausable Forks, where a halt was made for the night. While at Ausable Forks the committee visited the large pulp mills of the J. & J. Rogers Company for the purpose of examining their method of preventing the refuse from their mills from polluting the waters of the Ausable River. The subject of the pollution of Adirondack streams by pulp mills refuse has long been one of public interest, and the Rogers Company claims to have solved the problem to a considerable extent. The company for some time has had in its employ Mr. J. S. Robeson, a chemist, who has been experimenting at Ausable Forks with a new process of evaporating the waste liquor from the digestors. A small plant was erected so that a practical demonstration might be made, and the result is claimed to be very satisfactory. The water is freed from all foreign substances, including the pulp fibre, which is utilized for sizing paper, etc. It is also, by further treatment, hardened and made into cores for paper rolls. The experimental plant, according to a recent report from the company, has worked continuously since the committee's visit and has taken care of 10 per cent of the waste liquor from the sulphite mill. A larger plant designed to take care of the entire output of the mill is nearly completed, and is expected to be in operation before May 1. If such a plan were to be adopted by other sulphite mill owners the committee believes it would go a long way toward remedying the evils of pollution against which complaint has long been made.

Lake George Islands.

In examining the lands owned by the State in Lake George, the committee found that this property comprises many beautiful islands, which are annually frequented by thousands of visitors and are great favorites with occasional camping parties. The campers seem to pay reasonable attention to the law and do little, if any, damage while on the islands.

That there are flagrant cases of trespass on several of the islands might well occupy the attention of the Commission. The committee during its trip noted in particular the building of a large summer camp on Uncas Island, and was informed that the trespasser was a Mr. Edwin Ellis, of Schenectady. This trespass was all the more flagrant for the reason that the building was being done on an island which lies directly in one of the favorite excursion routes, and which is distinctly marked as State land by a large sign on one of its most prominent points. During the trip the committee was informed that other trespasses existed on Burnt Island, on Ranger Island and on Kettle Island, and that there is reason to believe from com-

mon report that others are in immediate contemplation. Every trespasser shuts off just so much of the pleasure ground owned by the people from their occupancy during the vacation season, and unless prompt and vigorous efforts are made to stop all such violations of the law a serious situation may prevail in the near future. Undoubtedly the natives in this locality do not inform the authorities of the trespasses, because certain revenues are derived from the building and boat letting and the furnishing of supplies which naturally comes from this unlawful occupancy. But the fact remains that there is no excuse for such violations. Every such trespass closes to the summer traveler, and especially to the pleasure seeker from our own State, a favorite resort to which he has the first right of occupancy, and which his money has, in part, paid for if he is a taxpayer.

Adirondack Camp Sites.

During its journey through the various lakes along the shores of which the State owns lands adapted for camping purposes, the committee took up the question of the advisability of leasing alternate lots as camp sites to reliable persons at an annual compensation. To do this an amendment to the Constitution would be necessary. This action has been recommended in the past because of the large income which it is said would accrue to the State from the rents received, and for the further reason that the cottage owners would become fire wardens to a degree and would aid in protecting the forests from flames. While these arguments hold good in great measure, the committee does not believe the plan advisable. To place the authority of leasing tracts of land along the shores of the lakes in the hands of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, might lead to charges of favoritism in the leasing of camp sites. It is furthermore pointed out that once leased the lessees of State lands are likely to become autocratic to the extent of forbidding people to trespass upon the tracts of land so leased. Then, too, there is likely to spring up under such a plan, the practice of sub-letting camp sites which might involve the State in much litigation in order to rid the leased property of undesirable tenants. One instance was related to the committee where a party leased a tract of land from the State under the old law at a ridiculously low figure and later sublet it at a handsome profit. The committee believes that legislation permitting the lease by the State of Adirondack camp sites would prove unwise.

The Adirondacks are the pride of New York State—a vast forest playground and a sanitarium. Thousands of dollars have been spent for preserving the forests and securing to the people the natural beauties of the mountains. Both for those seeking recreation and health the Adirondacks offer a tempting retreat. That New York State should take energetic measures to preserve this empire of natural beauties is merely a recognition of its far-reaching relationship to the well being of the people. The forests that clothe the Adirondacks are not only a refuge for town worn men and women, but they are also a necessary protection for the water supply of the great metropolis and other cities lying to the south.

Recommendations.

The committee would respectfully submit the following recommendations:

1. A thorough investigation of the thefts of timber on State lands, and the enactment of more rigid statutes for the punishment of trespassers.
2. The establishment of a system of paid fire patrols for further protection against forest fires.
3. Further appropriations by the State for the purchase of forest lands within the Adirondack Park.
4. An amendment to the Constitution authorizing the sale of lands owned by the State within the Forest Preserve in counties outside the limits of the Adirondack Park which are undesirable for a forest preserve and the application of the proceeds of such sales to the further purchase of forest lands within the boundaries of the Adirondack Park.
5. Further appropriations for the continuation of the work of reforestation of denuded State lands within the Adirondack Park and the maintenance of State nurseries where forest tree seedlings can be propagated.
6. The erection of signs indicating the State's ownership of lands along the shores of and on the islands in Lake George and on other State property as the Forest Commission shall direct.

The Committee: E. S. Hanford, Chairman; Chas. W. Mead, J. R. Cowan, Wm. J. Ellis.

Newfoundland Caribou Herds.

THE Department of Marine and Fisheries last week received word from Game Warden Kelland, of Burgeo, that caribou were seen in Burgeo and all along the southern coast in *hundreds of thousands*. They come south in the winter in large herds. The severity of the winter drives them as far south as the water's edge of the island. Other years thousands of them were slaughtered and sent to St. John's. This practice has been stopped. Many of the residents along the coast abused the privilege of killing, and the hunt generally degenerated into a huge slaughter. They came out like herds of cattle and were easily destroyed by hundreds. Some of the meat found its way to St. John's, where it sold for a few cents per pound; the residents preserved some of it in cans, and a large quantity used to be left to rot where it fell. Canning is now forbidden, and the Fisheries Department took extra precautions this season to hinder the slaughter. Last year the enormous number of three thousand caribou were slaughtered in a couple of days. Some of the ring-leaders were punished and the practice stopped. It is evident from Mr. Kelland's report that the herd has not suffered any considerable diminution. Later, the Fisheries Department has had advices from Western Cove, White Bay, stating that the oldest inhabitant never saw or heard of such numbers of deer as have been seen at this section and in the bottom of the bay. Hundreds crossed on the ice to the north side of White Bay, while the whole of the woods from the bottom of the bay to the railway track appears to teem with caribou. Never before at such

an early date were they so far north, and instead of decreasing they appear to multiply each year.

White Bay is away north from Burgeo hundreds of miles, so that it is probable that these are different herds of deer. If so, the contention that the deer in the interior are in herds innumerable, and that they are on the increase appears to be well grounded. Now that protection is given them and slaughter prevented, it looks as if Newfoundland were destined to be the deer park of America for the next century.

I am sending you under another cover, a copy of booklet issued by the Reid Newfoundland Co. It is edited by Mr. H. A. Morine, Passenger Agent. It contains the game laws of Newfoundland, lists of best fishing rivers, with diagrams and dates of best months for fishing, shooting grounds, guides, hotels, fishery wardens, prices per day of guides and hotels, extracts from FOREST AND STREAM and other leading American journals, from writers who have been slooting and fishing on the island, passenger rates from any American city to Newfoundland, and, in fact, every information that a tourist needs, who is traveling for health or sport. Mr. Morine deserves the greatest praise for this little brochure. He has made a little book that is not only absolutely necessary to the prospective visitor to Newfoundland, but would make interesting reading for a person who never shot or fished in his life. I wish to advise every reader of FOREST AND STREAM, whether he intends to visit the island or not, to write to Mr. W. D. Reid, vice-president of Reid Newfoundland Co., or to Mr. H. A. Morine, general passenger agent, for a copy of the booklet. The testimony of many American and other sportsmen contained therein will be a revelation to most American sportsmen. C.

Mongolian Pheasants in New York.

The report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission reviewing the work of pheasant distribution, says: On April 25, 1904, it was officially announced that no more Mongolian pheasants would be bred for free distribution by the State. The work, which had been undertaken with a view to encouraging the introduction of this species of game bird, had been both popular and successful from the start, and many fish and game clubs, as well as individuals have taken it up in recent years. The extent of their distribution, together with the fact that pheasants may now be procured readily from commercial hatcheries, united to cause the Legislature to decline to make a further appropriation, and the work was therefore abandoned.

The order to breed pheasants at the Pleasant Valley Hatchery, in Steuben county, was given in 1896, and the work was begun in the following year with a stock of twelve birds, from which about forty were raised there the next season. These were not released until the year following, when the stock had increased to 180 birds, and the public had become thoroughly interested in the experiment. In 1899, the first and only appropriation made for rearing pheasants was secured, amounting to \$1,000, which was chiefly used in constructing the necessary pens. That year over 400 pheasants were successfully reared. The number of applications increased steadily up to the time when the work closed, when they amounted to requests for 288 pairs of birds and came from twenty-six counties.

The total number of pheasants distributed during the seven years in which the work was carried on was 1,191. This distribution consisted of 612 cocks and 579 hens, and the average cost, taking one year with another, has been about \$12.50 per pair. The birds were sent into forty-seven counties in the State.

A Rifle Ball on its Travels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An old gentleman who says he has a large chicken ranch in Tennessee, started from home a week ago to pay a visit to his son, who lives at Rice's Landing, Greene county, Pa., and got as far as Pittsburg, where he had to stop over several hours before he could get a train to his destination.

He had a Winchester rifle in a canvas cover and taking it into the package room at the Union Station left it there to be taken care of. The rifle must have had a load in the chamber where it had no business to be, for the package room clerk when putting it in a pack let the gun fall to the floor and it was discharged, sending the ball through the clerk's leg, and then so close to the colored porter's head that it knocked his cap off. Next the ball passed through the side of the room and across several tracks and then hit Mr. I. J. Rosenoway, of East Seventeenth street, New York, who was about to board a train, and the ball finally struck an iron door that stopped its peculiar progress.

An ambulance took the two wounded men to the hospital and an officer took the owner of the gun down to the central police station to be held to await the result of these men's injuries. When the old man was about to be locked up in a cell one of the detectives, Philip Dornell, noticed that he was wearing a Grand Army button. Dornell wears one himself, and he, taking charge of the man, had a supper brought in for both, then found him a bed upstairs in the officers' room—the button saved him from occupying a cell there. He would most likely be let go in a day or two when it was seen that these men were not badly hurt.

He said that he had got the rifle to shoot chicken hawks and had cleared them all out of his part of the country, and was now going to attend to what hawks there were in Greene county. CABIA BLANCO.

Death of Old Mountain Phelps.

ORSON SCHOFIELD PHELPS, for many years familiarly known as "Old Mountain Phelps," died at his Keene Valley home Friday night, April 14, aged eighty-nine years. He claimed to be the first white man who ever reached the towering summit of Tahawus, the cloud-splitter, from the east. He marked trails to the top of Bartlett Mountain, Hopkins, the Giant, up Johns Brook to Tahawus, and several others, earning the title "Old Mountain Phelps," which clung to him for half a century. He is survived by three sons and three daughters, also an aged widow. Funeral services were held at Keene Valley Sunday afternoon, April 16, at 2 o'clock. G. L. B.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



The Camp Doctor.

At the risk of becoming tiresome I am going to discuss for your readers some of the commoner phases of camp ailments and the simpler means of combatting them. I shall not attempt a learned dissertation upon disease, from two reasons: one, that I am not capable of it, and another that the average reader would not comprehend. It is, however, evident to all that some few simple rules of treatment with the means at hand may be employed and much relief derived therefrom. I shall only speak of those things that are more likely to occur and which, quite often, produce a lot of misery and effectually annihilate all the pleasure of a trip that you have been, mayhap, planning for months.

Diarrhea.—Perhaps of all the simple complaints that the camper has to contend with this is the most prevalent, especially in the summer months, and that's the period that folks usually camp. The change of diet, water, air, surroundings, all conspire seemingly to render man a victim. The disease begins with a feeling of lassitude and distaste of food. A chilly sensation meanders up and down the victim's spinal column, and a regular post-graduate headache supervenes. You wake up in the morning feeling not a bit like doing anything. You get up and very likely you vomit. Then in a few minutes you vomit again. By this time you are feeling "nasty." About now comes the desire to evacuate the bowels. You evacuate, and this continues. The passages are thin and watery and scalding, like lye. The patient becomes pale and distressed with a severe pain in the bowels. Treatment: Clean out the bowels and keep them clean. Strange philosophy to give a man an evacuant when his bowels are already doing double duty, but that's the remedy. Just plan old-fashioned every-day Epsom salts in heroic doses. Say a heaping tablespoonful every two hours until every bacteria-laden mass in the whole intestinal tract is swept out as with a broom. Follow with doses of chloranodyne in fifteen drops until the pain and diarrhea are checked. Nothing more. That will effect a cure. In fact, the simple rinsing out of the intestines with the salts will be all that is necessary. The other is simply to relieve the pain. Now, be a little more careful what you eat in the future, and remember that there is always another meal coming, so don't try to consume it all at this one.

Rheumatism.—The man that is the victim of rheumatism had better not get out where he is apt to get wet. If you run up against an attack the very best treatment is to get dried out as soon as possible. Simply get up alongside a hot fire and soak in all the caloric your skin will hold. Drink water and sweat until there is not enough water left in the system to drown a flea. Get your bed up off the damp ground and keep it thoroughly dry. You will not be very apt to have anything in your camp medicine outfit that will do much good, except a cathartic. If you know that you are going to have rheumatism you had better carry along one of two things which amount to the same thing. Colchicine with methyl salicylate, or salicylate of sodium. Either of these is contained in about every recipe for rheumatism that was ever written. The former, being in globule form, is more easily carried. For acute attacks, take heroic doses.

Colds.—Everybody is liable to this fashionable complaint, and most people allow it to "work itself off." Sometimes the symptoms are so severe as to demand attention. Then comes in a good chance to try your compound cathartic pills in about a three-to-dose shot. The next day begin to dose the cold with three-grain doses of quinine every two hours until a thirty horsepower sawmill gets busy in your head. Stop then, and get into bed with a big hot lemonade in your skin and allow the cold to leak out through the pores of the skin, as it surely will if you do not throw off the bedclothes and get chilled.

Toothache.—"Thou hell of a' diseases." There are about twenty-two thousand three hundred and sixty-five remedies that have been advocated. All of them useful and all useless. Cocaine is a valuable application if the tooth is hollow, but useless if not so. I have brought great relief to a solid tooth by splitting a large raisin and filling it with pepper, preferably cayenne, and applying it directly to the offending dental. Laudanum, oil of cloves, hot sandbag, all are useful. To start as if you were going to the dentist to have the thing extracted is a sovereign cure. That last is a joke. I tell you so that you may understand it.

Earache.—Another pleasant complication. Usually caused from impacted cerumen. If so, any remedy that will remove the wax will give immediate relief. I generally pour hot water in the ear. I don't mean by that a few drops of luke-warm water, but lay the patient down on his side and pour about a gallon of water as hot as possible into the ear. Maybe it's a bug got in there. Use the same remedy. Pour in the water. Wash out bug. Cocaine solution in ear will relieve pain. Hot rock will, too.

Malaria.—There is only one remedy for malaria and that is quinine. Everybody knows that. Yes, there is one more. Do not get bit with that particular mosquito that causes the disease. Of course, you may have some little difficulty in selecting the particular brand of mosquito that you desire to have lunch on your person, but that's the sure cure. The best cure for malaria is to get out of a malarial climate.

Sunstroke.—The average woods loafer will hardly exert himself enough to get a sunstroke, but if he does the guiding principle is to keep up the circulation and vitality and keep down the temperature. One may be accomplished by strychnia and digitalis, the other by applying cold to the head, but not to the extremities. Here is a good place for a little old rye, if you brought any along.

Pneumonia.—This may occur in those doing winter

hunting when the weather is inclement. The symptoms are these: Usually a decided chill ushers in the disease; at any rate there will be a chilly sensation; a cough and difficult breathing; pain in some locality in the lung or lungs. The temperature rapidly rises and the patient becomes very ill indeed. Unfortunately medical science has discovered no remedy for pneumonia. The best that we can do is to support the vitality until the crisis. This crisis will occur usually upon the fourteenth day. The medical treatment consists in stimulating the heart with strychnia, relieving the cough with codiene or the senega compound tablets, and applying cold to the chest. Keep the chest well packed in cold towels or even ice packs. The average man who goes into the woods for a hunting season will be able to withstand an attack of pneumonia unless his system is saturated with alcohol. If so, his chances of recovery are not good. It is a notorious fact that alcoholics, senile persons, and children recover from this disease very badly. Alcohol in my hands has proved of very little avail except in the latter stages, where it became necessary to stimulate the circulation powerfully and at once. I am of the opinion that alcohol does more harm than good in these cases.

Typhoid.—The most serious misfortune that could occur to a man in the woods would be an attack of typhoid. Fortunately it is rare. This being an intestinal disease the treatment should be directed against the alimentary canal wholly. I use the intestinal antiseptics entirely. The fever will subside in direct proportion to the antiseptics of the canal. Calomel to clean out with, followed by salts, then zinc sulphocarbonate. The average case of typhoid will recover in from three weeks to six if left entirely alone. A long time to stay in the hills, you say.

This about concludes the list of diseases that you will be apt to contract. If there is anything that I have overlooked, I have forgotten it. That is a misfortune of mine—forgetting things. I forgot to go home the other night, but my wife seemed to remember it, and from my experience then I conclude that I had better bring this tiresome article to a close and wend my weary way homeward. I will, if this fills the bill, offend again in some future article in which I will take up the subject of camp surgery.

CHAS. S. MOODY.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, Mass., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In some sections of Massachusetts the land is being rendered almost destitute of forests by the local and portable sawmills, a condition greatly deplored by our sportsmen, as well as lovers of forests for their beauty and their usefulness as conservators of moisture.

The allusion by Governor Douglas in his Arbor Day proclamation to the fact that there are in our State "no less than a million acres" of comparatively worthless land, which might be rendered of great value if covered with forest trees of the proper kind, has struck a responsive chord among all classes of our citizens and attracted much favorable comment by the press, even beyond the confines of the Old Bay State. While the planting of shade trees is a work to be commended, the larger problem of practical forestry should receive the careful attention of all rural communities. The Massachusetts forestry department has just issued a leaflet saying, among other things, "Trees should be planted systematically and for a definite purpose." It also calls attention to the service other than shade a tree may render, and recommends the planting of our "native trees" as likely to prove more useful than any others.

One of our evening papers commends the plan of a suburban club in planting mountain-ash and mulberry trees for the reason that those trees "invite birds," and it is very desirable to have with us as many of them as possible. During the last session of the Vermont Legislature, a forestry act was passed providing that all waste or uncultivated lands, which shall be planted with forest trees in accordance with rules prescribed by the State forester, shall be exempt from taxation for a period of ten years, commencing on the first of April of the second year after such lands have been planted. All efforts made to increase the acreage of wooded land commends itself to lovers of the birds and animals that the birds and animals that exist therein in a wild state.

On account of the ravages of the browntail and gypsy moths, our Metropolitan Park Commissioners have caused the cutting of trees from large areas in the Middlesex Fells to the great regret of many people in the neighboring towns, and, in fact, of all who are accustomed to resort thither. There have been many appeals from correspondents that not only the trees, but the undergrowth be allowed to remain, thus presenting a natural aspect, as well as good cover for the ruffed grouse and other birds that exist there in great numbers. These writers prefer the natural to the artificial, however ornate.

At a recent conference for town and village betterment in the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club, Boston, Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Cambridge, spoke of the great natural beauty of the State of Massachusetts—the "matchless" outlines of Cape Cod, he said, could not be duplicated anywhere.

The "drumlings," or arched hills, left throughout New England by the glacial period, have a quality rarely met with elsewhere. He declared Gay Head to be the "most instructive bit of shore in the world." He appealed to the audience to form a society for preserving the natural beauties of the Commonwealth. Prof. Henry T. Bailey made a plea to have the State purchase the salt marshes, as a part of the State reservation. Some of them should be set apart as preserves for our beach and shore birds.

Mr. Charles Clark Munn, of Springfield, author of "Uncle Terry," "The Hermit," etc., informs your correspondent that he has nearly completed another story, the chief characters and events of which are derived from his many visits in Maine. "Into the story," he says, "he has woven a good deal pertaining to the present system of fish and game protection in Maine, as carried out during the last few years." Some of the "dramatis personæ," if he carries out his present purpose, will be easily recognizable, and I am inclined to the opinion that there will be enough of spice in the book to make it decidedly racy.

Although the weather has been rather cold of late, several of our anglers have started off in various directions—Col. Parker for northern Vermont, where he finds royal sport with trout just big enough for the pan. "Plenty of them," he says.

President Hinman and Mr. H. H. Kelt started Friday evening for the west branch of the Penobscot. They will be joined later by several others.

C. A. York, of the Boston Tavern, has been with Dr. Bishop and Mr. E. S. Wheeler at Clear Water Lake for a week. They report good luck—the landlocked salmon running large, and, it is said, one of the party got 68 pounds of fish in 61 minutes. (Your readers are aware that this is about the season for fish stories from Maine.) Anglers accustomed to fish at Sebago have had great expectations for this season and if reports are true, they have not been disappointed. Mr. Robert Low, of Portland, with five others took 129 pounds of salmon averaging 7½ pounds each; in four days, the largest tipping the scale at 10½ pounds. A fisherman of another party on the west shore is reported to have taken one weighing 19½ pounds.

In Jordan's River, Raymond, one was captured weighing 10½ pounds. By the aid of the new hatchery at Raymond and the feeding station to be erected at Sebago, it is predicted this lake is destined to yield more and larger fish than ever before in its remarkable history. This expectation has almost been realized during the past week. At the mouth of the Songo, E. J. Noyes took one of 10 pounds and a 14-pounder, and Mr. Ross Snow, of New York, who is at Fern Cottage for the summer, has to his credit a salmon weighing 19¾ pounds. Mr. E. Bartlett, of Lynn, Mass., has taken several fine ones. Mr. J. D. Brigham, of Westbrook, with Robt. Martin, of Rangeley, as guide, captured one weighing 16 pounds. All this to the stay-at-home may sound like the "Dead March from Saul." But never mind, their day is coming, perhaps at the Rangeleys or Moosehead, "when the ice goes out."

At all events the Boston & Maine Railroad officials say there is an unprecedented demand for parlor and sleeping car accommodations on trains to the fishing resorts of Maine, especially in the sleeper which will be attached to the 7:40 train out of Boston beginning May 7, for Greenville. This train leaves Bangor next morning at 7.

Ice is out of Pushaw, Hermon and small ponds near Bangor: At last reports no fish had yet been taken at Lake Auburn. By the way, I will give your readers a tip, which former Commissioner Stanley gave me last summer, viz., that it would pay me well to "try the fishing at Lake Auburn."

On Wednesday next the committee on fish and game are to give a hearing on a bill to prohibit sale of lobster meat (out of shell), also on one to require fishermen to get a permit, without charge, from the commissioners. These measures were recommended by the convention of commissioners two years ago.

CENTRAL.

Maine Waters Open.

BANGOR, Me., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The opening of the fishing season in this State, so long looked forward to by the thousands of devotees of the rod and line in and outside of Maine, is close upon us, and by the time this reaches the readers of FOREST AND STREAM it may be that the great lakes, those most popular with the anglers and other pleasure seekers, will be wide open and waiting for the army of visitors.

Already there has been a material addition to the list of lakes reported as open, in previous letters, and now the lover of salmon fishing may pack his grips, bundle his rods together and take a train for the famous home of the landlocked salmon, Grand Lake of the St. Croix system. That lake opened this week, and it is safe to predict that Moosehead and the Rangeleys will be open within the next seven days, if not in a shorter time.

The sport at Sebago has been fast and furious since the breaking up of the ice, and the lakes near Bangor, such as Green, Phillips and Branch, have been open for a week. The results achieved by the early enthusiasts, who wet lines in those lakes last Sunday, were not very encouraging, small strings resulting. Thursday, which was Fast Day and a legal holiday in Maine, saw great crowds at all these three places, but results were not extensive at any but Brand Pond, where three boats took ten fish, several being salmon, one a brown trout of 6½ pounds, and some spotted trout. But one salmon was landed at Phillips during the day, and several togue, with scarcely better results at Green. As yet the lakes have been rather too cold for the best of sport.

The Bangor salmon pool has improved on its record of a week ago, having furnished five more salmon in the last seven days. Comparatively few fish have been observed at the pool, and the catch in the weirs along the river has been as unsatisfactory as at the pool, but the smelts have begun to run up the river in great quantities, and the salmon are expected to follow right along after them.

One of the astonishing stories told, it is said, by a reliable sportsman, who had it on the authority of an eye

witness, was of the taking of a big salmon weighing fifteen to eighteen pounds, in the Kenduskeag stream a mile from the river, by a small boy who was fishing for suckers. The youngster had an extra strong line, and surprised the salmon into giving up a fight it might easily have won. The name of the boy could not be learned, but the sportsman who told it was certain of his friend's veracity.

H. W. ROWE.

New York Lakes and Rivers.

BY JOHN N. COBB, AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

(Concluded from page 299.)

Mill Site Lake.

This is a small lake in Jefferson county, near the town of Redwood. For a number of years a gill-net fishery for cisco, or lake herring, has been carried on here, but it has never amounted to much. Part of the catch each season is salted; the remainder is sold fresh. Nearly all the fish are disposed of in the immediate vicinity.

Oneida Lake.

Oneida is the largest lake wholly within the limits of New York, and is in the central part of the State. It is about twenty miles long, and its greatest width is six miles. As it is completely surrounded by railroads, and thus is easily accessible, it is much resorted to by sportsmen.

The principal fishing towns on the shore are Brewerton, at the outlet, Constantia and Cleveland on the north side, and Cicero Center, Bridgeport and South Bay on the south side of the lake. Trap nets were in use at the time of the statistical canvass made by the United States Fish Commission in 1895, the common fish having become so plentiful as to interfere seriously with the game fishing. The use of these nets was prohibited after the 1896 season had passed, however. In 1902 close to and in the outlet seven seines were operated for black suckers, which come into the lake from Oneida River in countless numbers in the spring, and these operations were considered a great benefit to the other fisheries, as the suckers are said to consume great quantities of the spawn of other species. Set lines, hand lines, and tip-ups were also used.

The tip-up fishery is especially interesting. As in other ice fishing in these lakes, the fishermen have portable huts provided with stoves and benches, and sometimes remain on the lake for weeks. The tip-up is constructed over a hole in the ice, and consists of two sticks about eighteen and twenty-four inches long, one inch wide, and a half inch thick, firmly tied together with twine in the form of a cross. The free end of the line is drawn through a hollow lead sinker by means of a loop of copper wire, the ends of which are bent at right angles for the attachment of the lines, and these, with two hooks on each, are suspended about eighteen inches below the sinker. The bait is usually live minnows, and the line is lowered until close to the bottom. The ends of the short cross stick rest on the ice on either side of the hole, the short end of the long stick being over the center. In order that the weight of the sinker may be just sufficient to make the frame lie flat upon the ice, the line is caught a number of times around the stick. The fish nibbling at the bait causes the end of the cross to tip up, whence the name of the appliance. When the fish seizes the bait the long arm becomes almost perpendicular to the surface of the ice and attracts the attention of the fisherman, who then removes the fish and rebaits the hook. The usual number of tip-ups per hut is about six or eight, rigged in as many holes cut in the ice a short distance from the hut and a few feet apart. When the fish are biting well a fisherman with six holes to attend to is a very busy man.

There are a number of slight variations of the tip-up used on the various lakes, but nearly all are built in general as described above. In a few cases a short, supple sapling is stuck into the ice on the side of the hole and the line attached to this. When there is a bite the agitation of the sapling is sufficient to attract the attention of the fisherman. Sometimes a small flag or a sleigh bell is attached to the end of the sapling.

The most important frog fishery of the State is carried on in this lake. In the marshes near the outlet, and for a short distance down the Oneida River, are to be found large quantities of frogs weighing from one-fourth to one and one-half and sometimes three pounds each. They are usually hunted at night. The fisherman, wearing rubber hip-boots, wades in the shallow water, carrying a lighted lantern, a short club, and a bag slung over his shoulder. Making his way in the marsh as noiselessly as possible, he dazzles the frog with the bright light from the lantern, and kills him with a blow of the club.

There has been a considerable falling off in the catch of frogs since 1895. In that year 60,000 pounds, valued at \$5,400, were obtained, while in 1902 only 13,100 pounds, valued at \$1,220, were taken. The season of 1902 was an exceptionally poor one, however, according to the fishermen, the water being too high for wading, and in 1903 the catch was somewhat larger. The frogs are dressed at Brewerton and the hind legs shipped to all parts of the country, the demand being much in excess of the supply.

During the spring months short set lines are employed in catching bullheads, suckers, and eels.

Oneida Lake is full of the commoner species of fishes, such as ling, suckers, pumpkinseeds, rock bass, etc., which greatly interfere with the game fishing, and it would benefit the sportsmen, with whom this lake is a favorite resort, could some means be devised for decreasing the number of objectionable species. The use of trap nets for a season or two would probably accomplish the purpose.

Oneida River.

This river, which is the outlet of Oneida Lake and in conjunction with the Seneca River forms the Oswego

River, is about twelve miles long. The only commercial fishing on it is at Caughdenhoy, about three miles from the lake. Here are located fourteen eel traps, or weirs, which are valued at about \$1,400. The manner of building them is as follows: Heavy stakes are driven into the shallow bed of the river until about even with the surface of the water at its medium height, and may be so placed as to form the outline of the letter W, extending from shore to shore, the open portion facing up stream. This form permits the construction of two traps. When only one is desired the stakes form a V opening up stream. A wall of planks is built upon the stakes, small openings being left at the two lower tips of the W to be occupied by the traps themselves, which are usually made of latticework and are either rectangular or rounded in shape, the lower end of a larger diameter than the upper. From the inner sides of the mouth long laths run back into the trap until they almost meet in the center, leaving only a narrow opening about four inches in diameter between the ends of the laths. During the fall months the eels migrate from Oneida Lake to Lake Ontario, and it is then that the fishermen set their traps. An eel on its way down stream meeting the side wall of the trap swims slowly along it in search of a passage, which it seems to find on reaching the mouth of the trap. Wriggling slowly along the slats to the narrow opening it passes through this and drops down to the bottom of the lattice box, thus securely captured. The traps are visited at certain hours, lifted into a boat, and the eels taken out by means of a small door in the side of the trap.

All the eels caught are smoked, none being sold fresh. As soon as landed the body is split from head to vent and the viscera removed. The head and skin are then taken off, after which the body is immersed in a strong brine for twenty-four hours. On removal from the brine it is washed with stiff brushes to remove the slime and surplus salt, then strung on iron or steel rods and hung in a smokehouse. Moisture is removed by means of a hot fire of kindlings, then the cooking is done by a fire of corncobs, great care being exercised at this stage lest the heat become so great as to curl the fish out of shape. After the cooking the fire is partially smothered with sawdust, making a dense smoke, and the fish is soon cured. The total length of time in the smokehouse is about four hours. Smoked eels can be kept a shorter time than almost any fish so prepared, from five to twelve days being about the limit; hence they must be marketed as soon as possible after being removed from the smokehouse. The product is sold in Syracuse and vicinity. The smokers are unable to expand their business, as they find it increasingly difficult each year to supply the local demand. The season of 1902 was very poor, and 1903 was even worse, owing to the excessively high water which prevailed most of the time, allowing the eels to escape over the sides of the traps.

Several years ago the fishermen came to an agreement among themselves to the effect that the whole business should be carried on in one smokehouse, and with but one selling agent to dispose of the whole product. This has been found much more economical than the former method, with each man curing and selling his own catch.

The eel fishery has been prosecuted for many years, and it has been well said that "Caughdenhoy was built on eels," as that is, and always has been, the principal business of the village. The industry is now in danger of destruction, however, as the farmers living on the river between the village and Oneida Lake and for several miles along the shores of the lake threaten to enter suit for damages to their lands from overflows, which, they claim, are caused by these eel traps. As the traps are rarely more than 15 inches in height, it does not seem probable that they could cause the water to overflow land several miles up stream.

Onondaga Lake.

In 1894 and 1895 there was a considerable gill-net fishery for whitefish in this lake, but this ceased soon after that time, owing to the almost complete disappearance of the fish. The fishermen ascribe this disappearance to the pollution of the water by refuse from several large chemical plants on the shores of the lake. The city of Syracuse, which abuts upon the western shore, also runs its sewage into the lake. No commercial fishing is now carried on. There are said to be large quantities of German carp and ling in the lake.

Otsego Lake.

This lake, the source of the Susquehanna River, is in Otsego county, in the eastern part of the State, and has a length of about nine miles and an average width of 1½ miles. It is quite popular as a summer resort, Cooperstown being the principal town on its shores. For some years seines were used for catching whitefish, locally known as Otsego bass, but in 1901 the Legislature closed the lake to all manner of commercial fishing, except with hook and line, until May 1, 1906. As a result the commercial fishing is at present of minor importance.

Owasco Lake.

Lying about midway between Cayuga and Skaneateles lakes, with a length of ten or eleven miles and a width of more than a mile, Owasco Lake empties into the Seneca River through Owasco Outlet. It is wholly within Cayuga county. The only commercial fishing is done by means of tip-ups in the winter time at the upper end of the lake. Bullheads, eels, yellow perch and sunfish are the species taken.

Seneca Lake.

Next to Oneida this is the largest lake wholly within the borders of the State. It extends almost directly north and south, is about thirty-six miles long, from one to four miles wide, and with a maximum depth of 500 to 600 feet, occupying an eroded valley flanked by bold hills, and discharging into Cayuga Lake by means of a short outlet. It is unique among New York lakes in that the surface is never entirely frozen.

Gill nets, spears, and a few fyke nets and hand-lines are used in the commercial fisheries. The gill-nets, which average in length about 110 yards each, with bar mesh of not less than two inches, are used principally for lake trout, and are operated between May 1 and

October 15 of each year. The use of spears is permitted from April 15 to June 15, inclusive. The principal fishing towns are Himrods, Dundee, Hector, North Hector, Caywood, Starkey, Dresden and Geneva.

The sportsmen complain that the lake trout, which are very numerous, will not take the hook. It is possible that this may be owing to the large numbers of alewives (*Pomolobus pseudoharengus*) in the lake, upon which the trout feed. The fishermen believe quite generally that this species was introduced into Seneca Lake by Seth Green about 1872; but this is not the case, the fish having been known there a number of years previous. It has been a source of great trouble, owing to the annual mortality to which it is subject here as in Lake Ontario. During the summer large numbers die, and, decaying on the shores, cause much annoyance to the inhabitants, while doubtless many of the fish sink and pollute the waters. The mortality has not been as heavy as usual during the last two summers.

German carp are becoming quite plentiful at the head of the lake, but very little use is made of them.

Seneca River.

This is the outlet directly or by means of short streams of most of the lakes in central New York. It discharges into Lake Ontario through the Oswego River, the latter being formed by the junction of Seneca and Oneida rivers. There is an immense amount of illegal fishing practiced in this river, despite the strenuous efforts of the State authorities to suppress it. Owing to the length and general inaccessibility of the stream, it is a difficult matter to guard it. Almost the only commercial fishing concerning which reliable data could be obtained was that with hand-lines and traps for fishes and with spears for frogs. The principal fishing towns are Weedsport and Savannah. Considerable complaint is made by the fishermen of the large numbers of ling and German carp in the river. Black suckers also are very numerous.

Skaneateles Lake.

This lake lies almost midway between Oneida and Cayuga, and, like most of the other lakes of the State, is long and narrow, being about fifteen miles in length and 1½ miles in width at the widest part, with a depth of 320 feet. Through a short outlet it discharges into Seneca River. Its commercial fisheries are insignificant, hand and set-lines being the only apparatus permitted. Lake trout is the principal fish caught with the hand-lines, bullheads and suckers the only species taken on the set-lines.

Statistics of the Interior Fisheries of New York.

In 1895 the number of fishermen was 543, in 1902 it was 804, a gain of 261. Seneca Lake shows the greatest increase. The total investment in 1895 amounted to \$19,745; in 1902 to \$25,291, a gain of \$5,546. Seneca Lake leads in total investment, with Oneida and Champlain lakes second and third respectively. In 1895 the total catch was 754,730 pounds, valued at \$60,068, while in 1902 it amounted to 1,530,918 pounds, valued at \$87,897, a gain of 776,188 pounds and \$27,811. Oneida Lake leads in the quantity secured, and the value of the catch is exceeded only in Chautauqua Lake, by a very narrow margin. Keuka Lake is third. The interior waters of New York produce more maskinongé and smelt than the waters of any other State in the Union, and they lead all others, except the Great Lakes, in the catch of bullheads, pickerel, wall-eyed pike (except Minnesota), yellow perch and suckers.

While the seine catch is the greatest in quantity, it is exceeded in value by that with hand-lines. The tip-up catch is third. The only species taken in seines was suckers, while with gill-nets the leading species were lake trout, yellow perch, and lake herring. Fyke nets were in use in but two lakes, and the catch in the aggregate does not amount to much, the bullhead being the principal species captured. With set lines bullheads and suckers, and with tip-ups pickerel, bullheads, wall-eyed pike, and yellow perch were the chief species taken. Maskinongé and yellow perch predominate in the spear catch.

Fly-Casters at Banquet.

From the San Francisco Breeder and Sportsman.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, of Princeton, was guest of honor at a banquet of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club last Wednesday evening.

After the disposal of a good dinner President Ed. Everett introduced Judge John Hunt as the toastmaster for the evening. The Judge was in his happiest humor, during the course of his introductory remarks he referred to Dr. Van Dyke as the author of two popular angling classics, "Fishermen's Luck" and "Little Rivers." He extolled him as an enthusiastic sportsman and skilled angler, a student of books, a student of nature and a writer of graceful verse.

Dr. Van Dyke, when he arose to respond, received a most cordial greeting. The Doctor's remarks were interesting and entertaining and colored at times with a bit of sterling humor given with unctious. Among other matters dwelt upon the Doctor proudly said that during a recent visit to the McCloud River he had occasion to wade a portion of that famous stream. The experience when linked with others he had since met with had convinced him that there is nothing colder than California water and nothing warmer than a California welcome.

He complimented the fly-casters on the fact that the world's record in that department of sport is held here, and he characterized angling as a lofty and ennobling pursuit. It could scarcely be described as a cheap pastime, as he estimated that every pound of trout brought to basket by an angler cost about five dollars. He spoke of fly-fishing as a lofty, ennobling occupation. He said some people looked upon it as a mild form of lunacy, but he had found it dainty, charming and pleasant to the finer sensibilities.

He instanced that only classic in sporting literature that had to do with fishing, namely: "The Complete Angler" and he described glowingly the beauties of the McCloud River and its surroundings—an ideal stream, the realization of an angler's dream.

Dr. Van Dyke told several stories and preached a dainty

sermon. One of his stories was of the Scotchman, who after an unsuccessful day on the river tossed his fly-book into the stream and said in disgust: "Tak' yer choice!"

He also told of the great trout Nicodemus on the River Neversink and of the man who tried to take him. In the morning he tried a red ibis. The trout got away with this. Later in the day he had him on a white miller and again his troutship disappeared. In the evening he tried him with a blue jay and after a struggle landed him. The three flies were fastened to the trout, and when the angler saw the national colors he remembered it was the Fourth of July and he knew why the combinations had proved so effective.

Governor Pardee sent his regrets for an unavoidable absence from the gathering. In voicing them Judge Hunt combined the introduction of Dr. Jordan, of Stanford University, saying:

"The 'Governor' is a good fly, but the 'professor' is a better one." Dr. Jordan created a laugh by addressing his auditors as "fellow geologists." He said: "The trout lie at the bottom of green streams. Let us lie about the trout." He then spoke entertainingly of the anglers of Samoa, Japan and Honolulu. He took a rise out of Judge Hunt by telling how the latter loaned his trout scales to a lady who found they recorded the weight of her baby as being sixty-eight pounds.

He was followed by Charles S. Wheeler, who described a fishing trip to the McCloud in company with Dr. Van Dyke, during which the gentleman from Princeton landed a seven-pound Dolly Varden trout. As showing that this was no "fish story" the trout was paraded on a huge platter and there was a general craning to get a glimpse of the noble "speckled beauty." Mr. Wheeler explained that the trout was killed with a six and one-quarter-ounce Leonard rod and said he never saw a fish handled with more skill and grace.

Alex. T. Vogelsang, the next speaker, did full justice, and in a particularly apt and felicitous manner to "The Scientific Angler," a subject which he spoke upon entertainingly and exhaustively, saying among other things that a true fisherman should rejoice more over a few fish well caught than over a full creel. He advocated the observance of chivalry toward the denizens of the stream. Instead of losing temper when a fish gets away the proper thing, according to the Vogelsang code, is to congratulate him on having made his escape. "Remember you are merely working for your own pleasure, while the fish is fighting for his life," was the way the speaker put it. The banquet was one of the most enjoyable of the many given by the club.

Massachusetts Lobsters.

BOSTON, Mass., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While the lobster does not furnish sport in the taking, it provides an article of diet so much enjoyed by good-livers that its preservation has been a subject of concern, not only to the men who are financially interested in the industry, but to the general public, the consumers. The first movement for the passage of a law for restricting the catch of lobsters originated with the Anglers' Association (in the '70s), which later became the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. At first it was proposed to ask for an 11-inch law, but in the interest of the fishermen, this was changed to a 10½-inch law. This was followed by legislation in Maine, but the various laws that were tried proved inadequate, until finally that State, after a conference between her commissioners and those of Massachusetts, adopted the 10½-inch law. The State Association has persistently opposed all attempts to reduce the legal limit of length. In 1891, after a 9-inch bill had been lobbied through both houses of the Legislature, the Association secured a hearing from Gov. Wolcott, and the result was a veto. Again in 1896, after a very stubborn fight, by a narrow margin the bill went to the Governor, and was vetoed by Gov. Crane.

Again the State Association has come to the rescue this year. The apparently harmless bill introduced on petition of certain dealers to admit to our markets the Nova Scotia 9-inch lobsters from Dec. 15 to April 1 was merely an "entering wedge" for securing a 9-inch all-the-year-round law. To this proposition to admit Canadian lobsters in winter there was but one dissenting vote in the committee room. By acting in accordance with his convictions and having the courage to stand alone for a principle, that member paved a thorough sifting of the lobster question in the Senate, where he became the prominent leader in behalf of the present law, and won a victory, of which he may justly feel proud.

This was Senator Herman Andrew Harding, of Chatham, representing the Cape District. In his argument against the substitute bill of the chairman of the committee to legalize the taking of all lobsters "from 9 to 11 inches," he was able to show that the proposition had not the support of the well-known experts, Prof. Mead, of Rhode Island, and Prof. H. C. Bumpus, of New York; that it had never been favored by the late Captain Collins, and that it was strongly opposed by Commissioner Nickerson in charge of the sea-and-shore fisheries of Maine. He quoted extracts from the reports of the Massachusetts Commission in proof of his contention for the 10½-inch law, and from the report of the convention of commissioners from the lobster-producing States, held in Boston two years ago, which was written by the late chairman of the Massachusetts Commission. Senator Harding was ably supported in his position by Senator Kyle, of Plymouth, and the result was the rejection of the "from 7 to 9 inches" proposition by a unanimous vote, and by a like vote the House nine-inch bill was referred to the "next General Court."

HENRY H. KIMBALL,
Sec'y Mass. Fish and Game Protective Ass'n.

Fishing in Middletown Reservoirs.

A DISPATCH from Middletown, N. Y., April 28, to the New York Times reports the question whether fishing should be allowed in the city reservoirs, which has greatly agitated the town for two years, reached a white heat here to-day.

The Board of Health forbade fishing in the reservoirs

two years ago. The Board of Water Commissioners also prohibited fishing. The fishermen went into politics and elected a majority of the Board of Water Commissioners favorable to fishing. The Board then agreed to permit fishing.

Dr. Daniel Lewis, State Commissioner of Health, was called and decided against fishing, his decision reaching here last night. This afternoon John Wilkin, J. E. Barnes, J. Frank Tuthill and Thomas H. Perry, leading business men, went to one of the reservoirs and in two hours caught twenty-two rainbow trout averaging from one to three and one-half pounds each. The fish were displayed in various places and the fishermen boasted of where they had been caught. This created something akin to sensation, and the town is divided into fishing and anti-fishing factions.

Hudson River Striped Bass.

NEWPORT, R. I., April 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 22d instant you speak of a striped bass captured in the Hudson River off Grant's Tomb and weighing thirty-seven pounds and state, "This is said to be the largest striped bass ever caught in the Hudson." This assertion, I think, is not correct. I find on looking over my scrap book the following items: Seth Green, in an article over his signature in the American Angler for May 7, 1887, has the following in reply to the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, who wrote asking him the weight of the largest on record caught in the Hudson River. He says: "I wrote Mr. J. J. Pindar, a fisherman of many years' experience on the Hudson River, who very kindly sent me the following reply: 'Dear Sir—In reply to yours of the 22d instant would say I have seen two striped bass caught within two miles of this place (Catskill, N. Y.) one of which weighed ninety-two and the other ninety pounds. It is not an uncommon thing to get them from sixty to eighty pounds,' signed J. J. Pindar. I find other records of an eighty-four-pounder taken by Richard Ward, of New Hamburg, in June, 1885. Another weighing seventy pounds taken at Peekskill on May 6, 1889. One of sixty-eight pounds taken at Croton Point in 1885 by C. M. Raymond, of Sing Sing. This fish was exhibited outside of the dining room of S. H. Everett, in Barclay street."

To descend to lower figures, FOREST AND STREAM of April 6, 1901, speaks of three being caught at Ossining, N. Y., that tipped the scales at thirty-eight, 39½ and forty pounds. The thirty-seven-pounder, therefore, caught off Grant's Tomb comes very far from being even an extra sized fish to have been taken in the Hudson. I grant you, though, that at the rate *Roccus lineatus* is being destroyed, a thirty-seven pound fish will soon be one to marvel at.

DANIEL B. FEARING.

Big Striped Bass.

NATIONAL CITY, Cal., April 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inquiry about the largest weight of rock fish or striped bass is interesting, and I am able to quote you something from North Carolina which bears on this subject. Dr. W. R. Capehart owns the biggest commercial fishery on Albemarle Sound, in North Carolina. He recently wrote me: "The largest rock I ever caught weighed 105 pounds and I caught 37,000 pounds at the same haul; 365 of them averaged sixty-five pounds."

This is a tremendously large average and 365 fish of that size a heavy lot. Dr. Capehart's seines are hauled by steam winches. He operates five steam seine boats.

C. H.

Federal Control of Public Waters.

THE Legislature of Minnesota has adopted the following resolution bearing on the Federal control of the fisheries of public waters:

To the Congress of the United States:

Realizing that a great amount of friction has arisen, and is liable to arise, on the Great Lakes between Canada and the United States, in regard to the fishery regulations, also on all waters of a public nature, between the different States; be it

Resolved, by the House of Representatives of the State of Minnesota, that the United States Government is hereby requested to take full control of these public waters, so that they may be suitably stocked with fish and a uniform law passed, governing the fishing industry of these waters; and that the State of Minnesota cede to the Government any jurisdiction claimed over these waters in regard to the fishing therein.

Cases have arisen where the representatives of the United States Government have been arrested by the State authorities for taking spawn in the closed season. Men representing the Game and Fish Commission of this State, have been arrested by the representatives of another State, simply for getting across an imaginary line; and we realize that it is almost impossible to get uniform laws passed by all the States controlling these waters, therefore we would urge that Congress take such action as in their judgment is desirable, so that frictions of this kind would entirely cease, and that the fishing industries of these large bodies of water may be replenished and protected as they should be.

Early Sebago Fishing.

SOUTH BOSTON, Mass., April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just learned from a friend the result of his fishing trip in Maine last week, and thought perhaps you would be interested to publish a paragraph about it.

The party consisted of C. F. Jordan and Henry Lowell, of Portland, Me., and H. J. Littlefield, of Dorchester, Mass. They visited Sebago Lake, and fished for a day and a half. The result was ten landlocked salmon and one brook trout, the eleven weighing 97¼ pounds. The largest was a seventeen-pound salmon caught by Mr. Littlefield, who was over two hours landing the fish. This, I believe, is the second largest salmon that has been caught in Sebago Lake. His guide was Levi Maxfield, who is one of the best and oldest guides of the lake. Captain Oliver also acted as guide for the party.

The fishing is reported to be opening up very well, and the catches reported are very large. THOMAS HIBBARD.

The Adirondack Timber Stealing.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MAYER having investigated the trespasses on the Adirondack Forest Preserve by the cutting and removing therefrom of lumber killed by forest fires, has reported to the Governor, in part, as follows:

"It appears that a method of indirection was employed whereby in effect the State sold fire-killed timber contrary to the prohibition of the Constitution, as that prohibition has been construed up to the present time; that the State has received revenues therefrom aggregating \$25,000 in round numbers, by a method of confession of judgment absolutely void.

"I desire to make clear that there is no evidence whatever that the cutting of green timber was treated in this way. On the contrary, in green timber cases the prosecutions were vigorous and the amounts demanded were in some instances three times the stumpage value of the timber; so that the cutting of green timber has been made unprofitable.

"The sentiment of the residents of the Adirondack region is strongly against the cutting of green timber on State lands.

"I further desire to call your attention to the question of moieties paid to game protectors. For instance, for the period from December, 1904, to April, 1905, the amount of moieties paid to one of the protectors was \$1,735.62, and in another case for a period of ten months was \$264.

"I believe it to be true that there is substantially unanimous condemnation of the method whereby game protectors, who are State officers in receipt of salaries, receive any moiety for discovering trespasses. I take the liberty of suggesting that the State can well afford to increase the fixed compensation of the game protectors and let the moneys recovered for trespass be paid into the State treasury. While I am not to be understood as making any reference to the case of any game protector, the system of moieties can only offer serious temptation and open a door to improper practices."

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 1.—Forest, fish and game interests figured prominently in the Legislature the past week.

The Senate committee has reported the bill of Senator Allds (Int. No. 1125), relative to penalties, and the duties of the Attorney-General. It has been restored to third reading.

The Senate has passed these bills:

Senator Drescher's (Int. No. 82), providing for the appointment of game protectors for Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters.

Assemblyman Becker's (Int. No. 778), relative to special game protectors in Monroe county.

Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 938), relative to the protection of wild birds and their nests.

Assemblyman Plank's (Int. No. 958), relative to the close season for pickerel, pike and maskinongé in the St. Lawrence River.

Assemblyman Miller's (Int. No. 958), relative to the pollution of streams.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood's (Int. No. 428), relative to the compensation of game protectors.

A bill has been introduced by Senator Allds (Int. No. 998) amending Section 187 so as to provide that the State Commission, instead of the chief game protector shall pay a part of the moneys recovered in actions for penalties, either to the game protector or the fire warden, upon whose information proceedings were brought.

The Hubbs spring shooting bill (Int. No. 1443), allowing sportsmen to kill ducks on Long Island on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays from March 1, to April 15, passed the Assembly.

The Assembly has passed the following additional bills:

Assemblyman Wade's (Int. No. 1205), in relation to fishing in Chautauque county.

Senator Prime's (Int. No. 98), appropriating \$2,119 for continuing the restocking of the Adirondacks region with wild moose.

Senator Elsberg's (Int. No. 76), providing for the appointment of a special assistant oyster protector; to reside in the Borough of Manhattan, at a salary of \$600 a year, and an annual expense allowance of \$450.

Senator Raines' (Int. No. 247), in relation to the sale of trout.

Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 684), relative to the destruction of nets.

Senator Coggeshall's (Int. No. 496), relative to the destruction of nets and other devices used in fishing.

Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 110), relative to the protection of the nests of wild birds.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the bill of Senator Allds (Int. No. 486), providing for the publication of the forest, fish and game law, as amended.

The Governor has signed the following bills:

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1074), making the offer of sale of grouse and woodcock in this State a violation of the law prohibiting the sale of that game.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1075), providing a penalty of \$60 for violation of that section of the game law relative to the taking of lobsters, and an additional penalty of \$10 for each lobster taken. For every other violation of this section a penalty of \$100 is prescribed.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1076), providing that the placing of nets in Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters shall be presumptive evidence that the person intended to violate the fish and game law.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1077), correcting a typographical error in the section of the game law relative to the closed season for woodcock so as to provide that not more than thirty-six woodcock shall be taken in an open season.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1079) providing that in the use of nets in Concy Island creek a passage unobstructed not less than 10 feet wide shall be left for the passage of boats and fish.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 1087), providing that woodcock, grouse and quail taken in Orange county shall not be sold.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 1181), providing that in Orange county, not more than twelve woodcock or quail shall be taken by any one person in one day, and not more than thirty-six of either variety in any one year.

Assemblyman Knapp's (Int. No. 1365), prohibiting transportation companies from bringing into this State any fish caught in that portion of Lake Champlain known as Missisquoi Bay, Province of Quebec, Canada.

Assemblyman Cunningham's (Int. No. 539), permitting the spearing of suckers, bullheads, eels and dogfish in the Delaware River in Sullivan and Delaware counties, and in Sandsburg Creek, Warwarsing, Ulster county, from April 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

Assemblyman West's (Int. No. 469), prohibiting the placing of carp in Keuka Lake or in any other waters inhabited by trout.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 265), repealing a provision of the game law permitting fishing through the ice in waters in the town of North East, Dutchess county.

Assemblyman Hammond's (Int. No. 534), prescribing the length of pike which may be taken in Oneida, Madison, Oswego and Onondaga counties.

Assemblyman Apgar's (Int. No. 86), adding Rockland and Westchester counties to those in which there is no open season for wild deer.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 263), providing that the close season for black and gray squirrels in Sullivan and Dutchess counties shall be from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30 following, and in Chautauque, from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15 following.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 266), providing that woodcock shall not be taken in Tioga, Sullivan and Dutchess counties from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30 following; that grouse shall not be taken in Tioga and Dutchess counties between the same dates, and repealing a provision of the game law which prohibits the taking of grouse in Dutchess county prior to 1907.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 115) making it a misdemeanor to buy or sell game out of season.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 305), providing a penalty of \$50 for each black bear taken out of season, and prohibiting the taking or killing of land turtles or tortoises.

The Senate committee's bill (Int. No. 677), relative to the duties of the superintendent of forest fire wardens, and game protectors.



YACHTING



The Great Ocean Race of 1887.

Between Coronet and Dauntless.

THE following account of the ocean race between Coronet and Dauntless by Mr. W. N. King was taken from the New York Herald:

QUEENSTOWN, Ireland, Sunday, March 27, 1887.—The schooner yacht Coronet crossed the line off Roche's Point, Cork Harbor, Ireland, at forty minutes past noon, local mean time, to-day, winner of the great ocean race.

On March 12, at fourteen minutes and forty-six seconds past noon, local mean time, the Coronet passed the mark off Owl's Head, New York Bay, thus making the run from start to finish in fourteen days, twenty-three hours, thirty-three minutes and forty-six seconds, apparent time.

A great race, this, and a gallant one.

Well done, Coronet; well done everybody, from cabin boy to captain, who helped to gain this victory.

With a full press of canvas aloft and aloft, and with all racing sails tugging at their straining gear, the Coronet left behind her sturdy competitor, the Dauntless, on the afternoon of the start at the rate of about one mile an hour.

Captain Samuels is said to have intentionally crossed the line five hundred yards astern of the Coronet on a wager that he would overtake and pass her before reaching Sandy Hook. How well his calculations were made was shown by our relative position at sunset, when the Dauntless was hull down and nearly six miles astern of us.

The wind freshened considerably about 4 o'clock, and when the Dauntless was last seen by us she was heeling over almost on her beamsends and hanging to her topsails till the last moment.

We took our departure at 2h. 49m., New York mean time, when Sandy Hook Lightship bore south southwest, distant three and one-half miles. From that time until midnight we made a fine run under all plain sail, and then the wind having freshened to a moderate gale the mainsail was closely reefed and the bonnet of the foresail was taken off.

In discussing around our mess table the possible dangers of crossing the Atlantic during the stormy month of March, we gathered the cheering information that all the reporters had been requested to write their own obituaries before sailing, and upon further comparing notes found that we had all been refused policies by different life insurance companies.

Sunday, our second day at sea, opened with a dull, overcast sky, occasional showers of rain and a heavy swell setting from the northward, the wind still blowing fresh from north by west. At 9:30 A. M. duplicate messages were sent to the Herald by carrier pigeons. Toward mid-day the sea began to pile up, knocking about the crockery, chairs, table and, indeed, everything movable in the cabin.

At noon the position was found to be latitude 39deg. 55min. north, longitude 68deg. 41min. west. A course south 81deg. east had been run, and the distance made was 246 miles. The actual elapsed time from the start was 22h. 33m. 37s.

At 4 A. M. Monday the wind hauled to the westward and the sea began to go down so the reef was shaken out of the mainsail, the bonnet was put on the foresail and the vessel was placed under light racing canvas, giving her a speed of thirteen knots. The yacht began to roll heavily, straining her beams, and jumping her main boom to such an extent that Captain Crosby was forced to take in the mainsail and set the main storm trysail.

Toward night the wind moderated and the sea went down sufficiently to let all racing canvas be set, so as to take advantage of the westerly wind, which was soon driving her through the water like a frightened fish, with her lee cathead and rail under water, throwing the sea in clouds of spray as high as the masthead. We sent a dispatch to the Herald by carrier pigeon at 9 A. M.

At 10 P. M. we carried away the maintopmast staysail. The position at noon was latitude 40deg. 4min. north, longitude 63deg. 23min. west; course, north 86deg. 57min. east and distance 244.3 miles. The actual elapsed time was 23h. 38m. 31s.

Tuesday morning opened with damp, disagreeable weather, and passing squalls of rain. At 2 A. M. the wind hauled to the northeast, and began to blow with such increased force as to necessitate close reefing the foresail and mainsail and stowing the forestaysail.

Toward noon the barometer began falling rapidly, and the wind canted to the southward; a half hour later it shifted to the southwest, and in hurricane force gave us a taste of what is known to all sailors as "a smoky sou'wester."

Coronet scudded under fore and main storm trysail, jib and forestaysail, the wind all the time increasing so much that finally the main storm trysail and jib had to be taken in, the schooner during the blow being driven through the water with such velocity that she could scarcely catch herself in time to ride the seas ahead. She plunged into them like a porpoise, often sticking her nose right under, while heavy green seas rolled over her decks to the depth of several feet.

The captain gave us the consoling information that under ordinary circumstances it would have been safer to heave to, but the vessel that hove to this time would

lose the race. At sunset the mate reported that there was a schooner supposed to be the Dauntless off the lee quarter hove to under a fore storm trysail.

The position at noon of March 15 was latitude 40deg. 51min. north, longitude 59deg. 28min. 45sec. west; course north 75deg. 17min. east; distance 185 miles, and actual elapsed time 23h. 44m. 3s.

Wednesday morning the weather continued cold, with a sombre, overcast sky and passing squalls of rain, the wind still blowing fresh from the southwest, with a very heavy sea. We ran all day before the gale under jib and close reefed fore and main storm trysails. At 8 P. M. the wind moderating a little, the squaresail was set and helped to lift Coronet's head from the seas and to give her a more regular motion, though she still continued to roll her lee cathead and rail under the seas, which had now become long and heavy and were breaking over her weather quarter.

At 11 P. M. the squaresail was lowered, in order to put on the bonnet. Although this left us nothing but a close reefed foresail to run under, it was not sufficient canvas to give her a velocity greater than that of the waves, and consequently at 11:15 P. M. a heavy sea came over the stern, falling on top of the man at the wheel and nearly washing overboard Mate Whittier and the Herald correspondent. Fortunately, as we were being swept to leeward we managed to get a grip on the main sheet.

During the night a nasty cross sea was kicked up, rendering the management of a light boat so hazardous that unless skillfully handled there was danger of being tripped. However, Coronet is so heavily ballasted and her meta centric height is so great that in a seaway her recovery is almost instantaneous. To stand aft or on her quarter and watch the roll of the rail, now climbing mountain high to the crest of one wave only to be buried in the hollow of the next, is enough to make one's hair almost stand on end.

A bright lookout for icebergs and field ice had to be kept, as the southwest gales drove us so much further to the northward than was intended that we were compelled to cross the Banks in latitude 42deg.

Our position at noon of March 16 was latitude 41deg. 25min. north, longitude 54deg. 45min. west; course, north 80deg. 42min. east; distance, 216 miles. The actual time elapsed was 23h. 40m. 50s.

Cloudy, damp and disagreeable weather ushered in Thursday with a fresh breeze from the southeast, the yacht running free under reefed forestaysails, fore storm trysail and squaresail. By 11:30 A. M. the wind had increased to a moderate gale, and the squaresail had been split from head to foot.

Though the sky remained overcast and the barometer continued falling rapidly the wind decreased sufficiently to permit us to drive her under a full press of racing canvas before a heavy sea.

By 1 P. M., as the wind began to freshen and the barometer continued to fall, all plain sail and main storm trysail were taken in. The veering and hauling of the wind and the barometer's fluctuations, however, soon left no doubt that we were approaching the center of a revolving cyclone, so sail was reduced to fore storm trysail and reefed fore staysail.

Under these the schooner scudded the waves, which, without any exaggeration, began to run so high that one was almost afraid to look astern and see the mountains of water that seemed at every moment as if they would engulf our tiny craft; at times the ocean seemed to open and the yacht reeled about as if snared in a whirlpool, while the whole surface of the sea looked like an immense snow drift.

Under the force of the wind, which was traveling with lightning like velocity, the water would be snapped up from the surface in spindrifts and be driven in clouds of smoke over the vessel and crew, cutting like a knife everything it came in contact with. We were moving through the water with such velocity that our little vessel seemed scarcely to touch the surface, and it was impossible to form an idea how long the gale would continue; darkness, too, was coming on and we were being driven up into the region of icebergs and field ice.

Having run so long before the wind, to round to in a sea as high as that then running is an evolution that has caused many large ships either to be swamped or to have their sides stove in; but as we had the chance either of being driven among the icebergs in the darkness or of heaving to until the blow subsided, the latter alternative was chosen.

Preparations were made. Extra sheets were secured to the fore storm trysail, the forestaysail was hauled down and the main storm trysail bent, so that it might be ready in case the fore was blown away. Perforated canvas bags filled with oil were also put over both bows and quarters. The captain and mate took their places at the helm and the boatswain thundered throughout the length of the vessel: "Look out, everybody; now hang on for your lives!" Hard down went the helm, and as the trembling boat came up we stood with bated breath awaiting the dreadful moment when she must pass through the trough of the sea.

It was an anxious moment, for we did not know whether it would roll completely over us or if we would ride upon the crest. As she came up she paused a moment in the trough, and then with the wind well on the weather bow passed the crisis and rode each wave like a seabird. We lay all night drifting about at the mercy of the wind and waves, everything in the cabin a confused mass, the sea pouring through the skylight, fires and lights out. Ever and anon huge seas beat against our weather bow with the force of a battering ram. At midnight the wind moderated sufficiently for us to continue on our course.

The position at noon on March 17 was latitude 41deg. 27sec. north, longitude 50deg. 3min. west; course, north

87deg. 34min. east; distance, 211.2 miles, and actual elapsed time 23h. 41m.

The sun came out on Friday for the first time, and, the wind being much lighter, Captain Crosby was able to drive her all day under a full press of canvas; toward night the wind freshened and rain squalls were frequent, and when darkness fell the mainsail was reefed and the bonnet taken off the foresail. Under this disposition of canvas the yacht ran all night with the wind fresh from the southwest.

The position of Coronet at noon of March 18 was latitude 44deg. 56min. north, longitude 47deg. 4min. west; the course, north 81deg. 1min. east; the distance, 133.5 miles, and the actual time elapsed, 23h. 47m. 43s.

Saturday found us running before the wind under the squaresail, foretopsail, reefed jib and forestaysail. A Spanish merchantman bound to the eastward ran close down upon us and inquired about our passage; we answered and asked him by signals if he had seen the Dauntless and received in reply "No."

Toward night the wind and sea increased, accompanied by passing squalls of rain, and the vessel was, as usual, got under easy canvas for the night.

The position at noon of March 19 was latitude 43deg. 47min. north, longitude 42deg. 35min. west; course, north 60deg. 27min.; distance, 225 miles, and the actual time elapsed, 23h. 41m. 58s.

Sunday morning opened with a gale still blowing from the southeast before which we ran until the seas began to rise dangerously high and the captain decided to heave to. Suddenly the wind died away to a flat calm and in a few minutes shifted to the northwest and blew with increased fury. As this indicated a cyclone, we continued to run before it under close reefed fore storm trysail and squaresail and the seas breaking nastily over our weather quarter. Toward midnight it began to grow thick to windward and several rain squalls passed over.

Our position at noon of March 20 was latitude 45deg. 25min. north, longitude 39deg. 4min. west; the course, north 56deg. 30min. east; the distance, 179.4 miles, and the actual elapsed time 23h. 45m. 28s.

We ran close hauled Monday under a full press of canvas; the wind was northeast, and we tacked ship at 4 P. M. Toward night the wind increased in force to a heavy gale, and as no headway could be made Coronet was hove to under a close reefed fore storm trysail.

The position at noon of March 21 was latitude 46deg. 18min. north, longitude 34deg. 24min. west; the course, north 75deg. east; the distance, 202 miles, and the actual elapsed time 23h. 39m. 2s.

Tuesday opened with a heavy northeast gale still blowing, and the yacht remained hove to all day. An attempt in the afternoon to tack ship to southward and eastward was unsuccessful. The sea was very heavy, lurching the vessel's head off as she came up and causing her to ship a heavy sea, which nearly washed overboard five or six men. Finally we wore ship to the northward, and getting her on the port tack, she managed to forge ahead about three knots. Toward midnight the wind moderated and we made sail, running under the foresail, close reefed mainsail and jib.

The position at noon of March 22 was latitude 46deg. 38min. north, longitude 33deg. 49min. west; the course, north 38 deg. 12min. east; the distance, 38.8 miles, and the actual time elapsed 23h. 57m. 4s.

Wednesday we had a fine run under a cloud of canvas, the wind being gentle and abeam. Indeed, it became almost calm toward night.

The position at noon of March 23 was latitude 47deg. 6min. north, longitude 32deg. 47min. 30s. west; the course, north 56deg. 31min. east; the distance, 50.8 miles; and the actual elapsed time 23h. 57m. 17s.

The weather was cool and pleasant on Thursday with an overcast sky, the vessel rolling very heavily on top of a strong northwest swell, which forced us to take in the mainsail and to set squaresail. Quite an excitement was caused by the report that a steamer had been sighted to leeward having a schooner in tow. As this rig is not very common in mid-ocean at this time of the year, bets were freely exchanged as to whether it was the Dauntless or not.

The position at noon of March 24 was latitude 48deg. 4min. north, longitude 28deg. 12min. west; the course, northeast 70deg. east; the distance, 218.6 miles, and the actual elapsed time 23h. 41m. 34s.

Friday we were able to drive the stanch craft all day under a full press of canvas, the breeze blowing stiff from the south southwest. About noon, however, the yacht was so much pressed that the topsails were spared and the mainsail was close reefed. Toward and throughout the night the wind blew a moderate gale, and in the middle watch a heavy sea was shipped.

The position at noon of March 25 was latitude 49deg. 48min. north, longitude 22deg. 32min. west; the course, north 78deg. 45min. east; the distance, 225.5 miles, and the actual elapsed time 23h. 36m. 46s.

Cloudy weather and an overcast sky came in with Saturday daybreak, the wind still blowing fresh from the southwest. There was a fine run all this day under close reefed mainsail, foresail and jib. Toward midnight the wind freshened, and, drawing aft, the mainsail was taken in and the squaresail set.

The position at noon of March 26 was latitude 50deg. 51min. north, longitude 15deg. 0min. 6sec. west; the course was north 79deg. 31min. east; the distance, 291.5 miles, and the actual elapsed time was 23h. 29m. 59s.

Sunday morning the sun burst forth in all its glory for the first time in a week as if to welcome our first sight of the Irish coast. At 6h. 27m. Mizzen Point bore north northeast distant twelve miles. At 10h. 8m. the pilot boat Columbine hove to and sent us a pilot, from whom the cheering information reached us that we had won the race. There was, it is needless to say, great excitement and joy on board.

At 12h. 31m. 2s., Queenstown mean time, Roche's Point bore east southeast, and the great ocean race was won.

LOG OF CORONET, 1887.

Start March 12, from Bay Ridge, New York Harbor. Roche's Point to Queenstown, Ireland.

March.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Distance.
13	39.52	68.41	246
14	40.04	68.41	244
15	40.51	59.28	185
16	41.25	54.45	216
17	41.34	50.03	211
18	41.56	47.04	135
19	43.47	42.35	225
20	45.25	39.04	179
21	46.18	34.24	202
22	46.38	33.49	39
23	47.06	32.47	51
24	49.04	28.12	219
25	49.48	22.32	225
26	50.51	15.06	291
27	To Roche's Point..		266
Total			2,934

LOG OF THE DAUNTLESS, 1887.

Start March 12, from Bay Ridge, New York Harbor. Roche's Point to Queenstown, Ireland.

March.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Distance.
13	40.03	68.38	232
14	39.57	64.18	200
15	40.58	61.18	130
16	42.03	65.07	260
17	41.28	52.47	140
18	42.05	49.39	140
19	44.35	43.50	270
20	44.10	40.50	140
21	44.41	38.30	195
22	46.13	37.13	100
23	46.07	36.07	43
24	47.05	31.44	205
25	49.45	24.20	328
26	50.47	17.45	266
27	50.16	13.45	143
28	To Roche's Point..		197
Total			2,994

Race for the Ocean Cup.

Presented by His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor.

For cruising yachts of any nation enrolled in a recognized yacht club.

Yacht must be more than 80 tons net Custom House measurement to be eligible.

The race to be started on May 16, at 2 P. M., at Sandy Hook Lightship, and to finish at The Lizard, England.

Three yachts to start or no race.

International rules of the road at sea to govern the race.

An owner, or his representative, who must also be a member of a recognized yacht club, must be on board.

No handicap or time allowance.

The cup will be presented personally by H. I. M., the German Emperor, to the owner of the winning yacht, at the beginning of the Kiel Regatta week.

Additional prizes will be given by His Majesty on the basis of one for each three starters.

Auxiliaries entering must sail the race with the propeller removed from the shaft. The propeller may be carried on board yacht during the race.

The sub-committee will arrange for day, night, and fog signals to be used in the race.

By mutual agreement between owners of yachts entered, steam power may not be used to hoist sails on fore and aft auxiliary schooners.

The starting line shall be a line between a committee boat, flying burgee of the Imperial Y. C., and the Sandy Hook Lightship.

The length and direction of the line to be determined by the committee managing the start. The line is to be crossed leaving the Sandy Hook Lightship to starboard.

Starting Signals.

A preparatory gun will be fired at 2 P. M., the club burgee lowered and blue peter hoisted.

A warning gun will be fired at 2:10 P. M., blue peter lowered and red ball hoisted.

The starting gun will be fired at 2:15 P. M., red ball lowered.

In case gun misses fire a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given.

Should postponement be considered necessary the preparatory gun would be fired on an even quarter hour, thereafter followed by warning and starting guns with intervals as above.

Time of yachts crossing the line will not be taken by the committee.

No protest will be entertained in connection with violation of the rules at the start of the race.

Yachts approaching the line under tow must drop the tow line at the preparatory signal.

The International rules of the road at sea shall govern conduct of the yachts, with the addition that—if an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on a required side, then the outside yacht must give inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark.

A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark after the latter yacht has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

No part of a yacht's hull or spars may be across the starting line before the starting gun is fired.

In case a yacht infringes any of the above rules the committee will signal by short blasts on steam whistle and display official letters of yachts so infringing. Yacht so signalled must return and recross the starting line. Yacht so returning, or one working into position from the wrong side of the line shall keep clear of and give way to all competing yachts.

Should a yacht be delayed in starting at the appointed time and the committee boat not be in position, it may start later, taking its departure from Sandy Hook Lightship. No time will be credited on account of the delay.

Such yacht may not be towed to any point to the eastward of Sandy Hook Lightship.

The finish of the race will be on a line bearing true south from the Lizard Lighthouse on the coast of England and within signalling distance, in the event of there being no mark boat at the finish line.

(Further information regarding the finish line may be supplied to contestants if received by the American sub-committee.)

At or near the finish line communication must be established with the signal station at the Lizard lighthouse.

By day by displaying official letters; also the ensign.

By night by using night signals as assigned in the programme.

In fog by discharging special bomb as designated, followed by blasts on fog horn as assigned in programme.

These signals should be repeated at intervals until a reply is received from the signal station, namely, the discharge of a similar bomb.

When in foreign waters yachts should identify themselves by the use of official letters rather than by private signal.

There is no restriction as to what flags a racing yacht may carry.

It is requested that each contestant take time at the finish in Greenwich mean time to corroborate the time taken by the sub-committee at finish line.

A pilot may be taken on board before the finish of the race. After the finish, communication should be established by telegraph with Capt. Cooper, German Embassy, London, giving first port of entry in Europe.

Special bomb for fog signal used by all competing yachts is fired from a mortar—making a report at the mortar, followed by a volley of six explosions at height of about 200ft.

List of Entries.

Ailsa.—Owner, Henry S. Redmond, New York Y. C. Owner not on board. Representative on board, Grenville Kane. Tonnage, 116.20 net, registered. Rig, yawl. Color of hull, white. Day signal, International code letters N.R.C.S., and night signal, Coston light—green, red, green, followed by two red stars. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts, 4-1-2.

Apache.—Owner, Edmund Randolph, New York Y. C. Owner on board. Tonnage, 307.16 net, registered. Rig, auxiliary barque—three masts. Color of hull, black. Day signal, International code letters L.S.B.F., and night signal, Coston light—green, red, green, followed by one white star. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts, 4-2-1.

Atlantic.—Owner, Wilson Marshall, New York Y. C. Owner on board. Tonnage, 206.58 net, registered. Rig, schooner, three masts, auxiliary. Color of hull black. Day signal, International code letters K.S.R.B. Night signal, Coston light—red, blue, red. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts, 4-3-1.

Endymion.—Owner, George Lauder, Jr., Indian Harbor Y. C. Owner on board. Tonnage, 116 net, registered. Rig, schooner. Color of hull, black. Day signal, International code letters K.P.Q.L. Night signal, Coston light—red, white, followed by one red star. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts, 4-1-3.

Fleur de Lys.—Owner, Lewis A. Stimson, M.D., New York Y. C. Owner on board. Tonnage, 86 net, registered. Rig, schooner. Color of hull, white. Day signal, International code letters K.H.Q.C. Night signal, Coston light—green, red, green, followed by Coston light—green, red, green. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts, 4-2-2.

Hamburg.—Owners, Hamburgischer Verein "Seefahrt" Norddeutscher Regatta Verein. Representative on board, Adolf Tietjens. Tonnage, 134 net, registered. Rig, schooner. Color of hull, black. Day signal, International code letters, R.M.V.H. Night signal, Coston light—blue, red, followed by two blue stars. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts, 4-3-2.

Hildegard.—Owner, Edward R. Coleman, Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia. Owner on board. Tonnage, 145.93 net, registered. Rig, schooner. Color of hull, white. Day signal, International code letters K.N.D.B. Night signal, Coston light—red, blue, followed by one white star. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts 4-2-3.

Sunbeam.—Owner, Rt. Hon. Lord Brassey, Royal Yacht Squadron. Owner on board. Tonnage, 227.79 net, registered. Rig, topsail schooner, three masts, auxiliary. Color of hull, white. Day signal, International code letters N.T.G.F. Night signal, Coston light—red, white, followed by two red stars. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts, 4-3-3.

Thistle.—Owner, Robert E. Tod, Atlantic Y. C. Owner on board. Tonnage, 235 net, registered. Rig, schooner, stationary yard on foremast. Color of hull, white (green boot-top). Day signal, International code letters, K.R.C.P., and night signal, Coston light—red, green, red. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts, 4-3-4.

Utowana.—Owner, Allison V. Armour, New York Y. C. Owner on board. Tonnage, 266.63 net, registered. Rig, schooner, auxiliary, three masts. Color of hull, black. Day signal, International code letters K.J.P.F. Night signal, Coston light—white, red, followed by one blue star. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts, 4-4-3.

Valhalla.—Owner, the Earl of Crawford, Royal Yacht Squadron. Owner on board. Tonnage, 647.79 net, registered. Rig, ship, three masts. Color of hull, white. Day signal, International code letters M.W.H.G. Night signal, Coston light—green, red, followed by two green stars. Fog signal, special bomb, followed by fog horn blasts, 4-4-1.

American Sub-Committee of the Imperial Y. C. of Germany: H. G. Hebbinghaus, I.G.N., Chairman; Allison V. Armour, C. L. F. Robinson.

Valhalla and Hamburg Arrive.

THE British auxiliary yacht Valhalla, owned by the Earl of Crawford, arrived at New York at 9 o'clock on Friday evening, April 28. She will have a little over two weeks in which to refit for the ocean race for the Kaiser's Cup. Valhalla is, with one exception, the monstrosity American, the only yacht in the world rigged as a ship. The Earl of Crawford lives on board Valhalla ten months out of the year, and during the past four years she has cruised 150,000 miles. Valhalla flies the burgee of the Royal Yacht Squadron and her home port is Cowes. She carries a crew of over sixty men and is by far the largest yacht entered in the race.

The Earl of Crawford is accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Wilbraham, Mr. North and Dr. Corfield. These gentlemen visited the New York Y. C. on Saturday and spent the afternoon there looking over the collection of models and other things of interest to those of a nautical turn of mind. The Earl gave out the following interview to a representative of the New York Evening Post:

"If we have any luck at all, we'll do it in fourteen days. If we have very good luck, we'll cross the line at the Lizard in nine days. The bigger the wind the better, but I don't want the word 'east' to enter into the description of any of the weather conditions.

"We left Cairo on Feb. 24 and made Gibraltar, under steam and sail, in four days and nine hours. That was a run of 1,140 miles. My guests joined me at Gibraltar. The Hon. Reginald Brougham is to come aboard at New York for the race. We next made Las Palmas, in the Canaries, where I put in for repairs to my propeller. We stayed there till the 13th of March, waiting for the diver to finish the work.

"We left Las Palmas on the 13th and reached San Juan on the 20th, at 8 o'clock in the morning, having sailed all the way, at an average of 7¾ knots. We struck the trades very far north this year, and they were light in consequence, so we carried all the sail that could be crammed on throughout the voyage. The best day's run was 302 miles, with a light, favorable wind, three points aft of the beam. That was on March 4, on the run from Gibraltar to Las Palmas. The log for that day includes this entry: 'Heavy clouds early, wind more aft and freshening.' On the day before we had made but 210 miles. The run varied greatly—198, 213, 207, 209 and 267 are fair samples.

"We remained in port at San Juan for several days, and then went to Charlotte Harbor, Fla., for the tarpon fishing, arriving on April 6. It was too rough to cross the bar on the day before. On the 20th Valhalla arrived at Key West, where we coaled, and on the next day left that port for New York, making the run of 1,350 miles in seven days. Fog prevented us from getting in yesterday.

"I have no definite plans for the race. The course will depend entirely on the wind. Of course, if it comes like a pile-driver right away from the east, we'll have to steer far to the north or the south. But I don't want to hear the word 'east' from the time we leave Sandy Hook. I'm not much afraid of it. As I understand it, the prevailing wind here has a lot of west in it, and if we get that, combined with anything from north or south, we'll be all right. Not much help is to be expected from the Gulf Stream. We've got 600 miles of nothing to make, all told, and where we will get into that current there won't be enough force in it to make any material difference. But coming up the coast, though, the Gulf Stream was a very material help. In the Bahama Channel we added what sighting showed to the record of the log, and the

computation showed that the Gulf Stream was adding thirty miles in twenty-four hours to our speed.

"I shall not make any preparations for this race other than what is customary for any voyage across the Atlantic. I am glad that it is to be a race, for I think it will revive interest in ocean contests between sailing craft. I have always been in favor of races between real vessels and opposed to the so-called yacht races, in which machines are the competitors.

"Valhalla has been in but one race. That was a run of 360 miles for the Coronation cup, which I offered at the time of the King's coronation. That was won by the fore and after, Utowana, owned by Mr. Armour. We had head winds all the way, so that was no contest for a square-rigged vessel to make any show in."

Hamburg, the only German entry in the ocean race, arrived at New York on Saturday afternoon. Hamburg, ex-Rainbow, was designed by the late G. L. Watson and has never showed up to great advantage in the racing either in British or German waters. She is, however, a handsome vessel and should do well in the long trip across the Atlantic. Her German officers and crew have not gotten all there is out of the vessel, and the chances are she will suffer a little from indifferent handling.

British Letter.

AN INTERNATIONAL RATING RULE.—The question of an international rating rule which would include Great Britain, France, Germany and other European countries, is more likely of fulfillment in the near future than it has ever been. To yacht owners it would be an unmixed blessing, for with a universal system of measurement the chief obstacle to racing a yacht in a foreign country would be removed. The present time is peculiarly auspicious for an international conference on the subject. There is not any startling divergency in the rating rules of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy or Belgium, and no very radical alteration would be required in any of the systems to bring them in line with one another. Each country favors much the same type of boat, and all are in favor of a bigger body and more internal accommodations than was the case a few years back. Owners generally are heartily tired of useless skimming dishes and desire something a little more wholesome, even though it be a trifle slower. Whether such a desirable thing as an international rating rule will become an accomplished fact is still a matter of uncertainty, but if the question is taken in hand there is another equally important matter which should be dealt with at the same time and that is, the drawing up and adoption of scantling rules for the various classes. There should not be any great difficulty in framing such rules, especially with the help of a committee which would include one or more naval architects from each of the countries interested. Lloyds' new rules might even be used with certain alterations if the other countries would consent to this, or completely new rules could be made which would, perhaps, be the most satisfactory course. It is sufficiently obvious that a common scantling rule will be an absolutely necessary accompaniment to a common rating rule and it would be well if our Yacht Racing Association would wake up and enter into the subject, so as to be in a position to take up the matter with a due regard to the interests of yacht racing in general and the owners in particular when the time is ripe for these changes to be made.

The following is a copy of the letter sent by Mr. Heckstall Smith to Mr. G. A. Cormack, Secretary of the New York Y. C.:

"I am instructed to say that the Yacht Racing Association hopes that the United States will be represented at the proposed conference, and I have been directed to invite American yachtsmen to consider the advantages that may result from the adoption of international racing rules.

"I believe there is no central body in the United States like the Yacht Racing Association with which I could correspond on such a subject, and therefore I have addressed you, hoping that the New York Y. C. will deal with the question whatever way it considers most advantageous to American yachtsmen.

"I shall be pleased to give further instruction, receive suggestions, etc.

"HECKSTALL SMITH, Sec'y."

ROYAL THAMES Y. C.—The racing programme of the Royal Thames Y. C. is a very full one. There will be five events on June 9 when the yachts start and finish at Southend. The Duke of Bedford is presenting a cup, value 100 guineas, for the yachts exceeding 100 tons, and Mr. M. B. Kennedy gives a prize, value £50, for yachts over fifty but not exceeding 100 tons. There will be races for the 52ft. class, the ex-52-footers and a small handicap. On June 17 the club holds its time-honored races from the Nore to Dover, and it is a significant fact that this is the date fixed for the start of the German Emperor's Cup race from Dover to Heligoland. As this is the first time these two fixtures have clashed it looks as though the interests of British yachting will be served through the boats being kept in British waters, while the German race is in progress. On Monday, June 19, the Royal Thames will have a race from Dover to Calais and back for the yachts over fifty tons, and a match for the smaller boats at Dover. The yachts will then go on to Doves in readiness for the handicap match to the Clyde.

ROYAL ALFRED Y. C.—The Royal Alfred Y. C. at Kingstown, Ireland, has for many years been in the habit of offering a series of champion cups with money prizes attached for the encouragement of amateur seamanship and of class racing. Lately the cups have been going begging owing to the dearth of class racers, and the point was mooted a little while ago as to whether these cups should be offered to the one-design classes. The older members of the club are strongly averse to any of the cups being devoted to the one-design boats, which are purely local classes, whereas the original idea was for the cups to go to the class racers and therefore open to the United Kingdom. The younger members were in favor of the one-designs being allotted the lesser cups, but the old hands won the day and the cups will remain stored away at the silversmith's until the revival of pure class racing, whenever that takes place.

E. H. KELLY.

PHILADELPHIA Y. C.'S FLEET CAPTAIN.—Commodore Abraham L. English, Philadelphia Y. C., announces the appointment of William Good fleet captain for the season of 1905.

Boston Letter.

NEW 22-FOOTERS FOUND LIGHT.—Two of the new 22-footers have been weighed and each has been found to be of less weight than called for in the rules governing the class. The first boat to be weighed was *Medric II.*, owned by Mr. Herbert H. White. She was found to be under the required weight, but it is understood that she is about 3in. under 22ft. on the waterline and may be able to take on sufficient weight to bring her into the class without making her waterline excessive. The second boat to be weighed was *Rube*, owned by Mr. H. L. Bowden, which was hung up on the big steel yards at Lawley's last Friday. *Rube* was found to be about 300 pounds under weight. *Rube* has not yet been measured, so it is not known whether or not the required addition of weight will make her waterline over 22ft. Ever since the 22ft. class was formed there has been more or less difficulty about weights and measurements, it being considered that the majority of the yachts competing in the class last season were more than 22ft. waterline. There are three more new boats for this class, which have yet to be measured and weighed.

MOSQUITO FLEET Y. C. FIXTURES.—The regatta committee of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. has announced the following fixtures:

- July 1-4, Saturday to Tuesday—Club cruise.
- July 8, Saturday—Club handicap.
- July 22, Saturday—Club handicap.
- Aug. 13, Sunday—Ladies' day.
- Aug. 19, Saturday—Club handicap.

The regatta committee also announces that two classes have been arranged for power boats for the regular club races.

HILDEGARDE VISITS BOSTON.—The schooner *Hildegarde*, owned by Mr. Edward R. Coleman, of Philadelphia, a member of the New York Y. C., was in the harbor last week. She is entered for the German Emperor's cup race across the Atlantic and this, coupled with the fact that she was originally a Boston yacht, made her visit one of more than usual interest. *Hildegarde* made the run from New London in 21½ hours. She had a head wind across Massachusetts Bay. She came to take on the hollow top-sail spars of *Independence*, which will be used as square-sail yards on the ocean race. Capt. S. M. Masters, who has been on *Hildegarde* since she was purchased by Mr. Coleman, is in command.

NEW SAILS BY WILSON & SILSBY.—Messrs. Wilson & Silsby are making the sails for Mr. F. F. Brewster's new schooner *Elmina*, which is being fitted out at Lawley's. They are also making the sails for Mr. Roy A. Rainey's new schooner *Invader* building at the same yards. They have an order for a mainsail for the yawl *Ailsa* which will be carried in the ocean race. Among other orders are a suit for the 35-footer *Cossack*, Mr. Henry A. Morse; mainsail for the cat *Emblem*, Mr. George E. Darling, secretary of the Rhode Island Y. C.; suit for a 32-rater for Mr. M. Pavloff, of St. Petersburg, Russia; suit for five-meter racer built at Graves' yard for a German yachtsman; a number of racing suits for the Great Lakes and for various points along the coast, including suits for Massachusetts 15, 18 and 22-footers.

BOSTON Y. C.—A meeting of the Boston Y. C. was held at its Rowe's Wharf clubhouse on Wednesday evening, April 26, at which several amendments were passed, the principal of which makes the fiscal year close Dec. 31. It was announced by the regatta committee that plans were under consideration for a number of power boat races during the coming season, either in connection with the sailing regattas or on separate dates. The committee considers that such a movement is necessary on account of the great number of power boats enrolled in the club. Mr. Sumner H. Foster announced that the floats at the Marblehead station have been in place for some time and that everything is ready for the opening of the station for the season.

POWER BOAT NEWS.—The 87ft. power yacht *Elkhorn*, built at Lawley's for Mr. H. F. Hanson, was delivered to her owner on Saturday, April 22, and was given a trial on Sunday. She developed a speed of about eleven miles an hour, which Mr. Hanson considered satisfactory with new and naturally stiff machinery. Since then she has increased her speed to about twelve miles an hour. *Elkhorn* is a cruising yacht of about the same general layout as the first steam yacht *Monaloe*, owned by Mr. Chauncy B. Borland. She has a low cabin trunk, with a raised deckhouse forward, which is used as a dining saloon and also as a pilot house in bad weather. The floor of the deckhouse is sunk below the deck level, however, and does not give any appearance of top heaviness. In fact, the yacht is one of the most graceful of the type that has been seen in these waters. There is a roomy galley with every convenience for cruising. The engine room is also quite roomy. The power is obtained from two Standard engines of 50 horsepower each. There is also a dynamo for electric lighting. Two gasolene tanks of large capacity are placed in the engine room, thus giving room for the crew forward. The main saloon and owner's stateroom are aft. There is also a stateroom with low headroom under the main deck aft. In fine weather the boat is steered from a bridge, just abaft the deckhouse. *Snipe*, a 60ft. yacht of the same type built for Mr. John H. Proctor, went into commission last week. *Snipe* has a buffalo engine of 40 horsepower.

Messrs. Stearns & McKay have received an order for a 25ft. speed launch for Mr. W. H. Stuart, Jr. This boat will have a little flare forward and in general she will be similar to most high speed launches of extreme type. The motor will be a Napier of from 20 to 25 horsepower. The same builders have an order for a 30ft. launch for Mr. Herbert Humphrey. The autoboat built for Mr. Lewis R. Speare will probably be sent to Cleveland this week, where her Winton motor will be installed. A 38ft. hunting cabin launch, built for Mr. Nelson Faulk, of Philadelphia, was launched last week. Mr. Faulk will take her around to Philadelphia early in the month.

The hunting cabin launch *Highball*, designed by Messrs. Small Brothers and built by Mr. George B. Loring, of East Braintree, for Mr. Richard Hutchison, has been delivered to her owner and has had several trials off the South Boston station of the Boston Y. C., of which Mr. Hutchison is a member. She is entered for the race of the Knickerbocker Y. C. from New York to Marblehead. She is 31ft. 6in. over all, 29ft. 6in. waterline, 6ft. 9in. beam

Entries in Ocean Race for German Emperor's Cup.

Name.	Type and Rig.	L.W.L.	Owner.	Club.	Designer.	Year Built.	Net Ton.
Valhalla	Aux. Ship	240ft.	Earl of Crawford	Royal Yacht Squadron	W. C. Storey	1892	648
Apache	Aux. Barque	168ft.	Edmund Randolph	New York Y. C.	J. Reid & Co.	1890	307
Ailsa	Yawl	89ft.	Henry S. Redmond	New York Y. C.	William Fife, Jr.	1895	116
Hamburg	Schooner	116ft.	German syndicate	Imperial Y. C.	George L. Watson	1898	185
Utowana	Aux. Schooner	155ft.	Allison V. Armour	New York Y. C.	J. Beaver-Webb	1891	267
Sunbeam	Aux. Barque	154.7ft.	Lord Brassey	Royal Yacht Squadron	St. Claire Byrne	1874	227
Thistle	Schooner	110ft.	Robert E. Tod	Atlantic Y. C.	Henry Winteringham	1901	235
Atlantic	Aux. Schooner	135ft.	Wilson Marshall	New York Y. C.	Gardner & Cox	1903	206
Hildegarde	Schooner	103.4ft.	Edward R. Coleman	Philadelphia Cor. Y. C.	A. S. Chesebrough	1897	146
Fleur de Lys	Schooner	101ft.	Lewis A. Stimson	New York Y. C.	Edward Burgess	1890	86
Endymion	Schooner	86.6ft.	George Lauder, Jr.	Indian Harbor Y. C.	Tams, Lemoine & Crane	1899	116

and 27in. draft. Her engine is of 12 horsepower, giving a speed of about 10 miles an hour.

Messrs. Murray & Tregurtha have finished the 45ft. launch for Mr. George H. Wightman, of the Boston Y. C., and she has been hauled into the storing shed until her owner shall give orders for her launching. She is a nicely turned boat and should be ideal for afternoon sailing, for which her owner had her built. She is 45ft. long, 9ft. beam and 3ft. draft. She has a four-cylinder engine of 25 horsepower, which will give her a speed of about 12 miles an hour. The reversing lever and also the spark will be controlled from the steering wheel on deck. A 37ft. hunting cabin launch for Mr. T. H. Webb, of Peoria, Ill., and a 35ft. hunting cabin launch for Mr. John J. Tobin, are ready to be launched. Two 42ft. speed launches are under construction. A 40ft. autoboat is to be built by this firm. She will be 5ft. beam and of very light draft. She will have a special four-stroke engine, with 6 by 6 cylinders. This engine will have a steel rod frame and will be built very lightly.

RECENT TRANSFERS AND CHARTERS.—Messrs. Stearns & McKay have chartered the houseboat *Clarina*, owned by Mr. Charles Stedman Hanks, to Mr. J. A. Garland, of New York. They have sold the raceabout *Kitty*, owned by Mr. C. N. Brush, to Mr. Guy Standing; the yawl *Friendship III.* for Mr. H. L. Friend to Mr. Rosenthal, of New York, and the knockabout *Friendship II.* to Mr. Horatio Gilbert.

Mr. Stephen Bowen has sold his 25ft. knockabout *Rowena* to Mr. R. S. Peabody.

The 35ft. sloop *Katonah*, owned by Mr. J. J. Feeley, has been sold to Mr. Frank H. Doane, of New York, through the agency of Mr. B. B. Crowninshield.

EASTERN Y. C. POWER BOAT RACES.—The Eastern Y. C. power boat races will be held at Marblehead on July 27, 28 and 29. Mr. Henry Howard, chairman of the Eastern Y. C. regatta committee, has notified the Knickerbocker Y. C. that these races will be open to all contestants in the Knickerbocker Y. C. race from New York to Marblehead. Boats finishing in this race will have plenty of time to be measured before the commencement of the Eastern Y. C. races. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Revive the Catboat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If other magazines showed as much interest in the Cape catboat as *FOREST AND STREAM* has already shown, it might result in building up a good fleet of this type of boat in a number of different localities.

EDGAR W. EMERY.

QUINCY, Mass.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

YAWL WAYFARER SOLD.—Messrs. John M. and Henry K. Goetchius, New York Y. C., have purchased through the agency of Mr. Henry J. Gielow the auxiliary yawl *Wayfarer*, from Mr. Robert Saltonstall, of Boston. The yacht is 75ft. over all and 50ft. on the waterline. She was built two years ago and is fitted with a 20 horsepower Standard gasolene engine. The same agency has sold the following: The motor boat *Arrebo*, to a Philadelphia yachtsman; the 40ft. cruising naphtha launch *Cyric* to Mr. Mansfield M. Doty, Columbia Y. C., and the yawl *Scapha*, 53ft. over all, to Mr. Edwin Trowbridge Hall, of New York.

CANADA CUP TRIAL RACES.—The Rochester Y. C. will hold a series of trial races off Charlotte in June to select a defender for the Canada Cup. The conditions governing these races follow:

1. All yachts entered for the trial races must be measured by the Canada's Cup Committee of the Rochester Y. C., or a person appointed by them, before the day of the first race.
 2. No yacht shall be eligible to contest in the trial races unless it is built in accordance with the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and the agreement made between the Royal Canadian Y. C. and the Rochester Y. C.
 3. The yacht selected to represent the club shall be the one which, in the judgment of the committee, shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winner of the trial races. Additional races may be ordered sailed by the committee between such contestants as they may select.
 4. All races shall be sailed under the racing rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.
 5. In the event of a race being postponed or ordered resailed, it shall be sailed at as early a date as possible.
- The trial races will take place in July, off Charlotte, and full instructions will be given to the owners of competing boats before that time.
7. A suitable prize will be given the winner.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. will commence the trial races for the selection of a challenger for the Canada Cup on July 22.

NEW YORK Y. C. RACING SCHEDULE.—The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C., composed of Messrs. Oliver Cromwell, H. de B. Parsons and Ernest E. Lorillard, has given out the following racing schedule for the coming season:

- Tuesday, May 30—Spring cups, off Glen Cove; open to all regular and special classes.
- Thursday, June 15—Fifty-ninth annual regatta, off Glen Cove; open to all regular and special classes. The Bennett regatta cups, presented by Commodore James Gordon Bennett, one for schooners and one for single masted vessels and yawls, will be sailed for.
- Saturday, July 8—Glen Cove cups, off Glen Cove; open to all regular and special classes, and classes too small for enrollment.
- Thursday, Aug. 10—Rendezvous cups, off Glen Cove. Open to all regular and special classes, and classes too small for enrollment.

THE CRUISE.

- Thursday, Aug. 10—Rendezvous at Glen Cove.
- Friday, Aug. 11—First squadron run, Glen Cove to Morris Cove; high water at Glen Cove, 8:14 A. M.

Saturday, Aug. 12—Second squadron run, Morris Cove to New London; high water at Morris Cove, 9:15 A. M.

Sunday, Aug. 13—At New London.

Monday, Aug. 14—Third squadron run, New London to Newport; high water at New London 8:46 A. M.; low water at Point Judith 12:11 P. M.

Tuesday, Aug. 15—At Newport, the Astor cups, presented by Capt. John Jacob Astor.

Wednesday, Aug. 16—Fourth squadron run, Newport to Vineyard Haven; high water at Newport 8:10 A. M.; high water at Vineyard Haven, 12:17 P. M.

Thursday, Aug. 17—Fifth squadron run, cruising, not racing: Vineyard Haven to Marblehead; high water at Pollock's Rip, 1:09 P. M.; low water at Marblehead 6:39 P. M.

Friday, Aug. 18—At Marblehead.

Saturday, Aug. 19—At Marblehead; Eastern Y. C. regatta.

Saturday, Sept. 9—Autumn cups, off Glen Cove; open to all regular and special classes and classes too small for enrollment.

POWER BOAT GREGORY SAFE.—A number of rumors have been circulated of late to the effect that the power boat *Gregory* had been lost at sea. As a matter of fact, the yacht is still at the Azores waiting for gasolene. *Gregory* arrived at Ponta Delgada on April 4 and has been in that port ever since.

POWER BOAT HOBO LAUNCHED.—On Thursday, April 27 there was launched from the yard of the builders the electric Launch Company, of Bayonne, N. J., the power boat *Hobo*. The boat was built for Mr. J. Insley Blair. She is 70ft. long and is equipped with a 100 horsepower Standard engine. A speed of 15 miles an hour is guaranteed.

A BRITISH OPINION OF SONYA.—The new 52-footer *Sonya*, designed and built by Mr. Herreshoff at Bristol, R. I., for Mrs. Turner Farley, arrived in the Thames last week per the Atlantic Transport Company's steamer *Minnetonka*. For the passage across the Atlantic a cradle was built on the deck of the liner, on which the new racing boat was placed and to which she was securely bolted, two of the bolts passing through her lead keel.

Arrived in the Thames, no time was lost in putting *Sonya* in the water, a floating derrick being brought alongside to lift her off the steamer. This was safely accomplished on Tuesday, and two days later the boat left under trysail for Tollesbury, where she will be fitted out for racing by her skipper, Captain Stokes.

There are many features about the new boat which will be of interest. Mr. Herreshoff, as might be expected, has made considerable departures from the existing type of boat as exemplified by *Mylne's Moyana*. To begin with the new boat is considerably shorter over all than any of the existing boats of the class, but her waterline length and beam are quite normal, the former being 47ft. and the latter 13ft. 3in., as against 48ft. and 13ft. 2in. in *Moyana*, while *Maymon*, Fife's latest creation in the class, has a 48ft. 2in. waterline and 13ft. 2in. beam. From the point of the bowsprit to the end of the mainboom is a little over 94ft., the latter being exactly 54ft. in length, while from the stepping of the mast to the end of the bowsprit the space covered is 39ft. 3in. The bowsprit itself is 18ft. in length as against *Moyana's* 13ft. It is, however, in the mast that the greatest departure will be seen, the Herreshoff spar, which is of the polemastered type, being 80ft. in length as against a foot or two under 70ft. with *Moyana*. This will give the new boat an enormous sailspread as compared with the craft which have already been built to the class. Another feature of the rigging of the boat is that the spars, which are, of course, all hollow, and with the exception of the mast are supplied in duplicate, are very slight in appearance, being about one-third less in diameter than the sticks we usually see in racing boats of this size on this side of the Atlantic. As she sits in the water *Sonya* has the appearance of a rather short boat—her overhangs are not at all exaggerated—with tremendous spars for her size.

Below the waterline *Sonya* is cut right away from the entry, her greatest depth—she draws 9ft. 3in. as against the 8ft. 9in. of *Moyana*—being at the heel, though in the distribution of her lead the greatest weight is placed well forward, the keel tapering off as it runs aft. So far as quantity is concerned the new boat is supposed to have about twenty tons, which is enormous considering that *Moyana's* keel only weighs somewhere about nine tons.

As regards accommodation the American designer has made the most of the space at his disposal, there being a stateroom or ladies' cabin and saloon with a headroom of 6ft. 3in., while in part of the forecabin the headroom is over 6ft.

Before leaving America *Sonya* was given a couple of trials. The breeze was very light in the morning, and not much could be learned of her qualities. In the afternoon the wind was fresher, and she was given another trial. The spin was most satisfactory to both Captain Nathaniel Herreshoff and Captain Stokes.—*Yachting World.*

COUNTRY CLUB COMPETITIVE CUP.—The third annual series of races for the Country Club Competitive Cup, open to yachts of the Country Club restricted 21ft. class, will be sailed on Lake St. Claire, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, September 5, 6 and 7, 1905. Entries close August 26.

BAGLEY TROPHY FOR THE 16FT. CLASS.—To encourage small boat racing among the younger sailors of the Country Club and the vicinity of Detroit, Mr. Paul N. Bagley will present annually a beautiful trophy to be raced for by yachts of the 16ft. class of the Inter-Lake Yachting Association, under the racing rules of the Country Club, the trophy each year becoming the permanent property of the yacht winning it. Any yacht enrolled in a recognized yacht club of the Great Lakes and eligible to race in the 16ft. class of the Inter-Lake Yachting Association may race for this

trophy, provided, however, that at the discretion of the Regatta Committee, existing yachts not conforming to the spirit of the restrictions adopted in 1904 may be barred.

The first race for the trophy will be sailed Saturday, July 15; the second race, Saturday, Aug. 26, and the third race will be one of the events of Regatta week, in September. The trophy will be awarded to the boat making the highest total percentage in the three races, percentages to be computed according to the table adopted by the Country Club for the Country Club Competitive Cup races. Entries close July 10.

The Inter-Lake Yachting Association rules for the 16ft. class provide for a keel or centerboard open boat, with a maximum load waterline length of 16ft., and a maximum over all length of 25 6-10ft., and a maximum extreme beam of 8ft. 6in., and maximum sail area of 400 sq. ft.

A boat built to these rules is handy, fast and able and well adapted to afternoon sailing, racing and short cruises in sheltered water. As a school for young sailors it is unsurpassed.

The first cost of a boat of this class is small and the expense of maintenance insignificant.

Small Brothers, of Boston, the designers of Spray, Little Shamrock, Wrinkle and many other winning boats, give an approximate figure of \$850 for a boat built in the best manner, with double planking of mahogany, and for a substantial boat with less expensive fittings, \$550 to \$650.

Tams, Lemoine & Crane, of New York, designers of the St. Claire, give an approximate figure of \$600 for a boat built in the best manner, and 10 per cent. less for a boat with plainer finish and fittings.

A boat can be built by Schweikart, of Detroit, with first-quality sails, rigging and fittings, from designs by Wilby, for about \$500.

The Yachting Committee believes that the encouragement of small boat racing by the younger members is essential to building up a permanent love for the sport in the Country Club, and it urges upon members interested in yachting their consideration of this class.

PORT HURON-MACKINAC RACE FOR CRUISERS.—At the request of many prominent yachtsmen, the Country Club will hold a long distance race from Port Huron to Mackinac. The race will be held in conjunction with a similar race from Chicago to Mackinac, under the auspices of the Chicago Y. C. The two races will start at 2 o'clock P. M., Saturday, July 29.

The distance by steamer course from the Port Huron lightship to Mackinac is 240 miles.

The race is open to any sail or auxiliary yacht of the Great Lakes having an over all length of 30ft. or more. Contesting yachts will be divided into two classes: Class A, yachts above 50ft. over all length, and Class B, yachts 30ft. to 50ft. over all length. A handsome trophy will be awarded to the winning yacht in each class. Entries close July 15.

Time allowance will be computed by the rules of the New York Y. C.

Owners expecting to enter their yachts are requested to obtain from their designers or by measurement the necessary data for computing their rating, and to forward such data to the secretary of the Yachting Committee at an early date.

Address entries and all communications to Franck C. Baldwin, secretary, 1103 Union Trust Building, Detroit.

ENTERPRISING DESIGNERS.—Messrs. Burgess & Packard, of Boston, are among the most enterprising of America's naval architects. Not only are they skillful designers and engineers, but they are also coming to the front as builders of yachts. The birth of the building enterprise undoubtedly emanated from the installation of a model making plant, which Mr. W. Starling Burgess established in connection with his designing office, in order that he might have the benefit of model experiments while he was still working out the lines of various yachts. Soon after the admission of Mr. A. A. Packard to the firm, shops were acquired at Salem, where 15 and 18-footers were built, and also several launches. Last year the 30-footer Sauquoit was turned out at the Salem shop. The auto-boat Mercedes, U. S. A., showed how skillful these men are not only at designing but at building. Finding that the Salem shops were a bit removed from the center of yachting interest, the firm secured the Charles W. Parker estate, of about three acres, at Marblehead, where they are now establishing a building and repair shop, machine shop, ship chandlery and marine railway. They are also to maintain a tank boat for the benefit of launch owners. The property selected is most admirably situated at the head of Marblehead Harbor, on the town side, and near everything the yachtsman needs ashore. There is a depth of 14ft. outside the marine railway, which has a capacity up to 300 tons at low water. Mr. Packard was formerly with the Herreshoffs at Bristol and has benefited by the experience obtained there. He worked on the laying down of Columbia, Constitution and Reliance, and also worked on the construction of Columbia and Reliance.

SCHOONER FOR C. L. F. ROBINSON.—The flush deck schooner building at A. C. Brown's yard, Tottenville, S. I., from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, is for Mr. C. L. F. Robinson, New York Y. C. She is a centerboard boat 54ft. waterline, 19ft. breadth and 4ft. 6in. draft. The boat is in every sense a cruising vessel and was built mainly for use in Florida waters.

VITESSE LAUNCHED.—The high speed steam yacht Vitesse built for Mr. Brayton Ives by the Gas Engine & Power Company and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated, was launched from the yard of the builders on Saturday evening, April 29. A special train brought the owner and his guests from New York. The yacht was named by Mrs. Herbert Parsons. Vitesse will be used mainly by her owner as a ferry between his country place at Ossining-on-the-Hudson and New York city. Occasional cruises will, however, be taken on the Sound and around the Cape. Vitesse is 118ft. over all, 114ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 4ft. 2in. draft. She is splen-

didly built and thoroughly equipped and is a sample of the superb work turned out by this firm of builders.

Two Seabury triple expansion engines and a Seabury water tube boiler comprise her propelling power. Dynamos will furnish electric light.

Vitesse is finished on deck and below with mahogany, aft of the machinery room is a double room and cabin. The owner's room extends the full beam of the yacht. The passage from the owner's stateroom to the saloon has a toilet room on the starboard side, and on the port side the intervening space is occupied by wardrobes.

N. Y. Y. C.'s MEASURER'S SCHEDULE.—Mr. Francis W. Belknap, the Measurer of the New York Y. C., announces that, weather permitting, he will be prepared to measure yachts enrolled in the club at any one of the following places on the dates named:

May 5, Larchmont.

May 12, Larchmont.

May 16, Station No. 10, Glen Cove.

May 19, City Island.

May 23, Station No. 10, Glen Cove.

May 26, City Island.

In order to facilitate the work, members are requested to notify the Measurer in writing at an early date as to which of the above places they will select.

PENELVE AND SHAWANA SOLD.—Mr. Adam D. Clafin, Eastern Y. C., has sold his auxiliary schooner yacht Penelve to Mr. Rudolph Oelsner, of New York city, through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, New York. Penelve is a keel boat 59ft. over all, 40ft. waterline, 14ft. beam, 6ft. draft, designed and built in 1900 by Messrs. Read Bros., of Fall River, Mass. Her 16 horsepower Murray & Tregurtha engine drives her about six miles an hour. The same agency has also sold the hunting cabin launch Shawna for Mr. George G. Williams, of Hartford, Conn., to a New York yachtsman.

FINISH OF THE OCEAN RACE.—Mr. Allison V. Armour, of the American sub-committee of the Imperial Y. C., received a cablegram from Mr. C. L. F. Robinson, an associate member of the committee, who is now in London, saying that the English sub-committee had decided to place a stake boat at the finish line of the transatlantic yacht race at the Lizard. The stake boat will remain at the line until the winners of the four prizes have crossed the line. In the absence of a stake boat the finish line was to have been a line north and south through the lighthouse.

Canoeing.

Across Nova Scotia in Canoes.

(Continued from page 345.)

Wednesday, June 15.

The voyagers rose about 6 A. M. after a sound night's rest, although Charles O. complained of having slept with his head in a valley and the rest of him on a ridge. This came very nearly causing him apoplexy about 2 A. M., but by wriggling around a bit he managed to get into a more comfortable combination of surface, and thus got his much needed night's rest.

The morning turned out to be quite cold and foggy, so we waited for it to clear, taking things easy around the camp, and cooking a very enjoyable breakfast. Finally, about 8:30, we put out the fire and embarked for the morning's journey. After crossing a small, shallow lake, we ran into a succession of very narrow rapids, pounding the canoes hard. This morning's run took us through beautiful winding stretches of the river, not very broad, more like a good-sized creek, but densely wooded along the shores, very clear water, and an almost continuous quick current. We were all impressed by the total absence of mud, since this section of the country is chiefly made up of stones from the size of a small house down to the size of a walnut, with now and then a gravelly or sandy patch. As a result, the water is very clear but always with the prevailing brown tint which is characteristic of the country. Very few of the places we passed through bore names by which they could be located geographically; some, in fact, were known to Louis by Indian names, but we were wholly unable in most cases to understand what these names were, so grotesque was his pronunciation of them. One particularly beautiful spot which we reached about 10:30 in the morning, was known to Louis as Upper Dukeshire Falls, at least this was as near as we could make it out. The stream dashed over several high ledges at this point with a final fall of about fifteen feet. It was necessary here to shuck the canoe down the ledges, which we did with some difficulty, and while we were at this work, Louis unlimbered his fishing rod and caught several big trout out of the pond below the falls. In getting from rock to rock around the ledges, he showed almost acrobatic agility and sure-footedness. In one place, a point of rock projected right in the center of the edge of the falls, separated possibly five or six feet from the nearest footing on either side. The water was rushing over this rock to a depth of ten inches, falling into the pool some fifteen feet below. Although the rock was no more than a foot or so wide, Louis carefully judged the distance and jumped from this slim foothold. He struck it fairly and crouched for a moment to catch his balance, the water roaring around his knees, and then with a second jump he gained the opposite side. Five minutes later he had two trout, weighing possibly three-quarters of a pound apiece.

Just below Dukeshire Falls there was a swift current which ran straight into a rocky face, and was deflected sharply off to one side. Charles O.'s boat went through first and was carried against the rock, turning partly over and filling half full of water before the canoeists could get it free. They managed, however, to ride through the rest of the rift by carefully balancing the boat and pulled her ashore to empty out the water.

Arthur and the Scribe then came through, and very nearly met the same fate, shipping about two or three inches of water, which, however, was quickly disposed of a minute or two later at the end of the rapid. The party then went on down stream without further mishap, the trees in some places almost meeting overhead, and the weather warm and delightful. It was certainly splendid going, and everybody was in high spirits except Arthur, who had unfortunately lost his favorite pipe, a small Irish duceen, in coming through the excitement at the Falls. Arthur has a pet habit of getting parted from something in this way in passing through some particular excitement.

The next notable event of the morning occurred when the party halted for a short time above a stretch of very rocky rapids, with numerous deep pools and big boulders obstructing the stream. The Scribe was clambering around one of these large rocks to get at a likely looking pool some distance beyond, and managed to lose his footing on the side of a huge rock, sliding down with a tremendous splash into the deep pool below. The rest of the party thought that he had simply dislodged a stone, and were not prepared for the sight of him swimming around the corner of the rock, blowing like a porpoise. Fortunately he lost none of his valuables—they were mostly tied to him with strings—and even his silver watch was uninjured, keeping on doing good work through the rest of the trip. From this point down to our lunch camp the going was even rougher than before, and Louis had much difficulty keeping the water out of his birch bark. We halted for lunch on a narrow, flat stretch by the water's edge near some fallen trees. The party stripped off most of their clothes and dried out in the hot sun, as we were all well soaked. Louis improved the shining hour by pulling his canoe out and patching up the holes which had been punched in it by the morning's run with pitch, a small can of which he carried with him for just such emergencies.

The lunch was particularly acceptable, as everybody was half starved, and ready to take a few hours' rest. We found a small expanse of grassy bank here which was very comfortable after the rocky, irregular quarters we were rapidly becoming accustomed to. This lunch camp was dubbed "The Dinky Camp," for obvious reasons. Just before reaching this stopping place Charles O. and Carl had another upset coming through an ugly little rift, and the former managed to lose his matchesafe. Incidents of this sort served to fix these various points in our memories, and the party would frequently refer to "the place where Charles O. lost his matchesafe," or "the Falls where Arthur lost his duceen," etc.

By this time Louis was becoming more and more popular with the party and was proving himself an excellent traveling companion. When addressed he would generally reply with a quick "Sir to you" which amused Charles O. very much, since it was hardly an expression to be looked for in such an out-of-the-way place. It seems he had picked it up from some one of his previous patrons.

Louis spoke English rather slowly but with a good choice of words. His pronunciation was a little indistinct and thick and he had a strong Indian accent, but he was not particularly taciturn and made a very useful and enjoyable addition to the party.

After things were well dried out, canoes patched, and the party refreshed by the hearty lunch, we set out for Maitland, which Louis reported not far ahead. We commenced to discover signs of civilization again; at one time it would be a rough clearing, again there would be a small trail through the woods, and finally around the bend we came in sight of a low log bridge, which we took to be the Maitland Bridge, but Louis said that the town itself and the "big bridge" was some little distance below yet. Running quickly under the bridge we shortly came to a long stretch of dead water where the banks were lined on either side with whitened trunks and stumps of trees; some were also scattered about in the current, and made us keep a sharp lookout for snags. This dead timber proved to be the debris left by the lumbermen above a small lumber dam, which in turn was close beside the town itself. This log dam had been partly torn down, and damaged by fire. There was quite a heavy rift through the opening of the dam, and in running the big canoe through the Scribe smashed a paddle. Louis came through jauntily in his little birch bark and the crew of the big boat remained behind for a few minutes taking photographs, unlimbering the other paddle and getting the boat past the obstructions.

In the meantime, Charles O. and Louis went up to "town" to arrange for shipping Louis' canoe back to Milford. This was necessary, partly because the going was too rough for a birch bark, and because there was no way of getting it back from the end of the trip. There was considerable difficulty encountered in making the necessary arrangements, during the interval; the rest of the party waited around the high iron bridge crossing the stream, and tried to get some extra supplies. Finally the big canoe started off for Maitland Falls, or rather Big Mill Falls, as they are known there, although there is no mill anywhere within fifty miles of the place.

Arrived at the Falls, we prospected around and admired the scenery, which was magnificent, taking a couple of photographs of the Falls, showing the Scribe fishing. The pool below was filled with large fish that could not get up the steep descent, as the water was too swift. The size of our catch was only limited by the time at our disposal, as it was possible to get a rise at every other cast. We had a little annoyance at this spot from black flies and gnats, but made out very well with the use of our fly dope.

Finally, Charles O. and Carl arrived, and we unloaded the canoes in preparation for the carry around the falls. We were undecided as to the direction of the carry, since there were several paths, and Louis was still back in the town making his arrangements. The Scribe explored the most likely route for about half a mile, and it seemed to be as far from the stream as ever, so other short cuts were investigated, but without success, since the country was rugged and heavily wooded. Finally the party decided to push on by the long way, carrying all the duffle, although H. N. T. was in favor of a short cut which seemed to lop off about one-half mile of the carry. This discussion took place in a little clearing a few yards wide at the junction of two of the most likely trails some distance from the river. H. N. T. went back to look for

Louis' paddles, and the others started off, heavily laden with the duff, and leaving the canoes for the second trip. Shortly after they left, Louis arrived, and he and the Scribe carried the rest of the duff down the short cut through the woods. Coming back for the boats we found the others not yet returned so we scribbled instructions on a paddle with a bit of charcoal, telling them to follow us and started with the boats. Before we were fairly off, however, the rest of the bunch turned up and all hands lugged the two boats across an open stretch of country broken up by patches of bushes, briars, small clumps of trees and irregular hummocks of earth—very hard going. The worst part of the carry was the last bit through the woods and down a very steep, long slope

rather simple problem, and we three figured on passing a very comfortable night under the circumstances. We kept going ahead, however, expecting at every point to see the lake open out ahead of us, but were disappointed again and again. The stream became quite slow and narrow, on either side were low, flat, grassy banks, covered by a growth of small trees with here and there some huge dead giants of the forest, stark and white, towering above.

The sky was overcast and darkness was rapidly coming on, so we kept a lookout for a possible camping place, well tired out by the continuous hard work all day but unwilling to give up until absolutely necessary. The mate doled out a small portion of the precious chocolate all

these islands and grew right down to the water's edge, giving a very steep effect to the shore line and a rather forbidding aspect to campers. We pitched a very cozy camp, gathered the usual quantity of spruce bows for the floor of the tent, and quickly had a substantial supper prepared.

After dark the party busied themselves around the camp cleaning things up after the meal, and by 9:30 everyone was very willing to turn in for the night. Louis had started the fire almost too close to the tent so that it was uncomfortably warm inside from the intense radiation, but this did not bother us very much and we quickly fell asleep watching the flickering light of the flames on the canvas around us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Members Elected.

NEW MEMBERS.

Atlantic Division.—New York City: 4914, G. H. Knowlson; 4924, Thomas B. Latham; 4925, Fred V. McCabe; 4926, Raymond E. Rouse. Philadelphia: 4920, Howard M. Lances. Trenton, N. J.: 4921, Harry M. Lee; 4923, F. Raymond Paddock. Deanco, N. J.: Frank P. Jones, Jr.

Central Division.—New York City: 4907, Homer A. Canfield. Buffalo, N. Y.: 4908, Chester G. Babcock; 4909, William M. Coon; 4910, William H. Crosby; 4911, Lester W. Enas; 4912, Charles A. L'Hommedieu; 4913, William Riehl; 4915, Walter C. Mullett; 4916, William J. P. Sepp; 4917, Henry B. Seikirk; 4918, W. Morse Wilson; 4919, Richard L. Ball (life member). Rochester, N. Y.: 4921, Guy W. Ellis.

Eastern Division.—Bangor, Me.: 4927, Ralph P. Plaisted. Providence, R. I.: 4928, Ernest L. Arnold; 4929, Charles L. Weaver; 4931, Daniel R. James; 4932, H. S. McCormack. Westley Hills, Mass., Henry L. Peabody.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Atlantic Division.—C. C. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa., proposed by C. T. Mitchell.

Central Division.—George B. Montgomery, Buffalo, N. Y., proposed by C. P. Forbush; C. R. Edwards, Rome, N. Y., proposed by H. S. Sturtevant.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. East, Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.
Executive Committee—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York; E. M. Underhill, Box 262, Yonkers, N. Y.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Commodore—Frank C. Demmier, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg.
Purser—J. C. Milsom, 736 Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Executive Committee—F. G. Mather, 39 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.; H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—D. S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Rear-Commodore—Wm. W. Crosby, 8 Court St., Woburn, Mass.
Purser—William E. Stanwood, W. Leisley, Mass.
Executive Committee—Wm. J. Ladd, 18 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.; F. W. Notman, Box 2344, Boston, Mass.; O. C. Cunningham, care E. Teel & Co., Medford, Mass.; Edw. B. Stearns, Box 63, Manchester, N. H.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 James St., Montreal, Can.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto, Ont.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Charles J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—George O. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 24-25.—Union Hill Park, N. J., Independent New York Schutzen. Gus Zimmerman, Capt.
July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.

At San Francisco.

From April 1 to 15 was a busy time at the indoor shooting tournament, rifle and pistol, held at the Mechanics' Pavilion, under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Forest, Fish and Game Association. Some of the most brilliant indoor shooting ever recorded on this coast was witnessed. George Tammeyer, of San Francisco, captured first honors for rifle shooting, 2,500 out of the possible 2,500. D. W. King, Jr., of Denver, Colo., was close to Tammeyer with a score of 1,900.

With the pistol, J. E. Gorman was first with 479 out of the possible 500, while G. M. Barley, second, scored 477. Both are residents of San Francisco. The following shooters made 100 out of the possible 100: Rifle: George Tammeyer, D. W. King, Jr., M. Blasse, W. F. Blasse, A. H. Pape, O. A. Bremer, A. Studer, H. A. Klinkner, E. Hammond, Chris. Meyer and W. G. Hoffman.

The only 50 out of the possible 50 with the pistol was made by G. M. Barley. The reduced 25-ring target was used for the rifle shooting, and the reduced American target was used for the pistol.

Rifle scores: George Tammeyer, 2,500, D. W. King, 1,900, W. F. Blasse 998, M. Blasse 995, A. Studer 992, A. H. Pape 990, W. G. Hoffman 989, E. Hammond 988, Chris Meyer 986, O. A. Bremer 985, M. O. Feudner 984, W. C. Pritchard 980, A. Gehret 976, J. Boller 974, E. Bridge 969, A. Strecker 966, H. A. Klinkner 962, B. Blanchard 962, F. Ellenberger 960, M. F. Harter 957, G. Rischmuller 955, A. A. Saxe 951, F. P. Schuster 949, T. L. Lewis 932.

Pistol scores: J. E. Gorman 479, G. M. Barley 477, A. Brannagan 473, Capt. Ord 464, G. E. Frahm 464, A. Pape 457, F. V. Kington 455, W. Proll 454, W. F. Blasse 446, W. C. Pritchard 444, H. A. Harris 442, C. M. Daiss 442, Dr. D. Smith 436, H. E. Witt 421, J. Kullmann 419, J. M. Mann 418, J. Trego 394, F. Mante 391, J. A. Macdonald 384.



AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE, FIRST NIGHT OUT.

into the ravine a half-mile below the falls. Slippery roots, low branches, fallen logs, boulders, etc., all conspired to make the portage rather exhausting work, but we cut off a good two-thirds of the usual carry.

Launching the empty boats from the steep bank we ran down stream in the swift current picking up the duff first where the Scribe and Louis had left their loads, and then some distance further down, where the others had left theirs.

We had left Louis' birch bark canoe in the brush beside the stage road at Maitland to be picked up by the stage and taken back to the starting point, and Charles O. took him as bowman in the smaller canoe, Carl coming into the other boat with Arthur and H. N. T. The smaller boat got off first after the carry and disappeared in the

around and we kept pegging ahead, shifting our paddles often from one side to the other to ease our weary muscles. The course of the stream was very winding, and the country seemed open and flat, which encouraged us to think that we were near the vicinity of the lake. Finally, after we had about given up hope of overtaking the other canoe, we ran around a long semi-circular sweep of the stream which was bounded on one side by a high ridge, with what appeared to be a rail fence along the top, and at the end of this stretch we found Lake Kejamkoogic. The ridge ran out into a wooded point, which cut off the view of the lake until we were close to it, and as we rounded this point a long vista of the lake and islands opened up before us in the twilight. Across a wide bay, directly opposite the point was an abrupt



BOOT LAKE FALLS, ROUGH STEEP GOING.

distance. The other boat had difficulty in the rough, rocky runs, particularly after we had left the embarking place, where we found many steep ledges, deep pools and swift water, and we were very much delayed getting the heavily loaded boat through. However, with three men paddling we hoped to catch the others before they had reached our objective point for the night, namely, the head of Fairy Lake, also known as Kejamkoogic. With this idea we paddled steadily at top speed all the late afternoon without seeing any trace of the rest of the party ahead. Finally, along toward sunset we commenced to think we had lost them, although that hardly seemed possible since there had been no branch streams where they might have turned off from the main river, and we contemplated seriously spending the night by ourselves with what facilities we had. Upon taking an inventory we found that this consisted of two sleeping bags and the greater part of the provisions but no tent nor cooking tools. This presented a very interesting but

wooded shore and we spied the smoke of a camp fire rising among the trees about three-quarters of a mile away, with a boat pulled up on the beach. We started for this camp with some misgivings as to whether it was our party or not, but we had not proceeded very far before we discovered a second smoke nearby in a corner of the lake above a sandy beach where there seemed to be a small clearing. We headed over to this, and as we drew near, recognized Louis and Charles O. busying themselves in preparing camp. The evening was quite cool and the lake rather rough, but we put on an extra spurt at the sight of "home," and at last dragged our boat ashore with a great sense of thanksgiving at having successfully reached the end of the day's journey. The camp site, which Louis had been heading for all day, was an old Indian clearing, shelving up from the beach; opposite the camp, far along, stretches of the lake opened out toward us with very densely wooded islands scattered everywhere through it. The trees were quite large on

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, April 23. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the Standard target. Hasenzahl was champion for the day with the good score of 92. He was also high on the honor target with 29 points. A stiff head wind, fishtailing from 9 to 2 o'clock, blew all day, and kept the shooters busy guessing all the time. This was the day set for a three-man team match between this Association and the Kansas City, Mo., Rifle and Pistol Club. The result of the match is appended below. The scores:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Hasenzahl (92), Payne (89), Nestler (89), Odell (88), Freitag (85), Drube (78), Trounstine (77).

The result of the match with the Kansas City Club proved a victory for the Cincinnati contingent. We scarcely expected to come off victorious, owing to our opponents using telescopes throughout, while our team used only peep and aperture sights; but it seems that they did not shoot up to their average, or the result would have been different. They also had a strong 9 to 10 o'clock wind to contend with.

Match scores table comparing Cincinnati Team and Kansas City Team. Cincinnati scores range from 8-87 to 7-81.

Cincinnati Team scores table. Includes Wm Hasenzahl (9-10), E D Payne (7-8), Chas Nestler (9-9).

Providence Revolver Club.

AFTER a lapse of two weeks our regular weekly practice was resumed on the 29th, and for the remainder of our indoor season we will shoot at the U. T. Armory on Saturday evenings. This will carry us through the month of May, after which our work will be out of doors on the new range.

Our 10 by 18 shooting house will be completed by the 15th, and we expect to have a full day on the 30th, Memorial Day. Mr. Almy has already started 50yd. work with both revolver and pistol and set a gait which will be difficult to catch.

Our new range at Cranston ought to be very popular this summer. There will be facilities for handling eight men in a squad at 50yds., and three at 20 for revolver work. Considerable small bore rifle shooting will also be done at 50yds., using the Standard reduced target, and the pocket revolver shooters will also have ample opportunity to get in "practical" work at 10, 12, 15 or 20yds. Visitors will be welcome at our Saturday afternoon shoots, and we expect a materially increased membership.

We expect to continue revolver and pistol work at 20yds. on the new range, as we believe this will become a popular line of practice, especially among the men who have been doing regular shooting indoors.

Mr. T. H. Keller, the general manager of the Peters Cartridge Company, was in town on the 28th, and our secretary had the pleasure of taking lunch with him and W. D. Griffith, the trapshooting expert.

Walter Freeman's score of 460, with target pistol at 20yds., is worthy of special notice. He made a run of fifty consecutive bullseyes, and on his third string tied the club's best pistol record with 94. Mr. Freeman expects to take up revolver practice this summer, and will make the six-shooter show up some good scores on our new 50yd. outdoor range.

Mr. Almy's 455 at 50yds. shows that he is well into the game early in the season, and, fortunately for us, he can shoot either the pistol or revolver well into the top-notch class.

Scores of members of Providence Revolver Club:

Table of scores for Providence Revolver Club members. Includes Walter H Freeman (91), William Almy (10), B. Orman (85), W. B. Gardner (228), Arno Argus (73), D. L. Craig (70), Wm. F. Eddy (70).

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

THE last shoot of members for the winter indoor season was held the night of April 29 at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, New York City. After the regular scores had been shot and the total added to those of previous shoots, the names of the season's winners were announced, showing that Miss Millie Zimmermann had the greatest number of rings on the ring target, while Miss Anna Eusner was high on the bullseye target. The season's prizes will be awarded to the winners at a special meeting to be held at headquarters Saturday night, May 6. The season's scores, at 25yds., follow:

Ring target, possible 5,000 points: Miss Millie Zimmermann 4,910, Miss Katie Zimmermann 4,862, Mrs. H. Fenwirth 4,860, Miss B. Ludwig 4,856, Miss Muller 4,823, Miss F. Siegel 4,807, Miss Eusner 4,792, Miss A. Ludwig 4,799, Miss Staltz 4,268, Mrs. F. Watson 4,251, Mrs. H. Scheu 4,217, Mrs. Barney Zettler 3,177. Best single bullseye: Miss Eusner, 27 1/2 degrees; Mrs. Liegibel, 30; Mrs. Fenwirth, 31; Miss Millie Zimmermann, 33 1/2; Miss B. Ludwig, 49 1/2; Miss Katie Zimmermann, 52; Mrs. H. Scheu, 55; Miss Muller, 61 1/2; Miss A. Ludwig, 75; Mrs. B. Zettler, 100; Miss M. Stoltz, 110; Mrs. Watson, 130.

Seneca Gun Club.

THE regular shoot for April 22 was postponed a week, and a club dinner took its place. The shoot held the night of April 29, on the Zettler ranges, was well attended. Members shoot two 10-shot scores for record at 25yds. offhand with .22 caliber rifles. The results follow:

Table of scores for Seneca Gun Club members. Includes J N Wunz (232), S Nevins (220), F A Hall (220), A Brown (217), F H Ryan (220), J G Schroeder (221), W Allabough (219).

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE first outdoor shoot of the season of this club, on April 28, in Union Hill Park, was very largely attended, and this proved that the increased interest in rifle shooting, apparent elsewhere, is being fostered by this old club. More than 100 persons were present during the afternoon, which was a pleasant one, and the shooting conditions were fair until about 4 o'clock, when the sky became overcast and a thick haze accompanied the change in the direction of the wind to the east, and a decided drop in the temperature. George Ludwig won first honors on both the man and ring targets. The former is a most difficult one on which to make a high score. It consists of a silhouette of a man, vertical lines taking the place of the customary rings. The middle space counts 20, the next on either side 19, and so on out to the margins. Good line shooting is necessary. The scores at 200yds. offhand follow:

Table of scores for New York Schuetzen Corps members. Includes G Ludwig (203), J C Bonn (196), P Heidelberg (189), Charles Meyer (188), F Von Ronn (188), B Fessler (183), J Facklamm (183), H Hernecke (181), H D Meyer (180), W Dahl (179), G Thomas (176), Grosch (175), Charles Sower (173), F Busch (170), C Schmitz (169), H Winter (167), F Facompre (167), J H Hainhorst (166), A W Lemcke (162), N Beckmann (162), O Schwanemann (162), J N Herrmann (162), J G Tholke (161), H Lohden (160).

New York City Schuetzen Co'ps.

MEMBERS held a shoot in Union Hill Park April 26. The attendance was good, weather conditions favorable and interest lively. W. Grapentin was first on the ring target and captured the most bullseyes. The scores at 200yds. offhand follow:

Ring target, 10 shots, possible 250: W. Grapentin 219, R. Busse 214, August Kronsberg 209, R. Schwanemann 196, R. Bendler 195, C. G. Zettler 186, O. Schwanemann 179, H. C. Radloff 164, J. Facklamm 161, J. Fueger 157, A. Keller 148, G. Schroeder 144, I. Moje 131, J. Keller, 123.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: R. Busse 54, W. Grapentin 53, R. Bendler 50, C. G. Zettler 50, H. Radloff 49, O. Schwanemann 49, A. Keller 48, A. Kronsberg 44.

Point target, 5 shots, possible 15: J. Facklamm 12, R. Busse 11, A. Kronsberg 11, R. Schwanemann 8, O. Schwanemann 7, R. Bendler 7, H. Radloff 7, W. Grapentin 7, A. Keller 6, G. Schroeder 5, C. G. Zettler 4, L. Schulz 3, Capt. Stover 3, E. Deckelman 3, J. Keller 3, J. Moje 2, G. Bach 2, A. Wiltz 1, J. Fueger 1.

Red flags: H. C. Radloff 3, W. Grapentin 2, O. Schwanemann 1, A. Kronsberg 1.

Bullseyes: W. Grapentin 5, R. Busse 4, A. Kronsberg 4, J. Facklamm 3, O. Schwanemann 3, R. Schwanemann 2, H. Radloff 1, A. Keller 1, J. Keller 1, A. Wiltz 1.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60 points: G. Ludwig 59, John Facklamm 53, G. Thomas 53, J. H. Hainhorst 52, F. Facompre 51, O. Schwanemann 50, Charles Meyer 50, A. W. Lemcke 46, Charles Plump 45, W. Dahl 45, A. Sibbern 44, H. Holterman 43, P. Heidelberg 43, H. Haase 43, F. Ronn 43, F. Busch 42, Charles Grosch 41.

Bullseyes: George Wehrenberg 3, John Facklamm 2, J. H. Hainhorst 1, G. W. Offerman 1, William Wessel 1, A. W. Lemcke 1, J. C. Bonn 1, Charles Grosch 1, J. H. Klee 1, H. Heinicke 1, R. Ohms 1, H. Lohden 1, M. D. Ayer 1, H. Holterman 1, D. Bohling 1, Chris. Plump 1, G. H. Frasen 1, N. C. L. Beversten 1, Fred Busch 1, N. Berkman 1.

West Milton (O) Outing Club.

THE regular offhand rifle contest for medals of the West Milton Outing Club was held on April 26, fourteen members taking part. In the 100yd. offhand match Creedmoor targets were used for the first time. W. H. Kerr won the first prize medal on 45 out of a possible 48, and D. W. Macy second on 44.

The 200yd. medal contest, muzzle rest was then shot. In this match the Standard American target is used, 5 shots, possible 50. John Spitzer made 5 center shots and won the medal on a perfect score of 50. W. F. Jay, Jr., was a close second with 49. These are both good scores to serve as patterns for neighboring rifle clubs.

The club will hold a rifle tournament on July 4, and all rifle men are cordially invited to attend. The programme will be issued in due time. The scores:

Match, 4 shots, 100yds., 48 possible:

Table of scores for West Milton Outing Club members. Includes W H Kerr (45), D W Macy (44), J W Jones (42), J C Anderson (40), I A Vore (38), W T Kessler (37), H R Pearson (36).

Medal match, 200yds., Standard American target, muzzle rest, 5 shots, possible 50:

Table of scores for West Milton Outing Club medal match. Includes J Spitzer (50), W F Jay, Jr. (49), I A Vore (47), D W Jones (44), C R Chase (44), J C Anderson (43), J H Cress (43).

Independent New York Schuetzen.

THE opening shoot and summer night's festival of this club, of which Gus Zimmerman is captain, will be held in Union Hill Park, New Jersey, Wednesday and Thursday, May 24 and 25. There will be shooting on the first day from 10 o'clock A. M., until 7 P. M., and on the second from 9 A. M., to 6 P. M.

The King target is open to members only, one shot each, best center to win. Besides the King medal, there will be several other valuable prizes.

The King target calls for three-shot scores, entries unlimited, best two tickets to count for first five prizes and single tickets for the rest. There will be fifteen cash prizes, ranging from \$30 to \$1, and three cash premiums for best scores. This is open to all.

The Bullseye target will also be open to all comers, 10-shot tickets unlimited, the best center shot to count. Seventeen prizes, \$20 to \$1, and premiums for first and last and most bullseyes each day.

On May 25 from 2 to 5 o'clock P. M., the ladies will compete for the Queen gold medal, a silver medal and numerous other prizes. Members will appear in uniform on the last day. A banquet and ball will follow the distribution of prizes.

Zettler Rifle Club.

At the last business meeting, held at headquarters in New York City, a programme for the club's outdoor season was made up, dates fixed and prizes named. The shooting days will be the afternoon of the second Saturday in each month, May-October inclusive. The exact dates are May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9 and October 14. The ranges in Union Hill Park, New Jersey, will be the place of meeting. On each shooting day members may shoot five 10-shot scores each, and in the event of a member being unable to be present on a certain day, he can shoot up his back scores on the next shooting day. The best 50-shot score of the season takes \$5 cash, the first prize; second and third, \$4 each; fourth and fifth, \$3 each; sixth and seventh, \$2.50 each; and eighth prize, \$1. At the regular meeting in July each member may fire a 10-shot score for the National Association medal.

A Hint to Advertisers.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of March 18, Mr. Jasper L. Rowe, of Richmond, Va., inserted a small advertisement of smoking tobacco. On March 22, he wrote the following letter: RICHMOND, Va., 223 E. Broad St. 3/22, 1905.

Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York: Dear Sirs—Kindly insert after "pound" the following: "Large sample package ten cents." If same is not asking too much, I thank you. When my present adv. runs out will consider a six months' contract, as my results are fine. Respectfully yours, JASPER L. ROWE.

This shows very clearly—and all persons who have a really good thing to sell will do well to consider it—that FOREST AND STREAM goes to people who want to buy good things so much that when they hear of them they waste no time in trying to learn more about them.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- May 3.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City Gun Club spring tournament—Indiana State League series. F. L. Wachtel, Sec'y.
May 4.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club spring tournament. E. M. Storm, Sec'y.
May 5.—Rantoul, Ill., Gun Club tournament. J. D. Neal, Mgr.
May 6.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club re-entry match for \$100 gold watch.
May 6.—Mullerite Gun Club shoot, on grounds of Brooklyn, N. Y. Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
May 8.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi Delta Trapshooters' League first tournament.
May 9.—Fairmont, W. Va., Gun Club second monthly shoot of Monongahela Valley Sportsman's League of West Virginia. E. F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
May 9.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
May 9.—Hastings, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-ninth annual tournament. Geo. L. Carter, Sec'y, Lincoln, Neb.
May 11.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Foord, Sec'y.
May 13.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club all-day shoot. Wm. Dutcher, Mgr.
May 14.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 16.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 16.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association ninth annual meeting and tournament; \$600 added money and prizes. F. E. Mallory, Sec'y.
May 17.—Boston, Mass., Gun Club annual invitation team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.
May 17.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 17.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club. James Lewis, Sec'y.
May 17.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (Incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Dey, Sec'y, 178 Mill street, Toronto.
May 19.—St. Louis, Mo.—Rawlins first semi-annual tournament; two days targets, one day live birds. Alec. D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
May 20.—Castleton Corners, S. I.—Mullerite Gun Club thirteenth shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
May 20.—Shakopee, Minn., Gun Club tournament. Mathias A. Deutsch, Sec'y.
May 23.—Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club annual tournament. H. Marston, Sec'y.
May 23.—Lincoln.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 24.—Catskill, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Seth T. Cole, Sec'y.
May 24.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Catchpole Gun Club tournament. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
May 25.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.
May 29.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky State League shoot, under auspices of Jefferson County Gun Club. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.
May 29.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
May 30.—Cleveland, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's all-day target tournament; merchandise. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Mullerite Gun Club all-day shoot on grounds of Point Pleasant, N. J., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club fourth annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y.
May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club annual Decoration Day tournament. T. V. Smith, Sec'y.
May 30.—Lawrence, Mass.—Second annual Memorial Day tournament. R. B. Parkhurst, Sec'y.
May 30.—Fifth annual Decoration Day tournament of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
May 30.—Washington, D. C.—Analanston Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
May 31.—June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
June 3.—Long Island City, L. I.—Queens County Gun Club open tournament. Richard H. Glasman, Sec'y.
June 6.—New Paris, O.—Cedar Springs Gun Club tournament. J. F. Freeman, Sec'y.
June 6.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament under auspices of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.
June 6.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament.
June 8.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt.
June 3.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association amateur tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
June 13.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. R. E. Dinger, Capt.
June 13.—Butler, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
June 13.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
June 13.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament.
June 14.—Durham, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association second annual tournament. Geo. L. Lyon, Pres.
June 15.—Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament.
June 16.—Putnam, Ill.—Undercliff Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. G. Grubbs, Mgr.
June 20.—Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club tournament. Vernon L. Perry, Sec'y.
June 20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
June 21.—Bradford, Pa., Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y.
June 22.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.
June 27.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secy-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
July 6.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament.
July 11.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.

July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
 July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
 July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.
 Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
 Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
 Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
 Aug. 22-23.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
 Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament.
 Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
 Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; \$25 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
 Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap.
 Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
 Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
 Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
 Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
 Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

June 22 has been fixed upon by the Towanda, Pa., Gun Club for a tournament.

The Catskill, N. Y., Gun Club announce a tournament for May 24. Mr. Seth T. Cole is the Secretary.

Advices on Tuesday were to the effect that the Pennsylvania State shoot is great in point of numbers and quality.

The next prize shoot of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club is fixed to take place on Saturday of this week. The Decoration Day shoot of this club has an attractive programme.

The Pennsylvania Legislature adjourned with the anti-pigeon shooting bill in charge of the committee. Thus pigeon shooting is legal in Pennsylvania for an indefinite time.

Mr. Emile Pragoff, Secretary of the Jefferson County Gun Club, writes us: "The State League shoot will be held in Louisville, Ky., May 29, 30, 31, under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club, who will add \$300 in money and trophies."

The shoot of the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club, fixed to be held on Saturday of this week, has a programme of six events, one at 25, the remainder at 15 targets; entrance \$1.25 and \$1.15. Shooting begins at 1 o'clock. Targets, one cent. Mr. Alfred Traver is the Captain.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling informs us that "The thirteenth shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club will be held on the grounds of the Castleton Gun Club, Castleton Corners, S. I., on Saturday, May 20. Shooting begins at 11 A. M. Take ferry foot of Whitehall street, New York, then Port Richmond trolley car to Castleton Corners, S. I."

Ten events are on the programme of the Boston Gun Club's sixth annual team shoot, to be held at Wellington, on May 17. The events are at 15 and 20 targets. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Guns and ammunition, forwarded to Kirkwood Brothers, 23 Elm street, Boston, and arriving not later than May 15, will be delivered on the grounds free. Targets 1½ cent. Two prizes for amateur averages.

The programme of the Mullerite Gun Club's twelfth shoot, to be held on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club on Saturday of this week, consists of six events, at 15, 20, 25 and 50 targets; entrance \$1.05, \$1.40, \$1.75 and \$2.50. The fourth shoot, 25 targets, for the Hunter Arms Co. silver badge, has 75 cents entrance. Event 4, 50 targets, is the merchandise event. Total of programme, 150 targets, \$9.50 entrance. Shooting begins at 11 o'clock. Take Kings County Elevated to Crescent street, thence by stage to the grounds.

The remaining shoots of the Montello Gun Club, of Brockton, Mass., are announced by the Secretary as follows: "June 10, 24; July 4, 22; Aug. 5, 19; Sept. 3, 16, 30. Valuable prizes given at every shoot. One prize to every four entries. Price of birds to members ½ cent each; non-members, 1 cent. Prize shooting, ½ cent additional to all. One dollar membership fee gives shooter lowest club rate in New England for 1905. Private shoots on other dates can be arranged with the Secretary. Shells and sporting goods on sale at club rates. Excellent grounds. Best of service. All sportsmen welcome. H. Windle, Secretary."

At the shoot of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, April 18-20, at Waco, in the diamond medal event on the first day, 20 live birds, \$15 entrance, Fosgard, of Waco, was first with 19, Stith, Ingraham and R. Jackson were second with 18. E. Noble, winner of the medal last year, was third with 17. Fourth event to Gilstrap, Gardner, J. A. Jackson and Woodward. Rain prevented shooting after the second event. About one hundred entered in the contest on the second day. For the individual championship, Atchison, Curran and B. Connerly tied with 44 out of 50, and in the shoot-off on the following day, Atchison won. Turner Hubby was high in the professional averages; Dunkerly was high in the amateurs. At the annual meeting officers were elected as follows: President, Frank Sterrett, Abilene; Vice-President and Treasurer, J. A. Jackson, Austin; Secretary, George Tucker, Brenham. A Legislative Committee was appointed to look after the legislative affairs of the gunners as follows: Col. Oscar Gues-saz, of San Antonio; J. A. Jackson, of Austin, and M. B. Davis, of Waco. Austin was selected as the next place of meeting.

A correspondent informs us that "A club, known as the Rockwood Gun Club, of Rockwood, Pa., has been organized through the efforts of F. D. Dunbar and J. C. Garland, of Pittsburg, and several local sportsmen. It has at present twenty-five members, and is steadily increasing. A practice is held nearly every afternoon, and some very good scores have been made for greenhorns. The organization has received encouragement from the leading citizens of this and surrounding towns. The officers for the year are: George Ridenour, President; B. W. Hull, Vice-President; R. E. Donnelly, Secretary, and J. W. Hoover, Treasurer."

Mr. Edward B. Weston, President of the National Archery Association, of the United States, has issued a circular letter "to the archers of the United States," in which is presented much useful information of value to archers. He requests that archers send him their names and addresses, thereby enabling him to prepare a more useful mailing list, and to acquire a more accurate knowledge of the status of archery throughout the United States. A letter will be issued about July 1, giving complete information of the tournament to be held in Chicago, Aug. 15-17. The President's address is 85 Dearborn street, Chicago. Shooters who are experts with the long bow are eligible.

At the Interstate tournament held at Hopkinsville, Ky., April 26-27, general professional averages were as follows: First, Mr. John S. Boa, 381 out of 490; second, Mr. F. C. Riehl, 380; third, Mr. Harold Money, 378. Amateur: Mr. A. Willerding, 365; second, Mr. F. Legler, 364; third, Mr. E. M. Moss, 362. First day, professional average, Mr. F. C. Riehl 192; second Messrs. C. O. Le Compte, 188; third, Mr. Harold Money, 186. Amateurs: Mr. A. Willerding, 179; second, Mr. F. Legler, 178; third, Mr. E. M. Moss, 174. Second day, professional, first, Mr. J. S. Boa, 193; second, Mr. Harold Money, 192; third, Mr. C. O. Le Compte, 189. Amateur, first, Mr. E. M. Moss, 188; second, Messrs. F. Legler and A. Willerding, 186; third, Mr. A. Meaders, 184.

The programme of the Enterprise Gun Club's ninth annual tournament, to be held at McKeesport, Pa., May 30, provides ten events, 15, 20 and 25 targets, a total of 180 targets, \$12.60 entrance. The one 25-target event is merchandise, and twenty-four special prizes are mentioned, of which the first is a beautiful rocker, \$5 in gold to the next three high guns, etc. The Rose system will govern other events. The club will give \$2 each to first straight in 15, 20 and 25 target events; same for largest run, and same to the high and low guns respectively. Lunch served on the grounds. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. "Shells and guns, shipped, charges prepaid, via Adams Express, to George W. Mains, 317 Pacific avenue, will be delivered on grounds free of charge."

The programme of the Wawaset Gun Club amateur handicap tournament, to be held at Wilmington, Del., May 11-12, has a like programme for each day, namely, twelve events at 15 targets each, entrance \$1.30. Totals, 180 targets, \$15.60. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. The entire profits of the shoot will be set aside as a special purse for amateurs who shoot through the programme and do not win their entrance. After paying such losses, the balance, if any, will be given to the high guns. Sliding handicap will govern. Dinner will be served on the grounds each day. Targets, 2 cents, 1¼ cent of which is reserved for the special purse. May 10 will be practice day. Targets will not be thrown over 50yds. Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. Guns and ammunition, prepaid, and marked in owner's name, care E. Melchior, Jr., 214 King street, Wilmington, Del., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. For further information address Mr. W. M. Foord, 213 West Sixth street, Wilmington.

The programme of the Rawlings semi-annual tournament No. 1, to be held at Dupont Park, St. Louis, May 19-21, Mr. Alec. Mermod, Manager, provides competition of both targets and live birds. There are ten target events on the first day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets; entrance \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50; a total of 200 targets, entrance \$20. On the first day, \$10 is allowed for high amateur average. On the second day the Monte Carlo Handicap, open to the world, is the event of the day. Conditions: 25 live birds, \$25 entrance; handicaps 25 to 32yds. High guns, one money to each four entries. Also on the second day there will be eight events at targets, three of which are for merchandise, \$1 entrance. On the third day, eight target events are provided. The seventh has merchandise prizes. Event 8 is the Dupont handicap, 50 targets, \$5 entrance, \$10 added. Also on the third day, an event at 20 live birds for the amateur championship is provided. Entrance \$10, birds extra. Money divided, 50, 30 and 20; handsome medal to winner. Class shooting in the target events. Shooting each day commences at 9 o'clock. Pigeons, 25 cents. Targets, 2 cents. Total targets for three days, 550; total target entrance, \$50.50. Shells shipped to Rawlings Sporting Goods Co., 620 Locust street, will be delivered at Dupont Park.

BERNARD WATERS.

Independent Gun Club.

EASTON, Pa., April 20.—The second annual target shoot of the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, Pa., was held yesterday (Saturday) on the club's grounds, in Cedarville, and was a success. Neaf Apgar made the highest average. Jacob Pleiss made the first high amateur average, with W. Mawrre second and A. S. Heil, of Allentown, third.
 A strong wind made the shooting difficult, and both professionals and amateurs made many unaccountable misses. Champion Elliott started the tournament at 10:30 A. M. with a miss on his first bird. Isaac Hahn, of Bethlehem, broke his last bird of the tournament at 4:50 P. M. The professionals present were J. A. R. Elliott, W. J. Hearne, Neaf Apgar, L. C. Squier. There were thirty-one entries in the programme, from all parts of State, and fourteen men shot through the entire programme.
 The following is the day's score, each man shooting at 200 targets:
 N Apgar175 S S Adams.....159
 Jacob Pleiss168 E F Markley.....154
 W Mawrre164 C Armindt152
 A S Heil159 O Skedo152
 J A R Elliott.....156 J Mawrre149
 W J Herron162 T C Miller.....147
 L C Squier101 J Hahn140
 JACOB PLEISS, Sec'y.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I., April 29.—The fourteenth serial medal shoot was held on Wednesday last under rather unfavorable weather conditions, a stiff southwest breeze prevailing. Three tied on 43, with handicaps added. The first 25 at unknown angles; second at known. The scores:
 Events: 1 2 3 4 Handi-
 Targets: 10 15 10 15 Broke. cap. Total.
 Dring 6 12 8 11 37 6 43
 Hughes 10 11 7 11 39 4 43
 Powell 9 6 6 11 32 4 36
 E S Peckham..... 3 14 9 11 37 5 42
 H A Peckham..... 9 7 9 13 38 5 43

Mullerite Gun Club.

FREEPORT, L. I., April 27.—The eleventh shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club was held on the grounds of the Freeport Gun Club to-day. The attendance was rather light, owing to a pretty steady fall of rain, which continued until about 2 in the afternoon, when it cleared up and made the conditions about ideal for shooting.

Some very fair scores were made, notably those of Wm. Hopkins, who scored two 10 straights and two 15 straights; Fred Gildersleeve, who only lost 8 targets out of 120, making an average of 93.13 per cent.

Event 7 was a handicap at 50 targets for one of the Mullerite gold medals. It was hotly contested, and required four shoot-offs, each at 25 targets. The contestants finally agreed to a change of conditions in order to finish. Messrs. George Call and C. A. Lockwood scored 25 straight in a shoot-off on his straight of actual breaks. W. C. Ansell won second prize, a fishing rod. Four shot for targets only in the 50-target event. Handicaps apply to event 7, and column 8 is the total of that event.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	50	25	25	15	15	15	15
H S Welles.....	7	8	5	8	13	14	39	14 13
W Hopkins.....	8	8	10	10	12	15	42	12 15
Geo Call, 10.....	8	9	9	4	10	14	40	50
F C Willis, 10.....	10	9	6	9	11	13	35	45
E W Reynolds.....	10	..	5	7	14	12	15 14
Nash, 8.....	4	6	7	5	14	14	36	44	21	21	15	14
R S Hendrickson, 10.....	8	8	8	4	12	11	40	50	12 13
E P Smith.....	8 10
A Smith.....	14
Bert Lott.....
C E Ansell, 15.....	14 ..
F Gildersleeve.....	14 47 .. 23 .. 13 15
Chas Lockwood, 10.....	50 ..
L W Valentine, 15.....	26 41 18 .. 9

First shoot-off in handicap, 25 targets, half of original allotment.			
	Brk. Hdp. Tot'l.		Brk. Hdp. Tot'l.
Call.....	22 5 25	Lockwood.....	21 5 25
Hendrickson.....	21 5 26	Ansell.....	17 8 25
Second shoot-off:			
Call.....	25 0 25	Lockwood.....	23 5 25
Hendrickson.....	18 5 23	Ansell.....	19 8 25
Third shoot-off:			
Lockwood.....	22 5 25	Ansell.....	19 8 25
Call.....	22 5 25		
Fourth shoot-off:			
Call.....	20 0 20	Ansell.....	21 3 24
Lockwood.....	25 0 25		

In final shoot-off, Call and Lockwood at scratch, Ansell allowed 3 targets. E. W. REYNOLDS.

Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, April 30.—The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday. The day, though fine, was against the shooter. A gale blew from the west, causing the targets to take a very uncertain flight. In the spoon event, which is a handicap with extra birds to shoot at, Mr. Dunk and Farmer tied with 22 each. In the shoot-off, Mr. Dunk won. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	20	*	25	25	10 20
Rock.....	9	8	7	16	(0)	15	..	10 16
Hulme.....	10	8	9	..	(0)	20
Turner.....	7	6	8	..	(6)	22	18	..
McGraw.....	5	..	5	..	(7)	14	..	5 ..
Dunk.....	9	9	9	18	(0)	22	19	..
McGill.....	10	8	8	16	(0)	20	18	9 18
Hirons.....	7	..	6	..	(4)	15
X X.....	5	7	8	15	(4)	21	16	8 18
Thompson.....	6	7	10	16	(0)	18	17	..
Martin.....	5	..	7	..	(5)	20
Hooey.....	4	5	7	..	(4)	18	..	7 ..
Fritz.....	7	4
Buck.....	..	7	9	..	(1)	20
Dey.....	..	7	(0)	19	..	7 ..
Green.....	(8)	19	15	.. 16

ALEX. DEY, Sec'y.

New York State Association.

ROME, N. Y., May 1.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in your issue of April 29 an editorial for "The Expansion of Trapshooting." I also observe that you state that the New York State Association seems to have declined in vigor and importance. I do not think, however, that it has been so much on account of a decrease of interest throughout the State as on account of the condition of the state organization and the little interest taken in it as an organization.

To my mind there is no reason why the New York State organization should not be as strong, if not stronger, than any organization in the country, and with that end in view, at the convention held in Buffalo in 1904, a committee was appointed to draft a new constitution and outline a plan for reorganization, and that committee will report at the State shoot to be held in Utica next June.

The Oneida County Sportsmen's Association have the State shoot in charge this year, and are doing everything that they can to awake an interest and obtain a large attendance, and we think if every one within the State that is interested in trapshooting will help, there will be no doubt but what at the convention held in June, a new start will be made, and that in future years the New York State Association will take the position that it is entitled to.

M. R. BINGHAM,
 Pres. Oneida Co. Sportsmen's Assn.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., April 29.—Special cup, re-entry match, 25 targets, handicap allowance, resulted as follows:

	Hdp. Tot'l.	Hdp. Tot'l.	Hdp. Tot'l.	Hdp. Tot'l.
F W Perkins.....	2 22	2 24	2 25
A O Fleischman.....	2 20	2 25	2 25	2 17
J W Hibbard.....	6 25	6 22	6 23
J D Calhoun.....	4 25	4 25	4 25
A W Church.....	6 22	6 20
L M Borden.....	7 25	7 21
M B Smith.....	7 7

Re-entry match, special cup, 25 targets, handicap allowance:			
	Hdp. Total.	Hdp. Total.	Hdp. Total.
A O Fleischman.....	2 23	2 23
J W Hibbard.....	6 24	6 25
F W Perkins.....	2 22	2 22
T M Borden.....	7 20	7 20
A M Church.....	7 20	7 19

Special trophy, 25 targets: A. O. Fleischman (0) 18, F. W. Perkins (0) 20, F. Vilmar (10) 22, J. D. Calhoun (0) 24.
 Trophy match, 25 targets, gun at waist: A. O. Fleischman 15, F. W. Perkins 5.
 Trophy match, 10 doubles: A. O. Fleischman 6, F. W. Perkins 7.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 29.—The following scores were made at the regular practice day of this club, April 22. In the match for \$50 in gold, poor scores have been the rule, Hyland being in the lead with 76.9 per cent. from 18yds.

Our prospects for a big shoot on Decoration Day are very promising. The programme will be as follows: Four events at 15 targets, \$1.30 entrance; four events at 20 targets, \$1.40 entrance; a 25-target event at \$1.50 entrance, in which two ten-man teams will participate, and a 25-target merchandise event, handicap, 14 to 20yds. Five dollars, high amateur average; \$2 each to the five lowest averages entering throughout for the money. All events to count on average, but the distance handicap.
 Next prize shoot next Saturday, May 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	25	25	15	25	25
I T Washburn.....	5	18	13	10	15
J T Hyland.....	8	13	..	13	19	21
D Brandreth.....	7	14	16

C. G. B.

Awosting Gun Club.

NEW PALTZ, N. Y.—The second annual tournament of the Awosting Gun Club, of Newport, N. Y., April 21, brought out as fine a crowd of shooters as ever pulled a trigger. The ten events with a total of 180 targets, was finished in good season, and everybody was well pleased with their treatment and day's sport.

The rain of the night before, and the heavy fog of the morning of the shoot, kept at least twenty-five shooters from coming. But rain has no terrors for a dead-game sport, and forty-seven of them appeared on the grounds to take part in the programme, and to welcome the experts—Marshall, Heer, Butler, Heikes and Stevens—and just put a mark right here, they are socially, as well as "shooterly," as fine a bunch as ever looked down over a gun.

There were shooters present from Saratoga, Schenectady, Albany, Catskill, Kingston, Poughkeepsie, New York city, Middletown, Ossining, Hunter, Walden, and several other nearby towns, and all were loud in their praise of the excellent programme, the unsurpassed firing line, and the way the managers handled the tournament. V. B. Strong handled the crowd outside, while Snyder did the stunts in the office, and their scores suffered somewhat, as a natural result. Rolla Heikes was high gun with 169 out of 180. Heer and Stevens 166 each—remarkable scores on a dark day and a heavy wind blowing. We would not be surprised if Harry Valentine, settled down here. Last year he captured everything in sight here, and this year worked in a repetition, 162 out of 180, first amateur average, \$20, and the \$100 Ithaca gun, with 25 straight.

Charley Floyd second average, \$15 and the gold watch. Second prize, Floyd and Slater shot off a tie, 24 out of 25. Jap won out, Slater taking third prize, the gun case. Capt. Traver won third average, \$10, and also came in on the merchandise. Sanders won fourth average, \$5, and the solid gold cuff buttons, first prize in merchandise. Warwick won fourth prize in merchandise, Blauvelt jacket. Scott won fifth prize, shooting coat; Hyland, sixth, cartridge case; Johnston seventh, Bristol steel fly-rod; J. Rhodes eighth, opera glasses; O. H. Brown ninth, cuff buttons; Greene eleventh, hunting knife. Strong, Tompkins, Shaw and Snyder also won prizes in merchandise.

The trade was represented also by Mr. Grimm and Harry Welles, in addition to the U. M. C. boys. Tom Marshall's smiling face extended several inches with a group of young ladies around him listening to his fairy tales and handing out the buttons and pins.

That 25 straight put a broad smile on Harry Welles. The ladies, under the management of Mrs. Snyder, put up a fine lunch, which everybody enjoyed.

There is strong talk of sending a team from here to compete for the Dean Richmond trophy at the State meet at Utica.

Following are the scores:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot, Broke. Lists names like Traver, Floyd, Tompkins, Welles, Slaters, Marshall, Heer, Butler, Stevens, Heikes, Hyland, Dr. Shaw, Snyder, J. Rhodes, O. H. Brown, Tims, Hoppensted, Strong, Morrow, Cassady, Sanders, Greene, Valentine, Warnick, Levengston, Mahoney, Johnston, Stever, H. Hasbrouck, Hans, C. H. Smith, Layton, W. Hasbrouck, Beers, Lake, Brown, Plusch, Schoonmaker, Delaney, Short, S. Smith, Minard, Cook, Week, M. Du Bois, Murphy.

Interstate at Hopkinsville.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., April 29.—The Interstate Association tournament at Hopkinsville, Ky., April 26 and 27, which was not largely attended, was thoroughly enjoyed by those who were present.

The Hopkinsville Gun Club was organized in the spring of 1902 with only a few devotees of the sport, but owing to the rapidly spreading interest taken in its welfare, has grown and can now boast of quite a large number of enthusiastic members. Located as the club is in the center of quite a number of gun clubs, it has, through the interest of neighboring clubs, enjoyed quite a success in each of the few tournaments given on its grounds, and no one seemed able to explain just why the attendance was not larger on this particular occasion.

A high wind prevailed entirely throughout the first day, and when the programme was completed, the scores were much lower than had been expected in most instances. Taking into consideration the most unsuitable weather conditions, the scores made are excellent.

The highest score of the day was made by Mr. F. C. Riehl, a manufacturer's agent, who broke 192 out of 200 shot at. Mr. C. O. Le Compte and Mr. John S. Boa tied for second honors with 188. Mr. Harold Money was third with 186.

Mr. Al. Willerding was high amateur, breaking 179 out of 200 Mr. Frank Legler was a close second with 178, and Mr. E. M. Moss third with 174.

The weather conditions were much more propitious the second day, the wind not being high enough to seriously interfere with the shooting. Mr. John S. Boa was high manufacturer's agent with 192, and Mr. C. O. Le Compte third with 183. Mr. E. M. Moss was high amateur with 188, with Messrs. Frank Legler and Al. Willerding tied for second place with 186. Mr. Andrew Meaders was third with 184.

For general average Mr. John S. Boa was in first place with 381. Mr. F. C. Riehl second with 380, and Harold Money third with 378, this among the manufacturer's agents.

For general average among the amateurs Mr. Al. Willerding was first with 365, Frank Legler second with 364, and Mr. E. M. Moss third with 362. Mr. Willerding was presented with a very handsome watch charm, representing a clay target.

After the regular events had been shot the second day a team race was shot, the teams being selected from among those who took part in the tournament. Messrs. Riehl and Boa acted as captains, each team consisting of seven men, 25 targets per man, and the losing team to pay for the targets. Mr. Riehl's team won by a score of 161 to 158.

Including extra events, Mr. John S. Boa made a straight run of 139 breaks, Mr. Harold Money 105, and Mr. F. C. Riehl 101. The scores of both days follow:

April 26, First Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot, Broke. Lists names like James Lewis, Abb Newman, C O Le Compte, E M Moss, John S. Boa, F C Riehl, C O Prowse, Andrew Meaders, John Noel.

Table with columns: Name, Shot, Broke. Lists names like Frank Legler, Guy Starling, Al Willerding, F Prago, H Money, W W Porter, N Beckwith, R L Woodard, John McCarley, E C Cunningham, W A Glass, A S Gant, A C Kuykendoll, G L Campbell, H Wood.

April 27, Second Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot, Broke. Lists names like James Lewis, Abb Newman, C O Le Compte, E M Moss, John S. Boa, F C Riehl, W W Porter, Andy Meaders, C W Pennington, Frank Legler, Al Willerding, Guy Starling, C O Prowse, Frank Prago, Harold Money, W A Glass, R L Woodard, G C Long, A S Gant, John McCarley, H Wood.

Great Bend Tournament.

GREAT BEND, Kans.—The tournament of the Great Bend Gun Club was conspicuous for good fellowship and good sport. A smoker was given on Monday evening by the club, at which Mr. Chris. Gottlieb, in his gracious way, presided as toastmaster. The speakers made mention of Great Bend's excellent capabilities for conducting the State shoot of 1906. Messrs. Plank and Huff tied on 192 for the day's high professional average, while Mr. Gottlieb was close up for second with 191. There was a drizzling rain during the shooting.

April 24, First Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot, Broke. Lists names like Adams, Plank, Huff, Gottlieb, Peck, Rankin, Logan, Wolf, Arnold, O'Brien, Ainsworth, McMullen, Gruber, Lewis, Gano, Valerius, Hugg, H. Arnold, Whitney, Prose, Mayhew, Weirauch, French, Wilson, Seivert, Fry, Beard, Quinn.

Mr. E. W. Arnold was high amateur with 183.

April 25, Second Day.

A strong cold wind was an unfavorable weather condition for high scores. In the amateur competition, Plank was high with 183; Huff, second, 179; Adams and Gottlieb, third, with 178. Of the amateurs, Mr. E. W. Arnold was high with 190; Wolf was second with 186; O'Brien, third, 183. The visitors were treated with every consideration for their enjoyment. Scores:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot, Broke. Lists names like Adams, Huff, Gottlieb, Peck, Rankin, Logan, Wolf, Arnold, O'Brien, McMullen, Gruber, Lewis, Gano, Hugg, H. Arnold, Prose, Mayhew, Weirauch, French, Wilson, Seivert, Merritt, Hulme, Remick.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., April 26.—Twenty-six shooters, equipped with the best guns, powders, shells, etc., on the market, wandered toward Wellington marshes to-day to participate in the third and last serial prize shoot of the spring series, and from results obtained during the matinee, were convinced that their particular combination was the real thing and were all ready to give reasons for so thinking.

A regular Boston Gun Club gathering it was, too, with every one on pleasure bent, with smoke talks between events on every topic of interest to a shooter, which brought out the sociability of trapshooting to no small degree.

The first straight match scores of the season were made to-day, Worthing and Weld securing the honor. The clean way in which they broke their targets proved they were right on edge, and will be marks for the handicapper if scores of this kind are to be steady diet.

Gleason and Roy fought it out on the 19yd. line for second place, with the honors even, just one bird escaping for each, making a crackerjack score under any conditions. As this is the Doctor's fourth 29 in the series, he now has a comfortable lead on the total with the finish only two shoots away.

B. F. Smith, of the Watertown Club, made his first bow on the grounds for 1905, and proved that he had lost none of the old ability with the scatter gun that was much in evidence during the past years at the Buffalo Audubon Club, and gave the regulars quite a jolt in the prize match with his 28 out of 30.

O. R. Dickey had the pleasure of the 21yd. mark all alone (his side partner, Griffiths, not being on hand for this occasion), and with his 92.5 per cent., proved that the old guard can still show their heels to the present generation in a great many cases.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot, Broke. Lists names like Frank, Dickey, Roy.

Table with columns: Name, Shot, Broke. Lists names like Weld, Gleason, Burns, Worthing, Woodruff, Smith, McPhee, Willard, Stewart, Phelps, Scars, Ford, Massure, Prior, Muldown, Bon, Retwood, Williams.

Merchandise match, distance handicap: Weld (19yds.) 30, Worthing (17) 30, Roy (19) 29, Gleason (19) 29, Smith (18) 28, Dickey (21) 27, Burns (16) 26, Ford (16) 26, Frank (19) 25, Muldown (16) 25, Willard (16) 24, Prior (16) 24, Woodruff (17) 23, Massure (16) 22, Williams (16) 22.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., April 24.—The members of the South End Gun Club, of this city, held a target shoot on the island ground on Friday last, each man shooting at 75 targets with the following result: Ball 73, Eshelman 69, Capt. Gerhard 68, Yost 67, Miles 63, Melcher 62, Allison 61, Lovinski 43, Adams 71, Shultz 66, George 63, Matz 63, Grill 57. The high wind made targets very irregular.

Westchester, Pa., April 22.—The Westchester Gun Club opened its grounds for the season this afternoon by holding a "merchandise shoot," and the scores were most creditable. Each man shot at 50 targets, and prizes were awarded as follows: John, 44, gun case; Lee, 42, shell vest; Howard, 42, fifty shells; Roberts, 42, pair of leggings; Ford, 42, shooting jacket; Harvey, 41, cleaning rod; Grill, 41, shooting jacket; Harris, 41, hand protector; Williamson, 41, recoil pad; Eachus, 41, safety razor; Cale, 39, shooting jacket; Bennett, 39, pair of leggings; Young, 37, Eclipse watch; Cardwell, 37, pipe; G. Smith, 37, fifty shells; Echin, 37, cartridge vest; Holland, 36, pocket knife; Dale, 35; Register, 34; Ferguson, 34; Parr, 33; Broomall, 28, and Mace, 28.

Pinegrove, Pa., April 22.—Evan Kimmel, of Donaldson, and Charles Houtz, of Clark's Valley, shot a live-bird match at the former place this afternoon for \$150 a side. Kimmel won by killing 8 birds out of 16, to his opponent's 7 out of 17.

The first of a series of two shooting matches at live birds between Joseph Hand, of Reiner City, and Jacob Daubert, of Llewellyn, took place this afternoon at the home of the former who killed 12 birds out of 17, to Daubert's 8 out of 16. The stakes were \$200 a side. A large crowd witnessed the match.

Lebanon, Pa., April 24.—The Keystone Gun Club to-day held a live-bird and target shoot at East Lebanon. The scores: 9 live birds—Traford 8, W. Bollman 8, Schmehl 4, Rump 3, J. Bollman 3, Duffy 6, Long 4, Goodman 5, Buck 5, Ehrhorn 5, See 4, Zellars 4.

Ashland, Pa., April 24.—Bodman, of Locust Dale, defeated Martz, of Locust Gap, in a live-bird shooting match at the latter place, by a score of 6 to 2. The men were to shoot at 11 birds, but Bodman's superiority was manifest after the fourth bird was shot at, and Martz agreed to discontinue after 9 birds were shot at. The purse was \$100; Schuylkill county rules governing.

Mahanoy City, April 25.—In a live-bird shoot for \$100 Steve Kurtz defeated Michael Kershon by killing 5 out of 7 to his opponent's 2.

Scottdale Gun Club.

SCOTSDALE, Pa., April 26.—The Scottdale Gun Club was rather unfortunate with the weather at their first two-day tournament this year. On Wednesday morning it was cloudy, and during the day occasional showers fell, which kept a good many shooters away that would have been present. On Thursday it rained nearly all day, and the shoot was called off.

The programme shot on Wednesday called for five 15-bird, five 20-bird and one 25-bird event. The moneys were divided Jackrabbit and Rose system. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was high gun, breaking 187. Mr. R. S. Deniker, the old war horse of Ruffsedale, Pa., finished second with 182; Mr. A. B. Kelley, of Scottdale, Pa., third, with 179, and L. J. Squier, fourth, with 178. Mr. Kelsey, of Pittsburg, Pa., broke 131 out of 140 shot at, he not having time to finish the programme on account of an engagement in Pittsburg.

The trade was represented by L. J. Squire, H. C. Watson, Jos. Garland, J. A. R. Elliott, J. Mowell Hawkins and H. P. Fessenden. Scores follow:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot, Broke. Lists names like J M Hawkins, R S Deniker, A B Kelly, L J Squier, J T Atkinson, Burgess Hickey, L B Fleming, J A R Elliott, V W Yahner, Joe Garland, J A Stoops, W H Chain, D N Carroll, G M Lilley, Kelsey, S Low, R J West, H Knippel, J Kiehl, J Riley, J Mulhorn.

Catskill Gun Club.

CATSKILL, N. Y., April 25.—The Catskill Gun Club held their regular semi-monthly shoot to-day. Weather conditions bad; light rain and cloudy. Some excellent scores were made notwithstanding. F. Collier, in preliminary practice, broke 29 out of 30. Bob Mattice, an old-timer, but "just as young as I used to be," going 25 straight for the challenge cup. Robins won the trophy with 24.

E. J. Snyder, of New Paltz, N. Y., was a welcome visitor at the shoot. Mr. Snyder was trying a new load, which proved very satisfactory—52 cut of 55; last 32 straight.

Look out for our tournament, May 24; it's going to be a good one.

Table with columns: Name, Hdp. Brk. Tot'l. Lists names like Mattice, A Post, F Collier, C Post, Ham.

Challenge cup, 25 targets: Mattice 25, C. Post 19.

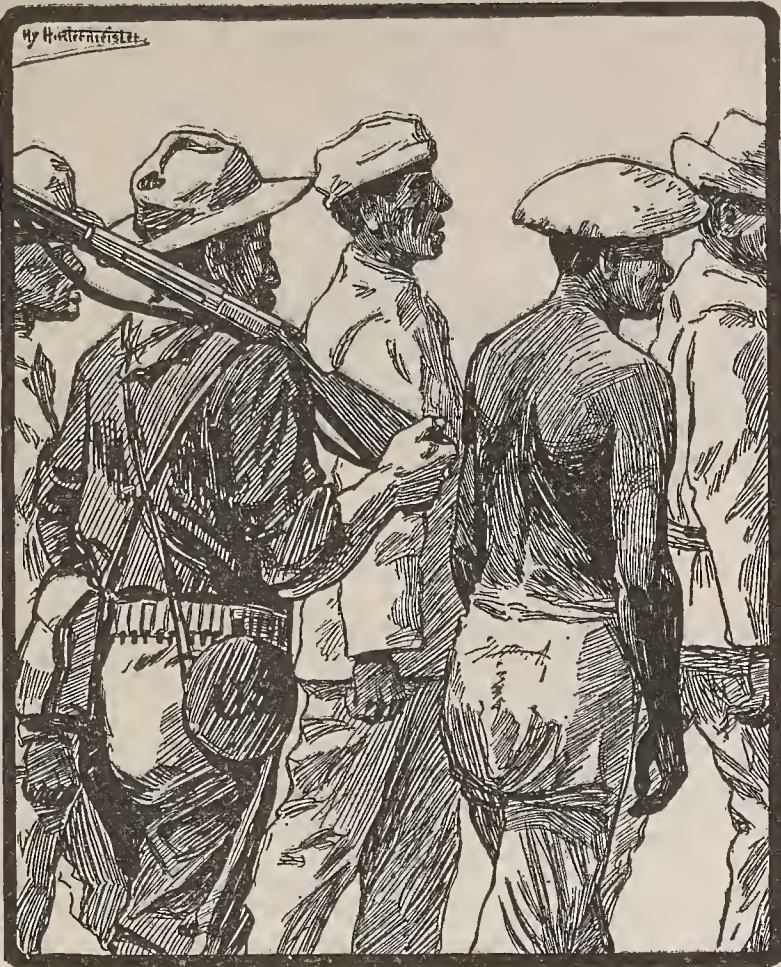
Florists Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., April 25.—Honors for high places were closely contested. In the club shoot at 50 targets three, Messrs. Fred Coleman, Harvey and Westcott, tied on 47. In the 100-target event Fred Coleman broke 90.

Club shoot, 50 targets: F. Coleman (C) 47, Harley (A) 47, Westcott (B) 47, E. Coleman (A) 46, Harrison (A) 44, Mrs. W. K. Park (X) 44, Haywood (B) 43, McCarty (A) 45, Frank (A) 42, Dewey (B) 42, Park (B) 41, Stevens (B) 40, Chadbourne (B) 40, Ford (X) 40, Bell (A) 39, Bevan (C) 29, Sanford (A) 38, Pratt (X) 38, Thomas (C) 31.

One hundred target event: F. Coleman 90, McCarty 87, Sanford 85, Frank 85, Harrison 85, Haywood 81, Chadbourne 79, Dewey 78, Bell 75, Ford 73, Stevens 72, Pratt 71, Bevan 69.

On the grounds of the Clearwater Gun Club, Philadelphia, April 29, the Princeton Gun Club five-man team defeated the University of Pennsylvania team by a score of 211 to 203. The scores were as follows: Princeton—Stutesman 42, Frick 42, McSwain 41, Pardee 44, Unn 42; total 211. Pennsylvania—Longnecker 48, Smith 35, Way 39, Kraus 41, Appleton 40; total 203.



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WESTERN TRAP.

Columbia Gun Club.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., April 24.—There were some fourteen members of the Columbia Gun Club who took part in the season's opening event. Many spectators were out, and all expressed themselves as being highly entertained.

William M. Fouts was not content with winning all the honors for the day, but he smashed the ground record as well, as none of the "home fans" can call to mind a score equal to 95 out of 100. He made first 59 straight, 24 out of next 25, and 21 out of the last.

The handicap committee placed the shooters by the target allowance system, and so nearly even are the individuals at the end of the event that all concede that excellent judgment was displayed, many going above 90, while few fell below 87.

These handicaps were set by Dr. L. C. Jackman, Ollie Wise and Hugh Johnson. J. J. Robinson and C. C. Hamilton were on the committee, but failed to attend the meeting.

A fine gold medal will be awarded the contestant who makes the highest score during the summer.

Live Birds at Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., April 23.—Yesterday was the regular medal shoot of the old Kansas City live-bird club. The man who stood on crutches at the G. A. H. and who has never missed a Missouri State shoot, is still pounding away with the boys. You all know him or have heard of him; he is president of the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association. His name is Smith, otherwise known as Frank. Just to keep company with Frank Cunningham, he finished but one behind the winner. Nothing like trapshooting to keep a man always young.

Dr. Shirley Millett was high on this occasion, being the only one to break 23 of Bob Elliott's drivers and twisters. Wickey Reno, Plank, Cunningham and Smith were but one to the bad. Plank had the very hard luck to let the last bird get over the boundary line. Scores:

Anderson	00202220022220222022202222	—17
Moore	020001122111101222010220	—17
Feed	12012122222121111100102	—21
Wickey	20121021212121121102212	—22
Millett	12212102122122212102122	—23
Wasson	21112122210220201000211	—19
Vaughn	2222202222020202112020	—18
Reno	222210120211220121222	—22
Newton	211222101122210011222100	—20
Plank	2111212111112021211010	—23
Cunningham	200121222121202121222121	—22
F G Smith	2001212221212021212221122	—22
Glassner	212121102002110112122200	—19

Pacific Coast Trap.

San Francisco, Cal., April 23.—I am pleased to be able to say to the thousands of readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the sport of trapshooting has developed in a regular boom throughout the great State of California. New gun clubs are springing up daily. Many of the interior towns are catching the fever, and the gunners are getting on to the pleasant pastime of pulverizing clay targets.

Besides the several local clubs, there are now gun clubs at Alameda, Hercules, Vallejo, Martinez, Santa Rosa, San Jose, Mount View, Santa Lucia, Pajaro, Watsonville, San Rafael, Mill Valley and others yet to hear from. At Sacramento and that vicinity, as well as the orange belt and many points throughout the San Joaquin valley, the shotgun artists are numerous.

There have been many tournaments held here in April, and some big ones are due for May, prominent among them being that of the Sacramento, May 12, 13 and 14. This is to be the ninth annual of the Kimball and Upson, of northern California. On May 28, 29 and 30 the annual clay target smashing of the Pacific Coast Trapshooting Association will be pulled off at Ingleside.

From there the scene will be shifted temporarily to Portland, where the twenty-first annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest will be held June 22, 23 and 24. There will be medals and trophies amounting to \$2,000. This shoot is open to Oregon, Washington, Idaho, British Columbia, Montana, Utah and California.

All who contemplate going will of course remember that all transportation companies will then have reduced rates for the Lewis and Clark fair. There is, then, no reason why this should not be the largest shoot ever held in the West.

Eastern shooters will bear in mind that the most important event ever held on the coast will be the Interstate Association shoot, similar to the G. A. H. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the world's famous manager, will have charge, and the Pacific coast handicap will be under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association, of which Mr. M. A. Shields is the secretary.

Among the local fraternity there are some fine shoots; and as they usually shoot at targets thrown 60 to 75yds., they judge that they can make as good a showing as any of the cracks on the 45 to 50yd. targets.

The coast shooters are ever ready to welcome the whole body of Eastern trap men, and it is hoped that a majority of them will come out and try conclusions with those of the Golden State.

At Florence.

Florence, Kans., April 22.—When Ed. O'Brien is not attending tournaments, he is never happier than when entertaining the many friends he has in the shooting profession. To-day there were present here an aggregation such as he never met before. There were professionals galore, and they hailed from all quarters of the United States, viz.: Chris. Gottlieb, Kansas City; C. D. Planck, Denver; Walter Huff, Macon, Ga.; C. B. Adams, Rockwell City, Ia.

Now, as is well known, these gentlemen carry their fowling pieces, and generally have a few shells in their trunks; so Ed. got together many of the best shots and a lot of the amateurs, and there were altogether over 300 people out to see the "clay saucer busting." If every town had an Ed. O'Brien, shotguns would not rust in the summer time. All that is needed is for some one man to set the ball rolling and say "Come on, boys,"

and all those who possess shotguns would try their "finger pull" on clay targets during the summer days.

The weather was cold and somewhat on the threatening order, but you would not think so when reading the scores. Of 100 targets Walter Huff broke 96, Chris Gottlieb 94, Charles Planck 94, Pat Adams 91, Ed. O'Brien 91, Wm. Munstreman 93, Phil Strobecer 89, Ed. Worthington 91.

Ramsey's Manito Shoot.

Manito, April 27.—Among the many uncertainties there is nothing more so than that of holding a shoot in Illinois in April. The March weather was so fine that the approach of spring was so sudden that it spoiled the duck shooting, and even started the fish to biting; but April being mostly wet and windy, set things back a bit.

Mr. J. C. Ramsey had all things going his way, as he had supposed up to the opening day of his shoot, so that he ordered 4,000 more targets, which arrived only to remain unpacked, as the rain descended during the night and kept up all day, so that none save the traveling men and enthusiasts like Dr. Lawrence, of Lincoln, and A. Mulford, of Mason City, and A. C. Connor, of Pekin, ventured out.

Mr. Ramsey was of course quite blue, as he had gone to much trouble and expense in providing and setting up the latest model trap and in placing tents on the grounds.

One hundred shots were fired during the day between showers. Cadwallader was present with his shotgun and rifle, but it was too cold for the rifle, and so wet that objects could not be sighted as for a fine exhibition such as shooting pins, etc.

E. P. Lawrence came to boost the State tournament, but found that one day would satisfy him. Connor was quite leary of getting his new gun wet, and how the wind did switch some of the targets. Leslie Standish handled the cash for the management, while Tramp Irwin staid close to the tent.

The second day was some improvement on the first. It was cloudy, and though not rainy to any extent, there were not enough shooters present, and as, on the first day, the programme was entirely abandoned, and a shoot for targets only was indulged in. The two Biemfohr boys came over from Spring Lake, and they shot less than half of the allotted 200 targets.

The Manito shooting grounds are very excellent, level as a table, fine background. The trap worked well, and the targets broke when struck, so that the weather was the only drawback. It can be hoped that Mr. Ramsey will try again, as he is made of the right stuff, and every shooter in the States wishes him well. He will be present at the State shoot with a team.

In Other Places.

The Hudson, Pa., Gun Club opened the season last Thursday with a contest for a handsome medal. The officers for 1905 are: Joseph Dixon, President; James J. Judge, Secretary, and Robert Carter, Treasurer.

Another new club at Muncie, Ind., is that of the Gas City. The trap and trigger folks at Chanute, Kans., have been rather quiet of late, but it is reported that A. W. Butler has returned after a month's stay at Springfield, Ill., his old home. The presence of Mr. Butler will put some shoot into the local club. There will be a shoot at St. Paul this week, and some of the Chanute "trappists" will attend.

The Rod and Gun Club of Mauch Chunk, Pa., will place 12,000 fry in the streams in their county.

There was a fifteen-man team shoot held at the town of Have-lock, Neb., which lasted two days. There was much enthusiasm and speculation on the result, yet the shooting was not on the championship order. Nine out of fifteen was high score. The race was for a banquet, and the Graham side, by a score of 92 to 89, will sit down to a banquet provided by those who shot on J. M. Clemmon's side. Capt. Hardy, the shotgun and rifle artist, was present, and gave one of his interesting exhibitions.

Bad news for the shooters in the vicinity of Sidney, Neb., is to the effect that Waubonsie will be drained, and then good-by to the duck shooting at those famous grounds.

C. W. Budd will take a trip from Des Moines, Ia., to Spirit Lake, with the intention of conferring with Fred Gilbert and other Indians as to the tournament to be held by the tribe the last of August. There will be cups and prizes that will amount to \$1,000, and the programme will soon be out.

The Centralia, Wash., Gun Club has raised all the money necessary to conduct the Western Washington Gun Club Association tournament. This is the first time Centralia has attempted to entertain a large body of trapshooters, and local enthusiasm is running high.

Freeport, Ill., Gun Club practice is now being indulged in weekly.

Col. T. Collison was lately heard from at Blackford, Idaho, where he was giving an exhibition of fancy shooting with the shotgun and rifle.

Out at Reno, Nev., the gun club has chosen the 1905 directors, and there will be ample arrangements for the members who wish to hunt and fish as well as trap shoot. The directors are Sam Armanko, Charles Delaney, Ernest Elliott, Walter Morton, A. G. Fletcher, Dr. J. W. Hennessey, M. G. Magoffin, Wm. Hulet, Dr. E. P. Quinn.

There is always sure to be some good scores made each time the Cleveland, O., clubs meet for practice. This time it was Mr. Rice who won the cup at the shoot of the Recreation Club with 28 out of 30.

The Lockhart, Tex., Gun Club will go to New Braunfels on May 12, for a shoot to which all the State amateurs are invited to participate. It is reported that the purses will be good.

The Mt. Clemens, Mich., Gun Club held a practice shoot last Sunday, with a view to get ready for the State tournament.

We note that team shoots are much in vogue among the members of the Mattoon, Ill., Gun Club. Team shoots are very beneficial not only when confined to members of the same club, but more so when two different clubs try conclusions in a friendly race, say, for price of targets.

The Mechanicsville, N. Y., Gun Club is expecting to hold a tournament on Prospect Hill on Decoration Day. The season for 1905 will close Nov. 1 on the Salem, O., Gun Club grounds. The badge of honor will go to the one making the highest number of points.

Another gun club for the Northwest, the Dayton's Bluff, of St. Paul, Minn. There are twenty-two charter members. Grounds

have been selected at Round Lake, and weekly shoots will be held. Officers: President, Edward H. Payte; Secretary, E. M. Parish; Treasurer, James C. Schroeder; Captains, Hugh E. White and Albert Jackson.

There will be a meeting held this week at Fort Worth, Tex., at which arrangements will be made for holding the West Texas Gun Club League, which meets there in July.

Elias Spangler, a member of the York City, Pa., Gun Club is now champion of the county as a live-bird shot, as he won same Tuesday at Glen Rock. This trophy was held by D. G. Deardorf, Michael Lauber, and Elias Spangler, of York; Charles S. Kirk, of Hanover; Allen M. Seitz, of Glen Rock.

The West Duluth, Minn., Gun Club are going along in good style. The members are workers, and have with their own muscles erected the club house. The traps and targets are on the way, and possibly the next week will bring to pass the first shoot for this club.

The shadows of Frank Parmelee still hang over Omaha. A new gun club has been organized at that city, and the title now is Omaha Rod and Gun Club. One hundred and fifty members, and more to hear from.

The Plattsmouth, Neb., Club has been reorganized, and in it there are at least ten prominent gunners, viz.: H. H. Kuhney, M. H. Honk, D. L. Quinn, Fritz Fricke, H. Likewise, J. Bauer, John Kniser, and Harvey Guthman.

It is reported that duck shooting near Milwaukee this spring was poor. So much the better. There will be more ducks for the fall sportsmen.

The Geneva, N. Y., Gun Club has now 100 members. The new club house has been completed, and all shooters may find shelter when needed.

The news comes from St. Paul, Minn., that the winners of the last meet will be handicapped to 22yds. This is carrying things to extremes, and they are game to try it.

The Colorado Springs Gun Club has ordered 100,000 clay targets. Regular shoots will be held each Saturday. Some of the boys are shooting mostly from the 20yd. line, so that they will be ready for the Handicap in August, when Elmer Shaner starts the traps to working.

R. J. Wheeler, M. F. Blair and B. S. Gaylord were selected to represent the Owosso, Mich., Gun Club at the State shoot. They led the others in a contest held Thursday.

There seems to be something doing in Herrington, Kans., as the committee on arrangements are going to work with "sleeves rolled up," and they promise to entertain the Kansas visitors with four days of the best sport ever enjoyed by the "short grass" squad or any other squad at any other time.

Arrangements have been made by the Oneida, N. Y., Gun Club for the summer by which the old Cody place at head of Broad street will be their "stamping ground" for 1905.

Another Texas man heard from at the New Orleans shoot. F. M. Faurote made 100 straight, winning high average, and the expert cup.

Frank Baptiste, Walter Mann, Fred Johnson and H. C. Cox are busily engaged in organizing the gun club for the coming season at Fort Smith, Ark. It is desired that the membership be increased over that of last season. There will be more traps set up, and the shoots will be held more frequently than last year. These gentlemen prepare some new and novel innovations for those who take part this year.

Mr. Willett won the cup at the shoot held by the Blackwell, Oklahoma, Gun Club. The targets were reported as of the "tricky" order, as there was a strong northeast wind.

Target shooting is now on the boom in the West; that is, 'way west. On the coast, many of the cities will hold tournaments.

"Money" Hageman won the shoot at the Suburban Park grounds, Davenport, Ia., on last Sunday. Kessler, Welckins, Matthias Bray, Maitox, Better and Schmidt were there also.

One of the old "standbys," T. H. Parry, of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, was high gun at the last shoot on the historic G. A. H. ground. The old members are now coming out regularly, and will be getting in trim for G. A. H.

At St. Paul, Ind., May 4, there will be a tournament. There will be ten events, and many shooters from surrounding cities will be present.

The committee of the Packer Rod and Gun Club, South Bethlehem, Pa., have reported that a lease has been made by O. H. Ackcr, Salisbury, and that after this date regular meets will be held there.

Minneapolis, Minn., shooters have started to shoot so early that overcoats and gloves are still in demand.

In the shoot held at Rapid City during the Stockmen's Association meeting, the Deadwood shooters got away with about all the prizes that were awarded. They won the club prize, and then Ray Walker won the gold medal for high averages. Much interest was centered in the contest, and the daily audience did not diminish in numbers nor enthusiasm.

When Dick Dwyer used to be at Chicago he was often seen at the shooting grounds when live birds were the fashion. He is now in California, and when the opportunity presents, takes his trusty breechloader and shows the Golden Gate men how to shoot.

The following bit of information coming from the far-away Pacific Coast should be read and well remembered: "The new traps have been placed in the bulkheads for the coming Pacific Coast tournament, and the Interstate handicap to follow. These traps do not give the speed that the traps heretofore used did, and are believed to be of more practical benefit to the beginner or the moderately fair shot than the traps which send a target 60 to 70yds. The Association is wise in making an innovation in favor of the non-expert devotees of the sport."

While R. M. Edwards, of the Houghton, Mich., Gun Club, is in the East, he will select a medal which will be given to the shooter making the best average during this year, 1905. A cup will also be put up that will go to the highest score made during the summer.

If the plans of the Ideal Gun Club, Wichita, Kans., do not go amiss, there will be a big shoot, with many of the best of the Western shooters present, in the next few weeks.

The South End Gun Club, Belleville, Ill., has leased Perkins Lake, and will build a club house.

The Union Gun Club, San Francisco, Cal., defeated the Empires in their second match on the latter's grounds. Score: Union team 201, Empires 177.

A delegation of the Hebron, Neb., Gun Club went to Deshler on Wednesday last and easily beat that burg in a team shoot,

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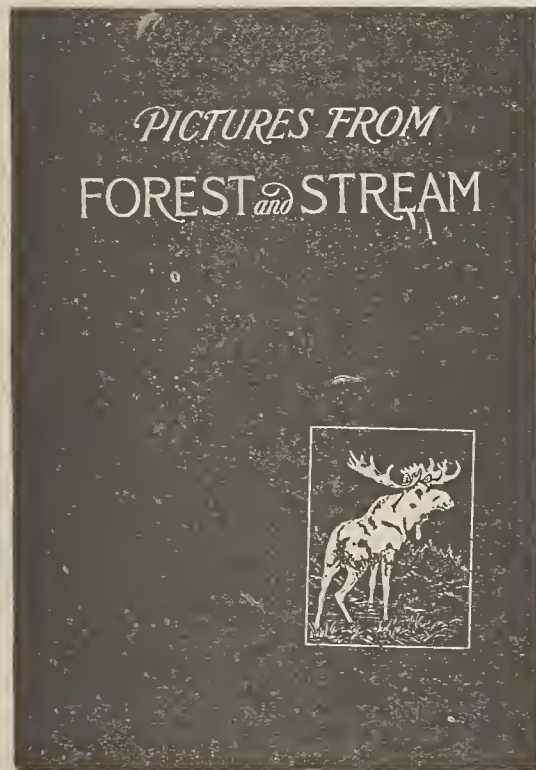
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| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - - J. J. Audubon |
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| 15. The Black Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), W. P. Davison |
| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon | |

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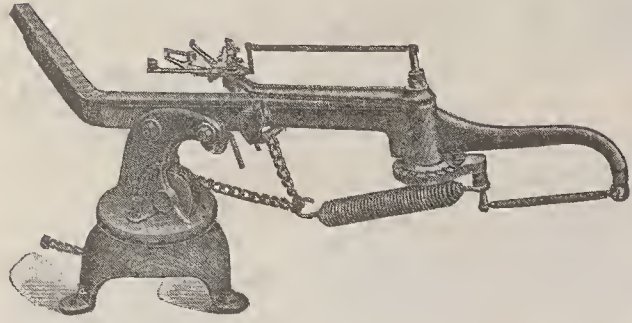
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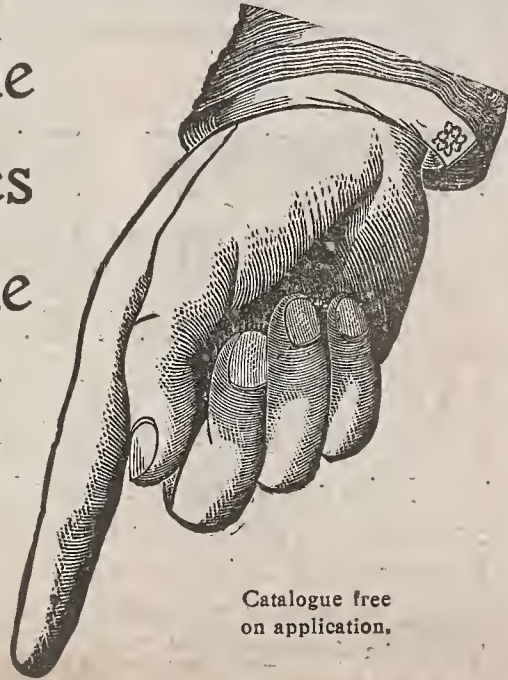


near Boston said, "The trap we are using is not satisfactory. It won't throw doubles, we cannot regulate the height of flight, and we can use only one make of target with it. We have a year's contract with the makers that we cannot get a release of, but we are going to put in an Expert Club Trap" That's only one sample of what we hear every day. The Expert Club Trap is sold outright for \$30. Any standard target can be thrown with it. It will throw doubles. Height of flight can be adjusted. Write for complete description.

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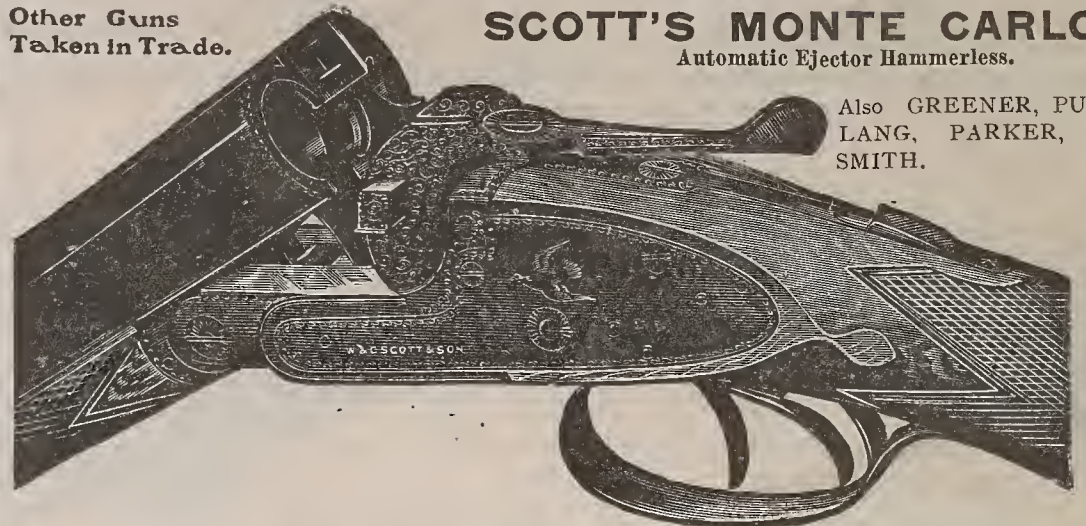
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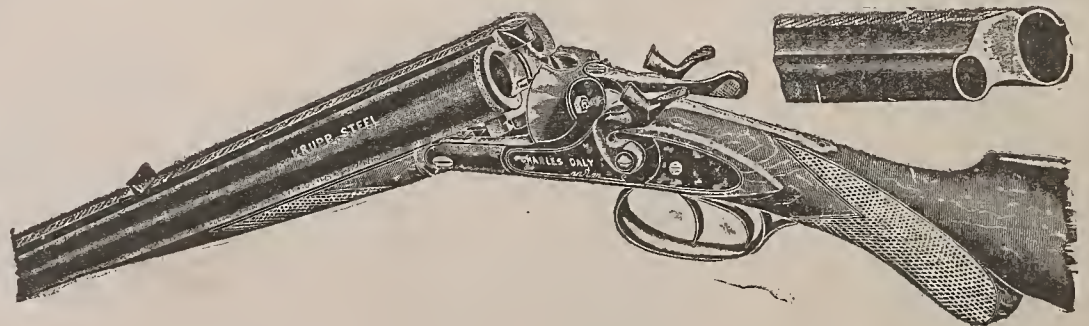
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The Pennsylvania State Championship

at targets, which was by far the most important event in the entire programme of the Pennsylvania State Shoot, just finished at Pittsburg, Pa., was won by the well-known amateur, Mr. Fred Coleman, shooting

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with a score of 71-75. It seems that history has again repeated itself, for last year Mr. Coleman won the Pennsylvania State Championship at Live Birds, shooting U. M. C. Arrows. Amateurs win repeated victories by remaining loyal to shells that possess the winning quality—U. M. C. Quality.

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The Phellis Trophy

emblematic of the Six-Man Team Championship of Ohio, was won by a team from the Newark Gun Club, on the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club. A significant fact in connection with this contest is that every member of the winning team used

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The Interstate Tournament

which was held at Hopkinsville, Ky., April 26-27, developed some remarkable shooting, John S. Boa, who won high average for the tournament, being obliged to make a straight run of 100 to win. This he did in grand style, his total score being 381-400, and his longest run 139. He used, as usual, Winchester Factory Loaded Shells and a Winchester Repeating Shotgun.

Texas State Sportsmen's Association Tournament

held at Waco, April 18, 19, 20, resulted in a surprise to the experts, inasmuch as Robert Conley, of Austin, an amateur, ran ahead of them for high general average with a score of 317-350. His good work is explained by the fact that he used Winchester Factory Loaded Shells and a Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Shooters who go in to win should use Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, as they are known generally as

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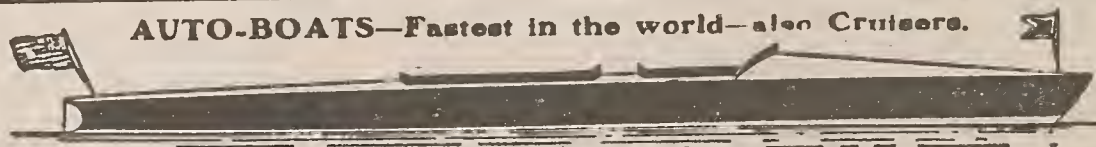
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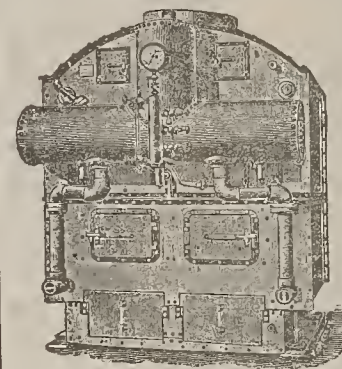
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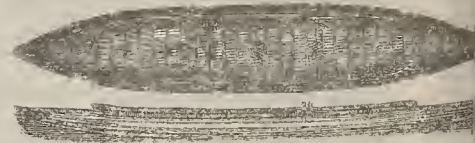


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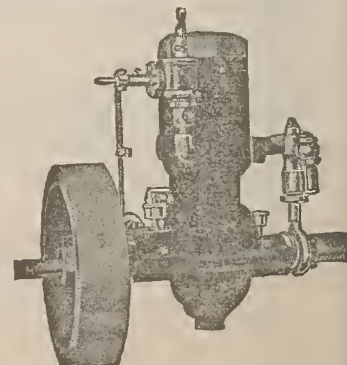
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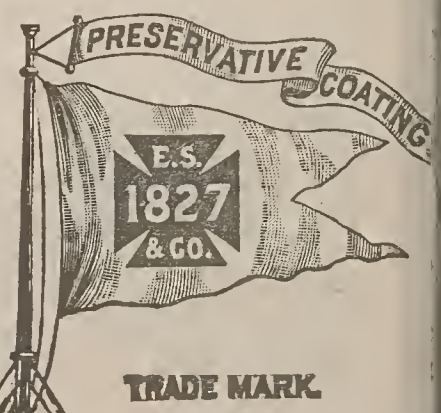
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1905.

VOL. LXIV.—No. 19.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SHIRAS BILL.

IN another column is printed a communication from Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d, in further consideration of the question of Federal control of migratory wildfowl, as contemplated in the bill which was introduced by him in the late session of Congress. The discussion of the subject by Judge Beaman on the one side and the author of the measure on the other has been extremely instructive, and one of the important results has been to familiarize the public with the idea of a Federal system of protection for migratory game. The proposition that Congress should assume the control of the wild geese and wild ducks and snipe and shore birds is no longer novel; and, the subject being now familiar, the merits of the scheme both as to its desirability and probable efficiency and as to the constitutional points involved, may be considered more intelligently.

Mr. Shiras has explained that the introduction of the measure in the form in which he presented it was chiefly for the purpose of provoking discussion and testing public sentiment as to the substitution of Federal control for that of the State over migratory birds. Putting aside here the constitutional aspect of the subject, it is to be said that the numerous letters printed in our columns coming from all over the country have developed beyond question a practically universal approval of the measure as offering a solution of the vexed problem of wildfowl protection; and the value of these expressions of indorsement lies in the fact that the approving words have been spoken by game officials and others, who by reason of their direct and intimate knowledge of the subject are those whose opinions should carry most weight. We shall in a not distant issue recur to the topic and review the correspondence in more detail.

Meanwhile it is a pleasure to be permitted to reproduce here a letter which has not before been printed from President Roosevelt expressing his warm approval of the Shiras Bill. Mr. Roosevelt's intense interest in game preservation being known, one might not have questioned that he would look upon the measure as a step highly to be applauded:

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON,
February 1, 1905.

My dear Mr. Shiras:

I am very much pleased with your bill, and am glad that we have in Congress a man taking so great an interest in the preservation of our birds, and nature generally. I particularly wanted wildfowl to be protected.

With hearty congratulations, sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HON. GEORGE SHIRAS 3D, House of Representatives,
Washington.

NIAGARA.

THE measure which was before the New York Legislature to grant to a Lockport power concern water rights in the Niagara River, which would have destroyed the Niagara Falls, was finally defeated, having been fairly overwhelmed by the might of popular indignation which was called out against the project; but not before a number of members of the Senate had by a subserviency which the public interpreted as venal, subjected themselves to infamy and the scorn of honest men.

Twice—in the Legislatures of two successive years—Niagara has been saved from the grasp of corporations whose promoters, if their schemes had been carried out, would have worked its ruin. The end is not yet. It must not be imagined that the assaults will not be renewed.

The duty of New York is plain. The State is a trustee for the American people for the preservation of Niagara, which as one of the natural wonders of the world may

not of right be considered as belonging to any one State alone, nor to one age alone. It belongs to the country and to the people of the future as well as to us of to-day. It is the duty of the State to take such measures as shall forever place the Falls beyond peril of diminishing or ruin at the hands of corporations. The constitution of the State might be so amended as to give to Niagara the inviolability now assured by constitutional guarantee to the State forests, or by cession to the National Government of such rights as the State possesses in the Falls, the way might be prepared for a treaty for the United States and Great Britain for the conserving of the cataract by the two countries. To this proposition the objection is urged that negotiations for a treaty are always dilatory, prolonged and tortuous, and that before a treaty could be effected the Falls would have been ruined by the Canadians. For, it is pointed out, there is manifested in Canada no sentiment of protest against the destruction of the cataract; and the argument of Canadian intention to utilize the Falls has been one of the strongest and most plausible reasons assigned by those who have urged that by hesitating to sanction the plans of the New York power concerns the Legislature has been simply playing into the hands of Canada. Whatever may be the truth of this contention, it is clear that those who are concerned for the protection and preservation of the Falls should not at this juncture—their concern allayed by the temporary defeat of the schemers—give over active efforts to make certain the preservation of Niagara.

CONCERNING SOME ALLURING INVESTMENTS.

NINE-TENTHS of all the people in the world are eager to get something for nothing, yet nine-tenths of the people who have had any experience know perfectly well, if they think about it, that it is a law of life that no good thing may be had without paying for it. The swindlers who so flourish in these latter days owe whatever measure of success they may attain to the universal wish to get something for nothing. That is the foundation of the money making of the confidence man, of the green goods man, and of the man who plots one of those vast swindling schemes which we now call get-rich-quick concerns. There are enough foolish people in the world to give these men a fat living, and the semi-criminals put it expressively if coarsely when they say "a sucker is born every second."

Gold mines, stock speculation, and tins supposed to come from people in the confidence of large operators on the buying and selling of various articles, are favorite devices for extracting money from the public pocket, and lately there have been exploited a variety of agricultural schemes, of which the latest has to do with the raising of tropical products in Mexico, and in Central and South America. Very recently one or two of these concerns have failed, their promoters have disappeared, and with the promoters the money subscribed for the stocks of the concerns. Investigation showed, that while considerable money had been invested by the ever hopeful public, no cultivation of the supposed plantation had ever taken place, and there was no reason to believe that the promoters ever intended to do anything more than to rob the public.

Inquiries about these agricultural projects recently became so numerous that the Government determined to dispatch to tropical America an agricultural expert, who should investigate the subject from which these companies professed to be making money. The expert has reported that the projects are apparently in all cases theoretical, and that success has been attained by none. In some cases good men have been induced to lend their names to the scheme, but agriculture—and especially tropical agriculture—is something about which a business man might well be deceived.

These concerns get money from the public by advertising broadcast, and in many cases their advertisements appear in publications of the utmost respectability. Periodicals want business, and the line between an advertisement that may properly be published and one that must be refused is often hard to draw, and in the last analysis must depend on the judgment of the publisher.

A few months ago the FOREST AND STREAM was offered an attractive and profitable advertisement of one of these tropical plantation concerns, to occupy large space, and to run for a considerable length of time. The stock was

to be subscribed for on the instalment plan by small monthly payments, and the subscribers were to receive from the beginning generous dividends on their payments. To the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM this all seemed too good to be true; yet inquiry showed that some of the most careful and respectable weeklies and monthlies of New York city and of the country had published this advertisement, and it seemed rather absurd that the FOREST AND STREAM should be more squeamish than its contemporaries of such high standing. Nevertheless, the investigation was continued, and after careful inquiries extending over six weeks and covering a large territory, we were obliged to decline the advertisement. We did this on moral as well as on business grounds. Setting aside the morals of the thing, it seemed clear that any present gain would be too high a price to pay for the possible injury to even a few of our readers. In the light of the very recent development of the Government investigation the FOREST AND STREAM must congratulate itself on the decision reached.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SHOOT.

THE Pennsylvania State Shoot, held under the auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburg, last week, attained the dignified importance of classing with the greatest tournament events of America. Yet it has a significance greater than its State limitations. It is an object lesson well worthy of the attention and emulation of other State associations whose mission is the furtherance of State trapshooting interests, yet whose mission halts and languishes for no good reasons.

The full report of the Pennsylvania Shoot, published in our trap columns this week, presents in detail ocular evidence of its sportsmanlike quality and magnitude. In it much is revealed of the tournament conditions which commend the support of the shooters, and make the competition a success.

A brief analysis of the factors which insured this superlative success may be of interest and value. The preparatory arrangements were in charge of skillful and diligent workers, gentlemen who had the confidence of the shooters, who had an extensive acquaintance among the shooters, who knew how to construct every detail of a tournament programme, and who had the ability to give their shoot the widest publicity. In proper time, weeks before the shoot took place, earnest work was begun, though this is contrary to some honored practice and precedent which scrupulously obtain elsewhere.

It was run as a dignified self-supporting institution. It posed neither as a candidate inopportunely ready for the bestowal of charity, nor as a smiling aggressor asking for contributions under the shadow of the sandbag, euphemistically known as a boycott. The programme does not contain an advertisement, and the added moneys and merchandise prizes (\$2,041) were donated by the club members. All this is radically different from ordinary tournament procedure, as practiced by the average tournament promoter. The local dealer was not told that it would be a great business stroke to give a prize of a ton of coal or a barrel of flour, for some stranger to win, probably a man whom he never saw, or never would see. Nor could said local dealer ever note any local gain in trade from such donation.

Another notable feature of the Pennsylvania State Shoot programme was the trophy inducements offered year by year. There were eight trophy events, one for the individual State target championship, one two-man team, one three-man team, one four-man team at targets, a trophy event open to State shooters, individual championship at live birds, team championship, and trophy events at live birds.

Briefly, there was something to shoot for, the shoot was exploited in a skillful, proper manner, and the same dignified, self-respecting, able methods were observed in conducting it that are observed in legitimate business affairs.

AMONG the fifty-six game and fish bills, good, bad and indifferent, which failed to win approval in the New York Legislature just adjourned, was the one to restore spring duck shooting on Long Island waters. In its final form the proposition was to permit ducks to be shot on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays from March 1 to April 16,



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Tenderfoot in the Nipissing Country.

My good friend, Doctor Bragdon, had decreed Muskoka country more crowded than a trolley car, and his spirit longed for new, wilder and more romantic haunts than it had known. After a long and severe investigation of maps, charts and railway folders, he decided that there was only one best of all places—The French River. This choice he made, his migratory instinct was surging strong against galling chains that bind to business, and his spirit, unbound, flew like a wild bird to this supposed land of his choice. The spirit finding so much delight in roaming over Asphodel meadows and under primeval pines and hemlocks; the Doctor decided that the body should not be bereft of the pure delights in which his untamed spirit reveled.

Armed with a large map issued by the Department of Crown Lands of Ontario, he made an assault upon me and immediately carried the inner intrincements and the next day made arrangements with C. O. D. Pascault, the genial general passenger agent of the Buffalo & Pittsburg Railroad, to carry the outer works, which was done. So on June 8, we left Allegheny City and were soon speeding up the mountains of Pennsylvania. We stopped at Mount Jewett long enough to see the beauty and sublimity of this mountain view. We slipped down around these mountain curves like a serpent. All around we saw evidence of the evanescence of petroleum—new and bright derricks, old ones, decaying ones, and greasy spots on the earth. Surely the track of oil is the trail of ruin. The next evening we were hurrying over Northern Ontario toward North Bay, where we took the Canadian Pacific train for Sturgeon Falls, arriving there at 11 P. M.

Here the waters of the Sturgeon River come down as the waters come down at Lodore, and with them a never-ending stream of logs. It is interesting to see these logs come rather timidly to the falls as if apprehensive of the fate awaiting, and then plunge beneath the flood and not appear for a hundred feet, when they are shot nearly their whole length into the air and fall into the foam. There is a large pulp mill and electric light plant here, and both obtain their power from these falls.

Next morning we got our outfit and supplies from Cockburns' and found these men entirely reliable. Captain Clark's steamer was chartered and carried us down the lonely stretches of the Sturgeon River. Five miles down we passed the Hudson Bay Post, marked "H. B. C.," which is interpreted by the Canadians to mean, "Here Before Christ." This company has operated since 1670, in various parts of Canada. There are some ruins standing near, which Captain Clark said were the ruins of the palisades; for in the very early days it was thought needful to protect the treasures of the company by these crude defenses.

At 2 o'clock we were at the fishing stations on the western shore of Father Nipissing, as the lake is called. The fishermen were busy netting sturgeon, which our Indian guide called "Nahma." The eggs of the sturgeon are manufactured into caviar and exported, and likely returned to America, as Russian caviar. It resembles No. 6 shot fried in lard. On Wednesday afternoon, as the low, descending sun sank in the west, our steamer sped down a golden highway that was bound on either side by somber pines and hemlocks, and I was reminded of Longfellow's lines:

"And the evening sun descending,
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the dusk of evening."

We landed at a deserted lumber camp located at Sandy Island, near the west shore of Lake Nipissing, and after supper that awful quietude of the silent places settled down over all, broken only by the strident notes of numerous chimney swifts that swung in circles around the house.

After dark I went in search of these odd little creatures and found them hanging like so many bats to the rough board partitions. When we cast the light from our reflecting lamp they would flit away from place. Several of their oddly constructed nests were glued to the wall. Late an owl visited the rookery and there was a tumult among the swallows. Many times during the night, the swallows indicated their fright by their harsh screams, and it will never be known how many failed to answer at the morning roll-call.

At sun-up, Dayne and the Nipissing went trolling for maskinongé, the king of these north country waters. According to the opinion of our husky guide, this was the only best place to catch the largest fish. "Much feesh dere. Very much beeg muscallonge dere." Dayne, the medical student, tells us they are still there. While they were gone I saw what John called "musquash" (muskrat) push several tows of green grass through the water to the bank, where there were likely some young. This little creature had no fear of us.

Although Dayne caught no maskinongé, he brought home a fine string of pike. One of the largest of these

pike contained a whitefish that would weigh two pounds. After breakfast of ham, eggs, bread, butter and coffee, we packed our duffle in our canvas and paddled away, calling "Auf wiedersehen" to Sandy Island. We threaded our way through the many islands and finally emerged upon the placid waters of the historic French River. This stream has been a short cut for travelers who sojourn to the Great Lakes. They came up the St. Lawrence, turned off and worked up the Ottawa as far as Mattawa, through Mud Lake, Turtle Lake, and Trout Lake to the Long Portage at North Bay; down the Nipissing to the French River, to the Georgian Bay, and thereby saved a journey of 400 or 500 miles.

Down this river came Champlain, Brebeuff and very many of the early Catholic missionaries, making this river a popular highway for white tourists when George Washington was a little boy. The river is as wide and stately as the Hudson. The part lying between Lake Nipissing and the Big Chaudiere seems like an arm of Lake Nipissing, and is studded with islands which are nearly all wooded with pine, hemlock, spruce and much jack pine.

Being the only one in the party who was not expert in handling a canoe, the Nipissing was assigned to me. In and out, and around these islands we threaded our way until we came to Island No. 125, where we halted. A camp-fire was made and tea boiled. Dayne trolled once around a small island and caught three large bass, which we had for dinner. While we prepared the fish for the frying-pan, Doctor Bragdon, whose eyes see more and whose ears hear more than any other set of eyes and ears I have ever observed, explored the island. He soon returned, bringing a large bunch of the rare and rich *Cypripedium spectabilis*, one of the most beautiful of the orchid family. After dinner I found numerous specimens of this fine flower. Five miles further down the river we landed at an Indian settlement for some milk, but were driven off by clouds of black flies. These black flies are interesting bugs. When they bite they make a wound from which the blood flows in a tiny stream, and when many are seeking to devour you the sensation is awful. My linen collar was wilted down with blood. In the evening we saw the deer come down to plunge into the river to escape this terrible scourge.

We pitched our tent on a bare, rocky island to avoid mosquitoes, and by lining the tent with netting were able to keep most of them away. I saw the Indians milking their cows while the smoke of burning moss enveloped both cow and milkmaid, the smoke keeping the mosquitoes away. Fortunately these pests rarely last after July 1.

We made our beds of moose moss, which is soft, but soon packs down solid. It makes a good bed, but the odor, to me, is very offensive. I prefer the jack pine or the spruce or the fragrant balsam.

All around our island was fine bass fishing, and in a few minutes we could catch enough to eat and many were returned to the water. In this cool water fish are full of fight, and I must concur with Henshall when he says, "Pound for pound, inch for inch, the bass is the gamest fish that swims." I caught three bass here that would weigh twelve pounds and afforded me some of the rarest sport I have ever had.

For many years I have made summer pilgrimages to North Bay, Kippewa Lake and Lake Temiscaming, and from the Indians in all these localities I had heard many strange stories of the greatness of William Dokiis, one of the Nipissing Indians. Dokiis has made considerable money by trading in furs and supplies throughout this northern country. He is the chief of a little band of Indians that occupy Okickendawt Island, and is indeed a very remarkable man. He offers \$10,000 to the white man who will marry either of his daughters.

Now I know many of my bachelor friends in the States who would be interested in this proposition; so Doctor Bragdon and I planned a visit to his home three miles back in the forest. As we paddled into a large bay, called Dokiis Bay, I noticed several bear skulls hanging on the balsam trees. Here the Indians never allow bear skulls to be worried by the dogs or to be kicked about the camp. The lower jaw is carefully bound to the upper jaw and hung on the balsams; by these solicitous plans do these superstitious red men hope to appease the spirit of the deceased,* and soothe the anger of his friends and relations. The Indians are angered if you disturb these skulls in their resting place. Not only the one who killed the bear, but his friends and relations will resent any impious treatment of Br'er Bear's cranium. When unobserved, I purloined a large head. This will adorn my den when I get one.

We landed and climbed to the top of a commanding hill, from where we could see miles up the French River. We picked our course through a forest of pine, cedar, balsam, black and white birch. From old birch trees hung loose bark and the trees were bearded with moss. We crossed the swamp on cedar logs that had been laid there during the winter, and entered the woods on the hill beyond. There were many ferns all around and several of strange variety, but all seemed dwarfed in size, presumably on account of the severity

*See reference to same superstition in Mr. Brown's article on "Hunting the Black Sheep."

of the winters, for in Muskoka, ferns grow large and luxuriant.

At the top of the hill we came upon a real old-time Indian tepee made of poles, bark and skins of animals. Smoke was coming out at the top and curling up through the trees. I had longed for years to see the primitive abode of the red man, and fearful, lest the vision vanished, I took a snap-shot and then hastened to see how many dusky denizens of the woods resided herein, and was chagrined to find this was not a residence, but a smoke house. Within hung a ton or more of sturgeon drying, higher up hung strips of venison being smoked and dried.

While we were examining the contents of the tepee, one of the aforesaid \$10,000-prize maids came along bearing on a wooden shoulder yoke two pails of spring water. Since the dowry was large, the interest in the coy Indian girl was larger. Old Dokiis has two daughters of marriageable age or more. Little Angelina was 64, and Louisa, what you could detect with a pair of opera glasses, younger.

The stipulations are that the young Lochinvar must be either Scotch or Irish and Catholic—must have means of his own requirements, and have a reputation for integrity and sobriety, it being the determination of the old chief that no skittewaba (whiskey) shall ruin the happy homes of his girls. Guess they are now safe.

A bit further on we came to the house surrounded by the proverbial round-pole fence. The house was an ambitious structure of smoothly hewn logs, neatly joined and spotless in a fresh coat of white-wash. Everything within and without that house was a model of neatness.

The chief was down at the Big Chaudiere (pronounced, shy-air) spearing sturgeon and presently returned and dropped on the wood pile some sturgeon, demonstrating that at 90, his eye was sharp and his aim sure, since both are needed to spear sturgeon. Here indeed was a wonderful character—simple in manner, taciturn as becomes the Indian, and both truthful and honest.

As chief he has power to dispose of some 30,000 acres of pine timber that are a choice tract. Lumber merchants have offered him thousands of dollars in bribes to sell. They have wheedled and brow-beaten him all to no purpose. "No, no; no, no! My people walk under pine tree for long time, very-very long time. Hunt here. Spear sturgeon here. Paddled canoe here. Me no sell! No, no, no, indeed no!"

I may say his progeny will have no such high ideals to maintain, for the son said to your correspondent: "Me want to sell very bad for very good price. Pine tree no good to Indian."

These Indians are all very superior people. In a house belonging to a family of a deceased son of Old Dokiis, I observed a piano and other musical instruments. This son had married a quarter-breed Indian at Moose Factory on Hudson Bay. Hither this girl had gone from Ottawa as a little girl. Her sister stayed in Ottawa, and later married, her husband finally becoming the Earl of Strathcona. Thus the hand of destiny sent one to the solitudes of Canada and her more favored sister to the Court of St. James. Recently the Countess died leaving \$20,000 to this family of Dokiis.

On our way home we flushed a merganser duck that swung in circles over our heads. A silver-crowned eagle spied the duck and came down upon her with wings set, and speeding like an express train. But the duck has some speed herself and dropped into the water and was saved.

A short distance above, on the top of the tall, dead pine, a pair of eagles have nested for over twenty years, and were still there last summer; but some vandal will shoot these birds and this interesting landmark that is on the river brink will thus vanish. Within a quarter of a mile below there is another eagle's nest, and I understood there were young in each nest last season.

Saturday afternoon was spent in fishing and cruising; and such fishing! The bait was as much sought after as a city lighting contract. Long strings of bass, pike, pickerel, maskinongé, and, in streams hardby, trout may be taken.

Sunday morning was spent in shaving, bathing, and in a general cleaning up. The writer borrowed a camp ax, and for a couple of miles blazed a trail. I had heard so many say that it is no easy thing to follow a trail unless it is made with care. A mile back in the woods, I came upon what we called in Pennsylvania a "pheasant." I figured the bird would dash toward a spruce thicket, so I aimed a stone at a black spot on the ground, full three feet from the bird, calculating she would reach this spot in her flight to the thicket. I threw the rock—the pheasant never moved a feather, and, strange to relate, I knocked the bird over and killed it. I hung it on a birch branch and hastened on and soon came to a swamp and was forced to retrace my steps. I soon lost the trail and could not find my bird, but finally struck the river above the canoe.

I persuaded our dusky Indian guide to go along to help hunt the dead bird, and in an incredibly short time he found the trail and followed it as easily as I would walk up Broadway. Every stone that had been dis-

turbed he saw and, long before we came to it, he spied the partridge. It was a splendid demonstration of the Indian's power to follow any kind of a trail, through any kind of a country.

For dinner we had fried partridge, fried fish, boiled eggs, biscuit, and coffee, and had just finished our repast when we heard the whistle announce the coming of Captain Clark's steamer to carry us on our return trip to Sturgeon Falls.

We had come to pick out islands for camping purposes. Doctor Bragdon, Dayne Griffith, and the writer had each picked out his islands. The Doctor has now a fine six-room cottage on Island No. 126, and is ready for the vacation season when it comes.

We quickly sped up the lonely stretches of the French River, every minute bringing us nearer and nearer home; though the poet assures you there is no place like it, the French River has it beat a mile, especially in the "Good Old Summer Time."

Though our hearts were saddened by the arduous toils, business cares and anxieties at home, yet that most precious part of every vacation is ours forever. It is the fond recollection of bright days joyously spent, and the bright anticipations of other vacation days yet to come—these form the connecting spans of hope, and over this ethereal bridge, high above vexations and cares, march an ever-ending army of those who have tired hands, weary brains, and heavy hearts, marching on to

"The island of the home winds,
To the island of the blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponomah,
To the land of the Hereafter."

JAMES M. NORRIS.

HOMESTEAD, Pa.

Memories of the Buffalo Range.

II.—The Chimney Climbing of Broken Knife.

THE spring of 1880 found me engaged in the Indian trade on the Missouri River at Wolf Point on the Yankton Sioux reservation. We were engaged also in trade over at Fort Peck at the mouth of the Milk River, which empties into the Missouri, and at Poplar River. The three posts were under my management. Business was quite large with the company I was with.

The large trade in that country was handled by men who were with the Assinaboines, the Yankton Sioux, and Red River people from the north who made Poplar River and Wolf Point the centers in disposing of their furs, and in buying and trading for horses and supplies. The point at which I was trading was a favorite one for the selling of horses and ammunition to hostile Indians, which was very heavy, and I was careful to see that I did not engage in this. North of us was the Sitting Bull band of Indians, who had fled to Canada.

While I was trading here, I had an experience which, while funny enough to look back on, was anything but amusing at the time. I had heard of a camp of skin hunters that were situated in a little bunch of timber on a little fork running into Dry Creek about a day's drive distance, and wishing to get to them ahead of the Miles City buyers, who would be starting out very early in the season, I thought I would visit them. I did not know the precise location of their camp and needed some one to take me to it.

There was a wild young Sioux named Broken Knife, whom I had employed at various times as runner to carry messages to distant camps of his people, and as hunter when meat was needed and there was no one to go out and kill. I sent for Broken Knife, and when he came, asked him if he knew where these hide hunters were located, and if he could and would take me to their camp. He replied that he knew where they were and would go with me, and that it would take us all day to get there. We started early one morning. It was late in the winter and bitterly cold. At length it grew dark and became much colder, but we kept on driving as fast as we could, crossing cooleys and going up and down hill, but not finding the roadway bad.

About 9 o'clock we reached the camp, but the cabin was dark and there was no sound. I got down, and giving the lines to Broken Knife, knocked at the door without getting a reply; then I pounded, but all was quiet. I walked around the house without seeing signs of life and whistled and called for a dog. I tried to open the door and to find the latch string, but could do neither. The door seemed to be barred. By this time Broken Knife had hitched the team to a tree and joined me, and I said to him that I would get upon the roof and look down the chimney and see if anything could be learned there. It was growing steadily colder, and I wanted to get under cover.

Broken Knife gave me a leg up on to the roof, and I went and looked down the chimney. I could see no fire, but warm air was ascending, so that I knew the house was still occupied or had been recently. The chimney seemed big enough for a man to pass through, and I spoke to Broken Knife, telling him to come up here and bring a lariat, and I would let him down through the chimney, so that he could open the door. He looked a little doubtful at this proposition, but after examining the chimney and measuring it with his hands, he dropped off his blanket and belted his white coat close about him. I put the rope around his body under the arms, he got into the chimney and I began to lower him.

His body filed the chimney up, but he got down well enough, but when he reached the fire-place and put his foot down he found that there was a bed of hot coals there covered up by the ashes, and with a grunt he jumped quickly out of the fire-place and landed with both feet on a man lying on the floor. As soon as he felt what was under his feet Broken Knife gave a jump to one side and shouted, "How *cola*." Meantime the man had awakened and started up with a burst of profanity, and when he heard the Indian words, he rushed at Broken Knife, cursing and swearing and yelling, while Broken Knife ran as hard as he could around the cabin to get away. Meantime on the roof I was yelling my name and imploring the man to hold on, telling him

that we were friends. Almost at once I heard a shot and a loud yell from the Indian, while the curses of the white man continued, and there were noises of stamping feet, falling benches, grunts and ejaculations. I jumped down from the roof as quickly as I could, picked up a stick of wood and attacked the door, trying to batter it down, and all the time I was calling my name. Presently there was another shot and another yell, and as I pounded the door it suddenly flew open. I went in on my nose and hands on the floor, the Indian jumped over me and out, the white man fell across me and tried to throttle me. I grabbed him, took away the pistol that he still held, and in a few seconds made him understand the situation, and then I started out to look for the Indian. The moon had just come out, and I could see Broken Knife in his white coat streaking down the open bottom as hard as he could. I put after him as hard as I could, but I had on a buffalo coat and buffalo leggings, and did not, I fancy, go very fast. Besides this I was yelling to him all the time, telling him to stop, that it was all right now, to hold on, to wait for me, and so forth. Just before he got to a piece of brush, he slowed down to a long trot and in the brush he stopped, and I overtook him, and, after I had got my wind again, I persuaded him to come back to the house.

It seems that the white man had been to town for mail, had got drunk there, come back to the cabin, gone in and shut the door, and then fallen asleep in front of the fire. When the Indian jumped on him and spoke to him in Sioux, he supposed, of course, that he had been attacked by Indians, and was just putting up the best fight he could. Luckily he had but two shots in his six-shooter and in the dark missed Broken Knife both times. After the last shot the fire flickered up a little and Broken Knife saw where the door was and threw the bar, when I was trying my best to break in.

Broken Knife was a curious sight. His white blanket coat was streaked with all sorts of shades of black and gray from his passage down the chimney, and although the night was cold, he had run so hard that the sweat was pouring down his face from his exertions, and making little trickles through the patterns of his face paint. The drunken skin hunter was full of apologies, but nothing would pacify the Indian, who was absolutely sullen and had nothing to say. An hour or two after things had quieted down the rest of the party of nine men came, and when the story was told to them they simply laid down on the floor and yelled. They made an immense amount of fun of their white companion and of Broken Knife, who sat in a dark corner at the far end of the room. They would take a lantern and go over and look at his face and then yell with laughter and then would look at their companion and yell again.

It was more than a year before Broken Knife got over his sense of injury from this mishap and forgave me for having got him into such a scrape.

CHARLES AUBREY.

BROWNING, Montana.

An Unsalted Luncheon.

THERE are other things beside doubtful stories which should be taken with a grain of salt—as witness these presents.

The oftener a man goes into the woods the fewer things he takes with him. So constant is this ratio that, no doubt, if his days in the woodland, which the Lord giveth him, were long enough, his outfit on the final trip would be even snugger than that which Kipling described:

"The uniform 'e wore
Was nothing much before,
And rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind.
For a piece o' twisty rag
And a goatskin water bag
Was all the field equipment 'e could find."

Most men who, in a spirit of beneficence toward their fellows, give, from the hoarded store of their experience, advice on this subject, feel it their duty to impress upon the tenderfoot that his pleasures afield will vary inversely as the square of his provision list. Some of these gentlemen, in giving advice, go to extremes which indicate great frugality in the use of common sense. Some of them, I suspect, would oppose the carrying of prunes because of the added weight of the useless stones. How they must have welcomed the advent of smokeless powder!

Now, I am not writing an article on "How to be Happy, Though Camping," nor a treatise on "The Lighter the Pack, the Lighter the Heart"; nor do I presume to give advice as to what ye shall eat or where withal ye shall be clothed. But from a bitter—because tasteless—experience I venture to suggest that if you have at all times a few pinches of salt in your pocket, you will greatly increase your chances of that happiness which the woodland ever holds in such ample store for those who seek it there. You can discard, or forget, many things, and from nature's warehouse supply their place with something which is either better, or so much worse that it distracts your attention from the loss. But you cannot procure salt, unless, indeed, you distill the tears you shed for having forgotten it; and that, of course, takes time. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

We were camped on the south shore of Lake Superior, in the latter part of November, duly accredited by the State of Michigan with licenses authorizing—but not always enabling—us to slay a stated number of deer. The other part of the pronoun "we" stands for an eminent counselor at law, of whom it might truly be said

"In camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror,"

—and not in dreams either, like Bozzaris.

We had parted in the morning to hunt separately in a belt of woodland, and meet, unless the necessities of the chase prevented, at a small lake, where we designed to eat a frugal sandwich. The day was dark and lowering, the counterpart of many which had preceded it. In fact, it was a week since we had seen the sun, and every day had brought its rainstorm. So often had this been repeated that, if our spirits had not been

waterproof, they surely would have been dampened. But some one has said—probably Christopher North in the "Noctes"—that, "There is no such thing as bad weather." And truly he is right about it, though you have to be out of doors and away from the pavements to appreciate it. Also must you have good foot gear, good legs, and a watertight spirit withal. Having these requisites we had spent an enjoyable week in the woods despite the rain, though daily we had prayed to Diana to send us the snow which was still withheld.

Shortly after we parted I heard the counselor's rifle—he was ever a lucky dog. And soon luck came my way also. I was standing in a little open glade when a big doe, whose footfalls the wet moss had deadened, jumped the brush and landed in the clearing behind me. I turned at the sound and got in four shots while she was making some of those spectacular leaps with which a frightened deer creates space in the rear. It did not take long to trail and find her, for a .38-55 hollow-pointed ball is a difficult thing to carry, and I soon had my rifle against a tree and my hunting knife out.

My appointment with the Counselor was several hours off in time, but only a couple of miles in space, and, having killed my deer, I had nothing to do but to kill time. So I set about doing an artistic piece of woodland butchering.

Now, to "grallock" a deer—the technical word of the old huntsmen is much nicer than any modern equivalent—is a task which has few elements of inherent pleasure; in fact, it will be almost repulsive unless you regard it as a legitimate toil of the chase. If you separate the work of capture from the pleasure of pursuit, and regard it only as a matter of blood and entrails, you had better trade your rifle for a shotgun and hunt clay pigeons.

To clean a deer you must hang him up. I hasten to qualify this didactic statement by taking it back; it is not necessary to hang him up, if your purpose is merely to separate his "in'ards" from his "out'ards" in the shortest possible time and then go after another one, or get back to camp to tell about it. You can, in that case, simply rip him open as he lies on the ground, pull out his viscera, and get the blood all over his tawny hide, so that he looks as if he had been killed in a railway accident. But if you regard him as game and not meat, and hold him entitled to respectful treatment, you will proceed as if to a sacrificial ceremony, and hang him up.

And now note that there are two ends to a deer, and that you are to choose between them in hanging him up. The ordinary method is that of the butcher with the sheep, which consists of running a "gam stick" through the gambrel joints between the bone and the big tendon and suspending him head down by a rope tied to the stick and flung over a branch. This will suffice, and is indeed the better way, after the deer has become meat; but while he is still game, and you game, you should, in the transforming process, hang him up by the head. The reasons for this are purely practical, and tend toward that cleanliness which enables you to approximate godliness. When he is hung up stern first the ribs act like a basket, which securely holds—being built for that purpose—all that you desire to remove. But if you hang him up by the head, the rib basket is upside down, and thus gently empties its contents on the ground as soon as your keen-edged knife gives the necessary assistance.

It seems as if hanging up a deer would mean simply throwing a rope over a limb, tying it to his horns—around the neck, if a doe—and then hauling on the rope until he is "chock-a-block." But you cannot do it alone unless you are very much stronger than the ordinary sportsman, and it requires a heavier rope than you can conveniently carry, unless you take a small block. But you can always do it with a tripod of stout poles about ten feet long. You tie the ends together with the light rope which you carry around your waist, spread the ends of the legs out equally, and lift up the center until the tripod will stand. It ought to do this at a height of between three and four feet, though you may have to get the ends of the legs against something, or "jab" them in the dirt to make them hold while they are at so small an angle with the ground. Then you take a bight of the rope around the deer's neck, or horns, and shove the legs—the tripod's, not the deer's—alternately toward the center until the frame stands at a sufficient height to swing your game clear of the ground.

By this method I hung up the doe, cleaned her, and buried the discarded portions in order that they might not offend the woodland air. But I saved the kidneys, for it occurred to me that, instead of our usual cold sandwich, we might as well build a fire and have a hot luncheon. And certainly those kidneys would suggest to anyone the idea of eating and of doing it quickly. Never have I seen a more luscious looking morsel, encased as they were in a delicate white tissue—"Sweetly oleaginous, oh, call it not fat!" as Charles Lamb said of the prosaic pig.

While wrapping this addition to our luncheon in leaves I heard three quick shots from the Counselor's rifle, and knew by the sound that he was shooting the small charges in his .30 caliber. When I met him, an hour later, he made the greatest show of reticence I have ever witnessed. When I hailed him with the usual "What luck?" he replied, "Did you hear my three shots? That was at a partridge, and I never touched it."

"Well," I said, "how about the other shot?" "Oh!" said this wily stoic, "Did you hear that, too?" And then his reticence gave way. "It was a whaling big buck, and I dropped him in his tracks!" Then we foregathered.

On our way around the end of the lake to our luncheon place I shot a rabbit with the .22 caliber target pistol which I carry to shoot partridges. (I will kill a partridge with that pistol yet, if I, and the partridges, live long enough.) This gave us not only an abundance, but a choice of meat for our noonday meal. Usually we were not very hungry at noon, and limited ourselves to a sandwich and a piece of chocolate. But the doe's kidneys had aroused all our carnivorous instincts, and we were like cavemen.

We built a fire, flattened the top of a log for combination seat and table, and spread thereon our provender. The table did not groan, even when completely set; for it showed two doe's kidneys, two rabbit legs, two bacon sandwiches, two sticks of chocolate, two russet apples.

This abundant display was flanked by two rubber cups filled with water, cold enough to chill harrow teeth.

When the fire had burned down to a good bed of coals we skewered the kidneys and the rabbit's legs on hardwood switches and set about cooking them. And then there was borne in upon us the full force of the fact that we had no salt. We made an ineffective attempt to supply its savor by fastening the paltry strips of bacon from the sandwiches on the meat as it cooked, but with doubts, which were justified by the event. The abundant fat encircling the kidneys enabled us to keep both them and the rabbit legs nicely basted. The fire was just right and the cooking beautiful, as a mere visual spectacle. The rabbit legs browned nicely, with little jets of imprisoned steam bursting out in a most appetizing way. The kidneys accepted the ministrations of the fire and transformed themselves from mere organs into a viand worthy of those who know what it is to kill and to cook in the open.

When they had reached this point of absolute perfection we bore them to our log table, and learned the difference between appearance and reality, or rather between appearance and taste. The kidneys were not merely tasteless—better if they had been. I do not know how to describe them; but if there is any word or expression for the opposite of "salty," it is the one I need. And to sharpen our sorrow we could see that salt alone was needed to give them that perfection which we had anticipated. The rabbit legs were about as bad, though, being of a coarser texture, the lack of salt did not, as it were, create such an active and persistent absence of taste. Still they were bad enough to cope successfully with anything in their line.

And so in the end, after all our exalted anticipations, we dined upon sandwiches bereft of their bacon, chocolate and russet apples, gnarled and weazen by long life and the privations of a remote youth.

The Counselor and I now each carry on all occasions a small box containing a teaspoonful of salt, artfully

compounded with red pepper. If the fates can catch us in that trap again, they will be entitled to their quarry.

H. K. TENNY.

Chief Parker of the Comanches.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that Charles Christodoro asks in the current number, May 6, if my chief and Parker, who went to Washington to attend the inauguration (I do not know if he met the President later on his hunting trip) are the same Indian. No, they were not; my chief was Asa Rabbit, a full Indian. Parker, whom I used to know well, is head chief of the Comanches, he is really only a half Comanche. His mother was a white woman who was captured by his band when she was a young girl, and Parker's father, the then chief, married her.

A year or two before the Civil War (I forget the exact date now, but the officer who was in command of the troop that recaptured her, went to the Confederate Army afterward) a troop of cavalry raided this band of Parker's father and took the white woman, Parker's mother, off with them, returning her to her friends, where she died in a year or two of a broken heart at not being allowed to return to her tribe again. She had forgotten the English language years before this, and could only speak Comanche. Parker is the most intelligent of all the Comanches, and I always gave his mother the credit for it. He was a young man about twenty-one years of age when his mother was taken from them.

CABIA BLANCO.

Wants Somebody to Start Something.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may strike you with a feeling of newness and surprise to see my once more familiar handwriting again; but the surprise need not be as great as that occasioned by the reading of the inclosed slips from a West Virginia newspaper and from the Cincinnati Enquirer, showing that in the region where I used to hunt a good deal years ago, hunters have killed a white black bear. The story is told by the Montgomery, W. Va., correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and says: "Two hunters, who were driven by rain to take shelter in a cave in the mountains

of Nicholas county, roused a perfectly white bear with pink eyes, which had quarters in the cave. When from its slumber the bear attacked the men with and severely injured one of them. Mr. Wilson, who fired the shot that killed the animal, has the hide and will have the same properly prepared and mounted. The hide has the texture and the head the appearance of the common black bear, except that the skin is white and the eyes pink."

When is the next discussion due to begin in your columns?—one of those delightful interchanges of views by a lot of good fellows, some of whom do not know whether they know anything about the subject. Can't you think of a good subject that will run all the way through a month or two? I got such a lot of pleasure out of reading the Kipling criticism of a year or so ago that I would like to take part in it, which was thoughtless. I would have backed up Kipling all right, however, if I had chanced to have seen and heard the things he describes, looking at the Indian canoe poles and the rest, and his description of the "brulé" where I sought moose and caribou after year, and to the streams where, in search of the "raw right angled" jam opposed, the shod foot sounded, and I basked on the sunny bars. It is to some of your correspondents to start something.

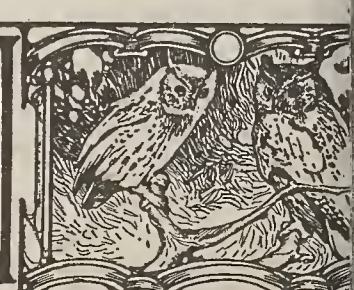
CECIL

The Primer of Forestry Completed.

AS A source of positive information about what forestry really is, and to spread a knowledge of its importance a book has been prepared by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the Bureau of Forestry, entitled "A Primer of Forestry," which is published in two parts. Part I, issued in 1899, deals with the life of a single tree as it exists in a forest, with the life of a forest and with the enemies of the forest. Part II, "Primer of Forestry," the purpose of which is defined as "to the forest render its best service to man in such a way as to increase rather than to diminish its usefulness to the future." In other words, it means "both the preservation of the forest."



NATURAL HISTORY



The Brass-Eyed Duck.

BY MARTIN HUNTER.

THE whistler, whistle-wing, great head, garrot or brass-eyed is one of the few ducks that, to my knowledge, builds its nest in trees.

The Indians, who are noted for giving appropriate names, call this duck "arrow duck," on account of its quick passage through the air. They fly very swiftly, and it is only an expert gunner that can bring them down in succession.

I once had the rare opportunity of watching the doings of a female brass-eyed from the building of the nest to the time she placed the young ones on the waters of the lake. To watch the industrious little builder was a most interesting pastime and afforded me much pleasure. The tree selected was not, as one would suppose, immediately on the shore, but a bit back in the thick growth. Properly speaking, the tree was a stump, although a strong live one grew rubbing sides with it. The stump was on the south side of the green one, and thus protected from the north, and was about twenty feet in height.

On examination shortly after the duck began to lay, I found that the concave top had been lined with dead leaves, hay, clay and small sticks. After this one peep in at the architecture and the couple of eggs therein, I refrained from approaching the stump again, but continued my observations from a distance.

When the duck took to steady setting I could just see her head and bill over the edge of the nest. Regularly each evening during the period of incubation she would fly out on to the lake to feed, drink and plume herself. These absences from her duty lasted from twenty minutes to half an hour.

When the young were hatched I kept a strict and steady watch on her movements, for the thought occurred to me, "How would they get to the ground?" But, like a good many other things, this riddle of the forest was made clear to me one evening near sundown.

I sat motionless in my canoe a little to one side of the direction of the stump. The lake was as calm as oil, and in a little while, after taking up my position, out flew the mother in a slanting way to the water, and hanging from her bill was one of the young ducks. This she quickly deposited on the lake and flew back to the nest, and made trips to and fro, until she had brought the whole of her brood, which numbered seven.

A hen is a proud mother even with one chick; well this was a transported one with seven. She swam through the midst of them, around them, away from them and toward them, exhibiting the utmost delight. Finally she led them in toward the shore, the shadows of the woods shutting them out from further observation. While daily visiting my nets about the lake, I often encountered the brood, or saw them at a short distance and they continued to interest me.

One day the number of ducklings appeared fewer than ought to be and on counting them I found there were only five. Next day this was reduced to four, and a few days after, when next I saw them, there remained only three. However, the mystery of their disappearance was made clear to me on that same day, for while trolling past the ducks' feeding grounds a big maskinongé struck the hooks savagely.

Being alone in the frail and small canoe I had the ut-

most difficulty to successfully play and kill him, but was amply paid, for on cleaning the big fish we found in its maw one of my young ducks.

Thus was their mysterious disappearance explained, this, or some other large fish, was accountable for the brood's diminution.

While on the subject of the brass-eye I would wish to set the reader right in regard to the whistling noise they make, that is the male. The author of "Wild Fowl and Their Habits" asserts that this noise is made by their short sharp wings cutting the air in rapid flight. Were this the case the female would make the same sound, but no one ever heard this whistling from a lone female or a number of females.

It is from the male we get this; not from the wings, however, but from a gristly sac attached at the end of the wind-pipe, much the shape of the bag of the bag-pipes. From this he emits several different kinds of sounds, as I have often listened to when approaching a flock on a calm moonlight night in the mating season.

Another erroneous assertion by the same author is that the flesh is rank, fishy and hard. The old ones are, more or less so, on their first arrival inland in the spring. At the sea, as a necessity, they live on fish, but a month after reaching inland waters, where they feed on marine plants and roots, the color of the flesh changes. It also becomes juicy and is as good eating as black duck or teal.

The young ones, when full fledged, just before migrating to the sea for the winter, are excellent.

The French-Canadians call this duck the diver and the half-breeds of Hudson Bay the pork duck.

All the tricks of hiding attributed to this duck by Netlje Blanchan, author of the book from which I have taken the several names under which the duck is known to American readers, are quite true, and also other devices not enumerated. For instance, when wounded I have known it to dive and come up within a few yards of my canoe with its head under a water-lily leaf and there remain, quite motionless, until I noticed the center elevation of this single leaf and fired at a venture with the result that I killed the duck.

On another occasion I noticed a wounded brass-eye making toward the shore in very shallow water. The formation of the banks was such that it was impossible for it to land and hide. Nevertheless, toward that shore it had dived, and never appeared above water. Pushing the canoe quietly along with my gun ready in the other hand, I scanned every inch as I went. Along the beach there was a solution of mud almost as light as the water. The duck had passed under this and came to the shore in about five inches of water showing nothing but its bill on the beach, the entire body being covered with mud, the exact counterpart of that about it.

Although my canoe was within six feet of the bird, it never moved, and it was only by the closest scrutiny that I detected its presence.

With a good silent dog playing in front of a blind, these ducks in the early spring will come within short range, as will the black duck and gray goose. They have keen eyesight and will work in from a quarter of a mile to investigate the dog. The dog of best color to attract ducks is yellow or yellow and white. A pure white is better than a dark colored, which latter only appears to scare them away.

[This is an interesting contribution, for it brings up a

number of points about which there has been more controversy in the past, and one at least which is new. That Mr. Hunter's duck brought her young water in her bill is interesting and agrees with what I made years ago in FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Geo. Boardman, who quoted a Canadian informant as saying that the old birds brought their young from the water, carrying them in their bills, but that to port the young for a longer distance, the birds carry the young pressed to the body by the feet, a description which is not altogether clear.

Mr. Hunter declares that the whistling noise made by the brass-eye does not come from the wings and the noise is never made by the female, in this his opinion differs from that of many other writers. In his belief the labyrinth—an enlargement of the wind-pipe found in the male of most ducks and but seldom in the female—explains the whistling sound so commonly heard when birds fly near us.

Food notoriously gives flavor to the flesh of ducks as well as other animals. On the sea coast, where it is on fish and perhaps shell fish, the flesh of the brass-eyed or golden-wing is notoriously bad, but like Mr. F. other authors have declared that inland the bird is excellent eating.

The observation of the destruction of the brood maskinongé is worth recording. Pike, pickerel, muskellunge and snapping turtles are notorious enemies of the young duck.]

Ruffed Grouse Propagation

Editor Forest and Stream:

Professor Hodge's report to the Massachusetts Commission, as reproduced in your current issue with the accompanying photographs, takes a keen hold on the sympathies of all the lovers of this grand bird. To report itself, coming down no later than last November might well have been supplemented with an account of the Professor's more recent experience though it is to be presumed that these will follow in due course. My own correspondence with him this year follows the birds till some of the hens began to lay a few days ago, and he assures me that he previous abundant evidence that the eggs had been duly fertilized.

Many of the older readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will remember that in my experiments for the propagation of the ruffed grouse in 1884-1887, reported in the paper at that time, I succeeded in actually hatching grouse chicks from eggs laid and incubated by parent birds while in confinement. Circumstances it impracticable to continue those experiments a second time, and it has been a matter of constant regret to me that I have never been quite in a favorable situation to repeat them. But Professor Hodge's success along these lines has been a matter of much gratification to me, and I have taken much pleasure in placing at his service such information and suggestions as might seem to be useful to him.

Although all my mature grouse were originally ones, they became very tame, feeding readily from hand and manifesting no fear of man. In the spring the males swelled and strutted after the turkey fashion, but were never heard to drum in the coops. The reason for this did not occur to me till after my

had gone, but when Professor Hodge complained this spring that he could not induce the males to drum I suggested that he separate them from the hens. The desired result followed in a very few minutes after such separation; and now, he says, the process can be induced at any time by the same method. I have now in my possession two very fine photos which Professor Hodge recently sent me, showing the male grouse in the very act of drumming. In these pictures the outlines of the head and body are clear and distinct, while the wings, owing to their rapid vibration, are only a misty blur. (I sincerely hope that Professor Hodge will not think I am trying to steal his thunder.)

The ruffed grouse is a wary, but not a timid bird, and soon makes friends with his keeper when he realizes that no harm is intended him. The hens are faithful sitters and devoted mothers, and there would seem to be no valid reason why such experiments as those of Professor Hodge, in such intelligent and capable hands as his, should not be pushed to complete success.

In speaking of "Artificial Breeding of Wild Birds," and alluding to the efforts of the Massachusetts Commission, the editor states that its "attempts to rear quail have not yet been successful." Why not? It seemed to me after rearing one brood of quail from the parent birds in confinement just before taking up the grouse, that it was too easy to afford a problem of any difficulty. It would be interesting to know why the Massachusetts attempts failed. Possibly, like so many enterprises which have to do with the breeding of feathered fowl of all kinds, it was quite feasible on a small scale and quite impracticable on a large one.

JAY BEEBE.

Scent Glands of the Deer

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thirty years ago in a hunter's camp on the western plains one of the boys in "drawing it long" told the rest of us that antelope had ears in their feet the better to hear the approach of an enemy. This was greeted with a "hoot" by the rest of us, and the bold declaimer of truth retired in some confusion. Antelope feet there were in plenty about camp, yet we never thought of examining one to decide the question, but decided it out of hand, as it were. Many times since then the opportunity to examine deer and antelope feet has offered, but I thought the idea so wild and dreamy that I never charged my mind with it and never made any examination. Last autumn we brought a deer into this ranch whole and while it was being dressed the argument of thirty years ago came to my mind. An examination showed a hole in the skin just above the hoof and between the bones at the front. This hole was the end of a hollow tube which passed through the ankle between the bones and then up, ending in a cord running up the leg; the leg having been severed at the knee it could not be traced further. Was this the origin of the telephone?

J.

[It has long been well known that many, if not all, our American deer have what our correspondent calls "a hole in the skin just above the hoof and between the bones at the front." These are commonly called by hunters "scent bags" or "scent glands," and in most species contain a substance which emits a strong musky or other disagreeable odor. The Virginia deer always has the gland on all four feet as does the Columbian blacktail deer and the mule deer. The caribou possesses the gland. Caton described these glands quite fully about thirty years ago, and they have been long known. On the Virginia deer the glands may be fully one inch and a half in depth, "hairs, though to a limited number, are found in it. On this deer I found this gland more active than on any of the others. It always contains a considerable amount of the secreted matter which is about the consistency of cerumen and a

portion of it frequently assumes the form of pellets about the size of a small pea, which, however, are so soft as to be more or less flattened. The substance is of a grayish color and emits an odor which is strong and offensive to most nostrils." We have examined the feet of deer frequently for this gland, and have found the glands commonly to contain a whitish moist powder, strongly odorous. Deer hunters believe that the odor from these glands yields the scent which the hounds follow in pursuing the deer, but on the other hand many animals not known to possess these glands are followed by the dog with equal success.]

A Loon in the City.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., May 6.—Last Friday morning as Mr. James Cochrane was on his way to his place of business, which is near the Erie Canal, he saw a bird lying on the Prospect street bridge. Mr. Cochrane supposed the bird was dead, but on picking it up found it alive, although unable to move, on examining the bird he found blood on the breast.

Mr. Cochrane took the bird into the factory and placed it in a tank of water where it soon commenced to paddle about, and finally managed to climb out of the tank and drop to the floor, although the water was about eight inches below the top of the tank. The bird was badly hurt, as it could not walk. It propelled itself about the room with its wings.

Mr. Cochrane telephoned me on Monday that he had a duck of some kind that he wished me to see. It proved to be a male loon weighing between eight and ten pounds.

The bird was probably flying down the canal during the night, attracted by the electric light, and on nearing the bridge tried to pass over it, failed to get high enough and struck one of the iron rods and fell to the bridge, where Mr. Cochrane found it.

I noticed a dish of cornmeal near the bird and was told that it had had nothing else for four days. I offered the information that it would not live long on that food, and advised him to drop the bird into the canal and see how quick he would disappear. I also gave him the address of a taxidermist at Niagara Falls that would put it up for \$5 or \$6. Mr. Cochrane offered the bird to me, but as I have two fine specimens in my collection, I did not care for it. My best specimen weighed twelve pounds when taken and is the largest loon I have seen. I have heard of their weighing eighteen pounds. My other specimen weighed only 8¾ pounds, and was about the size of the bird Mr. Cochrane has.

A Collection of Wishbones.

When my collection of birds were being mounted I saved the wishbones of many species and have a collection of nearly 200 wishbones, from that of a hummingbird to a whistling swan taken in this county (Niagara) and a white pelican taken in Niagara River; the wishbone from my large loon had been broken and grown together and is a good job of surgery.

Professor Lucas, of the Smithsonian Institution, came to see my collection about fifteen years ago, and when he saw the wishbones said, "it was the finest collection of them he had ever seen, and that the wishbone was a very important bone." I picked up the whistling swan bone and asked him of what species it was. He said "that he would give it up." Professor Lucas also advised me to present my collection of wishbones to the Smithsonian when I wanted to dispose of them. I know of no better place for them, and ultimately they may go there.

J. L. DAVISON.

P. S.—The wishbone of the whistling swan is unlike any other that I have ever seen, although I suppose that this bone is similar in shape in all swans.

J. L. D.

Audubon Commemoration.

THE services in commemoration of the one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday of John James Audubon, the naturalist, were held on the evening of Thursday, May 4, at the Church of the Intercession, 157th street and Broadway, New York. The service was conducted by Rev. M. H. Gates, the rector of the church, and the large building was crowded with an interested and attentive audience. The principal address, delivered by Hon. Alton B. Parker, former Chief Justice of the New York Supreme Court, told in charmingly simple fashion the story of the naturalist's arduous life, and gave full credit to that great woman, Lucy Bakewell, his wife, to whom, as much as to himself, Audubon's success was due. The address was simple and without the slightest attempt at oratory, and for that very reason was moving. Of the child Audubon's artistic bent, the speaker said:

"No lesson that we learn from Audubon's life is of more interest than that every child should have opportunity to develop that talent which God has given him. A father is tempted to plan what work his child shall carry out; and if the child happens to develop artistic talent the father tries to throttle it. Audubon's father hoped to make his son a follower of Napoleon, but the boy would have none of it. He came to America and hunted birds."

Mr. Edward Doyle contributed an appreciation in verse of Audubon's character and life work.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton and Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, who were to have delivered addresses, were not present, the former having been detained by a railroad accident, while Mr. Gilder was confined to his room through illness contracted at the funeral services of Joseph Jefferson. Mr. Frank M. Chapman, by way of expressing the indefatigable energy of the naturalist, gave an Audubon chronology extending over more than thirty years, which showed how constantly he was working and moving about in pursuing the great work finally so well accomplished. Mr. Chapman's address was very effective.

The Hon. George F. Parker spoke more formally of Audubon as a man, and pointed out the various qualities which he possessed which should be possessed by every American; his perseverance, his democracy, his independence and yet his humble mindedness. Rev. Dr. D. H. Green, the Bishop of the Diocese, made the closing address.

The occasion was one of no little interest. Among those present were a number of the grandchildren and great grandchildren of the naturalist, together with many people who had long lived about his old home.

The Duck's Smell.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Without wishing to revive the threshed-out question, "Can ducks smell?" I take the liberty of quoting a paragraph from Mr. William Dinwiddie's very interesting article on "Duck-hunting in Japan," which appears in Harper's Weekly of the 22d instant. The paragraph reads as follows:

"The best weather for this game is when the stiff cold winds of winter blow and the birds are restless and constantly hungry, and a really successful hunting day can only be had when the wind blows toward one off the lake; otherwise the sensitive birds wind you, as they enter the ditch, and beat a hasty retreat."

The article from which the above paragraph is clipped describes the curious and elaborate method of netting wild ducks, as the sport is pursued in Japan. It is illustrated by photographs, and will prove of interest to duck shooters.

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

[See also reference to the scent of ducks in a decoy paper which will be printed in our next issue.]



GAME BAG AND GUN



National Park Game.

And the Montana License Law.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I returned from the Pacific slope almost a month ago, leaving there green grass, flowers and blossoms of all kinds. I reach here and find almost everywhere dry ground and dust. There is very little snow in the Park or on the mountains around, but since my return there has been considerable snow and rain in the valleys. A short time before I came home, a buggy was taken through the Park, so little snow was then along the roads.

The game, as a rule, is back almost to the summer range. Even the antelope are as far as Yancey's and Specimen Ridge. Until very lately there were a few feeding on the alfalfa in front of Gardiner. The alfalfa has just begun to start, and it is just as well the antelope are not all aware of it. For several evenings I saw seven mule deer there. They like young alfalfa, too, and, I suppose, will hang around for some time. The ground had been so dry all winter that it was expected that, to make the grass grow, irrigation would have to be resorted to, but the late snow brought it out. Still hardly a shade of green can be seen on the hills. In many sheltered spots wild currants have green leaves, but not the quaking asp or cottonwood, and very little grass shows. I found the whole country west of here on this side of the cascades very dry and with very little snow. I heard of more snow south of the Park, and every one knows that more snow falls there any season than in the northern part of the Park. Jackson's Hole has very much more snow than the same altitude up here. Still Wyoming has made a State game park south of the Yellowstone Park and

claiming it for a winter range. The elk are not from Missouri, but you will have to show them where the winter range comes in north of any part of Buffalo Fork of Snake River. During some winters a very few elk have managed to make a living there, but those that are left in this winter range park are usually unfortunate enough to die early in the spring. It's like elk wintering in Hayden Valley, now and then quite a few winter there, one season over 2,000 tried it, and during the late spring Capt. G. S. Anderson saw them dead by the hundreds in a place. It is the same over on Pelican Creek. Since then very few elk have attempted to winter in those sections, and it's the same south of the Park, until you get south of Buffalo Fork.

Few elk would attempt to winter in Jackson's Hole, or even in the northern part of Yellowstone Park, were it not for the settlers on their old winter ranges. Wyoming Winter Range Park would prove a death trap if any number of elk were compelled to camp there. Their winter range commences just south of Buffalo Fork, on what some call Horse Thief Buttes, and from there on down to the lower end of the Hole more or less elk are found and usually in large bands. If Wyoming wanted to make a game park where elk could winter they would have to take in about all of Jackson's Hole, or, better still, make a new park, either in the Big Horn Mountains or on Green River, making it large enough for a winter range.

The best of all the winter ranges are taken up by ranches, and the country is supporting families and cattle, and many comfortable homes are found there. I think Wyoming would find it difficult to get their people to give up their locations in order that the elk or any other wild animal might have a winter home. Wyoming and Montana, and for that matter many other States, could do more for the preservation of

game if they would encourage its domestication, and that of fur-bearing animals, too. At present these States do every thing they can to discourage it.

Montana has passed about as obnoxious a game and fish law as it is possible to imagine. I have not seen a copy as passed, but, judging from the papers and the feeling expressed by the people, there is, as a rule, strong objection to it everywhere. There is no use itemizing the faults, the whole law is wrong, except that part limiting the number of animals to be killed and protecting antelope. I advise hunting parties of eastern gentlemen to keep away from both Montana and Wyoming until they pass laws that are not robberies. I am in the business, too, of guiding these parties and have been for years, but I don't believe in robbing them or seeing a State do it. There are other countries in which they can hunt, and I advise them to go there unless they have more money to throw away than usual for licenses for themselves, guides, cooks and packers, and \$10 for fishing in Montana! These parties have to pay all these licenses, besides wages for the men and transportation. Montana has gone license mad! Wyoming is getting over the fever and recovering, but has cut off the best of the hunting country, and still requires a non-resident to take out a license for killing game that they are not letting the parties hunt. It is like the item in the license permitting the killing of the Rocky Mountain goat, supposed to mean white goat. It would improve the license and make the non-resident think he was getting something for his money by adding one eland, one spring bock, one elephant, one musk-ox, two caribou. They will be as likely to get these animals as the white Rocky Mountain goat in Wyoming.

If the Yellowstone National Park could have taken from it 1,000 elk every year to stock other game parks

and preserves, it would be a benefit to this park and to the elk left here, and would help out other States. Washington has passed a law forbidding the killing of elk in that State for a number of years. The Roosevelt elk in the Olympics were fast disappearing, so it's claimed; a few hundred elk sent there from here would soon restore the band to their usual number, although I doubt if the elk increase as fast in the Olympics as in the Rocky Mountains, owing to the climate and food conditions. The country is so very different winter and summer.

I saw the description of the effort made to capture the small band of wild elk ranging on the Sacramento and San Joaquin bottoms, or swamp country, and one paper said they were to be given to the Government for the Yellowstone Park. I believe there are less than fifty elk in this band, and in place of the Government accepting a gift of them, it could better give a train-load for, say the Big Tree Parks to California, and let California keep her little bunch on the San Joaquin. I have seen some of that country, and would not be surprised to learn that these elk had feet like caribou, or were web-footed. It's said they are smarter than our elk, and I don't doubt it.

We all hope for considerable rain this summer to make up for the lack of snow in the mountains. It is the snow in the big drifts, however, that keeps up the water supply for irrigating the lower country and not that in the timber or lower flats. If the wind last winter was strong enough to build those drifts up to their usual size there will be no more scarcity of water than usual.

I did think I would write you a bit about the game in this park, but have touched on everything but game conditions here. Well, they are all right! Everything did well this winter. Even the scouts and game keepers, for they killed many mountain lions and coyotes.

T. E. HOFER.

Nova Scotia Moose.

THE American sportsman who has been accustomed to hunt in Nova Scotia, will hear with regret that the past winter has been a most disastrous one for moose. As a rule the snow does not attain a great depth in our woods. In three seasons out of five the lumbermen complain that there is not enough. February and March, 1905, have been the most severe months for many years. The snow attained a depth of six feet on the level in our woods, the railway system of the western part of the province was paralyzed, the town of Yarmouth was twenty-four days without a train from Halifax, and the small towns were cut off from the country by huge drifts of snow, which took days to shovel out. The moose and deer were helpless in their "yards," and anyone who possessed a pair of snowshoes and a gun could kill as many as he chose. Fortunately for our game, only an infinitesimal number of people availed themselves of the opportunity. The great majority of our people are law-abiding, others were "scared" of the fine imposed on people who hunt in close season.

The minority of possibly two or three-score persons made up for this, however. In nearly every county in the Province several moose were slaughtered, and had the latter end of March been as stormy as it was fine, the moose would have been well-nigh exterminated. The wardens did all they could to prevent, and are now doing all they can to avenge this butchery. Up to date (April 17) the record of convictions is about as follows:

Yarmouth county—Four convictions. Other cases pending.

Digby county—Two convictions. Five or six cases pending.

Annapolis county—Not heard from yet. Several cases pending.

Kings county—Eight convictions. Cases pending.

Halifax county—Six convictions. Many cases pending.

Guysboro county—Two convictions. Many cases pending.

Colchester county—Three convictions. Cases pending.

Queens county—Six convictions. Many cases pending.

Lunenburg county—Four convictions.

There have doubtless been other cases not reported in the press, the writer will send further particulars as they come to hand. It must not be supposed that each conviction means a dead moose. All parties hunting, or pursuing with intent to kill in close season are liable to a fine. All persons having meat, hides or horns in their possession in close season are liable to a fine unless they can prove that they were obtained in the open season.

For every poacher arrested and fined two or three have gone scot-free up to the present time. They may have to reckon with the authorities later on, as the poaching fraternity have an awkward way of turning king's evidence against one another.

The deer are not indigenous to Nova Scotia. They were captured in New Brunswick, and turned down in our woods. They were increasing very rapidly, but numbers have been killed, and it is doubtful if the few left will be able to hold their own against the bears and wildcats which destroy many of the fawns.

One most gratifying thing has been the way the magistrates upheld the game wardens. In former years it was difficult to find a rural magistrate who considered an offense against the game laws a serious matter. Thanks to the present Government; nearly every district has a stipendiary magistrate now, who not only knows the law, but enforces it. The weakest spot in our system of game protection is the fact that all measures relating to the protection of game are intrusted to the "game society." This body consists of Halifax business and professional men and officers of the Imperial army and navy. The society has no funds to enable it to carry on an aggressive campaign, it is most unpopular in the rural districts, and its members are not practical sportsmen, from a woodsman's point of view.

The game wardens are appointed by the society, and belong to all social grades. Some of them are guides, others are lawyers, doctors, druggists, farmers and men of leisure. Curiously enough, the professional men seem to get more convictions than the woodsmen and farmers. There is one old veteran who practically devotes all his time to the preservation of game. He is far past middle age, but he can "do out" many men young enough to be

his grandsons. He has just run down the arch-outlaw of eastern Nova Scotia, and has innumerable cases pending in two counties. I allude to Commissioner A. O. Pritchard, of New Glasgow.

The early spring has brought the breeding woodcock along somewhat earlier than usual. The ruffed grouse are almost extinct in some localities, they were buried under the snow and the crust formed and shut them in. This was especially the case on the slopes of the North Mountain in Kings county.

Kings county has a most able game warden in Mr. Tufts. He is a barrister by profession and has only been appointed recently. His list of convictions will be a long one at the rate he is piling them up. GAME WARDEN.

Federal Control of Game.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On my return from the eastern shore of Virginia I found on my desk your issue of April 29 containing Judge Beaman's reply to my previous letter. The tone is rather controversial and he apparently evinces more concern in discrediting the principle of Federal supervision of migratory birds and fish by applying a magnifying glass to the minor and wholly unimportant provisions of the bills than by a fair and candid criticism of the original and only issue now concerning the sportsmen readers of your journal.

In so much as Judge Beaman in his earlier correspondence admitted the great benefit of Federal protection of certain game, it seems to me he takes an unfortunate way of aiding in such an attainment by a captious and in my mind wholly erroneous attack upon certain minor details of the game bill.

The principle advanced by me was new and of far-reaching effect, so that I had not the slightest desire to seek Congressional action thereon until the sportsmen of the entire country might have every opportunity of considering such proposed legislation. The game bill was introduced, printed and immediately given out for public consideration. Judge Beaman almost seems to think I was guilty of some transgression in doing this before consulting him and other game law experts. It does not constitute a very grave offense to introduce a bill into the National House, for during the past Congress 20,000 bills were dumped into the hopper and, excepting the pension bills, only a small number were enacted into laws.

The two questions uppermost in this legislation were (1) the constitutionality of Federal control, and (2) the desirability of such a law.

Considering the practically unanimous support accorded this measure, the legal question alone remains for fair discussion, and it seems to me that in so far as the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are concerned, it is an imposition on their good nature to continue a debate on this single feature, in view of the extended consideration already given it in your columns.

My assertion that in addition to the popular support given the bill, some of the best constitutional lawyers in the country upheld this proposition, seems to irritate Judge Beaman, for he asks for "the reasons therefor from at least one of these lawyers," as though my statement had but a shadowy foundation.

As a matter of fact out of more than fifty lawyers and judges consulted, only four or five finally expressed doubts of its legality, and I am now having printed for the use of the House committee resolutions and opinions received by me.

Unquestionably at first sight the average lawyer looks askance at the general proposition of governmental control, but after mature consideration has usually come around in its favor, and it is this feature that has greatly encouraged me.

Judge Beaman says he is preparing a bill for the Federal protection of game and fish that will be bomb proof "when perfected according to my ideas." I am not so much surprised at his great faith in the wisdom of his product as in the recent progressive evolution of ideas which makes such a result possible; for at the outset of the discussion he expressed the belief "as to Federal protection of birds, migratory or otherwise, it is quite probable it can be lawfully extended to all inland navigable waters and public waters along the coast by prohibiting shooting thereon under the guise of enhancing the safety of navigation or something of that kind."

The idea of the Secretary of War by a "department" regulation declaring a closed season on excursion steamers, armored cruisers, naphtha launches and dredge boats, thereby incidentally protecting waterfowl, made some of us think we had appendicitis; and this scheme was then followed by the proposition that all local and migratory game on all public lands of the United States be put under Federal control (notwithstanding his reiterated assertion that the title of all game was in the State) and in the face of the fact that in some States there are probably a hundred thousand instances where contiguous lands are subject to separate State and Federal ownership, resulting in the inextricable confusion of the law abiding sportsman. We are then told that the next evolution will result in a bill so perfect that Congress will have no chance to amend or mutilate it and thus avoid the "patchwork legislation," which he seems to think this body is only capable of.

Considering that seventy-five per cent. of the members of the Lower House are lawyers, and that the important committees contain the oldest and most experienced law makers in any legislative body, I can imagine their delight in receiving a bill so perfect in legal principle, in form and phraseology that it can be recommended without the formality of a hearing. This saves work, responsibility and inures to the committee's credit besides.

Since serving on the Judiciary General Committee of the Pennsylvania State Legislature, fifteen years ago, I have found few men who could draw a statute on an entirely new phase of legislative action without erring in some of the minor details at least. It may be my game and fish bills are not perfect, but as they were not introduced for immediate passage but to test the great underlying principle in each, I fail to see the recklessness of my course, though I regret not having the Denverian ability to turn out perfect work at the first jump.

My migratory fish bill, which was sent to Judge Beaman at his request, is likewise made a target of refined criticism. After squinting along the barrel for three

weeks he fires the following shot: "This bill undertakes to protect fish while spawning and goes at it by declaring the spawning period to begin when the fish enter the bays, rivers, etc., and to end upon the 'completion of the act of spawning'—and thereupon remarks, that 'the male fish, which do not spawn at all, will have no open season.'"

I had always assumed that the act of spawning, in the sense here used, was the joint act of the two sexes—the female depositing the eggs—the male ejecting the milt thereon—but, according to Judge Beaman, the female is the whole thing. However, as this section was put into the bill at the instance of the most expert fish culturist in the country, who has spent twenty-five years in the United States Bureau of Fisheries, the blow must fall on him and not on me. Perhaps in Colorado the fish are of a hermaphroditic nature. A State which can have three Governors in one day has a reproductive capacity capable of indefinite limits.

Since my advocating of Federal control of food fishes in our interstate public waters, the Minnesota House of Representatives has adopted the following resolution:

To the Congress of the United States:

Realizing that a great amount of friction has arisen, and is liable to arise, on the Great Lakes between Canada and the United States, in regard to the fishery regulations, also on all waters of a public nature, between the different States; be it

Resolved, by the House of Representatives of the State of Minnesota, that the United States Government is hereby requested to take full control of these public waters, so that they may be suitably stocked with fish and a uniform law passed, governing the fishing industry of these waters; and that the State of Minnesota cede to the Government any jurisdiction claimed over these waters in regard to the fishing therein.

Cases have arisen where the representatives of the United States Government have been arrested by the State authorities for taking spawn in the closed season. Men representing the Game and Fish Commission of this State, have been arrested by the representatives of another State, simply for getting across an imaginary line; and we realize that it is almost impossible to get uniform laws passed by all the States controlling these waters; therefore, we would urge that Congress take such action as in their judgment is desirable, so that frictions of this kind would entirely cease, and that the fishing industries of these large bodies of water may be replenished and protected as they should be.

The past ten days I have been on the eastern shore of Virginia and succeeded in getting a number of good photographs of shore birds in their northern migration. While there the county supervisors proceeded to suspend the State law prohibiting spring shooting, at the instance of hotel proprietors, guides and local shooters. Word was immediately sent to the large cities on the Atlantic coast and in a few days there will be a great influx of shooters intent on bagging the birds on their way to the nesting grounds, some of them already covering eggs in that vicinity. While I can recall no authority for such suspension, the law was not enforced at all last year under the State statute, and this is a fresh instance of the utter disregard of localities for the welfare of transitory birds. Were these same supervisors to have opened the law on quail, indignation would have known no bounds, yet the principle is precisely the same.

In conclusion, let me say that in my humble judgment the next five years will see the passage of Federal laws protecting migratory birds and fish, and what is of equal importance their constitutionality sustained by the highest Federal courts.

If this does not occur, the sportsmen of this country will witness the practical extinction of our principal migratory birds on the Atlantic coast and in many other localities where the narrow avenue of flight is through a series of populated States. If we had Sam Fullerton as a Federal game warden, invested with full authority, we would find a different condition of affairs.

GEO. SHIRAS 3D.

The Mounting of Moose Heads.

BANGOR, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps no section of country on earth affords at present such an abundance of large game, such as deer, moose and caribou, as does northern Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. This year about 500 bull moose were brought out from this territory. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where deer are quite scarce and moose and caribou very plentiful, these animals are killed in great numbers by sportsmen from all parts of the globe, and particularly from Europe, who are gratified to think that they have secured what they may well be proud of, and which, if properly taken care of, may be handed down to their descendants as family heirlooms.

There are many taxidermists in this section who advertise as professionals in their line, and charge the owner of a head accordingly. How many of these men really understand their business is a question, and it is a constant wonder to me that so many sportsmen will spend thousands of dollars to secure one of these trophies and then allow themselves to be deceived by fraudulent and inexperienced men and, in the end, have their game heads spoiled. For instance, there is a firm in a New Brunswick city which advertises to mount a moose head in ten days. I will describe this process, and you will readily see how impossible it will be to get good work done under such a process and in so short a time. After the head of a moose is secured, the scalp is taken off from the head and neck and partly fleshed. The flesh is taken off of the head, leaving the bones bare. The scalp is put in a salt and alum pickle for twelve hours. The next day it is mounted; then it goes to the dry room, where it gets its roasting. During the process of mounting, a rubber tube is put inside the head. This tube is connected with a hot air reservoir, and as soon as the head goes into the dry room, hot air is forced through the tube and the head is thus exposed to a strong heat, inside and out. This process is the cause, virtually, of the spoiling of every one of these heads. First, the scalp is not tanned when the mounting is done; on the contrary it is in a raw state, while, as a matter of fact, it takes twelve days to tan a moose scalp, owing to the thickness of the skin. In my past experience I have seen untanned scalps put on heads with the blood running out of them. In this hurry-up process, it is necessary to punch the scalp full of holes to let the hot air out. This perforating of the scalp makes it look as if the animal had the mange; every hole that is made cuts many hairs of different length and makes it look

irregular. I invite any sportsman who has had work done by this hurry process to examine his trophy and see the hundreds of holes in the scalp, and also see what a large amount of hair has been lost in punching them.

The next bad feature is the steam which is generated in the head by the heat, caused by the moist clay lying just under the scalp, and the raw, untanned condition of the scalp itself, which promptly begins to sweat as soon as the hot air is turned on. This makes the hair come out during the process, if the head is disturbed after it is dry. The hair and raw skin are baked together, and the sportsman is none the wiser until his trophy falls to pieces.

Another swindle. This firm will furnish a record moose head, and if you will permit me to use a few more lines, I'll tell how it is done. They will take a head that was shot early in the season, and the antlers not being very hard immediately after the velvet comes off, their scheme to defraud is readily carried out. They take a jackscrew and put it between the horns after removing the scalp, and force the antlers apart as far as they can. The head is then thoroughly dried in the dry room, and will remain spread. Then the scalp is replaced and often high prices are received for these artificial spreads, while there is no sign by which the unsuspecting customer may detect such a high handed fraud.

There are many of these taxidermists who advertise, and yet do not understand the business, nor can they do the work as it should be done.

CARL A. GARRIS.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Mass., May 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your many readers in Massachusetts will be pleased to learn that the committee on fisheries and game have agreed upon a bill relating to the open season for the shooting of upland birds which make the month of November *only* the season for quail shooting. No quail are to be killed in October. On Tuesday the committee gave a second hearing on House bill 251, on which it had reported favorably. It will be remembered that this bill provided for making November and December the open time for quail, which met with a general remonstrance from the sportsmen's clubs on the ground that more birds could be killed in December than in any other month, and for other obvious reasons. The sentiment of the committee has all along been strong for additional protection of quail, in view of the great numbers destroyed by the severe winter of 1904, the constant and rapid increase in the number of guaners, and the difficulty in procuring birds for restocking. It may be a disappointment to some of our sportsmen to be obliged to forego the pleasure of quail hunting in October, but I have no doubt most of them will approve the action of the committee, although it will result in "a split" in the season for upland shooting.

Another bill before the committee was one providing that the prohibition of fishing through the ice on Lake Quinsigamond be removed. This was championed by Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, who stated that more than 100 prominent men of his city had organized a trout fishing club and built a hatchery on Meadow Brook, a tributary of the lake, where they now have some 25,000 or more fry and young trout with which they propose stocking the lake. For that reason it is desired to have ice fishing allowed, so as to rid the lake of pickerel. Mr. Kinney said one of the men interested was Congressman Hoar, a son of the late Senator Hoar. Mr. Kinney's contention was ably seconded by Representative Jewett, of Worcester, and no one appeared in remonstrance.

The fishing at Sebago continues good and many large fish have been taken. The same is true of Clearwater, where the number of visiting anglers is increasing daily. Quite a number of salmon have been taken from Lake Auburn, but none of them very large. Moosehead is clear of ice and several Boston sportsmen, among them Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Foster and Mr. James H. Young, will start early in the week for that mecca for those who are numbered among the disciples of Izaak Walton.

CENTRAL.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 8.—About the usual number of bills amending the forest, fish and game laws were introduced during the legislative session just ended. A fair proportion of these measures was passed, several of them have become laws already. The following bills have been signed thus far by Governor Higgins:

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1074) making the offer of sale of grouse and woodcock in this State a violation of the law prohibiting the sale of that game.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1075) providing a penalty of \$60 for violation of the section of the game law relative to the taking of lobsters and an additional penalty of \$10 for each lobster taken. For every other violation of this section a penalty of \$100 is prescribed.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1076) providing that the placing of nets in Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters shall be presumptive evidence that the person intended to violate the fish and game law.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1077) correcting a typographical error in the section of the game law relative to the close season for woodcock so as to provide that not more than thirty-six woodcock shall be taken in an open season.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 1079) providing that in the use of nets in Coney Island Creek a passage unobstructed not less than ten feet wide shall be left for the passage of boats and fish.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 1087), providing that woodcock, grouse and quail taken in Orange county shall not be sold.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 1181), providing that in Orange county not more than twelve woodcock, grouse or quail shall be taken by any one person in one day, and not more than thirty-six of either variety in any one year.

Assemblyman Knapp's (Int. No. 1365), prohibiting transportation companies from bringing into this State

any fish caught in that portion of Lake Champlain known as Missisquoi Bay, province of Quebec, Canada.

Assemblyman Cunningham's (Int. No. 599), permitting the spearing of suckers, bullheads, eels and dogfish in the Delaware River in Sullivan and Delaware counties and in Sandsburg Creek, Warwarsing, Ulster county, from April 1 to Sept. 30.

Assemblyman West's (Int. No. 469), prohibiting the placing of carp in Keuka Lake or in any other waters inhabited by trout.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 265), repealing a provision of the game law permitting fishing through the ice in waters in the town of North East, Dutchess county.

Assemblyman Hammond's (Int. No. 534), prescribing the length of pike which may be taken in Oneida, Madison, Oswego and Onondaga counties.

Assemblyman Apgar's (Int. No. 86), adding Rockland and Westchester counties to those in which there is no open season for wild deer.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 263), providing that the close season for black and gray squirrels in Sullivan and Dutchess counties shall be from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30 following, and in Chautauqua county from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15 following.

Assemblyman Gray's (Int. No. 266), providing that woodcock shall not be taken in Tioga, Sullivan and Dutchess counties from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30 following; that grouse shall not be taken in Tioga and Dutchess counties between the same dates, and repealing a provision of the game law which prohibits the taking of grouse in Dutchess county prior to 1907.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 115), making it a misdemeanor to buy or sell game out of season.

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 305), providing a penalty of \$50 for each black bear taken out of season, and prohibiting the taking or killing of land turtles or tortoises.

The Senate's Committee bill (Int. No. 677), relative to the duties of the superintendent of forest fire wardens, and game protectors.

Assemblyman Bisland's (Int. No. 1175), amending section 40 providing that the close season for trout shall be from Sept. 1 to April 15, both inclusive, but if the 16th day of April shall be Sunday in any year, such close season shall end with the 14th day of April.

Assemblyman Wade's (Int. No. 249), providing that the meshes of nets used in Lake Erie shall not be less than one and three-eighths-inch bar.

These additional bills were passed and are awaiting the Governor's action:

Senator Armstrong (Int. No. 110), removing the prohibition against the destruction of the nests of crane, raven, common blackbird or kingfisher.

Senator Elsberg (Int. No. 76), amending section 170 so as to provide that the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission shall appoint a special assistant oyster protector, a resident of the Borough of Manhattan, at an annual salary of \$600. His field of operation shall be confined to the Borough of Manhattan.

Senator Drescher (Int. No. 82), adding a new section to be known as 180, and providing that three additional game protectors and one additional assistant chief protector shall be appointed. They shall be assigned to enforce the law for the protection of fish in Jamaica Bay and adjacent waters. The salary of the assistant chief protector shall be \$1,200 a year, with \$750 for traveling and other necessary incidental expenses, and the salaries of the additional game protectors shall be \$1,000 each a year.

Senator Armstrong (Int. No. 684), amending section 178 so as to direct the game protector to destroy nets or other devices unlawfully used; provided that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission may direct a game protector and to retain certain nets and seines for the use of the State fish hatcheries.

Senator Coggeshall (Int. No. 496), amending section 179 so as to allow Oneida county to make regulations as to the destruction of nets or other illegal devices seized for violations of the law. (Same as Assembly bill, Int. No. 794, by Assemblyman Gates.)

Senator Auld's (Int. No. 1016), allowing the State Commission to purchase from private individuals or corporations fish roe or fish eggs.

Senator Raines (Int. No. 147), adding a new section to be known as section 43-b, so as to provide that trout shall not be sold, exposed for sale or possessed for the purpose of selling from Sept. 1 to April 21 in any year.

Assemblyman Stevens (Int. No. 1216), amending section 47 so as to provide that the close season for trout in Rensselaer, Warren and Washington counties shall be from Sept. 1 to April 30, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Miller (Int. No. 994), amending section 52 so as to forbid the pollution of streams inhabited by fish in Queens, Suffolk and Nassau counties.

Assemblyman Whitney (Int. No. 1019), amending section 59-a, so as to permit the use of tip-ups and set lines in fishing through the ice in Big Sandy Pond, Oswego county.

Assemblyman Plank (Int. No. 958), amending section 6 so as to provide that pickerel, pike and maskinongé shall not be taken in the St. Lawrence River below the city of Ogdensburgh from Jan. 1 to April 30, both inclusive, nor elsewhere in the river from Jan. 1 to June 9, both inclusive.

Assemblyman F. C. Wood (Int. No. 428), amending section 172 so as to increase from \$1,200 to \$1,400 the annual compensation of assistant chief game protector. The annual salary of the other protectors is increased from \$600 to \$900, and their annual allowance from \$450 to \$600. The bill also amends section 187 so as to allow the State Commission to turn into the State treasury all the money received in actions to recover penalties, fines, etc.

Assemblyman Foster (Int. No. 262), amending section 48 to provide that maskinongé less than twenty inches in length shall not be possessed or intentionally taken, and if taken, shall without avoidable injury and immediately be returned to the water where taken.

Assemblyman Yale (Int. No. 771), providing that the open season for trout in Putnam county shall be from April 15 to Nov. 1, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Reeve (Int. No. 321), providing a new section to be known as 15-a so as to prohibit the taking, killing or exposing for sale of any land turtles or tor-

toises, including the box turtles; also amending section 16, so as to provide an additional penalty of \$25 for each wild moose or any such wild animal taken or possessed in violation of the law; also a penalty of \$100 for each turtle so taken, and a penalty of \$10 for each land turtle or tortoise thus taken. Any person failing to file a report with the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the killing or taking of the black bear is liable to a penalty of \$25.

Assemblyman Gates (Int. No. 651), amending section 14, so as to prohibit the taking of beaver by any device whatsoever.

Assemblyman Bisland (Int. No. 476), amending section 12 so as to make the close season for hares and rabbits in Sullivan county from Feb. 16 to Sept. 30, both inclusive, and in Schenectady county from Feb. 1 to Oct. 31.

Assemblyman Becker (Int. No. 778), providing for four special game protectors for Monroe county.

License and Gun Club.

MR. W. B. ANDERSON, editor of the Cumberland, British Columbia, News, writes of the local gun club: "The club is capable of encouraging and doing useful work in our midst. The majority of the officers and members of the club are in favor of the \$2.00 a year gun license. Every one who carries a gun can afford to pay it, and all who enjoy the sport protected by the government should be willing to pay something toward the cost of that protection. The government has practically protected the game, and the sportsmen have practically slaughtered it. In addition to the numerous benefits accruing from this license, the small boy, also the 'man who cannot shoot straight' will be protected. In many cases experienced hunters have been the victims of reckless shooters who shoot at every moving object they see in the woods. By becoming members of the gun club a boy or man is taught to handle his weapon, the various workings of a shotgun and rifle are explained to him, and when he goes out for a day's sport he feels that he does so without endangering his own or his neighbor's life by mismanagement. Dealers in game will be taught by the imposition of a license that it is a costly business to offend against the law, destroyers of grouse will be deprived of a market for their contraband goods, and in general, sportsmen will receive the benefits of the statutes which were meant to be enforced. The officers of the club receive no other reward than the approving consciousness of laboring in a worthy cause. Therefore we submit the gun club deserves acknowledgment for the good it has done in the past and encouragement in its efforts for the future. There seems to be an idea prevalent that the imposition of a license is for the purpose of preventing a certain class from shooting, whereas the idea is to create a fund to be applied to the preservation of game for the public good. Any person who shoots for the sake of sport should be able to pay the nominal fee suggested."

Lake Senachwine Night Shooters.

JOHN FAY, of Toluca, and Charles Spencer, of Hennepin, his pusher, were arrested last week for shooting at ducks after sundown at Goose Point north of Undercliff Hotel on Lake Senachwine, and were given fines, which with the costs, amounted to \$25.60 each. The arrest was made by Deputy Game Warden H. C. Barthleman, of Tiskilwa, assisted by Peter Francen, the watchman of the Princeton Game and Fish Club at Goose Pond.

Just before nightfall the flight of ducks over the marshes is usually pronounced, for it is at that time that the bulk of the ducks look for a place to roost for the night. Between sundown and dark the ducks fly low and within easy range. The objection to shooting ducks at that time is that it drives them from the places they might wish to settle over night and that the flashes from the guns frighten them so much that they leave the pond entirely. After sundown and as dusk approaches the bright flashes of fire can be seen coming from the muzzles of the guns every time a charge is fired. These flashes are plainly seen over the entire pond at dusk, being a thing that is not possible in the day time. It is what the hunters call "burning out" the ducks. To stop this practice the Legislature passed a law making it a misdemeanor to shoot at ducks before sunrise in the morning and after sundown in the evening.

Medicine in Camp.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For twenty-five years I have been a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM. I have read with much interest the many articles on "Medicine in Camp."

I am a veteran camper. Have camped both North and South and always carry a small medicine chest which contains such remedies as were mentioned in the various articles with the exception of the tooth forceps, which I will add this year. Toothache in camp breaks up that cheerfulness which is so characteristic in camps. Is not easily checked with medication at times when a pair of forceps will bring smiles in a few minutes. Of all the articles I have read there is one remedy that has been omitted and of its great importance I can testify. One ounce of mercurial ointment, commonly known as blue ointment, for the destruction of body pests which may be picked up in logging and lumber camps, in Pullman and steamer berths.

J. F. DETWEILER, M. D.

Prairie Chickens Near Davenport, Iowa.

DAVENPORT, Ia., April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On March 23 of this year I found four prairie chickens within four miles of this city. I was crossing a small field when a prairie chicken arose about a hundred feet ahead of me, and circling around, sailed past me to my left, at length settling down in a meadow a short distance away. As I went on a few feet, three more chickens arose and passing to the right of me sailed off to a nearby cornfield.

On April 15 I searched over the fields about this place but failed to find the birds again. One very rarely heard of prairie chickens being seen in this county. Occasionally a few are found in the counties surrounding us, but they are so scarce as to discourage any extensive hunting of them.

DONALD B. DAVISON.



Some Notes on Tarpon Tackle.

ON P. R. R. TRAIN WEST OF PITTSBURG, April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I promised to tell your readers a few facts concerning tarpon tackle that I have learned during the last two years, hence this letter. My remarks will be grouped under the following headings:

- First—Hooks.
- Second—Chains.
- Third—Wires.
- Fourth—Sinkers.
- Fifth—Lines.
- Sixth—Reels.
- Seventh—Rods.
- Eighth—Butt-Sockets.
- Ninth—Leg-Pads.

After experimenting with various hooks, I have come to the conclusion that the best one up to date is the large Van Vleck hook, sold by Wm. Mills & Son. There are other hooks that resemble it somewhat in appearance, but which are not as good. Some of these have the eyes flattened too thin, causing them to cut the wire when the latter is attached directly to the hook without an intermediate chain. This is a serious fault, and is likely to be the source of intense aggravation. The bronze color of the Van Vleck hook was thought at first by many fishermen to be objectionable, because of the possibility of its frightening the fish; but experience shows this surmise to be incorrect. Most of the experienced tarpon fishermen with whom I have talked on the subject agree with me in my preference for the Van Vleck hook, although I must confess that the large-size hook of Ed. vom Hofe is nearly as satisfactory.

Second—Whether the use of a chain between the hook and the wire increases the number of fish landed is a disputed point. Once in a great while I lose a fish by the breaking of the wire, where it joins the hook, but in such cases it is possible that had a chain been adopted the wire would have broken at its junction with the chain. My opinion is that the chain does give one a very slight advantage, consequently were I fishing where tarpon are scarce, I certainly would adopt it; but where they are plentiful, it hardly appears necessary, for the occasional loss of a fish adds to the uncertainty and therefore to the excitement of tarpon fishing. The real objection, though, to the chain is the increased expense of the snell and the fact that when the attached hook is broken or bent both the chain and hook have to be discarded. Were there some easy method by which sportsmen could attach the hooks to the chains, the adoption of the latter would soon become the rule instead of the exception.

Third—Thus far I must have tried faithfully at least a dozen different kinds of wire, and not one has proved to be perfect. The requisites for an ideal tarpon-snell wire are, great strength, toughness, and immunity from rust and deterioration in salt water. The ordinary steel wires rust quickly and become brittle, while wires of soft metals break under stress. My hopes have lately been pinned to phosphor-bronze wire, half-hard, and for my last trip I ordered a supply of it measuring one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, but I was furnished with some that scaled a trifle less than one-twentieth of an inch. It answered fairly well, but failed me three or four times in ten days. Had the diameter been as great as ordered, I think the wire would not have broken. It is my intention to try this metal again, using a diameter of one-sixteenth of an inch or the next larger size made. At the same time I tested Mr. Ed. vom Hofe's new rustless wire, which is said to be of nickel-steel, and found it unequal to its task. It failed me so often that I soon stopped using it. Perhaps if its diameter were double, this kind of wire would be satisfactory. The claim made for its being rustless is well founded, but the metal is rather soft.

There seems to be a prejudice against the adoption of wires of large diameter, because of their greater weight, but I find the latter to be an advantage in that it carries the bait deeper in the water. Generally, I am the most fortunate of all the fishermen in the party as far as getting strikes is concerned. This may be due partly to the fact that I study as much as possible the habits of the fish and try to troll where they are likely to be most plentiful, but I think it is mainly owing to my heavy snells, which reach the fish that are well below the surface of the water. The tarpon does not make a practice of remaining many seconds upon or near the surface, but ascends and descends frequently.

Fourth—A sinker should never be attached firmly to the line or snell, but so loosely that the first struggle of the tarpon will throw it off; for, otherwise, its inertia will be sufficient to jerk the hook out of the fish's mouth. The best and cheapest kind of sinker is one of the leads used for the peripheries of castnets; and it should be fastened with a short piece of very fine copper or brass wire twisted several times around the line or snell. Such a fastening is so slight that it will detach with a moderate shake.

Fifth—There has been lately quite a little controversy about the best line to use. Some over-fastidious sportsmen claim that a line stronger than No. 21 or No. 24 is not legitimate, but the experienced ones who go out to catch fish find that No. 36 gives the best satisfaction. Vom Hofe's line of the last mentioned number is the one that I now use exclusively; and I find that it is so strong as to obviate the necessity of doubling back twenty or thirty feet, as was my custom when I employed a lighter line. One objection to it is that a reel of standard size will hold comfortably only 400 feet. Unless one is fishing with the boat at anchor in a swift current and without a buoy attached to the

anchor rope, 300 feet of line will almost always suffice, but under the conditions named 400 feet will occasionally be found too short. One great advantage of the No. 36 line is its long life—I have still on one of my reels the remainder of a very long No. 36 line that has been used for three seasons, and I expect to try it again, although it has already been turned end for end. It is of smaller diameter than the No. 36 line that Mr. vom Hofe is selling to-day, and, in my opinion, is a better article, for it appears to be wound tighter.

Sixth—The most satisfactory reel that I have thus far found is Mr. Ed. vom Hofe's latest type with all the improvements, viz., the handle with adjustable friction drag and the automatic stopper that prevents it from being turned backward. I have, however, made two improvements to these details, first, the placing of a slide at each end of the handle instead of at one end only, and, second, making all of the metal faces that come in contact plane instead of cylindrical. Mr. vom Hofe has adopted the first improvement, but has changed the abutting faces, so as to make one plane and one cylindrical. This is not enough, for the cylindrical face will certainly very quickly pound down so as to permit of the handle's slipping back past the stopper, as it did when two cylindrical faces were in contact. Any good reel fitted with a Rabbeth handle and the stopper just described is just as satisfactory as the vom Hofe reel, and, in fact, I prefer the Rabbeth handle on account of its greater size and the better grip to the hand that it affords in consequence. This combination, by the way, effects considerable economy in purchasing a satisfactory tarpon reel.

Seventh—I am still using vom Hofe's greenheart and snakewood rods and find them excellent; but Mr. Mills has split bamboo rods for tarpon and tuna that are beauties, and it is my intention to possess one of them in the near future. They cost, however, nearly twice as much as the greenheart rods. The Mills rods all have one important advantage over all other rods that I have ever seen, viz., a lock or catch for attaching the reel in the seat. With other rods it is necessary to bind the reel to the rod substantially with cord. This takes time, and is awkward when one desires to change reels quickly.

Eighth—Butt-sockets are not yet employed at all generally, notwithstanding the fact that no tarpon outfit is complete without one. They afford great comfort to the sportsman when handling a heavy fish. I prefer to fasten the socket permanently to the chair by means of ordinary screws instead of by thumbscrews beneath, because the latter sometimes work loose and fall off. One objection, though, to the permanent attachment is that the socket may be stolen when the boat is not in use. This objection does not apply at Aransas Pass, where thieving is unknown, but it does for some places in Mexico, where the peons will steal everything that is detachable and is not too heavy to be carried off. Every tarpon fisherman should provide himself with a good butt-socket of stout leather.

Ninth—I still continue to use my leg-pads in spite of their awkwardness, and the trouble they give in putting on and taking off; but I am thinking of having another pair made of a different type by taking a pair of stout overalls, cutting the legs off at the knees, and attaching the wooden ribs to then on the outside by means of pieces of stout duck. A strap at the bottom of each leg may be advisable to hold the legs from slipping upward. My leg-pads certainly render much more comfortable the handling of large fish. This letter is written in the hope that it will evoke discussion from some of your readers, and thus augment the general knowledge of sportsmen concerning tarpon tackle.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

A Lot We Don't Know About Salmon.

THE work that is now being done by American biologists is, for accuracy and thoroughness, attracting the attention and admiration of scientists everywhere; the fields of investigation that are being explored are wide and diversified, and not a day passes which does not bring forth some valuable discovery.

One must be not only a diligent reader but he must have ample time at his disposal to keep in touch with all that is going on in scientific journals, but if he is able to digest even a moiety of all that is recorded in them he will be astonished, almost overwhelmed, at the evidences of the grand work that is being done in all directions.

The value of the results which have been obtained is, in many cases, almost inestimable, in fact, it is often quite beyond computation, such as, for example, the discoveries that have recently been made by Mr. Charles C. Jocelyn on the diseases of fishes. Although a vast deal has been accomplished, the opportunities for research that still remain are limitless, and some of them will prove of absorbing interest when the work of investigation begins. Among these the habits of the Atlantic salmon deserve immediate attention; the information concerning them possessed by ichthyologists is astonishingly small, and as the species seem to be almost threatened with extermination, every opportunity for improving our knowledge concerning it should be availed of.

Among my correspondents is a gentleman who, although well advanced in years, has lost nothing of his interest in the study of fishes, which, with him, has been the chief occupation of his life. Unfortunately for science he is now, by reason of the infirmities which fall to most men who attain his great age, unable to perform

the field work for which, as is shown by all his letters, he constantly yearns; but he is ever on the alert to acquire information regarding the habits and characteristics of our fishes and often makes inquiries of me, some of which I am unable to answer. Among them are the following:

"1. Does the salmon spawn annually, or is the work of procreation occasionally performed in alternate years only?"

"2. What, in your opinion, is the cause of and use for the elongated, hooked jaw of the male fish during the mating season?"

"3. Is the early run of salmon which began in the eastern rivers of Nova Scotia this year in February, a chance occurrence, or do the fish enter those streams thus early every year, and long before the ice goes out?"

To these questions I have been unable to give decisive replies, and this, too, although my acquaintance with the fish began nearly a half century ago. Biological investigation in the direction indicated by these interrogatories would be attended with no little difficulty, but something should be done, and that, too, without much delay, for opportunities for conducting it may not always offer, and it is for the purpose of calling attention to its necessity that I now pen these lines. Possibly the subject may create some discussion in these columns from which valuable points of information may be obtained.

Do Salmon Spawn Every Year?

To this question I cannot give a decisive answer, but I have no doubt that a certain proportion of these fish fail to mature ova in some years. I have not handled any of them later in the season than the date prescribed by law, which permits their capture by the angler, but I have often noticed that while the ova in some females is so far advanced at the close of the season that the pellets are large, almost one-half the size they attain when ready for expulsion, and have much the appearance of mature eggs, in some of the other fish, taken at the same time, the threads of ova are extremely minute, almost microscopic; so undeveloped were they, in fact, it seemed almost impossible they could in the following autumn be matured and ripened sufficiently for cutting, in which case they must, if the fish had lived, have gone over for another year.

Reasoning by Analogy.

The habits of our salmon and trout are similar in many ways, particularly in the matter of reproduction, and that the trout often fails to cast its spawn at the proper season in the autumn and goes by until the following year I have proved to my entire satisfaction. Late in December, 1904, I was so fortunate as to secure by the courtesy of the fishery officers a number of fine specimens, some of which were plump and exceedingly well conditioned; they showed no signs whatever of having cast their spawn, for the spent fish is always in evidence. One or two, however, showed every indication of having spawned, for they were thin and gaunt, were, in fact, "spent salmon" in miniature in many ways.

Now, judging by analogy, and we have a right to do that since the two fish belong in the same family, the salmon, like the trout, occasionally passes the spawning season without maturing its ova.

A Chance for Hatchery Officials.

This matter could be readily determined, however, by tagging the fish that are stripped at the hatcheries each year and noting the proportionate number of tagged fish which return with mature spawn the following season, for the salmon invariably returns to its native river in which the season of reproduction is passed.

As to the Hooked Jaw.

To the second inquiry I replied that, until the matter was specially brought to my attention, I had not given it much thought, but supposed that the hooking of the lower jaw of the male fish was a provision by nature to enable him to assist the female in preparing the "ridds" or spawning beds by scooping up and carrying to them the pebbles of various sizes, of which they are formed; but on reflection I saw that this was not a correct solution of the problem, for the male salmon takes but little part in forming the "ridd," leaving that work to be done by his industrious mate.

I suggested to my friend that it was possible that the hooking of the jaw was given the fish as a weapon against other males in combats which would be likely to occur; but this supposition also seemed untenable, for the reason that the tip is soft and velvety, which condition would unfit it for an offensive weapon.

A Variety of Opinions.

My friend asked the opinions of a number of other gentlemen, and the replies that came to him were strange and varied; one being to the effect that the elongated hooked jaw of the male in the mating season was given him for the purpose of holding the female somewhat after the manner in which the domestic cock seizes and holds the hen. Another gentleman of wide reputation as a scientist, replied that the "male salmon had his jaw hooked because he could not help it," and others believed that the curious formation was given the fish to serve as a weapon.

My correspondent did not accept any of these replies to his interrogatories as being of very much value, but he has, after much thought and study, worked out a theory which, to me, seems perfectly plausible and which, in my opinion, he ought to elaborate before the scientific world without delay, and I hope when he reads these lines in *FOREST AND STREAM* he will give in detail the views he has formed and show how and by what methods of observation he has arrived at his conclusions. I un-

d them perfectly and believe in them, but it would air for me to "trench upon his manor" by writing n.

Early Runs of Salmon.

is third question I replied that the salmon begin into the rivers on the eastern coast of Nova on or before the first of February every year, and Port Medway being the earliest of all, fish taken with the fly on Feb. 1, which marks the ng of the open season for anglers. Why these me into the streams which are at the season I amed, sealed with ice and the water is very cold, ly be conjectured, but by many it is believed that f Stream, whose western edge sweeps up outside ast, has an influence on the movements of the . As I have already written for FOREST AND an account of this departure from the usual of the fish, I will not devote much time to it here. habit is newly acquired and is to remain perma- consider that it will prove fortunate for the fish, presence of ice prevents the use of nets, weirs, d as the streams are then "bank full" there is g to prevent the ascent of the salmon to the lakes h they make their summer homes, and in ther e secure from poachers, for they will take neither r fly, and spearing or netting them would be al- possible.

e things I wrote to my friend and his reply was ws: "Do these early fish ascend the rivers under and if so, for what purpose? It can be proved y number of these early fish pass up stream under then I agree with you that it is a good thing they e early and escape the nets, which cannot be set e ice has gone out. The more I learn of the s of the salmon the more I am impressed with orance of their life history. But you do not an- my question whether you still believe that enter Nova Scotia rivers in February and re- until they spawn in October without eating, from o nine months. Because we have not yet discov- hat they eat in fresh water, is it not unscientific hat they do not eat at all? An English writer, Mr. on, who is by no means convinced that salmon uring their sojourn in fresh water, thinks they e minnow for a wounded fish and dash at it, owing mpulse which makes most animals attack a

Do Sea Salmon Feed in Fresh Water?

e we never find any food in salmon which have e the river a considerable length of time, it does ve that they fast continuously during their so- here, for even if their maws were well packed innows they might, probably would, be ejected he fish was on the line. I have repeatedly exam- e stomachs of these fish but never discovered any hem, nothing being present but a yellowish bile- id. But that they do break their long fasts occa- I have proved.

ne occasion, as I was playing a fish that had been river a long time, I noticed that it dropped from th, as it was struggling at my line, a small fish, on being secured proved to be a "parr" that the had pouched. This was the only instance of character that ever passed under my notice.

Atlantic Salmon.

most of the riv-ers the salmon, after the spawning is passed, descend to the salt water in which they recuperate during the winter months, an abun- of their favorite food being always obtainable but in some streams they remain in the large deep and in the lakes from which they rise, and do not l to the sea until late in the spring; these "kelts" t a scanty subsistence by feeding on such small emelts, etc., as they can obtain; this is notably the East River, which empties into a small bay mid- tween the Clyde and Port Medway rivers.

at stream trout anglers often capture these kelts ait, and this as late even as the close of April and ng of May.

"slinks" are voraciously hungry and come fear- to the line, but they give no play whatever and sily landed with ordinary stout trout tackle. Of they are absolutely unfit for food, and considerate return them to the water without injury; but in ne pool and at the same time the kelts are abid- re, fresh-run salmon come in and ascend the river lake from which it rises. I believe that none of elts remain in fresh water later than the middle y, and it would seem that, since they return to an at the time when the others are leaving it to to their summer homes they do not return for pose of spawning the following autumn, and con- ly the function of procreation with them occurs lly only.

e is no doubt about these peculiarities of East salmon, and such a thing as a fresh-run fish being it later than the end of May is unknown.

What Becomes of the Fry?

since there are bright salmon ascending the e the spring, and black salmon or kelts descending e must be ridds on the stream somewhere, and e must have been cast; but nowhere in the whole of the stream can salmon fry, parr or smelts be

We cannot for a moment believe that year after e fish have not mated and the spawn cast has not e fertilized, but what has destroyed the young fish atter of very great doubt. The East River is a s trout stream, the spotted beauties being found bout its whole length, and it is more than possible e young salmon in all stages of their existence fall to the rapacity of the trout.

river has no other varieties of fish than trout and ; a few eels being occasionally found in the pools, and during the early spring the smelts as- e river for the purpose of spawning, but they do nain long after the spawn is cast, and it is reason- o suppose that the trout in the absence of other plies prey upon their young cousins.

the destruction of young salmon in this river is e is evidenced by the fact that a smelt is never e waters and a grilse is equally unknown.

This condition of things is quite different from those which obtain in other rivers; in the Port Medway, for example, the smelts are exceedingly numerous, and hundreds of them are caught by the Indians for food. Of course this is a most wasteful method, but the Indians have for years been permitted to catch these young fish and no one seems to have sufficient courage to take measures which will abrogate this privilege. In the Liverpool River, also, there are many smelts, and grilse are so abundant that thirteen were taken with a single rod last June.

The Little Alaskan Blackfish.

A RETURNED hunter from Alaska was telling a remark- able story the other day in my presence regarding the little Alaskan blackfish and its habits. What particularly arrested my attention was his reference to the fact that it was no uncommon thing at all for numbers of this fish which had become frozen into a solid mass, to thaw out to life again. He gave me so detailed an account of the fish that I was easily able to recognize it as the *Dallia pectoralis* of Bean, which ichthyologically stands alone, somewhere near the pike-like fishes, especially the mud-minnows, and represents a very primitive type.

The hunter to whom I have referred, described the Alaskan blackfish as the most abundant of all the fishes in the fresh and brackish waters of the northern part of Alaska, where it is known to the white settlers as "black-fish," and forms one of the most important food re- sources of the coast region. It is about eight inches long, when fully grown, and in color is dusky brown, with whitish mottlings. Thanks to its sluggish disposition and habit of living in shallow waters in great numbers, it is the chief and constant food supply of thousands of per- sons. It is found in all the small streams of the low grounds, and even in the wet morasses, where at times there does not seem to be sufficient water to more than moisten the skin of the fish. Here there are generally thousands of the little fish. They are to be measured by the yard, the mass being as deep as the nature of their retreat will permit. A pond only partially thawed out by the short Arctic summer will be filled by them. Nearly every family has a trap for catching them, and during the greater part of the year tons and tons of them are captured daily. When taken from the traps the fish are immediately put into grass baskets, in which they soon freeze into a solid mass, so that when required for food or to be given to the dogs for their subsistence, they have to be chopped out with an axe or beaten with a club to divide them into pieces. Yet it is claimed that these fish have such surprising vitality that after remain- ing frozen in the baskets for weeks, when brought into the house and thawed out, they will become as lively as ever. When bolted by the dogs in frozen chunks, it is claimed that the warmth of the canine stomach occa- sionally wakes up the fish, their movements causing the animal great discomfort, and sometimes producing vomiting. L. M. Turner is quoted by Jordan and Ever- mann as noting one instance in which some of these fish were vomited alive by a dog under these conditions.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Pennsylvania Pickerel Propagation.

EVER since the organization of the Department of Fisheries there has been a strong demand for the propa- gation of pickerel to replenish numerous mountain lakes of northeastern and western Pennsylvania.

The superintendent of the Wayne county hatchery, Nathan R. Buller, has reported to the Department entire success in the venture. There are 15,000,000 eggs at this hatchery at the present time hatching and several mil- lions of little fish have already emerged from the shell. Simultaneously the superintendent of the Corry hatchery, William Buller, reports success in hatching grass pike. For several years the New York State Fish Commission has been propagating maskinongé for planting in Lake Chautauqua, but according to the United States Bureau of Fisheries, the work of Pennsylvania in propagating pickerel and grass pike is the first ever undertaken. While all the brook trout fry have not been distributed from the trout hatcheries in Pennsylvania, it is certain that the out- put this year will reach very nearly 8,000,000 of four months' old trout. From present indications all records made by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and the Pennsylvania Department of Fisheries will be broken this year and the output is likely to reach an enormous proportion.

During the month of April Pennsylvania wardens made fifty-six arrests and secured fifty-two convictions. The fines imposed aggregated \$1,140, making a record break- ing month in the number of arrests. The principal offenses were, selling fish out of season, short trout, and illegal nets. The arrests were made by fifteen wardens. One warden made eighteen arrests. In addition to the fifty-six arrests there were nearly a dozen arrests which were not decided by the magistrates until after May 1.

Lake Sunapee Fishing.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The salmon fishing at Lake Sunapee, N. H., has started off well this year. The ice went out of the main part of the lake April 25. I went up to the lake Friday, April 28, with three friends and on Saturday, the 29th, we caught five salmon, one 12 pounds, one 10 pounds, two 6 pounds each, and one 3 pounds. The salmon were all taken with live smelt, fishing from the dock, and four were taken on the dock at Blodgett's Landing.

Plenty of smelt bait can be obtained from Mr. Hun- toon as long as the weather holds cold, and they can be kept in the tank, but as soon as the warm weather comes they die in the tank and the fisherman must catch his own bait. The steamboats began to run this week and will take parties to any part of the lake at reasonable prices; the hotel at Blodgett's Landing is open, and several fishermen are already there. I write this for the benefit of any of your readers who may wish to do a little early fishing at a place that is not far away and not too expensive. Many large native square-tail trout are being taken by trolling, and the favorite bait is the "silver soldier," although they are using the phantom minnow and spoon baits.

GEO. H. GRAHAM.

Bomb Fishing in Brazil.

In a report on the importation of explosives into Brazil, Mr. H. W. Furniss, United States Consul at Bahia, writes of the bomb fishing. It appears that the dynamiter is as active in Brazil as in many parts of our own country:

"High explosives, detonators and fuses are all imported. The sale of high explosives is very limited. Its use, which is confined almost entirely to fishing, nearly trebled in 1903 as compared with 1902, due chiefly to the reduc- tion in price. A case of high explosives containing 500 cartridges, weighing fifty pounds net, is purchased by the retail merchant for \$36, fuse at 72 cents for 24 feet, and detonators \$2.88 per 100 for No. 6 and \$1.68 for No. 3. Fishing bombs, containing a stick of explosive and a detonator, to which is attached from three to five inches of fuse, are prepared from this stock. Such bombs are sold at twenty-four cents each, which gives a large profit to the retailer. The fishing bombs are used all along the coast and even in this harbor. There is a law against their use, but violators are seldom apprehended. The method consists in lighting the fuse and pitching the cartridge into water thought to contain fish, so timing the throwing that the bomb will explode when only a couple of feet below the surface, where the inquisitive fish will have rushed just in time to receive the concussion. I have seen great numbers of fish killed at one time by this method. Accidents through the careless use of high ex- plosives in fishing are quite common."

Grilse.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in the foot note under "How to Tell a Grilse," April 29, the following statement: "The male grilse may be sexually mature but not the female."

Dean Sage, in the book "Salmon and Trout," quotes: "Proven Facts in the History of the Salmon," from Chol- mondeley Pennell, in which he concurs. Following is the statement: "The eggs deposited by the female will not hatch under any circumstances unless vivified after ex- clusion by the milt of the male and, at least up to the period of migration, there is no difference whatever in fry bred between salmon only, between grilse only, be- tween salmon and parr, or between grilse and parr. The female parr cannot spawn, but the male parr possesses and constantly exercises the power of vivifying salmon and grilse eggs."

Dean Sage also says that on the Godbout female grilse are frequently taken with as well developed spawn as salmon at the same time.

DIXMONT.

Tarpon at Tampico.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A letter from my friend, Mr. David Bretzfelder, of Tampico, Mexico, informs me that a new English consul at that place, Mr. H. W. Wilson, broke the Tampico record for large tarpon the first time he went out fishing. The fish measured seven feet two inches long, and weighed 200 pounds and some ounces. Tampico is be- coming quite a famous place. Since I left there quite a few celebrities have been trying the sport. Among others the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lord Charles Beresford, Bourke Cockran, the Guinneses and Mr. Charles Gates.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

An Odd Catch.

OSSINING, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While a small boy was fishing at Croton-on-Hudson he ac- cidentally dropped his hook, baited with a worm, between the large stones used for protecting the roadbed of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. The worm was immediately seized by an enormous rat, which was caught and killed. We cannot hope to equal the exploits of our brethren on the Gunnison, who catch bull-bats on flies, but we are doing as well as circumstances permit.

E. F. B.

Ringed Flies.

SHELL, BIG HORN CO., Wyoming.—On April 1 you pub- lished an article entitled "Ringed Flies," which, I sup- pose, meant Pennell turned down eye hooks, in which the writer says it is only in the last two years the American dealers have had them, which is quite a mistake on his part. Charles Plath, of New York, filled an order for me of about four dozen in 1901, and at the present time all the first-class dealers have them. Why they are not used more extensively by anglers I cannot understand, as they are away ahead of the old-fashioned snelled fly, as anyone who has used them can tell you.

C. P.

Fish in the Erie Canal.

THE Erie Canal is well stocked in places with fish. There were taken from it last autumn (when the waters were drawn off) and distributed to nearby waters 3,200 black bass, 500 white bass, 500 pike and pike perch, 100 yellow perch, and 100 miscellaneous fish, or 4,450 in all.

New York Commissioner.

MR. JAMES S. WHIPPLE, of Salamanca, Cattaraugus county, has been appointed Commissioner of Forest, Fish and Game, in place of Dewitt C. Middleton, whose term of office had expired. Mr. Whipple was at the time of his appointment clerk of the Senate.

Quick Work.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of March 18 appeared for the first time the advertisement of the National Waterproof Boot Co. The paper was printed March 15, and mailed the 16th. On the 17th was written the letter given below, which sufficiently explains itself, and should be a strong hint to all advertisers as to the advantage to be gained by a description of their goods in FOREST AND STREAM:

"Jamestown, N. Y., March 17, 1905.

"Forest and Stream, New York, N. Y.:

"Dear Sirs—Yesterday at 4 P. M. I received your paper with our adv. in, and at the same time got an inquiry for a catalogue from New York City. To-day we have received fifteen letters asking for catalogues. Now, we think that remarkably good. We of course know that all comes through your paper. Later on when our ad. appears in other papers we will be unable to tell where they saw it, as only one letter states that they saw it in FOREST AND STREAM. Why would it not be well to add to the advertisement, 'Please mention FOREST AND STREAM'? Then we would know which paper to give credit to.

"We will receive our catalogues to-morrow, and will mail you some. Resp. yours,

"THE NATIONAL WATERPROOF BOOT CO."



YACHTING



THE RACE FOR THE OCEAN CUP.

As a yachting event pure and simple the race for the Ocean Cup presented by H. I. M. the German Emperor, will be of an epoch-marking character. Ocean racing has enjoyed great popularity within the last few years; its growth has been rapid and steady. This last event is all that could be desired.

The German Emperor is particularly fond of yachting, and his interest and enthusiasm have done much to promote the sport in Germany. During recent years the regattas held in German waters have been sufficiently attractive to induce owners of British yachts to cross the North Sea to participate in them. Yacht racing has not been in a very thriving condition of late years in England, and the absence of many of the crack boats while racing in German waters was keenly felt in their own regattas. Special inducements have been made to keep the British fleet at home by the various clubs, and the Kaiser doubtless realized that to have foreign starters in German events he must look further than England for them.

This and a desire to show his friendliness toward Americans were, we assume, the motives which prompted him to offer the cup for the ocean race.

The event has been an assured success from the beginning. Eleven vessels will start on next Tuesday, May 16, in the long race across the Atlantic, from Sandy Hook to the Lizard. Had the arrangements for the race been in the hands of men more familiar with American clubs and owners, the entry list would have been much larger, for there are many more available boats in this country whose owners would have started had they been approached personally.

Of the eleven starters eight are American, two are English, and one is German. It is not surprising that more foreign boats did not enter, since this necessitated making an Atlantic passage rather early in the year in order to be on hand in time for the start. The competing vessels vary greatly in point of size; Valhalla, the largest, is 240 feet on the waterline, while Fleur de Lys, the smallest, is only 86 feet, a difference of 154 feet. Of the yachts, six were built in the United States, and five in England. Atlantic is the only centerboard boat in the fleet. All the boats but Sunbeam, which vessel was launched in 1877, were built in 1890 or later, so they are all of fairly modern design and construction. Valhalla is rigged as a ship, Apache as a bark, Sunbeam as a topsail schooner, and Ailsa as a yawl. All the other vessels are schooner rigged with either two or three masts.

It is any boat's race until the finish line is crossed. The conditions to be encountered in an ocean race of nearly 3,000 miles are so diverse that it is next to impossible to form any conclusions as to the winner. It will be a test of navigation, judgment and seamanship rather than of the boats' speed. All things being equal, however, Atlantic, with her clean hull of modern design and huge sail plan, should win.

The owners of all the boats, except of Ailsa, will be aboard their respective ships during the race. Mr. Robert E. Tod, owner of Thistle, and Lord Brassey, owner of Sunbeam, will act as their own navigators; on the other vessels this most delicate and most important work will be left entirely in the hands of the professionals.

Those who will do the navigating in all the vessels have been interviewed and all have frankly declared their belief that the northern route was not only the shortest but the best. All conceded, however, that every slant would be taken advantage of, and their intention of going well north would not stand in the way should they find it advantageous to pursue another course, should better and more favoring winds be found.

It now remains to be seen whether the record of 13 days 20 hours 36 minutes made by that splendid ship, Endymion, in 1900, will be equaled or broken.

Revive the Catboat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read your editorial which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 22, and I consider it a very fine article and am sure you are correct in stating that the catboat has been neglected by both yachtsmen and designers, and can and we trust will, receive proper recognition in the near future.

What you say in regard to expense, balancing and handling, and, in fact, the entire editorial, expresses my views exactly, and I hope you will continue to give the catboat all the encouragement possible, that she may again be placed in her proper position.

I. M. WHITTEMORE,
President of Cape Catboat Ass'n.

Boston, May 2.

Sunbeam Arrives.

THE British topsail schooner Sunbeam, owned by Lord Brassey, arrived at New York on Saturday, May 6. She was the last of the three foreign entries in the race for the Ocean Cup to reach port. Sunbeam is one of the most famous cruising yachts ever built, and a number of the yacht's voyages were written up and put into book form by Lord Brassey's first wife. Lord and Lady Brassey were accompanied by Captain and Mrs. A. Parkenham. After passing Quarantine the owner, his wife and guests left Sunbeam and found quarters at a hotel in town and the yacht proceeded to the Morse Iron Works, South Brooklyn, where she was put on the dry dock.

Lord Brassey was interviewed at his hotel and he had the following to say to a representative of one of the big New York dailies:

"When I first heard of the Emperor's offer to give a trophy for a race across the ocean I had no idea of entering the Sunbeam. My yacht is thirty-four years old and I am more than twice that age, and the Sunbeam was not built for speed. But I knew that few boats in the English fleet would be entered, and to encourage the younger men in yachting who are not so enthusiastic as they should be, I decided to put Sunbeam in the race. I thought, too, that the idea of the Emperor was a good one, and that every one who could should give it support. I am devoted to yachting, and fifty seasons of my life have been spent on the water.

"There was a deeper motive though that influences me to enter the race, and that is explained by saying that most of my life has been spent in the public service of my country and for me there is no higher aim for a British statesman than to seize every opportunity to improve the cordial relations existing between the English speaking people. Such contests as the one to be started in ten days tend to this end.

"All my life has been much occupied with maritime concerns. In these days there seems to some to be a decreasing interest in British maritime affairs and a decay of interest in shipping. I do not share that view. It is the race, however, that I am most interested in just now, and so I must talk of my boat. In all my fifty years of yachting I never had a finer crew than there is now on the Sunbeam. We had a fine trip across the Atlantic. Every voyage that the Sunbeam has made across the Western Ocean has been by the southern route, and I recommend it as the most expeditious for one who depends on sail power. Lady Brassey, who is in full sympathy with all my yachting plans, joined the yacht at Madeira, and with her on board I could not risk the gales of the north Atlantic and so took the southern route.

"We left Southampton on March 27 and made Madeira in eight days. It took a day and a half to reach Las Palmas, and from Las Palmas to St. Thomas sixteen and a half days. It took eight and a half days to run from St. Thomas to this port. In all, we made 6,500 miles in thirty-four days. Three-fifths of the journey was made under sail, and the yacht averaged 194 miles a day. She averaged under sail eight knots an hour, but that is not what the Sunbeam can do, as we had light weather all the way and no chance for fast work.

"The Sunbeam is a composite vessel built of iron and teak and is coppered. She is rigged as a three masted topsail schooner. Originally she was schooner rigged and under that rig made her first voyage around the world. That was in 1876, but after that she was made a topsail schooner."

"Who is the captain of your yacht?" Lord Brassey was asked.

"Well, as far as I know, I am the captain. I am not an A. B. as far as knowing anything about knots and splices are concerned, but I am navigator and plot out the yacht's course when we are cruising and will do so in the race. The Sunbeam has sailed more than 300,000 miles in her time. She is not a fast boat, but is a wonderfully good cruiser and very comfortable.

"All is not easy on the Sunbeam, though, and when she is sailing fast there is plenty of motion. If I were to build another boat I would not copy the Sunbeam. Her rig is not the best for all sorts of weather. This was shown in this last passage. The Sunbeam is square rigged on the foremast, and when we were carrying the northeast trade winds from the Canary Islands we ran along with only the sails on the foremast set. The fore and aft sails were no good."

"Those in the race are much interested in the weather they are going to experience this month. What is your opinion of May weather on the Atlantic?"

"My experience with it is nil. But a general knowledge of the Atlantic in May leads me to believe that from May to July is the quietest time. The winter storms have passed and the West Indian hurricanes have not commenced. As far as the best passage is concerned, I have seen a specially prepared chart, which shows that those vessels that have gone in a beeline have fared as well as those that have taken a northern passage. A few years ago the Sunbeam sailed from the Chesapeake to Plymouth in seventeen days and was under steam only a day and a half, and she made another voyage from Nova Scotia to Dartmouth in thirteen days and steamed only a day and a half on that voyage. This shows that if the Sunbeam is favored with her weather she can do well.

"If the weather is heavy I look to the Valhalla to win, but if not then one of the American built schooners. I do not expect to win with the Sunbeam, and, as I said before, to win the race was not the reason I entered the boat."

Boston Letter.

EASTERN Y. C. OCEAN RACE.—Pursuant to an announcement during the annual cruise last season, the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. is now making preparations for an ocean race from Marblehead to Halifax, the start to be made on Monday, Aug. 21. A better time for starting such an event could not have been selected. The fleet of the New York Y. C. coming eastward to be the guests of the Eastern Y. C., will be in Marblehead at that time, and the yacht owners would be more likely to be desirous of entering such an event in consequence. Yacht owners of the New York Y. C. fleet have been invited to take part in the race. The distance from Marblehead to Halifax is something over 350 miles. It is expected that the Royal Nova Scotia Y. C. will cooperate with the Eastern Y. C. and that races may be arranged at Halifax.

The Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. is continuing the great activity evidenced last season, and has now arranged for more power boat races on account of the growing interest in eastern waters. With the power boat, annual and special open races, the ocean race and the club cruise, this is likely to be the most active year known in the history of the Eastern Y. C. The full schedule of power boat races, as so far arranged, is as follows: Tuesday, July 4; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 27, 28 and 29; Saturday, Aug. 26, and Saturday, Sept. 2. All of the power boat races will be held in the forenoon and will be sailed over the triangular course arranged by the Regatta Committee last season.

The club house at Marblehead will be opened for the season on May 27.

DORCHESTER Y. C. OFFICERS.—The following officers have been elected by the Dorchester Y. C.: Com., Oliver H. Davenport; Vice-Com., John P. Meade; Rear Com., Chester H. Swift; Sec., W. S. Mace; Treas., Hjalmar Lundberg; Meas., John H. Burroughs; Directors—H. W. Smith, Franklin H. Codman and Coolidge Barnard; House Committee—William E. Richards, John H. Burroughs and Harold P. Earle; Regatta Committee—Louis M. Clark, T. W. King, C. H. Swift, A. D. Pratt and H. Lundberg; Membership Committee—Albert F. Foster, Charles L. Carr, Arthur P. Nute and A. E. Rogerson. The opening night of the club will be May 20.

WITH THE 22-FOOTERS.—Four of the new 22-footers are now in the water. The new one for Commodore B. P. Cheney and Mr. Charles D. Lanning was launched last Friday, and has been tried under sail. Mr. W. H. Joyce's Tyro, recently completed at East Boothbay, will be out with the other new ones this week. Mr. Sumner H. Foster went to Boothbay last Saturday to sail her up to Marblehead. Mr. A. C. Jones' new one, built by Mr. Hanley, has not made her appearance yet, but is expected to be out within a few days. Mr. H. H. White's Medic II, which was found to be light, can take on the required additional weight without putting her out of the class. It was a closer shave with Rubie owned by Mr. H. L. Bowden. Rubie measured just 22 ft. and was about 300 pounds shy on weight. It is believed that by shaving the planking forward, where it is said to be greater than the required thickness, she can take on the required weight and measure under 22 ft. Medic I, now owned by Mr. George Lee, was launched at Graves' Marblehead yard last week. She is now painted white and looks very trim. Mr. Lee had no alterations made in the boat. She has a new set of sails, but they are cut to the original sail plan.

AT THE MARBLEHEAD YACHT YARD.—Messrs. Stearns & McKay have the 25 ft. speed launch for Mr. W. H. Stuart, Jr., in frame and partly planked. Her construction is very light and is a little out of the ordinary. She is built on a system of web framing in which Mr. W. B. Stearns has introduced a new wrinkle of his own. In addition to the regular frames, which are of mahogany, sawn applewood frames are placed at intervals. The longitudinal frames are let into the sawn frames and engage the regular frames, and liners are used over the regular frames. The planking is quarter-inch laid over linen and has the effect of double planking while the weight that would be necessary from two thicknesses is done away with. The boat is a very slippery looking model and should show a smart clip with a Napier engine of from 20 to 25 horsepower. Mr. Stearns has designed a launch for the Eastern Y. C., which will be built at once. She is intended for use by the Regatta Committee and will have sufficient power to give fair speed.

WOLLASTON Y. C. FIXTURES.—The following fixtures have been announced by the Wollaston Y. C.:

- May 30, Tuesday—Opening night and smoker.
- June 10, Saturday—O Quincy interclub race.
- June 17, Saturday—Wollaston interclub.
- June 24, Saturday—Ladies' day.
- July 4, Tuesday—Club championship.
- July 8, Saturday—Club championship.
- July 15, Saturday—Moonlight sail.
- July 22, Saturday—Clambake.
- Aug. 5, Saturday—Sonantum interclub.
- Aug. 12, Saturday—Moonlight sail.
- Aug. 19, Saturday—Club championship.
- Sept. 2, 3 and 4—Club cruise.

AMONG THE POWER BOATS.—Mr. John F. Anderson, of Philadelphia, is to have an 88 ft. cruising gasoline yacht built at Lawley's from designs by Mr. Fred. D. Lawley. She will be 12 ft. beam and 4 ft. 3 in. draft. She will be driven by two Globe engines aggregating 120 horsepower and is expected to show a speed of about 15 miles an hour. She will have good accommodations below decks. At the same yard the 66 ft. kerosene propelled yacht is in frame. She is 14 ft. beam and 4 ft. 6 in. draft. This boat will have a dining saloon deckhouse forward with a low trunk running aft. The accommodations will consist of three staterooms and a main saloon. The keel is

laid for a 35ft. open launch for a Boston yachtsman, to be used on Lake Winnepesaukee. She will have a 34 horsepower Sterling motor, which is expected to give her about 18 miles an hour.

At the Murray & Tregurtha shops the 35ft. hunting cabin launch for Mr. John J. Tobin was launched last Thursday and her trial proved satisfactory. Mr. T. H. Webb's 27-footer will be launched about the middle of the month and after a trial here she will be shipped to Chicago. Two 42ft. launches for Buzzard's Bay are nearly planked. They will have four-cylinder engines of 25 horsepower.

Mr. John B. Schoeffel's 90ft. cruiser is nearly completed at the Sheldon yards, Neponset. Mr. A. S. Bigelow's 65ft. cruiser, building at the same yards, is about ready for her engine, which will be of 75 horsepower. A 30ft. speed launch for Mr. Eben D. Jordan is almost all planked.

Commodore George W. Gardner, of Cleveland, O., has ordered a 25ft. power dory from the E. Gerry Emmons Co. She is to be used on Lake Erie. Mr. Gardner has been commodore of the Cleveland Y. C. for twenty consecutive years, and he has recently been elected to that office for life. The Emmons company is to build eleven sailing dories for the Shelter Island Y. C. These boats will be 18ft. over all.

The Toppan Boat Co. is building a power dory for Mr. Llewellyn R. Reakirt, of Cincinnati, O., to be used in Wisconsin. This boat will be one of the most elaborate of the type ever built. She will be finished in mahogany with inside panelings and will have very costly fittings. Her planking will be of the carvel type.

Messrs. Burgess & Packard have finished the 40ft. autoboat for Mr. William Wallace and she is now ready for her engine. It is as yet undecided what make will be installed, several being under consideration. They are busy getting the new yard at Marblehead ready.

CANADA'S CUP BOAT READY.—The Canada's Cup defender, which was built at Lawley from designs of Mr. C. F. Herreshoff for a Rochester syndicate, headed by Mr. Frank T. Christie, was hauled out of the shop last Thursday and made ready for shipment by rail. She has been set up at an angle, so that she may pass through the tunnels in safety. She will be shipped via the Boston & Albany and New York Central railroads. She will be tried out at Charlotte against the other two candidates for the defense of the cup.

SEAWANHAKA CUP BOATS.—Both of the Seawanhaka cup challengers designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman have been planked at Fenton's yard, Manchester. The boat for Mr. A. H. Higginson has been decked in. The work of laying the deck on the boat for Mr. J. L. Bremer will probably be started this week. Mr. Higginson's boat will be sailed by Mr. Reginald Boardman and Mr. Bremer's boat will be sailed by Mr. E. A. Boardman.
JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Rhode Island Notes.

EDGEWOOD RACING SCHEDULE.—The schedule of the Edgewood Y. C. has been decided upon by the Regatta Committee, and according to the layout, with the fixtures of the other clubs, the 30ft. cat class will have about thirty races in which to participate this season. Mr. Henry Ford, of Detroit, Mich., has offered a handsome silver cup to be contested for by the 30-footers in a series of three races. There will also be the Possner cup series in addition to the regular regatta and the events of other clubs. The Edgewood schedule is as follows:

- Ladies' Day and club regatta, Saturday, June 10.
- Possner cup series for 30ft. cats, June 10, July 4 and July 8.
- Ford cup series for 30ft. cats, July 15, July 29 and Aug. 5.
- Open regatta in N. B. Y. R. A. series, July 17.
- Open regatta, Sept. 2.

WANDERER IV.—The new cat Wanderer IV., designed by Mr. C. C. Hanley, of Quincy, Mass., and building at Messrs. Davis Brothers' shop at Warren for Messrs. H. J. and D. W. Flint, of Edgewood, is about planked in and will be finished in another month. The new boat is a typical centerboard racing cat, with an extreme forward overhang and a blunt stern. She is 34ft. 6in. over all, 24ft. waterline, and 12ft. 6in. breadth. The racing measurement under the two per cent rule will be about 27ft., and the boat will have to give a considerable allowance, about 12s. per mile to the others of her class. The construction is of the best and she will be stoutly rigged, with a hollow mast and gaff and standing rigging of steel.

NOTES.—Commodore F. T. Rogers' new auxiliary yawl Truant, flagship of the Rhode Island Y. C., built from designs by Messrs. Small Brothers, of Boston, was launched this week at Boothbay, Me. The owner, with the designer, and Secretary G. E. Darling and Mr. H. E. Barlow, of the Rhode Island Y. C., will go to Maine next week to bring the craft around to Narragansett Bay.

Mr. Frederick S. Noah is building at East Greenwich from his own design a 34ft. hunting cabin launch for Mr. H. R. Williams, of Hartford, Conn. She is 9ft. breadth and 2ft. 4in. draft, with the canoe type of stern, will be finished in oak and cypress and equipped with a twelve horsepower Hartford motor. Another boat of similar type, 33ft. over all, is building by Mr. Noah for Mr. W. A. Bardell, of New York. This boat is finished in oak with mahogany trim, and has a fifteen horsepower four-cylinder Buffalo motor.

The Chase Yacht & Engine Company, of Providence, has an order for a 35ft. cruising power yacht for a local yachtsman. The boat will be of modern design, the cabin trunk rising flush from the top sides.

F. H. YOUNG.

OPENING FOR AMERICAN MOTOR BOATS.—Very few motor boats are in use on this part of the St. Lawrence. There is not a single craft owned in this town of 12,000 inhabitants, with more than 500 well-to-do people, of which one-half could well afford pleasure boats. American manufacturers of the latest improved models would do well to send a man into this section. He would doubtless carry off some very good contracts from Three Rivers, as well as from the wealthy towns adjoining. There is no use in sending circulars. Only the individual soliciting of a first class salesman understanding the French language can make headway here.—James H. Worman, Consul, Three Rivers, Quebec, April 4, 1905.

Entries in Ocean Race for German Emperor's Cup.

Name.	Type and Rig.	L. W. L.	Owner.	Club.	Designer.	Year Built.	Net Ton.
Valhalla	Aux. Ship	240ft.	Earl of Crawford	Royal Yacht Squadron	W. C. Storey	1892	648
Apache	Aux. Barque	168ft.	Edmund Randolph	New York Y. C.	J. Reid & Co.	1890	307
Ailsa	Yawl	88ft.	Henry S. Redmond	New York Y. C.	William Fife, Jr.	1895	116
Hamburg	Schooner	116ft.	German syndicate	Imperial Y. C.	George L. Watson	1898	185
Utowana	Aux. Schooner	155ft.	Allison V. Armour	New York Y. C.	J. Beavor-Webb	1891	267
Sunbeam	Aux. Barque	154.7ft.	Lerd Brassey	Royal Yacht Squadron	St. Claire Byrne	1874	227
Thistle	Schooner	110ft.	Robert E. Tod	Atlantic Y. C.	Henry Winteringham	1901	235
Atlantic	Aux. Schooner	135ft.	Wilson Marshall	New York Y. C.	Gardner & Cox	1903	206
Hildegarde	Schooner	103.4ft.	Edward R. Coleman	Philadelphia Cor. Y. C.	A. S. Chesebrough	1897	146
Fleur de Lys	Schooner	101ft.	Lewis A. Stimson	New York Y. C.	Edward Burgess	1890	86
Endymion	Schooner	86.6ft.	George Lauder, Jr.	Indian Harbor Y. C.	Tams, Lemoine & Crane	1899	116

Designing Competition Suggestions.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the \$9,000 men are being satisfied with good things in the way of designs for cruising motor boats, why would it not be a nice idea for you to offer prizes for the best design of the smallest and cheapest motor boat cruiser wherein two congenial souls can cook meals and sleep with comfort? I take it that the word comfort in this case means a water closet, a place for one large or two small pneumatic mattresses, and ample cooking arrangements, for one cannot live by bread alone when on a cruise, and the better the things one has to eat the more successful will be the cruise, let the other conditions be what they may.

It has always been my idea that a boat 25ft. long could be made to do the trick if carefully designed. I see some of the other yachting papers are taking it up. The Motor Boat in a recent issue puts forth a design for a 25ft. cruiser, and the Rudder has one this month. The Rudder boat is evidently intended as a day cruiser only, having no galley or toilet arrangements. The Motor Boat design is the best thing I have seen yet, but doesn't exactly suit me. The galley seems woefully inadequate, and, as I said before, the flesh pots are extremely appealing on a cruise.

The \$9,000 boats you are showing are the highest types of their class. The only trouble is so few of us can afford to build them. Many, however, could raise \$1,000 if they could get for it the regular little floating hotel they are looking for. So get the people at work, make it \$1,000 limit, all complete, and award the prize to the man who turns out the design that will make the best boat for the least money. This is a good time to do it, and we can all be ready to jump in and place our orders early next fall.

APPLERTON, Wis., May 6.

DAMON.

Steamers for the Start of Ocean Race.

At the request of members of the New York Y. C., the flag officers of the club will provide the Iron Steamboat Company's steamer Cygnus to witness the start of the race for the Ocean Cup on May 16. The steamer will be in charge of the house committee, and tickets for members and guests, \$5.00 each, including lunch, may be obtained from the treasurer, Mr. Tarrant Putnam, upon application at the club house.

The steamer is licensed to carry 900 persons. The number will be limited to 500, and tickets will be issued according to priority of application.

The steamer will leave pier foot of Twenty-second street, N. R., at 11 A. M., sharp, Tuesday, May 16.

The steamer Sirius has been chartered by the Atlantic Y. C. to give its members and those of the Crescent A. C. and the Indian Harbor Y. C. an opportunity of witnessing the start of the ocean race. She will leave pier No. 1, Battery place, at 11 o'clock the morning of the race and touch at the Crescent A. C.'s dock going out and returning.

The Iron Steamboat Cepheus, which has been specially chartered by Captain James C. Summers to afford yachtsmen and their families an opportunity to witness, in comfort, the start of the ocean yacht race, will leave West Twenty-second street pier at 10:45 A. M., and Battery Park pier at 11:15 o'clock on the above date.

RECENT SALES.—Mr. Stanley M. Seaman reports the following sales: The motor yacht Pip, by Mr. R. M. Willis to Mr. A. Wineburgh, of Great Neck, N. Y.; the cruising yawl Adelaide, for Mr. E. S. Rowell to Mr. Emerson R. Newell, of New York city, and the Lawley knockabout Scintilla, by Mr. John R. Hoyt, Manhasset Bay Y. C., to Mr. David Kay, Jr., Newark, N. J.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. RACES.—The racing schedule arranged by the regatta committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. up to July 8 is as follows:

- May 27, Saturday.—Gig races (tentative).
- May 29, Monday.—Motorboat race, selected classes.
- May 30 (Memorial Day).—Open race, 33ft. class; club race, S. Y. C. 15ft. class, first race, first series.
- June 3, Saturday.—Club race for 33ft. class; club race for raceabouts; club race for S. Y. C. 15ft. class, second race, first series.
- June 10, Saturday.—Invitation race, around Lond Island, starting from Sea Gate; club race for S. Y. C. 15ft. class, third race, first series.
- June 17.—Saturday.—Club race for S. Y. C. 15ft. class, fourth race, first series.
- June 22.—Open races, selected classes.
- June 23.—Open races, selected classes.
- June 24.—Annual regatta, open races, all classes.
- July 1, Saturday.—Club race, 33ft. class; club race raceabouts; club race, S. Y. C. 15ft. class, first race, second series.
- July 3, Monday.—Club race, S. Y. C. 15ft. class, second race, second series.
- July 4, Tuesday.—Club race, S. Y. C. 15ft. class, third race, second series.
- July 8, Saturday.—Ladies' race for Hastings cups, 33ft. class, and the S. Y. C. 15ft. class.

Two series of races are to be arranged for the 15-footers. The first series will be sailed under the rules heretofore in force. All other races will be sailed under an additional rule, allowing hauling or laying on shore once in a calendar month, excepting August, during which month a boat may haul out or lay on shore twice.

MAWQUISI LAUNCHED.—Mawquisi, the new cruising launch built by the Gas Engine & Power Company and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Cons., of Morris Heights for Mr. A. G. Cooper, of Brooklyn, was launched last week. She is 47ft. over all, 9ft. breadth and 2ft. 9in. draft. Her power consists of two four-cylinder, four-stroke, 4½ by 5in. Speedway motors.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C. PROGRAMME.—The New Rochelle Y. C. will go into commission on Saturday, May 13. The following is the club's programme for the season:

- May 27, Saturday.—Spring regatta.
- May 27-30.—Spring cruise.
- June 10, Saturday.—Power boat race.
- June 30, Friday.—Annual smoker.
- July 1, Saturday.—Twentieth annual regatta.
- July 2-4.—Club cruise.
- July 15, Saturday.—Club race.
- July 29, Saturday.—Ladies' race.
- Aug. 5-14.—Annual cruise.
- Aug. 12.—Long distance race.
- Aug. 26, Saturday.—Club race.
- Sept. 2-4.—Club cruise.
- Sept. 16.—Annual clambake.

COLUMBIA Y. C. POWER BOAT RACE.—The Columbia Y. C. will hold its annual power boat regatta on the Hudson River on Saturday, June 3. The start will be at 2 o'clock.

COMMODORE REID'S APPOINTMENTS.—Commodore Daniel G. Reid, Atlantic Y. C., has made the following appointments: B. M. Whitlock, Fleet Captain, and J. H. Irwin, M. D., Fleet Surgeon.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

For a 60-Foot Waterline Launch.

SUBMITTED BY HARRY P. FISKE, NEW YORK CITY.

In working out this design the object has been to produce a good strong seaworthy boat, one in which outside cruising could be done at any time of the year, and have ample accommodation for a man and wife, two guests and a crew of three men besides a steward.

In order to comply with the requirements which specified a low trunk, it was necessary to have rather high freeboard to give full headroom.

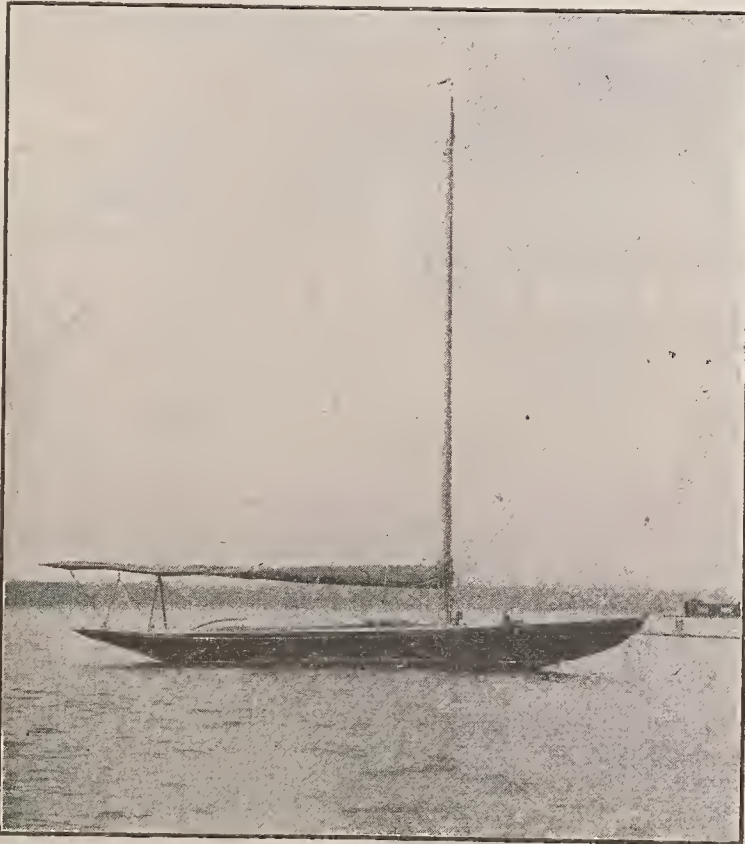
The deep draft which is within 2in. of the 4ft. limit, should tend to keep the boat from drifting off and the slack bilge would make her easy in a seaway. As it was desired to produce a boat for southern as well as northern cruising, copper sheathing was considered essential.

The sides of trunk are set in 24in. from outside of plank sheer and this affords ample room to pass forward and aft. Forward, as shown, is the bridge and from this position the helmsman has an unobstructed view in every direction. A mahogany rail supported by brass stanchions runs the full length of boat.

According to requirements, a short signalling mast is shown. As it was considered a necessity a 14ft. dinghy would be carried.

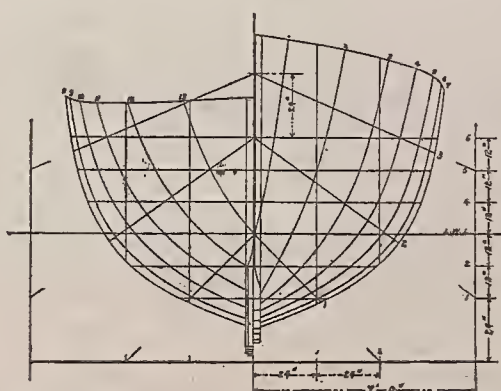
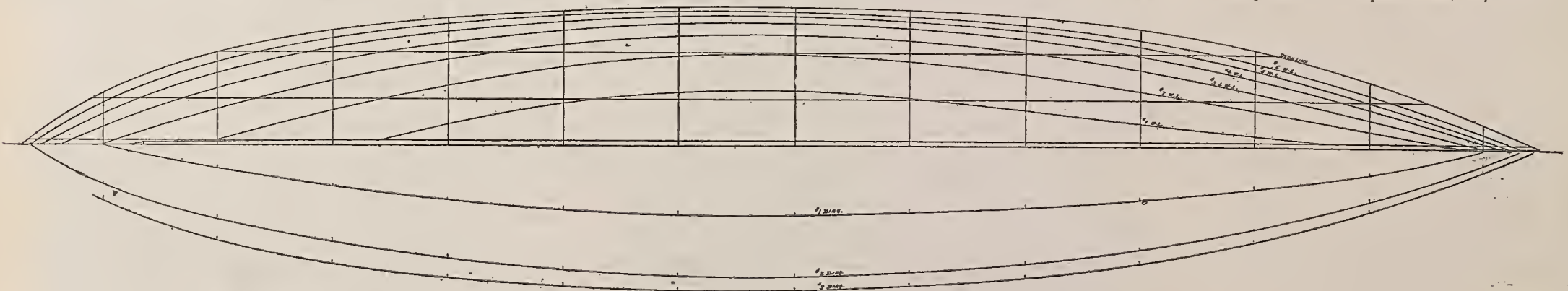
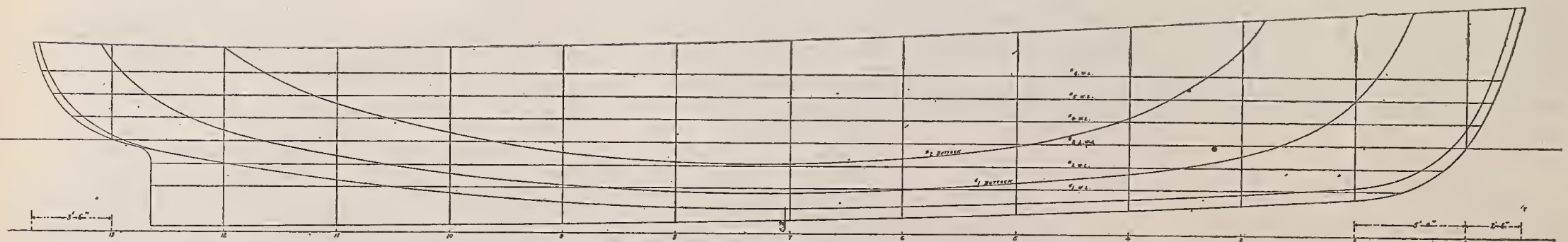
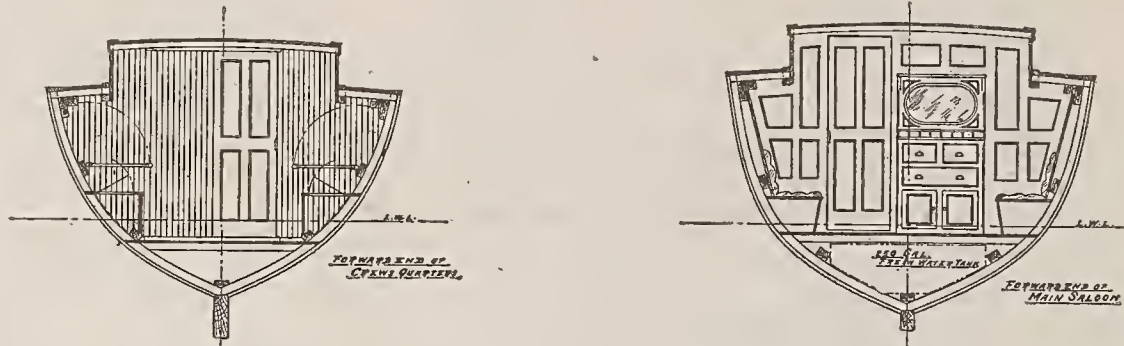
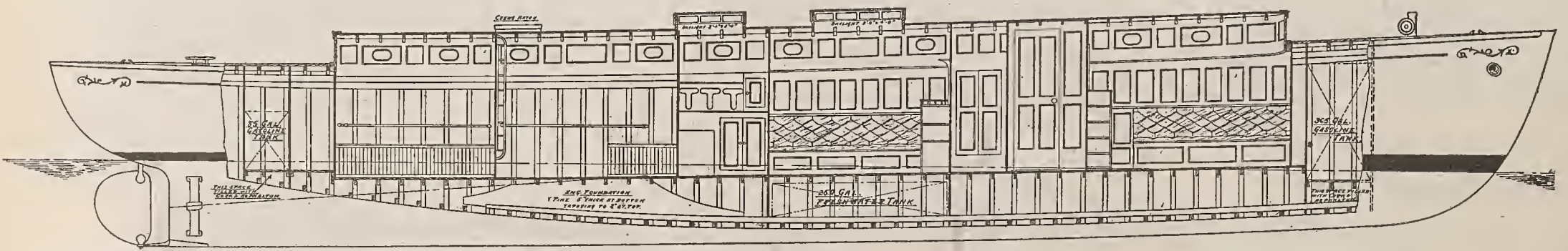
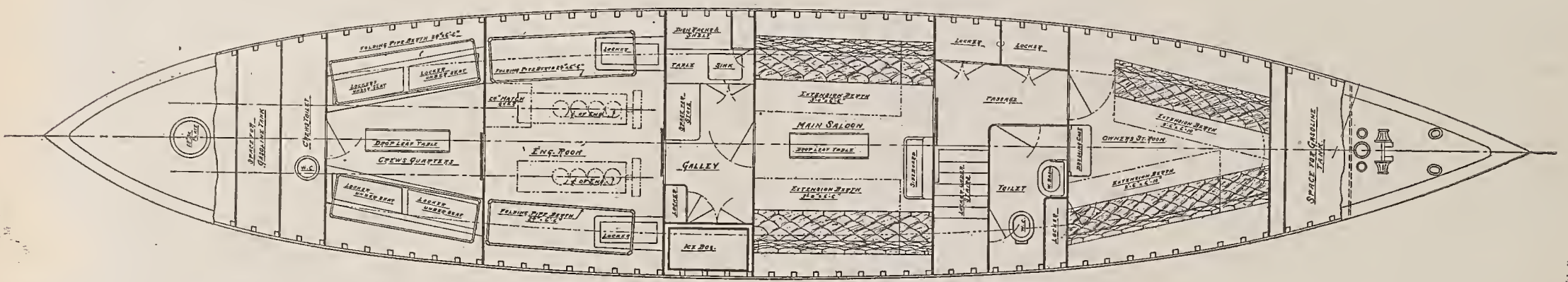
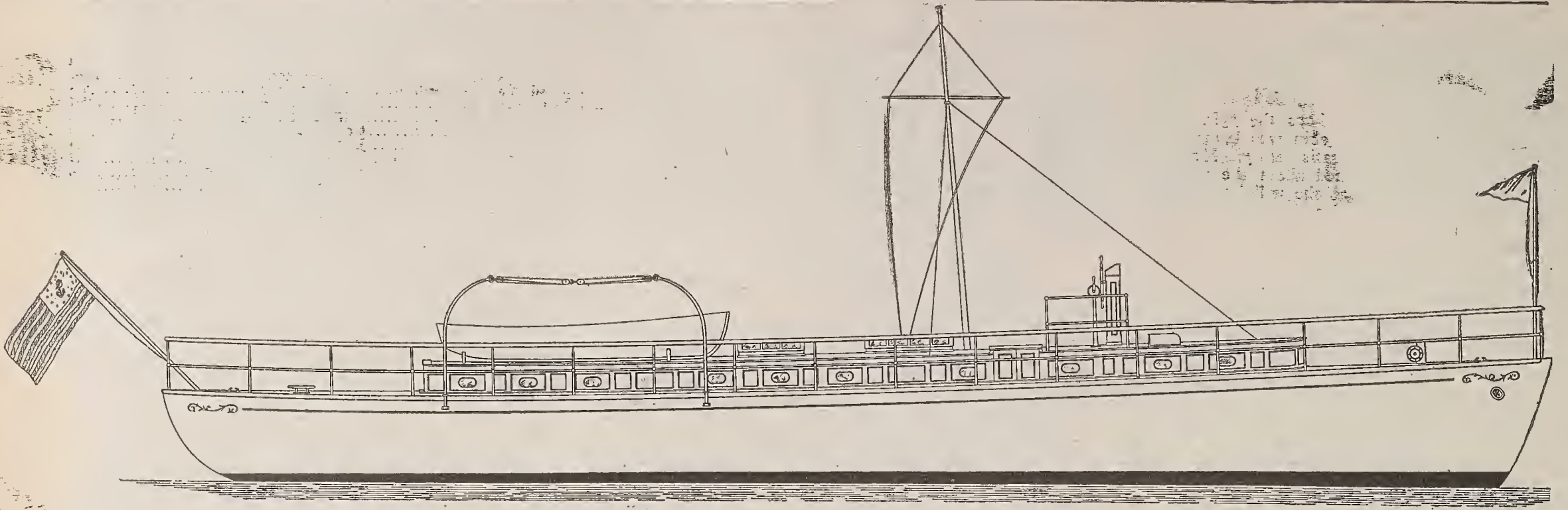
The propulsion will be by twin screws, as this possesses a great many advantages over the single-screw, especially in case of break down. The engines will be of the four-cylinder, four-stroke type, the combined horsepower of which will be 100. This should give a speed of fourteen miles per hour. Four hundred and fifty gallons of gasoline is considered sufficient for a cruising radius of 700 miles at eight miles per hour.

As a measure of safety and to avoid the danger of gasolene finding its way into the bilge, the tanks are located between water-tight bulkheads forward and aft, as shown. The forward tank has a capacity of 365 gal-



MORE TROUBLE.

Designed by Charles D. Mower, and built by the Huntington Mfg. Co., for racing in Class Q on Gravesend Bay.



Canoing.

Across Nova Scotia in Canoes.

(Continued from page 368.)

Thursday, June 16.

WE rose early, a little after sunrise, and after the usual hearty breakfast spent a few minutes patching the canoes with pitch and marine glue. This was done by taking glowing embers from the fire—Louis used a roll of birch bark, very inflammable—and dropping the melted pitch on the holes like sealing wax, having previously heated the surface so that the pitch would stick. This patching was quite successful but the boats were so badly scraped and cut that it was difficult to stop the leaks.

After this was finished we hastily loaded up and ran down through Kejamkoogic Lake, a beautiful sheet of water full of islands, large and small, through which long views of open water showed from time to time as far as one could see in the bright, misty sunshine of the early morning. We found the water in the lake shallow in some places with many rocks. The lake shores were densely wooded and numerous gulls and ducks were seen in every direction, some of the former followed us for quite a distance, screaming at us close overhead. Finally we encountered clusters of small islands through which it would have been impossible for us to have found our way without a guide, and picking out a hidden outlet, we ran out of the lake at a point known as the Eel Weir

right of the mouth of the river was a broad bay, possibly half a mile across, and almost directly in front of us was a low wooded point, which ran out some distance into the lake. Beyond that the main body of water was to be seen dotted with whitecaps, as quite a wind was blowing, the weather continuing stormy and threatening. There were no good camping spots in our immediate neighborhood, as the water was high, and nearly all the land was very wet or actually under water, so we decided to cross the arm of the lake to the point ahead of us, which Louis said was Wildcat Point, where we would find a good camping site. We started out and crossed to the Point in a roundabout way to avoid the worst part of the rough water, and finally landed in a little cove sheltered by overhanging trees. We pulled our boats out and found a clearing where other camps had been made by the lumbermen and proceeded at once to get things into shape for the night. It was then probably a half hour before sunset, and the Scribe managed to get a photograph of the main part of the lake, with the waves dashing over the rocks. The view of the lake was very fine from this point, as a very high sea was running and the waves were spouting high in the air over the numerous rocks scattered about in the shallow water as far as one could see. Our camp was in a small open space under a huge shade tree, and after supper Arthur and H. N. T. spent some time patching their boat.

Later, in the twilight, sitting around the camp fire, Louis found a copy of the Cosmopolitan in our pack containing a series of pictures illustrating the Joan of Arc story. He was intensely interested and the Scribe spent some time telling him the history of the unfortunate maid. All hands turned in early, as usual, and slept the sleep

ns and the after one a capacity of eighty-five gallons. he bottom of tanks rest on a water-tight floor or foundation 6in. below waterline. A 2in. hole on each side of boat will allow the water to circulate freely round tanks and carry away any gasoline that might come on outside from leakage or other causes. The supply pipes will be run outboard from tanks to engines. This so does away with the possibility of gasoline finding its way into the bilge. The engines will exhaust under water the after end of engine, instead of having the exhaust pipes carried way aft, as is usually the case. This makes impossible for heat from exhaust pipes coming in contact with after tank and also saves weight.

All living quarters have received careful attention in regards to light, ventilation, etc., and are not cramped, as is usually the case. A companion stairs land in a passage between the owner's stateroom and main saloon. On the port side of this passage are two large lockers, and on the opposite side is the toilet, fitted with stationary ashbowl, water closet, towel racks, etc. There is a locker under stairs opening into toilet which can be used for clean towels, linen, etc. The toilet, besides being conveniently located between stateroom and main saloon, is accessible from the deck without disturbing those who are sleeping below.

The owner's stateroom, 9ft. long and extending full width of boat, is fitted with extension berths, locker, dressing case, etc. This compartment will be well ventilated by two air ports on each side of trunk and a dead-light overhead.

The main saloon, which is 8ft. long, is fitted with extension berths, sideboard and table with drop leaves. Our air ports and skylight will supply sufficient light and ventilation. This room will be used for sleeping at night if necessary.

The galley, which is large and commodious, is aft of the main saloon. On the port side it has a stove, sink, ash racks, table and locker for pots, pans, etc. On the starboard side is a locker and large icebox. The galley is thoroughly lighted and ventilated by two air ports and skylight. A sliding door leads from the galley into the engine room at the forward end and on each side of which are lockers with hinged covers which can be used for the stowage of oils, spare parts, etc. There is a hatch at the after end of engine room and this, with four air ports, should give good light and ventilation. This compartment will also furnish sleeping accommodation for two of the crew and for this purpose a folding pipe berth 6ft. 6in. long by 24in. wide is shown on each side. There will be ample space between the engines for the crew to pass forward and aft between the galley and crew's quarters.

The crew's quarters come aft of the engine room and have two folding pipe berths and mess table with drop leaves. On each side are seats with hinged covers; each of these seats are divided up into two parts, which make very good clothes lockers. The crew's toilet is aft and has a water closet. The port side can be fitted with hooks for hanging up oil clothes, etc.

As it was considered advisable to have as much deck room as possible aft, the trunk was not carried over the crew's toilet. There is 4ft. 8in. headroom in the crew's toilet. All other quarters have full headroom.

The following are the principal dimensions:

Table with dimensions: Length—Over all...66ft. 0in. Waterline...60ft. 0in. Beam...12ft. 0in. Overhang—Forward...2ft. 6in. Aft...3ft. 6in. Draft to bottom of skag...3ft. 10in. Freeboard—At bow...6ft. 3in. At stern...4ft. 3in. Least...4ft. 1in. Displacement...17.25 tons. B. aft of forward end of L.W.L...30.20

Weights.

Table with weights: Blanketing...4,300 Pounds. Frames and floors...4,000 Lamps...1,102 Ceilings...1,134 Fuel and deadwoods...1,860 Deck...900 Lanksheer...450 Roof...800 Loooring...500 Deck beams...600 Floor beams...350 Trunk sides and port lights...537 Gasoline and tanks...3,600 Other work...4,000 Upholstering...175 Anchor and chains...425 Tools...1,000 Indlass...150 Hooks, cleats, etc...50 Nail stanchions...300 Oats and Davits...280 Mastenings...450 Copper sheathing...500 Oillets and basins...250 Ruts...125 Propellers...175 Rafts...250 Rudder and stock...206 Bars and rigging...150 Engine foundations...300 Engines and piping...4,500 Water and tanks...2,200 Allowance for miscellaneous weights and soakage...3,027 Total...38,640

Equal to 17.25 tons displacement.

Waterproofing Canvas.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y., May 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: Can any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM tell how to make waterproofing for folding canvas canoes?

I have purchased two works on canvas canoes and how to build them, but all either has to say on the important subject of waterproofing is to paint with linseed oil colored to suit the fancy of the builder. Now while this would be all right for a rigid boat, in my judgment it would not answer for a folding canoe, as the canvas would be liable to crack if folded closely when dry.

Will some one please oblige me by giving the desired information? J. W. S.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



HUNG UP AT THE FOOT OF THE RIFT.

and so down through Loon Lake, and Little Lake Falls. The country was quite open here but very flat; in fact, we saw very few ridges or hills of any prominence through this day's journey and the day before. The river was noticeably wider and after passing Little Lake Falls we went through a series of small lakes and easy rapids between. We passed a party of four fishermen, two gentlemen with their guides, having great sport with the trout, at one of these rifts, and they came down with us, or rather behind us, a mile or two, and all of us finally stopped at a fair-sized rapids, Loon Lake Falls, where we pulled the boats ashore and spent a half hour fishing. We had our customary luck at this point with the trout, running about one pound and lighter. In fact, so good was the sport that even Charles O. was tempted to try his hand and the Scribe took the opportunity to secure photographic evidence of his downfall. Arthur and Louis busied themselves at lashing a broken six-foot paddle, and a ration of chocolate was served all around. We left our friends here and went on down stream ahead of them. The canoeing was notably easier through this part of the journey, as there was plenty of water in the rapids, although the waves were heavy and the current swift. We had lunch on a small spot on the river bank on the right hand side, among a wood of young alders and birches, and the camp was made historically famous by the invention of rice pudding by H. N. T.; this was simply a mixture of boiled rice, raisins and sugar to suit the taste. Charles O. and Carl packed the extra supplies of chocolate in birch bark, which amused Louis. A quick lunch was necessary at this point as the weather was threatening. We tried the can of ham at this lunch and found it not so bad. A short time after we left the camp it commenced to rain but not very hard, although all hands prepared for it by covering over the duffie in the boats.

We ran on down through fine open scenery, low woods, marsh and good moose country; coming to the vicinity of Lake Rossignol we found the water very high which puzzled Louis considerably until we found out later that it was due to the new dam at the Indian Gardens, some fifteen or twenty miles below. We passed Trout Rock and a circular pool where the lumbermen make up their rafts in the spring time before crossing the lake, and then through a marshy country where the mosquitoes were bad and thousands of night hawks and whippoorwills were circling over the sedges. To the

of weariness. This camp was known to the party as Wildcat Point Camp.

Friday, June 17.

Chas. O. was the first man up, about 5 A. M., as we had to make an early start in order to get across the lake before the wind got up. If a breeze had been blowing, there was a strong probability that we would have to spend the day on the point, since the lake becomes quite impassable for canoes under a moderate breeze. The others were thinking reluctantly of dragging themselves out of their comfortable quarters, when a trampling was heard in the bushes some distance away, and Louis gave a quick exclamation, and threw a stone in that direction. A moment later he stuck his head in the tent, and asked us excitedly whether we had "heard that moose." Everyone was immediately agog, and H. N. T. wriggled out of his sleeping bag and dashed for his camera. Louis said that the moose had not gone very far, but was moving about some little distance away in the underbrush. The Scribe all this time was hastily fumbling with the camera, setting the stops and the shutter, focusing for the proper distance, etc., and as a view of the animal was evidently possible from a short distance down the trail leading to the shore, he hastened down this in his bare feet, and waited for the moose to pass an open space in the trees on the way to the lake for a drink. The crashing in the bushes continued getting nearer and nearer, and H. N. T. had everything prepared to take a snapshot of the noble monarch of the forest, when suddenly the animal emerged into view. The moose had a smooth coat of light brown, with large white patches, and two long gracefully curved horns; in fact, it exactly resembled in appearance a steer, and upon consulting Louis, this is what it turned out to be. The news was hailed by the other campers with great delight, and continued to be a joke on the Scribe for the rest of the trip.

Breakfast consisted of the usual bill-of-fare, thoroughly enjoyed by everybody, since we were pretty cold and stiff knocking around getting things ready before breakfast, and it was generally not until we had finished the meal, and smoked our respective pipes, that we commenced to feel like living.

We started off shortly after sunrise to cross Lake

Rossignol, which is about 10 miles wide, and pretty well filled with islands. Louis said there were 365 of them, but he was probably counting the stones that stood out above the surface of the water everywhere. As we were still crossing the lake, more than half the distance, a strong breeze sprung up astern, and helped us along, so that we made exceptionally fast time. We kept trolling lines out, about 75yds. astern, with spoons, to try our chances of picking up a fish or two. Out in the middle of the lake we stopped paddling for awhile with the boats together and took some photographs, admired the scenery, and had a bite of chocolate all round. We then pushed on to the exit of the lake, which is quite narrow, and under normal water, very swift. The water, however, was about 2 to 3ft. over its usual level, so that it was simply a strong eddying current sweeping through the outlet, and no noticeable fall. A small circular lake, or inclosed bay, formed the exit to Rossignol, and was known to the lumbermen as "The Hopper," from its use as a storage place for logs in the spring. Here the rafts were collected and made ready for the run down the river to the mills below at Milton and Liverpool. A large rock stood directly in the center of the outlet, called "The Screecher," and the large boat stopped beside this, while H. N. T. tried a few casts over the deep water, without success. Chas. O. and Carl, who had dropped behind to try some fishing a little further back, caught up with us and took photographs of this beautiful spot. Chas. O.'s boat went through the Screecher, but our boat went around by a detour through another exit, where we ran across a proclamation bearing the royal coat of arms, and setting forth certain severe penalties against parties starting forest fires. The point that impressed Louis, as we read this proclamation to him, was that no excuse would be accepted. The penalty, we believe, was five years' imprisonment. Just before we passed out of the lake, Louis pointed out to us an open district, far off in the distance to the west of us, known as "Lord Dunraven's Bog," where there were reported to be caribou.

After casting our lines across the exit of the Hopper for some time without success, we gave it up, and paddled down easily with the steady current into the head of the Second Lake, a little sheet of water probably 5 miles wide and free from islands. We were puzzled for awhile by two objects some distance out in the lake, which seemed to change their size in a most remarkable manner, until we discovered they were two loons, which would first paddle around with their bodies entirely out of water, and as we drew nearer they would sink themselves until only their heads remained above the surface. After a time, these, too, disappeared, and we saw nothing more of them.

This part of the country was very familiar to Louis, as he had not only learned it thoroughly in the summer time, but also had followed the lumbermen in their work through the winters and early springs. He had many little anecdotes of experiences he had gone through, which were all the more interesting from our being on the spot as he related them, and seeing the actual points of interest themselves. At one time he would describe how the lumbermen worked their heavy rafts of logs across these lakes by running out a long line of some 500 feet by means of a small rowboat, and then dropping it overboard with an anchor attached to the end, whereupon the men on the raft would wind it in with a windlass, thus hauling the raft that distance. The rope would then be unwound from the windlass and carried out in its full length again, and the operation repeated again and again until the raft was worked across the lake, a very slow and tedious process. Again he would describe how he had seen the Hopper jammed full of logs, so that it was possible to walk clear across it on the tightly packed mass. The rough-looking lumber jacks would be scattered around getting the logs into position, and working like beavers to finish the work in time for the spring freshet. Again we would pass a small island, where Louis had lost a good hunting coat the winter before, and we actually stopped and looked around a bit, to see whether we could find any traces of it, since anything lost in this part of the world is likely to stay just where it was put, without chance of being found, except by the original owner. Louis seemed quite disappointed that the coat was not there, although this was probably some six or eight months afterward. He blamed our failure to find the coat to the excessive high water, caused by the new dam some five miles below.

By the time we had crossed the Second Lake we were commencing to feel pretty hungry, and looked around anxiously for a suitable camping spot. The banks of the lakes and the connecting streams were very forbidding, covered with high rocks and tangled underbrush, with no comfortable places to stretch out and make camp properly. We kept on, hoping to find a good site at the foot of First Lake. The breeze was blowing quite strongly astern, and we tried experiments in sailing by hoisting our coats, sweaters, etc., on the paddles, and made quite respectable progress while we were filling our pipes and taking things easy for a few moments. The party kept getting more and more tired and hungry, and there were numerous calls for lunch. Finally, we came to the end of First Lake, everyone ready to get ashore and take a rest from the constant paddling, and we made for a wooded point, which Louis had been heading for. Just before we reached this, he showed us an open stretch extending back some little distance into the woods, and described how he had been unfortunate enough to shoot a moose just at the close of the season the winter before, and was compelled to leave the meat behind, since the date the law allows for killing moose would be past by the time he got it down to civilization. He very nearly lost his life crossing from the point we were approaching over to the other side of the lake, on account of a weak spot in the ice along the shore, which he finally managed to negotiate after several narrow escapes. When we reached the point we hunted all around, both sides, for a dry spot for our camp, but the ground was wet and swampy from the high water, and obstructed by dense tangles of vines and underbrush. We pushed our canoes in a little way, trying to reach high ground,

but the boats promptly got tangled in the overhanging obstacles, and we could see no prospect of camping there; we then had to push out into the lake again, and headed for a small island that lay possibly a half mile away in the direction we were traveling. We crossed over to this, but it, too, was almost under water, except for a number of rounded boulders that stood out in the center of it, and these were surrounded by small bushes and trees and the usual tangle of thorny vines, so we gave that place up. We were almost considering fixing up a cold lunch in the boats, but this did not seem very inviting, so we took Louis' suggestion, namely, to push on to the Indian Gardens, about three or four miles below. Carl and Chas. O. stopped behind, however, at this island for about a quarter of an hour, and got out some chocolate, and a few odds and ends, to stave off their hunger, which was pretty extreme by this time. This gave us a chance to get quite a distance ahead of them, so we arrived at the Indian Gardens when they were barely more than a speck in the distance up the lake. There was quite an extensive clearing here, which covered a small plateau above the dam, and a grassy slope rising up to it from the shore of the lake above the dam. We pulled our boats ashore and piled the duff on a dry spot, along the water's edge and then Arthur and the Scribe went out in their empty boat to take a photograph of the place from the lake. This was the first stretch of real grass that we had met with on the trip, and we threw ourselves full length under the huge shade trees, and had a few minutes' rest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Atlantic Division News.

FOR the information of those members of the Atlantic Division who would take in the cruise and meet at Park Island, Trenton, N. J., May 27-30 inclusive, the following is a preliminary notice, the camp circular will appear in about a week:

The Transportation Committee are: Joseph O. Rickey, Chairman; H. T. McNiece, Trenton; F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway; New York; M. Ohlmyer, care of F. H. Leggett & Co., New York; W. N. Stanley, 66 Broadway, New York; E. M. Underhill, Yonkers; C. T. Mitchell, 415 Girard Bldg., Philadelphia.

Members in these different localities and clubs should communicate with the above men to perfect arrangements for shipments before the 20th if possible.

Many men will think it impossible to go on the cruise, being unable to leave business Monday, but they can make the run to Trenton probably before nightfall, or better still, leave their boats at Lambertville in charge of one of a crew running tandem or ship from there.

There will be plenty doing to interest those who come over Saturday or Sunday to the island, and Tuesday the Regatta Committee, of which M. D. Wilt, 711 North Front street, Philadelphia, is chairman, will have a programme of eight races to add interest for those who feel strong. Novel prizes will be given to the winners in all events, and the chairman would be pleased to receive contributions from those interested, to defray the expenses.

Monday evening the annual meeting will be held, after which a camp fire will be given by the Park Island Club.

A large attendance is looked for and correspondence and notice of intention to be present is solicited.

W. A. FURMAN, Vice-Com.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. East, Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.
Executive Committee—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York; E. M. Underhill, Box 262, Yonkers, N. Y.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 211 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Commodore—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg.
Purser—J. C. Milsom, 736 Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Executive Committee—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.; H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—D. S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Rear-Commodore—Wm. W. Crosby, 8 Court St., Woburn, Mass.
Purser—William E. Stanwood, Wellesley, Mass.
Executive Committee—Wm. J. Ladd, 18 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.; F. W. Notman, Box 2344, Boston, Mass.; O. C. Cunningham, care E. Teel & Co., Medford, Mass.; Edw. B. Stearns, Box 63, Manchester, N. H.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 James St., Montreal, Can.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto, Ont.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Charles J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—George Q. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

"Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 164 Fairfield Ave., Stamford, Conn., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 24-25.—Union Hill Park, N. J., Independent New York Schuetzen. Gus Zimmerman, Capt.
July 24-25.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.

The Team Match at Union Hill.

THE formal opening of Union Hill Shooting Park, Union Hill, N. J., took place May 4, and was a thorough success, in spite of the adverse weather conditions. The day opened fine, but before noon a heavy wind storm broke, accompanied by clouds of dust, there having been almost no rain during the month so far. The temperature fell rapidly, and the wind continued strong all day. The most interesting feature was the team match, in which eleven clubs were represented. The New York Central Schuetzen Corps team won, closely followed by the New York City Schuetzen Corps team, with the New York Schuetzen Corps men third. High man in each team won a medal, R. Bendler, of the New York City Corps having high score. Michael Dorrier was first in the bullseye target, while George Schlicht took first prize for most points. The scores of all the events follow, the shooting being at 200yds., offhand:

N. Y. Central Schuetzen Corps.	N. Y. City Schuetzen Corps.
W J Daniel.....191	R Schwaneman163
H D Muller.....194	R Bendler226
Charles Ottmann.....192	W Grapentin210
Jacob Hess.....213	H C Radloff.....169
D Scharninghaus.....182	John Wagner.....146
Christ Gerken.....191	C D Rehm.....152
F Schroeder.....162	A Kronsberg.....206
F Rolles.....162	R Busse.....182
G Viemeister.....173	A Keller.....122
H Bockmann.....141	J Munz.....157
F Brodt.....141	Jos Dierkerschmidt.....175
J Von de Lieth.....149	Geo Schroter.....149
M Teschmaker.....129	J Facklamm.....184
F Kost.....180	Two average scores.....339—2580
Gus Zimmermann.....194—2594	

New York Schuetzen Corps.	Harlem Ind. Schuetzen Corps.
B Zettler.....209	C Weber.....197
J C Born.....188	E Karl.....188
A W Lemcke.....136	H B'umenberg.....155
G Ludwig.....195	A Fenniger.....144
C Meyer.....207	A Muller.....140
F Facompre.....169	H Behrman.....175
J H Klee.....152	Zacharowski.....139
F Busch.....180	G Thomas.....187
F Von Ronn.....171	A Fegert.....202
D Pepper.....161	C Mastvogel.....147
H D Meyer.....104	J Mauck.....83
O Schwaneman.....176	C Thiebarth.....158
P Heideberger.....168	H Goerke.....194
H Lohden.....172	H Koch.....167
J Hainhorst.....133—2521	L Rokohl.....184—2410
Deutsch-Am. Schuetzenbund.	Hoboken Independent S. C.
C Meyer.....173	H Cordes.....140
G Dorr.....165	E Fisher.....199
Wm Last.....151	A Peters.....201
H Fruchen.....133	H Bahn.....189
M Reahm.....182	A J Volk.....159
H Brunning.....139	J Meyers.....140
R Reimer.....141	A F Gerken.....143
Emil Roller.....153	H Schoeder.....128
O Schmidt.....130	C Bosse.....159
J Lufe.....165	C Bobbe.....114
A Meyer.....169	L P Hansen.....215
G Schlicht.....202	E Berckmann.....139
J Andt.....157	F Glintz.....84
F A Reimer.....168—2397	C Magnus.....80
	C Otten.....148—2288

Schweizer Schuetzen Ges.	Union Hill Schuetzen Corps.
J Strehler.....186	L Hauenstein, Jr.....174
A Dietrich.....198	H Untereiner.....
H Montlee.....159	J F Hotz.....159
J Reish.....169	F Michel.....75
C Ruengler.....135	F Dorner.....132
M Simen.....184	W Krienzler.....122
J Kogi.....84	S Scott.....153
C Sohner.....161	A Froun.....179
J J Gobler.....190	J Lane.....72
A Steiner.....156	C Hasrich.....87
J Jielnick.....113	P Stump.....76
John Simen.....171	G A Hoffman.....141
J Hufenless.....91	A Mohlieb.....91
R Gruberman.....114	I Dietz.....159
C Zimmerman.....108—2219	F Wahlers.....127—1747
Hoboken Schuetzen Corps.	N. J. Schuetzen Gesellschaft.
H Strappenbuck.....98	A Schutz.....189
W Forkel.....193	C Klemme.....140
F H Brinker.....161	P Neuendorfer.....136
H Lohman.....177	C Nolins.....186
C Koehler.....123	Wm Weber.....152
F Hogen.....100	J D Nube.....159
C Schilling.....122	H Behnecke.....146
J Gutschow.....164	G Teschner.....53
H Heuman.....190	J Burkhard.....78
J Berger.....176	Wm Kutschinck.....144
H Mulschler.....92	P Weisskerch.....85
H Moller.....84	M Busch.....50
G Schulman.....60—1740	Nelgbert.....122
	No. 1.....49
	No. 2.....28—1717

Hoboken City Schuetzen Corps.	
A Meyers.....137	C Trempler.....162
P Schmit.....58	J Schultz.....93
J Labousen.....45	Westphal.....143
J V Dohn.....130	G Lehmann.....110
H Ertmeyer, Jr.....120	F Hanke.....112
Wm Welz.....111	E A Meyer.....138
Kerchegessner.....69	Driese.....169—1597

Individual medals: Barney Zettler, New York Schuetzen Corps, 209; Jacob Hess, New York Centrals, 213; R. Bendler, New York City, 226; Wm. Forkel, Hoboken Schuetzen, 193; L. P. Hansen, Hoboken Independents, 215; M. Driese, Hoboken City, 169; A. Fegert, Harlem Independents, 202; George Schlicht, D. A. S. G., 202; August Kempf, Union Hill Schuetzen, 179; A. Dietrich, Schweizer Schuetzen 198; A. Schulz, N. Y. S. G., 189.
Bullseye target, degrees: M. Dorrier 17, Scharninghaus 29, O. Smith 29½, Schlicht 44, Kronsberg 45½, Zimmerman 50½, Berckman 57, Facklamm 65½, Hauenstein, Jr., 69, R. Schwaneman 69½, R. Busse 71, Rehm 71, Fischer 76, Ottman 80½, Barning 85½.

Most points:			
G Schlicht.....230	\$15 00	C L A Gerken.....83	5 00
R Busse.....222	12 00	J Facklamm.....76	5 00
H D Muller.....180	10 00	E Fischer.....72	4 00
M Dorrier.....175	9 00	R Bendler.....61	3 00
O Smith.....139	8 00	G Zimmerman.....56	1 00
L P Hansen.....117	7 00	C Meyer.....56	1 00
H F Barning.....105	6 00		

Red flags: First, C. G. Zettler, \$2. Last, George Schlicht, \$1.50.
Best three bullseyes: Michael Dorrier 17, 33, 42.
Rings: George Schlicht, most 24s; M. Dorrier, most 22s; R. Busse, most 21s.

United States Revolver Association.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 2.—The United States Revolver Association has awarded the following medals during the past month: To Morris D. Stepp, M.D., Cleveland, O., a bronze and silver medal on scores of 85, 87, 89, 86, 85, 87, 88, 87, 90, 89.
To Reginald H. Sayre, M.D., New York, bronze and gold medal on scores of 91, 90, 90, 91, 92, 92, 92, 91, 90.
To Chas. J. L. Sundburgh, Jamestown, N. Y., a bronze medal on scores of 82, 84, 82, 84, 84, 81, 86, 86, 85, 88.
A bronze and gold medal on scores of 90, 90, 91, 91, 91, 91, 93, 93, 93, 90.
To Thomas Le Boutillier, New York, a bronze and silver medal on scores of 89, 85, 86, 86, 85, 89, 85, 85, 91, 91.
To Edgar B. Hawkes, Wakefield, Mass., a bronze and gold medal on the scores of 90, 92 90, 91, 91, 91, 92, 93, 93, 93.
J. B. CRABTREE.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- May 11-12.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawaset Gun Club third annual spring tournament. W. M. Foord, Sec'y.
- May 13.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club all-day shoot. Wm. Dutcher, Mgr.
- May 14-16.—Des Moines, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 16-18.—Herrington, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 16-18.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association ninth annual meeting and tournament; \$600 added money and prizes. F. E. Mallory, Sec'y.
- May 17.—Boston, Mass.—Gun Club annual invitation team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.
- May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y.—Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
- May 17-18.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club. James Lewis, Sec'y.
- May 17-19.—Stanley Gun Club of Toronto (Incorporated), Can., annual tournament. Alexander Deyo, Sec'y, 178 Mill street, Toronto.
- May 19.—Warwick, N. Y.—Gun Club first shoot of monthly series. J. A. Ogden, Capt.
- May 19-21.—St. Louis, Mo.—Rawlins first semi-annual tournament; two days targets, one day live birds. Alec. D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
- May 20.—Castleton Corners, S. I.—Mullerite Gun Club thirteenth shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
- May 20-21.—Shakopee, Minn.—Gun Club tournament. Mathias A. Deutsch, Sec'y.
- May 23-24.—Minneapolis, Minn.—Gun Club annual tournament. H. Marston, Sec'y.
- May 23-25.—Lincoln—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- May 24.—Catskill, N. Y.—Gun Club tournament. Seth T. Cole, Sec'y.
- May 24-25.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Catchpole Gun Club tournament. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
- May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.
- May 28.—Jersey City, N. J.—Hudson Gun Club all-day tournament. James Hughes, Sec'y.
- May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky State League shoot, under auspices of Jefferson County Gun Club. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.
- May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Cleveland, O.—Gun Club's tournament.
- May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's all-day target tournament; merchandise. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Mullerite Gun Club all-day shoot on grounds of Point Pleasant, N. J., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
- May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club fourth annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshal, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J.—Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club annual Decoration Day tournament. T. V. Smith, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Lawrence, Mass.—Second annual Memorial Day tournament. R. B. Parkhurst, Sec'y.
- May 30.—Fifth annual Decoration Day tournament of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
- May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Anastasia Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
- May 31-June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
- June 3.—Long Island City, L. I.—Queens County Gun Club open tournament. Richard H. Glasman, Sec'y.
- June 5-6.—New Paris, O.—Cedar Springs Gun Club tournament. J. F. Freeman, Sec'y.
- June 6-8.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament under auspices of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club. W. R. Hobert, Sec'y.
- June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament.
- June 8-9.—Dalton, O.—Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt.
- June 3-4.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association amateur tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
- June 9.—Shamokin, Pa.—Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
- June 11-13.—Chef Menteur, La.—Gulf Coast Trapshooters' League shoot, under auspices of the Tally-Ho Club. John Spring, Chairman.
- June 13-14.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. R. E. Dinger, Capt.
- June 13-14.—Butler, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
- June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
- June 13-15.—Canton, O.—Trapshooters' League tournament.
- June 14-15.—Durham, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association second annual tournament. Geo. L. Lyon, Pres.
- June 14-15.—Middletown, Wis.—Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Sec'y.
- June 15.—Champlain, N. Y.—Gun Club annual tournament.
- June 16-18.—Putnam, Ill.—Undercliff Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. G. Grubbs, Mgr.
- June 20-21.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Rod and Gun Club tournament, Vernon L. Perry, Sec'y.
- June 20-22.—New London, Ia.—Gun Club tournament.
- June 21-22.—Bradford, Pa.—Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y.
- June 22.—Towanda, Pa.—Gun Club tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.
- June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
- July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
- July 4.—Shamokin, Pa.—Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
- July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
- July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich.—trapshooting tournament.
- July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.
- July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
- July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
- July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.
- Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
- Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
- Aug. 22-23.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
- Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament.
- Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
- Sept. 4 (Labor Day)—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; \$25 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap.
- Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
- Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
- Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.

Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.
 Oct. 12.—Fall tournament of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, on grounds of Dover Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Harvard Gun Club team defeated the Princeton Gun Club team at Princeton, May 5, by a score of 218 to 200.

The Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club announces a sweepstake shoot for Decoration Day, commencing at 1 o'clock.

Mr. Frank L. Pierstorff, Secretary, writes us that the Middleton, Wis., Gun Club will hold a tournament on June 14-15.

Owing to the pressure on our trap columns this week, several reports of shoots are necessarily held over till next week.

Mr. John Spring, Chairman, writes us that the Gulf Coast Trapshooters' League will hold a shoot under the auspices of the Tally-Ho Club, at Chef Menteur, La. The address of the club is Box 488, New Orleans.

At the second tournament of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut, held on the grounds of the New Britain, Conn., Gun Club, May 2, nine teams contested in the team event. New Haven was high with a total of 78.

Mr. Ed. Voris, of Muncie, Ind., recent winner of the English Hotel cup from Mr. J. W. Farrell, has been challenged by Mr. A. C. Spencer, Muncie, Ind., to contest for it. The grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club will be the place of contest.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, announce an all-day shoot, to be held on May 28. Competition will begin at 9:30 o'clock. Targets, 1½ cent to visitors. The next regular shoot of the club will be held on May 14. New traps are being installed. Mr. James Hughes is the Secretary.

The Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club has set a special day, Wednesday, of each week, for new members who hesitate to shoot on the regular days with the more experienced trapshooters. Mr. Dickman has kindly offered to take charge on that day, and with other members, will be present to help any one who desires help.

The Oak Hill Gun Club, Pittsfield, Mass., provides eleven programme events for their tournament, fixed to be held on May 30, on the club grounds, at Pontoosuc Lake. The events are at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets; a total of 200; total of \$13 entrance, and \$25 added. Targets, 1½ cent. Sweepstakes optional. The two 25-target events are merchandise contests. Mr. John Ranshausen is the Secretary.

There are fifteen 15-target events, alternately known and unknown angles, on the programme provided by the Auburn, Me., Gun Club for their Decoration Day shoot. Distance handicap, 16 to 20yds. High guns, \$10, \$6 and \$4. Low guns, \$1, \$2 and \$3. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. "Guns and ammunition, express prepaid, sent to J. F. Emerton's store, 94 Main street, will be delivered on grounds."

Mr. J. A. Ogden, Captain, writes us as follows: "The Warwick Gun Club, of Warwick, N. Y., will begin a series of monthly shoots on Friday, May 19, a programme of 125 targets will be completed each day. Shooting begins at 1 o'clock. Conveyance at the Demerest House, 12:45. Shooting dates for subsequent months will be given in ample time. Open to all amateurs; the professionals are always welcome."

The Fish and Game Protective Association, of Little Falls, N. Y., have issued the programme of their shoot to be held on the club grounds, May 30. There are fifteen programme events, alternately class shooting and merchandise. Total entrance, \$9.25. High average, sole leather gun case, value \$8. Shooting begins at 10 o'clock. Shells sold at cost. Shoot rain or shine. Mr. G. L. Kretser, Secretary of the Committee.

The Anolatan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., for their shoot to be held May 30-31, will each day add \$100 in money. High amateur average, first, \$10; second, \$5. High professional average, gold watch. The programme is alike for each day, namely, ten 20-target events, \$10 added; entrance, \$1.40. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Monday, May 29, practice day. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, sent care of Wm. Wagner, 207 Pennsylvania avenue S.E., will be delivered on the grounds free. Sliding handicap, 16 to 20yds. Mr. Miles Taylor, 222 F street N.W., is the Secretary.

The annual intercollegiate team contest, held on the grounds of the Clearview Gun Club, near Philadelphia, May 6, resulted in a victory for Princeton Gun Club team. Williams, of the University of Pennsylvania, was high in individual scores. He broke 47, a 98 per cent. performance. Scores: Pennsylvania: Longnecker 41, Smith 40, Way 40, Williams 47, Appleton 39; total 207. Yale: Morrison 38, Pugsley 40, Borden 44, Thompson 43, King 45; total 210. Princeton: Stutesman 45, McIlvain 43; Frick 46, Munn 41, Pardee 45; total 220. Harvard: Ward 42, Wickersham 44, Marshall 44, Bartlett 42, Foster 43; total 215.

Ten events each day, at 15 and 20 targets, \$1.50 entrance, \$2 added constitute the programme each day of the Catchpole Gun Club tournament, Wolcott, N. Y., May 24 and 25. No. 7 each day is a merchandise handicap event. First prize, Smith gun, first day; Ithaca gun, second day; other prizes also. No. 5, on the second day is the Mullerite event, first prize of which is a gold badge, valued at \$10 and 30 per cent. of purse. Second, 25 per cent.; third, 20 per cent.; fourth, 15 per cent. Totals each day, 170 targets, \$15 entrance; \$12 added. Targets, 1½ cent. Class shooting: Guns and ammunition, will be delivered on the grounds if shipped charges prepaid, to Thacker Brothers & Co. Mr. E. A. Wadsworth is the Secretary.

The programme of the Nebraska State Sportsman's Association tournament is now ready for distribution. The dates are May 9-12; the place, Hastings, Neb. The programme consists of thirty-three target events for May 10-12, May 9 being practice day. Of these, ten are at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$10 added. Event 20, for Denver Post trophy, is at 100 targets, \$10 entrance, \$50 added. Event 21, 25 targets, 50 cents entrance, is for the State championship and a Stevens gun. Even 13 is the Mullerite event, 20 targets, for a gold watch. The remaining events are at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, \$7.50 added. Class shooting. Competition is for amateurs. Ship guns and shells to G. A. Mann, Hastings, Neb. The Secretary is Mr. Geo. L. Carter, Lincoln, Neb.

Mr. Wm Dutcher, the energetic manager of the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., writes under date of May 7: "Everything is almost completed for the big shoot May 13 next. Messrs. Morgan and Hopper have been at the grounds every day looking after the arrangement of things. The carpenters have finished. There are platforms, seats, house for magautrap; in fact, everything in up-to-date style. The painters will finish the rest on Tuesday. All will be delighted when they visit the grounds next Saturday. Also I think they will witness the largest gathering of trapshooters seen in Jersey in years—expect from fifty to seventy guns during the whole afternoon. This will be a good day for the trade to be on hand. The shoot will start at 9:30 A. M. Take Singac cars to Jackson Road. Shells at the club. Everybody welcome."

BERNARD WATERS.

Magic City Gun Club.

MUNCIE, Ind., May 5.—The annual spring tournament of the Magic City Gun Club of this place was held May 3. The occasion was favored with ideal weather conditions and fair patronage, twenty-seven shooters in all taking part. W. D. Stannard was high gun among the trade representatives, who were permitted to shoot for targets only. An aged dentist from Indianapolis, who is trooping this season under the nom de plume of "Abe Martin," was high for the amateurs. Coming back to town in the evening Dr. O. F. Britton was heard to remark that Muncie was "a right nice place to come to a shoot." Edward Voris acted as pace-maker for the amateurs for the most of the day, but in the last two events he got to thinking of the days when he was bald-headed and he went to the bad, and Britton passed him.

Have you seen Eddie this spring? He is superb—hence the Edward. It used to be just Ed. His think-tank is now adorned with the flowing locks and that old barren roof garden of yore is all with the past. He is one of the big chief charioteers in the game of Bea-Hur, the mayor of his city, and recently won from Farrell, of Muncie, the English Hotel Cup. And just when events were crowding with him, he side-steps the Bill Nye bunch and disdains the onyx top. Edward invites all to attend the annual meet of the Trapshooters' League at Crawfordsville, Ind., and promises shooting conditions where only straights are made. It's in May.

The new blackbird trap and traget were used, and they gave the very best of satisfaction, the breakage of targets being conspicuous by its absence. The scores follow:

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Tom Parry.....	200	175	M F Raiser..... 75
J W Cooper.....	200	163	A C Spencer..... 200
W D Stannard...	200	188	H A Shumack.... 120
J S Boa.....	200	175	W A McDaniel... 155
B F McDaniel...	165	95	Joe Little..... 175
Abe Martin.....	200	177	C H Foust..... 50
Edward Voris...	200	175	J I. Williams.... 10
J W Farrell.....	200	162	E D Foust..... 50
E C Houser.....	200	159	J C Dixon..... 45
H J Borden.....	200	172	H Gill..... 25
H A Comstock...	150	117	J R Johnson.... 100
Joe Smiley.....	200	154	H D Thompson... 55
C L Bender.....	140	101	G W Williamson.. 35
W H Davis.....	125	74	

WILLIAMSON.

Awosting Gun Club.

NEW PALTZ, N. Y., April 29.—Regular shoot Awosting Gun Club. Too much shoot on 21st, tournament day. Only four of the regulars showed up to-day, and they shot in the rain. J. L. Cassidy carried off the honors, winning the Layton cup, after shooting off tie with Snyder and Strong; he also won the Hunter Arms Co. medal. Scores:

Hunter Arms Co. medal, 20 singles: Snyder 18, Strong 18, Cassidy 17, Hasbrouck 17.

Ten doubles: Snyder 15, Strong 15, Cassidy 18, Hasbrouck 15. Layton cup, 25 targets:

Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.	Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.
W Hasbrouck.... 4	20 24
Snyder.....	4 21 25
Strong.....	4 21 25
Cassady.....	10 16 25

Shoot-off:
 Strong..... 4 19 23
 Snyder..... 2 21 23

NIM.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., May 6.—J. W. Hibbard won the first leg on the May cup to-day with a low score. After the first match A. O. Fleischmann shot in excellent form, making in the last six scores 133 in 150, an average of 89 per cent.

May cup, 50 targets, handicap allowance: A. O. Fleischmann (4) 37, J. W. Hibbard (10) 41.

Event 2, 25 targets: J. W. Hibbard (5) 16, Dr. Brown (7) 18, Dr. Williams (6) 17, A. O. Fleischmann (2) 22.

Event 3: Dr. Brown (7) 18, Dr. Williams (6) 19, A. O. Fleischmann (2) 24, J. W. Hibbard (5) 19, G. Bechtel (4) 20.

Event 4: Dr. Williams (6) 19, A. O. Fleischmann (2) 25, G. Bechtel (4) 23, Dr. Brown (7) 15.

Event 5: A. O. Fleischman (2) 24, Geo. Bechtel (3) 17, Dr. Brown (7) 17, Dr. Williams (6) 22, E. J. Gieninni (6) 13.

Practice: A. O. Fleischmann, 50 targets, 45.

Pennsylvania's Greatest Shoot.

THE fifteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association has passed into the history of trapshooting as one of the, if not the greatest mixed trapshooting event ever held.

Many causes contributed to that end. Perhaps the chief one was the attractive invitation sent out to shooters, followed by a programme the like of which had never been given to the public before.

There were the most perfect arrangements, nothing was forgotten, and the members of the tournament committee were always in evidence, even at the end, when one (the chairman) was footsore, another (Shaner) sunburned, tired out and hoarse of voice.

A Tournament in Tents.

The shoot was held in the driving park at Brunot's Island, and practically no use could be made of the buildings, as the shoot was inside the mile track.

The cashier's and the compiler of scores' office was a wooden building, temporarily erected for the occasion, about 16 by 12. In it were H. L. Born, of Pittsburg, the cashier; J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, the compiler of scores, who had as his first assistant, Bernard Elssner, of York, Pa., and as his clerks, Ed. Reed and J. F. Helm, both of Pittsburg.

Five Blackbird Club traps were installed, and were in charge of Mr. W. P. Markle, and one of his company's experts. Some ninety odd thousand of blackbird targets were thrown into the air by these traps during the first four days of the tournament for the shooters to smash or miss, as might happen.

The Field Force.

The referees were William Kuhn, Frank Good, J. R. Ball, G. B. Meyer and James Hallman, who had charge of traps 1 to 5 in order named. Their scores were respectively David Goudey, John Payton, Wm. Milligan, Lee Hamilton and Fred Campbell.

In order to get the shooters to the grounds in comfort, the Herron Hill Gun Club had chartered a steambot, and she ran as regularly as the clock; but it was not until the last day that Uncle Sam saw fit to raise the wickets at the Davis Island dam and thus give them water enough to land at the regular dock.

I think that from all the foregoing it will be seen that the Herron Hill Gun Club and its tournament committee had thought of about everything that could be done to add to the comfort of its guests during the week of the shoot.

The Handicap Committee.

The handicap committee was small, but it was good enough to do its work without my hearing a single kick at its decisions as to a man's capabilities, and as to where he accordingly ought to stand.

The Annual Convention.

Not having expected to be required to know anything about the deliberations of this body, I was only present at the annual convention for a short time, and made no notes as to what was done while I was there.

At the meeting eleven new clubs applied for membership and were duly admitted. It was decided to hold the sixteenth annual convention at Williamsport. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: H. M. F. Worden, President; Allen M. Seitz, Vice-President; Secretary, J. M. Runk, of Chambersburg; Corresponding Secretary, H. A. Dimick, of Williamsport; Treasurer, J. H. Worden; Directors; C. F. Kramlich, F. M. Eames, Hon. Frank Godcharles, R. R. Bennett and J. O'H. Denny.

Preliminary Day, May 1.

With an entry list in the Preliminary events of 103, the management had an idea of what they were going to be up against on the first regular day of the shoot. The poor background and other conditions hard to be understood made scores rule low, although some did distinguish themselves.

why such poor scores were made, but most people who went to bed that night, did so with the question unsolved, so far as they were concerned.

The tale of woe of the ninety-eight, whose names do not appear on the above honor roll, is best rendered by allowing a perusal of the scores as made, all five events being at 20 targets, a total of 100 targets:

Table of scores for Preliminary Day, May 1. Columns include names and scores for five events (Broke).

First Day, May 2.

The programme for the first day contained ten events, seven 15s and three 20s, a total of 165 targets. As there were no less than 230 entries, the programme was not nearly completed when night fell on Brunot's Island.

Some people found the targets to their liking, notably Charlie Young among the professionals, and Alex. H. King among the amateurs. The former went through the day with only 6 lost out of 165, while the latter showed well up to the front with 7 losses, or a total of 153 out of 165, a championship gait, indeed.

Figuring from the scores as given below, a total of 36,560 targets had to be thrown to complete the programme. This total, added to the 10,300 thrown in the afternoon of the preliminary day, made 46,850 targets thrown to date.

Scores as follows:

Table of scores for First Day, May 2. Columns include names and scores for five events (Targets).

Table of scores for Second Day, May 3. Columns include names and scores for five events (Targets).

Second Day, May 3.

With five State events on the programme for the day and big hang-over from the previous day's programme, it was small wonder that the management called off the open events after the three first of the six scheduled for the day had been shot.

therefore State events naturally had the preference. Charlie Young again shot well to the front, losing his first target and running straight in the remaining 49. Others also shot well, the list of 48s and 47s being too lengthy to enumerate. Scores follow:

Table of scores for various events and shooters, including names like Lewis, Benner, E N Miller, J Hahn, C Knite, A H King, Kelsey, Fleming, Henry G., C C Irwin, Elliott, Willard, Roll, Hirschy, Powers, Sanford, Huttenlock, F Coleman, Hollowell, Goebel, Sheeler, C Mink, G S McCarty, W Haywood, F Ames, Sizer, Hart, H E Brown, Jessop, Stoops, G S Trafford, Pflieger, J O H Denny, Sampson, G Hoffman, T A Marshall, L J Lawrence, L E Butler, H H Stevens, R O Heikes, J A Atkinson, A Holderbaum, Moore, J C Garland, P S Pyle, Newcomb, McKelvey, Nelson, Chew, Richardson, Vietmeyer, Flinn, McCurdy, Bower, Lang, Rike, Kirby, Fisher, Hatcher, Orr, Doolittle, Kramer, Tryon, Latham, McLouth, Eaton, Lay, Carnahan, Oles, Bates, C B Bennett, J H Hunter, Wm Wagner, Mosher, Dursten, Law, D A Herrold, R E Shearer, H W Hoey, J H Ellsworth, Langdon, Stroth, Cooper, Mason, Stull, Volk, Foltz, Henderson, Peters, Brinshard, H W Millin, Ginsberg, Buterbaugh, Dr Heilman, C R Anderson, Wagner, Snow, Raven, Schlitz, Haak, W M Hall, R Knight, J Hale, D K Irwin, D W Baker, S E Roach, F Dougherty, Geo Snyder, C E Myers, Wm W Campbell, H E Yunger, Mike Miller, E J McMahon.

Wolstencroft Trophy.

Open to State shooters only. Individual championship of the State at targets, 50 targets per man, entrance \$1, optional sweeps, \$2 entrance, \$50 added. Money in sweep divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Class shooting, ninety-one entries.

When the smoke had cleared away, it was found that there were no straights, no 49s nor 48s, but that there were five tied on 47 out of 50 for the State championship. These five were Fred Coleman, Ed Hickey, Charlie Mink, Pflieger and Brinshard. The tie was not shot off until the morning of the third day, when Coleman won out with 24 out of 25, Hickey being second with 23, losing his first and his last target; Mink and Pflieger broke 22 and Brinshard 18.

Scores in the Wolstencroft trophy were:

Table of scores for the Wolstencroft trophy, listing names and their scores.

Table of scores for various events and shooters, including names like Pflieger, Denney, Nelson, Anderson, Atkinson, Holderman, Speer, Garland, Pyle, Brey, Schlicher, Howard, Englert, Heil, Howell, Derk, Godcharles, Wood, Krueger, Bower, Irwin, Mosby, Sohn, Benton, Lutz, Hickey, Belsing, Cochran, Runk, Baker, Park, Miller, Kramlich, Jessop, Curry, McLouth, Bennett, Rahm, Murray.

Mitt Lindsley Trophy.

Open to State shooters only. Two-man teams, 25 singles and 5 pairs per man; 70 targets to a team; \$4 entrance per team, \$25 added. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Class shooting. Sixteen teams entered.

In addition to holding the Lindsley trophy, and taking 40 per cent. of the purse, the winners received a trophy donated by the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, which was their absolute property. Of the sixteen teams entered, all but two finished, and the Northside Gun Club carried off first place with the excellent total of 67 out of 70, Hickey scoring 34 and Fleming 33. The Florists' of Philadelphia, were a good second, Jack Hollowell and Fred Coleman each scoring 32, their team total being 64. The Allentown and Independent gun clubs, of Philadelphia, were next with 59, while the balance came straggling along with scores ranging from 53 down to 42. Scores:

Table of scores for the Mitt Lindsley Trophy, listing names and their scores.

Harrisburg Trophy.

Open to State shooters only. Three-man teams, 25 targets per man; 75 per team; \$6 entrance per team; \$25 added. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Class shooting. In addition to holding the Harrisburg trophy and getting 40 per cent. of the purse, the winning team received a trophy from the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, which became their property. Ten teams entered.

This was a very interesting race, and was not really hardly over until the last man had fired his last shot. Scores did not range so very high, but the Herron Hill Gun Club won out with 68, owing to the good team work of their men. Allentown Rod and Gun Club was second with 66, and the Florists' No. 1 team was third with 65. Scores were as below:

Table of scores for the Harrisburg Trophy, listing names and their scores.

Reading Trophy.

Open to State shooters only. Four-man teams, 25 targets per man; 100 per team; \$8 entrance per team; \$25 added. Money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Class shooting. In addition to holding the Reading trophy, the winners received a trophy donated by the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, which became their absolute property. Seven teams entered.

This was a really hot race, with plenty of good high scoring, all the more remarkable after what had been done in so many events previously. The Allentown Rod and Gun Club won out with 95 out of their 100, while the Florists' No. 1 team came within one target of equalling their score, their total being 94. Sanford could not shoot his string on the second day, so on the morning of the third day, had to go up against the stiff proposition of breaking 24 to win and 23 to tie, and only failed by one target; but that was enough. Herron Hill Gun Club was third with 92. Scores follow:

Table of scores for the Reading Trophy, listing names and their scores.

The Denny Trophy Handicap.

Open to State shooters only. Entrance \$3; 50 targets per man; handicap allowance of misses as breaks. High guns win, not class shooting. The J. O. H. Denny trophy (\$80 grade L. C. Smith gun) to first high gun. Money divided 20, 18, 14, 12, 8, 5, 4, and 3 per cent. to high guns other than first high gun. Seventy-eight entries.

The handicap committee had its work cut out for it, as seventy-eight men put up their \$3 to shoot for the Denny trophy. Of that number no less than nineteen, about 25 per cent. of the whole, broke enough to make them a possible with their handicap allowance. Then came the shoot-off, which was at 25 targets with half allowances. Thirteen of the nineteen dropped out on the first shoot-off, a remarkable showing indeed. Speer, Heil, Millin, Bowen, Oles and Runk were the fortunate ones to get through. The second round of ties saw Speer and Runk drop out. The third round witnessed the finish of Bowen and Oles, leaving Millin and Heil to try a fourth time. On this occasion Millin lost out by one, his score being 24 to Heil's 25, which gave the latter the Smith gun as his reward. With the decision of the Denny trophy handicap the list of competitions in State target events was completed. Scores, 50 targets, handicap allowance:

Table of scores for the Denny Trophy Handicap, listing names and their scores.

Table of scores for various events and shooters, including names like Jessop, Trafford, Pflieger, Denny, Nelson, Anderson, Atkinson, Lang, Speer, Garland, Pyle, Brey, Schlicher, Howard, Englert, Heil, Howell, Derk, Godcharles, Woods, Krueger, Millin, Ginsberg, Buterbaugh, Heilman, Dougherty, Snyder, Meyer, Roach, Sohn, Anderson, McCready, Benton, Curry, Campbell, McNary, McKean, Runk, Miller, Kramlich, Pontefract, George.

Third Day, May 4.

As the programme for the third day of the shoot, the management had prepared a schedule of five open events, each at 20 targets, with \$25 added to each event, or a total of \$125 cash. This was to be followed by the Herron Hill Handicap, for which a long list of merchandise and cash prizes had been secured, the total value being \$1,001.75. It was found to be necessary, owing to the large number of entries in the main event, the Herron Hill Handicap, which had 220 entries, to cut out the five open events, more especially as there were certain ties in some of the previous day's State events to be decided before this day's programme could be commenced. It will be remembered that on the day before it had been found necessary also to cut out the last three open events, to which \$65 was to have been added. Taking the \$125 from the open events on this day, and the \$65 from the events not shot on the previous day, the management added the total of the two amounts, namely, \$190, to the prizes to be contested for in the Herron Hill Handicap, making nineteen more moneys, each of the value of a \$10 gold piece. This made the total number of prizes sixty-nine, as against the fifty previously announced in the programme, and the total cash value of prizes and cash donated \$1,191.75, as against \$1,001.75, as previously stated. It will thus be seen that, although there were 220 entries each at \$5, making a sum of \$1,100 in cash, the actual cash value of the prizes offered by the club was in excess of the total entrance fee, no account at all being taken of the cost of the 2,200 targets thrown in the event. This is a point worth noting, especially when it is remembered that the club positively states in its programme: "The cash for the following prizes was donated by members of the Herron Hill Gun Club, and the merchandise prizes, with the exception of those for the eighth and eleventh high guns, which were also donated by members of the club, were purchased from local dealers." It must also be borne in mind that in figuring the cash value of the guns and other merchandise prizes, selling prices and not list prices were considered.

The general lowness of the scores cannot be attributed to anything other than the extremely hard background; perhaps there were other contributing drawbacks, but the background was the chief offender. When it is seen that out of 220 entries, only six men could score better than 90 out of 100, shooters who were not present can gather some idea of what the boys were up against. Many may kick themselves for not being on hand to try the game, but it's dollars to doughnuts, some of them would have missed a few now and then.

The winner was a young shooter from the smallest State in the Union—Delaware, of which State he now holds the target championship by reason of his win of the same at the tournament recently held in Wilmington under the auspices of the Wilmington Gun Club; his name is A. B. Richardson, and he hails from Dover. Second to him, and only one behind, was that sterling good shot of the Herron Hill Gun Club, Kelsey, a nom de fusi that conceals to many the identity of the gentleman who has for a brother one of the best amateur live bird shots in the country. It would be a pleasure to give the shooting public this gentleman's real name, but FOREST AND STREAM appreciates the fact that citizens of this country have a right to travel incognito if they want to do so.

The scores in this event are given below:

Table of scores for the Third Day, May 4, listing names and their scores.

Table listing names and scores for the Herron Hill Handicap, including J Davis, Patterson, Godcharles, Trafford, Anderson, G Wagner, W Eaton, McLouth, C Oles, F Bates, Garrigues, H Hoey, Ellsworth, E Heil, H Woods, H Oliver, A Walker, Langdon, J Mason, J Miller, W Nicols, G Lilley, J Phillips, H West, C Kenney, R Hibbs, J Brabson, H Howard, Speer, C Miller, McMillen, L Link, J Watson, Hancock, R Weaver, Carnahan, Br'r Bill, McCork'e, R Shaner, C Th'mps'n, Toney, M Low, Hallowell, Derk, J Bakeslee, J Malone, N Jarvis, N Foutts, N Anthony, W Sharp, S Roach, R Snyder, A Buck, Pills, W Danser, C Smith, H Johnson, S Bell, W Hill, Shaw.

List of Winners in Herron Hill Handicap.

With sixty-nine moneys in the purse to be decided, and with those who broke 84 out of 100 getting at least a \$10 gold piece, it took quite a little time to arrive at a correct list of winners in order of merit. Below is given that list, as it is believed same will be of considerable interest:

Table listing winners and scores for the Herron Hill Handicap, including A B Richardson, C E Kelsey, P Pfefer, Lutz, N C Bowen, J Orr, Geo Volk, W M Foord, A W Kirby, Jackson, Hickey, F H Snow, F C Bissett, L C Willard, L Fleming, J T Atkinson, A M Hatcher, W A Baker, A C Kreuger, Brinshard, J J Hallowell, D D Baker, H Johnston, A E Conley, W B Jarvis, M S Brey, F Coleman, P S Pyle, S S Adams, Sanford, J R Miller, J F Ph-llipps, J F Cahoun, R B Johnston, H Schlicher, C B Bennett, A H King, L German, Tossetti.

The thirty-seventh to the sixty-ninth prizes were all \$10 gold pieces, and therefore the 86s and 85s, of which there were two and eighteen respectively, did not have to shoot off. The 84s, however, were thirteen in number, and as there were only ten prizes between them, three had to go without anything, and McMillan, Anthony and G. O. Fell were apparently the unlucky ones, according to record as furnished me.

Target Programme Comp'ed.

With the awarding of the prizes in the Herron Hill Handicap the target programme for the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's fifteenth annual tournament was completed. It had been hard work for all concerned, the management and shooters combined. The long waits were tedious; that is, for the shooters; as for the management, they had no waits or rests, long or short, during the entire week; and perhaps not for days before the opening of the shoot.

The magnitude of the task they had to cope with may be gathered from the fact that they had State and open events to handle at the same time, and that with 200 and odd shooters on the ground, all wanting to get busy, is anything but a cinch.

As an item of interest is now given a list of targets thrown during the tournament, as taken from the scores furnished. While the figures may not be actually correct, they are approximately so, and are only given for what they are worth:

Table listing target scores for various events, including Preliminary day, First day, Second day, Open events, Wolsencroft trophy and ties, Lindsley trophy and ties, Harrisburg trophy and ties, Reading trophy and ties, Denny trophy and ties, Third day, Herron Hill Handicap, ties not included, Total.

Fourth Day, May 5.

The management had worked hard over night and early in the morning of this day to transform the target grounds into three sets of live-bird grounds, with 50yd. wire boundaries and high protecting fences between each set of traps, much after the same style as adopted at Interstate Park in the old days. A young cyclone that whirled around Brunot's Island on the night of the 4th caused some damage to the arrangements, and blew down a fence or two, but the shooting commenced as soon as the boat made its landing.

The birds were a more than fair lot, but the long grass that surrounded the traps made them often slow to start, in addition to which most of the time there was an incoming wind, which, with the Driving Park buildings in the rear of the shooters, made many of the birds incomers which would probably otherwise made straight cuts for the outer boundary.

With three State events on the programme, in addition to the main event, the Driving Park Handicap, on their hands, the management had their work set for them to get through the programme in anything like due order. Most of the ties were shot off on the morning of May 6, it being impossible to finish them over night. Thus, with the preliminary day on the 1st, there were six days of continued sport on Brunot's Island before it could be said that the fifteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association had been brought to a successful close.

The several events are treated of below, and the scores are given with the shoot-offs where required. A rough calculation made from the scores apparently shows that a grand total of 2,531 birds were trapped in the four events and in the shoot-offs connected with those events, as follows: Williamsport trophy, 976; Driving Park Handicap, 882; John A. Wilson trophy, 358, and L. C. Smith trophy, 315.

The Driving Park Handicap.

Open to all, nobody barred. Twenty birds per man, \$20 entrance, birds included; handicaps 25 to 32yds. One money for every five entries or fraction thereof. In addition to first money the winner to receive a \$100 sterling silver loving cup presented by the Herron Hill Gun Club. High guns, not class shooting. (As there were fifty-seven actual entries, there were twelve moneys.)

It was at first intended that this event, as per statement in the programme, should be at 25 birds, \$25 entrance; but owing to the large number of entries in the State events, and the fact that therefore only one set of traps could be devoted to this "open to all" event, the number of birds was cut to 20 and the entrance to \$20 per man. There were originally sixty-five entries for the event, but when it was seen that even by cutting down the event as above, it was almost certain that the decision as to ownership of the trophy could not be arrived at until Saturday morning, eight were allowed to withdraw, the number of actual contestants being fifty-seven, among them some of the best in the country.

At the close of the day, when it was too dark to attempt to shoot off the ties, there were nine men with 20 straight to their credit and eight who had scored 19 out of 20. Among the latter was Lester German, of Aberdeen, Md., a sterling good shot, who had what was generally considered some hard luck in connection with his ninth bird, which, so far as I could tell, was scored lost to him under exceptionally unfortunate (to him) conditions. The happening was thus: He drew a swerving outgoer from No. 1 or 2 trap, which he missed clean with his first, but brought down with a quick and accurate second, drawing generous applause for

his work. The rule was to shoot two birds before leaving the score, the first bird not being gathered until both had been shot at unless there was reasonable doubt as to whether the first bird could be gathered or not. There seemed no doubt about German's bird being dead, and he was permitted by the referee (who had called his first bird "dead," and had it scored so), to shoot at his second, which he killed in good shape. The discharge of his gun, however, awakened up a bird that gathered itself together and flew heavily to the left quarter boundary. German and several others were positive it was not his bird, but a pricked one from one of the two other sets of traps, so he made no special efforts to have it retrieved. The boy sent to gather it was unable to get really near it, and it went out, flying strongly, whereupon the "dead bird" in German's ninth round was changed to a "lost." The claim made also was that German's bird was darker in color than the one that got away. Later on a dead bird was found in the long grass, which some said was surely German's bird, but no further change was made in the score. The long grass in the outfield was a heavy handicap on locating fallen birds accurately, and is solely responsible for any doubt in this case as to whether it really was German's bird that got away, and which lost him his chance of the cup, or whether it was his bird that was later on discovered dead in the grass. Without attempting or desiring to criticise in the least, it would seem as if a "no bird" was the worst that German should have got in such a case, unless it was positively certain that the dead bird discovered later was not his ninth bird.

Among those with "20 straight" were C. M. Powers, of Decatur Ill.; H. C. Hirschy, of Minneapolis, winner of the last G. A. H. at pigeons, in which there were 456 entries; and C. A. Young, of Youngstown, O., all at 31yds., Young shooting a repeating "Young" gun. Three out of the nine were 30yd. men—"Tryon," a nom de fusil that has lately been adopted by a Cleveland shooter of considerable repute; J. R. Malone, runner-up in the G. A. H. of 1900, and the Pittsburgher, Bessemer. The other three were Geo. S. Trafford, of Lebanon, Pa., 28yds.; N. Johnston and Henry Gee, a Pittsburgher, both at 28yds. The winner was Powers, who killed 14 straight, Johnston being the runner-up. Young and Bessemer both dropped out in the thirteenth round; Henry Gee in the ninth, Malone in the eighth, and Trafford in the seventh. Hirschy went out in the fourth, and Tryon in the third. Thus Powers landed the cup which, while described in the programme as a \$100 sterling silver loving cup, actually cost the Herron Hill Gun Club practically \$130, and was a beauty indeed.

The shoot-off of the 19s for the three remaining moneys was quite short, as only six showed up to contest for their portion of the purse. The two missing ones were W. C. Danser and Frank Muldoon, both of Freehold, N. J., and both 28yd. men. L. C. Willard, of Chicago (31yds.) missed his first bird in the tie; P. S. Pyle (28yds.) lost his second. The remaining four shot along until the sixth round, when C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky. (30yds.) lost his bird, leaving Lester German (31), Geo. Roll, of Chicago (31), and C. B. Hawley (28), to whack up the last three moneys in the purse. Scores follow:

Table listing scores for the Driving Park Handicap, including A H King, Kelsey, Rahm, Jessop, Frank, Sampson, E P McMurry, J S Speer, N Johnston, G Henry, P S Pyle, Coon, Drinkhard, Morgan, H Stevens, R O Heikes, J R Hull, J R Malone, L S German, Marcus, Iseman, Powers, Tryon, L Willard, Geo Roll, Wm Wagner, H C Hirschy, W Williams, F Coleman, J J Hallowell, C O Le Compte, M M Mayhew, W A Weidebusch, G M Lilly, O S Tossetti, S T Kinney, Pontefract, S Roach, J Atkinson, J M Hawkins, G S Trafford, G H Pierce, Fm Cooper, C B Hawley, R Burns, Wm Jarvis, C A Young, Godcharles, Bessemer, W S Canon, G S Bolton, Riley, J R Miller, W C Danser, Frank Muldoon, Kobert Shoop.

Shoot-off of ties on 20 straight for cup and nine first moneys, miss-and-out:

Table listing miss-and-out results for the Driving Park Handicap, including N Johnston, Henry G, J R Malone, C Powers, Tryon, H C Hirschy, G S Trafford, C A Young, Bessemer.

Shoot-off of ties on 19 out of 20 for three last moneys in purse:

Table listing shoot-off results for the Driving Park Handicap, including P S Pyle, L S German, L Willard, German, Roll and Hawley divided.

The Williamsport Trophy.

Open to State shooters only. Individual championship of the State of Pennsylvania at pigeons, 15 birds per man, \$10 entrance, birds extra; \$50 added. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; class shooting. Williamsport trophy and 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to fourth. All at 28yds. Fifty-three entries. Scores:

Table listing scores for the Williamsport Trophy, including A H King, Kelsey, Rahm, Frank, Marcus, N Johnston, C Knipe, Henry G, P H Pyle, Coon, Drinkhard, Morgan, F Coleman, Hallowell, J L Englert, H A Oliver, W Williams, Jessop, Sol Roach, H B Wood, R E Shearer, Pontefract, G M Howell, Godcharles, J A Mason, Derk, Bessemer, J C Garland, J Hoffman, Fen Cooper, T T Nelson, Speer, Hickey, Bowen, A A Felix, A P Giest, A C Krueger, Cotiser, R Burns, A M Sargent, Zeller, G I Trafford, R Shoop, Beamesdorfer, Steen, S S Snyder, C B Hawley, Pfefer, W Langdon, W H Stroh, J T Atkinson, Herrold.

Hard Fight for Championship Honors.

As will be seen from the above scores, there were ten men tied with straight scores of 15 each; then came twelve with 14 each,

sixteen with 13 and ten with 12, so that out of a total of fifty-three entries, forty-eight got into the money; thus the various winnings outside of the honor taking the trophy and the championship did not amount to much. It was most unfortunate that birds should have run out, as otherwise there would have been a final real disposition of the honor of being champion of Pennsylvania. As it was, when the birds did run out, Pontefract, Derk and Coleman had each of them a run of 50 straight in the ties to their credit, and the championship honors were decided by lot, Pontefract being the lucky man, not that he had not fully deserved all that was coming to him, after having scored 65 straight all told in the event. Two years ago Fred Coleman won both the target and the pigeon championships, and he certainly worked hard and deserved both this year, as he had corralled the target championship earlier in the game. Fate, however, was against him, and also Derk; but both nevertheless have the pleasant recollection of having "fit some" at Pittsburg, on May 6.

From the scores in the shoot-off, which follows, it will be seen that Kelsey and Beamesdorff fell out in the third round; Frank in the fourth, and A. H. King and John J. Hallowell in the fifth. Hon. Frank Godcharles, of Milton, Pa., one of the best sportsmen in the State, lasted only until his seventh round, but the lusty Geo. Trafford, of Lebanon, Pa., hung on to the end of the seventeenth round, when he had totalled 31 straight in this event. Then came the struggle, which only ended as above, when birds gave out, and Dame Fortune had to be dallied with.

Table listing scores for the Driving Park Handicap, including A H King, Kelsey, Frank, Hallowell, Godcharles, Trafford, Beamesdorff, Pontefract, Derk, Coleman.

L. C. Smith Trophy.

Open to State shooters only. Team championship of the State of Pennsylvania at pigeons. Three-man teams, 15 birds per man, 45 per team, \$25 entrance per team, birds included; \$50 added. Money divided 40, 35, and 25 per cent.; class shooting. L. C. Smith trophy and 40 per cent. of purse to first, 35 per cent. to second, and 25 per cent. to third.

Seven teams entered in this event, the Herron Hill and Northside gun clubs each entering two teams. The winners turned up in the team representing the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, the members of this team, Fred Coleman, A. A. Felix and Frank, putting up the unbeatable total of 45 straight. Herron Hill No. 1 was second with 43, and Northumberland G. C. third with 42. Then came Herron Hill No. 2 with 41, followed by Northside No. 2 and Hamburg G. C. teams with 39 each, the Northside team No. 1 bringing up the rear with 38. Scores:

Table listing scores for the L. C. Smith Trophy, including Keystone Shooting League, Herron Hill G. C. No. 1, Northumberland G. C., Herron Hill G. C. No. 2, Northside G. C. No. 2, Hamburg G. C., Northside G. C. No. 1.

The John A. Wilson Trophy.

Open to State shooters only, 15 birds per man; \$10 entrance, birds extra. Money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. High guns win; not class shooting. The John A. Wilson trophy, absolute, and 50 per cent. of the purse to first high gun; 30 per cent. to second high gun, and 20 per cent. to third high gun. All 28yds. Twenty-six entries:

Table listing scores for the John A. Wilson Trophy, including Henry G, Rahm, A H King, Frank, Coleman, Hallowell, Bessemer, P Knipe, Godcharles, A Giest, Johnston, J Atkinson, C R Anderson, R Burns, Morgan, Derk, Lang, Drinkhard, Pontefract, R A Shaw, G M Howell, A A Felix, Pyle, W Williams, Cotiser.

This event, the Wilson trophy, was quite a sporty affair, but only twenty-six thought it advisable to put up their \$10 and fight it out for the cup and cash consideration offered. Of that number, six men tied with clean scores of 15 each, and shot off, miss-and-out, for position and cup, there being only three moneys, high guns to win. The fortunate (or, perhaps, skillful) three were V. Williams, Jimmie Atkinson and Rahm, the winner of the big pigeon event at Detroit last winter, the Gilman & Barnes trophy, when a blizzard made trouble for many a good man. Drinkhard and Frank fell down in the second round of the ties, and Fred Coleman dropped his sixth bird; Rahm went out in the ninth round, and Atkinson in the seventeenth, after he and Williams had had quite a prolonged struggle for first place and cup. Scores:

Table listing scores for the John A. Wilson Trophy, including Rahm, Frank, Coleman, Atkinson, Drinkhard, Williams.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., April 29.—The Hudson Gun Club held its regular shoot on this date. There was a good attendance, and some good scores were made, among them being those of Messrs. Foster, Schorty, Gille and Cocklin. This club will hold an all-day shoot on May 28. Shooting will begin at 9:30 A. M., and continue until all are satisfied. The price of targets will be one cent to members and 1 1/2 cent to non-members. You are invited. Next shoot, May 14. Scores:

Table listing scores for the Hudson Gun Club, including Events, Targets, Cocklin, Gille, Boldt, Schoverling, Schorty, Cottrell, O'Brien, Metz, Foster, Brothers.

North River Gun Club.

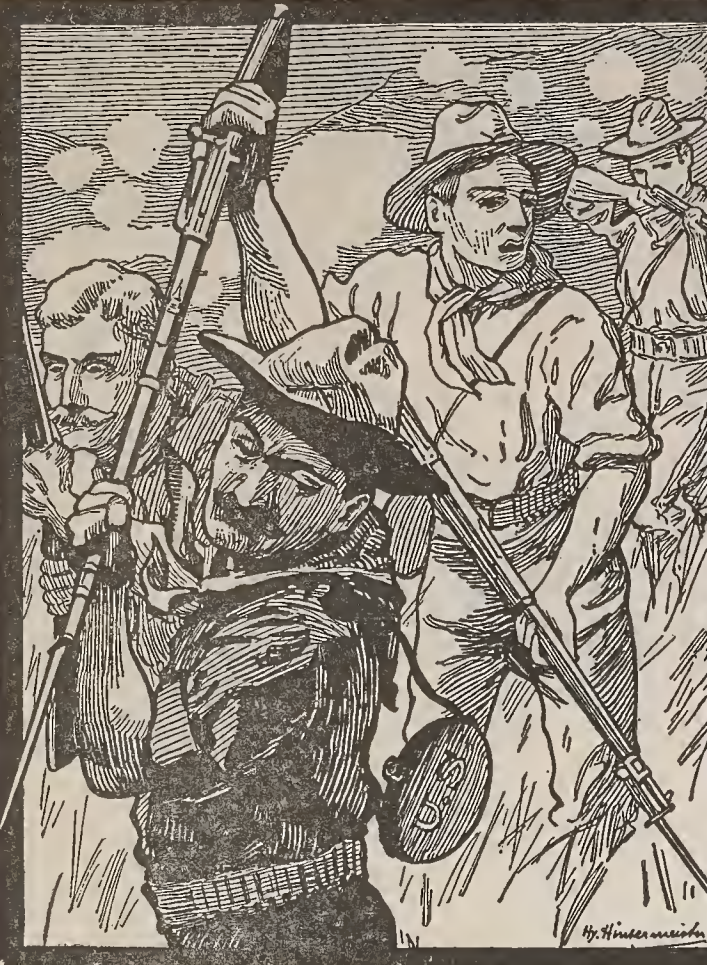
Edgewater, N. J., April 29.—Event 5 was the handicap for solid gold watch charm, which was won by Mr. Merrill for the first time.

Table listing scores for the North River Gun Club, including Events, Targets, C E Eickhoff, Dr Boldt, Jas Morrison, Dr Paterno, A Schoverling, H B Williams, F Vosselman, J Merrill.

Peerless Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., May 6.—The Peerless Gun Club, on their grounds at Hawthorne to-day, had as visitors several of the North Side Club. Targets:

Table listing scores for the Peerless Rod and Gun Club, including G Garabrandt, O Herman, J Dewar, J Jackson, J Dorrhoffer, T Walker, G Herman, P Garrabrandt, J Schrier, P Garrabrandt, W Banta, J Storms, J Dewar.



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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

A lot of the boys visited the grounds on May 3 for the purpose of giving Arthur Gambell a good send off on his journey across the pond, and to express their regards and good wishes in various ways. It was a surprise to him to see so many on a Wednesday, and a still greater surprise when he was invited to be their guest at a farewell banquet served in the club house. Another surprise was when he was presented with a splendid diamond pin from many of his club friends. Messrs. D. D. Gross and H. N. Kirby presented him with a silk umbrella as a protection against the "Lun'on" fog, and a friend in Columbus remembered him with a box of neck wear. Among those who sat at table were: Judge Logan (Ackley), Messrs. Faran, Coleman, Pfeiffer, Pohlar, Osterfield, Diek, Ahlers, Barker, Buller-dick and Ward.

The afternoon was spent in team races, matches and a number of events at 20 and 25 targets each.

Altogether it was a very enjoyable day, and the boys certainly gave Arthur a good send-off, and all wished him good luck and a pleasant voyage when they parted.

Saturday, May 6, was not a pretty day. It rained heavily most of the forenoon, and continued cloudy and threatening until late in the afternoon. In consequence few were at the grounds, only eight shooting in the Peters trophy. Faran and Block made full scores with their handicap. Faran shot like himself, and made high score in actual breaks, 49, something like his correct form. There are two more shoots for this trophy, and then the contest for the handsome gun cabinet, donated by G. W. Schuler, will start. After this is disposed of, Powell & Clements have promised a cup.

Interest in the cup race has revived and five scores were shot, but Faran is still supreme. Williams 18yds., 23, 24, 22, 17; Hesser, 18yds., 19. Try again boys. The scores:

Peters trophy shoot, 50 targets: Block, handicap, 6, total 50; Faran, 3, 50; Williams, 4, 48; Hesser, 2, 46; Maynard, 45; Herman, 4, 44; Ahlers, 43; Andrews, 11, 42.

Rohrer's Is and Gun Club.

The regular handicap medal contest of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, on May 3, was not attended quite as well as usual, several of the members being at the Springfield tournament. However, fourteen men were on hand and enjoyed a good day's sport.

C. F. Miller and J. W. Gerlaugh qualified on scores of 27, and after three stoo-off, Miller won, making two wins to his credit so far. At the close of the series, thirty-two contests, four prizes will be awarded; \$15 to the one winning the largest number of times; \$10 to second; \$5 to third; leather medal to fourth.

Hamilton Gun Club.

The regular weekly shoot of the Hamilton Gun Club was held at Lindenwald on May 4. The weather was ideal, and the scores the best that have yet been made. B. B. was high in the medal event with 48 out of 50; Parker second, with 47, and E. D. C. third, with 45.

Club medal shoot, distance handicap, 50 targets: B. B., 20yds., total, 48; Parker, 16, 47; E. D. C., 18, 45; Smith, 16, 43; Stuckles, 16, 41; Link, 16, 41; Atherton, 16, 40; Breinig, 16, 31.

Greenville (O.) Gun Club.

The fifth medal shoot of the Greenville Gun Club was held May 1, and fifteen members participated. A. W. Kirby won Class A medal to-day with 43, and Harry Hartzell Class B medal with 37. Kirby and Eidson tied for the medal on April 17, and the tie has not yet been shot off. Hereafter shoots will be held weekly instead of semi-weekly.

Springfield (O.) Gun Club.

The second annual tournament of the Springfield Gun Club was held on May 3 and 4, and Capt. Ben Downs is to be congratulated on the success which attended the affair. Eleven events at a total of 180 targets were shot each day, a goodly number of those present shooting through.

The weather was good and every one had a good time. Among the visitors present were Messrs. W. R. Crosby, W. A. Watkins, Cain, E. Watkins, Lindemuth, Carr, of Dayton; Anderson and Smith, of Xenia.

Crosby was high gun for the two days, missing but 7 targets out of 360. High average money was divided among the following amateurs in order given: Lindemuth and Hill \$10 each; E. Watkins, Cain, W. Watkins, R. Neer, Carr and Poole, \$5 each.

On the first day the attendance was good, twenty-seven shooters taking part in one or more of the events. Crosby was high gun with 174; W. A. Watkins was high amateur and next to Crosby with 169; Trimble and Good were third, with 165 each.

On this day the match for the cup offered by the Peters Cartridge Co. and open to members of clubs in Champaign, Logan, Clark, Miami and Shelby counties, was shot and was won by Jeff Karnehm, of St. Paris, O. This cup is to be shot for monthly. The match was not finished until 6:45 P. M., at which time it was storming and very dark, which accounts for some of the low scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	180	174
Crosby	14	15	20	13	15	20	14	18	15	15	15	180	169
W. A. Watkins	15	12	17	14	14	18	14	14	18	15	15	180	166
Cain	15	14	18	14	14	19	11	14	19	12	15	180	165
Trimble	14	15	19	14	14	19	14	14	18	12	12	180	165
H. H. Good	12	13	18	14	15	16	15	13	20	14	14	180	164
A. H. Hill	12	13	18	14	15	16	15	13	20	14	14	180	163
E. Watkins	14	14	17	12	13	19	14	13	18	15	13	180	161
R. Neer	12	12	18	12	13	19	14	13	18	15	13	180	161
Lindemuth	14	13	17	15	13	20	12	14	18	11	13	180	159
Gross	14	14	18	14	15	15	14	14	17	12	12	180	159
Karnehm	15	15	16	13	12	17	11	13	19	15	12	180	158

Guy	11	12	18	12	14	15	12	14	19	11	15	180	153
Wm Poole	12	12	17	13	14	18	14	11	18	12	10	180	151
Anderson	12	12	15	13	12	14	13	12	17	12	9	180	141
Smith	11	12	15	11	13	17	13	10	10	145	112
Rife	115	101
Henderson	100	90
Slagel	11	13	17	85	79
Ernest	13	15	18	13	11	80	70
Bell	80	67
Wright	4	8	12	5	14	5	120	59
Carr	11	14	18	15	15	18	11	9	15	14	13	180	153
Shaffer	45	40
Ward	35	18
Hibschman	35	19
Hayman	50	31
Norbeil	50	41
H Neer	8	15	7	15	12	80	57

Peters cup match, 50 targets per man: Karnehm 45, Gross 42, Batdorf 40, Haines 39, Augspurger 39, Poole 38, Shaffer 38, C. Smith 37, Holding 37, Snyder 36, Downs 36, Strong 34, Muzzy 34, Rankin 32, Foley 29.

There was a slight falling off in number of shooters on the closing day of the tournament. Crosby was high gun with 179, missing only 1 target. Lindemuth was second with 174, and was high amateur, shooting a 93.33 per cent. clip for the two days.

The five-man team contest for the silver cup for teams of the counties named above, was shot and was won by Springfield team No. 1, with a score of 219. The cup was won last month by Urbana on whose grounds the contest was started. The scores:

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	180	179
Crosby	15	15	20	15	15	19	15	15	20	15	15	180	174
Lindemuth	15	14	20	15	14	20	14	13	19	15	15	180	167
E. Watkins	15	14	19	15	14	18	15	12	19	13	13	180	167
Hill	15	15	17	14	13	20	14	13	18	13	15	180	167
Trimble	13	11	18	14	15	18	13	14	19	15	14	180	164
Cain	12	14	17	14	15	20	13	12	20	12	13	180	162
Gross	14	13	18	12	12	15	13	20	12	15	15	180	159
W. Watkins	14	13	17	14	14	17	14	10	18	14	13	180	158
R. Neer	13	14	14	13	14	17	14	13	18	14	14	180	158
W. Poole	15	13	18	14	13	15	14	14	17	11	12	180	156
J. Karnehm	165	156
Carr	14	13	17	13	15	18	13	10	14	13	14	180	154
A. R. Filson	165	148
Rife	8	7	20	15	14	17	11	11	19	12	12	180	146
Snyder	150	125
Shaffer	15	14	18	14	12	18	12	130	117
W. H. Batdorf	125	105
Bell	11	13	16	14	13	110	93
A. Carlton	115	84
Thompson	65	57
Rairdon	80	54
Foley	65	52
PH Neer	8	12	75	49
Ryan	30	26

Peters cup contest, 5-man teams, 50 targets per man; Springfield No. 1, Troy Gun Club.

Jack	47	Thompson	46
Poole	45	O. Smith	45
Snyder	44	Haines	42
Strong	42	Ryan	42
Neer	41-219	Angspurger	34-209
Springfield No. 2, Tippecanoe City.			
Shaffer	43	Jacobs	43
Foley	42	Haaga	43
Jobe	41	Nunlist	38
Hutchin	40	Carlton	38
Dorm	35-201	C. Smith	36-198
Urbana Gun Club.			
Holding	45	Paysell	39
Ouk	40	Light	32-195
Muzzy	39		

General average:	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.
Crosby	174	179	353
Lindemuth	161	174	335
Hill	164	167	331
E. Watkins	163	167	330
Trimble	165	164	329
Cain	166	162	328
W. Watkins	169	158	327
R. Neer	163	158	321
D. Gross	159	159	318
Carr	153	154	307
Poole	151	156	307

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, May 6.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the first series. L. Thomas won Class A trophy on the good score of 25 straight. Gould won B on 18, and Horns and Dr. Reynolds tied for Class C on 19. The day turned out to be a rather pleasant one for target shooting, although very threatening; in fact, raining all forenoon and up to almost 2 o'clock, as a result of which only eleven shooters put in appearance for the event. Those who did come were well repaid, however, as the day turned out very good.

Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	15
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Thomas	25	4	8	8	8	8	8
Gould	18	7	5	7	7	6	6
Dr. Meek	23	8	7	9	8	8	7
Dr. Reynolds	19	5	8	2	5	8	..
Eaton	24	5	..	8	3	4	6
Stone	20	6	8	6	9
Horns	19	8	9
Ditt	16	7	5

George	18	7	9	14
Davis	20	8	7	12
Keck	17	5	6	..

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

In Other Places.

The Lake Charles, La., Gun Club will start on Wednesday to resume the regular weekly shoots at Hoo-Hoo Park.

The Terre Haute, Ind., Gun Club has started in for the season with the handicap shoots. Prizes will be awarded the winners of the series.

The Hamilton, O., Gun Club shot their regular practice events on Thursday with a gale of wind across the traps. Link, at the 22yd. line, could not get better than 7; Wesley, at 21, got 8, and the 16yd. men had the advantage. E. D. C. Jones and Smith made 9 each.

We note that the Coffeerville, Kan., boys are shooting targets this year, and that most of the towns in southeast Kansas are joining in and holding combined meets. Dave Elliott, the brother of Jim, has been down in that part of the Sunflower State giving exhibitions.

It would seem from reports that the old Limited Club at Indianapolis has been revived again this year, team shoots being the leading features. The familiar names of Tripp, Comstock, Beck, Wildhock, Adams, Parry, Cooper and Partington appear as participants.

The Albany, Ga., Gun Club has secured a set of new traps, and practice will begin at once.

Allgawr won the Class A trophy in the regular Sunday shoot at St. Paul, Minn. Kinscherbaum won the Class B. There will be regular shoots held during the summer on each Saturday and Sunday.

There is a general stir all along the line in and about Duluth, Minn. New clubs are being formed, and there is something going on in the way of challenges that will prove interesting when the matches are shot.

New officers for the Springfield, Minn., Gun Club are H. O. Schlueder, President; Dr. E. A. Hintz, Secretary; John Eichman, Captain; W. G. Frank and W. F. Runck were added to the Executive Board. There are twenty old members in the club, and there are prospects for many new ones.

Many of the small towns in Northwest Minnesota are getting the fad for target shooting. There is a club at Euclid which promises well. It has a large membership, and though but recently organized, many of its members make good scores.

The Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club were compelled to move their shooting grounds from Cedar River Park to Johnson's Crossing, this being at a convenient place on the Rapid Transit and will suit all who visit the shooting park.

All the blue rock shooters on the Pacific coast will be glad to learn that Maurice Abraham, of Portland, Ore., was appointed to the position of Director of the Pacific Coast Trapshooters' Association. There will be much enthusiasm on the coast this year, and target shooting will be a great pastime.

Messrs. James T. Skelly and Ed. Taylor, of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co., are having a good time on the Pacific coast. Skelly is doing some good shooting among the coastites. They paid a visit to the Union Gun Club only last week.

Barney Case won the medal at the Sunday shoot held by Ouray, Colo., Gun Club.

The Beech Grove Gun Club at Madison, Ind., have installed a fine new magatrap. At their first meeting there was present John S. Boa, H. Graham, L. K. Niklaus, L. Schuler, R. Johnson, J. S. Hussey, F. Herbst, W. Schofield, A. Schuler, Alex. White, James Armstrong, A. Augustin, Sr., J. H. Waltz, M. Lyons, Jack Thompson, Frank Hill, C. Pruitt, C. Johnson, W. Weyer, J. Schofield, C. H. Robinson, G. H. Stopp.

In the live-bird match at Mahanoy City, Pa., Monday last, between Steve Kurtz and Mike Keresheoin, of Buck Mountain, for \$50 a side, Kurtz won with 5 out of 7, while his opponent got but 2.

Illinois shooters are getting ready for the State tournament, to be held at Lincoln, May 23, 24 and 25.

The sportsmen of York Haven, Pa., have organized a gun club, the officers being: President, W. McCready; Secretary, F. G. Krout; Treasurer, Irwin Shedrick; Manager, Harry Myers. The club starts with eighteen members, and a club house will be erected on Whistbar Island.

Lookout Mountain Gun Club, Chattanooga, Tenn., gave a musical entertainment at Town Hall on the Mountain Tuesday last. The members are mostly young men, and will not neglect the social part of the organization.

The Fayette, O., Gun Club hold their shoot at 50 birds. The scores: Stutler 30, Zimmerman 38, Prickett 41. The annual meeting was scheduled for the first Tuesday in May.

The Bristol, Tenn., Gun Club has started the 1905 season. The annual meeting resulted in Capt. A. S. McNeill being elected President; Col. S. L. King, Vice-President; Dr. S. W. Rhea, Secretary; E. B. Smith, Captain. The 1904 championship was awarded to A. M. Hotcher.

Highland Gun Club, Rock Island, Ill., have elected officers, viz., President, William Walters; Secretary, F. H. Bean; Treasurer, John Linvall; Captain, John Cooper.

A. B. Biglow, Ogden, Utah, won the gold medal for high average at Idaho Falls, Ida., two days' tournament. He tied with E. Conare and then won out on the shoot-off.

A tournament was held at Waterloo, Ia., May 4 and 5. As there was \$100 added money, many of the Iowa shooters were present.

La Crosse, Wis., has incorporated the La Crosse Sharpshooters' Club. It is for the purpose of encouraging fancy shooting and the use of firearms. The incorporators are John Mohr, William Fisch, S. L. Burdick and John Rusche.

Some of the shooters at Peekskill, N. Y., are endeavoring to get enough interest taken to organize a gun club for the practice on targets such as other clubs throughout the State now enjoy.

The Bridge City, Loganport, Ind., Gun Club has been heard from for the first time this season. The secretary writes that the first shoot shows that this will be the most successful and enjoyable season since the club was organized. All outsiders may shoot by paying 1 1/2 cent for targets. The president is J. T. Flanagan, Theo Sample is secretary and treasurer.

Dickman won the medal at the Indianapolis Gun Club shoot Saturday last.

The Laurentum, Pa., Gun Club will hold weekly shoots during the summer. Last Saturday Curry shot at 118, broke 105; Lytle, 100, 64; Mitchel, 100, 72; Smith, 75, 50; McCall, 50, 24; Greiner, 100, 72; Long, 25, 12.

At a special meeting of the Benson, Minn., Gun Club, May 23 and 24 were chosen for dates for the annual tournament. It will be amateur, and much enthusiasm exists among the members, so that there are indications for a successful shoot.

"If ducks are to be preserved," said game warden Porterfield, of Ohio, "spring shooting should not be permitted. Every man who is conversant with the conditions will agree to this. The wild ducks in the spring are not fit to eat, yet they are killed by the thousands. If these were permitted to breed, they would add tens of thousands to the supply for fall shooting."

The Michigan State shoot at Mt. Clemens will start May 10, instead of May 11, as previously announced. The programmes are ready for distribution. A good supply of same may be found at J. A. Marks and Co.'s store, Detroit, Mich. Opening shoot of the combined Winchester and Fletcher Gun Clubs was a success. Only one clean score made. Whitmore went a straight 25. The shoot was held at Woodward and Davison avenues. Shoots will be held regularly on Saturday.

We hear from Toledo, O., that the Consolidated and the East End Gun Clubs are about to pull off a five-man team race, each man to shoot at 50 targets.

The Mankato, Minn., Gun Club has started out on their new cup shoot. The location of the shooting grounds has been changed, and the cup conditions were acceptable to all the members.

The Rock River Gun Club, Juneau, Wis., held their first shoot of the season last week. This club made some fine scores last year, and later on, when the practice has developed the target smashing, this club will be ready to meet and shoot with any club in this country.

Under a new ordinance lately passed at Proctor Knott, Minn., the members of the gun club were arrested for shooting in the city limits. They were released, and the ordinance will be amended to permit the club to shoot on their grounds. The law was passed to stop children from using firearms, and the man first arrested was a city alderman.

Secretary Percy S. Scheule, of Wenatchee, Wash., announces that there will be \$4,300 in trophies, and \$4,600 added money hung up to make the meet interesting. Competition open to all, save some of the State events. Now will ye old Eastern States be good? Look at some of the State shoots to be held this year, scarcely any added money!

The professional squad at Hutchinson, Kansas, were well to the front. Ed. O'Brein was reported as the manager, and he outshot 'em all. Ed. O'Brein 96, Chris Gottlieb 94, Walter Huff 92, C. D. Plank 91, C. B. Adams 88, C. D. Rankin led the locals at the Hutchinson, Kansas, shoot for two days.

High score was made by Jim Lewis in the first shoot held by the Davies County Gun Club, Owensburg, Ky. The scores: James Lewis 47, W. E. Overstreet 43, Ab. Newman 39, John Smith 37, Weir Griffith 37, John Head 29.

Shooters in Pennsylvania shoot for hogs, fat steers, and now comes the latest—a contest for a Shetland pony, to take place under the management of Charles Knipe at Norristown, Pa.

A new club has been organized at Scranton, Pa., the officers being: President, George Fenne; Vice-President, Wm. Fenne; Secretary, Herbert Chatfield; Treasurer George Fenne; Captain Thomas Murray.

The statement has gone forth that the Hallenbeck Gun Company, at Moundsville, W. Va., will soon resume operations. This property was recently sold, being bought in by a representative of the largest stockholders.

Mount Pleasant Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., May 6.—The third event was for the gold medal, for members only. The scores:

Table with 2 columns: Targets (10, 15, 25) and Scores (H Van Houten, F Morgen, Johnson, T Dankerly, W Wilson).

Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., May 2.—The second tournament of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut was held to-day on the grounds of the New Britain Gun Club. Eighty-eight shooters took part in the programme.

The day was bright and clear, but a strong northeast wind was blowing, which had a slightly frosty tinge and which caused the targets to rise and dip in a manner at times very exasperating to the shooters.

The No. 1 set of traps, composed of five expert traps with electric pulls, worked beautiful, but a set of three expert traps with hand pulls, which were set up in Sergeant system, and were used as a No. 2 set, worked rather badly, the pull-ropes being put through one hole in the screen and that frequently caused the springing of two traps when the shooter called pull.

There was considerable kicking on the management of the office, but the shooters were not in the least patient, and the fact that so many shooters would want to shoot in one event and drop out of the next one were continually wanting to shift their position in the squads, which request was always turned down at the office, as it should be, caused some confusion. The members of the club, notably Charles Cadwell, A. J. Reynolds, Al. Langdon, Duncan Ross, Secretary, Mr. Barnes and some others worked hard all day and endeavored to the best of their ability to take care of what was, with some few exceptions, the hardest crowd of shooters to satisfy the writer has ever seen at any shoot.

At the suggestion of Dr. Moore, Secretary of the Consolidated Gun Clubs the sixth event, which was the team race, and which is desired shall be shot as near noon as possible, was put on before the fifth event, and as the shooters straggled in from the different points, all during the morning it was impossible to keep the men who were to shoot on the teams together in the squads. After the team race was started an attempt was made to run the fifteenth event on the No. 2 set of traps, and, of course, this brought confusion, owing to the fact that frequently a shooter was in one of the squads shooting in the team race or was about to be called when his squad was called in the fifth event, and this necessarily made delays.

The home club's cashier, Mr. Frank Bassett, is a very competent accountant, but he lacked experience in handling a shoot of this size, though he had occupied the position of secretary of the club for some time, and when the writer who, though a resident of New York, is a member of the New Britain Gun Club saw that the cashier was greatly in need of an assistant, gave up all attempt to shoot and went into the office to try to straighten matters out, but as the system of taking entries which was started, was not complete enough and the entries continued to come all day, it was late in the afternoon before we got caught up, and as the shooters were desirous of catching their trains we took the names and addresses of those who were shooting for the money and mailed checks for their winnings that night.

Mr. H. Brugmann, of New York, was high average of those who shot through the programme, with 84 per cent., and Mr. G. C. Finch was a very close second, with 82 2/3 per cent. Mr. Brugmann made a 20 straight in the third event, and Bert Mack made a 15 straight in the fifth event. The ninth and tenth events on the programme were shot in one string of 30, and the eleventh and twelfth events in one string of 35, and Mr. Strong, an old-timer from New London, broke 35 straight in the last-named event.

The team shoot resulted as follows: New Haven 78, Waterbury 74, Hartford 72, Norwich, New Britain and Rockville scored 71 each, Bristol 68, Willimantic and Bridgeport 66 each.

Large table with columns: Events (Targets, 1-12), Scores (W Noble, W Edgarton, R Hollister, L H Bradley, G A Mitchell, G M Wheeler, H Metcalf, I P Taft, F Elliott, M Martin, H Barstow, Ed. White, Sanderson, Fenton, E A Clark, H Brugmann, Wm P Jordan, E W Reynolds, A J Reynolds, G C Finch, C B Cadwell, Fredett, L H Schorty, Bugbee, C C Richards, B Mack, Whitney, E Kelly, Dr Moore, W Austin, Wm McMullen, Bristol, A Langdon, W Muir, M Cook, C Ockford, C B Prest, Fernside, Dr C O Rowe, R McFettridge, Le Noir, Pease, H J Mills, E Hart, W Bley, Strong, Draher, W J McElligott, Gill, Geddes, Moran, Miles, Barnes, Sam Colt, Nelson, Robertson, H A Lines, Stevenson, Hepburn, J E Bassett, Savage, C Hull, Conrad, E B Finch, Derick, Chilton, Seerey, P F Burns, Wells, Burwell, J C Edwards, W Burns, C S Davis, Cheesman, F Hermann, Libby, Miller, E Blanchard, Chas Templeton, Borden, Pugsley, Alden, C D Noble, King, W H Cadwell, Dailey).

Table with 2 columns: Team shoot (Willimantic, Rockville) and Scores (Ockford, Prest, Bugbee, Strong, Edgarton, Barstow, Ed White, McMullen, H Metcalf, Dr Moore).

Table with 2 columns: Norwich, Waterbury and Scores (Austin, Metcalf, Richards, W Noble, Taft, Bradley, Finch, Nelson, Seerey, C Hull, Reynolds, Miles, Cadwell, Langdon, Gill, Mills, H. J., Morgan, P Burns, McElligott, Draher, Hart, Bley, Geddes, Hallister, McFettridge, Dr. Rowe, Sam Colt, Fernside, Mack, Kelley, Whitney, Savage, Stevenson, Dailey, Edwards).

E. W. REYNOLDS.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., May 3.—The second last serial prize shoot, held on the Boston Gun Club grounds to-day, proved to be just what the "doctor ordered," twenty-one shooters presenting themselves to the official scorer as evidence this was their afternoon for pleasure. With traps working A1, no wind to speak of till the last two events, everything sailed on merrily, and regrets were only in order when the afternoon had passed away and guns packed up for home.

The good work started right from the bell, Gleason, Weld and Burns making 12 straight scores in the first five events, and the others were not so very far behind, especially as during the afternoon some 25 clean scores were made. Gleason's 76 straight from the 19yd. line easily was the star performance, putting the ground record on the highest shelf in the club house and hopes that this time it will have at least a fair amount of vacation.

Peacey and Batchelder, two of Bangor's most expert target smashers, joined in the fusillade and held their end up in good style, the Parker kgun disciple just leading his side partner four birds at the finish, which was all too small with conditions as they were. Another visit to the grounds will make quite a difference, and then the home boys are in for it if to-day's scores are any criterion of what has got to come.

O. R. Dickey, though right on edge, was able to shoot four events only, but these four were just enough to show what an expert's ability is on the 21yd. line, a distance that some state outguns a shooter, but surely a 96 per cent. average would show nothing of this sort.

The club's lady representative shooting from the 14yd. mark with a 6 1/2-pound 16-gauge proved that the 2 1/4 1-ounce load is just right when held up to the mark, her last 15 spoiling an excellent chance for a 75 per cent. average.

From now on, with weather suitable for all outdoor sports, we are looking for future visits, which will mean added interests from all sides.

Just one more shoot for this series and, as first position is now settled for a surety, the battle is on for second, Burns, Dickey, Frank, Woodruff, Ford and Roy, all having a look in, though advantages rest with the first three. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Targets (10, 15, 10, 15, 10, 15, 25, 25) and Scores (Gleason, Weld, Bell, Frank, Roy, Batchelder, Peavey, Hassam, Rogers, Woodruff, Prior, Caswell, Burns, Sears, Phelps, Ford, Massure, Muldown, Dickey, Kirkwood, Retwood).

Merchandise match, distance handicap—Gleason, 19yds, total 30; Frank, 19, 30; Weld, 18, 28; Burns, 16, 28; Dickey, 21, 28; Rogers, 16, 27; Ford, 16, 27; Bell, 20, 26; Batchelder, 16, 25; Peavey, 16, 26; Kirkwood, 20, 26; Roy, 19, 25; Woodruff, 17, 25; Caswell, 16, 24; Prior, 16, 23; Muldown, 16, 23; Massure, 16, 22; Hassam, 16, 19; Retwood, 14, 19.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 29.—Voris defeated Farrell for English Hotel Club by the following score:

Voris 18 19 23 21—81 Farrell 15 22 20 19—76

Moore won badge presented by Peters Cartridge Co. Parry, Dickman, Gregory, Miller, Finley and Anderson tied for club trophy.

A great deal of work is being done on our grounds, getting things in shape for the G. A. H.

Gus Greiff was with us and had a bad half hour in first event, but in the second event he pointed his gun in about the right place. Ask Mr. Greiff what he thinks of our grounds, or any one else who has seen them. The verdict will be, finest in the world. Come and see us.

Table with 2 columns: Events (Targets, 1-7) and Scores (Moore, Parry, Dickman, Gregory, Partington, Moller, Finley, Anderson, Kanause, Dixon, Hice, Bell, Steele, Armstrong, Habich, Tripp, Comstock, Morrison, Illif, Cooper, Nash, Beck, Trout, Farrell, Voris, Wands, Greiff, Dark).

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Philadelphia Arms Co., Philadelphia, Pa., have issued a descriptive illustrated price catalogue, in which is listed the different grades of guns they manufacture, ranging in price from \$50 to \$500. The mechanism of the gun is fully described, with much other valuable information. It is sent free to applicants.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Last of the Season—Washington.

Low-Rate Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

May 18 is the date on which will be run the last Personally-Conducted Tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington for the present season. This tour will cover a period of three days, affording ample time to visit all the principal points of interest at the National Capital, including the Congressional Library and the new Corcoran Art Gallery. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip and hotel accommodations, \$14.50 or \$12 from New York; \$13 or \$10.50 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points, according to hotel selected. Rates cover accommodations at hotel for two days. Special side trip to Mount Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupon.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; C. Studds, Eastern Passenger Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad street station, Philadelphia.

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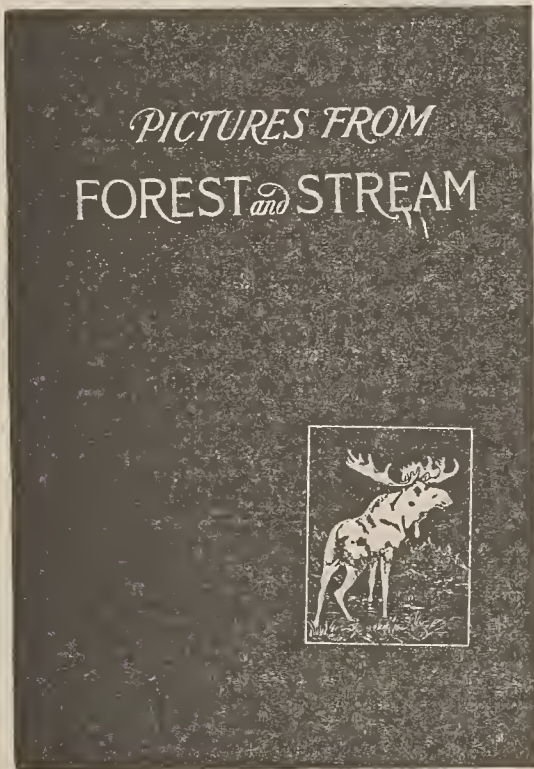
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LIST OF THE PLATES.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - - Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 5. "What's That?" (Antelope), - - Carl Rungius | 21. The American Plover, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 6. The Home of the White Goat. Photo by H. T. Folsom | 22. Rap Full. Schooner Constellation in a North Easter, - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair off Larchmont, - - - Photo by Jas. Burton |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - Carl Rungius |
| 9. Calling the Buffalo—3 The Fall, E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - E. Osthaus |
| 10. Calling the Buffalo—4 Packing the Meat. E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer) - - - - E. Osthaus |
| 11. Sail, Sea and Sky, Navahoe on the Solent. Photo by West & Son | 27. Between Casts, - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 12. The Trapper's Camp, - - - - E. W. Deming | 28. Home of the Bass, - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 13. Pearl R. (Setter), - - - - E. H. Osthaus | 29. In Boyhood Days, - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 14. The Purple sandpiper, - - - - J. J. Audubon | 30. A Country Road (Partridge), W. P. Davison |
| 15. The Black Duck, - - - - J. J. Audubon | 31. When Food Grows Scarce (Quail), W. P. Davison |
| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - - - J. J. Audubon | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), W. P. Davison |

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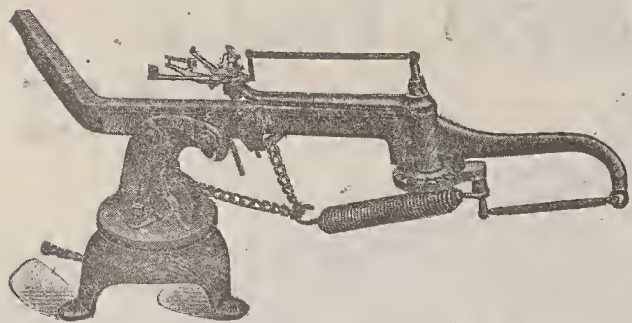
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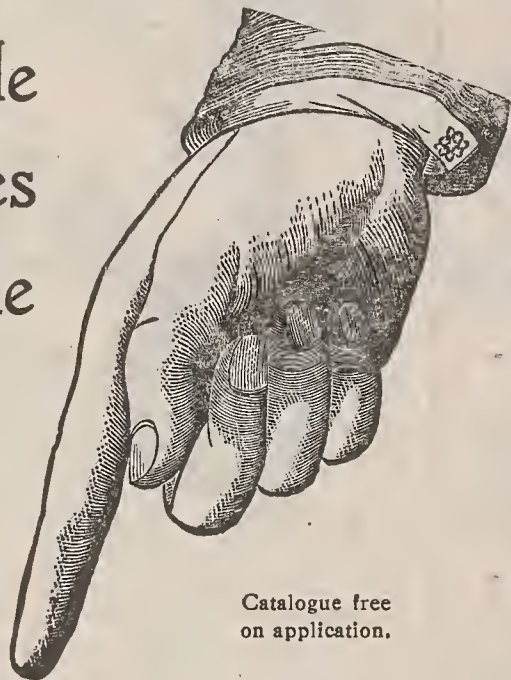
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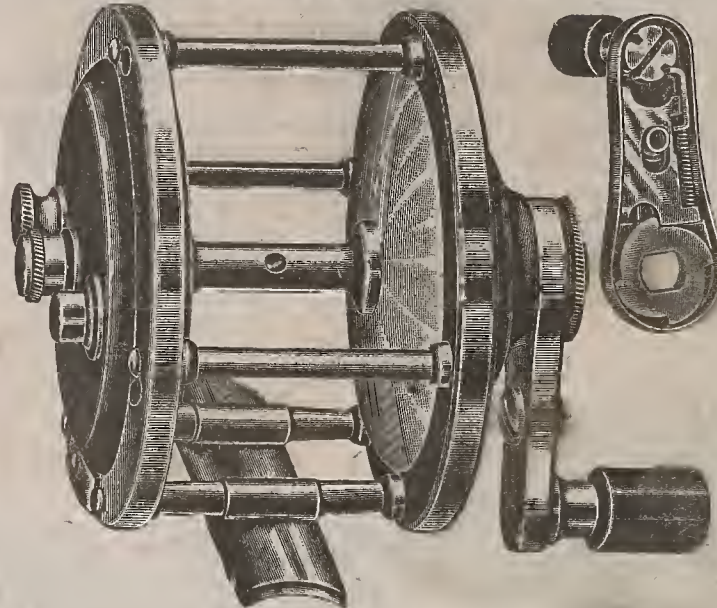
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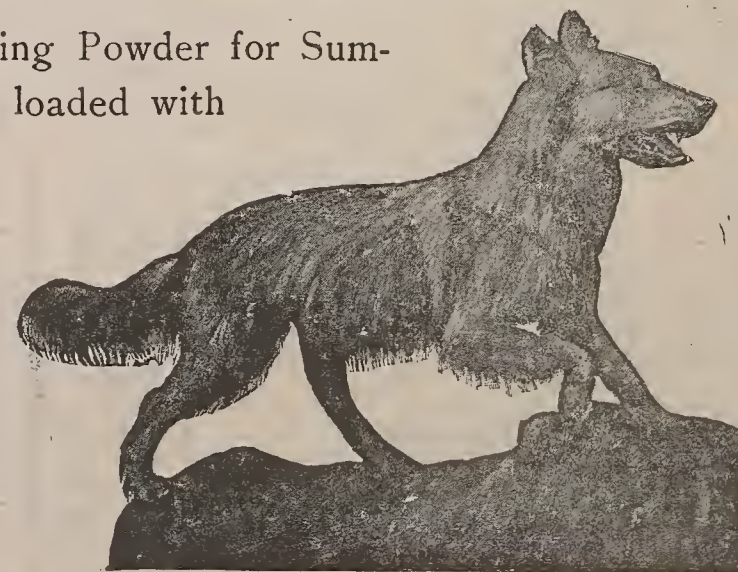
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Wilson Live Bird Trophy—for State shooters—won by V. Williams with Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

MISSOURI STATE SHOOT, held at Kansas City, May 2-3-4-5.

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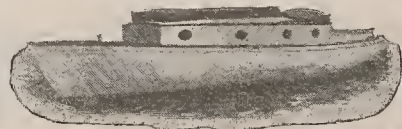
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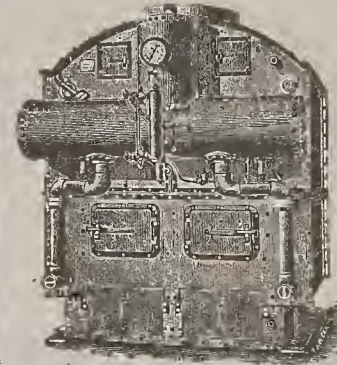
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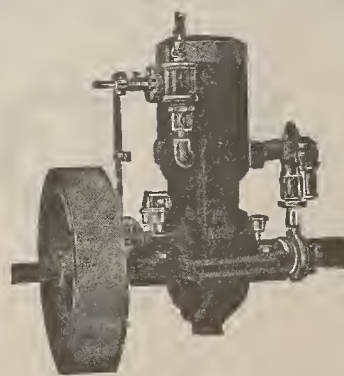
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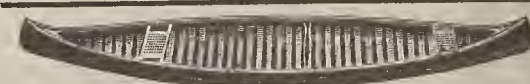
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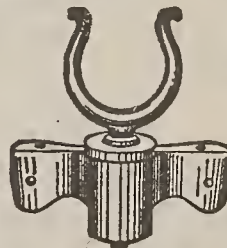
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
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BACK FROM THE HUNT.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S hunt is over and he has returned to Washington and the daily grind of official duty. The record of the hunt, as printed in the daily papers, is ten bears and four bobcats, an unusually successful expedition, such as a President should have. Just how many bears fell to Mr. Roosevelt's rifle is not announced and is, in fact, unimportant, for in a hunt like this the killing of the victims is the least interesting part of the work. It is the pursuit that gives joy and excitement to the hunt—the wild rough ride along the mountainside, down one side of a ravine and up the other, dodging rocks and trees the while, the listening for the dogs, and the effort to overtake them, while all the time you watch your horse and try to spare him.

It is certain that the President had a good time, and that he worked as hard at his hunting as he always does at his play or at his work. If snow and rain and cold and wind confronted him he met bad weather with a cheerful mind, and made the best of it. He went for a good time and he had it, and with the good time he acquired a store of health and vigor which will stand him in good stead this summer.

It may be hoped that when the time comes the public may have from Mr. Roosevelt's pen an account of this hunt. Many readers will remember his story of the cougar hunt which he made when Vice-President, and the still more delightful account of his trip to the Yellowstone National Park in April, 1903, published in the last volume of the Boone and Crockett Club's Book. On no subject does Mr. Roosevelt write more simply, more freshly, and with greater charm than on outdoor and especially on natural history subjects, and all sportsmen and all nature lovers eagerly welcome anything from his pen. His chapter on Wilderness Reserves, just referred to, besides being a model outdoor article, is a powerful and useful tract in favor of game and forest preservation and the setting aside of wild tracts of land for pleasure grounds for all the people.

MOIETIES FOR PROTECTORS.

UNDER the present New York law the salary of a district game protector is \$600 a year, with \$450 allowance for expenses, and he receives also one-half of the fines and penalties, less the expenses of recovering the sum, collected in actions brought upon information furnished by him. A measure passed by the Legislature and now in the Governor's hands increases the protector's salary to \$900, allows \$600 for expenses, and deprives him of the moieties received for recoveries in actions. This change, if we are not misinformed, was prompted at the instigation of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, and the reason given was that there had been collusion between certain protectors on the one hand and Adirondack timber thieves on the other, whereby the protectors winked at violations of the law in the penalties for which they saw profits to themselves. Whether or not there was any foundation for the suspicion of collusion in Adirondack forest trespass cases, there is no reason to believe that any protector has ever encouraged or acquiesced in violations of the game and fish laws for the purpose of making business for himself. No plausible plan presents itself by which such a scheme could be carried out. It is beyond our ingenuity to imagine how a protector in New York city, for instance, who should seize an illicit stock of game birds in close season, could have arranged for the dealer's reception of the birds from the distant shipper, or how the dealer could be duped into thinking that he saw a way to profit by taking the birds into his possession, having them confiscated, and being fined for them \$500, as a Sixth avenue dealer was recently fined for a lot of close-season quail; or \$650, as another Sixth avenue dealer was fined for a like offense; or \$1,000, a penalty imposed last month upon a down-town commission merchant for out of season quail. The game protector and game dealer collusion theory is so fanciful as to be preposterous.

The change embodied in the Wood bill is of questionable merit. While the increase of salary from \$600 to \$900 is probably intended to compensate the protector for taking from him the moieties, and while it may therefore fully satisfy him, the new system would be likely to secure less efficient service to the State. Protectors are human, and it is human to work harder when the reward is con-

tingent upon one's exertions than when the reward is assured whether or no. The protector who, for a salary, may do all that his conscience tells him it is his duty to do, will do still more for an added reward to be won by the increased exertion—that is, for work which is just a trifle beyond the rigid demand of mere duty.

The enforcement of the game laws by the protector depends in a peculiar degree for its efficiency upon the exercise of this over-zealousness. It is not enough for a protector who suspects a violation to make such a more or less perfunctory investigation as may or may not disclose the facts; he must persist and persevere and ferret out and stick to the case and follow it up, and in the end stand stoutly for a good round penalty. And as has been said, a protector is human; he will ferret and stick and stand much more strenuously if he be working for an extra reward than he will if he reflects that his salary is coming to him whether or no. In short, if those who fixed the new compensation at \$900 figured out that the average moieties of protectors amounted to \$300—the State is likely to receive better service from the protector who is paid \$600 and earns in addition thereto \$300 in moieties, than it will receive from a protector who is paid the \$900 as a salary.

The system of moieties as added rewards has worked well in the past; the actual service rendered to the State would probably be more efficient and valuable with a retention of the system than under the proposed change.

SMELTERS AND THE PUBLIC.

SOME time ago we called attention to the damage to adjacent vegetation caused by the fumes of a smelter operated in Shasta county, California, and incidentally mentioned similar damage done by smelters in Butte, Mont. Very promptly upon the publication of this article follows an application to Judge Hunt by residents of Silver Bow county in Montana for an injunction against the smelters of Butte, on the ground that their operation is destructive to the health and property of neighboring residents.

It is certainly time that action be taken by executive officers, legislative bodies and courts to put an end to the riding rough shod by manufacturing companies over the rights of the public. It may be assumed that every citizen who owns real estate is entitled to pure air, pure water and unobstructed light. This principle is sufficiently established as regards transportation companies in cities, but in the country where population is sparse the right seems to have been forgotten. Factories run their waste products into streams and pollute them so that they are fit for use neither by man nor beast nor fish. Streams that once furnished a pathway for uncounted multitudes of fish which afforded cheap and wholesome food to the people, are now so tainted by vile stuff sent into them that no fish is ever found in their waters, and even lower forms of animal life have disappeared.

There are many signs that the public is slowly awakening to this outrageous state of things, and that the time is not distant when the present license of many manufacturing companies will be so restrained that they will be obliged to content themselves with a measure of liberty no greater than that possessed by the average citizen.

BUFFALO LORE.

THE disappearance of the buffalo as a wild animal is so recent, and the concern felt in its extermination so keen, as to lend an especial interest to reminiscences of buffalo days, such as have been recently given by Mr. Charles Aubrey. The true story of the foundation of the Pablo-Allard herd, printed in *FOREST AND STREAM* in the summer of 1902, came, it will be remembered, from Mr. Aubrey's pen, and was of especial value as being the truth, though a multitude of fictitious stories about that herd have been published.

Among the many old timers who reside on the Western plains and among the mountains there yet remains a vast fund of buffalo lore, all of it interesting, and much of it valuable from the point of view of natural history, which ought to be set down. It is only occasionally and bit by bit that fragments of this lore come to light, as in the three contributions from Mr. Aubrey, the last this week.

Most interesting from the human standpoint is the widespread view among the plains Indians of what had become of the buffalo. From the days of their earliest tra-

ditions the Indians of the plains had always known buffalo—more than could be counted, often covering the land as far as the eye could reach—and to the savage mind it was inconceivable that these should have been suddenly swept away. The buffalo had always been their food and it was impossible to imagine a world without buffalo, which would mean a world without food—extermination for their race. Hence, some other explanation than extermination must be sought, for extermination was unthinkable. So the Dakotas believed that the buffalo, wearied by constant pursuit and with their feet worn down and tender from continual running, had retired to some distant place to rest; the Blackfeet believed that the malevolent white man had shut up the buffalo in a cave, whence some time they would escape to re-people the plains. Other tribes cherished similar beliefs. The Blackfoot belief was evidently suggested by an old myth of the tribe which seems to refer to some ancient period of starvation when the buffalo—as sometimes happened—disappeared for a long time, and the people starved.

It is greatly to be desired that persons who remember facts and incidents of the buffalo days should write out their memories of those times, the details of which are so interesting.

FOR A WIDER INFLUENCE.

WITHIN the past fifteen years a great change has taken place in public sentiment in the United States as to the protection of wild creatures, the forest and natural things in general. It is a matter of common belief that a chief factor in bringing about this change has been the *FOREST AND STREAM*, which has devoted itself in season and out, to showing that such protection is for the public welfare. The good work thus started is still being carried on, but all who are interested in strengthening this sentiment should do everything in their power to assist and hasten forward the movement.

This can best be done by putting before the public interesting and good literature dealing with the subject. Such literature is *FOREST AND STREAM*, which is not only interesting in itself but also records the changes in public feeling, the alteration of laws, local and general, the decisions of the courts and the views and acts of clubs and associations. The reader is thus kept constantly in touch with the game protective movement in this country, knows what is going on and can judge for himself and act intelligently on any matter that may come up.

What the paper is to the outdoor man in relation to the sports which he so greatly enjoys, is too well known to need any extended reference. It is a record of all facts of interest in the nature of competitions, it tells of the shooting, fishing and yachting and other sports that we are enjoying to-day, and of those sports and scenes of adventure connected with them that were taken part in by people of a generation or more ago. It is a journal that the outdoor man cannot get along without.

With a view to extending the circulation of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and thus forcing forward the movement in favor of the protection of natural things, the publishers are prepared to send out to any present readers coin cards for distribution among his friends interested in outdoor life, which coin cards when returned with a nominal sum of money, will give an opportunity to take advantage of our short term trial subscription. On another page will be found blanks which any reader may fill out and send to us, on receipt of which we will send him without cost coin cards for distribution among his friends.

THE NATIONAL PARK ANTELOPE.

EARLY in April, the antelope moved back to their summer range on the higher ground, after having wintered on the alfalfa flats near the town of Gardiner and just within the Park. They have notably increased in number within the past year. In 1904 the average of several counts showed 1,100 antelope; this year there are between 1,500 and 1,700, indicating a large increase by births and a small loss from any cause. During the late winter 800 antelope were counted one day on the alfalfa flat near Gardiner, and besides this a number of bands were seen on the hills all about.

The usefulness of planting winter food for the antelope—which was first done by Major Pitcher, the Superintendent of the Park, two or three years ago—has thus been shown again during the past winter.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Floating Down the Mississippi.

With the Cabin Boaters.

DROPPING around the first bend in the river I was soon out of sight of Helena, and in an hour I was beyond all sight of things that I had known heretofore, save the yellow torrent. It was a little raw, and rowing was necessary to keep warm; but something of the river indolence had penetrated my bones, so that I could feel the invidious nature of river life. I disliked the idea of a change, and yet I didn't really care very much. Careless of where I was going, I pulled away with long, slow strokes until about 9 o'clock, when I was startled by a hail close at hand.

"Hy there, you!"

Forty yards away was a cabin boat drifting with the current, manned by a tall, dark, rather lanky individual with his black hat poised on his head at a most self-confident angle. "Come yere!" he said, and I rowed to his boat, and was invited aboard.

"You ain't the man I thought you was," he said, "there was a sailor stole a boat from a friend of mine up to Memphis the other day, an' I jes' 'lowed you all was him. Nossir, you ain't. The feller what stole the boat was a little feller, dark an' wiry. You ain't the man."

Not only had I begun to feel like a river man, but, apparently, I had something of the look of one from the distance of a few yards.

"Sit down awhile, hit's plaguey lonesome floatin' along with nothing to do. Hit shore is. Who all mout you be?"

I told him, and then he said he was John Pierce, and was on his way to Friar's Point, and that he would be glad of my company for a day or two. I had not floated on a cabin boat previous to this time, and the experience was novel. We sat down inside, with the doors closed, held our hands over the fire, and tried to remember some mutual acquaintances up stream. I thought he was the Pierce whom I heard Mrs. Haney mention as her "husband who used to be," but I was mistaken, as I learned afterward. I mentioned that I had heard of him up at Memphis, and he ducked his head with a gesture of emphatic glee. It appeared that his glee was due to a companion he had left at Memphis, owing to his incompatibility of temperament with the woman's ten-year-old boy.

Pierce proved a jovial companion. He was sheriff at Carruthersville for a term, and during that time he had occasion to hunt up various characters of local note. One time, he heard that a couple of "good ones" were just above town. There was a reward offered for their capture, which was why they were "good." With a couple of deputies, Pierce went after them, and found them at home, behind two trees, with repeating rifles against the bark. Pierce had depended on surprise, to effect the capture. His own was painful as he tried to "slab it" behind a tree that was a size too narrow, even for his own thin form.

"Picking up hundred dollar rewards ain't so easy as some might think," he said. "Some rewards has shooting-irons two-feet long, and they shoot straight. I didn't depend much on making that sort of easy money after I'd tried hit onct."

A big cowhide was on the roof of the boat, and after we'd eaten a hatful of hickory nuts, Pierce got dinner. From the hold of the boat he took a piece of dark purple beef, and sliced it with a keen butcher knife. He put a spoonful of lard into the frying-pan, and dipped the beef into flour, and then fried it in the lard. I was calloused to lard, so to speak, but I'd much rather have seen the meat broiled, but the odor was delicious. When the meat was cooked, he made condensed milk gravy, which was startling, and finally brought out some of the fluffiest white bread that I'd ever seen. I was ready to eat when the time came, and although each process in getting the meal had been surprising, and a bit distasteful in appearance, that dinner proved a memory that will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Pierce didn't tell where he got the beef, and one on the river has a feeling of delicacy about asking questions in regard to where things come from, so I can't say on what the animal fed. But it was unquestionably "out-door beef," and as cabin boaters are said to sometimes shoot beef that ventures too close to the river bank, this beef may have been acquired by some of Pierce's friends whom he mentioned having met above Helena a few days before. The cabin boater is a most liberal man when one is on good terms with him. What they get easily, they yield to others almost without a thought of its value, when such things as meat and game are concerned.

As we were dropping down a few miles below Helena, Pierce discovered a flock of wild geese on the east bank, feeding down close to the water. He got out his gun. My double Bs were all in the skiff, and that was on the side toward the birds. However, we loaded up, my gun with No. 4s, and we drifted along ten yards from the bank with expectant nerves. The time to shoot came at last, and then we fired four shots. The birds jumped into the air, and away they went to the sand bar on the opposite side of the stream, where they came down still noisily honking about the affair.

Along the bank just above Friar's Point were a dead

pig and a dead calf, for which Pierce was inclined to hold the target practice of some cabin boater, responsible. He said that a favorite way of getting meat on the Arkansas with him was to find some one with hogs running in the cane. He would kill the animals on shares. Once he met a negro up in the swamp country who wanted two big boars killed. Pierce found them and killed both with buckshot. They were big red fellows weighing several hundred pounds apiece. The tusk of one which he gave me measures nearly 8½ in. around the bend.

Friar's Point proved to be a levee town, consisting of a few small buildings, weather beaten and drooping. I remarked that it looked rather sleepy and the response was: "Yas, but you all jes' orter have seen hit New Years! Lawse! But they was six or seven men gwin' up an' down these yere streets, cuttin' loose with forty-fours, like you couldn't think. Yassir, hit's totable quiet to-day, strangeh, but hit ain' always so."

Living in a long cabin boat six feet above the ground on post ends was Pierce's son Tom and Tom's wife, who is well known on the river as "Kid." Tom wanted to go down the river with his father, and take a contract to build some shanties at a landing a couple or three days' floating down stream. This was agreeable to the father, but there was no great hurry. They would drop down if the wind was favorable. I was for starting on, but they said things would be fixed all right, and I'd better stay.

As we came to town on Saturday night, we were obliged to remain over Sunday in order to buy some supplies. Just above our mooring place was the ferry, consisting of a gasoline launch that would hold ten or fifteen men. I noted with wonder that the boat was running across with scarcely a wait at the landing, and that as many as twenty or thirty negroes would be waiting for the next trip, when it returned. I watched the boat through my glasses and saw that the passengers, when twenty or thirty rods from the bank, would drink from small glasses which the ferryman handed them. That launch was a government-license ferryboat. The passengers paid twenty-five cents for the privilege of crossing in the boat, and they were served with liquor when sixty or more yards from the bank. The ferryman, it was said, cleared fifty to sixty dollars a week, anyhow, and sometimes a hundred dollars in a day.

On Sunday afternoon we carried Tom's duffel down to Pierce's boat. It consisted of a couple of trunks, a tintype machine, a box of carpenter tools and nails, a mattress and bedding, a tent and boxes and bottles of chemicals used in the manufacture of "medicine." Tom and his father are river "hustlers." They make a large part of their living by selling things on the bank. Pierce said that one could make plenty of money on the river if he had something to sell to the negroes. "I carry electric belts this trip," he said. "Look here!"

With that he brought out a box nine inches long, containing a gorgeous red flannel belt, with two zinc shields the size of a pound baking powder can top at each end of the flannel. The flannel was folded and inside was a copper chain, the links connected by iron wire, and each end hooking into the backs of the zinc.

"Look at that!" said Mr. Pierce, "Wouldn't that jes' make a nigger bat his eyes? They cost a dollar a dozen—eight and a third cents apiece. Now, I sell them for a dollar each, or trade for something I can sell. I like something I can make ninety per cent. profit on like I do on them belts. But if I can't sell belts, look a-here!"

With that he brought out some lamp mats, the most gorgeous I had ever seen. A mat was just a bit of circular blue or red cloth, with a lot of long yellow, blue, green or white cotton fibers fastened around the edges.

"They ain't so much profit on these," Mr. Pierce said, "but I can sell 'em for a couple of hens apiece any day, and hens is worth thirty cents each. I pay ten cents for them. If you can talk you can sell things along this old yellow gut, that's what you can. I tell you a good line to carry. Bible pictures sells brilliant. You take a big red, yellow and blue picture now, of angels welcoming a nigger to heaven, and it'll sell down here like giving away whiskey. There's a feller up in Kaintuck what's copyrighted a picture like that, an' he's gettin' rich like mud on a sandbar. He sells 'em fer about ten cents, an' we sells 'em down here for four bits—five times as much as we gives. That's business, ain't hit? We're here for business, that's what we are."

Pierce had something to say on most topics known to the river. Particularly he shone in gun plays that he described.

"It's never been necessary for me to kill anybody," he remarked casually one day, "but I been where I thought I'd have to some—yes, jes' about some an' a half, I should say. One time, before my wife died—that was in '92—I was ridin' along with her in a buggy and we come to a mud hole, one of them wide, deep, slimy alligator mud holes. Met a feller from Texas right thar. He was a bad man, claimed to be, and 'lowed around that he'd killed nine men. He had a wagon, an' I pulled around tryin' to keep out of the mud hole, an' the Texan, he jes said, 'You alls the fustest man I ever seen what wouldn't give a wagon the road to a buggy.' He-e. You know, I had my gun, a .45, right down on the seat beside me whar I allus carried

hit when I went ridin' into a buggy. Fore he knowed hit, I had him kivered. Yasseh! Plumb kivered, an', well, you know, that bad Texan, he jes' knowed he had to 'pologize, an' he done hit, he shore did."

On Monday morning we went up-town and bought supplies. Condensed milk, flour, a few potatoes, a large piece of lard, and some baker's bread, were among the things we purchased. The total came to \$2.30. Everything was expensive. Prices are far above normal back country prices, particularly vegetables of all sorts. Having carried these things down to the boat, the lines were cast off and a few strokes of the oars drove us into the current, and by noon we were dropping down the river. The boat was crowded. There were four persons on board, with two rooms at their disposal. The craft was 30ft. long, by 9ft. wide. There were five trunks, a bed, a stove, several boxes and chairs, and a table on board. Like all cabin boats, this one was well lighted. Four large windows were in the sides, and the two doors, one at each end, assured ample ventilation, for the cabin boater "has to go outdoors every time he wants to turn around," as they say on the river. It was particularly true of the cabin boat we were on.

There was a plenty of talk and singing on board. Mrs. Pierce was a small woman, perhaps twenty-one years of age. She ran away from home when a young girl, and had lived on the river in preference to a home life that meant drudgery in the factories. She was happy with Tom, and he with her. Her songs were not all printable for a variety of reasons, but they were not improper from the river point of view. One runs:

"Oh, honey babe, Ah'm out of down,
Oh, honey babe, Ah'm out of down,
Ah'm gwine to catch the Old Kate when she comes down,
Ah'm gwine to catch the Old Kate when she comes down,
Oh, honey, when I hear that Old Kate blow,
Blow like she never blowed before,
Ah know she'll carry me away,
'Way down South, whar de 'gators play.
Oh, farewell, honey babe, Ah'm gwine away,
Ah'm all adrift, Ah'm doomed to stay
Ahway, Ahway,

The song was pathetic, under the circumstances. Many of the river songs are exceedingly touching on account of the impression they give of the people who drift through their lives as snags and other flotsam on the river. The analogies between the river debris and the river people are many, and close. One of them is shown in the expression "we hung up in Helena a couple of days." The drift "hangs up" on the sandbars. Another is: "The tide come and took me down to Vicksburg," meaning he got work on a boat, or raft. He was like the drift a flood takes down stream, perhaps to some sandbar, or to a drift pile in the overflow.

The weather was rather cold, but the little stove, which used 14-inch wood, gave out a great heat. The wood burned was choice drift stuff. Pierce preferred pine for fire-wood. He had an armful of cedar for kindling. Toward night, when we were watching the bank for a little harbor, he remarked on the sticks and timber which he could see. "There's a good one, but they ain't no landing here. I bet that big timber there's yellow pine; but that bank ain't no good. There's a pile of drift; I guess we could land there, but it looks better down toward the point."

We finally ran into a pocket which was sheltered from the current by a point of hard pan, and from the wind by the bank and a mass of branches, save toward the west. On this side the wind had a clear sweep, but the waves would be broken by the swirl of a long eddy. As much care was taken in choosing the tying in place as in selecting a site for a camp. Much depends on the choice. Later on, just above Vicksburg, I had an experience indicating why care should be taken. We cut wood, and put nearly half a cord on the boat, which seemed already fully laden.

It was a pleasant night, dark and cloudy. Pierce wanted to go to a little lake half a mile or so from the river, to which a blazed trail led, and we went. He had a two-torch lamp on his head, and I followed him along the trail. We didn't find the lake, however, nor did we see any coons, although we did see plenty of trees up which coons had been climbing recently, judging by the claw marks. One frightful thing was seen. It was a hole in the ground about two feet in diameter, and fifteen feet deep. The overflow of the river had left a deposit of mud around the tree which died in time. The core of the tree rotted out, but the thin outside shell remained to keep the dirt from slumping into the cavity. Fancy the fate of a man who happened to fall into one of these places! It has happened, and very likely some of the mysterious disappearances recorded in the bottom lands were due to plunging head first into a hollow tree, and drowning in the water at the bottom.

With a view to traffic, Pierce took a walk through the woods to the levee on the next day, there being too much wind for floating. The levee was nearly half a mile distant, and beyond it was as dense a forest as the one before it. Down a way was a small steam saw-mill, and a boy gave Pierce an idea of what the people would do as regards electric belts, saying some of them had pains. Pierce went back to the boat, and later Tom visited the mill and sold a belt or two. While Tom was

away, the rest of us ate hickory nuts, gathered a few miles from Columbus, Kentucky, on the river bank. They were nearly as large as hen's eggs, with meats like good walnuts. They were a part of every day's fare. Breakfast came at about 7 o'clock, hickory nuts at 11, dinner at 2 P. M., and supper at dark. "About all a man has to do on the river when he's tied in is eat," Pierce remarked. Between meals our pockets were filled with pecan nuts, which were nibbled in the intervals of abstraction. Pierce was a good hunter, and he killed half a dozen ducks in the two days the wind held us to the bank at the first stopping. These birds were baked in delicious fashion, and served with biscuits and condensed milk and flour gravy.

"The right kind of a river man never gets hungry," Pierce said. Considerable experience with the river people tended to confirm this.

There were three dogs on the boat belonging to the woman. One was a shaggy, scowling little beast, and the other two were pups of small size and playful natures. Fortunately, all three were little ones, else the place had been crowded with dogs. As it was, the strangled yelp of a down-trodden pup was heard at frequent intervals. Pierce remarked in an aside one day: "I 'low there'll be an accident on this yere boat some day, with them pups figurin' eminent into hit."

My note book, a 9 by 14 inch store record blank book, was a source of much interest to the river folk. Pierce remarked admiringly one day: "Say, Spears, it'd take a Philadelphia lawyer to read them writings, now, wouldn't it?" I allowed it would, and felt duly thankful for the fact. My studies of river life were written "by hand," while general notes I made on my typewriter on thin paper, and inserted them, according to the dates. I was reasonably sure that the inexperienced would be unable to read my pen-made observations, and took some long chances in order to preserve my facts.

The river winds are fairly regular in their periods. There is likely to be a couple days of dead calm, and then a day of faint, shifting breezes. Then for two or three days the wind grows stronger and stronger all day long, starting at 10 o'clock the first morning, 8 or 9 o'clock the second, and so on for three or four days, when a hard gale winds up in rain or sleet, and cold, followed by delightful sunshiny calm once more.

One of Pierce's stories was of an acquaintance of his. Pierce is an agent for the Blake brothers, medicine manufacturers, who do their business from cabin boats almost exclusively. They have a large number of customers on the bank, too, the varieties of Chickasaw medicines being sold at many plantation commissaries. There being a good deal of money in the medicine business, it is followed by all kinds of rascals on the river, as well as by legitimate dealers. One of the rascals, the acquaintance mentioned, came to Pierce's boat one night after dark, when he was tied in just above the mouth of the Red River. Pierce told of him: "He acted kind of nervous and flippy, and there was considerable mud round his pants legs, and he was kind of sweaty when he come aboard, but knowing him as I did, I didn't think nothing about it for some time, though it wa'n't jes' natural to drap down to me in a pointed skiff, at 8 o'clock of a night. Fust thing I knowed I hearn some boats a-crossing the river about half a mile up stream. They was jes' a clickin' the oars an' they had a couple dogs on board what yelped considerable. Once in a while they'd strike a match an' some had headlights. The voices I heard were niggers by the sound of 'em. I said to the man, 'Seems like they're runnin' a whiskey ferry up thataway.' Lawse! he jumped a foot into the air an' turned a pale yeller-white. I knowed somethin' wa'n't right, so I tole him to spit hit out. He done it. He'd been sellin' medicine up in the plantation quarters, an' had run out of belly wash, so he mixed up some liniment an' sold that fur internal use. Well, they was a woman thar who wa'n't very strong, an' the medicine killed her that night, an' next mornin' a baby died, an' toward night quite a number was took bad. He was a durned fool. He'd stayed around two days too long. Well, them niggers was jes' a-rippin' an' they knowed nothing would be said if they took after a medicine peddler, so they was after the man what had come to me. Hum-m, course, when I hearn that, I jest cut loose an' drapped down stream a ways, with no lights burnin'. I ain't the kind of a man to sit around while niggers is stringing up a white man, you bet I ain't."

Stories, songs, remarks and planning as to the future were the rainy-day pastimes on the cabin boat. A Steele's geology was on board, also some novels and several almanacs, which were consulted, but not believed in. Some local papers of a few weeks' age were also read, but they were not full of news. One paragraph told of a murder a few miles away, speaking of it as an "unfortunate fatality." Days of rain were succeeded by "good floating," and we dropped along down stream. At Allison's landing half a dozen negroes hailed to know if we had any fish. "Lots of 'em!" answered Pierce. "We're going to tie in just below!" The negroes came down the bank, following the boat. They were still following when a bend intervened half a mile down stream. "That's the way we rig the niggers," Pierce remarked.

A mile down stream a sharp wind suddenly sprang up and drove the boat into a caving bank, in spite of hard rowing with the sweeps. The current carried us against the head of a raft of logs which a drifter had caught. We shoved around it and dropped into an eddy just below, where we rode a pretty swift little gale of wind that lasted three or four hours.

"Did you git scared, Kid?" Tom asked his wife. "Humph!" she exclaimed. "Twa'n't the firs' time I been ketcht up into a gale."

By 2 o'clock the wind lay, and we dropped on down, Pierce remarking: "You got to take the wind as she comes, and crawl down stream between storms—hit's the only way." A lake a mile back from shore, a few miles further down, of which they knew, tempted Tom to try for some ducks. He went back and the rest of us ate pecans, the woman reading "The Hidden Hand," a novel. Another storm came on, this one a drizzly rain. Pierce thought it looked as though the winter had set in—Jan. 23 the day was. When Tom returned from his hunt he said it "looked like some business

back in the country." He went back with his grip full of belts and mats and Chickasaw medicines. On his return he remarked: "I did \$2 worth of business." He had been gone two hours.

Pierce had been to Florida in his time, and said, "I might have made a young fortune right there. They were a man who had a whole orchard full of lemon trees. Told me I could have all I wanted of them—two, three car-loads. But I didn't know what to do with them." Three days later, when he reached Evansville, Ill., he found lemons selling at \$7 a crate of 100 each. Other opportunities had come to Pierce, and he had gained on some of them. His readiness was indicated by the fact that he and his son were looking for the job of building some quarters for negroes, having as a carpenter outfit one plane, a hammer, a saw, and a square, "I can't use but one plane to a time!" Pierce said.

Finding this landing a good place to sell stuff, the two dressed up in outfits that included new clothes and celluloid collars, and made ready to go trading. I crossed the river to try for a flock of wild geese, at the head of a sandbar. I needed a rifle, for when I was still a hundred yards from the birds, I found a wide, level surface of sand intervening between us. I watched them, in hopes they'd walk my way, but they did not. A shot at a flock of passing ducks started the big birds. When I returned I found the two men taking six dozen eggs out of their grips, while two old hens and a rooster flapped on the floor. "They jes' had to have them belts!" Pierce remarked with a chuckle, "and we tuck the chicks to accommodate them."

"The way I sells is this," he continued: "If he's a pretty wise looking nigger, I tell him I'm handling electrical goods; but if he ain't, I jes' say I've got electric belts. If he's feeling the least bit out of order, I'll sell him one. I got that hunk of pork, too," he said, pointing to a slab of six pounds weight on the table which I hadn't noticed.

Most remarkable of the goods that Pierce carried was a pill bottle "electric battery." It consisted of a piece of corn pith through which a bit of copper wire was thrust. A tiny wad of cotton, a cork and a drop of chemical with a scent so strong that a whiff of it brought tears to my eyes, was the "battery." I don't know what the drug was, but it's odor passed for electricity with the negroes, and the bottles were sold at from fifty cents to a dollar each, according to the purse of the purchaser.

"The only kind of real rascality I ever did," Pierce said, "was to pass counterfeits what I'd got stuck on."

We were looking for Burke's landing, where the contract of putting up cabins was supposed to be. We came to an island, No. 63, I believe, on which a saw mill had been erected. Tom and his wife went visiting there, expecting to see some friends who came down the river ahead of them. Pierce and I continued on down the chute and tied in at a landing, where some negroes asked who we were. Pierce explained that he was selling electrical goods, and invited them down. They didn't come down just then, and Pierce told about how mean the bank people were sometimes, "But they don't bother me, and I don't bother them," he exclaimed. Then five negroes appeared.

Pierce called them "gentlemen," set out chairs for them, and was as polite as possible. He explained how to make the electricity by holding the copper links of the belt folded in the hand till it was warm. Then put it on. The wife of one of the visitors was subject to pains, and this visitor borrowed a dollar with which to purchase one of the infallible belts. On his departure, Pierce grinned. "Isn't that the way to talk to them?"

Five minutes later a smooth-shaven, deep sunken-eyed young man appeared at the top of the bank forty feet away. "You all move out of yere, don't you all stay yere to-night!"

Pierce invited him to come down, and then said he would go. For fifteen minutes he scanned the chute up stream, and said he wished Tom would come. The negro who had purchased the belt then appeared.

"The boss says he all 'lows this yere ain' no good," the negro said, "an' I wants my money back."

Pierce wet his lips, and I wondered what was going to happen.

The demand for the return of the money evidently was entirely against Pierce's principles of doing business. He looked at the negro to whom he had sold the electric belt, and then he took a look at the top of the bank. A few yards down stream was the head of a darky scrutinizing the cabin boat. Sight of him decided Pierce, and he handed the dollar back.

"You all oughtn't to buy if you don' intend to keep," he remarked.

The negro returned the belt, and took the coin. When he was gone, Pierce said: "I'd ought to pulled out right away, an' I'd done hit if Tom had been here."

He cast anxious glances at the bank from time to time, and studied the current in the chute. "That current's so plaguey swift out there I don't reckon we could cross to the island. I don't 'low we'd better stay yere much longer, though. Them bank fellers is pretty bad. They've got us foul yere an' if we staid to-night they'd shore fill this boat full of lead, they shore would. I reckon we can make yon island—if we can't, Tom can find us down below somewheres, if he don't start too late."

With that he cast the lines from the bank and, giving the boat a shove, he jumped aboard and in a few minutes we were making our way diagonally across the chute. The current was not so bad as Pierce feared, for it eddied near the foot of the island, and did not carry us past. Tied to some willows, we awaited the coming of Tom and his wife. An hour later they came down the chute, and Tom laughed aloud at Pierce's description of the sale and refund. We dropped down to a place just above Modoc landing, where we tied in again, but Mr. Pierce did not recover his jovial spirits for some time thereafter.

He was inclined to take a more cheerful view of the affair on the following day. "He's ashamed of himself now," he remarked. "I treated him so nice and polite."

It was his opinion that the reason why so much objection is offered to river medicine and other peddlers by the plantation owners is because the plantation men

want all the trade to come to the commissaries. To the remark which the plantation owners make about river goods to the effect that, "they're no account," the river man frequently argues, "the stuff the robissaries sell ain't no better, and why shouldn't we have a share in the niggers' money?"

While we were talking to some visitors from other cabin boats, a covered gasolene came in. All hands went up on the bank to greet the newcomers. There were several on the gasolene, but only one showed his face—and only half of that from behind the canvas curtain. He wanted to know what landing that was, and if there was any news from up the river. Learning that it was Modoc, and that "nothing doing" was the news item, the gasolene backed out and shot away down stream, while the river men on the bank exchanged significant glances. One class of river pirates travel in small launches, and do a lot of thievery, trusting to the speed of the propeller to take them clear of the local police authorities.

Asking Tom what was the usual river law, as regards the cabin boaters, he reached for a big revolver in a trunk nearby and patted it: "This is law!" he said.

One curious story was told by the Pierces. They were tied in at Lake Palmyra, just below-Vicksburg, with another river character called Huffman. Huffman was in a 6 x 10 boat, covered by a combination of rags and planks. With Huffman was his wife and a boy of ten years. Nearby was one Hogan, whose wife, known as Ruby, was with him. This couple were in a boat similar to the one occupied by the Huffmans. Ruby and her husband had a falling out, and she vowed to leave him, upon hearing which, Huffman went to Hogan and a bargain was struck of a sort known to the annals of the river as "wife swapping." Huffman said he was a poor man, but he could afford to give \$2.50 for Ruby. Hogan said, "She's going anyhow, so here's where I get some plunks," and he accepted the offer. That night, while he was playing the card game of hearts on the Pierce boat, Ruby appeared with the money, and said: "Here, I leave you now." He took the money, and the woman departed.

"Do you know," Pierce said, "Huffman had two women now, so he comes up and offers me his old one. Humph! He went away with the both of 'em and the boy onto his boat, and he had to tote his old wife mighty nigh to Lake Providence fore he could find a husband for her, then Ruby up and left him, and he didn't have anybody."

Up in Scott county, Mo., a similar transaction was made, only in this instance the consideration was a side of bacon given with his wife in exchange for another woman whose worth was enough more to make up for the other one's lack of good qualities.

I use the word "wife" advisedly. A few years ago Indians engaged in just such transactions as those described in the same region. One could hardly call some of the river people "immoral," they are simply without the moral sense. One sees wedding certificates in many cabin boats. In some instances, the original names of the contracting parties have both been scratched out, and others substituted, and it takes an ex-sheriff to see the absurdity of the act.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Memories of the Buffalo Range.

III.—The Last of the Plains Buffalo.

YEAR after year the trade went on, the Indians bringing in each season a certain number of dressed robes, and from time to time a little other fur. Hostiles fresh from fights with the troops would occasionally come in to trade, sometimes running away to Canada, at others merely joining a camp of people who were supposed to be friendly. I heard of one Indian who had a gold watch reported to have been Gen. Custer's, or, at all events, to have been taken on that battlefield, and I tried to get it, but the Indian was afraid to show himself or the watch to me.

As time went on I kept careful account of the action and movements of the buffalo, the skins of which formed the bulk of the trade. A new problem presented itself when the skin hunters began to come into Montana in large numbers from Smoky Hill, Kansas, country with their heavy guns and ammunition as killers of the buffalo. From conversation with the leaders of the bands of hunters, I found that they had been killing the buffalo for his hide in the south, and after exterminating the southern herd, they could not give up the northern herd, whose numbers it was apparent to any careful observer were already fast decreasing. Driving about from camp to camp I had noticed with real regret the merciless slaughter of the great game by the hide hunter.

I had been on the frontier since my boyhood days, and it always appeared to me that the buffalo was the noblest game that man was ever blessed with. I remember a time when the pioneer settlers living in Sun River Valley and the northern part of Montana were eaten out by grasshoppers, their crops being entirely destroyed. When there seemed nothing left for them but to starve, they abandoned the ranches, took their tents and went to the buffalo range and lived during the winter upon the buffalo, getting together enough hides by the Indian mode of hunting—running them on horseback—to enable them to buy seed in the spring and again to plant their crops. In so many ways had I seen that great game so beneficial to the people of the frontier, where they were hunted in a sane manner, that I had always felt as though I would like to do something to assist in their protection. Now, when the army of buffalo hunters from the southern country came into Montana, I concluded that I would call on the military and appeal to them to see if something could not be done to prevent the extermination. For this purpose I made a trip to Fort Buford to consult with the army officers and appeal to them to see if a means could not be found to stop the hide hunter.

After I had carefully gone over the matter with the commanding officer there, he very abruptly informed me that the buffalo was the commissary of the Indian, and he believed that the only way that was open to

the army in which to settle the Indian question, was to kill off the Indian's commissary. To me this was very disappointing, as I had somewhat relied on him as an old friend to take my view of the matter. It then first came to my mind like a flash that the Indian's wild life on the plains was near its end. Heretofore I had not heartily entered into the purchasing of buffalo hides from the skin hunter, but after reviewing the situation as a matter of trade, I felt it my duty to my firm to use every legitimate means at my command to further their interests, and to buy all the hides that I could.

As time passed, close observation led me to believe that the limit to the buffalo's existence might be reached at any time, and for the benefit of the future I thought that I would invest in some buffalo calves, if I could get any gathered and delivered to me.

In the spring of 1883 I entered into a contract with an old Red River hunter by the name of Gabriel D'Israeli to deliver one hundred head of buffalo calves at any point upon the Missouri River where a steamboat could land on the down trip, which I would instruct the captain to take from him and deliver to me at Wolf Point, that being my headquarters. The contract price was \$6 a head delivered on board the boat. The old man and his boys were good horsemen, and after carefully talking over the matter of the handling of the buffalo calves after they were captured so as to prevent loss and injury, and hearing my conditions, they quickly entered into the contract. The first delivery they made was of seven head to the steamer *Helena*, commanded by Captain Joe Fleto. Joe being quite a lover of buffalo himself, as are all French Canadians, was greatly pleased to deliver me the first buffalo under my contract. The calves when they reached Wolf Point were still pretty frisky and wild, and one jumped off the gang plank and, hanging over the boat, broke his back against the bank. Taking the rest home, I put them with the milch cows in the corral. They did not greatly like their new comrades and went to hooking and fighting them, and I had to take them out. However, they gradually became used to the cows, and I employed a herder to herd them with the cows. In order to distinguish them from the wild buffalo, I tied a piece of red flannel about the neck of each. The herder remained with them all day, and came back with them in the evening. One day, however, he proved careless in his work, and left the bunch, and some northern Cree Indians coming in from the far north and finding my buffalo calves, killed three of them. Various accidents happened to the rest, by which I lost them all.

In the meantime Mr. D'Israeli came in and informed me that the buffalo were all leaving the country. Upon inquiry I found that instead of making their usual migration to the north, where they would perhaps have received the protection of the Canadian government, in much the same manner as Sitting Bull and his people had received protection from the Canadian officials, they had gone south. This was suicide for the buffalo, for on the west end of that herd of buffalo were some 1,500 families of Red River half-breeds; and along the Missouri River were the Sioux Indians, and on the south there must have been 1,500 white men directly or indirectly engaged in the slaughter of the buffalo.

The white buffalo hunter was a picked man among all the game hunters of the West. The manner of hunting the buffalo was not by the usual method of the frontier hunters. To the wonder and surprise of all the Indians who inhabited that part of the country and

of the Red River half-breeds who were perhaps the best horseback hunters of the frontier, it was now found that the white hunter far excelled them by going out on foot and hunting the buffalo. The cartridges that he used carried each 120 grains of powder, and his gun, weighing as much as the average crowbar, was a very formidable weapon. The expert buffalo hunter taking the lead of his party cautiously approached the buffalo when lying down or feeding, and killed the leader with perhaps the first shot at a range of anywhere from 800 to 1,200 yards. If the buffalo were bedded down, the next one that rose and acted as a leader was shot down. The buffalo finally became so confused that they made no attempt to get away, and ultimately the whole bunch, numbering anywhere from 20 to 80 head, would be wiped out at one killing, provided the buffalo hunters' cartridges did not give out. As soon as the slaughter was complete, the hunter would signal to his companions to come up and skin them. An expert buffalo hunter was followed by from three to five skinners. The manner of skinning the buffalo was peculiar. They rarely took the head part, but cut off the hide close to the shoulder, making a so-called short-trimmed hide, and skinning up the legs, attached a horse to the hide and pulled it off. It was then, for the present, simply left spread out on the ground to freeze. When the weather was very cold only enough were killed so that the skinners could take the hides off, for when the body was frozen it was very difficult to skin. Nothing escaped the hide hunter's gun. The old buffalo, the cows, yearlings and the calves were all slaughtered alike.

The buffalo being so hard pressed—so completely surrounded by the white men on the south, the Red River half-breeds on the west and the Sioux nation on the north, with a continuous line of Indians along the Missouri River on the northeast side—had no place to rest. They were driven from their usual trails, or road of migration, as it were, to the north end and appeared completely lost and bewildered. The pursuit was kept up day after day, and getting no rest they were crowded and driven and pushed south to the Standing Rock Agency, which at that time was under the charge of Major McLaughlin. He made several seizures of the white hunters and their outfits for trespassing on his reservation in their pursuits of buffalo. Finally on the Cannonball River, on the border land of Dakota, the buffalo, like the Sioux, made their last stand, and the Indian hunters, eager to get meat for their families and thinking that this would be the last of the buffalo, made the most of it. The white hunter was fully impressed with the same idea, and did the same.

It soon became apparent to every one that the buffalo was no more; but this idea dawned very slowly on the mind of the Indian. He could not give up the belief that they were merely gone on a visit somewhere and would return again.

When I became fully aware of the situation and had made up my mind as to the future welfare of the Indian and those engaged in trade with them, I had a talk with the Sioux, at which council were present among others Skin of the Heart, Long Tree, Stabs in Plenty, Yellow Moon, Big Snake, Running Elk, Red Stone, The Skunk, Red Dog and Two Bellies. I thought it was due to them to explain the condition in which they found themselves and their families; and to try and show to them that their occupation as hunters was now gone, and to impress upon them the necessity of looking out for some other avocation for

the future. After a long talk, in which I explained the situation—for the prairie Indian lived almost wholly upon the buffalo—Skin of the Heart arose and in a very impressive manner asked his people to listen to and consider what I had said. After he had said a few words—for he was not much of a talker—Long Tree, who was quite an orator, arose in his turn to speak. He told his people, that while my story looked plausible, it was his firm belief which all the Indian people shared that the buffalo had merely gone away to a distant land, possibly to the far north, in the country where the Old Man lived and roamed; that at the next Medicine Lodge, which he and his people would hold, they would take offerings of horses and other property of value to the Great Spirit to intercede for them and induce the buffalo to come back again; that while many things were possible to the white man, it was not possible that he could have killed all the buffalo; that he didn't doubt that the buffalo in their anger at being so hotly pursued and continually hunted had gone to the Old Man's country and disappeared in a great hole that he tried to describe to them. "They are tired," he said, "with much running. They have had no rest. They have been chased and chased over the rocks and grave of the prairie and their feet are sore, worn down, like those of a tender-footed horse. When the buffalo have rested and their feet have grown out again, they will return to us in larger numbers, stronger, with better robes and fatter than they ever were."

As time went on, the older and thinking Indians, such as Red Stone and Skin of the Heart, came to realize the actual conditions, and to see that their offers of gifts to the Old Man were not inducements enough to bring the buffalo back to them. They came to me and again asked me my opinion, and if I still held to what I told them. I could only tell that they had seen that what I said to them had come true, for I had seen them day after day eat their horses and their dogs to keep themselves and their children from starving. If the Old Man and the buffalo loved them, as Long Tree had said, they would not have left them to suffer as long as this.

I now desired to wind up the affairs of the company I was engaged with, for I had considered the matter and could see no reason to remain in the trade with the Indians, for they had nothing to trade. I therefore explained to them that there was now nothing for them to do and so no inducement for me to remain, for their occupation as hunters was forever gone. Then Skin of the Heart begged me to remain with them, telling me that his tribe would give me a selection of any land that I might want to take—embracing land not by the acre, but by the mile in extent—if I would remain and help them to earn a living in their new way. I thanked them cordially for their good will and for their offer, but informed them that my family and myself had come from the mountains, and that we desired to return to them, where I had spent the better part of my life.

When they found that I would not recede from my position, Red Stone arose and briefly addressed his people and saying: "When this white man came here I called him the Trader Chief; I have tried to persuade him to stay with us and help us, for he has been a good man for me and my people, but he is going away. When he goes, what shall we do? We will starve."

CHAS. AUBREY.

BROWNING, MONT.



NATURAL HISTORY



The May Wild Flowers.—II.

BY CLARENCE M. WEED.

PERHAPS no flower is more truly a universal favorite than is the Violet. It is one of the first blossoms of spring and continues in bloom through the golden weeks of that happy season. In its various species it is widely distributed over the surface of the earth, and for a long period it has been cultivated by florists and gardeners. Yet with the exception of the double sorts, it has lost little of its charm through cultivation. Its colors are modest and pleasing, its odor delightful, and its form is charming. So it is not strange that all who care for flowers have a special liking for the Violets.

In America we are especially fortunate in the abundance and variety of our wild Violets. Scores of species are found throughout the greater part of the United States and Canada, occurring in all sorts of situations and often carpeting the fields with their blossoms. In general the type of flower structure is the same in all and may readily be understood from the accompanying engraving. On the outside, at the base of the flower, are the small green sepals which, when spoken of together, are called the calyx. These sepals cover the blossom when it is a bud. The chief showy part of the flower is made up of the five irregular petals, which taken together form the corolla. Within the bases of the petals are the curiously joined stamens which develop the pollen of the flower. Each of the two lower stamens has projecting from its back end a large nectary which produces nectar that drops into the nectar spur formed by the projecting end of the lower petal. In the middle of the united stamens is the seed-producing pistil, which has on the outer end, projecting beyond the stamens, the stigma adapted to receive the pollen that fertilizes the ovules.

This whole complicated structure of the Violet serves admirably to bring about the cross-pollination of the flowers by means of many species of small bees that visit the blossoms for nectar and pollen. Many of these bees alight head downward upon the flowers, the curious hairs

of the so-called bearded Violets serving to give them a foothold in this somewhat precarious position.

In addition to these showy flowers many species of Violets produce at the surface of the ground another set of flowers which never receive the visits of insects but which develop great numbers of seeds. These so-called closed flowers have received a great deal of attention from botanists, one of Darwin's most interesting books being entitled "Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species." It is generally believed that the plant derives an advantage from having the closed flowers to produce an abundance of seed and the showy flowers to bring about occasional cross-pollination.

The easiest classification of our Violets is by the color of the flowers, although this has little botanical significance. The next easiest is by the mode of growth—whether it is a stemless or a stemmed species. In the former the leaves and flowers are borne on stalks that seem to rise from the crown of the plant; in the latter the leaves and flower stalks arise from branches that extend upward from the crown. The third point of separation is the presence or absence of a fringe of hairs toward the base of the petals; these are present in the so-called bearded Violets and absent in the beardless ones.

The Sweet White Violet is one of the most attractive species. It belongs to the group of stemless Violets and is found in moist situations over a wide range of territory. The smooth and shiny leaves and delicate odor are distinctive characteristics of this plant, which is almost certain to occur along slowly running brooks or the margins of swamps.

The Kidney-leaved Violet is a somewhat similar species found in the Northern States. It is distinguished by its hairy leaves and stems. The Lance-leaved Violet is at once recognized by the lance-like leaves that accompany the white flowers. It is found throughout the greater part of the United States. The only other common white sort is the Primrose-leaved Violet which has oval or ovate leaves.

There are three Yellow Violets which the amateur flower lover may hope to find. The Round-leaved Yellow

Violet is a stemless sort that is very readily distinguished, while the Hairy or Downy Yellow Violet is a stemmed species which is common over a wide area. The Smoothish Yellow Violet, also a stemmed species, is much less abundant.

When we pass to the Blue Violet their name is legion. And the botanists have been subdividing species to such an extent lately that one can only keep up with them by subscribing for the botanical magazines. The latest books are far behind the times. Fortunately, however, we can appreciate the flowers in ignorance of the latest dictum of the scientist concerning its specific standing. And we can follow Gray and the more conservative folk in broad distinctions which answer our purpose very well.

Among the stemless blue sorts the Bird's Foot Violet is one of the most interesting and attractive species. The name is derived from the lobes of the divided leaf which are suggestive of a bird's foot. On rocky hillsides this species is often very abundant.

Another violet which has received an appropriate common name is the Arrow-leaved Violet. In many parts of the country this is an abundant species in wet meadows and along the borders of marshes. It is somewhat similar to the Ovate-leaved Violet which grows in drier situations and has shorter petioles, the flower stalks being as long as the leaf and its petiole. Both of these species belong to the group of stemless bearded Violets of which perhaps the most generally abundant form is the common Blue Violet, often called the Meadow Violet. It is found abundantly in a great variety of situations, especially where there is considerable moisture. In dry woods the Early Blue Violet occurs very generally. The first spring leaves of this form are likely to be heart-shaped resembling those of the Meadow Violet, but the later leaves have their margins divided into many lobes, on this account the species is often called the Palmate-leaved Violet.

The flowers of the stemmed Blue Violets are generally smaller and less attractive than those of the stemless species. The Canada Violet and the American Dog Violet are two of the most abundant forms in this group. The

Long-spurred Violet is less common but is of especial interest on account of the shape of the blossoms, each of which has a remarkably long nectar spur projecting backward from the flowers.

I know of few families of wild flowers the study of which is more likely to be of fascinating interest than that of the Violets. In every locality many species grow, so that one can find near at hand abundance of material for beginning the study. The plants are easily transplanted to the wild garden, and most of the species may be purchased of dealers in wild flowering plants, so that one could very easily develop a living collection of many sorts.

In addition to the Violets the later weeks in May bring forth a host of beautiful blossoms. Over a wide range the May Apple or Wild Mandrake is known to every one on account of the curious umbrella-like leaves and the good-sized white flower nodding from the fork between them. Apparently no nectar is present and the flower seems to be seldom visited by insects.

Another conspicuous flower of the late spring season is the Golden Ragwort, which grows in great abundance in wet meadows and along small streams. It is a composite blossom, the ray florets being clear yellow and the central florets orange yellow. The flowers have a distinct and rather pleasing odor.

The Wood Betony, *Pedicularis lousewort*, or Beefsteak plant, as it is variously known, is a low-growing plant, generally found in rather dry fields, with its blossoms in compact heads. The flowers are bent at the outer ends and so arranged in spirals that when a bumble bee alights upon the lowest blossom it can easily and rapidly visit them all. The structure of the flower renders cross-pollination by such visitors almost certain. "Farmers once believed that after their sheep fed on the foliage of this group of plants," writes Neltje Blanchan,



BUNCH-BERRY.

"a skin disease, produced by a certain tiny louse (*Pedicularis*), would attack them—hence our innocent Betony's repellent name of Lousewort."

Along the banks of your favorite trout streams you are likely to find those beds of Fringed Polygalas which John Burroughs has so aptly said looked like a flock of rose-colored butterflies resting after flight. These are not, however, especially adapted to pollination by butterflies, being instead especially adapted to bees. By a little watching you can easily see one of the large queen bumble-bees which are abroad during these May days alight upon the mass of fringe at the end of the flower and insert her tongue between the petals to suck up the nectar. In so doing she depresses the keel and uncovers the anthers and stigma, thus bringing about the transfer of pollen from blossom to blossom. In addition to these large showy flowers this Polygala develops great numbers of inconspicuous whitish blossoms, hidden at the surface of the ground. These are the so-called closed flowers, which nevertheless produce seed in abundance.

Every fisherman must have come across the beautiful little blossoms of the Twin Flower or Linnæa. In their structure these blossoms are of decided interest. If you will look at the inside of the corolla, you will find it filled with hairs projecting horizontally, while on the outside of the flower stalk and the calyx you will find great numbers of glandular hairs with viscid tips. These are evidently devices for preventing nectar robbery by ants and other wingless insects.

Not far from the fragrant beds of Linnæa you are likely to find great numbers of the curious flowers of the Patridge Vine or Twin-berry. The latter name is due to the strange double fruits which develop from the pairs of white flowers. The blossoms are tubular with the inside of the flower furnished with a thicket of hairs that prevents the ants from reaching the nectar. The blossoms are freely visited by bees which are certain to bring about cross-pollination because in some flowers the stigma projects and the stamens are low, while in others this condition is reversed.

Along the roadbeds and in dry fields the yellow Cinquefoils dot the turf with numerous bits of bright color. These flowers resemble miniature strawberry blossoms in their structure, although the color of the petals is so different. Like the strawberry, too, the plant spreads over the ground by long and slender runners, which often produce a thick carpet of plants in fields and along high-ways, the running stems being smooth and almost wire-like.

The Silvery Cinquefoil is at once distinguished by its whitened appearance, especially on the smaller stems and the lower surface of the leaves. The yellow flowers are only about a quarter of an inch in diameter and are borne

on short, slender stems. Like the common Cinquefoil the species is widely distributed over the Northern States and Canada.

Of all the wild flowers of the late spring season none are more striking in appearance or interesting in structure than those of the Pitcher Plant or Sarracenia. You are likely to find it in some sphagnum bog surrounded by black spruce and other evergreens. The dull red flowers hang downward from the stems a foot or more high in a way that immediately attracts your interest. The structure of these flowers is unusual, the pistil having a most extraordinary development. They are visited by bumble-bees which gather the abundant pollen.

A more abundant blossom, yet one of much interest, is the Bunch-berry or Dwarf Cornell, which may be seen everywhere in cool woods late in spring or early in summer. The white petal-like objects which give the blossom its chief attraction, are really bracts, the true flowers being crowded together inside these white bracts.

Report on the Natural History of Kiska Island.*

BY DR. J. HOBART EGBERT, SURGEON U. S. COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY.

(Concluded from page 388.)

The Fauna of Kiska Island.

Fishes.—Fish may be said to be plentiful in the waters on and about Kiska Island. Practically all the small streams that run through the valleys on both sides of the island contain brook trout (*Salvelinus malma*) which, while usually small in size, are numerous, and afford excellent sport for the angler and excellent food for the table. Catches of a hundred trout in a few hours are not uncommon. On one occasion, while camping on the island, the writer caught for breakfast, forty-five trout, running from five to eight inches in length, in as many minutes. All were taken with flies, and not infrequently two were hooked at a single cast. These streams contain only trout—except during the salmon run, when many of them also become the spawning resorts of these larger fishes.

The fresh-water lakes and ponds of the island appear to be devoid of fishes, but in the brackish lakes, or lagoons, along the seashore (already noted) are found trout, "salmon trout," and various species of salmon. Quite plentiful in these bodies of water, is a so-called "salmon trout," which is really a speckled trout, or charr, and a close relative of those in the fresh-water streams. This fish here attains a fair size (three to four pounds) and, as it rises quite readily to the fly, affords capital sport for the angler. This trout also sometimes ascends the fresh-water streams, especially during the season when the salmon are spawning, and young of this species are commonly found in the lower portions of the fresh-water courses. The fact that this trout runs up the brooks with the salmon to feed on the eggs of the latter, rather than to spawn itself, is shown by the readiness with which it takes bait or fly at such times—when wielded by the cautious angler.

It is worthy of mention, that while these charr of the lagoons are apparently strong, healthy fishes, not a few of those caught, both with hook and seine, in the earlier part of the summer, contain neumatoid Entozoa in the lower alimentary tract—some having an enormous number.

But the fish in the seaboard lakes are most easily taken with the seine. On one occasion, a boatload of fish—estimated to number over a thousand, and consisting of the so-called "salmon trout" just mentioned, steelheads (*Salmo gairdneri*), and a few blueback salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka*)—was taken in a single haul of the seine from the brackish pond at the head of Kiska Harbor.

When the salmon come into the fresh-water streams they may be readily taken with net, spear, or gig. Although no very large runs of salmon were noted on Kiska Island this season, quite a number of humpbacks (*Oncorhynchus gorbuscha*) and sock-eyes (*Oncorhynchus nerka*) were taken from the fresh-water courses, together with some dog salmon (*Oncorhynchus keta*) and a few silver salmon (*Oncorhynchus kisutch*). The salmon did not appear in the fresh-water streams of the island this year until rather late in the season—they being first observed Aug. 11.

Of the strictly salt water fishes there are many in the waters about Kiska Island. The rocky shores furnish sea bass, kelp fish and rock cod; the bays yield plaice in abundance and also give shelter to injured and sickly cod, which take the hook freely enough to disgust the angler; while the straits and deeper waters yield cod, halibut and salmon in season. A number of halibut were caught from the Patterson while anchored in Kiska Harbor—the largest weighing eighty-five pounds; while a halibut weighing 196 pounds was caught in one of the approaches to the harbor.

Birds.—The chief game birds of Kiska Island are the Pacific eider (*Somateria v-nigra*), the green-wing teal (*Nettion carolinense*), the goose, the ptarmigan (*Lagopus rupestris townsendi*). The northern phalarope (*Phalaropus lobatus*) inhabits the marshes during the summer months, and the Aleutian sandpiper (*Arquatella couesi*) is found both along the seashore and on bare, rocky mountain tops. Two additional species of duck were observed, though apparently transient visitors. The "oyster catcher" (*Hamatopus bachmani*) is also eaten.

Both the eider duck and green-wing teal nest and rear their young on the island. The former belong more strictly to the sea, and the latter frequent most commonly the fresh-water marshes along the shore. No large flocks of teal were observed—they usually being found in pairs or, at most, families or broods. By the first of September the young are sufficiently grown to fly, and afford toothsome food. The eiders are more gregarious, being usually found in groups or flocks—either upon the wing or, more commonly, swimming along the rocky shores or in some secluded bay, or congregated upon a sandy beach. When the young broods are afloat the gregarious tendency is still in evidence, for one will frequently see two, three, or more broods, with their re-

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spective mothers, swimming about together. These little fellows take early to the water and are skillful swimmers, divers and runners long before the primaries of their wings appear and flying becomes possible.

There plainly were a large number of female eiders that were not occupied this season with rearing families, and it was also observed that—during the nesting season, at least—those ducks and the drakes flocked separately. Eiders were found nesting during the month of July. July 9 the writer found two nests with eggs not yet incubated, and as late as July 27 a nest with eggs was discovered. Some broods, however, were hatched earlier, for as early as July 20 two broods of young were observed afloat. As in the colder more northern regions, the eider here lines her nest and protects her eggs and nestlings with down plucked from her own body.

Very few geese were seen on the island until the latter part of August, when the young were marshalled for flight and from which time until the departure of the Patterson from the island large flocks were almost daily observed, either on the wing or stalking about some grassy hillside or mountain top. That the geese nest on the island was evinced by the finding and capture on Aug. 2 of nine three-quarter grown goslings. They evidently constituted two broods and were found, together with some older birds, on a high grassy bluff near the northeastern end of the island. They were kept alive aboard the Patterson nearly two months and thrived well in captivity.

Ptarmigan, while fairly numerous, can hardly be said to be plentiful on Kiska Island. Nesting birds were observed during the month of July, and Aug. 2 a brood of young birds, scarcely larger than nestlings, was found. The young are much like young ruffed grouse, and also resemble in color and "peep" brown leghorn chicks. By September, when the young are quite grown, the gregarious broods fall rather easy prey to the hunter. During the second ascent of the big mountain, a ptarmigan was seen within two hundred feet of the summit of the mountain. Their propensity to follow the ascent of the snow line, with the advance of summer, is especially noted in certain localities.

Three or four species of passerine birds may be said to



A KISKA ISLAND BABY.
Photo by Mr. Paul C. Whitney.

comprise the song birds of Kiska Island. These birds are small and, with the exception of one species—the Pribilof snowflake (*Passerinus nivalis townsendi*), the male of which is notable for white plumage—inconspicuous. Neither are they remarkable for their song. The Raptores are represented by the eagles—which are quite numerous—and two or three species of hawks. A raven—common throughout the Aleutian Islands and notable for its habit of "tumbling" in the air while uttering its rather liquid call—and a pretty little wren that is found among the rocks along the beach, practically complete the list of land birds of Kiska Island.

The aquatic birds are those of the Aleutians generally. They include, in addition to the ducks and geese, the gulls, several species of divers and loons, sea parrots (puffin), shags (cormorant), and two species of Mother Carey's chickens (petrel)—*Oceanodroma furcata* and *O. leucorhoa*—of the Order Tubinares—birds notable for having a separate tubular nostril surmounting the superior mandible, a pronounced musky odor, and for flying almost entirely by night or in dark, stormy weather. To this list might be added the "oyster catcher," or "beach hen," which, though not a swimmer, is always found about the salt water.

Insects.—The insects of Kiska Island are few and, aside from an occasional swarm of gnats about marshy ground in the warmest weather, inconspicuous. A few small trachelia beetles of the genus *mela*, a single species of Rynchophora (weevil), and a few minute unidentified forms, among the Coleoptera; a few small homely moths, among the Lepidoptera; a small variety of dipterous insects—represented by gnats, some vegetable feeding flies, and a few mosquitoes—among the Hemiptera; and several species of Mallophaga (bird lice), found parasitic on eagles, ducks and other birds, comprise the writer's list of the Insecta.

Two varieties of Arachnida—forms closely allied to the Insecta—may also be here noted. They are spiders (Araneida) and mites (Acarina). The former are found among the mosses which cover the ground, while numbers of the latter—small of size and red of color—inhabit the beaches.

Crustaceans, Mollusks, etc.—Among the Crustacea the following were observed: Small red hermit crabs (Paguridæ), inhabiting the shells of certain barnacles of the sessile type (Balanidæ), were found in Kiska Harbor; a few sand-hoppers (*Talitrus locusta*) were dug from the sand of the shore of the harbor; and large numbers of a species of shrimp-like Amphipoda, resembling *Gammarus pulex*, were found in shallow water on the sandy bottoms of the lagoons—where they were fed upon by both birds and fishes. Two crustaceans of the order Isopoda were observed—one, presumably *Anilocrus*, was found parasitic on the cod caught in Kiska Harbor; while a

terrestrial species, not unlike the common wood louse, or "sow bug" (*Oniscus*), was found under stones in damp sand. It is indeed surprising that these terrestrial Isopoda are no more common than they appear to be, considering the fact that the ground of the island apparently always affords those conditions of their evident delight, to wit: moisture and decaying vegetation. Of the minute Crustacea, *Cyclops vulgaris*—that almost universal inhabitant of pond and ditch water—was alone observed, though it is not unlikely that other species of Entomostraca—both fresh water and marine—exist.

The Mollusca are represented by limpets (*Patellidæ*), and by marine mussels (*Mytilidæ*) which are found attached to rocks and the madreporitic attachments of sea-weeds.

The rocky bottoms along the shores are covered with sea urchins (*Echinidæ*) which, as washed ashore, are promptly eaten by ravens and gulls—whence the numbers of urchin cases found on high ground throughout the island. These animals are also an available source of food for man.

A large sea cucumber, or trepang (*Holothuria*), was hooked up from the bottom of Kiska Harbor.

Jelly fishes (*Medusæ*), in considerable variety, are found in the waters about Kiska Island, as also sponges (*Porifera*) and allied zoophytes. One is apt to associate these creatures with warmer climates, but the sea of every latitude of the globe furnishes various tribes of them. *Medusæ* are found in the icy waters of both the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, while numerous species inhabit equatorial regions. The geographical distribution of the sponges may, likewise, be said to be almost universal, since every coast, from the Equator to the highest polar regions, furnishes some kinds of sponge.

Phosphorescence of the sea, so common in lower latitudes, is also a phenomenon of the North—the *noctiluca* and other minute forms to which it is due being found in the waters of Bering Sea, as well as in those of the Mediterranean. On certain nights during the month of August, the water of Kiska Harbor was highly phosphorescent. This was particularly noticed one stormy night, when returning to the ship in a pulling-boat. A rather strong wind was blowing from the northeast. Each dip of the oar stirred up a swirl of gold, and the course of the boat was marked by a luminous trail. Passing under the poop of the ship, the outlines of rudder, propeller, and stern—from water-line to keel—were plainly seen, aglow with golden light.

Mammals, Quadrupeds, Reptiles, etc.—No evidence of the existence of a single wild quadruped, reptile, or even batrachian, on Kiska Island was obtained. The ptarmigan, ducks, and other birds that nest there—either upon or under the ground, do so without fear of molestation, except from eagles, hawks, or man. Among the Mammalia, may be mentioned the sea-lions that live along the shores, and certain cetaceans (whales, dolphins, etc.) that visit the bays and straits. At one time Kiska Island was a favorite haunt of the now quite rare sea otter.

There are at the present time no Indians on Kiska Island, though evidences of not very remote occupation are abundant. At the head of Kiska Harbor is a graveyard and the remains of a dozen or so Indian huts. On the southwestern shore of the harbor has been a rather extensive Indian village—as evinced by the remaining excavations of about sixty huts—while between this point and South Pass another village has, as noted on the chart of the harbor, been located. On various other portions of the shore of the island are similar monuments of former habitation. About thirty years ago the Alaska Commercial Company had a trading-post and white agent on this island.

The Flora of Kiska Island.

Vegetation on Kiska is not unlike that of the Aleutian Islands generally. There are numerous species of flowering plants, including grasses; several varieties of mosses, lichens, and seaweeds, and some ferns. There are no trees, and only a single procumbent species of shrub—the arctic osier, or dwarf willow—which grows almost everywhere, especially on higher ground. The mosses and grasses thrive luxuriantly and, except on the higher peaks and ridges and loose, rocky northern slopes, form a carpet of thick yielding "tundra" which, together with the substratum of decaying vegetation, holds water like a sponge. This "tundra" is, as the years go on, in many places adding to an already considerable deposit of peat, which has a definite economic value for fuel.

An herbarium of the phænogamous, or flowering, plants of the island has been made by the writer. About fifty species—all perennials—were collected and analyzed. Among them are many familiar forms—the violet, the daisy, the dandelion, the buttercup, the marsh marigold, the lupine, the cranesbill, the blue iris, the anemone, chickweed, and Solomon's seal. A delicate little poppy—found only on the bare summits of the higher ridges—is perhaps among the most interesting species. Most of the floral species of the island are well distributed, and grow with a luxuriance hardly to be expected from a consideration of either soil or climate.

Mild attempts made, during the season, to cultivate garden vegetables were attended with failure. A limited crop of radishes, turnips, onions and lettuce might be secured, but it is doubtful if results would reward the necessary expenditure of care and effort. Some of the lichens and sea-weeds of the island are edible, and the marsh marigolds ("cowslips") of the spring runs, furnish an abundant supply of excellent "greens" in season. Neither the salmon-berry nor the huckleberry—so common on the eastern islands of the chain, and so esteemed for food—were found on Kiska Island.

"TALK about mosquitoes," said an American, "why, when we were in latitude 30 degrees and longitude 75 degrees, a host of mosquitoes settled on our rigging, and when they left us, there wasn't a stitch of canvas left on the boat." "Wal," said his friend, "that's strange, because when I was sailing in latitude 29 degrees and longitude 74 degrees, a swarm of mosquitoes settled on our rigging and every one of them had a pair of canvas breeches on. Same mosquitoes, no doubt!"—*London Globe*.

A Rattlesnake's Victim.

LOS ANGELES, April 29.—Edward Rabe, animal keeper at East Lake Park, died at the county hospital last night from the effects of the bite of a rattlesnake. Rabe was bitten Wednesday morning while in a cage where a number of reptiles were confined. The keeper had entered the cage to attend a snake which had been ill several days, when a large rattler sprang at him from a shelf and buried its fangs in his cheek.

Rabe was taken to the county hospital, where he arrived within ten minutes after the snake had struck him. Surgeons began instant treatment, and the unfortunate man had every attention. Although his face was badly swollen within half an hour, it was reported that the case was progressing fairly well Thursday. Friday morning the patient's condition took a turn for the worse, and the heart action became so weak that the physicians used powerful restoratives.

I have had no opportunity to learn what treatment was resorted to in the case. The daily papers give varied and vague accounts of what the surgeons did. Two journals agreed that the wound was "cut out," and that a drain tube was put in to "draw out as much as possible of the affected blood." An evening paper says: "Physicians say that the one known antidote for poison is a serum, called 'anti-venene,' used in India for cobra poison."

Edward Rabe had charge of the city zoo and deserved great credit for his work in establishing a really good exhibit of animals at East Lake Park. He was very successful as a trainer, and was absolutely fearless in handling animals. I had an opportunity of closely observing his methods, when I made several photographs of his charges a few days before the tragedy which cost him his life. He seemed to have won the confidence of every animal in his collection. His kind and gentle way of approaching them accounted largely for his success. When I first went to the park Mr. Rabe invited me to step right into the cage with Lobengula, the big African lion. The trainer seemed much disappointed when I refused. Lobengula nearly killed his keeper when he was confined at Chutes Park, and the incident was too fresh in my mind. An hour later I wanted to go back and photograph the lion or take a ride on his back if Rabe wanted me to. Rabe entered the cage with a brush and curry comb and groomed the old fellow as a stable boy would a trotter. Then he took a ride astride the great beast. After watching this performance we went to the cage where a monster brown bear is confined. Without hesitation I entered the cage with the trainer and made several excellent photographs of the animal. Rabe talked to the animals and they seemed to have no fear of him.

All of the animals at the park knew Rabe's voice. A few weeks ago four black bear cubs escaped from their cage. Rabe was sick at the time and in bed at his vine-covered cottage, which is within one hundred feet of the semi-circle of cages. The attendants were having a difficult time trying to get the cubs back to their quarters. Rabe heard the noise and, coming to a window, saw the four bears wallowing on his lawn. Seventy-five feet away their cage door stood open. Rabe leaned out and shouted to them, much as he would to a lot of mischievous boys:

"Here! you little rascals, what are you doing on that grass? Get back to your cage, or I'll—" But by that time the cubs had fled, tumbling over each other in a wild scramble to get into their home cage.

The rattlesnake which bit the trainer was as much a pet as any of the creatures in the collection. Rabe frequently said there was no more danger in handling the snakes than there was in handling an angle worm, provided one went about it quietly. He was unable to account for the snake's action in suddenly striking him, unless it was that there had been a family quarrel among the reptiles just before he arrived.

Edward Rabe was widely known and very popular with all classes. His good work at the park was appreciated by the city authorities who will probably find difficulty in filling the place made vacant by his death.

FRANK E. WOLFE.

Size and Power of Owls.

OAKLAND, Cal., April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have on several occasions seen in articles in the FOREST AND STREAM mention made of an owl found in certain sections, notably that formerly known as the southwest, that from the description seemed to be larger than the great horned owl, which was formerly found over nearly the whole of our country and which I had always supposed was the largest North American species. One writer speaks of it as the eagle owl. Is the eagle owl found anywhere in the United States? Another writer from the cypress swamps of the South tells of one with a wing spread of six feet that easily picked up a full-grown mallard drake out of the water and flew away with it. Now, I am fairly familiar with the great horned owl, but I never saw one that measured even five feet across the wings, or that could possibly fly away with a full-grown mallard. While it is possible that the great northern snowy owl might be able to do this, that bird, I believe, never gets as far south as the section referred to, and it is quite certain, for other reasons, that it is not the bird referred to.

Can the FOREST AND STREAM throw any light upon the subject?

FORKED DEER.

[We fancy that the size and strength of the bird referred to as having a spread of six feet and being able to fly off with a full-grown duck, were overestimated. The eagle owl is a bird of Europe, not found in North America. The three greatest of our owls are the great horned, great gray and white or snowy. These are all about the same size, the last averaging the largest. None of them much, if at all, exceed five feet in their extent. At the same time they are powerful birds. The great horned owl has been known to kill skunks and cats, and the other large owls are said to kill grouse, while the eagle owl of Europe is reported to attack fawns. Of course a much larger bird or animal might be killed than could be raised from the ground and flown away with.]

Quail Breeding.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Jay Beebe, in a contribution on the propagation of ruffed grouse in the number for May 13, quotes the editor of the Massachusetts paper of the Game Commission as saying "that attempts to rear quail have not yet been successful," but he seems to doubt it and so do I. If a boy of fourteen could rear them, and I did it, why could not men who know all about it do it?

Away back in 1853, when western Pennsylvania had still plenty of quail, and they could be found within a mile of town, one of my aunts who lived just beyond Allegheny City had a large flock of chickens, and among them was a small bantam hen not much larger than a prairie chicken. I found the little hen on a nest one day busy trying to hatch out a white door-knob that was used as a nest egg; and a thought struck me. My aunt would not let the hen have eggs to sit on, so I borrowed her. Going out to where I knew I could find plenty of quails' eggs, I took about one, never more than two, out of each nest I found; and when I had thirteen brought them in and, removing the door-knob, put the eggs under the hen. She broke one of them but hatched out all the rest, and they all lived.

When they came off the nest I began feeding them on cornmeal dough mixed very stiff with sweet milk. Then in a few days I gave them bread crumbs, both wheat and cornbread, my aunt making the cornbread on purpose for them; she put eggs and milk in it. The little hen took the same care of these quail that she would have taken had they been chickens. I don't believe she ever knew that they were not chickens.

I kept them penned up in the mornings and evenings and in wet weather, but at other times they were let run among the young chickens, and after they were two weeks old they ate just what the chickens ate. I was in hopes that they would remain with me, but was told that they would leave as soon as they were old enough, and they did, a few of them going at a time until all were gone.

I don't know whether the ruffed grouse could be raised this way or not, but believe they can. Prairie chickens, no doubt, could, and they would probably remain tame and stay around the place where they had been hatched out.

CABIA BLANCO.

Birds Along a Country Road.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think it may interest you to know of the birds seen May 10 while driving from the house to the Junction, a distance covered in fifteen or twenty minutes.

Here is the list: Four scarlet tanagers, all males, three of them close together on the same small tree; three orioles, two males and one female; two indigo birds, male and female; thirty or forty warblers, including magnolia, black throated blue, yellow rump, Maryland yellow throat, summer yellowbird, red start and so forth; four gold finches, six towhee buntings, males and females; four cat birds, barn swallows and white-bellied swallow; chimney swifts, golden-winged woodpeckers, cow buntings, red-winged blackbirds, blue jays, song sparrow, fox sparrow, chip sparrow and field sparrow; hawk, titmice, brown thrasher, wood thrush, Wilson' thrush, blue birds. Besides, I saw two gray squirrels, one red squirrel and one chipmunk.

Life is abundant now in this part of the world. It seems to me that almost all the migratory birds, excepting the hardy ones such as robins, woodpeckers, blue birds and a few others, get here about May 10 each year. The cat-birds and the wood thrushes came three or four days earlier than this. If one could spend a few days cataloguing the animals and the plants along this one road, he would have material for a volume.

M. G.

MILFORD, Conn.

Pheasant Rearing.

ESSEX, England.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hand rearing of game birds appears up to the present time not to have made very rapid progress in the United States, although here in England it is becoming a big industry. It is carried on systematically all over the whole country and to such an enormous extent that it is no unusual thing for pheasants to be sold cheaper than poultry in our London markets. In my way of thinking, it seems a pity that your sporting gentlemen do not turn their attention more extensively to the hand rearing of pheasants, although the work, from start to finish, comes rather expensive. It also requires constant attention, both day and night, with judgment and experience. In the first place, suitable woods (coverts) of a proper size would have to be planted, and the situation and location of the coverts would have to be considered. The proper kind of food for the young birds for the first five or six weeks after they are hatched, and a suitable kind of soil are two very important items. A sudden change in the weather is pretty sure to affect them if they are under one month old; diseases of several different kinds, and noxious vermin of all descriptions often causes no end of trouble. All this has to be considered and encountered with the hand rearing of pheasants and other game birds.

H. HICKMOTT.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

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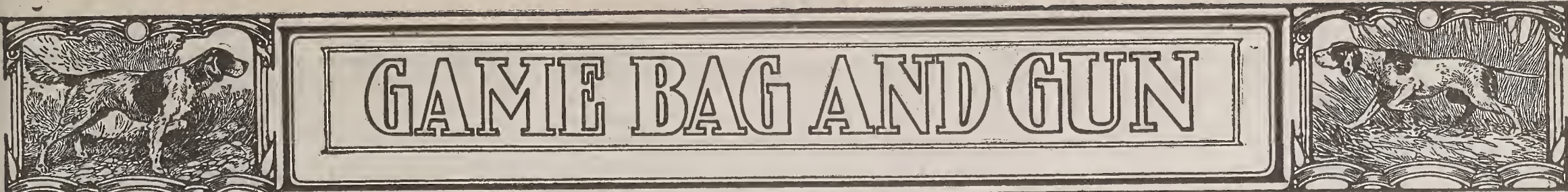
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GAME BAG AND GUN

Duck Decoys.

I.—In England.

THE art of duck decoying, for art it most surely is, though still carried on in many places throughout the United Kingdom, bids fair in time to be confined only to a few favored localities. Where in years gone by there used to be a dozen, now there is only one, and gradually, owing to the reclamation of waste land, the increase of population and the general use of firearms, the old decoys are slowly but surely falling into disuse. Still, there are places where the decoys still flourish and are a source not only of pleasure and sport to their owners, but of considerable profit also. That well-known sportsman, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, in his excellent book on duck decoys, says that the art of constructing and working them was most carefully concealed in former times, so as to prevent as much as possible any addition to the number already existing, which otherwise would necessitate a division of the spoil, that spoil being the myriads of wildfowl which formerly haunted the fenlands of England. The decoymen kept their secret well, and were indeed forced to do so in their own interests, for it stood to reason they knew that the greater the number of decoys in use the less would be each owner's proportionate share of birds. From father to son all the secrets concerning the same were handed down from generation to generation, and, considering these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that so little is now generally known of the ancient decoys and decoying. The first and most reliable description of a decoy in England for catching ducks by enticing them, is said to be one referred to by Evelyn, which Charles II. made in St. James' Park, and that it was constructed by a Dutchman of the name of "Sydrach Hilcus," who came over specially from Holland for the purpose.

My subject is the decoy belonging to the Duke of Leeds, a well-known sportsman, who lives at Hornby Castle, in the county of Yorkshire. The original decoy here was constructed for the seventh Duke of Leeds in 1854. In 1882 the present Duke moved the material of the pipes from the old decoy to their new position. The new pool is about sixty yards square. On approaching the decoy from the castle, the first thing that one comes across is the fish-tail weather-gauge, set up on a high pole on an eminence in the park, so that the decoyman may know how the wind blows, and accordingly which of the four pipes to work, for ducks are birds of very keen scent, and quick to wind anything unusual. At a famous Lincolnshire decoy the old squire used always to give orders to the decoyman's wife to take a hare, or anything savory that she happened to be cooking, off the fire if the wind happened to be blowing in the direction of the decoy. The decoy itself is situated in a plantation with high wooded poling all around, so that nothing can get in; it covers about 12 acres, 10½ acres being wood and 1¾ acres water.

The first procedure before entering the enclosing is fitting on the foxskin coat and brush, with tapes tied round the chest and loins of Rover, the decoy dog, a

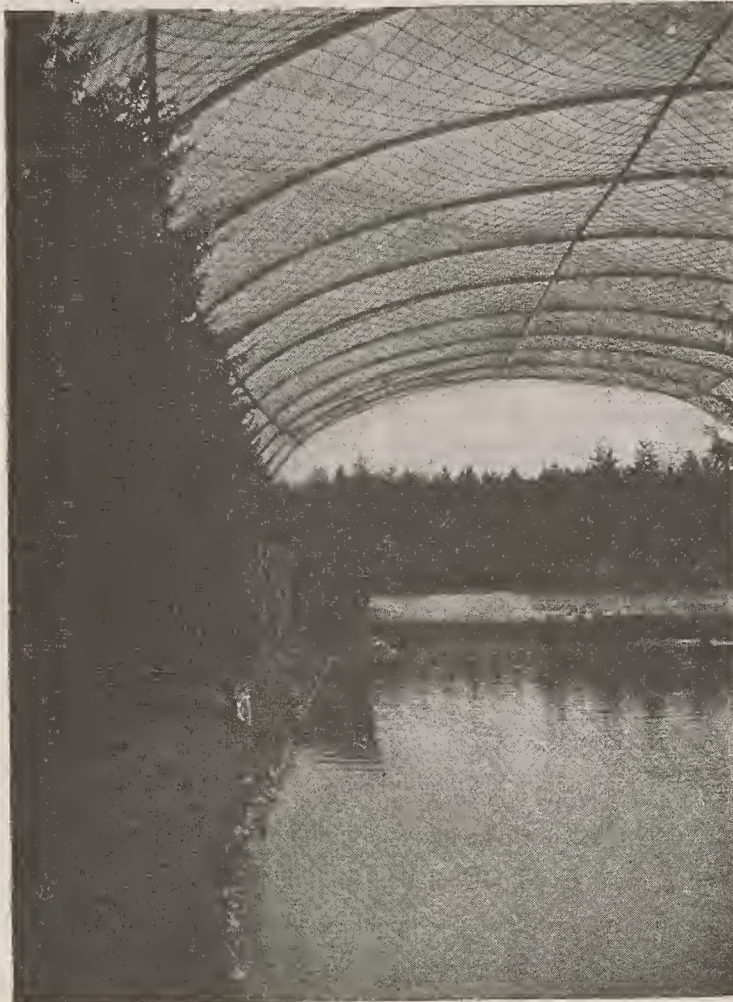


END OF PIPE, SHOWING DETACHABLE TUNNEL NET AND WIRE ENCLOSURE FOR DEAD DUCKS.

most sensible, yellow, pricked-eared, long-tailed animal, who wags his tail and shows every appearance of delight at the performance. This is the only decoy I know of, where a foxskin coat and brush is actually fastened on to the dog. At others dogs are used in their natural state; collies at some, Irish terriers at others, and so on. But though I have known a white dog used, all decoymen seem to have a preference for something foxy in appearance. Ferrets are occasionally used, and there is a story, quite true, I believe, of a monkey escaping from an organ-grinder at one decoy, rushing up the pipes, and being followed by a great drift of ducks. It is well known how most birds will mob a fox, and this is the idea of using something foxy in appearance. But I believe really that it is a question of curiosity that makes the ducks follow the dog up the pipe, and that almost any color will do, provided that the dog arouses the curiosity of the birds and they follow him.

Everything must be as silent as the grave. The dog utters not a sound, but works by signal from the decoyman, who is hidden behind the screens. These are of wood well tarred, thirteen to each pipe, with little peep-holes in them for the decoyman to look through and a sliding shutter to cover them. The dog jumps over low screens placed between the high ones. Sawdust is laid down on the boards, etc., to prevent the men from slipping in frosty weather, and every twig and branch is carefully swept away, so that there shall be no crackling to frighten the ducks.

The way of working the decoy is as follows: The wild ducks, which are swimming about on the pond, are attracted by the dog, who is put in at the end of



DUCKS FOLLOWING DECOY DOG UP THE PIPE.

the pipe to be worked. He keeps jumping round the screens backward and forward, gradually leading the ducks further and further up the pipe. When at the bend of the pipe, the decoyman, who all this time has been behind the screens guiding the dog by signal, shows himself behind the birds, waving a red handkerchief. When doing this he is quite invisible to any birds that may be left on the pond. The ducks fly and swim further up the pipe till the decoyman pulls the cord, and lets fall the dropnet, and then there is no fear of any of the birds breaking back. The birds hurry forward along the rapidly narrowing pipe, till they reach the detachable tunnel net, right at the end of the pipe. This is then unhooked, the birds taken out, and their necks broken, so as not to injure the skin—a procedure that requires considerable practice—by holding the head in one hand and the neck and body in the other, and giving it a sharp jerk. The birds are then thrown into the little wire enclosure seen at the end of the tunnel net, about 1½ feet high, to prevent them flapping about and scaring the other birds on the pond.

Some decoymen use burning peat to take away their scent from the ducks; but it is never used at this decoy. Mallard and teal form the principal bag, very few widgeon being taken. The full length of each pipe is seventy-five yards, and there are thirteen screens to each. The dog is rewarded every now and then by some little tit-bit, which the decoyman carries in his pocket. An iron rod is attached to the drop-net, so that it shall sink at once to the bottom, when released, and prevent any ducks diving back beneath it. If any do break back before the net falls, it frightens the rest of the ducks on the pond so much that it is almost useless to try for any more on that day; and if a bird flies up and kills itself against the top of the pipe, and remains hanging there in sight of them all, this also has a very bad effect on them. It is at once removed by a long pole with a hook at the end.

The biggest "drift," or catch, of duck ever taken in this decoy was 197, and the most in one day 205—145 at one drift, and the rest at another. The water on the decoy pond is quite shallow, being nowhere more than three feet deep. The decoy birds kept on it to entice their wild brethren to destruction are of the wild breed, the white decoy ducks, so-called, not finding favor with the decoymen. The ducks will not, as a rule, drive either directly up or down wind—a cross wind is the best. Occasionally rarities are got in the drifts, and such stragglers as kingfishers, snipe, woodcock, etc. Ice-breaking, etc., is mostly done at night, when the ducks are generally away feeding, coming back to rest on the quiet water in the day time. But occasionally a good catch has been made at night, and, in fact, with proper management the ducks may be got at all times in a first-rate decoy, such as the one I have just described.

As showing the amount of wildfowl that used to be taken in the decoys, from the account book belonging

to the Ashby decoy in Lincolnshire, we find that in thirty-five seasons, namely, from September, 1833, to April, 1868, nearly 100,000 wildfowl were captured. These consisted of mallard or wild duck, 48,664; widgeon, 2,019; pintail, 278; teal, 44,568; shoveller, 285; gadwall, 22; grand total, 95,836.

As a finish to my short account of duck decoys, I may quote the following very curious lines, which occur in Davies' "History of Whittington Castle," printed about 1800, and which were taken from an epitaph:

ANDREW WILLIAMS,

Born, A.D., 1692. Died, April 18, 1776.

Aged 84 Years.

Of which time he lived under the Aston family (in Shropshire) as Decoyman, 60 years.

"Here lies the Decoyman who lived like an otter,
Dividing his time betwixt land and water;
His hide he oft soaked in the waters of Perry,*
Whilst Aston old beer his spirits kept cherry.
Amphibious his life, Death was puzzled to say
How to dust to reduce such well moistened clay;
So Death turned Decoyman and coyed him to land,
Where he fixed his abode till quite dried to the hand;
He then found him fitting for crumbling to dust,
And here he lies mouldering as you and I must."

*The name of the river close by the Decoy.
OXLEY GRABHAM.

Maine Guides.

THE Maine law provides as to the employment of guides by non-residents:

"Non-residents of the State shall not enter upon the wild lands of the State and camp or kindle fires thereon while engaged in hunting or fishing, without being in charge of a registered guide, during the months of May, June, July, August, September, October and November, and no registered guide shall, at the same time, guide, or be employed by, more than five non-residents in hunting."

In explanation of the requirements of the law, Commissioner L. T. Carleton issues the following:

We have many requests from citizens of other States for a guide's license. Any person who can show that he is fully qualified to act as a guide, and wants to come here to engage in the business of guiding in good faith, can be licensed, but we cannot license one of a party, who simply wants to avoid the law requiring non-residents, when camping and kindling fires on the wild lands of the State, to be in charge of a registered guide. This would simply be an evasion of the law and cannot be tolerated.

The following typical questions were received from a New York party, which are given with the answers:

Ques.—"I represent a party of eight who make a registered camp our headquarters. Now when we wish to change and visit a new locality, with our own canoes, can we paddle over the lakes or up river to another registered camp without a guide and not violate the law?"

Ans.—"Yes, if you do not camp and kindle a fire on wild land."

Ques.—"Several of us were stopping at a registered camp, but there was but one sleeping room. It was suggested that we pitch our tent nearby and take our meals at the camp; can we do so without being in charge of a registered guide?"

Ans.—"Certainly, if you do not build fires on wild land."

Ques.—"An article in the New York Sun says, 'A pro-



GENERAL VIEW OF A PIPE, WITH DECOY MAN AND DOG.

vision of Maine's game law compels every party that visits the State for the purpose of hunting or fishing to employ at least one guide?"

Ans.—"This is all wrong. I repeat again that our law simply provides that from May to November, both inclusive, non-residents, when camping and kindling fires on wild lands, must be in charge of a registered guide; in other words, if they do not camp and kindle fires on wild lands they do not require a guide. This seems to be easily enough understood."

Ques.—"May a person who is stopping at a registered camp paddle off for a day's fishing without a guide, and, not desiring to return to dinner or other meal, may said person build a fire and cook a meal?"

Ans.—"You can paddle your own canoe as much as you choose, or fish or hunt or tramp alone, but you must not camp or build a fire on wild lands unless in charge of a registered guide."

Indians have no more rights in hunting or fishing than a white man.

There are no game preserves in Maine and cannot be under our laws. Fishing and fowling is free on wild lands. It is trespass to go upon cultivated or inclosed lands to hunt or fish.

Hints to Guides.

What is it to engage in the business of guiding? These words, "engage," "business" and "guiding," must be given their ordinary meaning obviously; "to engage" in anything, means to "procure or secure" for some special purpose, as to engage in business, trade, engage in a business or pursuit.

"Business" means a pursuit or occupation that employs or requires energy, time, thought, profession, calling, attention, application, accuracy, method, punctuality. Fidelity and dispatch are the principal qualities required for the efficient conduct of business.

"Guide, guided, guiding." The meaning of the word "guiding" has come to be so well understood that no definition need here be given.

A person having a friend visit him, who goes fishing with him, rows a boat, or goes hunting with him, is not engaging in the business of guiding, and does not require a license if he is not paid for this work.

A person might guide one day, or on a short single trip, and take pay for it and still not be liable for guiding without a license, but if he holds himself out as a guide, or makes it a part of his business, he must be licensed.

Guides should provide themselves with all necessary equipment usually furnished by our best guides, such as dry, comfortable boats or canoes, cooking utensils, etc., and should look thoroughly after the comfort and pleasure of their patrons. They should make every effort to inform themselves about the habits of game and fish and where they can be found in greatest abundance at different periods of the open season. They should also inform themselves, as far as possible, upon the general subject of sporting interests in order to converse intelligently with their employers. They should not lead the conversation but always be ready to answer all questions relating to their profession and take part in general conversation when solicited. A guide should always be careful not to intrude his presence when not requested, or to volunteer remarks or advice to visitors, unless directly connected with the business of guiding.

Coarse, profane and vulgar language in the presence of sportsmen is very objectionable to them, as a rule, and is liable to affect a guide's business very materially, and therefore should be guarded against.

A popular guide is one whose services are always in demand. What gives him such popularity is because he is always on the alert and studying how he can please his employers and make their visits more pleasant and agreeable. On the other hand, if you try to see how little work you can do without causing your employers to find fault, seldom anticipating the ordinary wants of the tourist, frequently not ready at the appointed time for a start, sometimes almost imposing on the novice sportsman, you will soon become an unpopular guide and have employment only a part of the season.

Always be careful about speaking in a derogative manner of any sportsman or visitor, whether they have employed you or not. Finding fault with sportsmen against whom you think you have some grievance, or whose ways or manners fail to please you, will not assist you in procuring engagements.

Sportsmen dislike very much to have guides talking about them in an uncomplimentary manner and will use their influence to prevent their making engagements with friends.

Good taste and sense of propriety should cause guides to be very careful in this respect.

Before retiring at night, be sure and ascertain what the plans are for the next day. If a fishing trip, have everything in readiness, such as live bait or worms if such are to be used, and also have lunch ready if dinner is to be taken away from camp so that there shall be no delay when your party is ready to start. A delay caused by any negligence on your part sometimes causes great annoyance. If fish are caught the guide should, without being asked to do so, clean them in the neatest possible way on returning from the day's fishing, or meanwhile if opportunity offers.

Fish to be carried or transported any distance should never be "drawn." Better not be molested at all than "draw" them. They should be split open, the gills and entrails carefully removed, then thoroughly cleaned, wiped dry and wrapped in paper or hung in the ice house. No better way can be found to pack fish to transport than to thoroughly clean them, wipe dry, then wrap them in paper and pack in cool moss. Never allow them to come in contact with ice. Ice can be used in order to keep the package cool, but it should not come in contact with the fish.

Under our statutes any guide convicted of a violation of our Fish and Game Laws shall have his registration certificate cancelled and be deprived of the right to do a guiding business for a year or more at the discretion of the Commissioners.

In addition to this, the Commissioners have established the following rulings with reference to guides, which, if violated, is liable to cause their registration to be cancelled unless there are very extenuating circumstances:

1. Failure to extinguish camp-fires, whether damage results or not.
2. Drunkenness when under employment as a guide.
3. Breaking an engagement with a sportsman or visitor when made in good faith.
4. Leaving a sportsman or visitor before completing an engagement, unless discharged.
5. Untruthful statements about Commissioners, wardens or visitors, or untruthful reports about poaching being done, if made for the purpose of annoying either the Commissioners or wardens, or to deceive the public.
6. Dishonesty or untruthfulness in dealing with sportsmen or visitors.
7. Failure to report, either to a warden or the Commissioners, any flagrant violations of the fish and game laws coming to their notice, and giving names or violators as far as known.

The Laurentides National Park.

THE object of the Government in erecting this forest reservation and fish and game preserve, was, first, to furnish an example to the rest of the province of the good results obtainable by preserving a natural forest at the headwaters of important rivers, and thus securing an even and well-maintained water supply; secondly, to demonstrate that by intelligent cutting of the mature forest, the same can be made to last in perpetuity, and thirdly, to provide a good sized area within our borders where fish, game of all descriptions, and fur-bearing animals, would be allowed to propagate and thus insure against extinction, any variety of same indigenous to the country.

The park comprises an area of about 2,640 square miles, or 1,689,600 acres, and is situated due north of Quebec city. The whole area is permanently withdrawn from sale, for settlement or other purposes; and as this area has always been noted for its abundance of fish and game, no better allotment in this respect could have been made.

The tourist sporting public, and the local anglers and hunters, of course, regard the park from the sportsman's point of view, and this is practically intended to assist any of the above in deciding upon their trips in the park.

A certain percentage of the park is under lease to fish and game clubs, but by far the larger part of the territory is open to the public.

Practically speaking there is but one species of fish to be found in the Park, viz., the much prized brook trout, but in Snow Lake there are large numbers of fork-tailed trout. Rumor has it that this fish is to be found in one or two other lakes, but the fact has not as yet been established.

It may safely be asserted that the park contains at present a goodly number of moose owing to the protection afforded during the last eight or nine years. Caribou have largely increased in numbers without question, and we have a few red deer—killing prohibited entirely at present. As for feathered game, the ruffed grouse must have largely augmented in numbers, while the usual quota of migratory wild fowl are to be found in the rivers and lakes in September and October of each year.

River Jacques-Cartier.

A drive of thirty miles from Quebec, over good country roads, lands the sportsman at Bayard's. The scenery going up is unusually fine, particularly from the summit where the Jacques Cartier River is first seen. A full equipment of canoes, tents, etc., is kept here, for which a charge of \$1 per day is made. Experienced guides, Jos. Isabel, J. Filion, Beaulieu, Minguy, and others at \$1.50 per day are obtainable, and the sportsman embarks in the canoes at the River Caché, three miles above Bayard's. From this point the angler can look for sport all along the river, notably at the foot of all the rapids. Continuing up stream surmounting the Frappant, Remou Rond and Bouleau rapids, one reaches the mouth of the River Santoriski, where the fishing is excellent and opportunities for camping are good.

Continuing by easy stages the party proceeds up river, and after passing several rapids, camps say just above the falls known as Little Portage, a very beautiful waterfall. The scenery all along the river is very fine, and from the Little Portage up may be fairly termed grand.

Above Little Portage the river is somewhat rougher than below, but the fishing is better, scenery grander and bolder. By evening the sportsman reaches Grand Portage and makes here his permanent camps. Within easy reach are half a dozen magnificent pools, in all of which the trout run up to five pounds. The record fish is six pounds. About a mile or so above the camp, and on the west side, there is a trail through level country leading up to the Forks and here ruffed grouse can be found in fair quantities, while there is always a chance of encountering bruin, or having a shot at a caribou or a moose, the bottom land between river and mountains being narrow. In the dead waters between Little Portage and Grand Portage the guides can show the sportsman beaver cabins and otter slides, while above Grand Portage beaver workings in abundance are visible.

The River Santoriski, on the way down or up is well worth a visit. A trail leads up the south side for several miles, and many beautiful pools are met with; some remarkable catches of heavy trout having been made here, when the temperature of the main river water is high, the Santoriski being essentially a cold-water stream.

There is good caribou and moose hunting opposite and inland from Grand Portage on the west, and the basin of the Rivière-à-la-Chûte, tributary of the Santoriski, is also very good. This latter territory will probably be opened up this year, and trails cut leading to the principal hunting grounds and lakes therein.

Grand Lake Jacques Cartier.

The visitor who is not afraid of a little hardship and tramping, can select another locality, viz: Grand Lake Jacques Cartier and vicinity, about 57 miles from Quebec. The old colonization road leads directly to this point; branching to the right at Stoneham and following the basin of the Huron River, one reaches River Caché over a fair road, last part rather rough. Thence a buckboard, without steel springs, and very strongly constructed, is the only vehicle capable of surviving the trip, and the sportsman has to face a 35-mile tramp, passing on the way Lakes Régis, Noël, Grand and Little à l'Épaule and Lake des Roches, in all of which trout from one-quarter of a pound to two and three pounds abound, with good ruffed grouse shooting all along. A few miles beyond latter lake one reaches La Mare, a section of the Montmorency River, and a further journey of nine miles brings the angler to the discharge of Grand Lake Jacques Cartier, where from the middle of August to Sept. 30 the Government maintains two large tents for the accommodation of visitors and a couple of wooden boats. Within a mile of the camping ground are four excellent pools, a little

further up two more exist, and a short distance from the Grand Lake is the famous pool, where most of the heavy trout of this region have been taken. The *Salvelinus fontinalis* in these waters run up to fully ten pounds in weight, and in any of the above pools such fish may be met with.

The moose and caribou hunting in the vicinity of the Grand Lake is excellent and the character of the country is favorable for such sport. The valley of the River Montmorency, where the old road lies close to same, is very beautiful. Lake of Seven Islands and Lake Vert furnish heavy trout from one pound up to six or seven pounds. There is also good fishing at the islands in the middle of the lake, and also at the north end, but the Grand Lake being a large sheet of water is a little risky to navigate in small boats, being subjected to heavy gusts of winds which come down unexpectedly from the mountains.

Hunting in the "Great Barrens" and Vicinity.

This renowned hunting tract is situated wholly within the park, in the basin of the River Murray, and can be reached by two routes, firstly, by electric railway from Quebec to St. Joachim, thence by wagon or sleigh via St. Paul Bay and St. Urbain to Lac-à-la-Galette; or, by rail, Quebec to River Ouelle, thence across the St. Lawrence to Murray Bay and by vehicle to same point. Both routes occupy about a day and a half to reach Galette by easy traveling. From Galette one proceeds by trail to the Hunting Lodge, westwardly about eight miles, and on the way in it is not uncommon for sportsmen to bag a caribou. The lodge is 40ft. x 20ft. and supplied with stoves, cooking utensils, spring cots and blankets. Guides cost \$1.50 per day. Best time for hunting Nov. 15 to Dec. 31. Large herds of caribou are frequently seen within a radius of seven or eight miles of the lodge, once over a hundred head together being counted. The "barrens" extend from Lake Carré to some seven or eight miles west of the lodge each side of the river, to say nothing of large patches of country north and south of the same character.

A day's journey to the westward brings one to River à Jack, tributary of the Murray, where the chances for moose are excellent. Another good place for moose is on the west side of the River de l'Enfer, just north of the lodge, and very accessible.

About ten miles north of Galette by the St. Urbain road is another hunting ground equally as good as the "Great Barrens" for caribou and known as La Cruche, the same character of country prevailing, and dotted here and there with lakes.

On either of these tracts one is practically sure of sport, unless extraordinary weather conditions prevail, i. e., from Nov. 15 to Dec. 31.

In September and October for moose and caribou, Rivière-à-Jack, west side of Rivière de l'Enfer, and Rivière-à-Mars lying west of La Cruche are all good, and it is the exception to have an empty bag.

Good country accommodation is obtainable at St. Paul's Bay, St. Urbain and Galette.

Fires, Fees, Fish and Game Regulations.

Sportsmen are particularly requested to observe strictly the regulations relating to extinguishing thoroughly camp-fires and smudges. No forest fires have as yet occurred in the Park from sportsmen's camps, and it is highly desirable that this state of affairs shall continue in the future.

The license fee for fishing in the park for non-residents, is \$10 for the season, and \$1 per day in addition, except at Grand Lake Jacques Cartier, where the tariff is \$4 per day. The hunting license for the season is \$25 for non-residents and a per diem charge of \$1, except in the barrens, where the tariff is \$2 per day, privileges of the lodge thrown in.

The law allows one bull moose, and two caribou, to each sportsman. No limit is placed on feathered game or trout, except at Grand Lake Jacques Cartier as regards the latter, each sportsman being allowed five fish of three pounds and upward, but as many more smaller ones as may be necessary for all reasonable camp requirements.

Lakes des Neiges and Vicinity.

The tract on rivers Montmorency and Snow, leased to the Quebec Railway Light and Power Company, is also open to tourists by arranging with the company. By the month of June this large territory will be thoroughly in a position to accommodate visitors. Trails have been cut, boats will be placed on all the lakes, and Mr. Baker, the manager, has laid out the route in such a manner that new territory can be traversed every day of the trip practically. Trout abound in all the lakes, the fork-tailed variety in Snow Lake being a remarkable feature, caribou are plentiful and moose fairly abundant. Applications for permits on this tract should be made to J. W. Baker, Kent House, Montmorency.

General Remarks.

This coming summer the old road leading to Grand Lake Jacques Cartier will be made practicable, as it is the intention of the Government to have a lot of work performed on same. Sportsmen will then be able to get up in a buckboard the greater part of the way, instead of having to tramp the whole distance as at present.

That portion of the River Ste. Anne de Beaupré lying within the park would certainly be a desirable one for a good sized club to take up for fishing and hunting, and is accessible via St. Urbain, or in rear of Ste. Anne Station on the O. R. L. & P. Co.'s road.

A tramping and canoe trip from Quebec to Lake St. John through the center of the park via Grand Lake Jacques Cartier and the old colonization road, would be most interesting to tourists, and if sufficient interest is displayed by inquiring sportsmen regarding same, the Government will probably take the necessary steps to open up that portion of the route lying between Lake Jacques Cartier and the northern boundary of the park.

All applications for permits should be made to the Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec, P. Q.

A. TURGEON,
Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Fishing in Maine Waters.

CORNISH, Me., May 12.—Anglers in this section are indeed having a feast this season, especially with respect to pond and lake fishing. Not within many years, it is generally asserted, have so many fine red-spots been taken from the ponds of York, Oxford and Cumberland counties, while the salmon fishing has been something phenomenal. Hundreds of this gamy species have been captured on Sebago Lake alone, some of the largest weighing in the neighborhood of eighteen pounds. Twenty-five were known to be taken in a single day. Ponds of this same system in the vicinity of Bridgton, Denmark and Harrison have also yielded record-breaking catches of this fish, the extraordinarily low water being generally assigned as the condition favoring the sport.

As examples of the quality of the trout fishing we submit the following catches by local anglers: Melvin Ricker and Percy Douglass, seven ranging in weight from 1½ to three pounds; Dr. W. S. Fogg and Bion Bradley, five from two to 3¼ pounds; E. E. Brackett, Will and Preston Parker, four aggregating thirteen pounds; Stephen Rounds and E. L. Watson, three each averaging about the same—all taken on Horn Pond, Leamington, within ten days, and as handsome red-spots as one often sees. W. H. Hatch, registered guide and taxidermist, also took some good trout from this pond, as well as four salmon at Sebago Lake reaching a total of thirty-six pounds.

The brook fishing has hardly been on a level with the above, the scantiness of water so conducive (if the theory be correct) to good results in the larger bodies, seemingly having a contrary effect on the smaller streams. A few warm rains are necessary it is believed to favor this branch of the sport. Yet a considerable number of good strings have been made, particularly on Little River, which, all things considered, is perhaps one of the most remarkable trout streams in the State. For a distance of four miles it runs through meadow lands, within sight of the highway for the most part, and is fished almost constantly in season, yet annually yields scores of trout ranging in weight from one-half to 1¾ pounds. With a tardy recognition of the worth of this stream, the residents of this town in which it is situated, have secured a law from the Fish and Game Commission fixing the beginning of close season at June 1 instead of October 1, as heretofore. This move, we think, can safely be taken as indicative of a growing sentiment in our midst in favor of the better protection of fish and game. Many of our best citizens are manifesting the deepest interest in the subject, which is the case generally, we are confident, throughout the State. Let the good cause flourish and spread until it has secured to the people of the entire country, now and forever, their most pleasurable and healthful form of recreation.

TEMPLAR.

New England Waters.

ONE ex-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association who has every year an invitation to fish on several private streams, says he derives more satisfaction in taking a few trout from public waters than in getting a basketful from any brook from which the general public is excluded. He recently returned from the Cape, where he fished an open stream for about two miles, and secured in one day fourteen trout averaging half a pound and fifteen pickerel. He pronounced it one of the most enjoyable days of his long period of angling in Massachusetts waters and elsewhere.

On the Tihonet Club brooks Messrs. A. G. Weeks, Dr. M. H. Richardson, the noted surgeon, and Luther Little have taken a good number of trout since the opening of the season (April 1). Messrs. Noble and Wheeler, of Hyde Park, have been well rewarded for their skillful efforts on some brooks within about twelve miles of Boston, in Norfolk county.

Several Boston men have secured fair strings from brooks in Burlington, Billerica and other towns to the north of the city. Men engaged in the sale of fishing tackle say they have had more than the usual calls from customers, and just now many are buying preparatory to trips into Maine and New Hampshire, and even the salmon fishermen who go to New Brunswick are securing their outfits.

Messrs. Joseph Gridley, of Washington street, with three companions, recently returned from Dan Hole Pond, N. H., where they landed several salmon from eight to twelve pounds in weight. This party in a few days will leave for Grand Lake Stream, Me. Another party that will leave Boston May 27 for the same place is composed of Dr. Morris, of Charlestown, the celebrated moose hunter, with Mrs. Morris; Dr. E. W. Branigan and Mr. Nathan Tufts. Commissioner Wentworth, of New Hampshire, informs me that they are having "great luck" with lake trout and salmon in the large lakes of the State. He says Judge Aldrich at Penacook Lake landed a salmon that weighed sixteen pounds. Sunapee, too, has yielded several large fish.

The same is true of Newfound Lake. Last week Mr. George W. Tenney, of Boston, secured a 22½-pound trout from Lake Winnisquam—the largest of the season, though it is claimed a larger one has been captured. One Barnet Smith, of Sanbornton, in 1859, with a spear killed one that weighed twenty-eight pounds. In the struggle Smith lost his jack-light overboard. This is believed to be the largest ever taken from the lake. The biggest trout ever secured by hook and line was captured some eight years ago and weighed 21½ pounds, being about three pounds heavier than any that had been taken by angling prior to that time; so in the opinion of resident sportsmen Mr. Tenney's catch beats all previous records by hook-and-line fishing.

Commissioner Wentworth says the Commission is now

planting half a million brook trout fry for the reason that they have not room to keep them till they reach the fingerling stage. The Colebrook hatchery has 1,000,000 fry, the one at Laconia 1,500,000. They are salmon, lake trout and brook trout. The Commissioners propose to raise all the salmon and about half a million of the brook trout fry to fingerlings. When it is remembered that the Granite State has a hatchery run by the Federal Government it would seem that in this department she is doing vastly more toward keeping up the supply of game fish in her streams and lakes than Massachusetts is doing for hers. The same is true of Maine, probably of Vermont. Will the Old Bay State ever catch up? With us there is a loud call for more fingerling trout. In point of size of the fish taken from their lakes this season, New Hampshire and Maine are running a very close race. Both Clearwater and Sebago continue to give up big salmon to the large number of fishermen who are reported as enjoying royal sport.

In our State there is need of further educational work before the sportsmen can secure a right-of-search law adequate for the securing of the best results from the labors of game wardens.

In the report of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission for 1904 the following recommendation is made: "That the Commissioners and their deputies be empowered to approach any person who appears to be hunting or fishing or killing or snaring birds or mammals illegally" after making explanations and showing evidence of authority to demand "in the name of the Commonwealth" that said person display all the game, fish, etc., protected by law then in his possession, and in case of refusal the officer should have the right to take the suspected party to the nearest police station or before a justice where the search may be made, and that in doing this the officer should not incur personal liability, whatever the search might reveal. A bill embodying this plan was favorably reported by the committee but was voted down in the Senate on Thursday by a substantial majority. The late chairman of the board repeatedly stated to your correspondent that he would never desist from urging this extension of the right-of-search law as enacted in 1904 so long as he held the position of chairman of the board. This measure was deemed by him as of the highest importance in order that the deputies should be able to accomplish the work for which they were employed. He declared that it was a common occurrence for a warden to report finding persons out with every apurtenance for killing game and when he was absolutely sure they had birds in their possession, but because the officer had not witnessed the act of killing he was powerless. The captain had no patience with legislators who made the objection that a search law was "liable to be abused." His wardens, he said, "could be trusted" to apply the law judiciously in the interest of protection. He took the ground that the honest hunter or fisherman would not object to showing his fish or game.

CENTRAL.

Tarpon Fishing.

NEW YORK, May 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the letter of your correspondent, Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, on tarpon tackle in the current issue of your paper. Taking the headings in the same order that he does, I give my experiences on a trip from which I have just returned in the hope that these may be of some use to others, for it is certainly only through such experiences that one learns what to avoid.

HOOKS.—I have not seen the large Van Vleck hook sold by William Mills & Son, as recommended by Mr. Waddell as the best, those I used were the large Van Vleck hook sold by Mr. E. Vom Hofe. The only large tarpon hooks by Messrs. Mills that I ever saw were lighter and slightly too long in the barb for my liking; I think what is needed is a shorter barb with a sharp cutting edge on the inside, as on the Van Vleck hook. I always used to file the points to a three-corner or bayonet point, and I fancy on hitting a bone they are more apt to hold in like a peg. The Vom Hofe Van Vleck hook is galvanized and I think would be better of a darker color, especially for night fishing. I certainly had many more strikes than either of my two friends had, the only difference in our fishing being that I used the dark hook. We fished the same places at the same time and with the same bait.

CHAINS.—There is no doubt the idea of a chain between the hook and the piano wire is a good one, for it reduces the danger of a snap through the wire kinking. My personal experience with these chains, however, was most unfortunate, as I lost five hooks through the link connecting the chain to the eye of the hook giving way. Examination of some new ones showed that many had not been brazed at all, but were simply pinched together. As the maker happened to be fishing next to me, I took the opportunity to point out this to him and return him a few of them. This fault is therefore not likely to occur again, though this probability by no means excuses such carelessness in such very expensive tackle. Messrs. Mills I notice use a much larger connecting link and it is well brazed. I should think a small split link could be made for this purpose on the same principle as those used for piecing yachts' chains, and I will certainly get some made when I return to England next month.

WIRE.—Though I purchased mine from Mr. E. Vom Hofe about two months ago, he never mentioned his new rustless wire to which your correspondent refers, and so I had no opportunity to try it. Certainly rust is a great drawback to the use of ordinary steel wire. I would think phosphor bronze wire would do, but personally I intend to try having the ordinary steel wire plated with silver. It should not add much to the cost, and if it

answers, as it certainly should do, it would more than repay this extra expense.

SINKERS.—Those at present in use and as at present attached could hardly be improved upon.

LINES.—I quite agree with your correspondent that a 36 line is the best all-round line to use. In my opinion, the "sporting" part of it does not come into the question at all. One does not put pressure on a 36 line sufficient to break a 27, or even a 24, and if one did systematically, many fish would be lost, not from the line breaking, but through the hold breaking out. On the other hand, the line lasts much longer and a big jewfish or shark can be brought up by hand-lining it and at least a lot of line saved which otherwise would be taken by these pests. Another reason for good strong all-round tackle is that when one *does* hook that 300-pound tarpon, the mortifying knowledge of having had too light tackle need not be added to the ever-ready reasons for not landing it.

"Fish for the very largest" is my motto. In tuna fishing at Catalina I understand the heaviest line allowed by the club is a 24, and no reel with a handle stopper or Rabbeth handle is allowed, and yet with the addition of at least one of these, namely, a heavier line, the largest fish ever landed on rod and line would not now be avoiding Catalina. After a fight of eleven hours and twenty-three minutes it was lost through the line wearing out from the continuous friction. Now tarpon are scarce and tuna more so, so why not use the strongest possible tackle, of course within reason, say a 30 line?

REELS.—This question of reels is a difficult one, and so far I have not yet come across a reel which, in my opinion, is anywhere near perfect. My objections to the latest E. Vom Hofe reel, which I got for this trip, are several. I think the reel should be larger and while the drag on the left hand side, which prevents over-running, is excellent for this purpose, it soon wears out. Moreover, it is not adjustable nor is it mechanically correct, as it pushes on one plate and has a tendency to push the barrel of the reel over to one side. The check on the right or handle side of the reel is actuated by a slide which must be *lifted* by the finger to be put in action and depressed by the thumb to be put out of action; this is exactly the reverse of what it should be, for it is difficult and dangerous to raise this slide with a fish on, and certainly if this slide *must* be there then it should come into action by depressing it with the thumb. Next, the stop which comes out to prevent the handle revolving is surely in the wrong place, situated as it is in such a position that should one miss lifting the slide or get one's fingers in between the handle and the stop, a broken or severely bruised finger would be the result; all this would be avoided by putting this stop on that part of the plate which points toward the top of the rod and actuating it by a similar arrangement to that on the left side. The handle piece also could be made somewhat longer with advantage, so as to allow of two fingers at least being employed in winding. As for the drag itself, I am by no means in favor of its use for tarpon or any fish that breaks water. I know the makers would say: "Don't use it till the fish has done jumping," but when has a tarpon made his last jump? And I lost so many fish with it that I gave up using it altogether. For deep water fighting fish such as jewfish, shark, and I have no doubt tuna, it is excellent, but what is wanted is an adjustable drag which can be worked by the thumb, but not working by rubbing on the line as at present. I have in my mind a device which should answer this purpose and which I will have fitted to my reels if possible for next season.

RODS.—There are so many good rods made now that it is hard to avoid a good one. I used a greenheart rod made seven years ago in Ireland and found it answered perfectly.

BUTT SOCKETS.—I think a cup or ball of phosphor bronze would be better than the leather now used, as it would allow of more movement.

Of leg pads I know nothing, nor for what purpose they are employed, but would like to hear what they are for.

This exhausts the points referred to by Mr. Waddell, and I shall look forward to reading what hints he and others have to give us in the future. While fishing at Boca Grande this season I noticed one old English sportsman had devised an idea for preventing the line coming in as wet as it generally does, by winding some cord or bath towel round the rod between the first and second guides. The idea seemed to me excellent, but I fear with the use of the leather thumb break it would not work, as plenty of water is necessary to prevent the burning of the leather. Referring back to the question of reels, I would like to see another cog wheel put in, to allow of the reel running in the same direction as the handle, and so getting a better lead for the line. I find with the last guide so far from the reel, when the rod bends the line is apt to come below it. By this arrangement the line would come in with a much better lead to the reel.

And now as to the question of tarpon fishing generally and the best time and place to fish for big fish. It would seem to me that the surest places for big fish are in those passes which lead to large rivers, such as Boca Grande, Captiva and others. This year the season was very late and but few fish had been caught in these passes when I was there. I say *surest*, for undoubtedly when the fish are there absolutely certain sport is to be had on each tide. The fish are evidently bound for these rivers to breed, and once they taste the fresh water and are sure of their breeding ground they hover about in these passes ready at any moment to go up, whereas at Indian Key, Baie Hundy and such places, many miles from any rivers, while fish are often to be got there, there is no certainty about it, and I believe they are only fish passing in from the sea on their way to the shore. Such a school came into Indian Key when we were there, and we had a wonderful night's fishing. Everyone had as much fishing as he could stand. They struck at everything; unfortunately

it was all night fishing, and so lost most of its charm. In fact, in our thirty days' fishing we did not get any fish in the daylight, excepting perhaps a few small ones at Shark Creek. At this latter place I believe they can be got at any time, but they run small, from fifteen to seventy-five pounds, and I should say are fish that have not been to sea very far; in other words, those that have been bred there. The small fish, mosquitoes and night fishing entirely take away all the charm of this place. We found shrimp the best bait when the fish are striking on the top of the water, and needle fish the best at Indian Key. For the capture of these latter a small mesh cast-net should be taken, otherwise they can only be shot with a bullet. Mullet are scarce at Indian Key but needle fish plentiful. I would like to hear the opinion of sportsmen as to the relative fighting of tarpon caught in the passes and those caught still-fishing. My experience is, that while those I caught many years ago still-fishing fought very hard, sometimes taking some hours to land, that it was due to inexperience and bad tackle. I have always looked on still-fishing as the capture of a maimed fish, since I caught some which came up with hardly a struggle, being hooked very far down and probably being pricked with the hook in a vital part. Since then I have never cared for this kind of fishing. In Captiva I have had some big fights, but there again the current is in the fish's favor, and again I had the old reels which were difficult to keep from overrunning. In Indian Key, where the current is not very great and equipped with these new reels, I had no difficulty in handling what fish I got, but I have heard it said that a fish hooked by the mouth, as in pass fishing, cannot fight so hard in consequence of his mouth being continuously pulled open.

All these questions are interesting and the opinions of sportsmen who have caught both on the same tackle would be more so.

LORENZO HENRY.

Fish and Fishing.

Canadian Trout are Now Rising.

W. J. DARLINGTON, of Quebec, one of the neatest fly-casters in Canada, drove out to Lake Beauport on May Day, the opening day of the Canadian trout season, and succeeded in creeling a baker's dozen of the silvery beauties of that exceptionally beautiful sheet of water, employing no other lure than the artificial fly. This was exceptionally good luck, as well as good fishing, for fly-casting seldom succeeds so early in the season as this on the lakes to the north of Quebec. Very few of the lakes along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway were altogether free of ice until the second week of the present month, though the Jacques Cartier River, Lake St. Joseph, and some of the other waters in the neighborhood of these latter were clear some days earlier. From Lake Edward comes the intelligence that the ice broke up about the 8th inst., and that several fine trout were caught by bait a few days later. The best of the spring fishing in this body of water is expected this year after about the 20th inst. At present writing the ice has left all the lakes between Quebec and Lake St. John, though little or nothing has yet been done by fly-fishermen, for the water is still rising in both streams and lakes. Lake Kenogami was about the last of the northern lakes to become clear of ice this season. On Lake St. John, the last of the ice disappeared about the same time as it did from Lake Edward, and navigation was fully opened there on the 10th of May.

While bait-fishing in the more northerly lakes is not likely to give way to successful fly-fishing before the third week of the month, it is still more probable that the latter sport will not amount to very much until after the 24th inst.

It is likely to be fully as late before the ouananiche fishing in the Roberval bays, and in the mouths of the Metabetchouan and Ouatchouan rivers at Lake St. John will be worth anything. The water of the lake is quite low at present, the lateness of the season, and the cold weather that prevailed well into the present month having delayed the melting of the snow and ice on the northern feeders of the big lake and in the forests drained by them. Though now rising rapidly, it will be some time before the high spring level of the water is reached, and the best of the fishing will only set in when the water has commenced to fall.

New Fishing Waters.

While there is no doubt whatever that the lease of large fishing and hunting territories to American and other clubs, has had for effect the very efficient protection of fish and game in many of the districts of the Province of Quebec, sportsmen who are not fortunate enough to be lessees of such rights themselves, or to belong to clubs possessing them, have at times found it difficult, without traveling long distances, to find good free fishing waters. The rapidly increasing number of American anglers, who now come to northern Quebec for their fishing, has accentuated this fact. Realizing the increased demands for fishing privileges which must shortly prevail, the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway has taken time by the forelock in connection with the new branch line of railway which it is building from a little south of Lake Edward, through the interior of the province to the falls of La Tuque on the St. Maurice River. This line of railway which branches off from the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, some 78 miles from Quebec, is 40 miles in length and traverses a country very rich in trout waters. Judging that these would be quickly snapped up by private lessees, the railway company has leased most of them itself, in order that free fishing may be at the disposal of the patrons of the road. The new line will be open to traffic next winter.

Salmon Fishing.

More inquiries than ever for salmon fishing rights have been received here this spring, but it is needless to say that there is nothing of the kind lying around loose, waiting to be picked up, just now. And those that have salmon fishing are taking every means to properly protect it. Mr. J. J. Hill sent two very prom-

inent lawyers here last week to oppose a bill which was before the Legislature, in the interests of a Canadian lumberman, asking for authority to erect dams, piers, etc., in the St. John River of Labrador, for the salmon fishing of which Mr. Hill pays \$3,000 yearly to the government of the Province of Quebec. Because it was shown that the proposed "improvements" in the river would injure and perhaps ruin its salmon fisheries, the bill was rejected by the Legislature. Another bill, which is likely to become law, is now before the Legislature, the object of which is to prohibit the running of logs in salmon rivers between the 25th of June and the 15th of August following. It stands to reason that the running of logs while the salmon are ascending the rivers to their spawning beds is of a nature to materially interfere with their progress up stream.

Salmon in New Brunswick are Not Decreasing.

I have just read the last report of Mr. H. E. Harrison, one of the fishery inspectors of New Brunswick, and am convinced that he is much more correct in his conclusions as to the salmon supply of some at least of the rivers of New Brunswick, than are those who would have us to believe that the increase of fishcultural operations results in a diminished supply of salmon in the rivers in which the fry are planted. The mistake made by these latter is that they base their estimate of the supply of fish upon the returns of the net fishermen as to the number caught by them from year to year. The incorrectness of this reasoning is thus exposed by Mr. Harrison: "A slight falling off in the quantity of this (salmon), the most valuable fish caught in this district, can scarcely be attributed to a smaller run, or to less of them passing up the St. John River; in fact, I think I can disprove any statement to that effect, by evidence which I will submit with this report, from one who is in position to know the facts. I feel safe in saying that the decrease in quantity taken is the result of better protection, made possible by your department giving me an extra guardian the first part of the season, and two during the latter part of it, whereby considerable illegal fishing was prevented. The surface fly-fishing on the Tobique River was grand the past season, and those who could afford the pleasure were delighted with the results."

What the Head Warden of the Tobique Salmon Club Says.

The evidence adduced by Mr. Harrison is contained in the report of Mr. T. F. Allen, head warden of the Tobique Salmon Club, to the local fishery overseer. Mr. Allen is a citizen of the United States who has for some years looked after the interest of the club. He says among other things: "As to the fishing on the Tobique River during the last season, I am pleased to say that it was the best in the history of the Tobique Salmon Club. This was due principally to the improvement in the protection of the fish in the non-tidal waters of the St. John. Without such assistance very few salmon would be able to pass the numerous nets such as would be in use, unless compelled to abide by the laws in connection with such protection, by the Dominion government on the St. John River. The salmon are well protected after they enter the Tobique River. Twenty men, residents of the vicinity, are constantly on duty as wardens on the Tobique River, from June 1 to Nov. 1. While the season for taking salmon expires Aug. 15, the wardens are retained to protect the fish through the spawning season, and until they leave that stream to return to sea, these guardians are kept at the expense of the club. The fry placed in the Tobique River each season from the Dominion hatchery, at Grand Falls, are undoubtedly a great benefit in supplying a stock of salmon for the river. During the present season, there were more salmon in the Tobique River for spawning (after the season closed for taking them), than I ever saw at one time; they could be counted by the thousand. This means a grand supply for the future. A grand feature in connection with the fishing of the past season, was that at no time after the salmon arrived was there a day up to the close of the season, but salmon could be taken with a fly, as far as the condition of the water was concerned. We had some rain but not enough at any time to put the river above a fishing pitch, or to make it so dirty that a fish could not outline a fly distinctly. * * * The members of the Tobique Salmon Club and their guests killed about 325 fish, including salmon and grilse, and in private pools controlled by Lord Strathcona and residents on the river, there were many fish killed, the exact number of which I cannot state."

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Dolphin as a Pilot.

"PELOROUS JACK" is the name of an old dolphin which is protected by a special act of the New Zealand Legislature. The official proclamation of the Government prohibits any interference with Pelorous Jack under a penalty of £100.

According to an old sailor's tale, a shoal of dolphins grounded on the shores of Cook Strait forty years ago, and one of them escaped into the sea. That one, which is now acknowledged to be Pelorous Jack, never left the locality where he lost his companions, and "he is now protected by law as he has always been by sentiment."

The most remarkable fact of all is the reason for the passage of the law, which is that Pelorous Jack acts as a most effective pilot, escorting all kinds of vessels in and out of the French Pass, Cook Strait, always keeping to deep water.

For years he was believed to be a beluga, or white whale, but recent scientific investigation has shown that he is really a dolphin. As he is never absent from his duties, the proclamation has been received with keen satisfaction throughout Australasia by sailors who have to use the French Pass.—London Express.

AS TEACHERS of patience in fishing, black bass stand at the head of the list, and in their intercourse with fishermen, especially in its early stages, they are the most aggravating and profanity-provoking animal that swims in fresh water.—Grover Cleveland.

Tarpon at Fort Myers.

OF the April and May tarpon fishing at Fort Myers, Fla., the Press of that town says in the current issue: "If the many fishermen who were here in February and March making strenuous efforts to entice the wily silver king to take their bait had been fishing for the past week, there would have been an old-time tarpon record that would have run into the hundreds. As it is, there were only a half dozen here to enjoy the fine sport, as the river is now alive with tarpon, from Four Mile Island up to the railroad bridge, and any morning they may be seen leaping out of the water by scores. With but a half dozen persons fishing the record for the past week equals that of the entire season previous to this. Two more prominent names of titled foreigners are added to the roll of honor for landing the gamest fish that swims—they are Baron and Baroness Von Tuyll Von Serooskerken, from Holland, the Baron being the accredited representative of his country at Washington. The Baron and Baroness each landed two fine tarpon, and their success will undoubtedly be the means of sending others of the diplomatic corps at Washington to try their luck here next season. Another couple who have gained fame as tarpon anglers are Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Statler, of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Statler has shown his capacity for operating the largest hotel in the world, and now has shown that he can subdue the greatest piscatorial fighter of the Gulf, and it is a question between Mrs. Statler and himself as to which is the better angler. Mrs. Statler has a firm hold on the record for the greatest number of tarpon taken by a lady this season, landing six silver beauties, averaging 97 pounds in weight, the largest weighing 130 pounds. She also accomplished the rare feat for a lady of landing two tarpons in one day, which she did on April 28. Mr. Statler has a record of seven tarpon, two of these being landed on last Saturday, weighing 170 and 100 pounds respectively. The well-known tarpon anglers, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ashby Jones, have both added to their scores the past week, Mrs. Jones celebrating May Day by landing two beauties weighing 118 and 120 pounds. Mr. Jones landed six tarpon the past week, two on April 27 and two yesterday. On Tuesday he brought in what was undoubtedly the largest silver king killed this season. He weighed 182 pounds, and the girth measurement would make him go above this weight. Mr. Jones' record for the season up to yesterday was eleven tarpon, and he will likely increase this to twenty-five in the next week. More tarpon have been taken at Fort Myers this season than all the catches combined elsewhere in the State."

New York and Pennsylvania Fishing Notes.

SAYRE, Pa., May 13.—Mr. E. S. Worthington, of Sayre, and a congenial party of angling friends, spent a few days the early part of the week along some of the most likely streams in the vicinity of Satterfield, this State, and brought home 140 trout of nice size and a supply of angling tales rich with the flavor of the outdoor life.

Charles Northrup and some friends were on the Shrader, below Towanda, for a part of the week, but caught only eighty-four trout, and advise that not many trout are being taken from the streams in that section this season, although ordinarily fine sport is due the angler working out that section of country.

Local streams are not yielding results equal to those of former years, and all in all, from reports which come to me, it would appear that either the trout supply is less than usual or the conditions for the best fishing have not sufficiently developed.

From the streams over along the Auburn Division of the Lehigh Valley, between Owego and Groton, N. Y., reports are far more satisfying.

A good many fine creels of trout have been taken from streams about Harford Mills, McLean and from the head waters of Fall Creek, near Groton. In all that country the big green meadows reach away to the horizon line, and the streams, big and little, many of them really diminutive, afford about as easy fishing as one can hope for.

The streams in the vicinity of Slaterville and Speedsville, probably best reached from Richford on the Auburn line above referred to, or from Ithaca, have thus far, it is reported, yielded unsatisfactory results, counting results upon the basis of trout taken, but the fishing is through a picturesque bit of country which in itself affords the angler compensations above the world's lure.

The largest California trout said to have been taken from any stream around Ithaca within recent years was caught by a Cornell University student one afternoon last week in Buttermilk Creek, below the locally famous Buttermilk Falls. The trout when measured reached the tape at 22½ inches, and weighed 3¾ pounds.

Pickeral and pike fishing at the Ithaca end of Cayuga Lake has been of a decidedly pleasing sort for some time past. Last Saturday night John R. Woodford, of Ithaca, caught the largest pike ever taken from the local waters of the lake, so far as the present generation has knowledge, the fish weighing 14½ pounds. Thousands of pike fry have been distributed in the lake at Ithaca, and under the thorough protective measures now enforced, the fishing should continue to be satisfactory.

At Sherburne, N. Y., May 6, William Friar caught from the Chenango River a brown trout which weighed seven pounds and two ounces and measured twenty-seven inches long. Through the effort of Assemblyman Carrier this fish was presented to Lewis E. Carr, of Albany. And in this connection it may be worth while to state that advices from the fine old Chenango are to the effect that excellent catches of brown trout have been made this spring from those waters.

Coming nearer home I hear that in the Susquehanna River, between Sayre and Owego, large distributions of pike fry have within the week been made, the evident determination being to keep the supply of these fish up to normal conditions. Perhaps the very best pike fishing for the entire length of the Susquehanna is to be had

from the New York and Pennsylvania State line up to within a short distance of Owego.

Speaking of the Susquehanna reminds me that among the papers bearing upon property rights, real estate transfers, etc., one often gets an illuminating insight into the importance once attaching to the shad fisheries of the river hereabouts. Old deeds and records make conspicuous mention of shad fishing rights reserved for individuals and bodies of individuals.

An old resident of this section told the writer recently that shad were at one time so plentiful that farmers utilized the fish for fertilizer, a big husky shad serving to accelerate the growth of each hill of corn, the rule being, in local terms, "a shad to a hill of corn." Ah, me, if we could but live over the old days once more. M. CHILL.

Waterproofing for Lines.

Now, I would like to ask a question. It is possible to purchase a braided linen reel line about the same size as an F braided silk line, although some of the linen lines seem to be smaller when they are new. Casting with them frequently proves that they swell to F size or larger, and when thoroughly saturated they expand wonderfully. It occurred to me that the paraffin-naphtha treatment might prevent saturation. I tried it, hung the line up to dry and afterward began casting with it—on salt water. Beautiful! A hundred feet of the line would lie on top the water as if made of cork. The line came in on the reel quite dry. I was greatly pleased—for a time. For the paraffin came off on the guides in dust and presently the line began to soak up water and swell again. It seemed that the center of the line should not be affected, but apparently there is too much friction on a casting line for this treatment. Will some brother angler offer something that will not injure a fine line, but which will prevent it from swelling and at the same time leave it soft and pliable but not sticky? PERRY D. FRAZER, NEW YORK CITY.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Let Us Go A-Fishing.

THE town of Wakefield, Mass., has a fish committee which makes an annual report on the local fishing interests. The current document contains this bit of wisdom which is of wide application:

There are multitudes of men who, having nothing else to do, will not even go a-fishing when, by simply and frequently looking at nature they might reap to themselves knowledge and riches which neither time nor eternity can take away nor destroy. If, as has been said, "Charity begins at home," let us all be charitable to ourselves and go a-fishing as frequently and as heartily as possible.

Many who are inclined to go a-fishing are prevented by the mistaken idea that they cannot get away. Now, we believe that fishing "is the wisest, virtuousest, discreetest and best sport ever sported," and that he or she who takes a month off in the open, can do more and better work in eleven months than in twelve. "Let us make the best of the time yet allotted to us and regain and retain what of youth is possible—let us go a-fishing."

A Large Codfish.

THE biggest thing in the way of a codfish ever seen in Boston was a fish which had been caught near Halfway Rock, off Marblehead. It was six feet in length and weighed, dressed, eighty-five pounds. The undressed weight was probably 100 pounds.

The Kennel.

Points and Flushes.

VOLUME 21 of the American Kennel Club Stud Book (1904) contains registrations from 77,568 to 84,963 inclusive. It also contains much other valuable information, including lists of active and associate members, bench shows and judges, cancellations, champions of record,

foxhound and beagle trials, kennel names, prefixes and affixes, officers of the club, Pacific Advisory Board, bench show winnings, etc. It is published by the American Kennel Club. A. P. Vredenburg, Secretary, 55 Liberty street, New York.

THE Manitoba Field Trials Club, of which Mr. Eric Hamber, Winnipeg, is the honorary secretary, has issued some important information concerning customs arrangements of interest to patrons. In substance, dogs entered in the trials, and an accurate description of them sent to him, with designation of line of railway which will transport them, one week previous to date of arrival at port of entry, will be allowed to enter Manitoba and remain ninety days or less free of duty. The club has provided three stakes, namely, a Derby, All-Aged and Champion stakes. Derby entries close July 1. Mr. W. W. Titus, famous as a judge and handler, with a member of the Manitoba Club, will judge. The club is to be congratulated for their manly independence in fearlessly conducting their own affairs in their own way, the Handlers' Association to the contrary notwithstanding.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

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346 Broadway, New York.

Please send me.....FOREST AND STREAM Coin Cards to distribute to friends.

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The Race for the Ocean Cup.

THE past week has been one of great activity on board the eleven yachts entered in the race for the Ocean Cup presented by H. I. M. the German Emperor.

On most of the yachts the work of preparation has been going on since early spring but much had to be done in the last ten days before the start. All the entries, both American and foreign, have been hauled out and their underwater bodies cleaned or painted. New gear has been put in place and sails bent. So much work has been necessary that few of the boats have had time to give to much needed trial spins.

As we go to press the boats will be about starting on their long race across the Atlantic.

Atlantic, which had been in the dry dock at the Morse Iron Works, was put overboard on Saturday. In the afternoon she went out for a short spin and then returned to Bay Ridge and anchored. On Sunday she proceeded to the Horseshoe, where she remained until the start on Tuesday. Mr. William Gardner, Atlantic's designer, thought the vessel would be improved if some of her inside ballast was put outside on the keel, and the work was carried out under his direction this spring. Some of her heaviest interior fittings have been done away with so the vessel now floats higher than she did last year. This will make her more buoyant and better able to withstand the bad weather likely to be encountered on an Atlantic passage. Capt. Charles Barr will be in command and his right hand man will be Captain Pagel. Mr. John Barr, who has been in Isolde for the past two seasons, is mate. Counting in the extra hands taken for the race, Atlantic will have nearly fifty men all told. Her owner, Mr. Wilson Marshall, will be on board and he will have as guests Messrs. Ferd M. Hoyt, Morton W. Smith, L. B. Ostrander, C. B. Seeley, H. A. Bergman and Dr. F. B. Downs. Atlantic has been the favorite and it is generally believed that she will win.

The second choice has been Endymion, the yacht which holds the record for an Atlantic crossing. Endymion has had more tryout spins than any of the American boats this season, and she is in as good, if not better, shape than any of the other entries. Her copper was removed last week and her bottom smoothed down and painted. She will be recoppered on her arrival at Southampton. Capt. James A. Loesch has been in the yacht since she was built in 1900, and has crossed the Atlantic in her five times. Of all the skippers none is more familiar with his vessel than Captain Loesch. While he has the reputation of being a driver and a sail carrier, still he is a seaman of rare skill and judgment, and is not liable to make any blunders. Captain Larsen, of the auxiliary Enterprise, will be the navigation officer on Endymion, and he is very familiar with the boat, as he was mate in her for a number of years. Endymion has a complete suit of spare sails and spare topmasts. Her boats have been sent to Southampton by steamer and she will carry a number of dories "nested" on deck amidships. Besides the men in the steward's department she carries sixteen men forward. Commodore George Lauder, Jr., will have Mr. J. R. Buchan, Dr. H. C. Rowland, Mr. Jasper Rowland, Mr. Richard Armstrong and Mr. Richard Sheldon.

The yawl Ailsa has been almost entirely rebuilt this spring at the Jacob yard at City Island and is now said to be in good condition. In her first trials she leaked somewhat but the boat is now perfectly tight. Mr. Henry

S. Redmond, who owns the boat, will not cross in her but he will be represented on board by Mr. Grenville Kane. Mr. Kane will be accompanied by Mr. Paul Eye Stevenson and Mr. Henry Reuterdahl, the famous marine artist. Capt. Lem. Miller, the well-known racing skipper, is in charge and she has a crew of eighteen men.

Fleur de Lys is the smallest boat entered. She was, however, built for cruising and has covered many thousands of miles of deep water during her career. Dr. Lewis Stinson, her present owner, purchased her a number of years ago and has crossed the Atlantic in her several times as well as having made a number of southern cruises. Dr. Stimson will have as guests Mr. Elliot Tuckerman and Mr. James B. Connolly, the writer of so many fisherman's yarns. A Gloucester skipper of note, Capt. Thomas Bohlin, will be in command, and his crew is mostly made up of Gloucester fishermen.

Hildegarde was put in readiness for the race at New London and the skipper, Capt. S. N. Masters, together with his mates, Messrs. Saunders and Miller, have outdone themselves in the fitting out. Next to Endymion this ship has been given more trying-out spins than any of the other American entries. Mr. E. R. Coleman will be on board and his guests are to be Messrs. Frank Platt, A. E. Barker and Dr. Robert Lecomte. Hildegarde has a crew of twenty-four men.

Thistle is a vessel particularly adapted for the work she will meet in this contest. She is too powerful a vessel for ordinary cruising on the Sound and it is expected she will do well under really trying conditions. Mr. Robert E. Tod, her owner, is in a great measure responsible for the race, and he has also done much to promote ocean racing in America. Mr. Tod will act as his own navigator. Mr. Tod's mate, Captain Ellis, is an old seaman and a yacht sailor of experience and has the reputation of being as clever and able as any professional on any of the boats in the race. Dr. James A. Ayer, Dr. Paul Unterbridge and Mr. Poulney Bigelow will be Mr. Tod's guests.

Utowana is an auxiliary and in every sense of the word a cruiser. Her owner entered the boat in the race as an act of courtesy toward Lord Crawford, whose ship Valhalla he defeated in a race about a year ago. Utowana is owned by Mr. Allison V. Armour and he will have with him two guests, Messrs. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., and William Williams. Utowana is commanded by an American born and bred skipper, Capt. J. H. Crawford, a Connecticut Yankee. She has a crew of thirty-four men.

Apache, ex-White Heather, is one of the largest boats in the race. She is owned by Mr. Edmund Randolph, and the following gentlemen will cross with him: Messrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Joseph Harriman, Ralph N. Ellis, Stuyvesant LeRoy, R. Burnside Potter, W. Gordon Fel-

lowes and Dr. Watson B. Morris. Apache is in charge of Capt. J. H. McDonald, who has under him a crew of forty men.

Valhalla, Lord Crawford's fine ship-rigged yacht, needed little or no work done on her to put her in shape for the race. This vessel is always ready for an ocean crossing, with the exception of putting stores on board. In this instance it was necessary for her to go on a dry dock to remove her screw. Captain Caws is in charge of Valhalla and she has a crew of sixty-six men.

Sunbeam, the other British entry, is owned by Lord Brassey. This vessel, like Valhalla, needed little work done to put her in readiness for the contest. Her bottom was cleaned and painted when she was in the dry dock having her propeller taken off. Lord Brassey will act as his own navigator and he will have with him Colonel Harbord and Major Pakenham. Lord Brassey's captain is E. C. S. Achard and she has a crew of twenty-nine men.

Hamburg, ex-Rainbow, is the only German entry in the race. She is owned by a German syndicate whose representative on the boat is Mr. Adolph Tietjens. With him are Lieut. John Tietjens and Mr. Piconelli. Captain Peters is in charge and the crew numbers twenty-eight men.

The race will start as scheduled unless in the opinion of the committee in charge the start should be deferred. The German cruiser Pfeil will be stationed off the Lizard and will serve to show more clearly the finish line. The cruiser Pfeil is painted a light gray and has two funnels and two pole masts.

The German Emperor will present a silver plate, on which will be inscribed a suitable legend, to each of the owners whose yachts finish in the race. This plate belongs to the yacht and not to the owner and must be placed in some conspicuous place on board to remain there until the vessel is broken up.

Some of the American boats have had trouble with the crews and there have been rumors regarding strikes at the last moment. While it is very doubtful if anything of the sort will happen, still to be able to meet all contingencies the owners have discussed the matter and the owners of the foreign entries have agreed not to start if any boats are held up for that reason.

The owners of the yachts and the members of the subcommittee had a dinner at Delmonico's last Saturday night and the following cablegram was read during the affair:

URVILLE, May 13, 1905.

ALLISON V. ARMOUR, New York:

Best greetings to yacht owners and Starting Committee, hoping race will be a success and wishing a good and speedy cruise.

WILLIAM I. R.

Entries in Ocean Race for German Emperor's Cup.

Name.	Type and Rig.	L.W.L.	Owner.	Club.	Designer.	Year Built.	Net Ton.
Valhalla	Aux. Ship	240ft.	Earl of Crawford	Royal Yacht Squadron	W. C. Storey	1892	648
Apache	Aux. Barque	168ft.	Edmund Randolph	New York Y. C.	J. Reid & Co.	1890	307
Ailsa	Yawl	89ft.	Henry S. Redmond	New York Y. C.	William Fife, Jr.	1895	116
Hamburg	Schooner	116ft.	German syndicate	Imperial Y. C.	George L. Watson	1898	185
Utowana	Aux. Schooner	155ft.	Allison V. Armour	New York Y. C.	J. Beaver-Webb	1891	267
Sunbeam	Aux. Barque	154.7ft.	Lord Brassey	Royal Yacht Squadron	St. Claire Byrne	1874	227
Thistle	Schooner	110ft.	Robert E. Tod	Atlantic Y. C.	Henry Winteringham	1901	235
Hildegarde	Aux. Schooner	135ft.	Wilson Marshall	New York Y. C.	Gardner & Cox	1903	206
Fleur de Lys	Schooner	103.4ft.	Edward R. Coleman	Philadelphia Cor. Y. C.	A. S. Chesbrough	1897	146
Endymion	Schooner	89.6ft.	Lewis A. Stimson	New York Y. C.	Edward Burgess	1890	86
			George Lauder, Jr.	Indian Harbor Y. C.	Tams, Lemoine & Crane	1899	116

Boston Letter.

Y. R. A. CLASSES.—Another of the 22-footers has been measured and has been found to be under weight. This is Clorinda, designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley for Commodore B. P. Cheney and Mr. Charles D. Lanning. She was weighed last Friday and was found to be 75 pounds short. As she measured only 21ft. 4½in. on the waterline, however, there will be no difficulty in adding the required weight without putting her out of the class. She is a promising looking boat and appears to have some of the general outlines of Sally VII. and Clotho.

Rube, owned by Mr. H. L. Bowden, is undergoing changes at Marblehead to bring her into the class. Her rabet line is being raised and the reverse curves forward and aft slightly increased, thus shortening up her waterline sufficiently to enable her to take on 300 pounds without exceeding 22ft. waterline.

Tyro, owned by Mr. W. H. Joyce, arrived at Marblehead from Boothbay on Sunday, May 7. Mr. Sumner H. Foster joined the yacht at Portland and sailed her from there to Marblehead. Strong head winds were experienced all the way, but Tyro behaved splendidly and steered very easily. As she passed Thatcher's Island she carried a three-reefed mainsail and storm jib. Off Cape Ann the wind lightened somewhat and the reefs were shaken out. In a short time it blew harder than ever and she was kept going under full sail until she arrived at Marblehead. No attempt was made to luff her, but she was kept as close to her course as possible by easing and trimming sheets.

Mr. A. C. Jones' Nutmeg, designed and built by Hanley, will be launched on Monday and then all five new ones will have been put overboard. Nutmeg is quite full forward and is quite flat with generous draft. She will be fitted up very substantially below decks. Capt. Frank James has been engaged to sail her in the races.

The first Medric is the only one of the older boats to have been launched yet, and she has had several tryouts with Mr. H. H. White's Medric II. The old boat is said to have shown up very well.

There will be four new 18-footers in the field this season and these, with a host of older ones, will make things interesting for the class. A less active market is largely responsible for the fewer number of 18-footers this year, as the owners of old boats would not order new ones until the old ones were sold. Three of the new ones are designed by Messrs. Small Brothers and one by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield. The last one to be ordered is for Messrs. F. L. & R. W. Pigeon, the hollow spar-makers of East Boston. Mr. George H. Wightman's new one, designed by Mr. Crowninshield, was launched last week and has been weighed and measured satisfactorily. She has been named Bonitwo, which is not only suggestive of succession, Mr. Wightman's old 18-footer being named Bonito, but is also appropriate as the new boat is to be sailed by Mr. Wightman's two sons.

Only one new 15-footer has been heard from and there is a general feeling among the racing men that this class is not panning out as well as might be expected.

Since the close of the last season the opinion has been freely expressed that the new 30ft. class, which was organized last year, would prove a yearling. Chewink IV. had so little difficulty in securing the championship that it was felt that the other yachtsmen interested would not want to chase her around another year. Messrs. Burgess & Packard, however, have been building a 30-footer at their Salem shops, which may be intended to race against the last year boats, either in class or in the races of the Eastern Y. C. for yachts of less than 40ft. A hollow mast is being made for this yacht by the Pigeon Hollow Spar Co., which would indicate that she is not for the regular 30ft. class, unless the rules prohibiting hollow spars has been waived.

EASTERN Y. C. FIXTURES.—The Eastern Y. C. will be the most active club in Massachusetts Bay this year, if it is not indeed in the whole country. Its season's programme has been arranged with great care and with excellent judgment as regards the sequence of events. The complete programme, as arranged up to date, is as follows:

Monday, July 3.—Sailing races at Marblehead for boats under 40ft. rating, including the 18 and 22-footers.
 Tuesday, July 4, 10 A. M.—Motorboat races.
 Tuesday, July 4, 2:30 P. M.—Sailing races for boats under 40ft. rating, including the 18 and 22-footers.
 Saturday, July 8.—Cruise, Marblehead to Gloucester.
 Sunday, July 9.—Cruise, Gloucester to Isles of Shoals.
 Monday, July 10.—Cruise, Isles of Shoals to Boothbay Harbor.
 Tuesday, July 11.—Cruise, Boothbay Harbor to Camden.
 Wednesday, July 12.—Cruise; the fleet will proceed at will to Islesboro.
 Thursday, July 13.—Cruise, Islesboro (Dark Harbor) to Bartlett's Narrows.
 Friday, July 14.—Cruise, Bartlett's Narrows to Bar Harbor.
 Saturday, July 15.—Cruise; race off Bar Harbor; fleet disbands.
 Thursday, July 27, 10 A. M.—Motorboat race.
 Friday, July 28, 10 A. M.—Motorboat race.
 Saturday, July 29, 10 A. M.—Motorboat race.
 Tuesday, Aug. 8, 2:30 P. M.—Sailing races for boats under 30ft. rating, including the 18 and 22-footers.
 Thursday, Aug. 17.—New York Club due to arrive.
 Friday, Aug. 18, 10 A. M.—Motorboat race.
 Saturday, Aug. 19, 11 A. M.—Annual regatta.
 Monday, Aug. 21, 10 A. M.—Start of ocean race to Halifax.
 Saturday, Aug. 26, 10 A. M.—Motorboat race.
 Saturday, Sept. 2, 10 A. M.—Motorboat race.

BOSTON Y. C.—A meeting of the Regatta Committee of the Boston Y. C. was held last Wednesday evening at which races for the coming season were discussed. Dates for the launch races have not yet been decided upon, but it has been announced that Commodore B. P. Cheney will give championship cups for launches as well as for the regular classes for the season's racing. The launch classes will be divided as follows: Hunting and open launches not over 40ft., cabin launches not over 40ft., and cabin launches over 40ft.

The Boston Y. C. will share in the endeavor to preserve the Cape cat as a type and will provide classes for the yachts of the Cape Catboat Association in the races of June 17, and Aug. 5 and 7. The association now has twenty boats enrolled in its membership, and yachtsmen are taking a lot of interest in the movement.

One of the most enjoyable features of the season in the Boston Y. C. will be the annual cruise, which will be to Five Islands, Me., again. The squadron will be the guest of Vice Commodore E. P. Boynton at Five Islands, and he will give prizes for races there. Rear Commodore Alfred Douglass has offered prizes for the port to port runs.

The Regatta Committee will have a fast launch on the cruise, which will run ahead of the fleet to take finish times, and a tug will stay by the smaller yachts and assist them in making port if it should be necessary. The Kennebec Y. C., of Bath, Me., has extended an invitation to the Boston Y. C. to visit Bath while the fleet is in Maine waters. The Boston Y. C. will also be entertained by the Portland Y. C.

BEVERLY Y. C. FIXTURES.—The following fixtures have been announced by the Beverly Y. C., which, unless otherwise mentioned, will be held off the club house at Wing's Neck:

Saturday, June 17.—First club and sweepstake race.
 Saturday, June 24.—First club race.
 Saturday, July 1.—Second club race.
 Tuesday, July 4.—First sweepstake.
 Saturday, July 8.—First Corinthian.
 Saturday, July 15.—Second Corinthian.
 Saturday, July 22.—Third Corinthian.
 Saturday, July 29.—Fourth Corinthian.
 Saturday, Aug. 5.—Fifth Corinthian.
 Saturday, Aug. 12.—Third club race.
 Saturday, Aug. 19.—Sixth Corinthian.
 Saturday, Aug. 26.—Second club and sweepstake.
 Thursday, Aug. 31.—Open race; Ricketson cups, Dartmouth.
 Friday, Sept. 1.—Open race at Mattapoisett.
 Saturday, Sept. 2.—Van Rensselaer cup race at Marion.
 Monday, Sept. 4.—Second open.
 Saturday, Sept. 9.—Seventh Corinthian.

CRUISER FOR MR. S. R. ANTHONY.—At the Herreshoff shops last Wednesday, the cruising sloop Doris, built for Mr. S. Redd Anthony, of the Eastern Y. C., was launched in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony and a party of friends. Doris is a heavily constructed boat with considerable body. She is 77ft. over all, 56ft. 6in. waterline, 15ft. 3in. breadth and 9ft. 3in. draft. She will be delivered about June 1 and will be anchored off Beverly.

NEW YARD AT MARBLEHEAD.—The shop on the new Burgess & Packard plant at Marblehead is being erected. It is to be 100ft. long, 40ft. wide and 17ft. high. A house for Mr. Burgess is also to be erected. A channel is being dredged for the marine railway. The 38ft. launch Viking, designed by this firm for Mr. S. W. Wilder, has been formally entered for the Knickerbocker Y. C. long distance power boat race from New York to Marblehead.

AT THE MARBLEHEAD YACHT YARDS.—At Messrs. Stearns & McKay's Marblehead Yacht Yards the 25ft. speed launch for Mr. W. H. Stewart is about planked. The twin-screw launch for Mr. Herbert Humphrey and the launch for Mr. Miller are about ready for the engines. The 22ft. launch for the Eastern Y. C. is in frame. The auxiliary yawl Umbrina, owned by Mr. J. P. Elton, of Waterbury, Conn., has been launched and will be put in commission at once. The launch Helen, the 22-footers Opitsah V. and Margaret, the steam launch Caprice and several smaller boats have been put overboard.

ELABORATE SPEED LAUNCH.—A very elaborate speed launch has been designed by Mr. Norman L. Skene, for Mrs. George T. Williams, of Hartford, which is now being built at Lawley's. This boat is 22ft. long and 4ft. 6in. beam, and is expected to develop a speed of about eleven miles an hour with a twelve horsepower motor. She will be built entirely of mahogany, and the metal trimmings and cleats will all be of nickel. The boat will be used as a ferry between the owner's home and the railroad station. Six or eight people may be carried.

LAUNCH FOR CASCO BAY.—Messrs. Murray & Tregurtha have an order for a 25ft. launch of 6ft. 6in. beam, equipped with a six horsepower engine for Mr. L. H. Spaulding, of Lowell, Mass. She will be used in Casco Bay.

FIRST RACE OF THE SEASON.—The first race of the season in Massachusetts Bay will be given by the Quincy Y. C. on Saturday, May 27. This will not be an open event, however, but will be limited to yachts of the club. The formal opening of the racing season will be at the annual Memorial Day race of the South Boston Y. C., as usual.

JOHN B. KILLEN.

British Letter.

AN INTERNATIONAL RATING RULE.—The idea of an International rating rule is likely to take definite shape, if the letter sent by the secretary of the Yacht Racing Association to the principal European yacht clubs on April 22 is favorably received. The letter referred to states, that as the outcome of correspondence between the leading yacht clubs, or associations, of various European nations, the council of the Yacht Racing Association propose that a conference on the subject of an international rating rule, to come into force on January 1, 1908, be held in London next winter. The leading club, or association, of each of the following countries has been communicated with, viz., Germany, France, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Austria and Italy, and a copy of the letter has been sent to the New York Y. C. with the intimation that the representation of the United States at the conference will be welcomed. Each country is to send two delegates, who may, if they wish, bring with them any professional naval architects whose services they may consider advisable. The Prince of Wales has accepted the office of president of the conference, and has appointed vice-presidents to act for him in his absence in the persons of the vice-presidents of the Y. R. A. So far all seems well. The time is peculiarly propitious for the planning out of a universal rule of rating. No very great difference exists between the rules already existing in the various countries above named and that of England, and a very little judicious manipulation should result in the evolution of a sound, practical rule, which would draw the sporting communities of the different countries involved still closer together. In fact, if the matter is taken up with energy and singleness of purpose, nothing but good can be the outcome.

There is one matter which has not as yet been mentioned, and that is the question of scantling. A universal rating would be of little practical use without a universal system of scantling restrictions, and a most favorable opportunity to discuss this vital matter would be when the proposed conference meets in London to discuss the question of international rating. The yachts of countries which adopt scantling restrictions would obviously be at a disadvantage with yachts which are not subject to such rules, and, what is more important still, a good system of scantling rules would kill all

flimsy construction, which has so long been the bane of yacht racing in England and has done so much to put an end to class racing. It is much to be hoped that this burning question will be taken up and settled at the forthcoming conference. A most interesting discussion on the subject of scantling restrictions has been going on in the Yachtsman for some weeks. It was started by Mr. C. E. Nicholson, the Gosport designer, and has been carried on by many well-known naval architects and well-known yachtsmen, including Mr. Alfred Benzon, of Copenhagen, a great authority on scantling and rating rules. All are in favor of scantling rules, though there is some divergency of opinion as to how they should be arrived at. If a universal rating rule is adopted, the question of scantling rules should be immensely simplified, as there will be practically only one type of vessel to provide for. Then when racing yachts are substantially built, the racer of to-day will become the cruiser of to-morrow and yachting should flourish again. As Mr. Benzon truly says, "Very few men would stick to the opinion that open class racing should be a competition not only in designing and seamanship, but also a competition in the art of constructing the lightest possible hull without regard to durability." This is exactly what has happened, and it is chiefly owing to the absence of any scantling rules that we are at present deploring the downfall of class racing. The remedy is at hand if the conference will but use it, but without it the adoption of an international rating rule would be of little real benefit.

THE 52FT. CLASS.—The latest report in connection with the 52ft. class—practically our only open rater class—is that a second Herreshoff boat is to enter the lists. The pleasure with which the news will be received here will be tempered by the fact that she is to be German owned. Without being uncharitable, this means that if she is to be sailed by a German skipper and crew, the utmost will not be got out of her, and in all probability no true idea of her qualities will ever be gleaned. Enormous strides have been made in yachting in Germany during the last decade, but the increase in the numbers of the racing contingent has not been marked by a proportionate improvement in seamanship, and the handling of German racers manned by native crews is by no means beyond reproach. The last 52-footer, or rather 20-rater, which came from Germany to race in British waters, was the Herreshoff boat Vineta, belonging to the late Baron von Zedwitz, who lost his life on board of her in the Solent as a result of the little vessel being swept by the main boom of the German Emperor's cutter Meteor. This was in 1896, the year when Mr. Howard Gould brought his famous Herreshoff Niagara over and did so well with her. Vineta looked a slippery boat, but she never did anything in the way of prize winning, although she was much the same style of boat in appearance as her sister. A racing yacht is always at a slight disadvantage in foreign waters, and unless she has the best crew and skipper that can be obtained, the odds are necessarily against her. However, the new boat and her owner will be sure of a warm welcome, and the better she is handled the better we shall be pleased. Of course, it is just possible that she may have a British crew, but of that there is no report.

There was quite a bustle of activity at Easter among the small clubs on the Upper Thames and at Burnham-on-Crouch, where several small sailing clubs have their headquarters. All round the coast the small classes are waking up; but it is not until the beginning of June that the season proper commences. In the meantime the big boats are fitting out, and all the more important yards are busy getting the heavyweights into trim for the season.

E. H. KELLY.

A BUSY YACHT YARD.—In the fitting out time there are few places along the coast where so much yacht work is done as at Marblehead. Although it is a small place it is a big yachting center and many of the yachts that are seen in the rock-bound harbor during the summer months are stored there during the winter. The greater number is stored at the Marblehead Yacht Yards, owned by Messrs. Stearns & McKay. They have two yards, each having good capacity with plenty of room for storing under cover. There is a marine railway at each yard and the main yard, situated near the club houses, with deep water up to the dock, has proven a blessing to many a racing man who wanted to haul out on the railway and get away quickly, or who has been forced through accident to have repairs made at short notice. A gasoline supply station is also located at each yard, which is of immense convenience to launch owners. Not only do the yards appeal to yachtsmen on account of their locations, but the owners thereof are in high favor as designers and builders of yachts. A visit to the building shops is all that is necessary to convince one of the quality of the work turned out. From the very lightest to the solid cruising construction the same care is taken with the work, and yachtsmen feel that when a boat leaves the shops she is finished. Mr. W. B. Stearns is a skillful designer of great ability and has produced some clever original ideas in cruising and racing yachts and launches.

HARLEM Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The Harlem Y. C.'s twenty-third annual regatta will be sailed on Memorial Day. The race is open to yachts enrolled in clubs belonging to the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. Arrangements have been made for the following classes:

Sloops and Yawls.—Class L, over 40ft. and not over 48ft.; racing measurement; class M, over 33ft. and not over 40ft.; class N, over 27ft. and not over 33ft.; class P, over 22ft. and not over 27ft.; class Q, over 18ft. and not over 22ft.; class R, over 15ft. and not over 18ft., and class S, not over 15ft.

Catboats.—Class N, over 27ft. and not over 33ft.; class P, over 22ft. and not over 27ft.; class Q, over 18ft. and not over 22ft.; class R, over 15ft. and not over 18ft., and class S, not over 15ft. Raceabouts, class T.

The courses, on the Sound, will be 15.12 and 9 nautical miles. The Race Committee is composed of Mr. Frank McDermott, chairman; Mr. George McGuinness, secretary, and Mr. W. T. Hyde.



—SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, NEW YORK—

- "Sunbeam." W. L. length 154.7 feet. Date 1874.
- "Ailsa." W. L. length 89 feet. Date 1895.
- "Thistle." W. L. length 110 feet. Date 1901.
- "Fleur-de-Lys." W. L. length 83.5 feet. Date 1890.
- "Valhalla." W. L. length 240 feet. Date 1882.
- "Apache." W. L. length 178 feet. Date 1880.
- "Utowana." W. L. length 155 feet. Date 1891.
- "Atlantic." W. L. length 135 feet. Date 1903.
- "Hildegarde." W. L. length 103.4 feet. Date 1897.
- "Endymion." W. L. length 101 feet. Date 1893.
- "Hamburg." W. L. length 116 feet. Date 1886.

THE START OF THE RACE FOR THE OCEAN CUP OFFERED BY H. I. M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Published through the courtesy of the Scientific American.

Power Boat Racing Abroad.

THE power boat racing that has taken place on the Mediterranean during the past two months has been attended with numerous serious accidents. The climax was reached, however, in the last race, a long distance run from Port Mahon to Toulon, when out of seven starters four sank, one was abandoned, another was taken in tow after the crew had been rescued by a cruiser which acted as a convoy. The seventh boat, Quand Mème, with Duc Decazes, the owner, a well-known French sportsman, on board, together with M. Chauchard, Lieutenant Desfosses, M. Baudouin, four engineers and three sailors is still adrift and the gravest fears are felt for those on board.

The competing boats left Port Mahon on Saturday morning at 4 A. M. It was clear at the time of the start and it was not until some hours later that they were overtaken by a furious gale. Fortunately all the starters had convoys and had this not been the case many lives might have been lost.

Duc Decazes' steam yacht Velleda was supposed to convoy his motor yacht Quand Mème, and the reports fail to state why the larger vessel was not on hand to rescue those on the smaller craft when it was found that she was in danger and flying signals of distress.

The weather continues stormy but it is hoped that if the Quand Mème is able to live in the sea that is running that she will reach Corsica or the Spanish coast.

Duc Decazes is one of the best known of the French sportsmen and is vice-president of the Yacht Club of France.

Quand Mème was designed by M. Joseph Guédon and built by Abel Lemarchand, Vincent & Co., at Cannes. The boat is nearly 70ft. long and has twin screws which are driven by two Baudouin engines developing together 240 horsepower.

A late report states that Duc Decazes and the rest of those on board Quand Mème were saved by the torpedo boat destroyer Arbalite. The yacht was abandoned.

This race, that ended so disastrously, was arranged in two parts. The first half commenced at Algiers on Sunday, May 7, at 6 A. M. Seven boats were sent away, as follows: Malgre-Tout, attended by the torpedo boat destroyer Carabine; Quand Mème, attended by the destroyer Arbalite; Mercedes-Mercedes, attended by the destroyer Pertuisane; Mercedes-C. P., attended by the destroyer Hallebarde; Camille, attended by the destroyer Dard; Heracles II., attended by the destroyer Sarbacane, and F. I. A. T. X., attended by the destroyer Arc.

F. I. A. T. X. took the lead from the start and arrived first at the end of the first stage of the race, Port Mahon, Island of Minorca, at 7 o'clock the same evening, having covered 250 miles in twelve hours. Camille, with her owner, Mme. du Gast, arrived second, at 10:25 P. M. Mercedes-C. P. was third, Mercedes-Mercedes was fourth, Quand Mème was fifth, Malgre-Tout was sixth, and Heracles II. was last. The two last were towed into port.

The boats started on the second stage, from Port Mahon, at 4 A. M., May 13, and encountered heavy winds and bad seas.

Mercedes-C. P., when about fifty miles from Toulon in tow of the Hallebarde, sank. The crew were saved.

The gunboat Hire, which, with the cruisers Desaix and Kleber, was escorting the flotilla, hoisted Fiat X and her crew on board.

Camille was abandoned after the Dard had saved Mme. Du Gast and her crew.

Heracles II. was allowed to go adrift after her crew had been taken on board Sarbacane.

Malgre-Tout sank and her crew were taken on board Carabine.

Pertuisane saved the crew of the Mercedes-Mercedes, which was in distress and was abandoned.

A New Type of Motorboat.

From the Yachting World.

A NEW Napier yacht has just been launched, the name of which is Napier Major. What the old Napier was to the racing craft now so much in evidence all over Europe and America, so Napier Major will be to a fleet of cruising launches, fishing boats, and pleasure yachts, viz., the pioneer of innumerable vessels that will be constructed in the near future of such various designs as will be required to meet the fast growing public demand. Napier Major was launched recently at Lowestoft and christened by Mrs. F. Miller. Her over all length is 45ft., load waterline 40ft., beam 9ft. 6in., depth 5ft. 8in., and her 6ft. of headroom showed her what may be termed a model power fishing boat. Her displacement is 12 tons and her horsepower derived from a four-cylinder 20 m. p. Napier engine, which is sufficient to drive her between eight and nine knots and to keep her going in the teeth of a full gale of wind. Her gross weight is 13.45 tons. She is built of larch, oak frames, American elm timbers, steel floors, and three steel frames with teak fittings. The boat is decked and has raised cabin top 14in. above deck aft, and dropping down forward. The cabin top is fitted with dead lights and ventilation, and also with scuttles on sides of cabin top. A round hatch is fitted forward to facilitate handling of sail and forward deck gear in bad weather and to allow the crew to obtain quick access to the cabin. Aft is a cockpit made watertight and self-draining, fitted with portable benches. The companion leading from the cockpit to the engine room is closed with sliding boards which drop into slots, instead of folding doors, for the sake of security. In the bulkhead is fitted a scuttle, and the steering compass is placed inside and can be seen through the scuttle. Fuel tanks are placed under the deck in what really is part of the self-draining cockpit. There are other tanks in the engine room, and a pump worked by hand supplies the oil to the feed tank. The engine room is ample for the engine, giving room all round, and it is provided with considerable locker space for stores. The tanks both in the cockpit and engine room are in the wings and are protected by bulkheads in teak. The cabin which leads out of the engine room is fitted with one big berth for two and a single berth on the starboard side. The berths are so arranged that in the day the bed is placed up against the ship's side and the

side facing inward; the seat underneath is made of red pegamoid, so that the simple turning up of the bed turns the whole into a comfortable couch. Instead of weather boards for the bunks, canvas is arranged and lines are carried up to the deck carlins. The canvas weather boards stow under the cushions in the daytime. Neat netting racks are arranged over the bunks to place small articles in. Forward of the starboard side is a sideboard and hand basin, and above this is the signal-flag locker. A bulkhead partitions off the fore peak in which is placed the water tank, chain lockers, and pantry lockers. She is fitted with a stout 17ft. pole mast and a yard that can either be crossed or a big sail can be bent. However, the sail is only for steadying purposes and she is in no way a sailing craft. She is finished with green underbody of anti-fouling, black topsides with gold band and American elm rubbing rail, teak covering board on which are mounted galvanized iron stanchions and wire, yellow pine decks with black seams, teak coamings and teak fitted cockpit. The cabin top is cream color, and besides the ordinary kedge and chain cable, an extra heavy anchor and cable is fitted, and a sea anchor or drouge is carried.

The engine room is entirely separated from the main cabin and the engine looked very snug and comfortable in its quarters; moreover, it looked quite at home and gave one the impression that it would carry out its work in a manner that would leave very little to be desired. A good storage battery and dynamo have been installed and electric light is fitted throughout, including the head and side lights, and a neat switchboard has been arranged so that the cells can be charged or discharged in groups as required.

The panelling is in pitch pine and teak, and the remainder of the inside is in white enamel, and the whole appearance of the internal arrangements is that of a boat equipped for hard practical service.

The deck arrangements are very simple; a 12in. cabin top dropped to about 5in. forward terminates in a good roomy self-draining cockpit and the communication to the engine room is closed by means of slats which drop down in grooves, which make it impossible for quantities of water to get down into the engine room. In order to prevent the sea breaking through in case of the best boat being badly pooped a portable iron grating has been arranged in the cockpit, which is stowed in ordinary times below the floors.

She has bunker capacity for 3,000 miles running at full speed, has three berths, and every accommodation for a cruise if necessary across the Atlantic.

New York A. C. Cruising Race.

THE New York A. C. will hold its second annual race for small yachts in cruising trim on Saturday, June 17. Open to boats enrolled in any recognized yacht club. First, second and third prizes will be given. The start will be at 10 A. M., and the course from Whortleberry Island to the west harbor of Block Island, distance 101 nautical miles. Yachts to be eligible must be propelled by sails only, of more than 21ft. and less than 31ft. waterline, have stationary cabins and ballast. Fin keels barred. Time allowance of ten seconds per foot per nautical mile, based on the over all length.

Yachts will be considered in cruising trim when they carry a boat, two anchors and cables, life preservers, the regulation lights and their cabin furniture, fittings and tanks in their usual places. Crew will be limited to five, of whom one may be a paid hand. No restriction as to sails or rig, and yachts will carry their club colors at the main truck.

Entries close June 10, and must be accompanied by club measurer's certificate of waterline and over all length. Those interested should communicate at once with the Yachting Committee, New York A. C., Pelham Manor, N. Y.

SAILING DIRECTIONS.

Start will be from a line between the black and red horizontally striped buoy on the southerly end of Green's Flats and the Committee boat anchored to the north of Whortleberry Island. Finish will be at the entrance to the west harbor of Block Island. Judge at finish will show the New York A. C. flag by day and a lantern at night.

Yachts may go through Plum Gut, the Race or Fisher's Island Sound, but all buoys and Government marks must be left on the channel side. Preparatory signal will be a gun from the committee boat at 10 A. M. Starting signal at 10:05, when the time of all boats will be taken. High water at Whortleberry Island 10:50 A. M., June 17. Full moon June 17.

Steamers leave Block Island for New London or Greenport every day.

ENTRIES.

Five boats are already entered and their particulars are as follows:

Flosskilde, owned by Dr. W. D. Hennen and entered from the New York A. C. She is 42ft. 10in. over all and 26ft. 6in. on the waterline. The boat was built by Smith, at Quincy, Mass., in 1901 from Mr. B. B. Crowninshield's design.

Hanley, owned by Mr. C. D. Mallory, is entered from the Indian Harbor Y. C. She was designed and built by Mr. C. C. Hanley for racing in the East, and is 41ft. 2in. over all and 29ft. waterline.

Saladin is one of the old Burgess "thirties." She is owned by Mr. R. W. Rathborne and entered from the New York A. C. Saladin was built by Lawley in 1889.

Alyce was designed and built by the George Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, in 1899. She is owned by Mr. H. A. Jackson and entered from the New York A. C.

Gauntlet was designed and built last winter by Mr. L. D. Huntington for himself. She is 28ft. long over all and is entered from the New Rochelle Y. C.

VITESSE SHOWS GOOD SPEED.—Vitesse, the new steam yacht built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co., Cons., for Mr. Brayton Ives, was given her speed trials last week on the Hudson River. On a run of two hours over the nine-mile straightway measured course she attained a speed of 29.75 miles an hour, and an average speed of 27.12 miles an hour for the entire distance.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

ACUSHLA AND THEO SOLD.—The sloop yacht Acushla II., Mr. Paul Rainey, N. Y. Y. C., has been sold to Mr. Irving R. Todd, Calais, Maine, through the office of Henry J. Gielow. The same agency has also sold the 36ft. yawl Theo, Mr. G. M. Wynkoop, to Prof. S. R. Reeve, Worcester, Mass.

HERCULES AND MIC MAC SOLD.—Mr. W. C. Coffin, New Rochelle, N. Y., has sold the auxiliary schooner Hercules to Mr. R. Rydberg, of this city, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway. The same agency has also sold the knockabout Mic Mac for Howard Palmer, Yale University, to Miss Myrtle Scott, Great Neck, L. I. She was designed by Crowninshield, built 1902 by Jensen, and is 37ft. over all, 21ft. waterline, 9ft. beam and 4ft. draft; the boat is now in commission off Great Neck, and Miss Scott expects to enter her in the races this end of the Sound.

COMMODORE W. K. VANDERBILT, JR.—Commodore William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., has made the following appointments: Rev. George R. Van de Water, D.D., Fleet Chaplain; John Herndon French, M.D., Fleet Surgeon, and Beverley R. Robinson, Signal Officer.

EDMEE LAUNCHED.—The 60ft. cruising launch Edmee, built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co., Cons., for Mr. R. J. Schaefer, was launched last week. No expense was spared in the boat's construction and she is as complete as any cruising boat of her size in this country. Edmee is 60ft. over all, 53ft. waterline, 10ft. 6in. breadth, and 3ft. 6in. draft. She is fitted with a six-cylinder Speedway engine. The keel, stem and frames are of oak and the planking is of cedar, copper fastened. The owner's stateroom, a large double cabin, occupies most of the forward part of the boat. Connecting with this cabin is a roomy lavatory. Further aft is the main saloon with extension berth on either side. Aft of the saloon is the engine space, the galley and quarters for the crew.

MR. GEORGE LAUDER, JR., DINED.—On Friday evening, May 12, sixty-five members of the Indian Harbor Y. C. gave a dinner at the club house at Greenwich, Conn., to their Commodore, George Lauder, Jr. Endymion, Commodore Lauder's flagship, is entered in the race for the Ocean Cup from the Indian Harbor Y. C.

ONONTIO SOLD.—Mr. Harrison B. Moore has sold his high speed launch Onontio to Mr. H. N. Baruch, of New York city. Mr. Moore has purchased a cruising yacht to replace Onontio. The new boat is an auxiliary ketch known as Kamoor, and she was purchased through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones.

RECENT SALES.—The schooner yacht Loyal has been sold by Mr. R. P. Doremus to Mr. Gibson Putzel.

The steam yacht Constant has been sold by Messrs. R. P. Hart & H. Burden 2d, to Mr. Egbert Moxham, of Wilmington. Constant was built two years ago for a cruise up the Amazon, but the project fell through. She is 125ft. 6in. over all, 110ft. on the waterline, 20ft. beam and 6ft. 9in. draft. She was designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

The 35ft. sloop Lida Louise has been sold to Mr. Henry G. Tobey, of the New York Y. C.

Mr. Lucius W. Hitchcock, Jr., has purchased the sloop yacht Sirocco. Mrs. G. F. Dominick has purchased the Bar Harbor 30-footer Joker.

The cabin launch Elf has been sold by the estate of Augustin Monroe to Mr. Edward C. Griffith, of Larchmont.

Mr. R. S. Morton has sold to Mr. William Ackerman the 40ft. sloop Elfin.

RECENT TRANSFERS.—Messrs. Macconnell & Cook have made the following sales and charters:

Launch Queen Bess, sold by Mr. R. H. Stearns, Larchmont Y. C., to Messrs. D. A. Dodge and E. A. Carley, Columbia Y. C.

The auxiliary sloop Sculpin, sold by Mr. F. H. Stillman, Bridgeport, Conn., to Mr. J. W. Wilson, of New York city.

The Crosby knockabout Vladivostok, sold to a Western yachtsman. The craft is now being shipped to Port Clinton, O.

The gasolene boat Duff, to Mr. W. L. Coulter, of Saranac Lake, N. Y., and the sloop Urchin to Mr. Howard Greenberg, of New York city.

The auxiliary yawl Hussar II., chartered by Commodore E. T. Affleck, of the Toledo Y. C., to Mr. H. S. A. Stewart, of Pittsburg, and the sloop Gossoon to Mr. Lowden Jessup.

LEVANTER SOLD.—Mr. Clifford V. Brokaw has purchased the high speed steam yacht Levanter and changed her name to Anita.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

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346 Broadway, New York.

Please send me.....FOREST AND STREAM Coin
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Canoeing.

Across Nova Scotia in Canoes.

(Continued from page 382.)

LUNCH was the first consideration, however, so we quickly set about preparing it, choosing the things that would take the shortest time to cook. The general spirit of the dinner party would have reminded one of a collection of wild animals after possibly a three days' fast. The meal dispelled all this, however, our spirits quickly revived, and we proceeded to take things easily, rambling about the place and watching a large party of three sportsmen, their families and an army of guides break up a camp which they had used for the past two weeks as headquarters. The Scribe had quite a talk with the head man of the party, and managed to snipe a few onions. They had a great box of cleaned, fresh trout packed in leaves to carry with them over to the Port Medway River, where they were going to try the salmon fishing. They were very pleasant people; and told us they hailed from the neighborhood of Boston. They had used poles for slinging their sleeping bags off the ground, and had a very comfortable looking camp.

The dam at the Indian Gardens was the first one we had encountered, and was quite a substantial affair. It was possibly 15ft. high, and had numerous sluice gates and a center opening through which the entire volume poured. There was no spillway to this dam, and we dis-

Scribe had managed to catch one of the large trout which were plainly to be seen swimming around in the clear water below, directly alongside of the rapid current. We took our leave of the camping party, and were sorry to leave the Indian Gardens behind us, as they were an ideal spot for camping, and we would have liked to spend several days there exploring the surrounding country. This point is used as a headquarters by the lumbermen during the active season, and Louis told us a number of anecdotes of the place, describing in his slow, disjointed way, the great camps that spread around over the open clearing. A number of the cook boats were even then drawn up high and dry along the shore at the lower end of the lake. Louis was employed on one of these several seasons ago, and told us of the difficulties they had getting these unruly boats up to the head waters, where the lumbermen were working. In some cases they would even have to work them up the rapids, but the most trouble was with the floating ice-floes on the lakes.

The two boats started jauntily off from the Indian Gardens and dropped into the quick current commencing a short distance below the wide pool under the dam. They had not gone more than 500 yards, however, before the big boat was suddenly hung up by a hidden obstacle while passing through a fairly swift current, where there seemed to be plenty of water. Louis was in the waist of the boat, and announced that the obstacle was directly under him. We prodded around with our paddles and found plenty of water under the boat, and were a good deal puzzled to know what was holding us. We knew we had struck some-



BETWEEN THE LAKES—LIVERPOOL CHAIN.

puted sometimes as to the wisdom of carrying the boats over, rather than attempting to shoot the passage.

There was a chute of some 10 or 15ft. drop through the central opening, and the waters poured through with such force that it was heaped up and thrown together in the shape of a ridge as it went down, and this ridge broke up at the foot of the drop into a succession of great waves, possibly 3 or 4ft. high. There seemed to be no trouble beyond, after the force of the water had been spent in the eddy below the dam, and we came to the conclusion that we would try it, and if the boats happened to capsize or swamp going through the chute, there would be little danger if the crew hung on to the boat and swam through to the quiet water. We accordingly carried the duffle around, so as to have the boats empty, and Arthur and Louis were the first to try the passage. Carl and the Scribe took up positions on the dam above the open space, and had the cameras focused ready to catch them as they took the drop. In the mean time, Chas. O. had been getting his boat ready, and one of the camping party—most of whom had come down to see the excitement—asked us if the "other half-breed" was going to shoot the dam alone, meaning, of course, Chas. O. This was one on Chas. as his appearance was rather forbidding, and he was forthwith named the "half-breed," which appellation stuck to him the rest of the trip.

Arthur and Louis knelt in the bottom of the big canoe, with Louis at the stern, and ran quickly down to the chute. H. N. T. was lucky enough to catch them with his camera just as they took the drop, and Carl snapped them a few seconds later as they were shooting through the waves below. They came through with great speed, and Arthur was almost lost to sight in the spray when they struck the first wave at the foot of the chute. They pounded through the lower waves without mishap, throwing the water high on either side and shipping quite a little of it, so that Arthur was pretty well soaked by the time they drove the canoe out of the current, into the back water behind the dam. A minute or two later, Charles came through alone, kneeling in the stern of the boat, and made a little better trip, as his canoe was not weighted in the bow and jumped through the waves without shipping much water. The photographers were ready and got two more views as he passed through.

Both boats drew around to the other side of the dam, and everything was loaded aboard, not before the

thing pretty hard, as we found a little water leaking in, but could not tell where the trouble was, as the bags and duffle covered the bottom of the boat completely there. Finally Arthur managed to work the boat off by getting out into the water and lifting it around, and as we slid clear we found it was a long heavy iron spike, projecting from some lumber in the bed of the stream, a very dangerous obstacle. Our boat was taking in water pretty fast, so we ran ashore at a likely looking camping spot not more than a mile below the Indian Gardens, and we decided to make this our night's stopping place.

This was one of the most comfortable camps we had, on a low, flat stretch of bank, at the foot of a steep slope heavily covered with trees. A short distance above the camp was a stretch of rapids, called the "Ledges," and the water opposite to us was quite swift. After the camp had been pitched, we tried the fishing just below the rapids above camp and had very good sport. Here the Scribe caught the first grilse, or young salmon. A little later all hands went in swimming, experiencing some annoyance from black flies, which, fortunately, were not very numerous. We found that our canoe was not very badly damaged, but decided to wait until the next morning for the boat to dry before patching it.

After supper we rigged up the large camera, and tried to take a flashlight view of the camp. Louis attempted to squeezing the bulb, and must have bungled it somehow, as the photograph never came out. The weather was still fine and cool, with no sign of rain all day. This camp was called the "Porcupine Camp" for obvious reasons, and was noted for the excellent fishing we had in the river directly above and in front of it. We tried white flies at dusk, with considerable success, landing several fine trout from the rocks within casting distance of the camp-fire. Our tent was well shaded by the trees, and the scenery up and down the river was very wild and beautiful. All hands turned in about half past nine, and after various grunts of satisfaction, quickly dropped off to sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Atlantic Division Meet.

As a guide to Atlantic Division members the following information regarding the meet of the Atlantic Division, to be held at Park Island, Trenton, N. J., May 27-31; and the cruise from Easton, Pa., to Trenton, has been collated by the vice-commodore and purser.

The camp will open May 27 at Park Island, situated about two miles above Trenton. Members coming from out of town can make connection via Belvidere Division, Penn. R. R. to the Asylum Station, which is opposite the camp, or take trolley to the Trenton Canoe Club at Cadwallader Place and paddle up from there, or walk to ferry opposite island, about one mile. Both clubs have Bell telephone connections.

As to quarters, there are besides the club house, some thirty tents erected on board floors, belonging to members, and we will be well prepared to take care of men from out of town, as a large consignment of cots and blankets have been arranged for. A caterer will furnish the mess at the usual rate of \$1.50 per day. Everything possible will be done to lessen the labor usually necessary when preparing for an outing of this kind, and to members bringing their own outfits excellent sites will be given.

Non-members may attend the cruise and meet when accompanying members, and upon conditions mentioned in the by-laws of the A. C. A.

The vice-commodore expects to remain in camp all of the time, and will prepare some attractive trips and entertainment for those who come to camp for Saturday and Sunday.

Monday evening the Park Islanders will give a camp-fire, etc., on the lawn, where all can get together and talk it over. Should the evening prove stormy, the club house is amply large to shelter all, and a hearth-fire can be substituted.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Division for the election of officers and transaction of other business, will be held in the club house Monday evening, May 29.

The Cruise.

The Delaware River for the 50 miles from Easton to Trenton possesses great advantages to the canoeist in being accessible at various points along the Pennsylvania Railroad, and being a swift stream, running through beautiful country from the foot of the mountains to the low, rolling, farming districts above Trenton. There are ripples and rapids in succession which the amateur even may safely run in an ordinary open 16x30 paddling canoe, and some of the liveliest water to be desired by the experienced cruiser in decked canoes may be found at Bull's Island, Well's and Scudder's Falls, all of which can be safely passed around in the spring when the water is high.

Members wishing to join the cruise should notify Mr. Stark before the 23d and meet at the United States Hotel, Easton, Pa., Saturday evening, May 27. There will, no doubt, be a number on hand early in the afternoon to look after canoes and prepare for the start early Sunday morning. Frenchtown is the place scheduled for dinner. After an hour's rest we will proceed to Lambertville, where the night will be spent. Monday morning, after taking the side channel around Well's Falls just below town, there will be plenty of time left to get down to the camp before lunch.

Lodging and meals will be arranged for at the hotels en route, and for those preferring to tent out, camp sites may be found adjacent to the stopping places.

For members desiring a partner with or without canoe for the cruise we will endeavor to make up tandem crews on application.

If a cruise of one day longer is desired, ship to Delaware Water Gap, Pa.; in the thirty extra miles there are many exciting rapids, of which full details will be furnished on application to headquarters. Three days, mostly paddling through ordinary current, can be had shipping to Port Jervis, N. Y., and so on, up to ten days extra, which would take you to Hancock or Arkville, N. Y., on the headwaters.

Outfit.

As to outfits: Two men can make the trip in an open paddling canoe, each carrying a waterproof duffle bag with change of clothing and a rubber poncho, which comes in useful many times. Each boat should carry a 30ft. painter and sponge; and it is generally advisable to put a quart of water or so in the canoe before shipping, as it prevents shrinkage while in the cars.

Transportation.

Members from New York and vicinity desiring to ship canoes for the cruise are advised to consult with the local committeemen and arrange to have canoes and duffle shipped as freight early in the week, via either the Central Railroad of New Jersey, or Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, marked "Care of Charles W. Stark, to be held until called for, Phillipsburg, N. J." Prepay all charges to save trouble Sunday morning.

When a number arrange to ship together agents will be willing to assign a large car, thus lessening the liability of damage. Pack duffle in separate packages, as it enables the canoes being handled easier and does not strain them if poorly placed in car.

Members from points below Trenton will ship via river steamers or Pennsylvania Railroad, market "Jos. O. Rickey, Trenton, N. J.—forward to Phillipsburg, N. J." Trenton men should also arrange with him for space in car to leave there the 24th. Canoes and duffle intended for the meet only should be addressed care of Jos. O. Rickey, Trenton, N. J., and marked "Trenton Canoe Club" or "Park Island," as desired. Express matter should be addressed in the same way. Notify Mr. Rickey immediately upon shipment.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, under circular letter to agents dated Dec. 18, 1890, will carry canoes as excess baggage when accompanied by owner, if arranged for beforehand.

Regatta Events.

The Regatta Committee have prepared a programme of 1/2-mile races, to be called at 10 A. M., Tuesday. From the list given below it will be seen that there are enough to furnish considerable sport, and not detain visitors wishing to pack up early in the afternoon:

1. MacIster trophy; one man, double blades.
2. Tail-end race.
3. Tandem, single blades.
4. Tandem, double blades.
5. One man, single blades.
6. Tandem, single blades, standing.

The A. C. A. racing rules are to govern all races, except events marked (*), in which no canoe of less than 60lbs., including floor boards, will be allowed; the committee will weigh all canoes. In the tail-end race, contestants shall sit or kneel between the end of the canoe and the thwart, or seat nearest the end, and shall use a single-blade paddle.

Any canoe may be entered in one or more races by the owner; or by any other member with the owner's permission.

The Atlantic Division sailing trophy will be contested at the general meet. First and second prizes of novel designs, now being prepared, will be awarded in all events.

The committee solicit subscriptions to the regatta fund.

Conclusion.

As Trenton and Park Island are easy of access, we trust that members will take this time to visit us, as no efforts will be spared to make the meet a success. If you cannot come for the entire meet or take in the entire cruise, come with us for a day, as we anticipate meeting a large number of members during the three days.

Correspondence and early notice of intention to be present is earnestly solicited. WM. A. FURMAN, Vice-Com.

Officers and Committees, Atlantic Division.

Vice-Commodore—Wm. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley avenue, Trenton, N. J.

Rear-Commodore—Frank C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York city.

Purser—Charles W. Stark, 23 W. State street, Trenton, N. J.

Executive Committee—E. M. Underhill, Yonkers, N. Y.; L. C. Kretzmer, Schupp Building, New York city; M. D. Wilt, 721 N. Front street, Phila., Pa.

Camp Site Committee—A. H. Wood, Chairman; H. M. Lee, Chas. F. Hildebrecht, Trenton, N. J.

Regatta Committee—M. D. Wilt, Chairman, 721 N. Front street, Phila., Pa.; E. T. Keyser, New York city; A. F. Lutze, Trenton, N. J.

Transportation Committee—Jos. O. Rickey, Chairman, Trenton, N. J.; F. C. Hoyt, M. Ohlmeyer, New York city; W. N. Stanley, Brooklyn; E. M. Underhill, Yonkers; C. T. Mitchell, Phila.; H. T. McNiece, Trenton, N. J.

Entertainment Committee—Wm. B. Maddock, Chairman, Trenton, N. J.; M. S. West, Frederick Gilkyson, F. W. Donnelly, W. A. Holcomb, G. M. Wallington, Trenton, N. J.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 24-25.—Union Hill Park, N. J., Independent New York Schutzen. Gus Zimmerman, Capt.
June 15-18.—Central Sharpshooters' Union, under auspices of Davenport, Ia., Shooting Association. F. Berg, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of this Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, May 7. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Hasenzahl, Payne, Nestler, Odell, Roberts, Hofer.

Team scores:

Table with 2 columns: Team Name and Score. Includes Wausau Schutzen Verein, O Mueller, A Lepinski, F Mathie, W Koppe, H Binzer, O Mathie, J Ringle, W Lohmar, H Schmidt, J Dern.

Cincinnati Team.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Freitag, Hasenzahl, Odell, Nestler, Payne, Hofer, Bruns, Roberts, Gindele, Drube.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE first outdoor shoot for the season held by this club occurred May 13, on the ranges in Union Hill, N. J. The attendance was small, because of the weather conditions, the day being dark and cloudy toward its close.

Large table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes L P Hansen, A Hubalek, G Schlicht, H Fenwirth, Barney Zettler, L Maurer.

West Milton (O.) Rifle Club.

THE regular semi-monthly shoot of the West Milton Outing Rifle Club, on May 10, was fairly well attended. The offhand contest at 100yds. was won by P. Bridenbaugh with a score of 44 out of a possible 48.

The club's regular medal contest has been postponed to May 25, in order that the members may attend the opening shoot of the Dayton Sharpshooters on the 24th.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes D W Jones, W F Jay, P Bridenbaugh, J C Anderson, H R Pearson, John Spittler.

Muzzle rest, 200yds., 5 shots, possible 50, on Standard American target:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes W F Jay, H R Pearson, D W Jones.

Providence Revolver Club.

MAY 13.—Three of our members who have had an opportunity to commence 50yd. outdoor practice are apparently making the most of their advantage. W. H. Freeman has to his credit this week a 50-shot score of 452, and William Almy commenced a 1000-shot task with his .22 pistol, scoring an average of 90 per cent. to date.

Frank Corey's 86, "with a four in it," was a hard luck string, but a particularly pretty group of tens made the target of more than ordinary interest.

We are still doing a little 20yd. and 25yd. indoor work, and on Saturday evening Mr. Argus succeeded in getting a couple of 86's with his .38, which we consider good work for our indoor range.

The following scores were recorded for week ending May 13: Fifty yards:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Walter H Freeman, Wm Almy, Frank L. Corey, C. H. Jeffers, Jr., Wm. Almy, D. P. Craig.

Seneca Gun Club.

MEMBERS held their regular shoot on the Zettler ranges in West Twenty-third street, New York city, the night of May 13. Each man fired two 10-shot scores at 25yds., offhand with .22 caliber rifles.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes J N Wernz, J T Schroeder, S Nevins, A A Brown, F A Fall, F B Hovey, S Sadler, C L Sherwood, F A Ryan.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

May 17.—Boston, Mass., Gun Club annual invitation team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. Knox & Knapp, Mgrs.
May 17-18.—Owensboro, Ky.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Daviess County Gun Club.

July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament.
July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mullerite Gun Club's thirteenth shoot, at Castleton Corners, S. I., on Saturday of this week.

The South End Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., announces a tournament to be held by them on July 4.

The Fayette Gun Club, of Lexington, Ky., have adjusted the handicap target allowance on a sliding scale in the competition in the Parker gun series.

Ten events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.50 entrance, constitute the programme of the Warwick, N. Y., Gun Club monthly shoot, May 19. Shooting begins at 1 o'clock.

The Cumberland Gun Club, of British Columbia, has installed a new American-made trap, and the perfect working of it and the consequent saving of time evoked the opinion that it was a success.

The programme of the North Side Gun Club, Pittsburg, Pa., consists of six events; five at 20 and one at 50 targets; entrance \$1.20 and \$2. Targets, 1 cent. The 50-target event is for ten merchandise and cash prizes, distance handicap. Rose system in other events. Mr. G. G. Root is the Secretary.

Capt. C. G. Blandford, of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The prospects for a big shoot on the 30th inst. are great. We have about twenty prizes donated so far for the merchandise event on that day. The entrance in that event will be \$1.50. All the prizes will be worth more than the entrance, and some several times more."

The hosts of friends of the famous trapshooter, and manager Shotgun Smokeless Bureau of the Dupont Co., Mr. J. T. Skelly, will hasten to extend their hearty congratulations to him, as he is now a benedict. He was married a few days ago in Nashville, Tenn., and is now on his wedding tour. To Mr. Skelly and wife our hearty wishes are extended for their happiness, long life and prosperity.

The third tournament of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut is fixed to take place under the auspices of the Willimantic Gun Club, May 23. Mr. Wm. P. Jordan is the Secretary. The fourth tournament is fixed to take place on June 13, at Waterbury, Conn., under the auspices of the Mattatuck Gun Club. Willis P. Hall, Secretary.

A circular letter announces the consolidation of the Ashland Gun Club and Fayette Gun Club, of Lexington, Ky., under the name of the latter. The resultant membership is now over sixty. Targets will be trapped for one cent to all club members or visiting shooters who are not residents of Lexington or Fayette county, Kentucky. Two handsome trophies are objects of competition for the season of 1905. Mr. Wm. Van Deren is the Secretary.

The programme of the Christiana-Atglen Gun Club all-day shoot at Atglen, Pa., May 25, includes both live-bird and target competition. Ten target events, at 10, 15 and 25 targets; 75 cents, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.75 entrance, are provided. Moneys will be divided Rose system. The three live-bird events are respectively at 5, 7 and 10 birds, entrance \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. Class shooting. Live birds 9:30 A. M. Targets 1 P. M. Mr. W. R. Fieles is the Secretary.

The programme of the Decoration Day shoot, to be held by the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, has ten events, at 15, 20 and 25 targets. Totals, 190 targets, \$13.80 entrance. Shooting begins at 10:30, rain or shine. Rose system. High amateur average, \$5. Five low averages, \$2 each. In event 8, merchandise, the handicaps are from 14 to 20yds. No. 6 will include a ten-man team match between the Ossining and Poughkeepsie clubs. Address Capt. C. G. Blandford for further particulars.

Mr. A. M. Arnold, Secretary, writes us: "The Somersville Gun Club will hold a shoot Tuesday, May 30. Programme calls for 150 targets. Shoot to commence at 10 A. M. Entrance in sweeps, \$12.27. Targets, 1 1/2 cent each, included in entrance. Money divided by the Rose system. On Aug. 22 next, the club will hold their second annual State championship tournament, the principal event being a 50-target race for individual State championship. Full particulars will be announced later.

Mr. Elmer F. Jacobs, Secretary Monongahela Valley League, of West Virginia, Box 746, Morgantown, writes us that the League dates for the third, fourth and fifth regular monthly tournaments are as follows: Third, June 21: Grafton Rod and Gun Club, Grafton, W. Va.; A. R. Warden, Sec'y, Grafton, W. Va. Fourth, July 4: Mannington Gun Club, Mannington, W. Va.; W. C. Mawhinney, Sec'y, Mannington, W. Va. Fifth, Aug. 8 and 9: Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of Morgantown, W. Va.; Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y, Morgantown, W. Va.

Mr. Luther J. Squier, famous both as a skillful trapshooter, tournament manager and cashier, writes us that the special purse for amateurs, which was a feature of the Wawaset Club shoot, at Wilmington, Del., on May 11 and 12, resulted in much satisfaction. Every man who shot through the programme got his money back. Eighteen men failed to win their entrance, and their total losses thereby amounted to \$243.80. The purse was sufficient to cover that amount. This purse was the entire profits of the shoot, consequent to setting aside for it 1 1/4 cent for each target thrown.

The programme of the Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., for their shoot on May 30, consists of nine events; six at 15 and three at 20 targets; entrance \$1 and \$1.25; totals, 150 targets, \$9.75 entrance. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Targets, 1 1/2 cent. Rose system. Events 4, 5 and 6 will be combined into a 50-target distance handicap, for merchandise prizes. Guns and shells, shipped, prepaid, to J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, 9 Ayrault street, will be delivered on the grounds. Of the two-day tournament, to be held on July 28-29, a feature of the second day will be a five-man team shoot.

The North Branch, N. J., Gun Club announces their first annual target tournament, to be held on June 1 and 2. The programme consists of ten 15 and two 25 target events; entrance \$1.30 and \$1.50. Average money for amateurs, \$50, divided into \$15 for each day, and \$20 for both days. A prize will be given to the professional making high average. Class shooting. Shoot rain or shine. Targets, 2 cents. Any one may shoot for targets only. Shells and guns, prepaid, sent to Mr. M. H. Rupell, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. North Branch is on the main line of the C. R. R. of N. J.

The Queens County Gun Club have issued the programme of their shoot, fixed to be held on June 3. Ten events at 10, 15 and 25 targets, are provided. Entrance 70 cents, \$1.05 and \$1.25. Totals, 175 targets, \$10.25 entrance. Events 7, 8, 9 and 10 are merchandise handicaps, 25 targets, five prizes in each, value from \$2 to \$7. Amateur high average, silver cup; amateur low average, \$2. Shooting begins 10:30. Targets, 2 cents. Refreshments free. Ammunition obtainable on grounds. From Thirty-fourth street, Long Island City, take Calvary Cemetery trolley via Borden avenue to grounds on Hunters' Point avenue.

The Mechanicsville, N. Y., Game Protective Association invites all shooters to participate in their Memorial Day shoot. A programme of ten events, at 15 and 20 targets, is provided. Entrance, \$1.30 and \$1.40, except in the Mullerite event, No. 8, which is for a gold medal, open to club members only. Event 9 is for an Ithaca gun. Event 2 has merchandise prizes. In event 6, added money \$2. All shoot from scratch. Rose system and class shooting. Ship guns and ammunition to M. L. Welling, Hotel Leland, and they will be delivered on the grounds free. Shooting begins at 9:30, rain or shine. Committee, A. J. Harvey, Edgar Morehouse, J. L. Shorey, Geo. Slingerland, M. L. Welling and W. C. Colbeck.

The Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut offer a programme of twelve events for competition at their tournament, to be held under the auspices of the Willimantic Gun Club, May 23. There are provided two events at 10, six at 15, and four at 20 targets, entrance 65 cents, \$1.22 and \$2.30. Event 6, 20 targets, is the team race. Totals, 190 targets, \$17.82 entrance. Rose system, 5, 3, 2 and 1. Targets, 1 1/2 cent. All shooters are invited. Loaded shells and refreshments on the grounds. Baltic trolleys pass close by the club house. Shooting commences at 9:30. Mr. W. P. Jordan is the Secretary of the Willimantic Gun Club. Dr. D. C. Y. Moore is the Secretary of the Consolidated Gun Club.

The Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club has provided a programme of thirteen events for their first target tournament, on June 9. No. 1 is at 10, No. 8 is a merchandise event at 25 targets, and the remaining eleven are at 15 targets; totals, 200 targets, \$10 entrance. Targets, 2 cents. The programme for their second tournament, July 4, has fourteen events, two at 10, the remainder at 15 targets. Totals, 200 targets, \$10 entrance. Shooting begins at 9:30 o'clock. Class shooting. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and forwarded to S. C. Yocum, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Amateur averages, two high and two low guns, 25 per cent. of target receipts. Committee: Messrs. S. C. Yocum, M. F. Kane and W. T. Wray.

The Fairview, N. J., Gun Club announce an all-day shoot, fixed to be held on May 25. Competition is open to all. Lunch served free to all shooters. Shells, express prepaid, may be sent to Mr. Geo. C. Dods, Fairview. The programme consists of eight events, at 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and 50 targets, the latter a merchandise handicap; \$2.50 entrance; seven prizes, value \$3.25 to \$7.50; total value of prizes, \$89.25. The club reserves the right to reduce the list of prizes if the event does not fill. Entrance in other events, 70 cents, \$1.00, \$1.05, \$1.10, \$1.40 and \$2.00. Targets, 2 cents, included in entrance. Ties will be shot off in following event. Class shooting. Handicappers, Messrs. Frank Butler, W. R. Hobart and B. Waters. To reach the grounds, take boat for Hoboken at Twenty-third street; trolley at ferry in Hoboken direct to grounds. Or, take Barclay street, Christopher street, Franklin street, or Forty-second street ferries, Union Hill car on Jersey side, and get transfer to Fairview car. Or, take Erie R. R., Northern R. R. of New Jersey Branch, Chambers street or Twenty-third street ferries. Train-boats leave Twenty-third street, 9:10 A. M. and 11:25 A. M., and 1:15 P. M., and Chambers street, 5 minutes later. The grounds will be open for practice at 10 o'clock. Shooting begins at 11 o'clock.

BERNARD WATERS.

Fayette Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 12.—A Vulcan \$50 grade Parker gun is being contested for by the members of the Fayette Gun Club, of Lexington, and the first shoot of this contest was held on Thursday last, under a new system of handicaps. It was pleasing to learn that a number of the sixty members were anxious to qualify for the event of the season, and though the scores were not given out for publication, they were good considering the high wind. The shoot emphasized the fact that the club had in its membership the most enthusiastic and best sportsmen of the city, and that the new club is bound to be a successful one.

Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League of West Virginia.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., May 10.—The Monongahela Valley Sportsmen's League of West Virginia held its second regular monthly tournament on the grounds of the Fairmont Gun Club on May 9, and the club continued the programme to-day, a two-day tournament, during which forty-seven sportsmen faced the traps and about 12,000 blue rocks were trapped.

Weather and light conditions were moderately good, and some fair scores were made, especially on the second day.

The trade was represented by Mr. J. C. Garland, with Chas. G. Grubb, Pittsburg; Mr. E. H. Taylor, Mr. C. A. North and Mr. Davenport, the first two shooting through the entire programme.

High average scores were as follows: League day, May 9—High expert average, J. C. Garland, Pittsburg, Pa., 144 out of 175. High amateur average, G. A. Long, Mannington, W. Va., 158 out of 175; second high amateur average, W. A. Wiedebusch, Fairmont, W. Va., 157 out of 175; third high amateur average, Jno. M. Coburn, Morgantown, W. Va., 152 out of 175.

Club day, May 10—High expert average, E. H. Taylor, Pittsburg, Pa., 182 out of 210. High amateur average, W. A. Wiedebusch, Fairmont, W. Va., 194 out of 210; second high amateur average, G. A. Long, Mannington, W. Va., 185 out of 210; third high amateur average, J. F. Phillips, Fairmont, W. Va., 182 out of 210.

The Peters cup, emblematic of the league team championship, 5-man teams, 25 targets per man, was won for the month by the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of Morgantown, W. Va., with a score of 107. Fairmont Gun Club was second, with 104.

The Laffin & Rand "Infallible" cup, emblematic of the league individual championship was won by W. A. Wiedebusch, of Fairmont Club, with 20 straight.

Taken altogether, the tournament was most successful, and so successful a shoot this early in the season certainly presages a most successful season for the Valley League.

Table with columns: Name, First Day (Shot at, Broke), Second Day (Shot at, Broke). Lists scores for various shooters like W. B. Stuck, A. R. Warden, J. C. Darnall, etc.

League team race, 5-man teams, 25 targets per man: Recreation, Fairmont, Mannington, Grafton. Lists team scores and members.

League championship race, 20 targets per man: Price 19, W. A. Wiedebusch 20, Neill 17, Warden 18.

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y.

The Blue Hen's Chicken "Backs Water"

WILMINGTON, Del., May 13.—With your kind permission, I desire to take back something that I wrote in my report of the Pittsburg shoot, which appeared in your issue of this date. I have just received a letter from Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, in which, after making sundry pleasant comments on that report, he says: "There is just one point on which you will have to slightly 'back water,' and that is where you say, 'The gatherings at recent G. A. H. tournaments have been growing gradually larger and larger, but none of them can boast a solid three days' entry equal to that recorded at the tournament held last week.' You are mistaken in this. The record of last year's G. A. H. is as follows:

Table showing preliminary day, first day, second day, third day, fourth day entries and total number of targets trapped (155,300).

The correction is made, and the process of "backing water," or "back-watering," is accompanied by a feeling of pleasure at being placed in a position to give to your readers the above official information as to the record at last year's Grand American Handicap, information which I know will be of interest to a goodly number.

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKEN.

Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, May 14.—The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday. The day was fine and warm, with little wind, an ideal day for good shooting.

In the spoon event, which is a handicap with extra birds to shoot at, there was a general surprise all around, four making a straight score with their handicaps. In the shoot-off, Mr. Wilson and Booth again went straight. Mr. Wilson finally won. The scratch men were right up with good scores. The following is the result:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Names (X X, Seager, Wilson, Spencer, Ely, Rock, McGill, Thompson) and scores.

*Spoon event; handicaps apply only to this event. ALEX. DEY, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—A steady downpour of rain all the morning on May 13 kept a number away from the grounds. Fifteen shot in the Peters trophy event. Faran was high in actual breaks with 47, Maynard a close second with 46.

Six scores were shot in the cup race, and Faran now has a companion at the top, as Harig made a straight 25. Others were: Williams 20, 20; Peters 22; Hesser 19; Bullerick 19.

The club held its annual election on May 12, with the following result: Joe Coyle, G. H. Krehbiel, E. B. Barker, E. A. Donally, Jas. J. Faran, H. Van Ness and W. F. Linn. The board will choose its officers at a future meeting.

Peters trophy, 50 targets, handicap of added targets: Randall (6) 50, Pfeiffer (8) 50, Andrews (14) 50, Herman (5) 49, Faran (0) 47, Maynard (0) 46, A. Sunderbruch (3) 45, Roll (4) 45, Williams (1) 44, Penn (0) 43, Bullerick (3) 43, Harig (0) 42, Pohlar (4) 42, Hesser (1) 40, Block (0) 38.

Team race, 50 targets: Pohlar 41, Pfeiffer 38; total 79. Faran 42, Herman 31; total 73. Roll 42, Maynard 44; total 86.

Team race, 25 targets: Pfeiffer 20, Pohlar 20; total 40. Herman 17, Faran 17; total 34. Roll 20, Maynard 22; total 42.

Team race, 50 targets: Gross 41, Peters 45; total 86. Faran 44, Hesser 47; total 91.

Team race, 25 targets: Faran 22, Hesser 25; total 47. Peters 22, Gross 22; total 44.

Greenville (O.) Gun Club.

The annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club was held on May 9 and 10, and, in spite of the threatening weather, was a most successful affair.

There was a good attendance of shooters. The club officials had provided tents and luncheon. They are to be congratulated on the smoothness with which everything passed off.

On the first day thirty entered in the various events, most of them shooting through, at 200 targets. Crosby was high gun with 190, Folger second with 186 and Trimble third with 185.

Among the well-known shooters from out of town were W. R. Crosby, R. Trimble, Messrs. Rike, Carr, Watkins, Cain, Oswald, Theobald, Brandenburg, Lindemuth and Clark, of Dayton, and Jesse Orr, of Newark.

The weather was against any record scores being made, but the events were closely contested and interesting.

May 9, First Day.

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for Crosby, Felger, Trimble, Flinn, Lindemuth, Rike, Watkins, Kirby, Orr, Cain, Oswald, Snow, Lenner, McKeon, Brandenburg, Theobald, etc.

May 10, Second Day.

The second day started in with a strong wind and a heavy downpour of rain. The programme was not begun until about 11 o'clock, when the sun came out. The darkness which bothered the shooters on the first day was superseded by bright sunlight. The wind caused the targets to cut all sorts of capers.

Crosby was again high gun with 192, Orr second with 173 and Borden third with 172.

There were twelve events at a total of 200 targets on each day; entrance \$20; money divided in each event 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Everything went off in good shape, and the shooters were unanimous in their praise of the management of the tournament. The scores:

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for Crosby, Orr, Borden, Cain, Trimble, Kirby, Watkins, Snow, Lindemuth, Carr, etc.

General averages: Crosby 190, Trimble 185, Orr 170, Kirby 171, Cain 166, Lindemuth 173, etc.

Notes.

The Welfare Gun Club, of Dayton, held their opening shoot May 6. A good crowd of shooters was present, among whom was a number of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club. The Welfare Gun Club will hold regular shoots on each Saturday during the season, and have a number of team shoots arranged with outside clubs.

The regular handicap medal shoot of the Greenville, O., Gun Club was held on May 8. The Class A medal was won by H. A. McCaughey, with 43; Brooks a close second with 42. In Class B, Hartzell and Westerfield tied for the medal on 39, and will shoot off the tie later in the season.

The Dayton O., Gun Club members who visited the grounds on May 12 found rather moist conditions, as the storm of Thursday had flooded the ground. One set of traps, however, could be used, and the boys smashed a few before returning home.

At the Board of Trade rooms, in Columbus, O., May 8, the Columbus Gun Club was organized. It will be incorporated with \$3,000 capital stock at \$5 per share. The members include some of the most prominent men in the city. It starts with the brightest prospects. The following officers were elected: J. Y. Bassell, President; J. C. Porterfield, Vice-President; Fred Shattuck, Secretary; James L. Ward, Treasurer; Executive Committee, Chas. B. Wolfe, Chairman; Dr. C. M. Waters, Dr. Sterling Wilcox, Louis Link, R. S. Rhoades. An excellent location has been secured on West Fifth avenue, about ten acres in all. A lease for five years with privilege of renewal will be taken. A two-story club house will be erected. Work will be begun within a month. In addition to the traps, there will be pistol and rifle ranges.

When the weather cleared up a little on May 10, ten members of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O., competed for the regular handicap medal. It was won by C. F. Miller, after shooting off a tie with H. Oswald. F. J. Wolf, of Celina, was a guest of the club.

The Central Covington, Ky., Gun Club held a shoot on May 7, fifteen men taking part. In the club event Ed Trimble was high gun, with 48 out of 50. Arrangements are being made for a shoot for a medal donated by the Peters Cartridge Co.

The New Berlin, O., Gun Club has at last succeeded in procuring good grounds, and will hold an all-day shoot on May 30. Hereafter regular shoots will be held.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., May 13.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the first series. Goetter won Class A trophy on 22. Keck and Gould tied for Class B on 20, and Horns won Class C on 18. No cup shoot was held on account of one of the carriers of the trap being missing, and we could not throw doubles. We found our boiler iron magatrap house boosted out of the hole by the water pressure, caused by the exceedingly heavy rains of the last week.

Attendance was not up to our standard, owing to the threatening weather conditions, only twenty-three shooters showing up.

Table with columns: Name, Targets, Scores. Lists scores for Dr Reynolds, Dr Meek, etc.

George	14	4	6	7	4	2
Keck	20	8	8	8
Gould	20	4	4	7	8	3	5	5
Eaton	21	7	8	9	8	7	8	13
W Einfeldt	18	10	7	9	7	7	9	11
Boa	22	7	9	9	10	8	10	13
McDonald	15	4	5	7
Thomas	16	5	9	8	7	9	5	9
Barnard	18	..	8	6	4
Horns	18	..	4	6	7	8	5	13
Smedes	20	..	7	7	6	5	9	..
Lanigan	14	4	4
Ostendorp	9	5	4	6	8	..
Wakeman	10	6	5
Goetter	22	8	8	8	..
Sias	12	6	5	9	..
Lathrop	16	8	6
Brethower	19	8	6
Sarel	3	3	6
Travis	15	7	9	9	..
Kampp	8	6	9	..

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

At Streator.

STREATOR, Ill., May 5.—The shoot held here on May 3 by the Stauber brothers was not well attended; probably it came when the weather was too fine, as the farmers cannot keep from planting corn when the thermometer registers 80. The sun shone hot and the wind was strong, which made targets hard to gauge. The accommodations were first-class. New traps had been provided, and there was nothing lacking save the crowd.

Mr. Steenberg was there and made the high expert average. Tramp Irwin was also present.

The shooters came from Ottawa, and were the well-known members of the Rainmakers Club, Messrs. Kneussel, Sherzer, Gentleman and Bossenin. They did not arrive until in the afternoon, as their automobile gave out on them, and they had to transfer to the electric cars. But when they finally reached the grounds, they got busy with the scatter gun. Scores:

Event No. 9 was shot at 7 pairs and one single.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at.	119
Stauber	13	12	15	12	13	14	15	14	11	135	111
Kneussel	14	14	14	12	13	11	13	12	8	135	110
Sherzer	13	13	13	13	11	12	15	7	12	135	103
Gentleman	14	10	10	13	12	11	10	12	11	135	100
Bossenin	11	13	12	8	10	13	13	13	7	135	111
Steenberg	8	14	11	13	14	14	14	13	13	135	111

In Other Places.

The secretary of the Benson, Minn., Gun Club, writes that all arrangements have been perfected whereby a tournament will be held May 26 and 27. There will be twelve events, aggregating 200 targets. Money divided per cent. plan, with \$75 divided as average prizes. Many manufacturers' agents will be present, but will not compete for the prizes.

The McLean County Gun Club shoot at Bloomington, Ill., held last week, was well attended. Gideon won the Class A medal, shooting out the tie with Smith. Radbourn won Class B.

Tuesday afternoon last members of the Manton, Mich., Gun Club held their practice shoot, and Reynold Swanson made the highest score.

The South Haven, Mich., Gun Club held a business meeting Friday night, and awarded the contract for the targets and shells for the season. Shoots will be held every Thursday.

And now comes this deponent and sayeth that the showing of shooters at Pittsburg would justify Pennsylvania, and in fact, all other States to follow Arkansas; that is, bar out all who are not residents in the State from shooting for any prizes. A State tournament should be for the benefit of all the State clubs, and not for outside men to come in and carry away the prizes, most of which have been donated by home people. Gentlemen, come, let us reason together.

Good news comes from Kinsley, Ia., that members of the Gun club will see to it that the ducks which are nesting are not disturbed by law-breakers, who are reported shooting them.

A shoot was held at Kernesville, N. C., last week with S. O. Goode, of Winston, Salem, as the leading man. He made 147 out of 165.

Great Bend, Kans., came well to the front, and the citizens tried their utmost to give the visiting shooters a good time, and when these shooters who were present at their tournament reach Herington, they will not forget that Great Bend will ask for the next State tournament. Just watch their vote.

It is a pleasure to note the many team shoots being held this year, and yet there is one feature that is hard to overcome. As a rule, some one of the teams gets over-anxious and falls down. It is hard to get experienced match shooters for these events.

Niagara Falls Gun Club is being organized. The temporary officers are: President, Dr. Campbell; Secretary, A. Kinsey; Financial Secretary, Frank Butler.

The Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of Morgantown, W. Va., held a shoot Friday. The large number present report having enjoyed their outing. John Coburn won the club medal with 91.4 per cent.; Evan Price second with 43, and Elmer F. Jacobs third with 41 out of 50.

The Salem, O., Gun Club starts the season with twenty-five members, and will shoot each Thursday afternoon.

A well-organized movement is on to form a gun club in Aberdeen, S. D., that will be second to none in the Northwest.

At the Borea, O., Gun Club shoot, which was the twenty-first in a series of shoots for the Hunter Arms Co. gold badge, Quayle won, and now he is in the lead, with eight points to his credit. There are only four more shoots. Clafin is in second place with six points.

Spring Valley, Minn., Gun Club give notice that on July 19 and 20 there will be a tournament at this town. The business men are being solicited for donations, and some good prizes will be awarded.

The Havelock, Neb., Gun Club is now fully reorganized, with officers, viz.: President, W. R. Johnston; Secretary, E. W. Day; Captain, W. F. Mitchell. The prospects are that the Heyers Gun Club will consolidate with this one. It is possible that one large club would accomplish more than two small ones.

Shooters at St. Cloud, Minn., are getting to work, and trap shooting will hold them until Sept. 1.

Look out now for much shooting news from Colorado Springs. The gun club has received a shipment of 100,000 targets. This shows that when enthusiasts once enthuse on the target game that they do not fail to keep enthused.

May 23 and 24 will see \$2,000 distributed at the tournament of the Minneapolis Gun Club. Shooters of the Northwest will surely appreciate such liberal prizes. It is a pity that this shoot is set for the same dates as the Illinois State shoot.

At the second annual tournament of the Rocklin, Colo., Gun Club about one hundred shooters were present. The title of championship of northern California was won by G. W. Gibson, of Williams.

A line from Huntsville, Ala., states that the gun club has been reorganized, with J. M. Kirkpatrick as Secretary, and held their first shoot last week.

The Forest, O., Gun Club was organized last Monday, and the American shooting rules were adopted. The officers are: President, Edward Ernest; Vice-President, Dr. Cook; Secretary, J. E. Rinkard; Treasurer, I. Van Scott; Members of the Executive Board, William Johnson, William Mapletoft and J. C. Shuler. Wm. Brayton and Wm. Bennett are members.

It will be interesting to all whoever shot at the old gun club grounds at Louisville, Ky., to learn that Jefferson County Gun Club has taken new grounds, having a perfect sky background. This popular organization was founded June, 1901, and now has about one hundred members.

When Ed O'Brien goes about with the expert squad, it will confuse many to know to which class he belongs; yet reports from Great Bend, Kans., tournament puts him most likely where he belongs, in the amateur class.

The Social Target Club, of Kansas City, Mo., lately organized, has started out with the idea of protecting the game. The Wamsley law will be enforced, and the song and the plumage birds will be protected, and the millinery establishments will be watched.

Kahrman, of St. Paris, O., won the Peters trophy for the individual championship of Clark, Logan, Champaign, Madison, Shelby, Miami and Union counties, with 45 out of 50. The Springfield team won the championship for teams. Crosby was present and smashed 179 out of 180.

Here is the way to show appreciation. An interesting feature of the Bloomington, Ill., shoot, held last week, was the presentation to the secretary, W. A. Boettger by the members with a \$100 shotgun as a token of their appreciation of his services. He has given much of his time to the work, and his faithfulness has attracted the whole of the membership. This token of esteem shows

their regard. Mr. James Gray made the presentation speech, and it was such a surprise that Mr. Boettger was taken off his guard; yet he expressed thanks, and afterward was busy thanking each member personally. It is hoped that Mr. Boettger will now have an opportunity to put the new gun to some use, such as an improvement in his scores.

Well, after a year or two of silence, the old and time-honored Limited Gun Club has taken on life, and will vie for honors with the Indianapolis Gun Club. The late election resulted in bringing out the old-timers. H. T. Hearsay is President; J. L. Gasper, Vice-President; H. A. Comstock, Secretary; Bert B. Adams, Treasurer; J. Sielken, George J. Marott and John W. Cooper, Directors. Several large tournaments are to be held, among them the Grand Hotel cup, emblematic of the championship of Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois and Michigan. A committee will report some changes in the by-laws, to report at a meeting to be held May 23.

The Duluth, Minn., Rod and Gun Club were compelled to put their shoot off a week, owing to the non-arrival of the traps.

A number of new members have been added to the Bermidji, Minn., Gun Club, and shoots are regularly held at the fair grounds. There will be a regular tournament held soon, with teams from other towns as participants.

News items furnished state that the Appleton, Minn., Gun Club will hold a tournament June 14 and 15.

Much preliminary work is being done on the prospectus by the Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club, for their May 22 tournament. When the new club lately organized at Morgan, Minn., secures grounds, then shooting will be held regularly each Tuesday afternoon. Axtel Hanson is President; Frank Gertsman, Secretary; John Drexler, Treasurer, and August Everet, Field Captain.

Reports come from Le Mars, Ia., that the club is active, and that the shotgun will be heard same as during last year.

Mr. C. A. Young, the Ohio expert, has changed his field of labors from Texas to Iowa. With W. A. Waddington he lately visited Audubon, and gave an exhibition of shooting that stamps him as among the best ever. Facing a wind that caused the missed targets to fall behind the shooter's score, he broke 48 out of 50.

There'll be something doing at Davenport, Ia., June 15 to 18, as elaborate preparations have been made for the fifth biennial of the Central Sharpshooters' Union. There is an ideal shooting park at Davenport, and the rifle club has many of the best shots in the Central States.

Of gun clubs that never shot before, the latest one is the Hubbell, Mich., Rod and Gun Club. The members are taking much interest, and the clay target smashing was very interesting from start to finish. John B. Hodges won the highest honors, though the scores will show that all are beginners. Thus at 25 targets, Hodges broke 13, Harrington 6, Wise 6, and Armstrong 4.

When will the reformers cease their efforts to stop shooting. The Michigan Legislature has members who are endeavoring to stop Sunday shooting by passing laws prohibitory. The Chairman of the Game Committee said: "The working man ought to have a right to go out with a gun on Sunday." "Yes, and shoot the farmer's stock and tramp down his grain," was the retort of a brother Senator.

The Los Angeles, Cal., Gun Club has the following members as directors: R. J. Northam, R. Werrigk, R. H. Lacey, G. A. Pounder, John C. Cline.

Albert Lea, Minn., Gun Club held their annual election of officers Monday evening. Result: President, Henry Morgan; Vice-President, Oscar Subby; Treasurer, Bert Skinner; Secretary, Norman Peterson; Field Captain, Earl Henry. Weekly shoots will be the order for the summer months.

The Eastern experts who are planning a trip to Portland to attend the tournament June 22, 23 and 24, are hereby notified that the shoot will be open only to men on the Pacific Coast. It is not a national tournament.

Rensselaer, Ind., Club drew well at their last tournament.

The City Gun Club, Eufaula, La., has been organized. Warren Cooper, of Ripling, Ga., was elected President, and C. M. Gamage, Secretary. There will be a big shoot about July 12, at which time a \$100 shotgun will be one of the prizes. A committee was appointed to secure grounds and traps, and all the trapshooters in the surrounding States will be asked to join.

Mr. Edward Dickman is now a full-fledged instructor. He will open up a large class for lessons in the art of wing shooting at the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club.

Kennedy won the tie after he and Beyer, both of Paducah, Ky., had killed 23 out of 25 live birds. Mrs. Davis shot at 10 and scored 8.

This spicy information comes from Decatur, Ind.: "Decatur is to have a gun club this summer, and a neat souvenir button is now being worn by the charter members. They expect by a little practice to hit a pinhole in the dark, and to bag all the game at the matches for skill in marksmanship. Their club season is soon to open, and from that time on, look out for red-hot scores."

Jack Parker is to manage the New York State shoot, which takes place this year at Utica. The programme will be an eighty page affair.

A new rule has been adopted by the Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club. Hereafter shooters will be divided into classes, and all will stand at the 16yd. line. Mrs. Johnson won two of the medals at the last shoot.

May 7 was the opening day for the Chicago Gun Club. A fine programme has been arranged for this season, and the prizes are numerous and the shooting various. Secretary Zacher will be found with his shoulder to the wheel. Some of the old familiar faces were absent, and yet there were new ones in their places.

Twenty men faced the traps, and some good scores were made. Fred Gilbert made 74 out of 75, John Boa 95 out of 100, Bill Stannard 91, Steenberg 86, Lord made 38 out of 40. This was a good showing for traveling men. Max Hensler and Tramp Irwin were on the ground.

The shoot held at Elgin, Ill., May 7, was advertised as a benefit for the widow of a deceased member. The attendance of home shooters was good, but the outsiders, save the experts, were slim. The weather was good, save for a sharp cross wind, that made left-quarterming targets "duckers." The scores are very low, and this was caused mostly by throwing targets too hard; this caused many to drop out before finishing half the programme. John Boa made high professional average, 103 out of 120, Stannard second and Steenberg third. Freeman, of Elgin, made high amateur score, 90 out of 120. The Chicago delegation present were accompanied by their wives, and they were entertained with ice cream and cake by the traveling men present, which included Tramp Irwin.

The shoot held May 6 at Rantoul, Ill., was fairly well attended. The attendance of the traveling men was especially good. These were John Boa, Cadwallader, Stannard, Ward Burton and Tramp Irwin. Thomasboro sent up the largest delegation, and the former boys went home somewhat overjoyed when one of their members, M. Airie, won the high average over all. John Boa was doing some great shooting, losing but 4 targets for the entire day, 160 targets in the programme, and this young farmer, hitting 'em in the middle, went him one better.

The Three Barrel Gun Company has been organized at Wheeling, W. Va., and has been capitalized at \$50,000, for the purpose of manufacturing guns at Moundsville. The incorporators are all Pittsburg men. M. N. Cecil, C. A. House, John B. Gorden, C. W. Wely, and D. O. Smith. This is the well-known Hollenbeck, Gun Company plant. It is the intention of the new company to push the manufacture of the well-known Hollenbeck shotgun.

Members of the Beechwood Rod and Gun Club, Charleston, W. Va., held their first shoot Wednesday. All present report an afternoon well spent. Many shoots will be held this summer. The Pekin, Ill., Gun Club is now a sporter of the Celestial name, and the first shoot was held last Sunday, May 14. A. C. Connor and Henry Leach are the head promoters.

The North Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., has now the limit of membership, and is in a prosperous condition. The new officers lately chosen, are: President, A. Kloman; Vice-President, J. Miereszky; Secretary, George Lade; Treasurer, O. Imse; Captain, R. Peters; Assistant Captain, A. Krause; Board of Directors, W. Birnsheim, A. Krause and E. Koehn. The cash prizes for best twenty scores made last year were awarded, viz.: Pete Peters, twenty scores made last year, were awarded, viz.: Pete Peters, first; F. Meixner, second; A. Krause, third in Class A. In Class B, George Kloman, first, E. Koehn, second, and J. Mauch, third. In the trophy events of the Pastime Gun Club, Detroit, Mich., Tolsma and Whitmore were high guns for Medal A. William E. Webber, medal B, and Jack Maroon medal C. There were twenty-two shooters, with a distance handicap of 21 to 16yds.

At Milwaukee recently, it is reported, that a Mr. Donald Frazer, who never fired a shell from a shotgun previously, made the fine score of 11 out of 15. This should serve to stimulate others who are looking for an innocent and inexpensive recreation.

The Port Gibson, Miss., Gun Club has been organized, with George T. Walne as Secretary. Trap and targets are on the grounds. Shoots will be held and the club will probably join the State League.

R. H. Fisher won the Class A contest held last Sunday at the

St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club shoot. Schillbach led in Class B. Don Morrison shot at 100 and made 93.

The boom of the shotgun was heard at the Salt Lake Gun Club grounds on last Wednesday for the first time in a year. It is the intention of the members of the new club that the sport of target shooting shall become as popular as it was in days past. All shooters and their friends were asked to attend the opening and participate or look on. In connection with the shotgun practice, there will be rifle and pistol shooting, as there are three ranges being erected.

Some of the prominent shooters of Ohio are watching the movements of the newly organized gun club of Columbus. Mr. Fred Shattuck, of the Capital City, lately visited the Cincinnati Club, and found that they were in favor of holding all the State shoots at the city, where permanent arrangements can be made for the accommodations of a crowd similar to the State gatherings.

After wandering all over the State, the Iowa Association has held one shoot at Des Moines, and the next will be held there also; and it is to be hoped, for the good of Iowa trapshoots, that all future State shoots will be held there. There is Illinois without a home, and something should be done toward a permanent shooting park.

The Columbus, O., Gun Club is now fully incorporated. The incorporators are Ralph S. Rhoads, Starling S. Wilcox, J. A. Van Fossen, C. B. Wolfe and Albert Corradi.

Six teams met at the Lagrange, O., Club grounds last Saturday. The Fairmount, of Cleveland, was high with 217 out of 250. The Berea team scored 205. Battles, of the Clevelands, was high with 47. The teams were: Fairmount, Berea, Lagrange, New London, Elyria, and Spencer.

Prominent sportsmen having summer homes at the Kenosha county lakes of Wisconsin, have organized a Sportsmen's League, having for its object the protection of fish and game in the southern part of the State.

Maurice Abrahams has been invited by the Interstate Trapshooters' Association to become a member of the participants in the San Francisco shoot, to be held in September. Mr. Abrahams is a prominent shooter of Portland, Ore.

Aug. 22, 23 and 24 will find Elmer Shaner at Albert Lee, Minn. The club is already making preparation for 300 shooters (?).

The Charivari was introduced at Kenton, O., last Wednesday in a novel way. F. Williams, a prominent member, was married to Miss Blanch Woods, and a hundred members of the gun club, armed with shotguns, gave the couple a serenade, using some 300 rounds of blank shells.

The Nahma, Mich., Gun Club is such a new affair that only the preliminary meeting has been held. Later an announcement of the officers will be made.

A splendid idea, as Indianapolis has a shooting school, wherein the beginner will be instructed in the art of wing shooting. Why not every large town be supplied with such facilities? There are thousands of young men ready and willing to learn.

The mechanical genius of the Houston, Tex., Gun Club took the trap to pieces in order to "get the hang of things," and when he came to replacing them, there was a "hang fire," and the club's regular shoot was postponed. The club will soon have a club house wherein to keep the various paraphernalia, and incidentally to form a place where shooters can be housed in all kinds of weather.

H. C. Hirschey is now touring some of the Eastern States, giving exhibitions with the rifle and the shotgun.

The Troy, O., Gun Club will have a combination sporting and pleasure ground. In connection with the target grounds there will be a tennis court and a croquet grounds.

The Lockport, Tex., Gun Club will shoot twice a month during the coming summer.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., May 13.—The South End Gun Club, of this city, held an all-day target tournament on the club grounds on Boyer's Island, located on the west bank of the Schuylkill River at the southern end of the city, and had a fair crowd of sportsmen in attendance. The weather was ideal for target shooting, but around 2 P. M., a high wind began to play havoc with the targets, and continued for the rest of the day, making shooting very difficult. A large crowd of spectators were present and seemed to enjoy the sport. The paid experts, representing the trades, present were Sim Glover, Neaf Apgar, Edw. L. Parvin and Henry C. Stevens.

Of the amateurs, shooters were in attendance from Honeybrook, Stony Creek, Hamburg, Tower City and Pottstown.

Of the ninteen shooters that faced the score during the day, Neaf Apgar carried off the high average honors with 178 out of a total of 185 targets scored to his credit. Harry Ball, the well-known amateur of this city, finished in second place, or high amateur for the day with 170, with Sim Glover third with 167. Frank Gerhart, of Reading, was second high amateur with 164, with M. L. Ludwig, of Honeybrook, third, with 160.

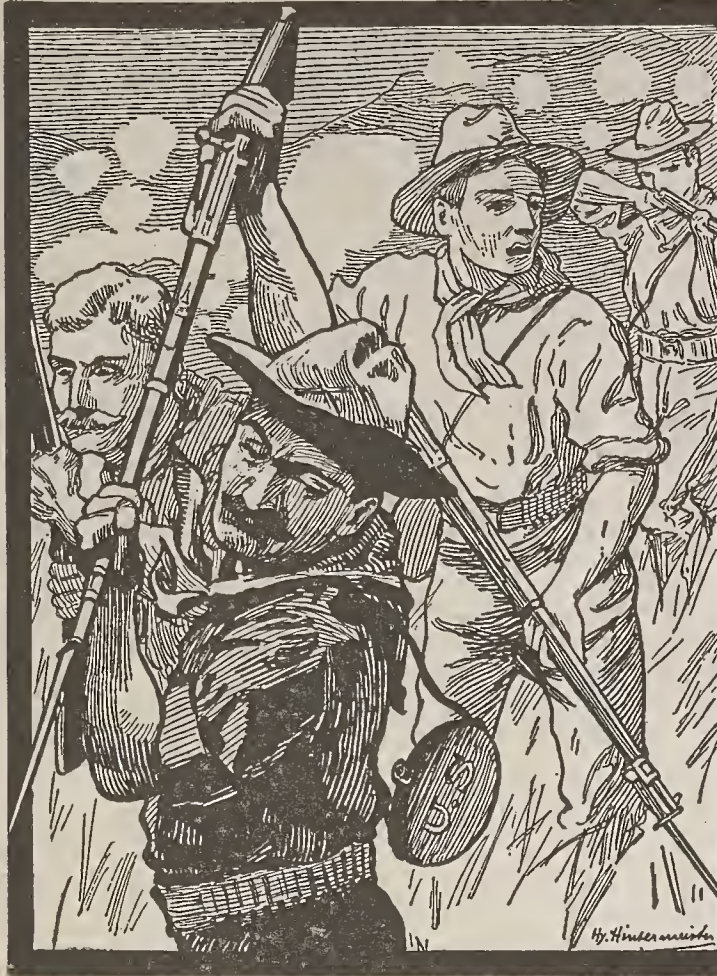
The South End Gun Club desire to announce to the public that their annual Fourth-of-July target tournament this year will eclipse any shoot ever held by that well-known and popular organization, and it is the intention of the club's tournament committee to present a programme, one that will have some special attractions of the trade. Keep your eyes open for the paid representatives of the trade. Keep your eyes open for the South End's programme, and paste the date, July 4, and the address, Reading, in your hat so you don't miss it, as you'll meet a crowd of sportsmen there that are all "jolly good fellows," and they will make you feel at home. Remember all are welcome. The more the merrier. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	20	20	15	20	20	24	178	
Apgar	14	15	18	20	15	18	19	20	24	178	
Ball	13	13	18	18	14	18	19	20	25	170	
Glover	13	14	13	17	17	13	18	18	24	167	
Stevens	15	15	17	19	14	18	17	18	20	166	
Gerhart	14	15	13	20	18	14	16	17	16	164	
Ludwig	14	13	18	18	13	16	18	18	19	160	
Melcher	11	11	17	17	16	20	..	
Wentzel	15	12	13	17	12	20	..	
Miles	11	10	16	16	13	16	
Herbine	13	15	16	18	15	
Scheffy	8	14	11	12	9	
Hand	12	11	15	17	12	
Matz	13	13	14	18	
Confer	13	12	12	..	13	
Lewinski	10	10	
Weidner	12	12	
Eshelman	13	17	
Weist	11	
Hawk	11	

DUSTER.

Mullerite Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, L. I., May 6.—The shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day, had a programme of thirteen events, of which No.



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Wawaset Gun Club Tournament.

WILMINGTON, Del.—The tournament of the Wawaset Gun Club, held on May 11 and 12, had a large entry—sixty-six participants.

High average of the first day was made by Mr. Lester S. German, an amateur. He broke 155 out of 180.

May 11, First Day.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores for the first day.

May 12, Second Day.

The weather conditions favored the shooters more than on the previous day, and there was a consequent rise in the averages.

Second average was a tie between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and Neaf Apgar, with 157.

For the two days, Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was high with a total of 310 out of 360.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores for the second day.

Large table listing names of participants and their scores for the Wawaset tournament.

Mississippi Delta Trapshooters' League.

VICKSBURG, Miss.—The first tournament of the Mississippi Delta Trapshooters' League was held under the auspices of the Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club, May 8 and 9.

Chief interest was in the amateur competition for the cup, open to all shooters who were residents of Mississippi.

After Mr. Bradford's win on the first day, it was decided to shoot off for ownership between the winners.

High professional average for the two days was won by Mr. Frank Faurote, with 386 out of 400.

The tournament committee, Messrs. Hayes, Fletcher, Miller, Pinkston, Dinkins and Bradford, deserve credit for their excellent work in promoting the success of the shoot.

Table with columns for names of participants and their scores for the Mississippi Delta League.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., May 10.—The most successful series ever held on the Boston Gun Club grounds terminated at Wellington to-day.

The scores, as a rule, were all considerably lower than has been the case for some time past.

In the serial prize match, seven scores to count, Dr. Gleason's high totals eclipsed all other efforts.

Burns, the winner of second prize, deserves great credit for the persistent way he attended all shoots.

O. R. Dickey's win of third was one of the most popular of the eight lucky shooters, as "Dick" has a host of well wishers in this section.

The club's own representative, Frank, took care of fourth position, a slightly lower average than usual.

Ford, the "Fiz Fiz" man, captured a subscription to a well-known sporting journal.

Capt. Woodruff, the original Boston Gun Clubite, thought that sixth place was just to his liking.

John Bell, the winner of the eighth and last prize, has for quite a time been complaining of the bunching and leading of his "fusee."

Events: Targets: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Table with columns for names of participants and their scores for the Boston Gun Club.

Merchandise match, distance handicap: Gleason (19yds.) 25, Burns (16) 24, Frank (19) 23, Weld (19) 23, Wheeler (18) 23.

Table with columns for names of participants and their scores for the Boston Gun Club merchandise match.

Cochran Gun and Game Club.

COCHRAN, Pa., May 9.—The scores made to-day follow, shooting at 25 targets: H. Gibbon 21, W. Hughes 21, W. Lewis 23, D. J. Phillips 21, D. Krapp 19, L. Kimmel 13, W. Dougherty 16, P. Gallagher 18, G. H. Smith 21.

Event 2, 25 targets: Wm. Hughes 22, H. Gibbon 20, G. H. Smith 16, D. J. Phillips 22, Neil Mahon 11, S. Farrow 14, C. Gallagher 15, W. Lewis 20, P. Gallagher 14.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 6.—But eight men were out to-day. Event No. 2, was for a box of cigars, two teams competing. Team No. 1, composed of Messrs. Porter, Boxall, Soverel and Hartshorne, scored 78, to team No. 2, composed of Messrs. Bush, Crane, Dorcmus and Vause, score of 77.

Event No. 4, 5 pairs, unknown angles, was won by Mr. Hartshorne with eight breaks to his credit. Scores: Events: 1 2 3 4 Targets: 25 25 10 10

Montclair, N. J., May 13.—To-day was the regular monthly shoot for the Daly gun. Some fifteen men were present. Events 1 and 2 were for practice. Event 3, 50 targets, unknown angles, handicap, for a Daly gun, to be shot for every month during the year was tied for by Messrs. Porter and Hartshorne, on 49.

Events: 1 2 3 Events: 1 2 3 Targets: 25 25 50 Targets: 25 25 50 P Cockefair, 4..... 17 16 42 H Babbage, 8..... 19 36

Handicaps as indicated apply in event 3 only. EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., May 6.—Event No. 5 was a handicap shoot for a solid gold watch charm. It was won by Dr. Paterno for the third time. Scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Targets: 10 15 10 15 10 15 50 25 25 25 F Vosselman, 10..... 6 11 7 37 .. 13

May 13.—Event 7 was the handicap contest for the gold watch chain. It was won by Mr. James Morrison. This is his second win. Scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Targets: 10 10 15 15 15 15 50 25 25 J Morrison, 7..... 9 8 12 13 10 7 43 23 ..

Peerless Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., May 13.—The scores made in 25-target events follow:

P Jacobus 3 .. G Herman 16 14 .. J Dewar 5 7 8 J Doorhofer 7 11 ..

Jackson Park Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., May 14.—Everything appeared to be in perfect shape for our shoot as late as 6 o'clock Friday night, when Morgan and Hopper left the grounds. When we arrived there Saturday morning, Morgan A. Doty, Hopper, sporting editor of the Morning Call, and Dutcher, a few minutes late, we were pleased to greet the Messrs. Schneider, Burgman and Welles.

The majority of the shooters taking part were mostly beginners, and would not take chances against the more expert shooters. The professionals shot for targets only. Mr. Frank Butler shot in great form in the regular events, which started at event 5.

The club will, as soon as possible, put in a cashier's booth, which is or was missing to-day, where all the entries will be received and money paid out.

Unfavorable weather prevailed during the entire eight hours' shooting. Despite the gloomy weather and cloudy skies, many people journeyed to Jackson Park, and were royally entertained by the Jackson Park Gun Club, on the occasion of the big tournament, which formally opened their new shooting grounds, situated on Arthur Crooks' farm, Jackson's Lane.

During the day refreshments were served in the club house, and everybody partook of the Jackson's generous hospitality. Every gun club in Passaic and Bergen counties was represented.

Fifteen events in all were decided; seven at 10 targets, five at 15 and three at 25.

Aaron Doty, Butler, Schneider, Willis, Markley and Brugman shot in all the events but one, and their work was close on to perfect in nearly every event. Doty is the amateur champion of Passaic and Bergen counties, and held his own with the visiting cracks.

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 Targets: 15 10 15 10 15 10 15 10 15 10 15 10 25 25 25 Elliott 9 14 8 12 9 8 12 9 .. 12 7 22 23 19

Table with 10 columns and 20 rows listing names and scores for Van Horn, Johnson, J Doty, Banta, R Wilson, H Van Houten, H Wright, F L Van Houten, G Nichols, McGuirk, Chickner, W Wilson, Dunkerly, A Reeves, Lewis, T Crocker, E Van Houten, Pullhemus, Dr Utter, A B Van Houten, E Simonton, Henry, Devine.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BERGEN BEACH, Brooklyn, L. I., May 9.—Thirty-one contestants participated in the monthly shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club to-day. High average was made by Mr. Kelly. The manufacturers' agents present were Messrs. Frank Butler and H. B. Williams.

Table with 10 columns and 30 rows listing names and scores for Events, Targets, A Schoverling, O N T, Metz, F Butler, W Keim, A Sydnam, K Kelly, H B Williams, Schorty, Eickhoff, J Kroeger, Hans, Pfander, Dreyer, Vosselman, Gehring, J Martin, Cooper, Montanus, Raynor, Creamer, Slavik, Malstedt, Dannefeler, C Woelfel, Schlim, Gams, Voorhis.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 6.—The Peters badge was won by Scott. Perry, Dixon, Gregory, Anderson, Morgan, Nash, Armstrong, Dark and Moore tied for the club trophy.

The race for the Peters badge, between Scott and Tripp, was very interesting, but Scott being in great form, was the victor. The meet, last Wednesday, for beginners, was a success, and the advice given by Mr. Dickman and other old shooters was much appreciated.

Shells have commenced to arrive for the Grand American Handicap. Scores, each event at 25 targets:

Table with 10 columns and 30 rows listing names and scores for Events, Targets, Purry, Scott, Morris, Dixon, Finley, Gregory, Anderson, Steele, Bell, Rhoades, Moller, Morgan, Nash, Armstrong, Abe Martin, Tripp, Dark, Moore, Rison, Leib, Hice, C Thompson, Jones, Medice, Dickman, Habich, M Dinger, W Dinger, Stewart.

Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—This club held their annual meeting and a practice shoot on the afternoon of May 6. Fifteen new members were admitted to the club.

The following officers were elected for the year: H. L. Hawes, President; W. E. Gilbert, Vice-President; C. L. Ketes, Sec'y; Treas.; Frederick Le Noir, Field Captain. Directors, H. L. Hawes, Frederick Le Noir and N. H. Snow. Forty-five dollars was appropriated for merchandise prizes, to be shot for during the season by club members at the regular practice shoots held every other Saturday afternoon.

Table with 10 columns and 10 rows listing names and scores for Events, Targets, Kites, Le Noir, P Lathrop, E Lathrop, Snow, Bradford, Keyes, Hawes, Forest.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 14.—An inclosing scores made on the 7th and 14th inst. While yesterday, 14th, was not a regular practice day, a number of the boys came out. Scores:

Table with 10 columns and 5 rows listing names and scores for Events, Targets, D Brandreth, F Brandreth.

Table with 10 columns and 10 rows listing names and scores for Events, Targets, C Blandford, J Hyland, R McAlpin, I Washburn, F Hahn, W H Coleman, F Brandreth, Miss Hyland, W H Hyland.

This is the first shooting Miss Hyland had done since the 1903 State shoot, C. G. B.

Stanley Gun Club.

TORONTO, May 7.—The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday. There was a slim attendance of the members, owing to the inclemency of the weather. The few events were shot in a steady downpour of rain which put a damper on the sport.

In the spoon event, some good scores were made. Mr. Buck with three additional, and Fritz, with five additional birds to shoot at, scored 24 each. Mr. Dunk and Mr. Rock, both scratch men, were right up with 23 each. The following are the scores:

Table with 10 columns and 10 rows listing names and scores for Events, Targets, Rock, Dunk, Dey, Hulme, Herbert, Booth.

Handicaps apply to spoon event (No. 5) only. ALEX DEY, Sec'y.

St. Paul Gun Club.

ST PAUL, Ind., May 4.—Eight extra events, each at 10 targets, were shot. Scores:

Table with 10 columns and 20 rows listing names and scores for Events, Targets, Boa, Hess, Stannard, Borden, Hardesty, Jack Snipe, Harcourt, Kanouse, Stuard, Bless, Hudgell, Crane, Grinnell, Lines, Leffler.

E. G. BLESS, Sec'y.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

UTICA, N. Y.—Last Saturday, on the club grounds near Utica Park, the home club defeated the Schenectady Club, in a 9-man team contest, \$50 a side, 50 targets per man, by a score of 395 to 373. In a recent contest of these clubs, at Schenectady, the Oneida County team was beaten by 6 targets. Scores:

Table with 10 columns and 10 rows listing names and scores for Utica Team, Schenectady, Palmiter, Windheim, W Wagner, Christian, Maine, J Wagner, Deck, Gates, Lewis.

Utica won by 22.

Erie Rod and Gun Club.

Brooklyn, May 11.—A good time for all. This was the last shoot until September. The club shoot, 25 targets for June, July and August, is as follows:

S Hitchcock.....19 20 17-56 D Mohrman 17 18 17-52 F Gref 14 22 16-52 W Roberts 7 15 8-30

C. Dellefsen, 18 out of 27, and 9 out of 21, to be finished at next shoot.

Table with 10 columns and 10 rows listing names and scores for Events, Targets, H S Wells, Hitchcock, Mohrman, J Bohn.

Targets hard, and some wind. Club dinner after shoot at Tester's Ulmer Park Caf .

Sidney Gun Club.

SIDNEY, N. Y., May 9.—The following scores were made by the Sidney Gun Club at Sidney, May 5:

Table with 10 columns and 10 rows listing names and scores for Shot at, Broke, Ave., Dr H J Fleming, E Borden, C Ferguson, J Breed, M Breed, H M Lane, N Ogden, G B French, H Paterson.

N. Ogden is from Oneonta, N. Y., and G. B. French is from Edmunston, N. Y. A. M. LANE.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Philadelphia Horse Show at Wissahickon Heights.

Special Excursion Tickets via Pennsylvania Railroad. The fourteenth annual open-air exhibition of the Philadelphia Horse Show Association will be held on St. Martin's Green, Wissahickon Heights Station, Philadelphia, May 29 to June 3 inclusive.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets, including coupon of admission, from New York, Philadelphia, Belvidere, Lancaster, Wilmington, West Chester, Phoenixville and principal intermediate stations (as well as stations on the Chestnut Hill Branch), to Wissahickon Heights Station, May 29 to June 3, good to return until June 5, 1905, inclusive.

The grounds of the Philadelphia Horse Show Association are located immediately on the Germantown and Chestnut Hill Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, eleven miles from Broad Street Station.

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Mountain climbers, anglers, hunters and golfers, whose lives have been made burdens to them by slippery shoes will, we believe, find in the Lipscomb Steel Screw Calks something that will "fill a long-felt want." The inefficiency of the ordinary hob-nail every one knows, and the despair that one feels when his shoes give out at the very moment when he needs them most. We are inclined to regard the North & Pfeiffer Mfg. Co., of New Britain, Conn., as public benefactors.

The Bangor & Aroostook R. R. announces that its through sleeping car service between Boston, Mass., and Greenville, Me., was resumed early this month. Sleeping car tickets from Boston may be had at the Pullman ticket office, North Union Station, or at the city ticket office, B. & A. R. R., 322 Washington street, Boston. From Greenville, application should be made to J. H. Gerrish, agent.

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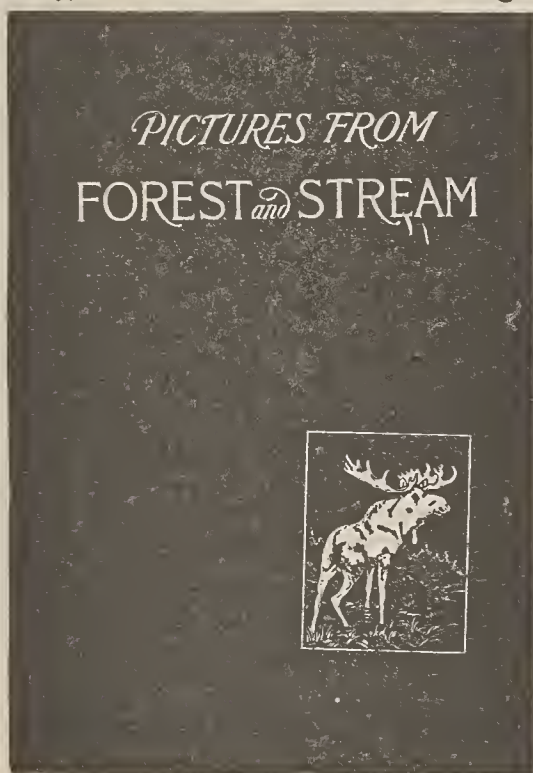
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LIST OF THE PLATES.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - - | Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - - - | J. J. Audubon |
| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - - | Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - - | J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - - | Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - - | J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), | Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - - - | J. J. Audubon |
| 5. "What's That?" (Antelope), - - - - | Carl Rungius | 21. The American Plover, - - - - | J. J. Audubon |
| 6. The Home of the White Goat, | Photo by H. T. Folsom | 22. Rap Full, Schooner Constellation in a | North Easter, - - - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, | E. W. Deming | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair | off Larchmont, - - - - Photo by Jas. Burton |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, | E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - - | Carl Rungius |
| 9. Calling the Buffalo—3 The Fall, | E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - - - | E. Osthaus |
| 10. Calling the Buffalo—4 Packing the Meat, | E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer) - - - - | E. Osthaus |
| 11. Sail, Sea and Sky, Navahoe on the Solent, | Photo by West & Son | 27. Between Casts, - - - - | W. P. Davison |
| 12. The Trapper's Camp, - - - - | E. W. Deming | 28. Home of the Bass, - - - - | W. P. Davison |
| 13. Pearl R. (Setter), - - - - | E. H. Osthaus | 29. In Boyhood Days, - - - - | W. P. Davison |
| 14. The Purple Sandpiper, - - - - | J. J. Audubon | 30. A Country Road (Partridge), | W. P. Davison |
| 15. The Black Duck, - - - - | J. J. Audubon | 31. When Food Grows Scarce (Quail), | W. P. Davison |
| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - - - | J. J. Audubon | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), | W. P. Davison |

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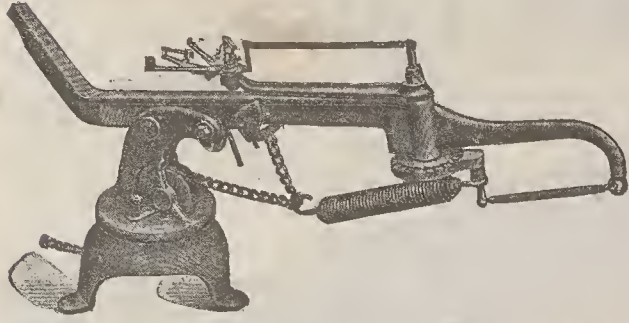
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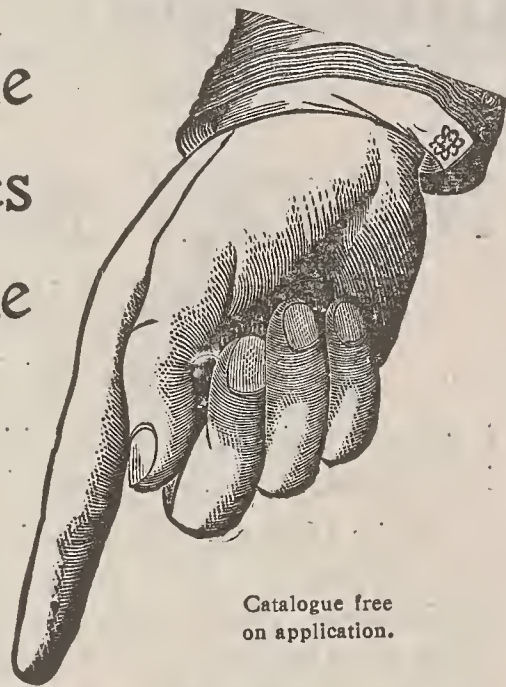
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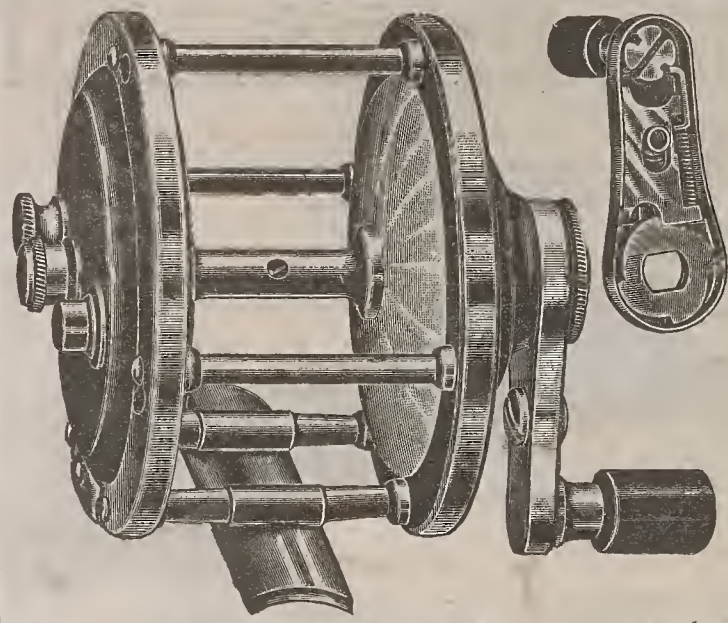
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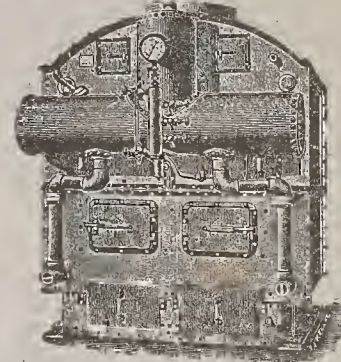
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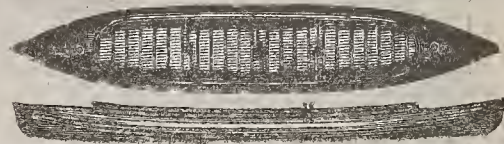
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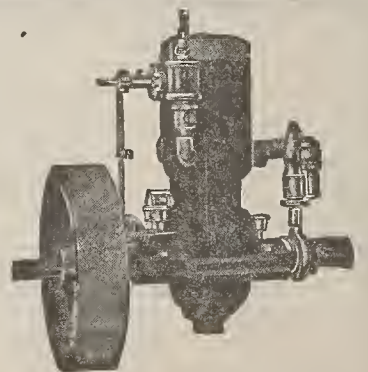
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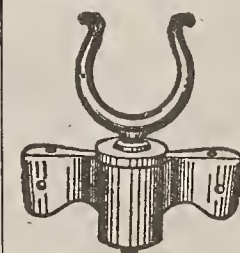
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE HAY BOX IN CAMP.

UNITED STATES CONSULAR CLERK GEORGE H. MURPHY sends from Frankfort, Germany, a description of a fireless cook stove which is well worth the attention of the man in the woods. The device is not new. It was shown in the Paris Exposition of 1867, being then known as the "Norwegian automatic kitchen," but only in recent years has it come into general use. A propaganda to familiarize the public with its merits is now being successfully pushed in Berlin, Munich and other cities; and Mr. Murphy believes that it should be known on this side of the Atlantic.

The fireless cook stove or hay box is devised on a recognition of the principle that various kinds of food require but a few minutes of actual cooking, and if then they are put away and surrounded with such conditions that the heat cannot escape nor the air get to them the process of cooking will be completed. In its simplest form the stove is a wooden box in which vessels containing hot food are packed in nests of hay or shavings or paper or some similar material to retain the heat. The box may be lined with wool or felt, but this is not essential. Almost any wooden box that has a tight cover will answer the purpose. The advantage of the use of the hay box is that the time of cooking food is very greatly reduced; thus two or three minutes of actual boiling on the fire are amply sufficient for vegetables; at the end of that time the pots containing them are transferred to the hay box and covered up, and the process of cooking there continues; roasted meats require from twenty to thirty minutes of roasting, and the process is then completed in the hay box. After the preliminary cooking on the stove the articles are kept for two or three hours in the hay box, although they may be left there for ten or twelve hours. All the usual dishes, such as boiled and roasted meats, fish, sauces, soups, vegetables, fruits, puddings, etc., may be cooked in this way. Dried beans and dried fruits are first to be well soaked in water; then, after being allowed to boil for from two to five minutes, they will be thoroughly prepared for the table after being kept from one to two hours in the hay box. The formula for the use of the box is very simple. The pots being transferred from the fire to the box are set in the nests prepared for them, the hay is packed tightly under and around them, a pillow of hay is placed on top and the lid of the box is securely closed.

The advantages of the system in domestic use are obvious; some of them, as summarized by Consular Clerk Murphy, are:

1. The cost of fuel can be reduced four-fifths, or even nine-tenths.
2. The pots are not made difficult to wash; they are not blackened, and they will last for an almost indefinite period of time.
3. The food is better cooked, more tasty, more nutritious, and more digestible.
4. Kitchen odors are obviated.
5. Time and labor are saved.
6. There is no need of stirring nor fear of scorching or burning.
7. The cares of the housewife are lessened, and her health and happiness are thus protected.
8. The kitchen need not be in disorder half of the day.
9. Warm water can always be had when there is illness in the house and during the summer when fires are not kept up.
10. Milk for the baby can be kept warm all night in a pot of water.
11. Where workmen's families live crowded in one or two rooms the additional suffering caused by kitchen heat is obviated by the hay box, for the preliminary cooking can all be done in the cool of the morning.
12. At picnics the appetites of young people are only half

satisfied by sandwiches and other cold food. The hay box can furnish a hot meal anywhere and at any time. 13. Similarly, men and women working in the fields or having night employment can take with them hot coffee, soup, or an entire meal, thus avoiding the necessity of returning home at a fixed hour or having it brought to them by another member of the family. 14. When different employments make it necessary for the various members of a family to take their meals at different hours, this can be arranged without a multiplication of work with the assistance of the hay box. Of course it is necessary that the box be kept perfectly clean, as otherwise it may become sour or musty."

The hay box system might well be adapted to camp use. Any old box will do; for purposes of transportation it might be collapsible, of wood or of tin. The dishes could be a set which would nest one in the other. For hay there are leaves, grass, pine needles and what not. Many of the conditions of its use which are so advantageous in domestic practice would prove not less so in the field. Instead of one member of the party remaining in camp or returning early to do the cooking, while the others were hunting or fishing, the meal could be prepared in a few minutes before starting out for the day, and the food put away in the hay box to be found cooked and warm on the return. The task of keeping up the camp fire would be reduced to a minimum. And the probabilities are that the food that came out of the hay box would be better cooked and more nutritious than the ordinary product which the average vacation camper now submits for judgment before a jury of his peers.

IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.

WE may go very far back in the chronicles of Manhattan Island and we shall find in a surprising degree a similarity between the game and shooting conditions of that time and the present. The sportsman who flourished in the early part and middle of the eighteenth century was very much the make of man of to-day; and a picture of those times would show him to have been—except as to dress and field equipment—astonishingly modern, if by modern we mean having the characteristics of these modern days. The questions which trouble us troubled him, and among them the problem of where in the world one might find any shooting if the taking up of lands open to the public were to continue.

In 1765, it having been recited that "it has long been the practice of great numbers of idle and disorderly persons in and about the City of New York and the Liberties thereof to hunt with firearms and to tread down the grass, and corn, and other grain standing and growing in the fields and inclosures there, to the great danger of the lives of His Majesty's subjects, the ruin and destruction of the most valuable improvements, the grievous injury of the proprietors, and the great discouragement of their industry," an act was passed to prevent hunting with firearms in said City of New York and the Liberties thereof, and a fine of twenty shillings was incurred by anybody but the owner or his servants "that fires a gun in any orchard, garden, cornfield or other inclosed land or enters into or passes through it."

This naturally called out loud complaint, and vigorous pleas were made for shooting privileges. It is interesting to note that a stock argument then was the one so familiar now, that if we do not have a chance to go shooting we shall forget how to shoot, and the country will be at the mercy of our foes. "Since we are prohibited from hunting or shooting upon other men's lands," wrote a sportsman of that day, "it is necessary that the citizens should have some other place for that manly diversion or exercise; otherwise they will be in danger of forgetting to use their firearms with dexterity, however necessary they may be for their own defense, and of sinking into effeminaey and meanness."

Nor were the Manhattan Island sportsmen of the days of George III. less enterprising than their successors in practical ways of saving the birds. The winter of 1764-5 was bitterly cold, the mercury falling to 35 degrees below zero. A newspaper of the time records: "The severe weather having destroyed great numbers of small birds and threatening an extinction of several species for years to come, especially quails, we hear several gentlemen have caught and purchased considerable numbers of them,

which they keep in cages properly sheltered from the cold, and feed, in order to set them at liberty in the spring to preserve the breed."

Some years before this foreign game importations had been undertaken with success. In 1753 Bedloe's Island (in the old days Love Island), on which the Statue of Liberty now stands, was described in an advertisement as abounding in English rabbits. A much more valuable importation of game for stocking preserves was that of Governor Cosby, who sought to acclimatize the English pheasant.

Governor's Island, then known as Nutten Island, taking the later name from the circumstance that the Council set it apart as a private domain for the use of the Governor of the province, was used by Governor Cosby as a game preserve; and in one of the acts of the Legislature of the time is an extremely interesting record of what must have been one of the earliest enterprises of introducing European game into America. This act, of 1738, declares that "whereas the late Governor did place about a half a dozen couple of English pheasants on Nutten Island, and first pinioned them, to the end that they might remain there to propagate their species with a view that their increase would spread from thence and stock the country with their kind; and whereas, the said fowls not only have increased vastly on the said island, but many of them already spread over to Nassau Island [Long Island] and in all probability will soon stock the country if people are restrained from destroying them for a few years. The present Governor being also desirous that the whole colony may be stocked with these birds"—it was enacted that no birds should be killed and no eggs taken for a year.

What became of the birds we have been unable to ascertain; nor do the records inform us whether or not the worthy Governor and the Manhattan sportsmen who resorted to Long Island ever enjoyed their anticipated pheasant shooting.

Moreover—and this is the human failing in which the sportsmen of the eighteenth century and his successor of the twentieth are most nearly akin—there was in those days in frequent evidence the fellow who shoots before he knows what he is shooting at and whether it is game or human. The newspapers of the day recorded his doings. "We hear," says a journal of 1734, "that on Tuesday last one Reynier Siekelse, at Gravesend, on Long Island [now a part of Greater New York], being at a Hunting and by Chance espied a Fox, which he pursued, and after some time thought he saw the Fox, behind some Bushes, and Fired at it; but when he came to the Place (without doubt to his great amazement) he found that he had shot a Woman, who was busy gathering some Berries. The fatal mistake was occasioned by her wearing an Orange Brown West-Coat. The Man is in a very melancholy condition."

Again, in 1754, one Jacob Kool, on his rounds near the city a gunning, noticed something moving in a thicket of bushes and not readily distinguishing the object imagined it to be a bear. His gun being loaded with small shot, he repaired to a near by house and enlisted the assistance of Johan Baltas Dash and a negro man. The three, armed with guns loaded with ball, went back to the bushes, and Kool discharged his gun in the middle of the thicket, as did likewise the others, "when hearing a groan and seeing the motion of a man's leg they found their mistake." It proved to be Cornelius Vonk, who was walking out from the city to refresh himself, and lying down in the thicket to rest, had fallen asleep. "The jury brought in their verdict Chance medley."

EACH recurring anniversary of Decoration Day lends new emphasis to the growing tendency to make this, as other holidays, an occasion of outdoor recreation and sport; and here and there effort is made to check the movement and preserve the original solemnity of the observance. Nebraska has a new law which prohibits all outdoor sports, which are forbidden by the Sunday observance law, such as horse racing and baseball.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will go to press next week on Monday instead of Tuesday, as usual, because of Decoration Day.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Fiesta in Moro Land.

WHEN we had been at Camp Vicars, in Moroland, for about eight months, things had settled down into pretty fair shape. The road through the jungle from Malabang, on the coast to our camp had been completed; we were getting at least two wagon-train loads of supplies and things a week; the dry (?) season had at last set in, and, take it all in all, we were comfortable enough to be a trifle bored, and to pine for other amusements than tennis and polo, and getting shot up by our friends, the enemy, at night. The latter amusement, if it may be called such, had come to be so much a matter of course with us that most of the time the sound of the firing didn't even wake us up, and when we did wake, it was only to turn over and go to sleep again, for the Moros never did any damage, and the only excitement to be had out of the matter was in wondering if, by any chance, an outpost had managed to get one of the attacking party.

After the battle of Bayang, of which I have spoken in a previous article, we were left severely alone for a couple of months. Not a shot was fired into camp, nor a single act of hostility committed against us. Then one stormy night, when it was so dark you couldn't have seen your hand before your face, the Moros crept up on an outpost, killed two of its members and wounded the other two seriously, after which it was rare that a night passed without the camp being "shot up".

They never succeeded in surprising another outpost, however, for after the first attack, when the outposts were placed, just before sun set, they were instructed to remain in their positions until after dark, and then to move about from place to place during the night, keeping of course within a few yards of their original position. In this way the enemy were prevented from locating them, and it often happened that a party of Moros would stick their heads up out of the tall grass at the very spot where the outpost had been originally placed, only to be promptly potted by the members of the said outpost, who were sitting a little distant away waiting for them to appear.

In order to relieve this monotony and furnish us with some excitement, Pershing, our commanding officer, decided to have a fiesta and invite all the Moros of the surrounding country to come in and have dinner, if not with, at least on us. Now, Pershing is a man who when once he sets out to do a thing usually carries it through to a successful termination, no matter how impossible it may have seemed at the first glance, nor how many obstacles arise. And surely when you consider the proposition of throwing open a camp in the very heart of a hostile country, and inviting the natives, not one in ten of whom were friendly to us, to come in and make themselves at home, especially when you knew that not one of them would come unless allowed to wear his arms, it did seem a crazy sort of a thing to do. But Pershing knew his people, and though many of the others thought it risky and foolhardy, I, for my part, felt sure it would be all right so long as he said it would be.

Pershing was the adopted father or brother of two-thirds of the leading men in the district for one thing, and as nearly all of them had met him both socially and officially for another, they were thoroughly familiar with his method of doing business, and I didn't believe they would be apt to take advantage of the occasion to make a hostile demonstration, for they knew that any act of that nature would be followed by punishment swift and sure, and of a character not pleasant to contemplate.

It seems to me it might be a good plan to pause right here and say a word of explanation about Pershing. I have mentioned him a number of times in previous articles, and I know a word as to who, and what he was, and his method of handling the Moros, will not come amiss.

Not long ago I read a magazine article in which the writer said that one of the most striking features of the history of our country is, that at every crisis which has confronted her there has appeared a man, who, while previously unknown, or at least nearly so, seemed nevertheless to have been specially fitted by training, taste and temperament to step in and handle the situation. The author went on to cite the cases of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and others as examples of what he meant, and his remarks certainly apply, in a lesser degree possibly, to Pershing, for I do not believe there could have been found a man in the whole United States army to handle so difficult and delicate a situation with the tact, diplomacy and patience he displayed in dealing with the Moros in the Lake Lanao country of Mindanao.

Of course, the Moro question way off there in the Philippines was neither a very great, nor a very vital one to the average citizen of this glorious republic of ours, probably not one in a hundred of whom could have told where to look for the island of Mindanao on the map. But it was a vital and important question to the fathers and mothers, sweethearts and wives, of the three or four thousand American soldiers who formed the garrison of that island, a goodly portion of whom would, most likely, never have seen "God's country" again had the wrong man been given the problem to solve.

It was also a vital and important question to some

forty or fifty thousand Moros, who, up to that time, had never been conquered, and who, to a man, were willing to die in defense of their liberties and homes. Of course, it would have been easy enough to start out an expedition and exterminate them, but that would have meant a long, and very nasty little war, which it was not the policy of the Government at Washington to bring about at that time, in the face of a presidential election, nor would it have been a just or humane way out of the difficulty. So nothing remained but to win the Moros over to us by diplomacy.

Pershing had always been fond of studying and fraternizing with the natives among whom he found himself, be they who they might. As a second lieutenant of cavalry stationed at Fort Custer, Montana, some twenty years ago, he had been adopted by a chief of the Crow Indians as his son, and received by that tribe as a member. In 1899 he was sent to the Philippines, where, after being shifted about from place to place, he finally found himself at Zamboanga, the capital and metropolis of Mindanao, as Adjutant-General of the Department of Mindanao and Jolo.

True to his old habits he promptly became interested in the Moros of that section, and later, when the ever-



MOROS WATCHING THE GAMES.

changing kaleidoscope of military service sent him to command the troops at the little town of Illigan, on the northern coast of the island, he found that his fame had preceded him, and there was hardly a Sultan or Datto of importance within two or three days' journey of that place, but hurried to pay his respects to the new commandant.

After awhile even, some of the leading men of the lake country, which lies two days' journey back of Illigan, who did not make the trip to the coast more than once a year, heard of him, and came down to Illigan, especially to visit him, and it was not long before Pershing found himself on friendly terms with many Moros who, up to that time, had been regarded as irreconcilably hostile to all white men.

By exercising the greatest judgment, firmness and tact, by never promising them more than he could and was willing to perform, by listening to their grievances with patience, treating them and their manners and customs with courtesy and respect, and by making them understand that we were in their country, not to despoil their homes and make slaves of them, nor to interfere with their laws or religion, but rather to help and encourage them, he won their confidence and regard, and was finally able to induce a very wealthy and influential Datto, named Ahmi Manibeling, who lived at Marahui, on the northern end of the lake, to invite him to come there and make him a visit.

This invitation was only extended by Manibeling after a long and stormy consultation with the other leaders of the lake district, and permission was finally granted Pershing to enter that sacred country, only on condition that he came unaccompanied by any other white man and should go no further than his friend's house.

Overjoyed by the success of his plans in securing the invitation, Pershing went off with Ahmi Manibeling and spent a week visiting the Moros on the lake in the vicinity of Marahui, and met all the most powerful and influential men of the district, laying the foundation of a friendship with them, which has lasted up to the present time; and to-day, his name is one to conjure

with throughout all that region and is known and respected wherever a Moro "shack" stands on the island of Mindanao.

After Camp Vicars was established, Pershing, because of his intimate knowledge of, and friendly relations with the Moros, was relieved from command at Illigan and sent to take charge of Moro affairs at that place under the command of Colonel Frank D. Baldwin, of the 27th Infantry; and here it is that fate stepped in. In less than a month after Pershing reported to Colonel Baldwin for duty, the latter was made a brigadier general, in recognition of the services he had performed in opening up the country, and John J. Pershing, a junior and up to then a practically unknown captain of cavalry, being the senior officer present, found himself in command of the most important, and one of the largest military posts in the Philippine Islands, with the task of solving the hardest problem confronting the Government, on his hands.

When Pershing fell heir to the command at Camp Vicars the situation there was practically as follows:

Here were anywhere from forty to sixty thousand Moros, newly come under the influence of the United States, who were war-like, proud and unconquered; they not only resented our presence in their country, but were suspicious of our good intentions toward them, and feared us as well. They were hostile, almost to a man; were not only willing, but apparently anxious to fight us; and there were just two ways open to the authorities for handling the situation. One, to use force, which meant practically the extermination of the whole community, and the other to patiently strive by diplomacy to win their confidence and ultimately their friendship, gradually getting them to submit to the laws provided for their government, by persuading them that these laws were for their best interests and protection. Of course, the Government selected the latter plan, and nowhere could they have found a better man to carry it out than Pershing. The Moros are great diplomats, but he played their own game with them and beat them at it.

Some fool Datto would get his fur up and send us a letter filled with pictures of forts bristling with cannon, and usually burned in six places, which with the Moros means war to the bitter end, challenging us to come over and fight on the pain of having all sorts of dreadful things done to us if we didn't. Then Pershing would set to work; and the first thing you'd know he'd succeed in getting this belligerent person to meet him and talk things over. When they met, Pershing, who in the meantime had been learning all he could about this Datto and his family, would ask him how his brother Ahmi "This" was, and be greatly surprised to find that he was the son-in-law of Datto "That," who was a great friend of Pershing's, and before the hostile knew what was happening to him, he and Pershing would be shaking hands and adopting each other and swearing eternal friendship. Then, perhaps, if it was not too far, Pershing would take us all for a visit to the hostile's house, where we would sit on the floor and chew betel nut (or at least some of us would) and talk about how much we had always loved each other and how glad we were that the "cool war," as Mr. Dooley would call it, was over. Pershing during the visit would let fall certain little remarks which would give the erstwhile hostile to understand that he, the hostile, was the only warrior in the whole lake country who really were afraid of, and that while of course he, Pershing, believed that we would have been victorious had it come to a fight, still it would have been a very big battle indeed, and so on and so forth. Then our friend and late enemy would begin to swell up and talk big, and we'd all say good-bye and go back to camp.

Two or three days later some friendly Moro would come in and inform Pershing that this recently hostile Datto was at his, the friend's, house and wanted to come in and visit his brother, or whatever relation it was he and Pershing had adopted each other as. Pershing, of course, would be very pleased to receive him, and an hour or so afterward would be heard the sound of a drum, and presently over the hill back of camp would appear a procession in single file, small boys skillfully mixed in with the men, so as to lend the appearance of a great and powerful following, every one dressed in his best clothes, spears all trimmed with feathers, campilans and krises with handles of gold and silver, and headed by the friendly Datto and the one coming to pay his respects both, usually, mounted on ponies which were also trimmed with feathers and bells and things.

When the procession arrived in front of Pershing's tent he would appear and much hand shaking would follow. Then the two Dattos would seat themselves cross-legged under the tent fly, their followers would squat in a semi-circle in front of it, and a lot more talk would follow. Like as not Pershing would send his orderly for me, and I would hook on my sabre and go over and shake hands all around and be adopted three or four times. Pershing would then produce half a dozen or so small looking glasses, a stock of which he kept on hand for the purpose, a couple of bottles of toilet water, and send a messenger to the commissary for a few pounds of rice and a plug of condemned chewing tobacco, which all the Moros, especially the women, love, and present them to our visitor for him-

self and the ladies of his harem. Our new friend would then usually reciprocate by presenting to Pershing some chickens and eggs, or perhaps a knife or a sarong. Then, after more talk, our guests would rise and with some remark about affairs of state needing them, would shake hands all round again and take their departure, and another Datto would have been won from the ranks of the hostiles.

But it was heart-breaking work nevertheless. Time after time have I seen Pershing's plans fall all to pieces after he had spent weeks and sometimes months on them, and through no fault of his own.

The Moro priests, or Panditas, as they are called, were very bitter against us and intensely hostile. Nothing seemed too absurd for them to charge against Pershing. Did a Sultan die: It was because he was a friend of Pershing. Was the valley devastated by an earthquake or a hurricane, it was Allah showing his wrath because the people did not arise in their might and drive the dogs of Christians into the sea. Once it was an epidemic of cholera that was laid at his door, but through it all he remained the same calm, cheerful person whom nothing seemed to discourage, and no sooner would one cherish a scheme for the pacification of the people crumble away than he would be hard at work on another to take its place.

And that's the way the Moros will be finally conquered. By good, fair, square, honest treatment winning their confidence and respect. It is the men like Pershing who meet with the real, substantial, lasting success in handling the natives of the Philippines, and who will finally succeed in solving the problem. Always friendly, always courteous, always honest with them, taking them seriously at all times, even though their customs often do seem ridiculous and absurd to us, and believing that months of patient waiting and diplomacy are infinitely to be preferred to a resort to arms which should never be used until all else has failed.

But to get back to this fiesta I started to tell you about. Having decided to have the celebration we sent out runners to all the neighboring rancherias with letters of invitation to every one to come in and celebrate with us. In the invitations we also set forth the programme for the day, which consisted of tugs of war, foot, pony and horse races, throwing the spear, wrestling, jumping, etc., most of the events being open to both Moros and soldiers alike, the whole celebration to wind up with a big dinner and a dance in the evening.

The natives took kindly to the idea, and when the appointed day rolled around we were assured of a big attendance. Along about 8 o'clock in the morning we heard the measured beats of a drum and presently our first guests appeared, headed by my friend, Pedro, dressed in his very best clothes, the trousers of which were made of a pair of bath towels he had talked me out of the day before, and looking more like a catfish than ever. He and his party had hardly reached the outposts, when from every direction could have been seen small parties of Moros hurrying toward camp.

The camp, as is usual in an enemy's country, was entirely surrounded by a line of outposts placed here and there in commanding positions and anywhere from 250 to 500 yards apart. It was a rule that all natives wishing to enter must do so at certain of these outposts where they were required to leave their weapons before being admitted. The non-commissioned officers in charge of these designated entrances, of which there was one on each side of camp, gave them little slips of wood with numbers written on them in exchange for their knives, spears, etc., and tags with corresponding numbers were attached to the arms which were put to one side and retained until their owner was ready to leave camp. Having completed his business, whatever it was, and wishing to depart, the native went to the outpost at which he had entered, presented his slip which was taken up, and his knife or knives returned to him. When a native desired to bring a number of weapons into camp with him for the purpose of selling them, he was escorted to the market place, where special stalls were provided for the sale of arms, over which a heavy guard was always maintained. No one was permitted to handle, or purchase, these arms except from the non-commissioned officer in charge, nor were natives ever allowed to purchase articles of that character within the limits of camp.

Only a very few permits were given, even to our most trusted friends, to enter camp wearing their knives. Datto Pedro and Datto Grande, whose loyalty and friendship had been thoroughly tested, being the only natives, so far as I can now remember, who were habitually allowed to do so. This regulation, as may be readily understood, was absolutely necessary, and while at first it gave us no end of trouble to enforce, and was the occasion of much hard feeling toward us on the part of some of the natives, they soon became reconciled and apparently thought no more about it.

Of course, no Moro of rank would any more think of appearing in public without his knife, than we would think of going to hear Parsifal in a bathing suit. So, whenever such a one presented himself at an outpost, the officer of the guard was notified and went out and escorted him to the commanding officer. Sometimes when the visiting Moro was of very, very high rank indeed, not only he, but his entire escort as well, were allowed to retain their weapons. In such cases, however, there was always a company of infantry held in readiness, discreetly out of sight behind the tents, in case anything should happen, but nothing ever did.

As the Moros arrived at the entrances to camp on this day of which I am telling you, they were met by an officer who passed them in, their leaders being permitted to retain their arms. They then proceeded to Pershing's tent where they paid their respects to him, after which they scattered about the camp, meeting friends and seeing the sights.

They were especially interested in the guns of the mountain battery and never seemed to tire of examining and asking questions about them. How far would they shoot? How much did they cost? What was the price of the cartridges for them? and so on, ad lib., some of which questions were rather hard to

answer off hand, particularly in Spanish, which is the court language in Moroland, but which was spoken none too fluently by either the Moros or ourselves.

I rather imagine that more than one dusky gentleman present there that day could have told just how it felt to be the man in front of, instead of the one behind, the gun, so far as these little beauties were con-



THE SULTAN OF BAYANG.

cerned, for there were Moros there from all parts of the lake, and among them must have been many who had fought against us.

In fact one Datto called at my tent, and opening his jacket, pointed to a scar on his breast, which he said was the result of a rifle bullet fired at him by me



AHMIR BANCURU, THE WEALTHIEST MORO IN MOROLAND.

during the fight at Fort Pandapatan, some months before, and I remembered both the circumstances and the man's face.

At this fight my company had advanced to within about thirty yards of the fort, when I found the Moros to be in such strong force that I halted and sent back for reinforcements. While we were waiting for these to come up, this Moro, whose name was Narga, and I were engaged in an impromptu duel. The ground was utterly devoid of cover of any kind, and while kneeling there directing my men and wishing heartily that I had never left home and mother, for there were about 600 Moros in that fort and its trenches, and each one of them seemed to be armed with a latest model automatic gun and unlimited ammunition, and to be shooting at me personally, when I awakened to the fact that a disagreeable person in a red turban and a yellow jacket was popping up from the trench right in my front every three or four minutes and taking a pot-shot at me. There could be no question as to his intentions, which were unpleasant; nor as to his aim, which was bad, else I would not be writing this. But at such short range he could not help coming altogether too close for comfort, so I took my rifle, a Winchester, using Krag cartridge, and started in to silence his batteries before he silenced mine. After potting at each other for the better part of an hour I finally landed him, but he managed to crawl away and get through our lines that night, to reappear at this fiesta and shake hands with me.

We had two very distinguished visitors at our party, the Sultan of Bayang, and his father-in-law, Ahmi Ban-

curan, whose pictures will show you what real, sure enough members of the Moro four-hundred look like. Bancuran, the Sultana of Bayang, didn't come, of course, but we called on her later and found her a really pretty girl and were royally entertained.

Pedro, with an eye to the revolver I had promised him for Christmas, came to my tent soon after his arrival and presented me with a very handsome Spanish sword in a beautifully carved silver sheath, the handle being of silver of Moro workmanship, and a cage containing three live quail, an old hen and two chicks, which Lomocdi had trapped for me. These quail, which are very plentiful over there, are shaped like our Bob White, but their plumage is very much darker, almost black in fact, and they are without the markings on cheek and throat which Bob and his wife sport, and are only as large as the English sparrow. As soon as I could, I took these that Pedro had brought me over to the edge of camp and released them. When free, the old hen flew a short distance into the grass and in a minute or two I heard a familiar ka-loi-hee, ka-loi-hee, and the chicks, which had only run a little ways and then squatted, scurried into the cover and I saw them no more.

Pedro was very much disappointed at not receiving the revolver, but took it with true oriental stoicism and said, when I explained that it had not yet arrived, and how sorry I was at the delay, "bueno—patiencia," by which he meant that it was well and he would have to be patient.

About 10 o'clock, when almost every one had arrived, we started up the sports. The first event was a tug-of-war between teams from different organizations stationed at Camp Vicars. No team from the Moros was entered in this event, but in the next, a 100-yard dash, several natives ran and one of them came in first. They also took part in the three-legged and potato races and seemed to enter heartily into the spirit of the thing, those participating being laughed at and guyed by the other Moros quite as much as our men were by their comrades, all of which they took goodnaturedly and seemed to enjoy.

In the spear throwing contest, a tree about twelve feet high was used for a target. The bark was peeled from one side of it for a distance of five or six feet above the ground and, standing off some thirty or thirty-five yards, they cast their spears at it with wonderful force and accuracy, using a peculiar underhand motion difficult to describe and more so to imitate. The spears used in casting were from five to six feet long and had light "behuca" shafts, and steel heads of varying lengths and shapes. I had never seen them throw their spears before, except on one or two occasions when, while attacking a fort they threw them up in the air from the inside, in hopes that in falling they might hit one of us, and I was more interested in this event than in any other part of the day's proceedings.

I learned subsequently that of recent years they do not use spears very often, except for hunting, or in an ambush, as many of them have guns and prefer to use them for long range work. At close quarters they use the kris, or campilan, which are much handier than a spear and quite as effective. It seems to me though, they might much better have stuck to their spears, as they are certainly very expert with them while they can't hit the broad side of a barn with a rifle.

By far the most popular event on the programme was the pony races, which were run Moro fashion and were very exciting. The Moros are great lovers of horses and have some very fine ponies among them. They ride perched way up in the air on a wooden saddle, which they rest on a sack of dried grass or native cotton, at least ten inches thick. For stirrups they use small pieces of wood with a notch cut in one end; this they place between the great and second toes, the great toe resting in the notch. These stirrups are suspended from the saddle proper by a short piece of twisted hemp, so that when the rider is mounted his feet are little lower than the top of the pony's back and he looks like a monkey riding a trick pony at the circus.

The ponies themselves are beautiful little animals from eleven and a half to thirteen hands high, the average being about twelve hands, anything over that being rare. The Moros never use their ponies for draught purposes, either riding them or else using them for pack animals. As a rule they are mean little beasts and will bite or kick or strike whenever they get a chance. But they can carry a man weighing in the neighborhood of 180 pounds up hill and down dale all day and then try to run away or throw him when he gets into camp at night.

The Moro method of racing differs considerably from ours. The course is a straightaway about 300 yards long. The competitors line up 100 yards or so in rear of the starting point and at the word set off in a dead run. It doesn't seem to make any difference whether they all cross the starting line at once or not, just so long as they are not too badly strung out, and it is considered perfectly good form to do anything that will help you win, even to slashing another pony across the face with your quirt, or, if necessary, running into a rival and upsetting him.

On this day there were at least thirty ponies entered in the various races, the winners being a little black, owned by Ahmi Puk-Puk of Paulus, and a roan, by all odds the finest pony I saw in the Philippines, belonging to Ahmi Tompugo, of Tubyan. Most all Moro ponies are single-footers, and this roan could go at that gait as fast as my big American horse could trot, which wasn't slow, and what was more he could keep up his gait much longer than my horse could his.

After the sports were over, we got up a race between the winning ponies, and the two American horses, which had won in their races, and while the American horses beat, as was to be expected, they didn't have a walk-over by any means.

The horse races wound up the day's programme, except for the dance and feast which was to come later in the afternoon and in the evening. In the interim many of our guests took themselves off to the market place to while away the time gambling, and others

squatted cross-legged under the shade of our tent flies and watched the impromptu foot and horse races growing out of the morning's games, or else dozed lazily in the sun.

I was quite ill at this time, and the morning's excitement having tired me out, after luncheon I retired to my tent with the intention of taking a siesta. Presently, however, Lomocdi and a whole lot of other youngsters invaded my canvas mansion, so, instead of going to sleep, I spent most of the afternoon entertaining them and being not a little entertained myself. They were nice youngsters, the whole lot of them, Lomocdi, Balading, Cambien and Tompugo being my especial favorites, although I was great friends with all of them and found them very much like our own boys.

We amused ourselves at first by talking over the morning's sports and incidents. Then I got out a lot of old magazines and their delight and astonishment at the pictures was comical to see. Questions came thick and fast. How far would that enormous cannon sticking from the side of that "vinta grande" (one of our war ships) shoot? Why weren't our houses built of bamboo like the Moros built theirs, and why were they so high? Didn't they kill a great many people when earthquakes shook them down? How many people lived in my town? How much did we have to pay for women and slaves? and so on, until they finally became interested in trying to pick out the women from the men in the pictures, their pride when they happened to strike it right being very amusing. They seemed to have quite as much trouble in making the distinction as some of my friends do in picking the women from the men in the photographs of the Moros, which I brought back. The boys thought the slender waists and long skirts of our women very odd, and wanted to know if they were like that all the time, or only gotten up for the occasion, to have their pictures taken. Finally they got to squabbling so over a picture, some claiming it was that of a "bye-bye" (woman), and others that it was of a "mama" (man), that they made me nervous, so I sprinkled the better part of the bottle of toilet water over them, and presenting them with a couple of packages of native cigarettes, sent them away.

So many more accepted our invitation than we had

expected that we found it would be impossible to prepare enough food for them with our limited facilities for cooking. So we decided to give them their things raw, and let them cook for themselves; an arrangement which seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to them and was certainly very much easier for us. The menu consisted of hard-tack, rice, coffee, brown sugar, plug tobacco, cigarettes and a few cans of salmon. After receiving their rations a great many of our guests left for their homes, while the others proceeded to cook up their "chow" and dine.

To cook their rice they cut a piece of bamboo as large in diameter as they could find, reamed out the partitions except the one at the bottom; put the rice in it and rested it in a forked stick so that the bamboo tube was at a considerable angle with the ground. Under this tube they built a fire and when the rice was cooked all they had to do was to split the bamboo off and there it was all ready to be eaten, and prepared in this way it is delicious. Of course, the bamboo used for this purpose must be green, and sufficiently large to have walls at least three-eighths of an inch thick, so it won't burn through. I have made coffee in this way and had no trouble, for, while bamboo will burn readily when dry, it is almost impossible to set it on fire when it is green. I don't know what the Moros would do without the bamboo. They use it for about every thing under the sun, from building their houses with it to eating it, the young shoots being very palatable and not unlike cabbage.

In the evening the Moros danced for us, if it could be called dancing. One of them would arise from among those squatted in a circle around a huge fire, and with his kris or campilan in one hand and often a shield in the other, strike an attitude and shout a few words; then changing his posture, shout a few words more and so on, each sentence ending with a peculiar rising inflection of the voice. Some of their poses while going through this so-called dance were extremely graceful, while others were comical almost to the verge of grotesque.

Leon, one of our interpreters, told me that during this dance the performer first recounts the fame of his ancestors, then tells of his own war-like deeds, and

finally winds up by reviling his enemies. This I can very well believe, for I have often seen them go through the same antics in defiance to us as we were approaching one of their forts to attack it.

During the evening a sword dance was also performed, the dancers going through the motions of an attack and defense with various weapons, which they at times made very realistic by uttering piercing war whoops and making awful slashes at each other. The whole thing reminded me a good deal of some of the dances I have seen among our own Indians.

The music for the occasion was furnished by a Moro orchestra whose instruments consisted of gongs of two sizes. One, about eighteen inches in diameter, called an "agun," and a series of smaller gongs arranged in little bamboo frames so as to form a sort of rude scale, something on the order of a xylophone, called a "culantangan," which the operator vigorously pounded with a drumstick, so far as I could see without any regard to time or which particular one he hit. But the Moros seemed to enjoy it, so the rest of us were satisfied.

These gongs are the only musical (?) instruments I saw among the Moros with the exception of a drum made of a hollow log with a piece of skin stretched over one end, and an instrument, closely resembling a violoncello, which was found in a house by one of our officers during a fight.

Along about 9 o'clock Pershing politely informed our guests that it was time for them to go home, which they didn't seem at all inclined to do at first, but we finally managed to get rid of them and turned in well satisfied with our day's work, which we hoped would bear fruit in the shape of convincing some of the still hostile Moros that we had no evil intentions toward them.

After leaving our camp, however, many of our guests apparently decided that the night was altogether too young for them to stop celebrating, so they adjourned to Pedro's house, where they kept up their merry-making pretty much all night, and it was not until the first streak of gray dawn appeared that everything became quiet and our first fiesta in Moroland was over.

AHMI COMMISSARIO.



Some Bird Names.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

All the winged wanderers over the wide ocean are well identified by the watchful mariner, who often addresses them by fanciful titles. Thus for one reason he dubs "frigates" and "man-o-war birds" these tireless fliers which the naturalist names after *Phaethon*, and calls them "boatswain's birds" for another—namely, the resemblance between the long projecting tail-feathers and a marling-spike. Additional instances will occur later.

We have two pelicans in this country—the white and the brown. The word comes from a Greek one of nearly the same sound, which belonged to a woodpecker and also to a seabird. Its application to the former can be understood, for it simply meant "the axman"; but why to this one, of all the sea-birds? In Egypt the pelican is the "camel-of-the-river," and in Persia "the water-carrier." "Cormorant" is, in name, simply a sea-crow—*corvus marinus*—brought to us apparently through the Portuguese; another name for this unhandsome tribe is "shag," which is said by etymologists to be an obscure reference to the rough hair-like feathers on the bird's head. Undoubtedly that is the root, but the Icelanders, at least, had formed a separate word *skegglingur* (modern *skegga*) as long ago as when the Eddas were written. The closely allied gannet ("little goose") is often called a "haglet"—should this be "shaglet"? "Solon goose," a kind of gannet, is a mispronunciation of the Icelandic name *sula*.

The Celtic tongue has given "gull" to our language; an old pronunciation was "gow," and "divie-gow" is the way some British sailors speak of a gull yet. The kittiwake tells its name with every petulant scream, and you may see the black burden on the back of the "coffin-carrier" with each turn in his flight. The small gulls called "sea-swallows" or "terns" (Latin *Sterna*) have many names, but none require remark except "marlin," which is either a diminutive of the Icelandic *marr*, the sea, or of "marlingspike." The big "jæger" or hunter gulls of the North Atlantic, who yell *skua! skua!* are "marlingspikes" to most sailors, and "hags," or "hagdens" to the Banks fishermen, probably on account of their witch-like and doleful screams, heard loudest in bad weather, when the birds can hardly be seen.

Petrel is to be translated "little Peter," and applies to those wide-wandering birds because they seem to walk on the waves as did St. Peter. "Mother Carey's chickens," the name of the least of the race, comes to us, it is supposed, from the Portuguese *Madre cara*, meaning, in fact, Mother of Our Lord. Among all sailors this bird, which is suddenly attracted toward any ship in sight when storms arise, as if it were a guardian spirit sent from Above, is an object of reverent superstition, so that such a name is not surprising. All the small petrels are known as "mollymokes" in the arctic regions, a term borrowed from the Greenland Eskimos and said by Captain Austin ("Explorations," 1850) to mean stupid fliers.

The puffins take their odd name from their puffed-out appearance, no doubt; but are also known to seamen as "Mother Carey's geese," and "hagdens," as also is the thin-beaked "shearwater." The word "grebe" is said by Skeat to be the French form of a Celtic word, meaning a comb, or crest, in reference to that ornament on the head of the crested species to which it was first applied. Such names as "dabchick," "dipper," "di'dapper" and

"water-witch" refer to its astonishing quickness in disappearing after an alarm. Why grebes should be called "pegging awls" and "pine-knots" in New England, or "tinker loons" in Illinois I do not know.

Another famous diver is the great northern one, called a "loon" here, and in the Old World, where, however, it is not restricted to the *Colymbi*, as with us. The word is now "loom" in northern Scotland, and comes from *lomr*, the Icelandic name of the bird, in imitation of its characteristic cry; and from this root compounds were made by the islanders that carry with them the sense of loud lamentation, so that to the ears of the early Northmen the voice of the loon, which we call a "laugh," appears to be a woful and melancholy cry. A common name for this bird in northern Ireland and Scotland is "ember," or "immer" goose, handed down from an old Icelandic name of the bird, *himbrin*, which is recorded in the Eddas. "Cape Race," "pegging awl," and "pegmonk" are American seamen's words for this well-known sea bird.

For "auk" we must again turn to the Icelandic, which spelled it *alka*, but in old English books the spelling "alk" and "auke" are frequently met with. As to "penguin" the Etymological Dictionary says: "In a tract printed in 1588 we read that Sir F. Drake gave a certain island the name of Penguin Island in 1587, from the penguins found there. The word appears to be Welsh *pen gwen*, i. e., white head. If so it must first have been given to another bird, such as the auk (the puffin is common in Anglesey) since the penguin's head is black." This is unsatisfactory, but better than Worcester's suggestion that it comes from the Latin *pinguis*, fat. Why not say the word is "pin-wing," in reference to the apparently unfledged condition of the abortive wing, which is the most striking peculiarity about these birds? We still say *pin*-feathers for those only half-grown, and the word is seen in old writings as "penguin" and "pengwin," and even "pin-wing." The sailor's name for the giant of the race (*Alca impennis*) once abundant along the rocky islands and coasts of the North Atlantic, but now unhappily extinct, was "gare-fowl," meaning the birds that stood and stared at one instead of seeking to escape.

This brings us to the end of the bird list, and leaves us where it found us, with the imitation of its voice as the strongest element in the making of birds' names, and the many derivatives therefrom which enrich the vocabulary of all languages.

Late Wild Geese.

NEW LONDON, Conn., May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 17th of this month I noticed a flock of twenty-five or thirty wild geese traveling in a north-easterly direction a little to the west of this place. I think this is unusual for this time of the year. If so, it might be of interest to some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

J. ROBERTS MEAD.

Female Kirtland Warbler in Ohio.

LAKEWOOD, O., May 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had the good fortune to capture a female Kirtland warbler to-day (May 15), being second specimen in twenty years. About that time a female was taken May 15. This seems to show that the males pass through first, as on May 4 a male was killed by me, which makes five taken in this locality.

A. HALL.

Capers of the Crow.

By this title to an article in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM by Charles Hallock I am reminded of many of the doings of tame crows that I have known.

I wonder how many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM know that by getting a young crow, before it is able to fly, and by patience and perseverance for a few days, or perhaps weeks, it can be taught to talk, and after the first few words that it learns to pronounce it learns much faster than any child that I ever knew or heard of. Among wild crows I never have seen one that talked, so I cannot say whether talking would frighten crows or not, but I presume it would. I wish that a pair of talking crows could be mated, and raise a brood to see whether they would teach their young to use human speech.

I have seen things that astonished me as much as that would. I have seen a pet duck raise a brood of chickens, and before they were two weeks old she had them well versed in duck language, and had taught them to swim. The reason that I have for believing that they understood duck language is this: that if a hawk or crow flew near she would give one harsh quack and every one of the chicks would scud into the weeds, and after the danger was past she would give five or six gentle quacks and out they would come, without the least appearance of fear.

But the greatest performance was the way she impressed it on their minds that it was time that they learned to swim. One foggy cold morning, early in the spring, when they were about a week old, I heard her using some of the worst duck language that I ever heard and the chicks were yelling all kinds of bloody murder. I ran out to learn what was the trouble, and there she was at the edge of the water grabbing the chicks in her mouth and throwing them in the river, and they were scrambling out so fast that she never had more than half of the brood in the water at one time. I knew that the water and the weather were so cold that she would have them so chilled in a short time that they would all die, so I shut her up in the coop and kept her there for several days. When I again let her out she took the chickens to the water and gave them another lesson in swimming, and she repeated this several times a day, and in three or four days she had them educated so that when she would go into the water and call to them to come along they did so without any hesitation. She apparently had sense enough not to keep them in the water long at a time, and that I call reasoning, for it certainly was not instinct.

One of the talking crows that I have known was owned by a man by the name of Lew Labady, that kept a hotel in Petoskey, Mich., and his wife one day in a fit of anger for some misdemeanor that the crow had cut up, grabbed him and took him out in the yard and chopped his head off, the crow shouting "Oh, don't," "oh, don't," as she carried him to the block.

I suppose I should not write this last part, neither do I know as you will publish it, but I was angry at her for killing the crow, for I had taught him to talk several years before, and the offense was small. He had undertaken to fly off with a small bottle of something, ink probably, and had dropped it and the bottle broke and made a stain on the carpet. Her husband would have been willing to recarpet the room rather than to lose the crow, and he was as angry about it as I was.

I don't know that all crows could be taught to talk, for it seems reasonable to me that some of them might be much more intelligent than others. I have known three talking crows, and they all spoke in a higher key than people commonly do, but not more so than a few persons that I have known, but their talk is very much plainer than that of any parrot, and a crow does not use a lot of meaningless words and he knows what he is talking about.

One of these crows was owned by a man that lived in Cena, upper Michigan. I don't know as he or the crow either is living now or not, for it has been a long time since I was there, but that crow had a knowledge and command of wit and repartee that would beat the best criminal lawyer that ever tried to tangle a witness in his evidence. I can't recall the man's name that owned him, and the other crow was shot by mistake for a wild crow, and the man's name that owned him was Tom Cutler, and he lived in Traverse City, Mich., and some of his sons are living there now. W. A. LINKLETTER.

HOQUIAM, Wash.

California Rough Notes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While in these parts it is my experience to be constantly meeting up with new forms, some of which are not in the cases of the National Museum. Natives and old residents are apt to select their bathing places along shore for fear of some of these forms, and picnic parties who take a day off on the mesas and barancas are apt to look where they sit down. To-day I climbed into the loft of an unoccupied barn, and found that the owls had started up a big colony there. Nevertheless, the outcome from the exuberance of natural surroundings is for the most part charming, and I repeat, as declared before, that southern California is indeed a winsome spot of earth, as included within its mountainous environment; only 35,000 square miles, I believe, but it has its lap full, and whatever is superfluous therein is poured out into the ocean, especially in the rainy season.

The amount of rain we have had since Christmas is marvellous, and our five great mountain reservoirs are deep enough and spacious enough to float the combined navies of Russia and Hayti, the sounding line reaching from fifty-one to seventy-two feet, which is not bad for a semi-arid coutry requiring irrigation. I send you a cut of the Sweetwater Dam herewith. Such vivid greens I never saw in New England, nor such rank growths of cultivated flora anywhere on earth. Geraniums, begonias and many hot-house plants which we in New York are accustomed to grow in pots and tubs, here run up to fifteen feet, and vegetables and fruit trees which eke out a scanty single crop give out three. We can shell green peas from the pod at any season we choose to plant and raise the seed, and as for wild flowers there are enough now out on the mesa to be had for the gathering to stock a botanical garden.

Verily this is a charming land. My driven pen is kept continually busy answering the various many questions from interested persons who wish to do the Pacific side. The heft of the inquiry is in the direction of hunting and fishing; and there are twenty-eight kinds of edible fish caught in San Diego Bay, but people wish to learn also about climate, the cost of living and building, and about orange culture and poultry raising, irrigation, choice of residence sites, and whether mosquitoes are bad; and more of like sort. Notwithstanding the volumes that have been written in praise of southern California by well known writers, from first to last, there seems at present to be a loud call for assurance, that it is just as Nordhoff, Pixley, Holden, Van Dyke, Lumimis and others have declared. For illustration, an article of mine describing National City, which was printed in the Northampton Gazette in February, and alluded to in FOREST AND STREAM, brought applications from three parties wanting houses. I have called the attention of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce to this thirst for information, and suggested an output of propaganda.

One satisfying comfort of coming to National City more than to any other town is derived from the fact that it is so largely native American, the percentage of foreigners being insignificant. Those remaining here now, since the Santa Fe Railroad shops were removed to San Bernardino, are chiefly elderly people who want to live in peace and quietness, and plant for themselves an ideal environment for a comfortable old age, not caring to put in the whole of their declining years in behalf of posterity. One does not have to wait forty years for a tree to grow large enough to cast a grateful shade. They culminate within one's life insurance possibilities. You have all heard of our plant and vegetable growths, and our three crops of fruit per year. It is odd to see mature apples in March on trees which blossomed in September. Figs, oranges and lemons all have three crops a year, but all deciduous fruit trees follow closely the habits of their Eastern congeners, such as pears, cherries, quinces, plums, peaches, apricots, etc.

As yet we have had no insect pests. A few mosquitoes are in evidence in certain localities, but other localities are exempt. Later on, when the sun warms up the salamanders and the Gila monsters, I expect to see all manner of snakes and reptiles, toads and tarantulas; unless the swollen streams have washed them off the mountain slopes into the sea. Some day the tide may set the other way, and wash the squids, octopods, stingrays and devil-fish up into the barancas.

Of one melodious measure I must write: it is of the medley of the California mockingbird.

I have often listened to the polyglot of caged mockingbirds, as well as to the song rhapsodies of native North Carolina mockers, which sit on gables and improvise a most extraordinary tangle of melody; but shiver my timbers if ever I ran into such a cyclone of versification as the warbler in front of my bungalow discourses daily. And almost every residence has its one especial minstrel. 'Tis a study to listen to. The notes seem almost word sounds. No human articulation could ring so many rapid changes on the vowels, varied by intricate inflections and modulations as this wondrous songster can utter in the course of its rendition. Now, the North Carolina mockingbird seems to merely imitate the notes of other birds, like a parrot or mina bird; but this chief musician is an improviser as well as mimic, and he will sit on a wind-

mill, ridge-pole, chimney or other high perch and reel off solfeggios and grace notes which would astonish the most gifted rag-time composer, and put the best German canary to stumps. Usually as many as fifteen minutes are occupied in delivering his repertoire, after which there follows an interval of hush. I have started as many as three mockers at once out of a loquat tree in our garden, but no two of them would attempt to sing at once, or interrupt another's singing. Each songster is permitted to do his own stunt in its own sweet time. Then, after a deferential pause, a second champion is likely to start in something after the following strain, the notes sounding amazingly like words:

THE MOCKER'S MEDLEY.

Cheap! cheap! cheap! cheap!
Let me try! Let me try!
Quick! quick! quick! quick!
Thank you! thank you!
Pick-wick! pick-wick!
Whir-r-r-r-r!
Chew-chew-chew-chew!
Chew it! chew it! chew it! chew it!
Witcher, witcher, witcher!
Witchita! witchita! witchita!
Mieauw! (cat call)
Come here! come here!
Birdie! birdie! birdie!
Chip-chip-chip-chip!
You're a wit! you're a wit!
Who? who? who? who?
Pee-wee! pee-wee!
Wake up! wake up!
Wee-haw! wee-haw! wee-haw!
Haw-wee! haw-wee! haw-wee!
Haw! haw!
What cheer! what cheer!

(A pause.)

Too-wee! too-wee! twitter twee!
Good fellow! good fellow!
See me! see me!
Jocko! Jocko! Jocko!
Caesar! Caesar! Caesar!
Cut it out! cut it out!
Chicora! chicora! chikaree!
Tut, tut, tut, tut!
Quit it! quit it! quit-quit!
Saw cut! saw cut! so be it!
So be it! 'tis like it! 'tis like it!
Peter! Peter! Peter!
Gawky-gawky-gawky!
Kollup, Kollup, Kollup!
Chee! chee! chee! meet me!
Meet me! meet me! meet me!
Better not! better not! not!
Sweet! sweet! sweet! sweet!
Mieauw! C-r-r-r-r-r-r!
Phew! phew! phe-e-e-w!

(Another pause.)

Esau! Esau! Esau!
Up-up-up-up!
Go it! go it! go it!
Polly up! polly up! polly up!
Chew it! chew it! chew it!
Butter fat! butter fat! Out strip it!
Out strip it! out strip it!
Fitchu! fitchu! fitchu!
Silly, silly, silly!
Cut it! cut it! cut it!
Cheerful! cheerful! cheerful!
Good cheer! good cheer!
Cheep, cheep, cheep!
Fichu! fichu! More, too! More, too!
Twir-r-r! chip, chip, chip!
Queer! queer! Mieauw!

At the finale the bird usually takes a short flight and plumps down into a bush, where the last cat call is made. This note alone of all the repertoire remains constant throughout the year. One peculiarity is that it sings at night, at all hours; not just a note or two, but continuously at intervals. This night song is not so rollicking as the day song, and the matins differ from the vespers. I think that ornithologists have seldom referred to this fact, or to the general fact that the California mocker is a nocturnal singer, though it is palpable enough to listeners who are out late. CHARLES HALLOCK.

NATIONAL CITY, Cal., March 1905.

British Columbia Game Importation.

THE importation of game birds into British Columbia in 1904, reported in a former issue, has been supplemented this year by further effort in the same line.

The birds were shipped by Messrs. Cross & Co. from Liverpool on Feb. 23 last. Thirty-four birds reached Vancouver alive and in good condition. The birds were divided into two lots, eight brace being put down on March 23 on Mr. H. Hulbert's farm at Chilliwack, and the remainder on Mr. F. B. Pemberton's place at Port Guichon. Last year's birds are reported as having already mated. Mr. F. G. Hinde-Bowker, of Langley, reports four pairs mated on his place, and several other pairs some miles up the valley.

Size and Power of Owls.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to an article on this subject in FOREST AND STREAM of May 20, I would say that we have no eagle owls in North America, our largest being the great horned and the snowy. I have measured a good many of the great horned, and the largest spread four feet nine inches—four and one-half feet is the usual spread of a full-grown great horned owl. I have shot one having a full-grown rabbit in his claws—not the little cotton-tail, but one of our large northern hares. I have known of several cases where they have carried off house cats. In one instance it was a very large cat. As a large cat will weigh near ten pounds, I should think it a very easy matter for one to carry off a mallard duck. I know that they can and do carry off our dusky ducks—which are

about as heavy. I have seen the barred owl, which is much smaller and weaker, fly with a full-grown ruffed grouse with apparently very little exertion. I once had a great horned owl mounted which had just killed a full-grown goose, and it is a very common thing for them to kill skunks. While their size is often greatly overstated, I can testify that they have considerable lifting power, as I once had one jerk my head up suddenly as I lay rolled up in a blanket. My hat had fallen off and he probably seized me by mistake thinking my head was a rabbit. M. HARDY.

Tame Pigeons' Nests in Trees.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noted with interest the account of your correspondent from Rockland, Me., of tame pigeons nesting in an elm tree, and it brought to mind an occurrence similar to this. When I was a boy in the South, I took several pairs of pigeons from New Orleans to Pass Christian, and built a cote large enough for six pairs of birds and placed it on the branch of a water oak, about fifty feet high. In time the progeny so increased there was no more room in the cote, and they resorted to the branches of these immense oaks, where they constructed nests on the main branches and reared their broods as contentedly as if in a pigeon loft.

The pigeon incident calls to mind also a case that occurred here within the last few months. Last winter on Lake Merced I caught three wounded male canvasbacks to use as decoys. One of them died, another recovered, and flew away from the pen, but the third, which had a broken wing and a crippled foot, was kept until spring, when the hired man, to make room for some goslings, returned the duck to the lake, which is down below us thirty feet.

Several weeks afterward the crippled canvasback was found one morning between the woodshed and his old stamping ground, the chicken yard, having in some manner climbed or hobbled up the steep bank to get his accustomed ration of wheat, which was fed him in his swimming tank. C. B. T.

A Crow's Nest.

I HARDLY believe that the crow is entitled to be called a wise master builder, nor do I suspect that he is even rated as a careful builder ordinarily, but while passing an interesting half hour in the bird department of the Cornell University Museum recently, I saw a fine example of the nest building ability of the sable corn puller. A card attached to the nest stated that it was taken from a scrub oak at Nantucket, Mass. Oak twigs as large as one's little finger had been employed in constructing the outer frame-work of the nest, and these had been deftly—one might almost say, scientifically—bound together in a series of locks and twists that would seem strong enough to defy the sturdiest winds or the wildest emotions of the weather. Then in order were cast successive layers of smaller twigs and branches, after which came the lining made of twine and oak strippings picked and fussed into a soft and altogether cosy looking habitation.

At the top the nest was wide and almost unnaturally roomy, then pitching into a deep, rather long, pit-like base, from which it would appear difficult to dislodge the occupants.

To the writer the nest appeared to have been constructed with especial reference to the weather conditions at certain seasons prevailing in the neighborhood of its location, and it at once stamps the black-winged marauders of picturesque Nantucket as nest builders of uncommon foresight and skill. M. CHILL.

WE fancy the late Captain Forsyth, the author of the Highlands of Central India, was not far wrong when he wrote that those who persist in following tigers on foot are sure to come to grief eventually. And the same remark applies to the pursuit of lions and panthers, and in particular in the following up of any of these animals when wounded. The sad story in all such cases is generally much the same. The animal is wounded, and the sportsman follows upon its tracks drawn on by the almost irresistible attraction of the chase which lures him on upon the blood-trail of the stricken beast. With due precautions this sport may often be followed with impunity, the wounded animal being found dead or in extremis, or the sportsman having the opportunity of putting in a fatal shot before he is seen and attacked. But there comes a day when luck or management fail him. The animal, rendered ferocious by its wounds, charges suddenly from its place of concealment, perhaps from a few yards off, and those who have witnessed or encountered such attacks know how irresistible they generally are. Nothing but a shot in the brain will usually suffice to put a stop to so furious an onslaught. Immediate death, or subsequent fatality from shock or blood-poisoning generally forms the epilogue of such encounters, or if the sportsman is fortunate he may escape with the loss of a limb, or possibly with no permanent injury. Experienced sportsmen know what should be done in following up wounded and dangerous animals, but, as we have already indicated, they sometimes omit to do it, and suffer in consequence.—The Asian.

It Will Interest Them.

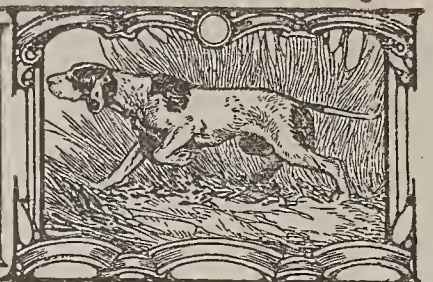
To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

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GAME BAG AND GUN



Pheasant Breeding.

A VERY serious question is confronting our American sportsmen. How to eliminate this question is another perplexing one. In the course of a few years what shall we do in order that we may replace our fast disappearing game, such as the ruffed grouse or pheasant, the quail, etc. In a short time, a very short time, indeed, we must speak of them as game birds that have been but are now extinct.

"Have we any substitutes for our pheasants?" To this I will answer yes. The English pheasant is next nearest in my estimation. This bird is quite well known and hardly needs any special description. It is not so fleet on wing, but in weight the English ringneck far exceeds the ruffed grouse. It takes an exceptionally large grouse to weigh two pounds. An ordinary English bird will weigh $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. It is a very difficult matter to rear ruffed grouse. I have raised them to maturity and find that they become very tame. The young birds will eat and drink from my hand.

The English pheasant is much more easily reared and appears to be better adapted to confinement than the ruffed grouse. In my estimation there appears to be something supplied by nature that has not yet been discovered for the ruffed grouse. We can form certain opinions but not absolute facts. We are well aware of the fact that the mother grouse is very persistent in her efforts to scratch a living for herself and brood. She allows nothing to remain undone in the manner of protecting her brood. I have noticed in the rearing of these birds that, in confinement, they always seek animal matter rather than vegetable, such as worms, insects, etc.

The pheasant, that multiplies probably faster than any other, is the so-called Mongolian, properly called Chinese ringneck or torquatus. Eighteen torquatus pheasants were turned loose in Oregon in 1884, and there are probably more now in Oregon than in China. Fifty thousand were killed in one day during the year of 1904 in Oregon. Please note that in the short space of twenty years these birds multiplied to such enormous numbers.

What is known as our English ringneck is a hybrid between the China ringneck or torquatus and the common English blackneck. There is very little difference in plumage of the Mongolian, English blackneck, Chinese, Japanese and English ringneck.

According to Davenport, the Mongolian pheasant has never reached this country alive. Their native home is in the valley of the Syr-Daryn as far east as Lake Saisan, and the valley of the Black Irtysh. It is characterized by a broad white ring around the neck. The coverts of the wing white, the mantle, chest and breast bronze orange red. The rump feathers are of a very dark green color. This bird measures thirty-six inches from tip to tip. It is a cold climate bird and suffers more from heat than cold.

This bird is not as handsome as some of the other species, such as the golden Amherst, Reeves, silver, etc.

In my estimation, the golden or Reeves is the most beautiful, especially during the season of laying. The golden male bird will run toward the female bird with head downward to such an extent that an observer would naturally think the bird would fall headlong over a pretty display of feathers colored with a mixture of yellow and black over the top of his head. At the same time the full expansion of the collar takes place, the bird utters a snake-like hiss which, according to our notions, would not be very fascinating as a love song.

The home of the Reeves pheasant is on the mountains of China. Their tail feathers frequently reach the enormous length of six feet. While in flight their tail opens like a fan and presents many colors. They are rugged birds, being able to withstand almost any winter weather or any degree of heat. They, however, never become quite so tame as some of the other species. The male bird also displays his enormous tail in a circular form around the female bird, the feathers being held straight up.

The silver pheasant is not as beautiful as the golden pheasant, although a more gamy bird. Its home was first definitely ascertained to be on the wooded hills of southern China. From the large size, commanding appearance and the beauty of the markings, silver pheasants have long been a favorite of Americans interested in pheasant breeding. These birds could be easily domesticated if it were thought desirable to do so. I have heard of several instances where they have been allowed to run at full liberty and have become sufficiently tame to come and stand before a window, waiting for members of the family to feed them. The hens hatch their own eggs and attend upon their brood with all the care of common fowls. I do not consider them a desirable addition to our limited stock of game birds, because they are continually wagging war upon other members of the poultry yard. They do not hesitate to attack dogs and children and even adults during the breeding season.

The bird that interests me the most is the English pheasant. I have raised them for a number of years and find them best adapted to the coverts of the United States. These birds were formerly reared in Europe, and there was but one distinct species known in Europe, namely, *Phasianus colchicus*. They were first raised along the banks of the River Colchis, in Asia Minor. Their name originated from the name of the river. This species was soon followed by the ringnecked torquatus from China. These two were subsequently followed by the versicolor species from Japan. These were originally regarded by naturalists as perfectly distinct species, but it is now known that they breed freely with one another, and that the offspring is perfectly fertile, however closely they are interbred.

Henry Seebohm, in his account of birds, says that all true pheasants are interbred freely with each other and

produce fertile offspring. This may be accepted as absolute proof that they are only sub-specifically distinct.

The local races appear to be distinct enough, but they only retain a portion of their distinctive character if not separated from each other. I have been informed that the instant the various species of English pheasants are brought in contact with each other they begin to interbreed, and in a comparatively short time the several species through interbreeding reduce the various local races, which have been brought into contact to a single and uniform race. Through this interbreeding the two distinct and very different looking races, which were introduced into the various parts of the British Isles, namely, *Phasianus colchicus*, from Asia Minor, and *Phasianus torquatus* from China have been practically stamped out of existence. The English pheasant of the British Isles is, with a very rare exception, a mongrel between these two races.

I shall now discuss the management of two species, the golden and English. I have spent hours observing their different habits and modes of living, and I have experimented on different aviaries. I feel that my time has been well spent and I shall be glad to invite correspondence on any part that may not be definitely explained.

As stated, I intend to dwell wholly on the management of the English ringneck, or the cross between the English blackneck and torquatus. This bird, I think, is the proper one for a temperate climate naturalization, for game preserves and for confinement. In order to obtain the best results in the rearing certain conditions must be taken into consideration.

To develop this subject systematically I must begin with the egg, which is the basis of success to a great extent. The egg should never come in contact with sawdust or excelsior, because a certain amount of oil, which is contained in the wood of the sawdust or excelsior is apt to be absorbed by the shell of the eggs, consequently the pores of the eggs become closed and what eggs are hatched will be weaklings.

The proper way to ship eggs is to procure pasteboard sections of a common egg-crate, such as are used in shipping hens' eggs. Then place in the bottom of the basket some excelsior, covering the top of the excelsior with paper. Put the pasteboard sections in the basket and, after wrapping each egg in cotton, place the egg in one of the sections. After a layer, or rather a section, has been filled with eggs, spread a piece of paper over it. Thus proceed until your basket has been filled. Spread excelsior over the top of the basket and cover with a thin board. Baskets are preferable to boxes because the express companies are more careful in handling them.

When eggs are received they should remain undisturbed for at least twenty-four hours, because the parts of the eggs are apt to become disturbed during shipment, although eggs will resist a vast amount of jarring before the parts will become disturbed and mix with each other. Should this occur the eggs will be defective.

I have shipped the eggs of the English ringneck to the extreme part of the Continent with exceedingly good results. This is not true of golden pheasant eggs; I find them to be much more sensitive than the English pheasant's eggs, and they will not stand shipment as well as the other breeds. I would therefore not advise a very long journey for the shipment of golden pheasant eggs.

The late Dr. J. B. Shaw (a personal friend of mine) was an exceptionally successful breeder of both golden and English pheasants. He invariably would receive replies from persons to whom golden pheasant eggs were shipped, stating that the eggs were not fertile or had been molested before shipment. I can truthfully and emphatically say that the eggs were shipped in excellent condition, but owing to the distance they were shipped, the yolk and germ were destroyed when they reached their destination. Very often, to preserve peace and harmony, other eggs were sent gratis to replace them.

The egg of an English pheasant blends from a pale to a dark blue in color, while that of the golden is of a whitish semi-transparent color. The egg of an English pheasant is somewhat larger than that of the golden. The golden pheasant will lay from fifteen to twenty-five eggs per season. The English ringneck will lay from forty to fifty-five eggs per season.

When the birds begin to lay their eggs, which will be about the middle of April, the eggs should be gathered every day and, if possible, oftener, because eggs that are left lying around in the aviaries become a temptation to the male birds. They will roll them over, pick at them, and finally break them in order to satisfy their curiosity. The final result of this will be the learning of egg-eating. When this habit is once formed it is very difficult to check.

About the time the female bird begins to lay I place a few wooden eggs about the size of a pheasant's egg in the aviaries. I also fill a few eggs with plaster paris and, if they are put at various places in the aviaries the male birds will become tired of picking at this hard substance and finally refrain from the habit of eating eggs. Another remedy with which I have been successful is to fill an egg with a mixture of cayenne pepper, ginger and vinegar mixed to a paste. When the eggs are stuffed with this mixture they should be placed at conspicuous points in the aviaries. One dose is sufficient. When the eggs are gathered they should be placed in cornmeal and bran with end downward and reversed each day. This will prevent the yolk from settling in the ends and adhering to the sides of the shell.

I prefer a bantam to hatch the eggs, but before I trust to place pheasant's eggs underneath her I allow her to sit on ordinary chicken eggs for probably a week, at any rate long enough until I am convinced that she will hatch the pheasant's eggs that I am about to place under her.

I find that a bantam will cover fifteen to eighteen eggs very satisfactorily, and in about twenty-three to twenty-

four days the young birds should begin to come out.

Do not attempt to feed or disturb the birds for at least twenty-four hours after they are hatched. This is a very critical part of the bird's life. The first bill of fare should be arranged as follows: Prepare a thick custard with milk and eggs. Feed this three and four times per day. This diet should be continued for at least two weeks.

I can especially recommend Spratt's game meal for young pheasants. The young birds become attached to this meal very readily. In connection with the custard and eggs and meal I feed maggots, which can be procured in the following manner: Secure a sugar barrel, knock out the head, and suspend across the top a sheep's pluck (viz., lungs, liver, etc.). Cover the top of the barrel with burlap or a board with holes bored in it, in order that flies may enter. In the course of a few days the pluck will be full of maggots. They will feed on the pluck and soon will become fat and drop down in the barrel. It is advisable to have cornmeal and beef scraps under the barrel so that the maggots will live after they have fallen into the barrel. The young birds will relish this food and soon become strong and healthy. They should be fed twice a day on maggots.

Some people engaged in the business do not care to feed them on this food; others may have no way to secure this particular sort of animal matter. To these I would suggest that you can purchase through some poultry dealer or supply houses dried ant eggs and maggot meats which I have found very beneficial for young birds.

The young birds should have but very little water unless extremely hot weather prevails.

The houses for the birds can be made of a box three feet square. Cover the top with a one inch mesh wire (bottom out). Place this against a triangular shaped coop with slats on the front, so that the young birds can go in and out at random, also be closed up at night. The young birds should not be allowed to go out of the triangular shaped box in the morning until the dew is practically all off the ground. I attribute to a certain degree that this neglect is an instigator of the most despised disease that can attack our young birds, namely, the gape-worm. After the birds are about two weeks old they may be allowed to roam at large, but it is advisable to keep the female bird at home until the young birds will respond to her calling. After the birds have reached this age feed them boiled rice and boiled eggs, chopped fine. Take great care not to allow any of the feed to lie around the aviaries uneaten, as this will soon become sour, the stomach of the bird will become rancid and indigestion will be the result.

The birds at this age begin to get their larger feathers. It is very essential that the position of the coops be changed every day, especially when the young birds are still confined.

Gapes, the most dangerous of all maladies, you undoubtedly will discover as your next opponent. This can be avoided to a certain degree by keeping the birds in a good healthy condition and, as I have before related, keep them off of the grass until the dew is all gone.

When the gapes are first noticed, water containing several drops of turpentine may be given. I find this to be effective in some cases of a mild form. The last resort is to extract the worms or worm with a gape-worm extractor or horse hair dipped in turpentine and olive oil. I have had birds die in my hands while undergoing this operation, which is a critical one. The old saying that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is very well applied in this case.

Tegetmeier, in his treatise on the "Management of Pheasants," claims to have a very effective cure for gapes by fumigation with carbolic acid. He places the birds in a box with an opening of four inches in the bottom, and in a saucer places from four to six drops of carbolic acid. By holding a lamp under the saucer the acid becomes evaporated in the box and this is inhaled by the bird. Great care should be taken in order that the bird does not suffer death from suffocation. When symptoms of suffocation appear the bird should be immediately removed and the operation repeated the next day, providing the bird does not appear to be relieved.

Another disease that is quite prevalent among young birds is diarrhea. I have found that powdered chalk mixed with a mash is a very good diet and proves effective to check the disease. Very little should be fed at one meal. The vent of the bird becomes closed, caused by the passage adhering to the sides of the vent. This should be washed off and vaseline applied on the irritated part.

Birds when about half grown will sometimes form the habit of picking their feathers to such an extent that the bird will die from loss of blood. They oftentimes continue this habit until they have the rump and vent almost completely picked out of their body. This can be remedied by using tar on the affected part. I have been told by experienced bird fanciers that this is an indication that the bird does not get enough animal matter to eat. I find this statement to be perfectly correct. Feeding ground beef cut about the size of peas will assist greatly toward abandoning this fatal habit. As soon as I discover that a bird is forming this habit I separate it from the rest; otherwise it invariably proves to be a competent instructor for the other birds.

The hen with her brood should have a place where they may get to dust. It is very amusing to watch them dust themselves. They turn completely over on the back and roll in the dust. This also gives the birds a chance to rid themselves of lice. I can recommend Lambert's Death to Lice, and consider it superior to any other preparation. It is quite harmless to birds. Drooping wings and sleeplessness are indicative of lice. Get rid of them as soon as possible or you will lose all your young birds very quickly. A very good plan is to dust the hen three or

four times before the eggs are hatched out.

The location of the aviaries for the development of the birds will next demand our attention. As soon as the young birds develop sufficiently large enough so as to fly, a suitable properly drained piece of ground should be selected. If possible it should face toward the south, as the sun will tend to dry the aviaries. Avoid dampness as much as possible. A gravel or shale soil is best. The building should cover a space at least ten by ten feet for every four or five birds, especially during the laying season.

Plant the four corner posts, then dig a trench six or eight inches deep between each post. Place a board edge downward in the trench. This will keep the rats from destroying the birds. Extend the boards eighteen or twenty inches above the ground, as this will serve as a protection against the scare of dogs and other animals. Complete the top and sides of the pen with one inch mesh poultry wire. The sides should be about five feet in height. I recommend one inch mesh wire because otherwise in a very short time the small birds such as the sparrow, would carry away enough feed to pay for the excess of this wire over one of two-inch mesh. The one inch mesh wire is rat proof, which will be of considerable value, for without it rats may kill several birds.

The aviaries should be large enough to allow partitions to be placed in them. During the laying season the birds should be separated, and by no means allow more than one cock in each pen with the hens. Cocks at this time are very bitter enemies. I have tried this to my sorrow and found that they will fight like Roman gladiators until one of the combatants is dead. After the laying season is over and all the birds are once more allowed to mingle with each other, great care should be taken that the birds do not engage in a fight. They will need attention along this line for at least two weeks. I lost some very valuable golden pheasants through allowing them to mingle with each other too soon.

The entrances to the aviaries should be so arranged that all parts are accessible from one outside door. It is not advisable to have too many outside entrances, as the birds are liable to escape because of forgetfulness on your part to close the door. Every outside door should have a spring to close it. Some protection from winds and storms should be erected on the north and west sides of the aviaries. There should be a part covering over the top of the aviaries so that the birds may seek shelter during a storm of snow or rain. I think it to be unnecessary to construct buildings of which all sides are inclosed in which birds are to roost, as they seldom sleep in any sort of a building. They invariably sleep on the ground or on a roost in the open air. To arrange a roost in the open air, place two forked sticks in the ground and on these place horizontally a pole about 1½ inch in diameter. This pole should be about three feet from the ground. During the laying season cedar or pine twigs can be placed across the horizontal bar. This will form a covert for them, when they wish to deposit their eggs. An excellent plan is to construct a triangular shaped box twelve inches wide and four feet long. Place the ridge of the box on the ground, base upward. The birds will seek the dark places along the sides of the boxes to deposit their eggs, and will oftentimes go under the box as a place of refuge when frightened. Eggs are not always deposited in the same place. In searching for the eggs in the aviaries, you should seek for them with great care, as they are very often deposited where least expected. I have given all kinds of inducements in the manner of nests, but of no avail. They will occasionally lay their eggs in a nest prepared for them, but more frequently will lay them anywhere.

After the third year I do not consider it advisable to retain female birds as breeders. Some people engaged in the business will retain their birds and breed from them as long as they will continue to lay eggs. I consider this a serious mistake. The first and second years are the most vital part of the bird's life. The pheasant, as an object of beauty, is just as valuable at the age of five years as at two years, but it is not so in regard to the profit on the bird.

In feeding the older pheasants great care should be taken that the birds are not overfed and become too fat. Supply them with a sufficient amount at meal time but do not allow food to lie around in the aviaries for the pheasants to eat at any time. They are very fond of buckwheat, corn, wheat and barley. I feed corn and barley in the morning and wheat and buckwheat in the evening. I alternate these grains. A supply of fresh water in clean vessels should be kept in store, especially during warm weather. Green vegetables, such as cabbage, lettuce, spinach, etc., should be supplied. I have found it very beneficial to suspend in the center of the aviaries about two feet from the ground a head of cabbage. This will give the birds a certain amount of exercise in jumping to get the cabbage.

Grit should also be supplied. I might mention ground bone, oyster shells, etc. I find that limestone in its raw state is very good. It is impossible to feed too much of any kind of grit. I might also recommend a liberal supply of charcoal for the sweetening of the stomach. With the above combination no difficulty should arise in the matter of a diet.

I very often notice that the birds will all begin to fly and run the whole length of the aviaries. I often think that they are frightened, but upon investigation I find that such is not the case. The birds simply want exercise and use this method to secure it.

A very good idea is to place leaves in the aviaries and throw grain that is to be given them in these leaves. They will hunt and scratch for the kernels which will give them exercise. Where birds are reared in larger quantities this would be impossible. I would not advise leaves to be placed in the aviaries during the laying season, as the eggs are apt to be deposited in the leaves and lost. You are also liable to tread on them while searching for them. Before and after the laying season I consider the use of leaves a good one, because birds as well as man need exercise. While searching for eggs care should be taken that the birds are not frightened. They will fly against the net-work and sometimes be injured to such an extent that the bird breaks a bone or loses its life.

During the laying season it is very essential that sight-seeing visitors should not molest the aviaries. It is advisable not to allow anything other than the usual daily occurrences to happen. Because of a violation of this, there

may be a falling off in the egg production, where the birds are continually disturbed. I found it advisable to clip the flight feathers from off of one of the wings. By so doing the bird can only rise a few feet from the ground, thus reducing the injury of the birds to a minimum.

Some breeders have gone to the extent of clipping one wing at the first joint, thereby saving the time and trouble of clipping the flight feathers every year. This is, to my sense of reasoning, cruel and an unnecessary punishment.

I think I have demonstrated in a plain and simple way the manner in which pheasants may be reared. I fully realize that there are many questions that may arise, but the most important thing in the rearing of these birds is good judgment and patience, and you will find your efforts crowned with success. You may meet disappointments, but these are prices of success. Command me, whenever I can be of any assistance to you. Suggestions will gladly be accepted from anyone. I feel that with our united efforts we will meet with an unbounded success.

R. F. KISTLER.

DELAWARE WATER G. P., Pa.

Federal Control of Game.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Having read Mr. Shiras' reply to my suggestions as to the constitutionality of his proposed Federal legislation, as well as his other letters upon the general subject, I am free to say that it is impossible to find in the arguments advanced or in any of the decisions referred to any support for these proposed laws. One of the cases cited, and only one, touches on the general subject of Federal rights as to fish; and that relates solely to the power to take fish out of season for scientific purposes. This is a right which has always appeared to me to be plain enough, and has never been denied by any respectable authority.

Most men who have given the matter any thought at all, agree that a law of as nearly uniform application as circumstances will allow is desirable for the protection of fish and game in their migrations to the feeding grounds, and, if the States shall be unable to frame and enforce such laws as are needed, then there should be some other way of accomplishing the desired end. But with this question, the necessity for or expediency of such laws has nothing to do. It is wholly a question of power.

While I fail to see anything in what has been said in reply to my letter that requires an answer, the main points suggested by me not having been met at all; yet, for the good of the cause, and to give those who may desire to set forth their views in favor of the constitutionality of such laws as are now proposed, ample opportunity to understand clearly my position, I will take the trouble to again, but briefly, state my opinion.

The fundamental principle upon which game laws are based, the main, and really the only ground upon which such laws have been sustained, is that the game of a country in its natural state is not property in any sense, but belongs to all the people of the several States in their aggregate capacity; and that the States have authority, in the exercise of what is known in law as the police power, to protect and procure such game as a useful food supply for the people.

The police power was not delegated by the constitution of the United States to the Federal Government, but was retained by the States themselves, as a part of the administrative authority in regulating the internal affairs of each State. This is one of the few attributes of sovereignty which, under our system of government, was retained by the States. In a sense, even this is not exclusive, for as was said by the United States Supreme Court in the Debs case, "there is a peace of the United States," to preserve and maintain which the whole police power of the General Government may be exerted whenever and wherever occasion may require. But this only refers to the administration of those departments of government which, under the constitution, are vested in the Federal Government.

If it be admitted (and I believe it must be so admitted in view of the practically unanimous decisions of the court on the point) that the game of the country belongs to the people of the States, as has already been stated, then there is no possible argument which can be advanced, as it seems to me, that may even tend to sustain the contention that Congress can legislate at all on the subject, except in so far as game and fish may, when reduced to captivity and killed, become an object of interstate commerce. But even if it were true that the game and fish of the country belongs, not to the people of the several States but to all the people of the United States, there would still be the same absence of power in the General Government to deal with the question.

I may say that I think the Lacey Law valid, but it is so because it recognizes the fundamental principle already suggested, and operates, as Congress has a right to do, on game when it becomes an article of interstate or foreign commerce. The courts have held that the power which Congress has to regulate commerce includes also the power to entirely prohibit traffic in a particular article. This was the basis of the decisions in the lottery cases. While, strictly speaking, there can be no commerce in a legal sense in an article the traffic in which our State laws have declared to be unlawful, still the power of Congress to supplement and aid the State laws by prohibiting traffic between the States or abroad in such unlawful articles has been fully sustained.

Now, it seems to me that the only plausible argument that can be urged in favor of the Shiras Bill is that it comes within the power of Congress to regulate commerce. But at the outset we are met by the elementary idea upon which all the decisions of any weight agree, that commerce consists of the transportation of persons and property. It will not be contended probably that game and fish come within the meaning of the word "persons"; and, on the other hand, it is declared by the most eminent authority that game and fish in a state of nature are not property; that no one has any right to or claim upon such articles until they are reduced to captivity; and that even then the property in them may be taken away without compensation, whenever the Legislature sees fit to do so.

A further suggestion as to the error into which some persons have fallen in regard to the control and jurisdiction of Congress over the navigable waters of the coun-

try. It is entirely true that Congress has paramount authority over such waters, but only for the purpose of developing the commerce of the country. As to all else, the control by the States is absolute and exclusive. The title to all lands under our navigable waters within the limits of the several States, as well as the ownership of the waters over them is vested in the people of the several States, in their sovereign capacity, in trust for all the people, to be used and controlled by the State authorities as shall best serve the interests of the people as a whole. Over such lands and waters the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the several States extends and may be exercised just as effectively as upon dry land; and this branch of the police power is not at all or in any sense concurrent, except so far as the administration of the constitutional functions of the State and National Governments may require. You will understand, of course, that what has been said does not relate to the power of Congress to legislate as it thinks best for the Territories and our insular possessions and places within the States owned by the General Government.

Permit me to say in conclusion that I hold to the decision in *Geer vs. Connecticut* as the sheet anchor of game and fish protection, and am confident that the rules laid down there will stand unmodified, because they are right both in principle and from precedent.

I hope that in the future those who may desire to discuss this matter will lay aside for the time being all question of necessity or expediency, and will discuss the fundamental question of the power of Congress to enact such laws. Once it has been decided by competent authority that Congress has this power, then all the rest will not be difficult. But should it be determined, as I feel confident it must, that no such power now exists, why not seek to have the constitution amended to meet this and other emergencies in which greater uniformity in laws is desirable?

JOSEPH B. THOMPSON.

Down in Maine.

It was at the club one night, and the conversation had turned to fishing and hunting, and Sam and Joe were eagerly seeking for information, as they were planning a month's hunting trip for the coming season. "Now if Fred B. were only here," said Jim, "he could give you a lot of pointers. He was off somewhere a few years ago and shot a whole lot of things."

"Talk about the devil and he will always appear," said Sam. "Here's Fred now."

Greetings being exchanged and another glass ordered. "Sam and Joe were trying to plan a hunting trip," said Jim, "and I thought you could tell them where to go. You were up in Maine somewhere, were you not?"

"Yes, up in the Moosehead region."

"Tell us about your trip," said Sam.

"Now, look here, you know if I get started on that subject I'll talk half the night."

"Good; go ahead; we are not any of us going anywhere to-night. Tell us your experience, perhaps it will help us decide where to go."

"It was in the summer of '97. I had got heartily tired and out of sorts and the doctor advised me to go to Maine. You know the Governor is quite an old sport, and I know he had been up there somewhere once or twice, so I went to him for advice, and he told me to go to the Moosehead Lake region. Arriving at Kineo in due season I secured the services of a good guide, who in a little time had our camp supplies packed and ready for a start. I had decided to paddle my own canoe, so had got one at the lake. Just before starting Tom, my guide, came to me and said, 'We had better take a man with us to help us in with our loads, as the water is pretty low, unless you want to take quite a lot of it in your canoe, and I did not know but what you might wet it.' Tom did not have a very good opinion of my abilities as a canoeist. I told him to get the man and later was glad I had done so. On the third day out in the afternoon while we were crossing Eagle Lake, suddenly a funnel-shaped white cloud loomed large in the northwest. The three canoes were pretty well bunched, and Dave, the man Tom had got to help us into camp, said, 'There's a squall coming and we've got to get out of this quick. It's as near to that island ahead as it is to the shore behind us, and that's the way we are going.' And he struck out with long powerful strokes that soon left Tom and me far in the rear. Tom, with an anxious look to the northwest, said to me, 'Get forward of the first thwart, and keep the bow headed pretty well into it when she strikes you. I can't help you any now.' The wind with a roar was upon us. Tom steadily drew away from me, both canoes making lots of leeway. I saw I was not gaining any, merely holding my own, but I realized that the guides with their loaded canoes could not help me any. It was a case of 'each for himself and the devil take the hindmost,' and I seemed very much behind. But I knew something about a canoe and in keeping her head to the wind I had not had much time to look at anything but the canoe and the waves, but in a momentary lull I looked for the guides but could not see anything of them. Either the waves hid them or they had reached the island, while I was farther off than when the squall first struck us. I knew the canoe would soon fill in the trough of the sea, so kept steadily pulling, pulling, always pulling. It seemed as if my arms would be pulled out, when suddenly there came the guides right in front, coming down upon me with the speed of the wind. They ran down and rounded up on the lee side, and somehow I never could tell how they fastened a long rope to the bow thwart of my canoe, then pushed off and were soon paddling with that long, strong swinging stroke which the Maine guide knows so well. Oh what a relief to lay down my paddle and rest my weary arms! Soon we were back in the lee of the island and ashore, where they had hastily unloaded one canoe and fastened a small rope to the stern to act as a tow line. Camping there for the night we finished the distance to Churchill Lake, where I had decided to make my home camp and let Dave return to Kineo. Looking out on the still water the next morning one could hardly believe it possible that a small lake could get so rough. 'Those white squalls are rare with us,' says Dave, 'but they are the real thing when they do come, and don't you forget it.' I never shall.

"Writing a few letters that night to be taken by Dave, the last I should send out of the woods, made me feel that now indeed I was away from everything to remind

me of the old routine of business and city life. No more dressing for dinner, no more social functions to attend, but just my own inclination, a little fishing, good hearty food, and such Johnny-cake and flap-jacks as Tom could make, and long nights of refreshing sleep. Such sleep! on these fresh springy beds of fir balsam, until I felt like a young lion. Of course we broke the monotony of being lazy in camp by short trips down the Allegash, where I learned to shoot the three-mile rapids of Chase's Carry and to pole the canoe back most of the way with the iron shod pole. Ah, that was sport indeed; but it took some considerable persuasion before I got Tom to sit in the bow and let me arm him down. As he said, 'It's a different proposition to sit in the bow of a canoe down there with some one in the stern that you do not place much confidence in.' However, beyond a little ducking one day, which did neither of us any harm, and a small hole in the bow of my canoe, no harm resulted from the experiment. This with chasing cow moose round in the lake to take their pictures—and they did not seem to want them taken, either, they would not stand—and an occasional try for a loon or great northern diver made up the routine of our life. Soon the hunting season would begin and we knew we should have to get to work. September was drawing to a close when I was tempted to kill a moose in spite of the law, but remembering my father's advice and what Tom had said in regard to shooting in close season, I calmly watched a huge bull with eleven points on a side walk away to the woods, Tom saying, 'Never mind, Fred, there are others.'

"One rainy afternoon while lying in our tent where we had been reading and being tired, my eyes were fastened on the changing foliage directly in front of the tent, when suddenly across my line of vision walked a tremendous animal of the cat species. With a startled cry I was on my feet. 'What's the matter with you?' said Tom. 'Look here, Tom,' I said as quietly as I could, 'I just saw a large gray-brownish colored cat which must have been nearly two feet high and almost four feet long, go right by the tent down toward the lake.' 'Well, take your rifle, I'll take the ax, and we'll beat the woods out to the point, and if he went that way we may get a shot, but if he went back the other way we will not stand any show at all.' We beat the narrow neck of land running out into the lake but saw nothing, and went back to camp disappointed. Soon the rain ceased falling. Tom said, 'Take your rifle and rod and we will go fishing.' We were skirting along in shoal water on the lee shore to be out of the wind, when Tom said, 'Fred, put down the paddle and take your gun, I believe I can see your cat.' He worked the canoe round till it pointed directly at a small gray object at the foot of some large boulders on the shore. Sure enough, it proved to be the cat sitting on the rocks watching us. When we were within seventy-five yards Tom said, 'You had better try a shot, I think he is getting ready to vamoose.' As all of you know who have ever tried it, it's hard shooting from a canoe, but by good luck I succeeded in hitting him the first shot, and with one bound in the air he fell dead. We found on reaching shore that it was a large-sized Canadian lynx weighing, Tom said, about forty pounds.

"After preparing the skin so it would keep, we started out on Sept. 29 for a two weeks' hunting trip to Soaper Pond, which is about seven or eight miles from Churchill Lake. Arriving there we cleaned up the little camp we found on the shore of the pond. It was about nine by ten feet in size, door about 3½ feet high, and had one small square of glass eight by ten inches for a window. However, it answered our purpose and was very comfortable. On the first night of October Tom called in one small bull, but as he said it was a poor specimen we did not bother with it. The first week we saw nine bulls and lots of cows, but none of their heads suited me.

"On the 9th day of October we found a herd of caribou on Upper Soaper and I succeeded in killing a good bull having seventeen points on a horn. We took the head, hide and a small piece of the loin. Tom took off one hind quarter and hung it up on a spring pole in case we should get out of meat. The killing of that caribou brought me luck indeed, for going there again on the afternoon of the 11th to call moose, we found that a bear had found the carcass, and not satisfied with that he had even stolen the quarter of meat we had hung on the spring pole. There was the mark of his claws on the tree where he had taken hold of it to bend it down. We soon found where he carried the carcass, in under a leaning cedar tree on the edge of the woods. Tom carried the canoe up to within twenty yards of the carcass, set it down on the ground, spread our blankets in the middle, then trimmed out some of the underbrush with his knife and stuck the branches in the ground around the canoe. 'It's going to be a fine night to call. If he don't come down to feed before midnight he won't come to-night; and we'll try the moose,' Tom explained. Just as the sun was sinking behind the trees we heard back on the ridge the unmistakable sound of some heavy animal coming down the steep hill. 'Quiet now and into the canoe,' said Tom. I have often thought since that that bear must have been foolish, for he came within a hundred feet of us and stopped and began to snuffle as though he saw there was something wrong. He circled to the right, then to the left, snuffing all the time, trying to smell us, and always just out of sight, then back to where he was at first. 'Keep quiet,' whispered Tom, 'if he don't smell us, and I don't believe he can, for there isn't a breath of air moving, he will come out. Don't shoot until I tell you, and remember, you have got to shoot low in the night or you'll overshoot.' Well, that bear trod around there for more than two hours, never coming in sight, then lay down and went to sleep. Now, boys, you may think I am rubbing it in, but I assure you it's exactly what happened. That bear lay there within one hundred feet of us and slept for more than three hours, and he actually snored; snored as bad as any man I ever heard. Once I wanted to try and creep up to him and try and get a shot, but Tom said no. There we sat in that canoe shivering with the cold, our backs cramped from leaning against the thwart, until suddenly he awoke and we could almost hear him yawn and stretch himself. Then, as if he had forgotten the danger that threatened him, he walked boldly down to the carcass, and rising on his hind feet stood upright like a man, looking directly at us. I had him covered, and at Tom's low whispered 'Now,' pulled the trigger. The scream he uttered told Tom I

had hit him. 'All out, come on!' cried Tom, and I after him. Tom sprang upon the leaning cedar and scratched a match and held it in his hands to throw the light forward into the bushes where we could hear him groaning, but he lost his balance and fell almost on top of the bear, which was trying to drag himself away with both hips broken. 'Don't shoot,' cried Tom, and in a moment he stood beside me with his coat torn across the left arm where bruin had made one swipe at him as he went down. By a torchlight of birch bark I finished the bear, and found I had got a fine black bear weighing about 200 pounds and having an elegant skin.

"Later I secured two very good buck deer heads, and although we saw sixteen bulls I did not secure a head. As it then was getting late in October and the chances were every day growing less for calling moose, we decided to go back to the home camp at Churchill and break camp and go home. Spending only one night at camp, we were up for breakfast before daylight, and everything was packed for an early start for civilization. Going down to the canoe landing with a load, Tom all at once dropped his bundles and said, 'There's a woman coming from somewhere. I heard her voice.' Sure enough, in a moment a canoe broke through the dense fog, which was rising from the water, and in it were two men and a woman. It proved to be Dr. M. and wife, of Boston, who, with their guide from some southern part of the State, were making the Allegash trip. The doctor said he had been told one could make the trip and stop at camps and houses each night, so he was without tents, and had but little provisions. Thanking us for our offer to help him as much as we could, he asked us if we could tell him anything of Chase's Carry, and if we thought he and guide could run the load. The guide had a worried look. Tom said, 'Well, mister, it's a pretty nasty place down there as you'll find, but if your guide knows his business he will get you through all right, barring accidents. In low water, in August, one can go down there and pick up whole kits, from knives and forks to rifles and fly rods, where people have swamped.' Thinking he had roasted the guide enough he said, 'Sir, if that load belonged to me and I did not want to give her a cold bath I would walk her down the path you'll find on the right hand side of the river; and then if you don't think your guide can get down alone you can walk back and help him.' The doctor's wife seemed pleased about something at about that time. We watched them off with a few words of advice to the doctor; and for a good-natured fling at the guide, Tom said, 'Don't feel so bad, old man, the first three miles is the worst.'

"Three days it took us to get back to Kineo again. Then back to old New York, for which I think we all have an affection, bad as she uses us sometimes. And that, boys, finishes the account of my trip to Maine."

There was silence for a few moments while all seemed to be thinking, until Sam said, 'Well, boys, I am going to Maine.' "So am I," said Joe, "and we're obliged to you, Fred, for telling us about it." "Don't mention it, boys, and I wish you as good luck as I had, and now I must be going. Good night." J. H. B.

The Skin Hunters of the Plains.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading Charles Aubrey's account of the buffalo set me to thinking again of the white skin hunters and their wasteful methods. Their manner of killing them gave them about one animal out of every three that they killed, the wolves got the other two. The buffalo guns they used ("as heavy as a crowbar" well describes them), with their bottle-neck 50 caliber shells, would kill a buffalo at 1,500 yards, if it hit him where he could be killed; but often it did not.

I was coming from the antelope hills on my way to Fort Elliott one hot afternoon in June when I overtook four skin hunters mounted on rather poor Texas ponies. They were out after buffalo that could here be seen in small herds grazing in all directions. There were half a dozen hunters in sight. These men had a camp with wagons miles from here on some stream where there was water. Only one of them had a buffalo gun, the rest had Winchesters. They would do the driving, he the shooting, and in a short time after this he did it. The nearest buffalo, about fifty of them, were grazing off to our right and front about a mile away. The drivers went for them while the shooter and I kept on to where the buffalo would be likely to pass; and getting there he and I staked out our horses, while he took his stand in a buffalo wallow. He wanted me to take a stand here also; I had a Marlin rifle, but I told him that I only did my shooting from the saddle, his method was too wasteful; and lying down behind him I prepared to take in this show. I had seen others like it before. The buffalo, when started, ran past us about 500 yards away and the hunter opened on them, firing at least a dozen shots before the last of them were out of range.

He got three, and I was surprised at him getting so many, the only spot in which they could be hit to kill instantly could be more than covered with the rim of one of our hats, there was small chance of his killing them there, while they were on the dead run 500 yards away; yet every shot he fired no doubt hit a buffalo somewhere. These big balls going through too far back would kill the animal in time.

"Well, you have three out of a dozen. The other nine are lost to you," I told him. "Why don't you men run those buffalo? I could have got six out of that bunch with this horse of mine and might not have fired over six shots to get them, either."

"Oh, we can't run them on these horses we have. It is well enough for you fellows to talk of running them. If we had some one to buy us \$200 horses, then get us another like him as soon as we had killed up the first one, then we could run them."

"You have a curious idea about us and our horses. This horse of mine cost \$135. The highest that is paid for any of them is \$150, and not many of them cost that much. And as for the killing him up, I take mighty good care not to do it; if I did I would not run many buffalo on the plug that would be given me the next time. If I were in this business I would have at least two good Indian buffalo ponies; they can be got for \$30 a piece, all you want of them."

"Yes, but after we have sold our hides and have stocked up for the next month, we don't have many \$30 left."

What they did have left would be likely to be divided between firewater and a monte bank. I did not tell him so, though.

"You won't follow up these wounded buffalo, will you?" "No; what is the use? They will run half a day before they drop."

These men had about 250 hides on hand now. About \$200 worth when I got to Fort Elliott, \$50 for each man for a hard month's work. The skin hunters had a hard life of it and often finished it with their boots on at the conclusion of a drunken row. Their greatest fear was of hostile Indians, they had a far more dangerous enemy than the Indian—the post trader's whiskey.

CABIA BLANCO.

Game Wardens and Collusion.

PORTLAND, Ind., May 19.—Editor Forest and Stream: Certain remarks in your editorial under the heading "Moieties for Protectors," caused me to smile. I have had some experience with game wardens in their native element, and there is more or less inclination to graft, the same as in other lines of business. Those who frequent the game sections are well aware of the temptations and inclinations in that direction. I am inclined to the opinion that very little game is smuggled without collusion with some so-called game warden. I have met both the good and the bad, also the indifferent. A big fat deputy sat in our tent on the occasion of one of our last trips to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, and told us of taking \$25 from a party the year previous and allowing them to ship five deer out. He said "it was only \$5 apiece." But he had an assistant where our train stopped before crossing the State line and we did not bite. He also offered to sell us some venison, which was contrary to law. Last fall, when two deputies came on to us before we had tied our coupons on the four deer we had hung up, placed us under arrest and confiscated our game, then staid to parley, the first thing we thought of was money, and one of our party in response to that thought said "don't give them a cent." While I am persuaded that there are honorable men acting as game wardens, I would not for a moment think it possible there was no exception to the rule. The tip has led to graft, until a division of the spoil is found in the woods as well as in the city.

C. W. CUNNINGHAM.

[This is based on an apparent misconception of what we wrote. We did not say that there are not dishonest wardens, but that under the New York system of sharing in the penalties recovered it was not practicable for wardens to be in collusion with law breakers for the purpose of making business for themselves and profiting by a division of the recoveries after court proceedings.]

There are, of course, unfaithful and dishonest wardens; but then let us not forget that there are others who are uncompromisingly honest and inflexibly straight.]

The Canadian Camp Club.

THE directors of the Canadian Camp Club dined at the Metropolitan Club, this city, on the evening of Thursday, May 18, and elected officers for the permanent organization. The club was organized largely through the personal efforts of Dr. G. Lenox Curtis, of New York. Dr. Curtis founded and organized the Canadian Camp, of which the club is an off-shoot.

The camp is purely a social body, and has a membership of over 700 of America's principal sportsmen and authors of woods life. The camp has proved a pronounced social success. Its dinners, which consist principally of big game, have won a world wide reputation. The officers elected for one year are:

President, Dr. Robert T. Morris; First Vice-President, Charles Wake; Second Vice-President, Dr. G. Lenox Curtis; Secretary, James A. Cruikshank; Treasurer, Girard N. Whitney. The Executive Committee consists of Dr. G. Lenox Curtis, Chairman; L. O. Armstrong, James A. Cruikshank, W. T. McCulloch, Dr. Robert T. Morris, Charles Wake, Girard N. Whitney, and the Hon. Julius H. Seymour.

The Canadian Camp Club now has some 250 members, the limit being 500 members. It has secured a tract of land extending from Hudson Bay to Lake Huron, a distance of 600 miles, most of which is through virgin and unexplored territory, and abounds in large game and fish. This is the largest club of its kind in existence and its members are selected from among the best known sportsmen, naturalists and explorers. The club is erecting camps throughout the entire tract at intervals of a day's journey. Its principal camps are situated on the picturesque Mississauga River near Slate Falls and at the watershed near Winnebago.

Cold Storage in Illinois.

ONE would hardly look for anything pertinent to the game supply in a legislative measure entitled "An act to regulate public warehouses and the warehousing and inspection of grain"; but an Illinois bill to amend a law of that title contains a provision, which if it becomes law, will have a direct effect upon the cold storage of game. This is a requirement that the warehouse man shall on or before Tuesday morning of each week make out and keep posted in a conspicuous place in the office of his warehouse a statement of the amount of butter, eggs, game and poultry in store in his warehouse at the close of business on the previous Saturday, setting forth particulars of when the game was placed in storage and the kind of game. A similar statement must be sworn to by one of the principal owners and the bookkeeper, and furnished to the warehouse inspector. A further provision requires that there shall be furnished daily to the inspector a correct statement of the amount of each kind and inspected grade of butter, eggs, game or poultry received on the previous day, also of the amount delivered or shipped by the warehouseman on the previous day, and in addition, there shall be furnished the inspector any further information that may be necessary to enable him to keep a full and correct record of all butter, eggs, game or poultry received and delivered.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

British vs. American Casters.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your issue of April 1 last Mr. E. Lipkau contributed a short but timely and interesting note on ringed flies, setting forth their lasting qualities and general superiority over the mounted or snelled flies commonly used by American anglers. I fully indorse what he says. I have all my large flies tied that way now and find them more lasting. I have a considerable number on hand that are as safe as the day they came from the skillful hands of old John Benn some seasons ago. One or two of my western friends in discussing the relative merits of the two methods, have advanced the argument that leaders are quite as subject to decay as the snells of mounted flies, and while that is true in main, they have, I think, overlooked the effect of the steel shank or snell. Other and less skilled fly casters have objected to the use of ringed flies as being less convenient, but their objection comes from a lack of familiarity with the knots used in fastening the unlooped end of leader to the eye or ring of flies. In most cases this objection has been removed by showing them the simple knots most commonly used by the English and American experts.

I take it that the American dealers aim to supply what their customers demand and consequently they carry their flies mounted as there is so little demand for the other style. True it is, that very few of even the largest dealers in tackle in the United States carry any ringed flies. In Canada, where most local anglers are familiar with "eyed flies" and the stocks are principally obtained from England you will usually find even the smaller shops to be well supplied, even to the gnats and midgits. The angler who needs or wishes to economize in his tackle will find the ringed flies of advantage. I have not found that the ring or eye of fly or the knot used in fastening the leader offers more resistance to the water or otherwise detracts from their use. If the fly be well and properly secured to the leader or temporary snells it offers no more resistance to the water than those that are mounted at the time the fly is laid on.

While I fully agree with Mr. Lipkau in what he says of the economy and safety of ringed flies, he makes one statement in his note which, I think, is open to question and which I should like to see discussed in your columns. He says, "We are much behind the English fly caster in the art of fly casting." Now are we? I cannot write of the English fly caster at home, for I have not fished in Great Britain. My experience in fishing with "our British cousins" has been confined to waters in eastern and western Canada and in California and Oregon. On waters there it has been my very good fortune to fish with a good many English and Scotch fishermen, most of whom were "royal good chaps" and keen sportsmen who were "doing the States and Canada for fish and game," or who resided in Canada, and I have not found that any of them excelled and that but one or two equalled many of my eastern and western friends in the art of fly casting. In the first place, their rods do not compare with our best. They are heavier and though much longer do not handle the line nearly as well. A few of the most expert English fly casters I have met have used Leonard rods; but even these did not have the command of their cast that our best anglers have. When it comes to distance casting with the back cast unobstructed they get out a good line and place their flies well. Where the back cast is limited by trees or rocks or where a cast must be made to place the flies well under overhanging trees or brush, the English casters have not shown up well in comparison with many Americans with whom I have fished.

The average English fisherman you meet on American waters uses a very large fly, mostly of the English salmon style. They are too heavy to be placed lightly on the water, they are essentially flies for sinking and cannot be delicately dropped and floated on the surface. In fishing heavy waters like the McCloud in California, the Rogue in Oregon and the Thompson and Kootney in British Columbia, and Nipigon in Ontario, where sunken flies are often resorted to, the American casters use much smaller flies than the Englishmen I have met on these waters. In my experience the former have been more successful, probably because of their superior casting and because by the use of smaller flies they were enabled to cover all the more quiet stretches with their cast and yet sink them in swift water. I should like to hear from others of your readers on this subject, and it would be interesting to learn from Mr. Lipkau why he thinks "we are much behind the English fly caster in the art of fly casting."

Let me tell you of a tribute to the expertness of some of my western fly-casting friends and American fly casters generally which was paid them by the most expert English fly caster and fisherman it has been my pleasure to know.

Some seasons ago, in company with a party of California friends, I met at Pelican Bay, in southern Oregon, an Englishman who outwardly was of the Lawrence D'Orsay stamp and who mentally reflected all of the sterling qualities of that most gentlemanly and accomplished actor. Not having to play a part written by Thomas he was less heavy than the Earl of Pawtucket, we laughed with and not at him, and found him an excellent fly caster and fisherman. Though he was more or less reserved and very deliberate, he was "a royal good chap," direct and pleasant, and we all liked him from the first. The fishing in the placid waters of Pelican Bay is all done from a boat, and it is usually the custom for two fishermen to go out from the lodge in each boat, taking "turn and turn about" in casting and handling the boat. As our party was odd in number we were only too glad "to split a boat with him." He proved a welcome substitute for the average boatman one can get there. He did his "trick at the ash" well and proved easily that he was an accomplished fisherman, and he was reckoned one of our party thereafter. A few evenings after our first

meeting he was seated on the well screened porch of the very artistic and comfortable rustic cottage which our party occupied at the Lodge, when some one asked him how he, an Englishman, came to be using a Leonard rod, a Mills tapered line and an Edward vom Hofe reel. In reply he told us that some years ago, while the guest of an English friend, at the latter's salmon lodge in Scotland, he met Mr. J. R. Moore, of New York, who was one of the same house party. Mr. Moore, he continued, was "the most remarkable fly fisherman he had ever knocked up against. His use of his cast and his method of playing and killing the fish he struck was a revelation to us all. None of us had ever seen so clever a caster. Mr. Moore was at that time using a light single-handed split cane rod, while the balance were using double handed rods. He was the first fisherman I had ever seen kill a salmon with so light a single handed rod. I afterward accompanied Mr. Moore to Norway and 'fished salmon' with him there. Mr. Moore very cleverly coached me and whatever skill I may have I owe to him. After fishing with him I changed my method. On Mr. Moore's return to New York he sent me one of the rods, lines and reels I am now using, and I have not since used any other makes."

Mr. Moore had told him of the fishing in California, at Pelican Bay and the Williamson River in Oregon, and had asked him to "come out" and fish them with him. Much to his sorrow Mr. Moore died before he could get over, but his stories, especially those of the Williamson, had made so strong an impression that he came over to the States to fish there. As it was the good fortune of myself and one other of our party to have known Mr. Moore well, and to have fished many Pacific coast waters with him, this announcement that this Englishman had known him in the old country kept us all up to a late hour toasting the memory and relating recollections of that much traveled and interesting fisherman.

We afterward had the pleasure of showing our new friend some of Mr. Moore's favorite stretches of the famous Williamson River. Now this Englishman repeatedly declared that "Moore was and you chaps are much more clever with your rods than the men at home, and you do yourselves a deal better in tackle."

Mr. Moore was my friend for many years, and he taught me many "kinks" that old Thad. Norris had taught him when a boy. Mr. Moore was by all odds the best fly fisherman it has ever been my good fortune to have met. He had fished almost all the waters of the world—and that as our English friend remarked, was "a big order"—yet he often said that the best English casters he had met did not compare favorably with the best of American anglers. Mr. Moore had better command of his flies than any other man I have fished with. Probably he could not have gone on to a platform at a fly casting tournament and equalled Leonard, Mansfield or Golcher, but out on a stream he was a master. I have never fished with Mr. Leonard but I have fished with Messrs. Mansfield and Golcher and many other most skilled fly fishermen, and I think Moore placed his flies better than any.

Let us hear what others have to say of Mr. Lipkau's statement that "We are much behind the English fly casters in the art of fly casting." AMIGO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 12.

Suspended Animation in Fishes.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

As an old sportsman in many lands, I take great interest in two articles in your issue of May 13. That on salmon by Mr. Edward A. Samuels, and that on the Alaskan blackfish, by my old fellow sportsman and friend, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers.

There are two points in the former, first, with reference to the hooked jaw of the salmon male fish. Mr. Samuels is right in considering that this is used for a weapon for fighting. Many instances have occurred of salmon being picked up with their sides all scored by these beaks, the wounds having been inflicted by an antagonist at spawning time. With reference to Mr. Samuels' objection, that the fleshy tip is soft and velvety, I have frequently noticed that male fish caught in English or Scotch rivers at "the back end," that is, in September and October, have had the "gib" hard and horny throughout at that season. Mr. Samuels is no doubt aware that this hook-like appendage frequently drops off, or is worn off by the fish rubbing on stones; but it grows again by the mating time. Second, with reference to salmon feeding in fresh water, the weight of evidence is now in favor of their doing so occasionally, but not frequently.

Only one instance, other than that of a fish taking a trout fly made to resemble a natural insect, has come under my own notice. I was once with a brother and a Scotch "gillie" named Wragge watching some salmon in a clear pool in a stream, when we saw one which had a small eel in its mouth. It took a long time in swallowing this appetizing morsel, but the eel gradually disappeared.

An instance was also recorded, about a year ago, of a salmon which was caught with rod and line, inside which was a recently swallowed roach. This was, if I remember correctly, on the River Avon, in the south of England, and the roach $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length.

Mr. Chambers' remarks concerning the extraordinary vitality of the frozen blackfish are certainly most remarkable. One feels inclined to be sorry for those dogs, whom he mentions as only being made aware of this latent animation by feeling the little creatures kicking about inside them, with the result that they lost their meal! I have, however, myself frequently witnessed cases of this suspended animation in fish, although in a hot climate, like India, not a cold one like Alaska. When at Jubbulpore, in the central province of India, I, in several successive seasons, watched the natives catching enormous quanti-

ties of fish in baskets, in a shallow pond formed merely of rain water; the bed of which would be dry and as hard as iron a fortnight later, while in the great succeeding heats the whole surface of what had been the pond was full of cracks and fissures in what had formerly been mud.

Upon another occasion, just at the commencement of the cold weather, I was snipe shooting near the Grand Trunk road connecting Delhi with Meerut, over several rushy and reedy "j'heels," also in the process of drying up. The shallow water, where there was any left, was full of small fish, while near the edges of the j'heels, where it had already almost dried, were the hoof-prints of many buffaloes. In some of these remained a little water, in others liquid mud, but in each of those hoof-prints were one or two of the little fishes, sometimes half or three-quarters buried in the mud; apparently they were burrowing. Upon the last occasion that I visited those j'heels all the water had gone. There were no snipe to shoot and not a fish to be seen, for everything was dry and hard as iron. Yet in the following year's rains, as in the case of the pond at Jubbulpore, those j'heels would again be full of fishes, returned from the mud. I could give you a far more remarkable instance of suspended animation in fish life, one which had lasted not for one year only but for untold centuries, but fear that I have already trespassed too much upon your valuable space. ANDREW HAGGARD, Lieut.-Col.

Charles Hallock's Initiation.

THE charming story of his initiation in the art of fly-fishing is told by Mr. Hallock in his "Fishing Tourist," a volume which is one of the classics of American angling literature. It is given here by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Bros.:

It is now twenty-six years since I cast my first fly among the green hills of Hampshire county, Mass. I was a stripling then, tall and active, with my young blood bounding through every vein, and reveling in the full promise of a hardy manhood. My whole time was passed out of doors. I scorned a bed in the summer months. My home was a tree-embowered shanty apart from the farm-house, and crowning a knoll around whose base wound and tumbled a most delectable trout-brook. Here was the primary school where I learned the first rudiments of a sportsman's education. In time I came to know every woodchuck hole in the township, and almost every red squirrel and chipmunk by sight; every log where an old cock-partridge drummed; every crow's nest, and every hollow tree where a coon hid away. I heard Bob White whistle to his mate in June, and knew where to find his family when the young brood hatched out. I had pets of all kinds: tame squirrels, and crows, hawks, owls and coons. All the live stock on the farm were my friends. I rode the cows from pasture, drove a cosset four-in-hand, jumped the donkey off the bridge to the detriment of both our necks, and even trained a heifer so that I could fire my shotgun at rest between her budding horns. I learned where to gather all the berries, roots, barks and "yarbs" that grew in the woods; and so unconsciously became a naturalist and an earnest student of botany. As to fishing, it was my passion. There were great lakes that reposed in the solitude of the woods, at whose outlets the hum and buzz of busy sawmills were heard, and whose waters were filled with pickerel: and, most glorious of all, there were mountain streams, foaming, purling, eddying and rippling with a life and a dash and a joyousness that made our lives merry, and filled our hearts to overflowing with pleasure.

Fly-fishing was in its infancy then. It was an art scarcely known in America and but little practised in England. The progressive school of old Isaak and Kit North had but few graduates with honor. We boys, my cousin and I, had little conception of the curious devices of feathers and tinsel which we afterwards learned to use; and to the angling fraternity the artifices of Thorn-dyke, Stickler and Bethune were as mysterious as the occult sciences themselves. We used simply a wattle and a worm, and whipped the trout out by hundreds; for the streams fairly teemed with them. And it required some little skill to do it, too—much knowledge of the haunts of the speckled beauties, much caution in creeping up to the more exposed pools, where a passing shadow would have dashed our hopes in an instant; and no little dexterity in dropping the bait quietly out of sight under the bank, where we knew a wary trout was lurking. What a thrill there was when the expected tug came! and when we had him hooked, we pulled him out *vi et armis*. No time for grace or parley. It was purely a test of strength between tackle and gills. We did not understand "playing a trout." And yet we were the best anglers in the village. No boys could hold a candle to us. We caught bigger fish and more of them. We knew every good place in the stream. There was the old log just at the edge of the woods, the big hole where we used to bathe, the bridge that crossed the road, the rocky ledge at the pond where there was a little mill, the crossing-log in the ten-acre pasture, the eddy at the lower falls, and so on from point to point, through devious windings and turnings, away down stream three miles or more to the grist-mill—the same which the old "Mountain Miller" used to "tend" in days gone by.

Ah! those were halcyon days. No railroads disturbed the quiet seclusion of that mountain nook. The scream of the locomotive was not heard within twenty-four miles of it. Twice a week an old-fashioned coach dragged heavily up the hill into the hamlet and halted in front of the house which was at once post-office, tavern, and miscellaneous store—an "omnium gatherum," as our friend Ives had it in our college days at Yale. One day it brought a passenger. A well-knit, wiry frame he had, and features stolid and denoting energy and kindred

qualities. He carried a leather hand-bag and a handful of rods in a case. The village *quidnuncs* said he was a surveyor. He allowed he was from Troy and had "come to go a-fishing." From that stranger I took my first lesson in fly-fishing.

As he stood upon the tavern steps he gazed across the barren waste of ground to the meeting house opposite—the same meeting house where my revered grandfather ministered with grace for forty years—a meeting house quaint and ancient, rooster-crowned, with its horse-block and horse-sheds at hand, and its square pews inside, its lofty galleries and pulpit, its deacon-seats and its sounding-board, long since things of the past. He gazed and seemed to meditate, then shook his head and remarked, "To-morrow will be Sunday. I shall have to wait till the following day. Sonny, can you tell me if there is any trout-fishing about here?" Trout-fishing! to me there was magic in the sound. Of course my Sunday-school lesson lapsed next day. Appetite deserted me—I even refused the golden gingerbread that my aunt supplied at noon from the family lunch-basket. But you should have seen that stranger fish on Monday! It was not that he took so very many fish, but the way in which he did it. In the first place, his rod was so constructed in different pieces that he could joint it together, and it was nicely varnished, too, and stiffer and more supple than our long hickory poles. I did not see what kind of bait he used—I didn't see him use any—but he gave a flourish of his arm, and tossed his line every time, far, far beyond the most ambitious attempts of ours; and nearly every time a fish took his hook. Big fellows they were, too, I can tell you. We always knew they were out there in that deep water under the alders, for we had seen them break there, often. We never tried to fish there; we could not reach them from this side, and upon the other the bushes were so thick it was useless to attempt it. All day long, while fishing with him, I employed my nicest art. I took only a few big ones—any dozen of his would have outweighed my whole string. It aggravated me awfully. He said I was an excellent *bait* fisher, but thought I would learn to prefer a fly. Before he went away he gave me some instructions and a few flies. Since then I have always used a fly, except in certain contingencies.

Canadian Fishing.

American Anglers are Flocking to Canada.

ALMOST every train from American points running into New Brunswick and the Province of Quebec carries at this time a greater or less number of sportsmen on their way to enjoy the spring fishing for trout. Under ordinary circumstances the visitors would be none too early in arriving. But this is, so far, a very late and backward season, and though the water is lower than usual at this time of the year, owing to the absence of rain during the winter and the very gradual thawing of the snow, it is still, like the atmosphere, exceptionally cold. Fontinalis is not, therefore, rising very freely at surface lures as yet, though a couple of days' warmth would do the trick. Trolling and bait-fishing are reported good, but the best of the spring fly-fishing is yet to come in our northern Canadian waters. A change in the weather may be expected any day now, but so disagreeably cold and backward was it in Quebec during the greater part of the third week of May that New England anglers who arrived there early in the week preferred remaining several days in their comfortable quarters at the Chateau Frontenac to an immediate departure for their respective camps.

Quite a number of visitors, besides many members of Canadian fishing clubs are now encamped upon their preserves along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, while many who have no fishing rights of their own are now fishing Lake Edward and the neighboring waters. Not many reports have so far reached Quebec of the success of the fly-fishers, though at the outlet of Lake Kiskisink there has already been some very fair sport, and the next few days is likely to be productive of any number of fish stories.

The different parties of American sportsmen who have passed through Quebec during the last few days for the spring fishing include the following: Samuel Dodd, president of the International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.; ex-Governor Chamberlain, of Connecticut; C. Berry Peets, director of the International Silver Company; Frank Furlong, cashier of the Hartford National Bank; Robert M. Wilcox, the husband of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox; Judge George M. Gunn, Milford, Conn.; General Phelps, of New Haven, Conn.; John W. Coe, of Meriden, Conn., vice-president of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club; Francis Stevenson Coe and Dr. John W. Coe, of New York. Most of these gentlemen are now at the club house of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, which controls the fishing in Lake Kiskisink and neighboring waters, as well as a beautiful stretch of the Metabetchouan River.

Before the end of the month it is expected that most of the club houses along the line of the railway will be pretty well crowded with anglers and their friends.

To-day (the 20th of May) I have a message from Lake St. John, telling me that the water of the lake is in good condition for ouananiche fishing and that the residents there are taking the gamy fish very freely by means of such coarse bait as salt pork and pieces of *ouitouché* or chub. My experience has always been that these fish rise very freely to the fly in the bays of the lake and the mouths of the rivers, at least a fortnight earlier than the opening of the season in the Grand Discharge, and I have had excellent sport in the mouth of the *Ouiatchouan* River as early as the 24th of May. But the season was an earlier one that year than the present spring is. Those who care to try this sport should bring large size flies with them, the best for the purpose being medium-sized salmon flies of any of the more favorite patterns.

Another Big Fish and Game Preserve.

It will be good news to those who take an interest in the matter of forest, fish and game protection to learn that another very large preserve has just been created by the new Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec, the Hon. Adelard Turgeon, who succeeded the Hon. S. N. Parent in that position a few

weeks ago. The new preserve is over 2,500 square miles in extent, or in the neighborhood of a million and a half of acres. It is situated in the very heart of the Gaspé Peninsula, an enormous plateau of considerable elevation, crowned by the famous Shick-Shock Mountains, and covered with a luxuriant growth of forest. From a glance at the map of this part of Canada it will quickly be seen how essential it is to the protection of the inland fisheries of the Gaspé country that the forests of the interior should be carefully protected. From a dozen to twenty large rivers take their rise in or near these mountains, and flow therefrom in every direction toward the sea, those running toward the north and east emptying themselves into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and those toward the south mingling their waters with those of the *Baie des Chaleurs*. With the exception of the *Ristigouche* and its tributaries, these rivers include almost all the south shore salmon streams of any value in the Province of Quebec, and many important trout waters as well. Among them may be mentioned the *Matane*, the *Cap Chat*, the *St. Anne*, the *Magdalen*, the *Dartmouth*, the *York*, the *St. John*, the *Bonaventure*, the *Little Cascapedia*, the *Grand and Little Pabos*, the *Grand River*, the *Grand Cascapedia*, the *Nouvelle*, the *Escumencac* and the *Caucupscull*. Many of us have revisited the scenes of fishing exploits of a number of years ago, only to find that since the disappearance of forests we were unable to discover the brooks and streams in which we fished in early youth, nothing now being observable but dry, or almost dry, beds, partly grown over with weeds. It is true that there is no immediate danger to be apprehended of the disappearance of wood and water from the Gaspé Peninsula, but it is surely the part of prudence to take precautionary measures in time, especially as the territory in question is about to be opened up by a railway. Should the sources of the valuable rivers already mentioned become denuded of forest growth, the natural result would be disastrous floods in the spring, owing to the too rapid thaw of the exposed snow, nearly dry streams in summer, the carrying away of the soil from the declivities in immense quantities by the freshets, and finally the transformation of the whole country into a desert waste. All these possibilities are fully dealt with in the report of the special officer of Mr. Turgeon's department—Mr. Hall—in accordance with which the reserve in question has been created. Mr. Hall supported his recommendation with the following reference to the fish and game of the new preserve:

"As a matter secondary in importance only to the preservation of the forests and water supply, I would remark that the said territory furnishes a magnificent opportunity to create a hunting and fishing reserve, which would be of the greatest possible annual value to the residents. Were this tract properly protected, I venture to say that in a comparatively short time it would become as well patronized by sportsmen as the northern part of the State of Maine is to-day, and we are all familiar with the statistics respecting those interests there, since it requires more than six figures to represent the direct and indirect revenue annually derived from this source."

Sportsmen will be glad to know that they are not to be kept out of the new reserve. Neither resident nor non-resident sportsmen will, however, in all probability be under some Government restrictions as to payment of license fees for hunting or fishing within the limits of the Gaspé National Park. Many of the lakes and streams in the heart of this Gaspé Peninsula afford some of the finest trout fishing in the country, and having been up to the present more or less inaccessible, many of these inland waters are more or less virgin ones. Much of the country was recently traversed by the surveyors for the new railway, who report that large game of all kinds is exceedingly plentiful in the fastnesses of the picturesque and rugged interior of the peninsula. All the big rivers already referred to form so many highways for reaching the interior by canoe, though of course the salmon pools which many of them contain can only be fished by their lessees, or those to whom they may have given permission.

It is understood that Mr. Turgeon has decided upon the policy of leasing a limited number of fish and game preserves within the territory of the Gaspé reservation.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Grilse and Parr.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of May 15 your correspondent "Dixmont," whose frequent contributions I read with much interest, quotes from the late Dean Sage's book, "Salmon and Trout," what, on the authority of Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, he calls "Proven Facts in the History of the Salmon," the following statements, in which he concurs: "Up to the period of migration there is no difference whatever in fry bred between salmon only, between grilse only, between salmon and parr, or between grilse and parr. The female parr cannot spawn, but the male parr possesses and constantly exercises the power of vivifying salmon and grilse eggs."

Mr. Pennell, I understand, writes of salmon in English, Scotch and Irish rivers, and Mr. Sage's concurrence, I infer, is based on his own experience in the rivers of North America, especially in those of Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, since he says that "on the Godbout female grilse are frequently taken with as well developed spawn as salmon at the same time." The scientific inquirer cannot but regret that the weight of these grilse was not given.

As I know nothing of the salmon of Great Britain, except from reading, I am not in a position to deny any of the statements made by Mr. Pennell and concurred in by Mr. Sage; but in an experience of over sixty years on the rivers of Maine, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the Quebec side of the Bay Chaleur, I have been unable to find a grilse with any visible ova, and I had the assistance of coast fishermen, fishery officers, managers of hatching houses and a large circle of brother anglers. As for the male parr—a samlet of a year's growth, weighing three to four ounces, which has never been to salt water—possessing the power to vivify the ova of adult salmon weighing from ten to forty pounds, whether in European or American rivers—*Credat Judæus Appella—non ego!*

There must be, among your numerous readers, many anglers who have had as much experience with salmon as the late Mr. Sage, and if there be in North American

rivers female grilse of four to six pounds with matured ova, and male parr of three to four ounces with matured milt—some of these sportsmen must have seen them. If any such there be they will do a real service to scientific inquiry by recording their experience in your columns, and stating the waters from which such grilse and parr were taken.

THE OLD ANGLER.

Maine Waters Full of Fish.

BOSTON, May 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Belgrade Lakes have long been known as yielding large numbers of black bass, and have furnished a moderate amount of trout fishing. Messalouskie (formerly known as Snow Pond), the last of the chain, bids fair to be a close rival of Clearwater and Sebago for early fishing. Ten years ago Hon. Wm. T. Haines, of Waterville, who has been for years a generous patron of sportsmen's interests in Maine, planted in the lake several thousand square-tail trout. They had a hard struggle for life against the bass and pickerel for some years, but many of them "won out" and are now furnishing good sport. Three years ago a 3-pound square-tail was taken, and two years ago a few were caught weighing five pounds each, furnishing strong evidence that some of Mr. Haines' small trout had survived the race war. Last week Mrs. S. L. Preble, of Waterville, while fishing on the west shore netted a square-tail of 7½ pounds. Mr. Preble at the same time captured a couple of 3-pounders. Mr. Glenn Blake, of Oakland took one weighing 7½ pounds. Another angler secured two 5-pounders and others were taken from 3 to 4½ pounds. Another day Mr. Henry Williams, of Portland, took two 5-pounders. Several others caught trout enough to make a handsome lay-out—all of the genuine square-tail species. Good catches of bass and salmon have been taken from Great Pond, which has heretofore out-classed all the others of the Belgrade Chain. Twelve bass taken by Mr. and Mrs. Turner weighed 38 pounds. The largest salmon taken weighed 5¾ pounds. Some of the other lakes of the series have made a creditable showing.

Another comparatively new candidate for public favor is Sweet's Pond in New Vineyard. Salmon weighing 5 to 6 pounds and lakers weighing from 3 to 8 pounds have been recently taken by several anglers of the town, and from Kingfield and Avon. An angler from Strong has taken a salmon weighing 7½ pounds, and another fisherman took two in an hour's fishing that weighed 6 pounds each—these were taken by Mr. W. E. McLain, who has been active in stocking the lakes. Several new cottages are in process of construction on the lake and eligible sites are in demand—all this the direct result of good fishing.

Seboc, which is a favorite resort for sportsmen of the twin towns, Dover and Foxcroft, is furnishing good early fishing. L. W. Gilbert, of Bath has taken an 8-pound salmon. A party of twelve from Portland has just arrived at the Lake House for an outing of several days.

At Weld Pond Dr. Walter I. Hoyt, of Waltham, has taken twenty-one trout and two salmon. Hon. S. W. Carr, insurance commissioner, of Augusta, has captured a 6-pound salmon from Cobbosseecontee. Three Bostonians, Messrs. H. Lawton, L. H. Fitch and George Singleton, who have visited Square Lake in far-off Aroostook regularly for five years are enjoying royal sport there. One afternoon Mr. Lawton in two hours' fishing took two salmon and three square-tail trout whose total weight was 26½ pounds—the largest salmon 7½ and the largest trout 5½ pounds. This lake is noted for its large square-tails.

Mr. E. O. Noyes, a well-known Brockton fisherman, has taken several 3 to 4-pound fish from Rangeley Lake. Mr. Ray L. Averill with seven other gentlemen has gone to Moosehead. The Megantic club house on Spider lake was opened for guests on the 15th, Mr. W. L. Jones, steward. Big Island Camps are in charge of John Parnell, those at Chain of Ponds, of E. S. Sprague. In a few days several of the club members are expected to arrive.

Several Massachusetts anglers are already at Carry Ponds and other resorts reached by Bingham. Mr. F. W. Mason and wife, of New York, have taken possession of their camp at Gull Pond which has been bountifully stocked the past few years with trout and salmon. Mr. Walter Clark, of Attleboro, is at Bald Mountain Camps. Increased accommodations are the order of the day all through the Rangeley and the Dead River country. At the Barker six new camps have been built the past winter; several have been added at Round Mountain Lake.

Two Cambridge fishermen who have just returned from Sebago with five salmon, whose aggregate weight is 41 pounds, say they are at least five years younger than when they left Boston a week ago.

It is claimed that 200 Maine lakes now contain salmon. So assiduously has the work of stocking been carried on that every year the discovery is made that excellent fishing may be had in lakes never before brought to public notice. Such results must be a source of great satisfaction to ex-Commissioner Stanley under whose skilful guidance this great work has been carried on. In this connection should be noted the faithful efforts of Maine Congressmen in securing the necessary appropriations from the General Government to establish and maintain the three stations of the U. S. Fisheries Bureau in the Pine Tree State. These have proved valuable auxiliaries to the hatcheries maintained by the State, of which there are eight; a very large one at Sebago Lake in Raymond (20 miles from Portland); the Rangeley at Oquossoc, which is the Indian name for Rangeley; the Cobbosseecontee at Monmouth; the Carlton Brook at Winthrop; the Moosehead Lake at Squaw Brook; the Cold Stream at Enfield on the Penobscot, 35 miles from Bangor; the Lake Auburn near Lewiston; the Caribou at the town of that name in Aroostook county. Besides these, the U. S. Government maintains two extensive ones and a station in the eastern part of the State. The streams and lakes of the State received not less than a million trout and salmon as the planting of the past year.

In no less than seventy-five lakes and ponds the U,

S. Government deposited either fingerling or yearling salmon during the year ending in June, 1903.

Among the departures for Maine this week are Dr. J. C. French and wife for Square Lake; the "Mohawks," of Haverhill, including R. E. Traiser and J. K. Mosser, of Boston, to Square Lake. A T. Clarke and wife, of Newton, and N. A. Dill and party to Ed. Grant's Camps, Kennebago and Beaver Pond. F. A. Nichols and wife for Rangeley. Mr. C. H. Utley and others are going to Holeb, leaving Boston Sunday evening. Not a day will pass, while the still-fishing and trolling are good, without the exodus of many Bostonians for the fishing resorts of Maine and New Hampshire. Fishermen who must have fly-fishing will go later—most of them in June.

CENTRAL.

The Nepigon.

NEW YORK, May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sportsmen who have fished the Nepigon, and especially those intending to fish that stream again this season will confer a favor by corresponding with NOAH PALMER, 37 MADISON SQUARE, E., New York City.

Pennsylvania Trout Hatcheries.

THE Department of Fisheries of Pennsylvania will have \$89,700 with which to carry on its work for fishculture and fish protection for the next two years, \$30,100 more than was appropriated two years ago. Among the items provided for in the appropriation is one for the establish-

ment of three new hatcheries for the propagation of black bass and other fishes. When these three hatcheries are established the Department of Fisheries of Pennsylvania will have eight hatcheries, and with the exception of one, each will be of large size, the smallest ten acres and the largest 100 acres.

Lewis and Clark Fly-Casting Tournament.

A FLY-CASTING tournament will be held in connection with the Lewis and Clark Fair at Portland on Aug. 23. The secretary is Mr. A. E. Gebhardt, of Portland.

Salmon fishing to lease on Nepisiquit River, New Brunswick. Terms on application to GEORGE GILBERT, Bathurst, N. B.



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

- JUNE.
1. Sea Side, open.
 3. Columbia, annual power boat regatta.
 3. Knickerbocker, annual.
 3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
 3. Atlantic, Havens cup No. 1.
 3. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
 5. Bergen Beach, open.
 6. East Gloucester, club.
 10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, invitation race around Long Island.
 10. New York C. C., open.
 10. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
 10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
 10. New Rochelle, power boat races.
 10. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
 10. Royal Canadian, club.
 10. Edgewood, club.
 10. Manhasset, annual.
 10. Wollaston-Quincy, interclub.
 10. Corinthian, club.
 11. Morrisania, spring.
 13. Boston, club, City Point.
 13. Sea Side, club.
 15. New York, Bennett cups, Glen Cove.
 15. Atlantic, annual.
 17. Bensonhurst, open.
 17. Atlantic, A. P. B. A. regatta.
 17. Seawanhaka-Corinthian, club.
 17. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
 17. Hampton Roads, power boat cruise.
 17. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
 17. Corinthian, ocean race.
 17. New York A. C., race to Block Island.
 17. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
 17. Wollaston-Quincy, interclub.
 17. Beverly, club.
 17. Rhode Island, club.
 20. East Gloucester, club.
 22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open.
 22. Sea Side, open.
 23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open.
 24. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual.
 24. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
 24. Squantum, M. Y. R. A.
 24. Bristol, open.
 24. Royal Canadian, club.
 24. Rhode Island, cruising race.
 24. Rhode Island, open.
 24. Beverly, club.
 24. Atlantic, first championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
 24. Corinthian, open.
 28. Sea Side, club.
 29. Brooklyn, ocean race to Hampton Roads.
- JULY.
1. Atlantic, Havens cup No. 2 and Underwood cup.
 1. Bristol, ocean race.
 1. Beverly, club.
 1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
 1. Knickerbocker, cruise.
 1. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
 1. Seaside Park, ladies' cup races.
 1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup race.
 1. New Rochelle, annual.
 1. Boston, club, Marblehead.
 1. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
 2. New Rochelle, cruise.
 3. American, annual.
 3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
 3. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
 3. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.
 4. Atlantic, open.
 4. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A.
 4. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
 4. Eastern, power boat races.
 4. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
 4. Edgewood, club.
 4. Wollaston, club championship.
 4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
 4. Seaside Park, club.
 4. Hampton Roads, cruise.
 4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. races.
 4. Beverly, sweepstake.
 4. East Gloucester, club.
 4. Hartford, annual.
 4. Larchmont, annual.
 4. Sea Side, club.
 - 5-12. Atlantic, cruise.
 7. Eastern, cruise.
 8. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
 8. New York, Glen Cove, cups.
 8. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
 8. Wollaston, club championship.
 8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
 8. Edgewood, club.
 8. Quincy, M. Y. R. A.
 8. Rhode Island, cruising race.
 8. Seaside Park, club.
 8. Beverly, club.
 8. Corinthian, club.
 8. Riverside, annual.
 8. Sea Side, open.
 8. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
 9. Canarsie, open.
 9. Morrisania power boat race.
 10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, ocean race.
 12. Seaside Park, club.
 12. Sea Side, open.
 15. Royal Canadian, club.
 15. New Rochelle, club.
 15. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
 15. Seaside Park, club.
 15. Country Club, Detroit club.
 15. Edgewood, club.
 15. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
 15. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
 15. Beverly, club.
 15. Boston, cruise.
 15. Corinthian, club.
 17. Edgewood, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
 18. New Brunswick Y. R. A. regatta, Prudence Island,

18. East Gloucester, club.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Rhode Island, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
20. Rhole Island-Sachem Head, team race.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, Scawanhaka cup.
21. Fall River, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
22. Knickerbocker, power boat race to Marblehead.
22. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
22. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A.
22. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
22. Rhode Island, cruising race.
22. Seaside Park, club.
22. Royal Canadian, Canada's cup trials.
22. Beverly Y. C., club.
22. Marine and Field, second championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
22. Corinthian, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
27. Eastern, power boat races.
27. Sea Side, club.
28. Eastern, power boat races.
28. Seaside Park, Bay Head and Island Heights, cruise.
28. Sea Side, open.
29. Eastern, power boat races.
29. New Rochelle, ladies' race.
29. Chicago, race to Mackinac.
29. Country Club of Detroit, race to Mackinac.
29. Seaside Park, open.
29. Edgewood, club.
29. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
29. Hampton Roads, cruise.
29. Rhode Island, cruising race.
29. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
29. Beverly, club.
29. Corinthian, club.
29. Boston, club, Marblehead.
29. Indian Harbor, annual.
29. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.

Racing on Buzzard's Bay.

Editor Forest and Stream: The Beverly Y. C., Sippican Y. C. and New Bedford Y. C. have arranged for a series of four open races in Buzzard's Bay on the following dates:

First Race, Aug. 31.—Ricketson Cup races off the South Dartmouth station of the New Bedford Y. C. Three cups are offered by Messrs. Oliver G. and John H. Ricketson for the following classes:

1. Fifteen-foot, one-design boats.
2. Twenty-five to 30ft. sloops.
3. Thirty to 35ft. sloops, to be managed by the New Bedford Y. C.

Second Race, Sept. 1, off Mattapoisett, to be managed by the Beverly Y. C. for prizes offered by summer residents.

Third Race, Sept. 2.—Van Rensselaer Cup races off Marion, to be managed by the Sippican Y. C. Illumination of cottages and yachts in the evening.

Fourth Race, Sept. 4, off Wing's Neck, to be managed by the Beverly Y. C.

It is the desire of these clubs to establish in Buzzard's Bay a series of open races, annually, similar to those in vogue in Massachusetts Bay, which will enable yachtsmen to secure in a moderate vacation four days of racing. It is also hoped that, as the above dates come after the close of the New York Y. C. cruise, some of the smaller yachts will continue to Buzzard's Bay and take part in these races.

WILLIAM F. WILLIAMS,
Commodore New Bedford Y. C.

Rhode Island Notes.

N. B. Y. R. A.—The schedules of the week of open racing to be held beginning July 17 have been issued by the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A. There will be six days' events, including regattas with the Edgewood, Rhode Island, Fall River and Bristol Y. C.'s, an open association race and a team race between the Rhode Island Y. C. and the Sachem's Head Y. C. The opening event will be with the Edgewood Y. C., and the following three days' racing will be off Potter's Cove, being respectively the R. I. Y. C., the Association and the team race.

There will be no entrance fee to these races, and all will be open events excepting the team race. Boats belonging to any recognized yacht club will be allowed to enter, and suitable prizes will be awarded each day, as well as pennants for the boats in each class scoring the most points during the week.

F. H. YOUNG.

HERRESHOFF YACHT FOR GERMAN OWNER.—The new 52-footer, built at Bristol by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., for Mr. Max Warbury, of Hamburg, was launched last week, and will be shipped by steamer to her hailing port, as was Sonya. The new boat will be known as Alice and is slightly smaller than Sonya. She is 61ft. 9in. over all, 49ft. waterline, 13ft. 2in. breadth and 9ft. draft. She will be raced in all the German and most of the British events.

* * *

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

The Start of the Ocean Race.

THOSE yachtsmen whose enthusiasm did not wane after the first day's trying experience in their effort to see the start of the race for the Ocean Cup on Tuesday, May 16, and went down the Bay a second time well repaid for their persistency.

The start of the ocean race was a great marine spectacle and it will be many years before three great nations are represented in so important an event by eleven yachts so different in size and rig.

The work of fitting out the contestants had been greatly hampered by continued bad weather, and both participants and sight-seers were disgusted when Tuesday, May 16, the day set for the start, dawned cold and foggy. Almost all the large yacht clubs made arrangements so that their members could see the start from either excursion boats or tugs chartered for the purpose. The bad weather on Tuesday kept but few away, for interest in the event had become very keen, but the discomforts experienced that day were sufficient to keep all but a handful away the day following.

The start was scheduled for 2 o'clock, and a goodly number of yachts, excursion boats and tugs felt their way down the Bay to the Horseshoe just inside the Hook, where seven of the eleven starters were anchored.

Monday night was a most uncomfortable and uneasy one for both amateurs and professionals on the eleven contestants. Many dreaded being run down while at anchor and even a slight accident might serve to prevent their starting. The fears of those on Fleur de Lys were realized, for just before dawn she was fouled by a scow in tow of a tug. Some of her planks were stove in and part of her rail was carried away on the starboard side. Repairs had to be made at once so the boat was towed to Manning's Basin and work commenced. The damage was not as serious as was first thought and Fleur de Lys was back in the Horseshoe that night. Dr. Stimson, Fleur de Lys' owner, was greatly disappointed but acted in a very sportsmanlike manner. He asked the Committee on Start not to delay on his account and said that he would proceed as soon as it was possible for him to do so.

The fog held thick all day, however, and the committee did not care to send the boats away while such conditions prevailed. The owners, too, were in favor of a postponement and shortly after 3 o'clock it was announced that the start would be deferred until 12 o'clock on Wednesday, the day following. A fresh easterly breeze held all day Tuesday and all hands were chilled through and disgusted all except Dr. Stimson, for the delay proved to be a fortunate one for him, as he was enabled to complete repairs on Fleur de Lys and start with the rest of the fleet.

In the early morning the conditions were very much the same as those of the day previous, and many who had half a mind to, try again to see the start abandoned the idea after looking out. The attending fleet looked small when compared with the large number of boats that were on hand the day before.

Hamburg, the only German entry, was the first boat to reach Sandy Hook lightship. It was about 11 o'clock when she arrived there in tow. Hamburg was soon followed by Thistle, and then came Endymion, Ailsa, Sunbeam, Hildegarde, Utowana, Apache, Valhalla and Atlantic.

Vigilant, the Harbor Supervisor's tug, arrived in good season. On board were Commander H. G. Hebbinghaus, I. G. N.; Commander H. H. Hosley, U. S. N.; Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, Newbury D Lawton, H. DeB. Parsons and Edward H. Wales, the committee in charge of the start.

The committee boat anchored some distance to the eastward of the Light vessel.

The east wind freshened up somewhat just as the fleet was leaving the Horseshoe, but at noon, when the preparatory signal was given it had lightened up considerably. At 12:10 the warning gun was fired and five minutes later the boats were sent away.

There was little or no jockeying before the start, although the boats most easily handled kept close to the line in order to get away in good season. All thought Captain Barr would be first over from force of habit, but Captain Masters, of Hildegrade, sent his boat over ahead. She crossed almost on the signal and her crew got her sheeted down and set a small maintop staysail. Ailsa was the next boat over, crossing on Hildegrade's weather five seconds behind her. Ailsa had a small jib topsail set in addition to her lower sails. Captain Miller luffed his boat up smartly after crossing and her sheets were trimmed down. She was quite at home in the light breeze going out to windward in good shape and taking the lead.

Atlantic, the third boat over, crossed 30sec. behind Hildegrade. She went over in Ailsa's wake and to leeward of that boat. Atlantic was under all her lower sails and had her three working topsails set. As she crossed main and mizzen topmast staysails were broken out,

The rest of the boats were pretty well bunched. Utowana's skipper got out to windward of Valhalla, and when it was found impossible to keep the latter vessel off both crossed to the eastward of the line. Captain Crawford, of Utowana, which vessel had the same sail set as Atlantic, headed after the leaders.

A ship-rigged yacht is a great curiosity and Valhalla came in for more than her share of attention. When this vessel, like Utowana, crossed the wrong side of the starting line and both were recalled, the spectators had an opportunity to see how the big vessel was handled. The work was considerable of an undertaking but most interesting to the watchers.

Hamburg was the next boat to start properly, and she crossed at 12:16. She had all lower canvas set and two working topsails. Following the example of the others, a maintopmast staysail was set after crossing. Endymion got away two minutes after Hamburg, and she was under the same sail.

At 12:20 Thistle started with Mr. Robert E. Tod at the wheel. Fleur de Lys got a poor start and she did not cross until 12:26. Both these boats were under lower sails and working topsails.

The famous old Sunbeam got away at 12:30 followed by Apache over four minutes later.

In the meantime, Utowana and Valhalla had been working their way back after the committee's recall signals in order that they might cross properly. Utowana working back into position and was timed when she crossed at 12:55. The unwieldy Valhalla did not cross until ten minutes later, and was timed at 1:05.

As each boat went over a loud tooting of whistles that deadened the cheers of the spectators greeted them. All the boats crossed on the port tack.

Atlantic moved along at a lively pace and soon took the lead. Hamburg also showed she was no slouch and gave Atlantic a good chase. Fleur de Lys moved along at a smart clip and was well up with the leaders.

The fog that had held off pretty well during the morning began to shut in about an hour after the start, and as it became thicker the tugs and yachts turned back one by one. The steam yachts Oneida and Niagara held on some time, the former sticking it out into the evening. When she put back it was thick and nasty and there was considerable sea on.

All the boats were headed about southeast and the first boat to tack was Endymion. It was shortly after 1 o'clock when she was put on the starboard tack and headed in toward Long Island.

The only woman on any of the yachts is Miss Candace C. Stimson, a daughter of Dr. Stimson. She is a splendid sailor and has always accompanied her father in the long cruises taken in Fleur de Lys.

The fleet seems to have divided itself into two sections. Some have chosen the northern route, while others have elected to follow a more southerly course. Of those going well north, Endymion seems to be leading from the reports received by incoming steamers, while Atlantic was ahead of those following the southern route. The last report from Atlantic as we go to press shows she has averaged over 8 miles an hour since starting. She has had a fair S.W. breeze most of the time, and has made fair time, although still behind the record average, which is 9.66.

Boston Letter.

MAKING 22-FOOTERS READY.—Last Monday the 22-footer Nutmeg, designed and built by Mr. C. C. Hanley for Mr. A. C. Jones, was launched at the shop of her builder on the Town River, Quincy. She was taken to Lawley's, where her lead keel will be put on and her cabin work will be finished. It is stated that the builder's reason for not putting the lead keel on at the time the hull of the boat was started, was that he desired to find out just what the actual weight of the hull would be without the lead, so that just enough weight might be added in the lead keel. This is something of a novelty in the manner of figuring actual displacement in a new boat, but the results obtained may be worth the extra trouble. Last season's champion, Clotho, has been sold by Commodore B. P. Cheney and Mr. Charles D. Lanning to a Boston racing man whose name is withheld for the present. Clotho will be raced, however, and Messrs. Small Brothers, her designers, have been commissioned to make any necessary changes that may improve her speed. She was about 700 pounds over the required weight last season, and some of this will be taken off. The lead will also be dropped and deadwood will be put on the after end of the keel. She will also be given a deeper rudder to make her steer more easily. It was thought last season that she was more tender than some of the other boats, as she often sailed under reefs. Her former owners explained this, however, by stating that it was the fault of the steering, and that in a heavy breeze she could not have been handled unless she had been reefed. Clotho, with her low ends, which take the water upon the lightest angle of heel, will undoubtedly be made faster than she was last season and may be looked for to give the new boats all they can do to get away from her. The new Clorinda, built for Commodore Cheney and Mr. Lanning, will be weighed and measured again on Monday. She was only a few pounds under weight before, and as her waterline measurement at that time was quite short, there is no doubt that she will be found well inside the restrictions. The new boats, that have been in the water for some time, have been tried out quite thoroughly and should be in good shape for the opening race on Memorial Day.

CATBOAT ASSOCIATION RULES.—The first growl has been heard from the quarter of the Cape Catboat Association. This is over the refusal of the Association to accept the entry of Harriet, owned by Mr. A. L. Lincoln. Harriet is a yacht with some reputation and was something of a racer a few years ago, having captured a Y. R. A. championship in 1900. Her entry was sent to the newly formed Cape Catboat Association and she was accepted by the measurer, as conforming to the rules. The executive committee, however, barred her on the ground that she did not conform to the spirit of the rules. According to the rules governing dimensions and the determining of the type according to the position of the mast, Harriet seems to be well within the restrictions, and her owner is much disturbed over the decision of the executive committee. This appears to be another of those in-

stances which show the necessity of making the actual rules so binding that no question of evading their spirit can be raised. Either a boat does or does not conform to the class for which she is entered.

INVITATION TO THE EASTERN Y. C.—Mr. R. G. Hervy, of Shelburne, N. S., an enthusiastic yachtsman, visited Boston last week and extended to the Eastern Y. C. Regatta Committee an invitation to have all of the yachts take part in the ocean race of the club from Marblehead to Halifax, and visit Shelburne after the finish of the race at Halifax. Mr. Hervy guarantees a series of races, for which substantial prizes will be offered.

CRUISE OF DR. F. T. ROGERS' YAWL.—The 36ft. auxiliary cruising yawl, designed by Messrs. Small Brothers, and built at East Boothbay, for Dr. F. T. Rogers, Commodore of the Rhode Island Y. C., is now cruising from Boothbay to the westward. Mr. John F. Small went to East Boothbay last Thursday, where Dr. Rogers was met. The yawl was tried out the next day and then started on her voyage around the Cape to Narragansett Bay. Stops will be made at various harbors along the coast, and it is expected that the trip will take about ten days. The yawl is an admirable type of cruiser with graceful, moderate ends and good accommodations below decks. She is 55ft. 9in. over all, 36ft. 6in. waterline, 14ft. beam and 8ft. draft. She has eight tons of ballast outside and carries 1,837 sq. ft. of sail. On one side of the main companion-way is a closet, a chart locker and a toilet room, while on the other side is a stateroom. On the starboard side of the main saloon there are two berths, and there is one berth on the port side. The galley is quite roomy and in this space the engine, a Standard of 12 horsepower, is placed. There are pipe berths forward for the crew.

AMONG THE POWER BOATS.—Messrs. Small Brothers have designed a cruising launch for Mr. A. L. Lincoln, of Hingham, which will be built by Mr. Geo. C. Loring, of East Braintree. She will be 32ft. long and 8ft. beam, with an engine of about 12 horsepower. This boat is a possible entry in the long distance race of the Knickerbocker Y. C. from New York to Marblehead.

The 90ft. twin-screw launch *Prosit*, built by the O. Sheldon Co. for Mr. John B. Schoeffel, will be launched at the yards of her builders on Tuesday, May 23, with considerable ceremony. At the same yard a 40ft. speed launch for Mr. Samuel Powers for use on Lake Winnepesaukee is in frame. She will have a 40 horsepower Buffalo engine. A 65ft. speed launch is to be built for Mr. Lewis Audenried, of Philadelphia, which will be equipped with a 75 horsepower Globe engine. The 65ft. launch for Mr. Alanson Bigelow, Jr., is nearing completion.

At Messrs. Murray & Tregurtha's Mr. George H. Wightman's 45ft. launch *A. C.* will be launched next week. An 18ft. launch for Mr. J. D. Crosby was given a satisfactory trial last week. Another 18-footer from the same molds is being built for Mr. Frank H. Stanyan, of West Medford. This launch will be used on Lake Cobossecotee, Me., where Mr. Stanyan has a summer residence. A 20 horsepower engine has been installed in the launch *Zip*, owned by Mr. T. W. King, of the Boston Y. C., in place of the 12 horsepower engine with which the boat was originally equipped. The additional power has been productive of more speed.

Mr. W. L. Wright, of Brocton, has ordered a 22ft. power dory from the E. Gerry Emmons Corporation. She will be fitted with a 3 horsepower Palmer engine, and will be used on Assawumsett Pond, Middleboro. The same firm has an order for a 21ft. power dory to be equipped with a Toquet engine of 5 horsepower, for use at Vineyard Haven.

Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page have received an order for a 50ft. speed launch for use on Lake Chapala, Mexico. She will be equipped with a 75 horsepower engine and will have a guaranteed speed of 18 miles an hour. The same firm has an order for a 50ft. launch for Dr. Ralph Gordon, of Seattle, Wash., which will have a 50 horsepower engine.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Motorboats in China.

GEORGE E. ANDERSON, U. S. Consul at Hangchow, China, writes as following regarding motorboats:

"The whole of China is a network of canals and rivers upon which motorboats, especially boats of light-draft capacity, can be operated. Within the past few years the accepted mode of travel has been by houseboat, towed by a steam launch. Where the regular lines of steam launches do not run, the old-time houseboat with a yuloh or scull is employed. These boats are very slow, and grow more and more unpopular. It will be many years before this travel is displaced by railroads, and in the meanwhile there is a growing favor for power boats, both for the private ownership of those who are compelled to go about considerably in China and for a more or less public service. The motorboat as it is now made in the United States is practically unknown in China. In Shanghai and other prominent trading points on the coast there are a number of modern small launches, but the great interior is practically untouched. The Chinese people who have sufficient means to buy such things are turning more and more in the direction of modern western inventions, and I have no doubt that a consistent and persistent campaign in behalf of American motorboats, of cheap and substantial grades, would result in building up a great and permanent business. The need of motorboats is here, and the Chinese and foreigners domiciled here are appreciating the need. So far there has been little done to meet it. There is an agency for one line of American launches in Shanghai, and several other firms there have a working arrangement with concerns in the United States for the sale of boats, but the business is not pushed, and there will probably be little change in the situation until the manufacturers of the United States go at the matter systematically and with energy. The boats sold in Shanghai are usually of high grade and high prices, and most people of moderate means do not realize that there are motorboats within their reach. It is quite possible that a strong advertising campaign, even in English, would result in a good start for a motorboat boom, and catalogues in Chinese would undoubtedly be effective. But the real need is personal representation and hard work for a while.

"At present Pacific freight rates are unfavorable to

motorboats. During the past summer the rates charged were about two and one-half times the rates charged for household goods. As yet there have been few shipments around by the Atlantic. At present the tendency is to buy Pacific coast goods as far as possible, because of the rates, but the Pacific coast manufacturers have not been making motors and machines of the grades and at the prices which will reach the bulk of the trade in the Far East. The more popular sized and medium to cheap grades of boats made in the Eastern States are what are required in China.

"As a rule the Chinese are good boat builders when they have good models to work from, and it would be practical for American boat builders to ship boat machinery here and have the hulls made in China. It will be a long time before the natives will be making boat-propelling machinery of the modern sort, but it will be a very short time until they make as good hulls as are made elsewhere. In Shanghai the other day I saw a Chinese carpenter and furniture maker making a hull from the model of one of the American boats sold there. He was making a very creditable boat. The machinery was to come from the United States. With a little instruction and practice these carpenters will turn out good boats at figures which will make American prices look exceedingly high. Chinese labor is so cheap that in a product like a boat hull, in which the chief cost is the labor expended upon it, China has an advantage which is overwhelming, other things being equal. Of course, many people appreciate the advantages of having a boat completely built by experts in the United States. American manufacturers ought to be able to meet the requirements of this trade in either line, and I see no reason why they cannot easily do so."

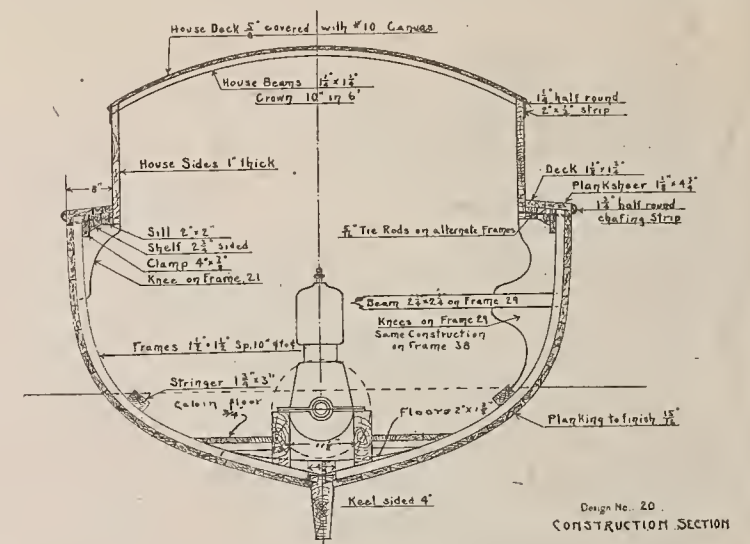
Semillant.

THE 40ft. cruising launch *Semillant*, whose plans are shown in this issue, was designed by Mr. Norman L. Skene, of Boston, for Dr. S. Gandreau, of Quebec, for use on the St. Lawrence River and Gulf. It is a popular type of boat, being very able, roomy and fast. The scantlings are medium.

The motor used is a twenty horsepower four-cylinder Jager gasolene engine which will drive the boat at a speed of about twelve miles an hour. Gasolene is carried in two tanks, one of 120 gallons capacity forward, and one of thirty gallons under the cockpit seats. Gasolene is drawn from the smaller tank, which is filled occasionally from the larger.

The cabin plan shows a toilet room with water closet, lavatory and large lockers way forward. Aft of this is the main cabin with 8ft. transom. The back cushions of these may be laid on the floor making comfortable sleeping quarters for three people.

The space on the port side of the engine is used as a galley with store, drawers, lockers, etc. On the starboard side is a transom seat with tool lockers beneath and a hanging pipe berth above for a man. An unusual



SEMILLANT—Midship section.

arrangement is the utilization of the roomy torpedo boat stern for sleeping quarters for two people. This was the principal object in adopting this type of stern. The headroom in the cabin is 5ft. 8in. and the finish is of butter-nut.

The steering is done from the forward end of the cockpit and the throttle, spark and reverse levers are located right near the wheel, so that the boat is readily controlled by one man. The principal dimensions are as follows:

Length—	Over all	40ft. 0in.
	L.W.L.	38ft. 2in.
Breadth—	Extreme	7ft. 6in.
	L.W.L.	6ft. 8in.
Draft—	Extreme	2ft. 10in.
	Rabbit	1ft. 6in.
Freeboard—	Forward	3ft. 8in.
	Aft, lowest	2ft. 6in.

Mr. Norman L. Skene, of Boston, is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and, although a young man, has shown much ability. He is a close student of all that pertains to naval architecture and his work has been favorably commented upon by those who have seen it. He has already written an elementary treatise on yacht designing, which is one of the best of its kind that has been produced, and he is now at work on other launches.

A CHANGE IN BUSINESS.—Mr. Hollis Burgess, who has been known to yachtsmen as a yacht broker and later as the prime mover in the Maritime Stores Co., of Boston, and who has been in racing craft from childhood, has succeeded to his father's insurance business, and will pay attention to the merchant marine and also yachts, from force of habit, in connection with his general insurance business. He handled much marine insurance when a yacht broker and has had that experience which gives best results to his clients.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, May 20.

THE New York Y. C. one-design 30-footers sailed an impromptu race under the auspices of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. on Saturday, May 20.

Aside from occasional scraps, this is the first real race in which any of these splendid boats have participated.

Vice-Commodore Clarkson Cowl offered two prizes, and the Race Committee were on board his steam yacht Ardea, ex-Hanniel, which he very kindly placed at their disposal. The breeze was fresh from the N. W., and the four starters covered a 9-mile triangle. The first leg was a beat, the second a broad reach and then a run back to the finish. Atair and Alera each carried two reefs in the mainsail, while Dahinda and Phryne tied down but one. The two former boats apparently did not have sail enough with two reefs in, for they were both beaten out.

The new boats look very much better under sail than they do at anchor. Even in the heaviest puffs the boats carried their sail well, and all concerned were very much pleased with their initial performance.

Dahinda, with the wife of the owner on board, won by 12s.; Phryne was second; Atair next and Alera last.

The summary follows:

Start, 3:25	Finish	Elapsed
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan.....	4 28 36	1 03 36
Phryne, Harry L. Maxwell.....	4 28 48	1 03 48
Atair, Cord Meyer.....	4 29 20	1 04 20
Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker.....	4 29 23	1 04 23

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

BROOKLYN Y. C. OCEAN RACE.—On Wednesday, June 29, the Brooklyn Y. C.'s ocean challenge cup race will be started to Hampton Roads, Va. At the present writing eight entries have been received and accepted. Several entries of boats too light for such a trip had to be refused. The boats entered are:

Name.	Owner.	Club or Clubs.
Gauntlet.....	L. D. Huntington.....	New Rochelle
Lila.....	D. R. Floyd.....	Newark Bay
Mopsa.....	F. C. Sullivan.....	Harlem
Anna.....	C. L. Johnson.....	Chesapeake Bay
Bonita.....	Haviland Brothers.....	Brooklyn
Outing.....	W. W. Titcomb.....	Brooklyn
Pocahontas.....	Blanchard Atkinson.....	Brooklyn
.....	Frank Maier.....	Brooklyn and N. Y.

A large party of members and guests are arranging to leave New York on the Old Dominion Line on July 1 to witness the finish of the race at Hampton Roads and to take part in the regatta of the Hampton Roads yacht clubs, which will be held on the Fourth, and is as follows:

- Class A, boats over 45ft. racing length.
- Class B, boats over 35ft. racing length.
- Class C, boats over 25ft. racing length.
- Class D, boats under 25ft. racing length.
- Class E, boats that have participated in Ocean Race.
- Class F, cruising power boats.

On the evening of the Fourth a banquet will be given by the Hampton Roads Y. C. to the visiting yachtsmen. This will be the first general gathering and regatta ever held in any waters south of New York Bay, and the committees of both clubs are earnestly working to make the event a memorable success.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING RACE FOR HELIGOLAND CUP.—The race for the Heligoland Cup will be of more than usual interest to home yachtsmen this year as a number of American vessels will probably participate. The Heligoland Cup is presented by H. I. M. the German Emperor, and the conditions governing the race are as follows:

For all cruising yachts belonging to any recognized yacht club, of 80 tons (T. M.) and upwards.

To be sailed for on Saturday, June 17, from Dover to Heligoland, to start at 11 A. M. Three to start or no race.

To be sailed under Y. R. A. rules, but all vessels are to carry at least their cutter and dinghy. No paid hands to be carried beyond the ordinary crew of the vessel, with the exception of a pilot.

The owners of yachts competing for the Heligoland Cup must at the time of entry hand in a certificate of her load waterline and sail area, in accordance with Y. R. A. rule.

All yachts to be handicapped after the manner of yachts for the King's Cup at the R. Y. S. Regatta at Cowes.

A sub-committee has been appointed for the purpose of handicapping the yachts, which is empowered to decide which vessels come under the category of cruising yachts, and against whose decision there shall be no appeal.

Tugs will be at hand on arriving at Heligoland to tow the yachts through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal to Kiel.

The Heligoland Cup has been designed by H. I. M. the German Emperor, K. G., and will be given by His Imperial Majesty personally to the owner of the winning yacht.

His Imperial Majesty will give additional prizes on the basis of, for every three starters, one prize.

LARGE POWER YACHT SOLD.—Mr. James Hartness, of Springfield, Vt., has sold his motor yacht Laurena to Mr. D. N. Armstrong, of Bridgeport, Conn., through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman.

DESIGNERS OF WINNERS.—It is seldom that yachts from the same designing board will win championships in three distinct classes racing on the same circuit, but this is a feat accomplished by yachts designed by Messrs. Small Brothers, of Boston. Three boats of their design, Clotho, Hayseed and Vera II, won the championships in the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts in the 22, 18 and 15ft. classes respectively last season. Messrs. Small Brothers are very clever in turning out racing boats, having had long experience in this line, and both have the advantage of

being expert racing skippers. They are equally skillful on cruising craft and have the faculty of getting as much accommodation as possible in a given space, without giving the appearance of crowding.

SALLY GROWLER LAUNCHED.—The Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Cons., of Morris Heights, have launched at least one large yacht a week from their big shops since early spring. The last boat to go overboard was the twin-screw cruising launch Sally Growler. This clean-lined, splendidly built boat is for Mr. Herbert L. Terrell. She is 50ft. over all, 12ft. breadth and 2ft. 3in. draft. She is fitted with two Speedway engines which will drive her at a speed of 12 miles an hour. The interior arrangements are roomy and fitted in good taste. Forward is a pilot house with guest quarters just aft. Next comes the owner's room and the toilet. Then the engine room, galley and crew's quarters. A large cockpit aft affords a comfortable and protected place for those on deck. The boat is for use at Seabright, N. J.

The same firm has put overboard the handsome high speed launch Colonia. She was built for Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, New York Y. C., and will be carried on the flagship's davits. The launch will be entered in some of the season's races and also in the events arranged for on the New York Y. C. cruise.

HINGHAM Y. C. INCORPORATED.—The Hingham Y. C., which has lain dormant for two or three years, has taken on a new lease of life by a large increase in membership, and it has just been incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts. The meeting, which voted to incorporate, elected the following officers: Com., Charles B. Barnes, Jr.; Vice-Com., Alfred L. Lincoln; Sec'y, J. Sumner Fowler; Treas., Charles M. Scudder. The club house is shortly to be erected and leased to the club and a runway and float will be put in position, so that the latter may be reached at all stages of the tide.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C. GEN. ORDERS No. 3.—General Orders No. 3 of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., issued by the Fleet Captain Clinton H. Crane for Commodore William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., are as follows: I.—The squadron will rendezvous at Seawanhaka Harbor, Oyster Bay, on Saturday, May 27, in order to take part in the opening exercises at the club house.

II.—On signal from the flagship at 3 P. M. (Saturday), the club burgee will be mast-headed on the club flagstaff, and all vessels in harbor will dress ship simultaneously.

III.—On Sunday, May 28, Divine services will be read on board the flagship at 11 A. M., by Rear-Commodore Frank S. Hastings.

IV.—In observance of Decoration Day, Tuesday, May 30, all ensigns will be half-masted, and the fleet will dress ship at eight bells.

V.—At 10 A. M., all yachts will be inspected by the commodore.

VI.—At 4 P. M., a reception will be held on board Virginia to which all captains, members and their guests are cordially invited.

Captains are earnestly requested to have their yachts in harbor during the ceremonies.

PASSAGE FROM STAGE HARBOR, CHATHAM, NOW COMPLETELY CLOSED.—Cruisers of the small yacht fleet having occasion to round Cape Cod this season will learn with regret that the winter's storms have caused unfavorable changes in the already forbidding entrance to Chatham North Harbor. The north point has been washing away, and the sand has been making on the south point, until quite a new form of channel—if channel it can be called—has been formed to the old harbor. Boats crossing the bar now work close up the shore by the hotel in entering the old harbor. The south point, the back entrance from Stage Harbor, that formerly constituted a channel for small boats by which the long and sometimes rough trip around Monomoy could be avoided, has now been closed by a high and wide sandbar, across which one may pass dryshod from in front of the hotel clear to the outer beach. This channel has been gradually filling up for some years, though up to comparatively recently boats could go through at high water. One of the last large boats to go through was the yawl Clairette, in making the passage from Baltimore to Boston, in charge of Walter Burgess, some five years ago. Illustrating the uncertainties of the sea, old ocean has broken through the outer beach below the lights at Chatham, forming a passage through which sand is being poured into Stage Harbor at a rate that must, if continued, fill it. An effort in town meeting to take measures to stop this cut was defeated.—Boston Globe.

ATLANTIC Y. C. GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.—Fleet Captain B. M. Whitlock has sent out for Commodore Daniel G. Reid, General Orders No. 2, which are as follows:

The fleet will rendezvous at the club anchorage at or before 10 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, May 30.

At 11 o'clock A. M., the fleet will dress ship and the flag at the club house will be mast-headed. At 11:02 o'clock A. M., the flagship, followed by the fleet, will salute the club flag by firing one gun.

Official calls should be made between the hours of 11:30 o'clock A. M., and 1 o'clock P. M.

The commanding officer will be pleased to receive members of the club and their friends on board the flagship between the hours of 3:30 and 5 o'clock P. M.

ZETA VIOLATES QUARANTINE REGULATIONS.—Mr. E. W. Deming's gasoline launch Zeta has been held up at Sagua la Grande, Cuba, for three weeks because of an unintentional violation of quarantine regulations. The facts in the case developed when Mr. Deming appealed to Minister Squires to see if something could not be done to expedite the case.

The story told by Mr. Deming is that when he sailed

from New Orleans he inquired if it was necessary for him to take out a health certificate to sail for gulf ports, and he was informed that there was no need. He then sailed around the coast of the United States, finally touching at St. Petersburg, Fla., from which place he cleared for Cuba. He sailed around part of the coast and then touched at Sagua la Grande, to be surprised with the detention by the authorities for having entered the port without a health certificate.

For three weeks the case of Mr. Deming has been held up, and there seemed no more prospect of getting it settled than when he was first detained, and he finally appealed to Mr. Squires, to see what could be done. Mr. Squires, on investigating, found that the Cuban authorities had acted according to a law which was made by military order during the American intervention, which fixed a maximum penalty of \$5,000 for any ship violating the order.

Mr. Deming, realizing that he has violated the law, although it was absolutely unintentional, wishes to pay the fine which the government wishes to impose so that he can leave, and Minister Squires will use his good offices in trying to see if the case cannot be expedited. —Havana Post.

Canoing.

Across Nova Scotia in Canoes.

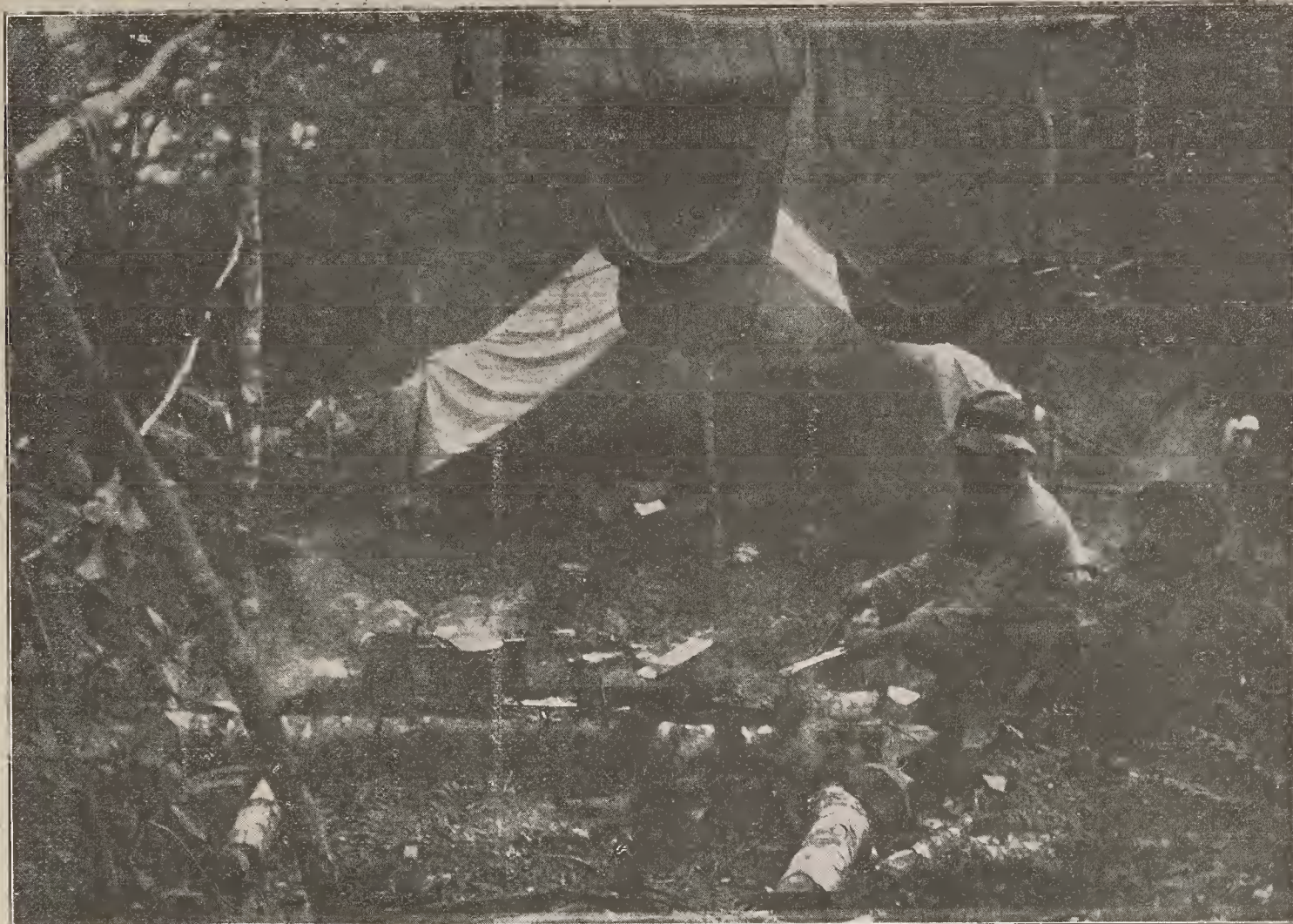
(Continued from page 403.)

Saturday, June 18.

After the usual morning ablutions, Arthur and Louis got to work on the big canoe, and patched it up with pitch. We then struck camp and left this attractive little spot very regretfully. We ran down through the rough water, and in the hard work and excitement incident on getting through, did not learn the names of any but one or two of the rapids. One beautiful spot, where the river tumbled over a series of steep, rocky slopes, was known as "Pescawes Ledges." Another rapid was known as "Lake Falls," and just a short distance below this point, we came across an old log wing dam, stretching about half way across the stream, diagonally; to turn the current into the main channel around an island. The river was quite broad at this point, and full of great rocks projecting above the surface everywhere. We had magnificent sport all morning working the boats through these rapids, under constant risk of smashing them on the obstructions. A tremendous wind was blowing, although it was perfectly clear, and fly-casting was strenuous sport. Carl and H. N. T. perched themselves on high rocks and proceeded to cast some hundred feet down stream in the gale. The rapids were a roaring stretch of white water, and the branches of the evergreens tossed and bent with the force of the wind. The fresh, clear air and the bewildering motion and tumult all about made one feel like living, and we were a pretty enthusiastic crowd, faces tanned by the sun, muscles hardened by the constant work, and nerves braced by the excitement and the wholesome, outdoor sport. We stopped for lunch a little after noon on the left-hand bank of the river, at a spot that had little to commend it in the way of scenery, compared with the magnificent country we were passing through. While the others were preparing lunch, the anglers fished above and below the camp, catching a few trout, and Louis amused the party with anecdotes of his previous employers, some of them lady sportsmen. Charles afforded some merriment by slipping off the edge of the steep bank into the water, and floundering out again up the slippery muddy slope. While we were eating lunch, a huge raven serenaded us from a clump of trees a short distance up stream, making very weird, discordant sounds. This camp was named after our faithful guide, as he was particularly talkative here, and kept the party well amused by his droll sayings and stories.

Not very long after leaving this camp, we had our first serious accident of the cruise. Charles O. and Carl were traveling in the smaller boat, and Arthur, the writer, and Louis in the large one. We were ahead of the others; and at a rough stretch of rapids, just above Hemlock Point, we had several close calls getting through, as the stream was badly obstructed by sunken rocks. We managed to get through all right about 100yds. ahead of the others, and as we were pushing ahead down stream, Louis turned around suddenly to see whether they were safely through. We heard him give a quick exclamation, and upon glancing back, we saw that they had jammed on a rock in the current, and were both out of the boat, struggling in the water. We turned immediately for the shore, beached our boat as quickly as possible, and seizing the paddles and poles, dashed up the river bank to the rescue. This was pretty slow work, as we had to clamber over high rocks and underneath overhanging trees, but we made quick time of the short distance, and, arriving upon the scene breathless, we found that the canoe was jammed broadside against a rock in the swiftest part of the current and sunk almost out of sight under the water. Carl was standing waist-deep in the current a short distance out from the bank and Charles was passing the pack bags, tent, etc., to him, to be thrown ashore. We helped them with the last of these, and managed to get Carl's rod free, although it was bent double and tangled in among the thwart.

Fortunately, the boat was not far from the shore, and the water not more than waist-deep, although the bottom was rocky and irregular, giving a very insecure foothold. The force of the water was gradually bending the boat around the rock, and we tried our best to swing one end around so as to get the boat free, which was impossible. We then tried to lift the boat over the rock, but it was wedged too tightly, and the current was too strong. We found that the combined efforts of all five of us were not sufficient to get the boat free, and it was slowly being crushed around the rock, so Louis and the Scribe dashed ashore after poles, while the others braced the ends of the boat with their knees to keep it from breaking further. We quickly secured long poles from the woods, and with



WILD POINT CAMP, LAKE ROSSIGNOL.

the help of these, managed to pry the boat up over the rock, so that it was swept down stream full of water, and badly broken. We dragged it ashore a short distance below, and found that some of the ribs were broken and the bottom pushed up level with the gunwales. The longitudinal planking was also cracked and splintered, but, fortunately, the canvas cover was still intact. We found by Louis' directions a little clearing some 25yds. from the water's edge, up a short slope, and decided to pitch camp here, and see what we could do toward repairing the boat. It was then probably about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Arthur and Louis jumped in the large canoe and hastened down stream to recover Carl's rod case, which had been lost, and were lucky enough to find it floating in an eddy a short distance below.

Upon taking an inventory, we found that nothing of value was missing, except a canteen of tea, and a canoe sponge for bailing. This accident bid fair to be a serious matter, since the nature of the country we were passing through made it well-nigh impossible to get out on foot, and we were still quite a distance from our destination. We were pretty completely equipped for just such emergencies, and had a supply of marine glue and pegamoid, a waterproof imitation of leather—tacks, a combination tool containing a gimlet, screw-driver, chisel, etc., and a supply of small brass screws of various sizes. Louis set to work to find out what he could do with the broken boat, after the camp was pitched, and everything was hung up to dry on high racks around the fire. He was keenly pleased with the combination tool, and after about an hour's hard work with it and his Indian drawing knife, the boat was almost as good as new. The repairs were accomplished by putting in a heavy extra thwart with a vertical support to keep the bottom of the boat down and to strengthen the ribs. A little pitch on the worst places in the canvas cover completed the repairs, and we had

no further trouble with the boat from this accident during the rest of the trip.

Emergency Camp was a very picturesque one, being surrounded by forest on all sides, the river showing through gaps in the trees a short distance away. We had plenty of time to make ourselves comfortable, the Scribe cut a number of light poles in the woods nearby and made a support for swinging all the sleeping bags off the ground. This arrangement consisted of two heavy logs supported by croched sticks driven in the ground, one at the back and the other at the front of the tent; the bags were hung on the light poles, which had their ends resting on these heavy logs at the head and foot, and strapped securely into place. There was just enough room inside the tent for this plan to be carried out successfully, and when completed, the sleeping bags were a good foot off the floor, very springy and luxurious. While we were working around the camp, a rabbit persisted in coming out from the bushes and viewing us until finally somebody suggested that possibly a rabbit pot-pie would not taste badly, so we got the revolvers. Chas. O. and Carl were both members of the National Guard, and had qualified with honors in revolver shooting, so that the rabbit seemed to have a very slender chance for existence. It gave an exhibition of courage, however, that would have done credit to a Jap, and simply sat up and shook its ears at us when the bullets flew closer than usual. Finally, somebody managed to knock the dust up a little to one side of him, and he scampered off into the bushes, much to the chagrin of the sharpshooters. A few minutes later, Louis flushed a porcupine down near the river bank, and H. N. T. chased him down with a forked stick, close by the camp. The animal was quite leisurely in his movements, and did not seem unusually disturbed or excited, so the Scribe got the idea that he could pick him up carefully by the tail and carry him triumphantly into camp. After one or

two spasmodic attempts, H. N. T. allowed the creature to go his way in peace, and retreated back to camp, carefully extracting the quills from his fingers. Louis, to reassure him, proceeded to tell stories of lumbermen who had lost their hands and arms, as the case might be, by attempting to make friends with these tame little beasts. In the meantime, the rabbit made a second appearance, and possibly a dozen cartridges were again wasted by frantic shooting in his direction.

About sunset we had dinner, at which Arthur furnished an excellent line of fresh biscuits, almost too dainty for the rough environment. We noticed that it looked a little cloudy, so we built Louis a lean-to of the paddles and the rubber blanket, close alongside the fire. We pulled the patched canoe just up behind this, and piled pack bags at either side of the shelter, so that we had a very comfortable and cosy place for the night. We lit up our six-candle power arc light, which consisted of six was candles which had gotten completely melted together in one of the bags, and had a brilliant illumination after dark, although at the expense of a great deal of wax, which streamed down in copious quantities, forming graceful stalactites. Just before it was too dark to see objects distinctly, our friend, the rabbit, turned up again, and more shooting disturbed the quiet of the twilight. The only result was to make the rabbit more curious as to what all the racket was about anyhow, and he seemed to have gained the impression that it was a celebration in his honor, as he was waiting for us bright and early the next morning outside.

That night we had a heavy shower of rain, which came up with a roar, awakening several of us, and we were glad that we were well up from the ground and comfortably under cover; also, that we had made some provision for Louis' comfort. We lay snugly in the sleeping bags—the rain pouring down on the tent above us—perfectly dry and contented, knowing that everything was shipshape. This is certainly a delightful sensation, to lay comfortably inside a tent out in the woods, with the rain beating down outside, provided, of course, one does not touch the canvas and start a leak.

The storm did not last very long, and we quickly dropped off to sleep again, lulled by the absolute comfort of the beds we had taken the trouble to fix up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Waterproofing Canvas.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of May 13, J. W. S., of Gansevoort, N. Y., asks for information on the waterproofing of canvas for folding canoes.

While each builder of canvas-covered or canvas folding canoes employs a preparation the formula for which he keeps secret, it seems to me that for the purpose named by your correspondent, the paraffin and naphtha treatment will answer. This consists merely in shaving a quantity of paraffin finely and putting it into a bottle of naphtha for a couple of days, adding a little paraffin until no more will dissolve; then, with a varnish brush, lay the solution evenly on the canvas while the latter is either stretched very tightly or placed on a smooth surface. Drying takes place very rapidly, but it is well to give the treated canvas a couple of days to dry thoroughly, and thus be on the safe side. Benzine can be used instead of naphtha, and I have used turpentine and paraffin with entire success, although more time should be given for the wax to dissolve if turpentine is used. In any event, do the waterproofing outdoors, and put your pipe in a safe place first of all, lest you forget and attempt to light up while coating the canvas. The result of striking a match near the treated canvas can be imagined better than described. I have been told, however, that things happen very suddenly at such times. This treatment is entirely successful for old tents and awnings, even of common sheeting. Its chief merit is that it adds no appreciable weight, and the material remains soft and pliable. I have never found any evidences of cracking if the goods is folded. PERRY D. FRAZER.

A. C. A. Amendments.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In accordance with article 12 of the constitution of the American Canoe Association I beg herewith to give notice that at the next meeting of the executive committee I shall propose the following amendment to the constitution:

Article 9, section 3, beginning after treasury in the third line on page 11 of 1904 year book to read as follows:

On or before Oct. 1 in each year they shall make an annual report of finances properly audited with vouchers for all expenditures, the same shall be forwarded to the secretary. At the same time they shall forward all unexpended funds held by them to the Board of Governors.

C. F. WOLTERS,
A. C. A., 798.

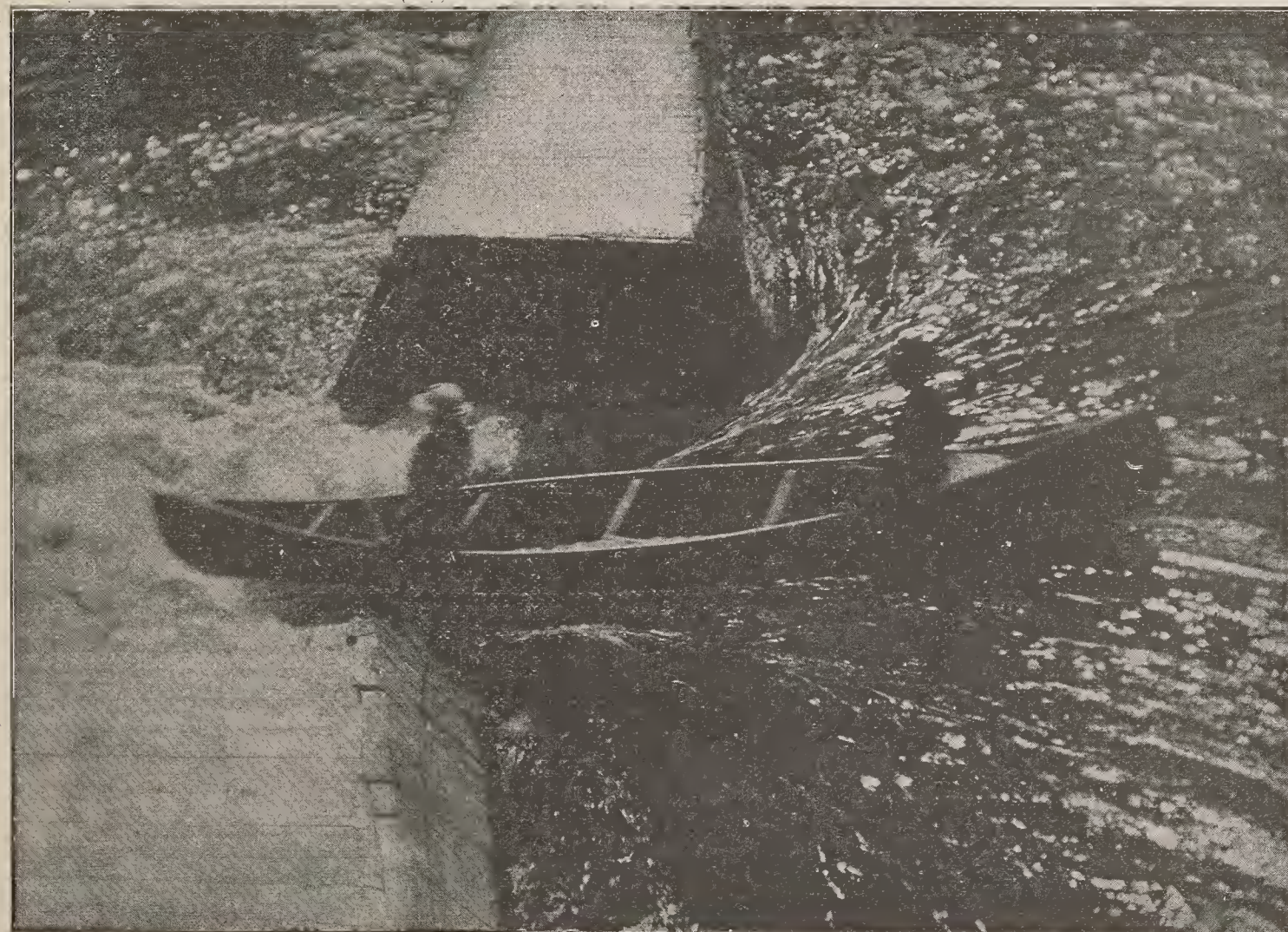
A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.—Atlantic Division: George F. Burch, New York city, by B. Frank Cromwell, Jr.; Charles L. Hancock, Trenton, N. J., by Fred G. Furman; Robert Andrus, New York city, by B. Frank Cromwell, Jr.; Charles A. Tracy, Bordentown, N. J., by J. A. Brown; Richard Rank, Kingsbridge, New York city, by Albert Kumke; George G. Brower, Bordentown, N. J., by Louis W. Wiese.

Central Division: Lee Richmond, Rochester, N. Y., by C. F. Wolters; Arthur R. Selden, Rochester, N. Y., by C. F. Wolters; H. H. Cummings, Jr., Rome, N. Y., by H. S. Sturdevant.

Eastern Division: Arthur W. Blunt, Charles H. Northup and Louis W. Boutelle, all of Providence, R. I., and all by H. S. McCormack.

We have no office outside of New York. Address all communications to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.



SHOOTING THE DAM AT THE TRIDIAR EARDERS—10 TO 15FT. DROP—18FT. CANOE.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

May 24-25.—Union Hill Park, N. J., Independent New York Schutzen. Gus Zimmerman, Capt.
 June 15-18.—Central Sharpshooters' Union, under auspices of Davenport, Ia., Shooting Association. F. Berg, Sec'y.
 July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
 July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.
 Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines, Ia., Rifle Association annual meeting.
 Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches.
 Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.

Providence R. I. Revolver Club.

We have finished indoor shooting, and open our new 50yd. range for regular practice Decoration Day.

Our vice-president, Mr. Wm. Almy, has finished the first 100 shots in his 1000-shot test, with an average of a little over 90 per cent., and his second 100 shows an improvement over even this fine showing. Mr. Almy is very much pleased with the accuracy of this new cartridge for 50yd. pistol shooting, and his scores are showing a good combination.

Mr. M. B. Brown has been practicing diligently with his revolver of late, and some of the boys are of the opinion they know the reason. He leaves this week for a five-weeks' trip through Arizona.

The following scores were recorded for week ending May 20:
 Fifty yards, rifle (Standard): H. Powell 89, 87, 84, 80; B. Norman 88, 86, 84, 83.

Fifty yards, rifle (German ring): H. Powell 216, 216, 210.
 Fifty shots, pistol: Wm. Almy 91, 91, 90, 91, 95, 91.

The following scores were recorded at our final indoor shoot, Saturday evening:

Twenty yards, Standard: Arno Argus (.38 officers' model), 73, 79, 83, 80; Maj. Wm. F. Eddy (.38 military), 78, 76; Fred Liebrich (.22 pistol), 74.

Twenty-five yards, rifle, 25 ring: Fred Collins (.25-25), 234, 233, 221; C. H. Jeffords, Jr., (.32-20 repeater), 199, 205, 207, 209, 207.

Ten yards, pocket revolvers, 20yds., Standard: Milton B. Brown (.32), 70, 70, 85; Milton B. Brown (.22) 68; Edw. C. Parkhurst (.32), 70, 62, 68, 78; Edw. C. Parkhurst (.22), 68.

Dallas Rifle and Revolver Club.

DALLAS, Tex., May 17.—On May 12, the Dallas Rifle and Revolver Club was organized at Dallas, Tex., with fifteen members, and it promises to be an active and progressive club.

Heretofore there has been much informal rifle shooting at 200yds., offhand, but no club was organized, and now, since the interest and attendance at these informal shoots has increased so much, this club was organized.

The officers are as follows: V. C. Dargan, President; Edward A. Belsterling, Vice-President; Fred T. Moseley, Secretary-Treasurer; R. S. McBean, Executive Officer.

The club has a very good 200yd. range, and weekly shoots will be held. FRED T. MOSELEY.

West Side Rifle Club.

A PRIZE shoot will be held May 27 and 28 on the club's range, 523 West Fifty-seventh street, New York city. This range is an open one, 85ft. long. Scores on the ring target will be three shots each, with any .22cal. rifle, offhand. Entries unlimited, 35 cents each. Fifteen prizes, ranging from \$15 to \$2, and three cash premiums for the best five targets. The bullseye target, by measurement, is also open to all comers, 35-cent tickets of three shots, best single shot to count. There are fifteen prizes, ranging from \$12 to \$1, and three premiums for the greatest number of bullseyes. On the first day there will be shooting from 1 to 9 P. M., and on the second day from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

May 24.—Catskill, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Seth T. Cole, Sec'y.
 May 24-25.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Catchpole Gun Club tournament. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
 May 25.—Fairview, N. J., Gun Club shoot.
 May 25-27.—Montreal, Quebec, Gun Club grand trapshooting tournament. D. J. Kearney, Sec'y, 412 St. Paul street, Quebec.
 May 28.—Jersey City, N. J.—Hudson Gun Club all-day tournament. James Hughes, Sec'y.
 May 28-30.—San Francisco.—Pacific Coast Trapshooting Association annual tournament.
 May 29-31.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Trapshooters' League third annual tournament. Frank Pragoff, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Westwood, N. J., Gun Club shoot. Mr. V. Van Buskirk, Capt.
 May 30.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Infallible Gun Club tournament. E. J. McLeod, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Columbus, O.—Indianola Gun Club tournament.
 May 30.—Cleveland, O., Gun Club's tournament. F. H. Wallace, Mgr.
 May 30.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
 May 30.—New Berlin, O., Gun Club Decoration Day shoot. John L. Schlitz, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Mechanicsville, N. Y., Game Protective Association target tournament.
 May 30.—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club shoot. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Pittsfield, Mass.—Oak Hill Gun Club tournament. J. Ranshousen, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club shoot. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Auburn, Me., Gun Club shoot.
 May 30.—Little Falls, N. Y., Fish and Game Protective Association shoot.
 May 30.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's all-day target tournament; merchandise. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Mullerite Gun Club all-day shoot on grounds of Point Pleasant, N. J., Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
 May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club fourth annual tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot. Dr. J. H. V. Bache, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Norristown, Pa.—Penn Gun Club annual Decoration Day tournament. T. V. Smith, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Lawrence, Mass.—Second annual Memorial Day tournament. R. B. Parkhurst, Sec'y.
 May 30.—Fifth annual Decoration Day tournament of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
 May 30-31.—Washington, D. C.—Anastasia Gun Club two-day tournament; \$200 added. Miles Taylor, Sec'y, 222 F street, N. W.
 May 31.—June 1.—Vermillion.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
 June 1-2.—North Branch, N. J., Gun Club first annual spring target tournament. H. B. Ten Eyck, Sec'y.
 June 3.—Long Island City, N. Y.—Merchandise shoot of Queens County Gun Club. R. H. Gosman, Sec'y.
 June 5-6.—New Paris, O.—Cedar Springs Gun Club tournament. J. F. Freeman, Sec'y.
 June 6-8.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament under auspices of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.
 June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
 June 8-9.—Daton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt.
 June 3-4.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association amateur tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.

June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
 June 9-11.—Bozeman, Mont.—Montana State shoot.
 June 11-13.—Chef Menteur, La.—Gulf Coast Trapshooters' League shoot, under auspices of the Tally-Ho Club. John Spring, Chairman.
 June 12-13.—Wabash Gun Club tournament; sanction of Indiana State League. Austin S. Flinn, Sec'y.
 June 13-14.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. R. E. Dinger, Capt.
 June 13-14.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club amateur tournament. F. M. Jaeger, Sec'y.
 June 13-14.—Butler, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
 June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
 June 13-14.—Capron, Ill., Gun Club tournament. A. Vance, Sec'y.
 June 13-15.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament. C. F. Schlitz, Sec'y.
 June 14-15.—Durham, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association second annual tournament. Geo. L. Lyon, Pres.
 June 14-15.—Middletown, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Sec'y.
 June 15.—Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament.
 June 16.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Limited Gun Club championship shoot.
 June 16-18.—Putnam, Ill.—Undercliff Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. G. Grubbs, Mgr.
 June 17.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club special 100-target contest. C. P. Zacher, Sec'y.
 June 20.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer's Island Gun Club tournament. Will E. Kette, Sec'y.
 June 20-21.—Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club tournament. Vernon L. Perry, Sec'y.
 June 20-21.—Jackson, Mich.—Michigan State shoot, under auspices of Jackson Gun Club. H. B. Crosier, Sec'y.
 June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club annual tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
 June 21-22.—Bradford, Pa., Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y.
 June 21.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia third tournament, under auspices of Grafton Gun Club. A. R. Warden, Sec'y.
 June 22.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.
 June 22-24.—Portland, Ore.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest tournament. J. Winters, Sec'y.
 June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
 July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
 July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
 July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
 July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
 July 4.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fourth tournament, under auspices of Mannington Gun Club. W. C. Mawhney, Sec'y.
 July 4.—Richmond, Va., Gun Club annual tournament. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
 July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament. W. A. Murrell, Sec'y.
 July 11-12.—Eufala, Ala., Gun Club tournament. C. M. Gamme, Sec'y.
 July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.
 July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
 July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
 July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.
 Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
 Aug. 8-9.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fifth tournament, under auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
 Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
 Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
 Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
 Aug. 18-20.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
 Aug. 22.—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
 Aug. 22-23.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
 Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.
 Aug. 29-31.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsman's Club fourth annual tournament.
 Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
 Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; \$25 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
 Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
 Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
 Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
 Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
 Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
 Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Programme of New York State shoot is now ready. Apply to Mr. Jas. W. Brown, Secretary, 65 Taylor avenue, Utica, N. Y.

The Indianapolis Gun Club announces a programme of six events for their shoot on May 30. Each event is at 20 targets, \$2 entrance. Moneys divided into four equal parts, class shooting. Competition begins at 1 o'clock.

The Middlesex, Mass., Gun Club was victorious in the series of 50-target five-man team matches, between Middlesex, Lowell, Boston and Harvard. The totals of the scores made in the four shoots were: Middlesex 841, Lowell 792, Boston 788, Harvard 574.

Mr. J. A. Howard writes us that "The Castleton Gun Club, of Staten Island, will hold a shoot on May 30, on the grounds at Castleton Corners. Shooting begins at 10:30 A. M. Targets will be thrown at 1 cent each. Visitors are always welcome. Take St. George ferry from foot of Whitehall street, New York, and Silver Lake trolley car."

In Trenton, Tenn., the other day three men were killed, three injured and considerable damage done to property by the explosion of some powder in a storehouse in the rear of a hardware store. Robert Phelan, owner of the store, was trying a target gun. It is thought a ball penetrated a can of powder in the storehouse and caused the explosion.

The Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club tournament, June 13-14, is limited to strictly amateur competition. Twelve programme events, 15 and 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2, \$5 added, are provided. Twelve average prizes, \$5 each, are for those who shoot best through the two-day programme. Class shooting. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Ship shells and guns to the Dubuque Brewing and Malting Co.

The Consolidated Sportsman's Association has changed the dates of their tournament from Aug. 29-31 to Aug. 8-10. The place of the tournament is Grand Rapids, Mich.

At the Boston Gun Club's sixth annual invitation team shoot sixty-six shooters participated. Eight teams contested, namely, Watertown, Boston No. 1 and No. 2, Mumford, Derryfield, Boston Athletic, Stoughton and South Framingham. Watertown was first with 125. Ten target events, at 15 and 20 targets, aggregating 160 targets, were also shot, and a majority of the contestants competed in the entire programme.

In our trap columns the full programme of the G. A. H. is presented. There are many important points in it which contestants should carefully study. An added feature to the programme is the five-man State team race, the conditions of which are 100 targets, \$35 entrance per team, scratch, high guns. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the Secretary-Manager, informs us that the programmes will be put in the mails on Saturday, May 27.

Mr. H. S. Noxon, of Wellington, Ont., under date of May 15 writes us: "A gun club has been organized at Picton, Ont., called the Picton Gun Club, with the following officers: President, W. V. Pettitt; Vice-President, H. S. Noxon; Secretary, Keith Hepburn; Treasurer, E. Spencer. Executive Committee: B. Johnson, I. Mastin, A. Hubbs, B. Crandall, L. Crandall. The regular club shoots will be held on the first and third Thursdays in each month."

The following cable despatch to the Sun is of special interest to trapshooters: "London, May 22.—The decision of the Hurlingham Club to drop live pigeon shooting from its list of sports, as lending itself to abominable cruelties, is likely to be followed in other quarters, and is not unlikely to prove a death blow to the sport throughout the country. A large body of people, including well-known sportsmen, and headed by the Queen, has been fighting energetically for its abolition for a long time past."

Eleven events at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, 70 cents, \$1.30, \$1.40, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, constitute the programme of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club shoot, May 30. No. 11 is the merchandise event, eleven prizes. Amateur averages, first and second, loving cups; third, \$5 in gold. Professional average, 8-inch cut-glass berry bowl. Class shooting. Practice begins at 9 o'clock. Programme begins at 11 o'clock. Shells and lunch are obtainable on the grounds. Targets thrown not over 50yds. Shells shipped, prepaid, to Dr. J. B. Pardoe will be delivered on the grounds free.

The Westwood, N. J., Gun Club announce a programme of twelve events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, 25, 50 and 75 cents entrance, a total of 180 targets, \$5.75 entrance. The three 20-target events have merchandise prizes for the winners of first and second. A handsome prize is offered for high average. Shooting will commence at 10:30. Refreshments free to contestants. All shooters are welcome. The officers are: I. L. Hasbrouck, President; B. L. Gruman, Vice-President; E. L. Greenin, Secretary; G. M. Holdrum, Financial Secretary; V. Van Buskirk, Treasurer and Captain; I. Collignon, Lieutenant.

Mr. John M. Draper, 115 Nassau street, New York, has succeeded in arranging a five-man intercity team match, between trapshooters of New York and St. Louis. Five of the best available expert shooters of St. Louis will shoot at Dupont Park, St. Louis, and the same number of available New York expert shooters will shoot on the grounds of the Hudson Gun Club, Jersey City, on May 28, at 2 o'clock. The conditions are 100 targets per man, Interstate rules to govern. The prospective contestants are: St. Louis—Messrs. Mermod, H. Spencer, Baggerman, McCloughlan and Ford. New York—Messrs. Schortemeier, Piercy, Brugman, Staples and "Jap."

At the Interstate tournament given for the Daviess County Gun Club, Owensboro, Ky., May 17-18, the high averages on the first day were made as follows: Professional: First F. C. Riehl, 176 out of 200; second, F. M. Faurote, 173; third, C. O. Le Comte, 172. Amateurs: First, Al. Willerding, 177; second, W. F. Booker, 166; third, T. D. Riley, 161. Second day: First, F. M. Faurote, 192; second, C. O. Le Comte, 183; third, F. C. Riehl, 182. Amateurs: First, Al. Willerding, 183; second, W. F. Booker, 169; third, Guy Starling, 159. Two days' general average: First, F. M. Faurote, 365 out of 400; second, F. C. Riehl, 358; third, C. O. Le Comte, 355. Amateurs: First, Al. Willerding, 360; second, W. F. Booker, 335; third, T. D. Riley, 319.

The second annual tournament of the Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters, to be held at Butler, Mo., June 13 and 14, has a programme of twelve events each day, of which the ninth, at 25 targets on the first day, is for the L. C. Smith badge. The use of both barrels is permitted in this event. All the other events are at 10, 15 and 20 targets, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. A total of \$100 is added. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. Competition open to amateurs. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets. Class shooting and Rose system. The 16yd. mark for all. One rule is specially commendable, as follows: "Refusing of difficult targets will not be tolerated; the referee will attend to your case." Ship guns and shells to J. A. Cobb, Butler, Mo., and they will be delivered free on the grounds.

Mr. E. J. Loughlin, Secretary, writes us that "Programmes covering the annual Memorial Day target tournament of the Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., are being mailed to sportsmen throughout central New York, and from present indications an unusually large attendance is assured. There are ten sweep-stake events scheduled, a total of 130 targets, with an entrance of \$9.65, birds included at 1½ cent each. Eight dollars added to the purses, and moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. No handicaps. For those not desiring to shoot in the sweeps there is \$40 worth of free merchandise provided, with added handicaps, and targets one cent each. Shooting will commence at 10 A. M., and Blackbird Club trap and blackbirds will be used. The grounds are located at the foot of Washington street, close to depots."

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 20.—Following are the prizes donated to date for the tournament of the Ossining Gun Club, May 30: Laffin & Rand, silver cup for high amateur average; Remington silver cup for longest amateur continuous run of breaks; copper cup for high professional average (four entries to make competition). G. B. Hubbell; copper samovar, Robt. T. Dennis; camera, Chas. W. Floyd; box Havana cigars, Geo. W. Anderson; box good cigars, A. Rohr; \$2.50 fountain pen, John T. Hyland; stein, H. M. Carpenter; 100 shells, Barlow & Co.; 100 shells, W. S. Smith & Co.; G. B. pin, C. G. Blandford; four prizes by E. F. Ball, D. Brandreth, C. McDonald, W. H. Coleman. All prizes are worth more than entrance fee, \$1.50.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

MAY 20 was a pretty day, and there was a fair attendance at the grounds. The last of the series of contests for the Peters trophy took place to-day. Captain, Andrews and Smith made straight scores, including their handicaps. Faran was high gun in actual breaks with 44. Two scores were shot in the cup race, making 110 entries in all. Peters 21, Williams 18. Mr. S. B. Adams, one of the crack shots of the Portland, Me., Gun Club, was at the grounds, a guest of "Williams," and broke 41 in the trophy race, a fine showing for a stranger to make here, and breaking 81 per cent. at practice.

John Falk, Peters and several others will attend the Franklin tournament next week. There will be a good programme of sweepstakes for May 30, Decoration Day, and every one is invited to attend and get a piece of money, as well as have a good time.

Peters trophy, 50 targets, handicap added targets: Captain (18) 50, Andrews (12) 50, Smith (16) 50, Black (7) 41, Pohlar (4) 46, Faran (0) 44, Williams (2) 44, Pfeiffer (3) 42, Adams (0) 41, Maynard (0) 41, Falk (8) 38, Herman (1) 37.

Bleh with 92.2 per cent. in this race, is a safe winner, but the decision will not be officially announced until to-day's scores have been added.

Notes.

Eleven members attended the shoot of the Dayton Gun Club on May 19. The club has not yet selected a date for its mid-summer shoot, but will make arrangements for a big one.

The Central Covington, Ky., Gun Club will hold a shoot every two weeks up to Oct. 27, beginning with May 21. The contest will be for a trophy donated by the Peters Cartridge Co., and the one having the largest score at the close of the season will be presented with the medal.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, May 20.—The inclosed scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the first series.

Dr. Meek and Thomas tied for Class A trophy on 20; Keck won Class B on the same score, and Barnard won Class C on 18.

No cup shoot to-day. After the trophy shoot Dr. Meek and Stone captained teams formed by choosing sides. Dr. Meek's team won by a score of 119½, Stone's team 96½. Ditt's score being divided and half counted on each side. The shoot was at 15 singles and 5 pairs.

The day was a fairly good one for target shooting, but no good scores were made, partly on account of a rear wind, which caused the targets to fly badly at times.

Table with 2 columns of scores for various shooters (Keck, Dr Reynolds, Dr Meek, Dr Shaw Jr., Eaton, Thomas, Smedes, Barnard, Kissack, Ditt) across 7 events.

Team shoot, 15 singles, 5 pairs; Dr. Meek and Mr. Stone captained. Scores:

Table comparing scores of Dr. Meek and Stone across 7 events, showing Dr. Meek's score as 112½ and Stone's as 96½.

At Mason City.

Mason City, Ill., May 19.—There was an attempt made to hold a tournament here. May 18 was the day set apart, and it proved a "Jonah," as the attendance was small. Owing to the boys laying off for the State shoot, which comes off next week, and other shoots in this and surrounding States, together with the farmers' most busy season coming on same day, the gathering of target smashers was quite limited.

This club can muster about 20 shooters when the season suits their convenience, and some rousing county shoots can and have been held, but the members of late were busy with sowing their corn crops. The grounds, club house and trap used are all first-class. In J. D. Wilson, the hardware man, the club has a man who is there with the proper amount of "get up," and takes the whole responsibility of getting everything together and keeping the machinery well oiled and smooth running.

Those who came and were disappointed at not finding more shooters present were Guy Burnside, Knoxville, Ill.; H. C. Connor, Pekin, Ill.; W. "Dod" Gilbert, Philadelphia, Ill.; W. Mangold, San Jose, Ill.; Henry Gleason, Fairview, Ill., and the home boys: A. L. Mulford, Chas. Wandle, J. D. Wilson, A. D. Abbott, George Burkhardt, C. A. Stone, et al.

The club has a good home in the southern part of town; good club house, good, level grounds facing east, in which is placed one of the "club" traps. Thus all worked well for the shooters except that there was a very poor light, or some kind of a "skum over the eye," and missing was "catching."

Mr. Mulford was high with 129 out of 160. Mr. Burnside second, 123; Mr. Connors third, 111. There were no professional shooters present, but the Winchester Company had Ward Burton, and the U. M. C. Co., "Tramp," while not shooting, they are both experienced, and they were giving the younger shooters present some points.

In Other Places.

The Fort Worth, Texas, Gun Club is now contesting for the Lafin & Rand Infalible trophy. Shoots are held Fridays. All visiting sportsmen made to feel "at home."

Attorney Bootenshane, of Council Idaho, visited Weisner last week for the purpose of taking part in the gun club practice shoot. Edward Dickman had fourteen pupils out at his matinee instructive shoot at the Indianapolis Gun Club grounds on Wednesday last.

The Kendallville, Ind., Gun Club was organized last November and has fifteen members. Officers are: President, C. P. Bruck; Secretary, W. H. Bowen; Treasurer, P. G. Klinkenberg.

While shooting at Chestnut, Man., Thomas Dixon was scared, but not hurt by the bursting of the gun barrel. No explanation of the same can be given, but it is reasonable to suppose that there was some obstruction in the barrel and that the damage to the gun could have been avoided by a look through the barrel previous to the insertion of the shell.

The Corner Rod and Gun Club at Fort Wayne, Ind., was opened for 1905 on May 21. There was music, sports and pastimes of various kinds.

Chas. W. Budd, accompanied by Earl B. Moore was in Green Bay, Wis., last week, and gave an interesting exhibition of target shooting.

Marengo, Iowa, Gun Club have ordered a fine silver cup to be given as a trophy for the highest score made by a member during the season.

The effort of the Jonesville, Wis., trapshooters to locate the club grounds near to Beloit will be much appreciated by those of the latter town, who delight in the bang of the scatter gun.

At the shoot held at Traverse City, Mich., the home team with a score of 95 won the cup. East Jordan was second with 87. Manton third 75. Kinsley fourth. In this shoot Carter, of the Traverse City Club, made 24 out of 25. The next team shoot will be held at Mancelona.

The Erie, Kans., Gun Club lately paid a visit to Thayer for the purpose of holding a team shoot.

O. N. Ford, who is now a guard at the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., has "blossomed" out champion shotgun, rifle and pistol shot, and will show the boys some tricks at the various meets of the Leavenworth Gun Club.

The Hunters Arms Co. trophy will be regularly competed for by the members of the North End Club, of Port Huron, Mich.

There is a boom on in the trapshooting line at Buffalo, N. Y. The Country Club have decided to add an automatic trap to their outdoor equipment. Geo. Blustine and Harold G. Meadows are leaders in the movement.

When the Illinois State convention of trapshooters meets at Lincoln, Ill., May 24, there will be at least two applicants for the meeting for 1906, viz., Bloomington and Chicago.

The Canton, Mo., Trapshooting Club are fully wide awake this year, holding regular practice shoots and also tournaments. L. H. Condit is President; M. Goetz, Secretary, and J. F. Cooksey, manager of shoots.

The announcement comes from Lincoln, Ill., that the State tournament will be managed by W. "Tramp" Irwin, the old-time champion wing shot.

Mrs. M. F. Sheard, of Tacoma, whose husband is a crack shot, will be one of the competitors at the Portland shoot.

The South Bend, Ind., Gun Club will hold the annual meeting Tuesday, and then there will be some trapshooting to announce from that part of Indiana.

At the target tournament held at Rantoul, Ill., the master of ceremonies was the well-known W. "Tramp" Irwin, of Chicago, a trade representative.

Mr. Marley, of Butte, Mont., has challenged Mr. Drumgoole, of Anaconda for the Brownlee medal, and the contest will likely be held Sunday. This will be the last shoot for this medal.

The Crookston, Minn., Gun Club members are quite active. The Peters trophy is causing them to get out at least weekly to the traps.

We have been shown a photo of the Jefferson County Gun Club grounds, otherwise the old Louisville, Ky., Gun Club, and it shows that this club has now a delightful home, being three miles out from the city along the line of the Interurban R. R.

Bright skies and very favorable weather conditions were features of the Missoula, Mont., Gun Club meet held last Sunday. There were fifty present, which shows that much interest is taken this year.

The next shoot will take place at Rolling Fork, Miss., in June, according to the schedule of the Mississippi Delta Trapshooters' League.

Flow Club, of St. Joseph, Mo., has held its first meeting, using the traps of the Metropolitan Club.

"Pop" Heikes was popping away at a lively rate when he won the high average at the Michigan shoot, in the face of a very strong wind.

Remember that the championship of Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Indiana will be contested for on June 16, at the Limited Gun Club grounds, Indianapolis.

Great Bend, Kans., Gun Club, has a faculty of doing things in a great way, so at a meeting it was decided to send the three best shots to the State shoot at the expense of the club.

The Erie, Kans., Gun Club is the proud possessor of an automatic trap. The Erie boys are feeling their oats, and will become so proficient that soon matches with other teams will be pulled off.

Arrangements are well under way by the Menominee, Mich., Gun Club for the publishing of the largest programme ever gotten out in the Upper Peninsula for the Wisconsin and Upper Peninsula, which comes off in July.

A Central Texas League has been formed, composed of the following towns: Bremond, Kosse, Groesbeck, Mexia, Corsicana, Ennis, Hubbard City, Coolidge, Waco, Gatesville, Mart, Martin, and Riesel. The opening shoot was held May 16 and 17 at Wootton Welles, for which the Railroads made excursion rates. The men behind the scheme are the well-known trap promoters W. A. Holt, of Waco, and R. J. Jackson, of Mexia.

The Troy, O., Gun Club has leased new grounds. It has a boom. Many business men are joining, and there are thirty-five members at the present writing.

Pigeon shooting, on the ground that it is not only inhuman, but an out-of-date sport, is likely to be abolished from the Hurlingham Club. A resolution to this effect was to be brought up at the annual meeting, and the chairman, the Earl of Ancester, and Gen. Sir P. Stewart, were to force its passage.

All arrangements are reported as completed by those in charge of the Minneapolis, Minn., tournament, which comes off May 26 and 27.

West Duluth, Minn., Gun Club was compelled to postpone the shoot scheduled for last Sunday, as the trap had not arrived.

The Fremont, O., Gun Club will hold a tournament June 21 and 22. Valuable prizes will be awarded.

The gun club that Tramp Irwin was seeking to organize at Pekin is now duly at work breaking targets. The officers have been duly installed.

A certain club has served notice that all not members of the club will be charged 2 cents each for targets, while the members will pay one cent.

Some of the best shots in the Territory are members of the Elreno, Oklahoma, Gun Club. There is a large membership, and the club meets every Friday.

The Morgan Gun Club was not abandoned, as reported at Sterling, Ill., as it held a shoot last Thursday, at which W. McWhorter made the highest score for the medal. He held it when the last shoot was held, which closed the 1904 season.

The Gas City Gun Club, and the Marion, Ind., Gun Club met on last Friday and held a friendly shoot.

George Davidson and J. T. Hood, of Bisbee, Ariz., being enthusiasts such as are needed in every town, have organized a gun club, and will soon be ready for practice on the clay target. There has also been a club started among the car shop men. The members have ordered targets, bought new guns, and are getting "swelled up." Some talk of a team match has sprung up through the bantering of members.

Randolph, O., has a gun club which meets every Saturday. Mr. M. O. Austin says, "He is past three-score and ten, and his eyesight is dim, yet he thinks he can beat any of the scores made by the members so far."

Dr. W. S. Holloway, of the Bridge City, Gun Club, Logansport, Ind., secured the highest score, and will wear the championship badge until some one overtakes him.

The New York State Shoot.

THE programme of the New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament, to be held at Utica, N. Y., June 13 to 16, is now ready for distribution. The programme contains eighty pages, and will be of interest to every trapshooter. Every effort has been put forth to make this shoot a success. Two different advance notices have already been sent to every trapshooter in the State, which will be followed by another.

The tournament will be under the direction and supervision of Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., who has had a widespread experience in managing large shoots. Four Leggett traps and a carload of bluerocks have been received, and will have the personal attention of Mr. Chas. North.

The meeting of the Association will be held at Bagg's Hotel, Monday evening, June 12, 8 o'clock. On Tuesday, June 13 at 9 A. M., the shooters will leave in a body to attend the dedication of the monument of the late E. D. Fulford.

Programme for the New York State events, consists of 485 targets, being eight 20-target events each day, \$2 entrance, \$100 being added.

The money will be divided percentage system, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. There will also be, under the heading State Open Events, each day eight 20-target events, \$2 entrance; open to all amateurs. In addition to the above, there will be open sweepstakes each day, open to the world, no one barred, consisting of five 25-target events, \$2.50 entrance. Two Leggett traps will be used for the State events, one for the open amateur events, and the others for the events open to all. Five per cent. of all the purses in the New York State events will be deducted for daily averages, viz., 20, 17½, 15, 12½, 10, 10, 8 and 7 per cent.

In addition to these, there will be two special prizes for the best averages in the State events for the three days; \$50 in cash for the first, and one Marlin repeating shotgun, 16-gauge, value \$25, for the second.

On Thursday, June 15, will be held the Oneida County Handicap event, at 50 targets. Handicaps, 14 to 22yds.; entrance \$5, which will be open to all. High guns win. There will be ten valuable prizes, the first of which is a piano, valued at \$300.

Friday, June 16, the Dead Richmond trophy, valued at \$1,500, will be shot for. Open to three teams from State of New York, 25 targets per man. On this day the New York city trophy will also be shot for; open to New York State Sportsmen's Association shooters. This trophy is a solid silver loving cup, donated by the shooters of New York city. This event will be at 100 targets, entrance \$5, \$50 added, the money divided, first, 50 per cent. of purse and trophy; second, 30 per cent. of purse, and third, 20 per cent. of purse.

The fourth event on Thursday, June 15, at 25 targets, is the grand merchandise event, \$5 entrance, which contains sixty valuable prizes. The prizes have been arranged for six different classes of ties, each having ten prizes. The committee in charge have fully endeavored to make this shoot the largest and best in the history of the Association, and especially request every one who has not already received a programme to send for one at once. We hope every trapshooter will put forth a strong effort to attend.

Jas. W. Brown, Sec'y. No. 65 Taylor Ave., Utica, N. Y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Fairview Gun Club.

FAIRVIEW, N. J., May 20.—Event 3 was for the Mullerite medal. The weather was windy. Scores:

Table with 2 columns of scores for various shooters (Events, Targets) across 5 events.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., May 20.—The weather was exceedingly windy. Scores:

Table with 2 columns of scores for various shooters (Events, Targets) across 6 events.

Carteret Gun Club.

Garden City, L. I., May 20.—The five-man team shoot of the Carteret Gun Club had five contestants. The star performer was Mr. J. S. Remsen, who broke 49 out of 50. The Yale team won the cup by a score of 204. The Crescent team was second with a score of 201. The expert Mr. S. M. Van Allen acted as referee.

Table comparing scores of Yale and Crescent A. C. teams across 25 targets.

Table with 2 columns of scores for Westchester Country Club and Nassau Country Club across 10 events.

Table with 2 columns of scores for Carteret Gun Club across 19 events.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 13.—Moore won Peters badge. Moore, Morris, Gregory, Anderson, Parry, Moller, Dixon and Finley tied for club trophy.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner paid us a visit on the 14th inst., and we took him out to the grounds. He seemed very well pleased and had had few suggestions to offer. Ask him. He knows what he will get on our grounds.

Table with 2 columns of scores for various shooters (Events, Targets) across 6 events.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., May 18.—Messrs. E. Carolan and Capt. Dreyer tied in the medal event, which is No. 7, and the figures in the column preceding are the handicap allowances in that event. In the medal event, some of the contestants shot twice, merely for the sake of filling squads. The scores:

Table with 2 columns of scores for various shooters (Events, Targets) across 6 events.

Ashland Gun Club.

LExINGTON, Ky., May 18.—Enclosed herewith find scores of the Fayette Gun Club of this city at a regular club shoot, Thursday afternoon, May 18. This club shoots every Thursday afternoon, and visiting shooters are always welcome. Targets are thrown 55yds., low and swift. The background is perfect, however, and the luxuriant blue grass, half-knee high, preserves every target not broken in the air.

The club has a membership of over sixty, and the sport is a very popular one here.

Table with 2 columns of scores for various shooters (Events, Targets) across 5 events.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., May 20.—The May cup, 50 targets, had five contestants. Scores: A. O. Fleischmann (scratch) 33, T. J. McCahill (10) 41, A. W. Hibbard (6) 33, F. R. White (12) 32, W. D. Rose (8) 40.

No. 2, 25 targets: T. J. McCahill (4) 23, A. W. Hibbard (3) 14, F. R. White (6) 19, W. D. Rose (4) 25, Dr. Brown (7) 19, Dr. Williams (7) 25, J. D. Calhoun (4) 19, A. O. Fleischmann (0) 21.

No. 3: A. W. Hibbard (3) 17, J. D. Calhoun (4) 21, Dr. Williams (6) 17, Dr. Brown (7) 18, A. O. Fleischmann (0) 22, F. R. White (6) 13.

No. 4, butt below the elbow: Dr. Brown (7) 16, A. O. Fleischmann (0) 15, Dr. Williams (6) 14, F. R. White (6) 12, A. W. Hibbard (3) 16, J. D. Calhoun (4) 24.

No. 5: A. O. Fleischmann (0) 18, J. D. Calhoun (4) 20, Dr. Williams (6) 21, A. W. Hibbard (3) 13, Dr. Brown (7) 21.

Special match, 25 targets: J. D. Calhoun (2) 13, A. O. Fleischmann (0) 17.

The Interstate Association's Programme.

FOLLOWING is the programme of the Interstate Association's G. A. H.:

The sixth Grand American Handicap target tournament will be held on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., June 27 to 30 inclusive.

In presenting this programme we feel that we need offer no apology for the choice of grounds as above. The experience of last year, when the largest number of contestants ever gathered together on any shooting grounds to take part in a target tournament were handled without any trouble, fully warranted the selection of the Indianapolis Gun Club grounds as the scene for the big event of 1905.

Our aim has been to make the Grand American Handicap the largest event of its kind, and to make it a tournament that trapshooters liked to come to. Our efforts have always been in this direction, and the increased efforts on our part have not been unnoticed or disapproved by the trapshooting fraternity of this country.

To handle a handicap event at targets, and handle it successfully, is always a difficult matter; sometimes the effort succeeds, more often it fails. It is with a direct knowledge of this condition of affairs, a knowledge born of actual experience, that the system of dividing the total number of contestants into sections was introduced at last year's Grand American Handicap. The plan as outlined proved all that had been claimed in its favor. It established perfect equity as to weather, light, wind, times of day, etc., and gave such perfect satisfaction to all that it will be used at this year's tournament.

So much was written last year about the shooting grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, both in the columns of the sportsmen's journals and of the daily press, that it seems almost a work of supererogation to go once more into a description of these perfectly-appointed shooting grounds. There are none like them anywhere else on the face of the earth, and they must be seen to be appreciated and thoroughly understood. More people can shoot at the same time, and more targets can be trapped per hour, than anywhere else that can be named. Last year the enormous number of 155,300 targets were trapped in four and one-half days. So much for the facilities for fast trapping on the Indianapolis Gun Club grounds.

While there is always more or less discomfort at other shooting grounds, whether the day be wet or fine, and whether the number of contestants be small or large, at the Indianapolis Gun Club grounds the weather and size of crowd cuts very little figure.

The experience gained from each preceding Grand American Handicap has invariably resulted in improved methods for the smooth running of its successors. Last year's tournament was no exception to the rule, and for that reason we feel confident that each participant in the sixth Grand American Handicap will find every arrangement more perfect than ever.

All entries for the Grand American Handicap at targets must be made on application blanks. Do not wait until the last moment to make your entry. Last year's Grand American Handicap would have been the greater by several entries had some over-deliberate applicants been permitted to enter after entries were closed. No exception was made in favor of any one. The same rule is in force this year. If you don't make your entry in time, it will not be accepted. Additional application blanks can be secured by addressing Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

Remember, if you take part in the tournament, you must abide by the rules and conditions as announced in this programme. You are earnestly requested to read the programme carefully, as several radical changes have been made from the usual manner of conducting tournaments, and contestants are required to conform. Ignorance of the rules is no excuse for any error or oversight relating to the competition. All contestants are expected to be on the grounds by 9 A. M., each day. Failing therein, each contestant is responsible for his acts of negligence.

Division of money in the preliminary handicap, the Grand American Handicap at targets, the consolation handicap and the State team event. High guns win—not class shooting:

1 to 10 entries, two moneys—60 and 40 per cent.
11 to 20 entries, six moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.
21 to 30 entries, six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.
31 to 40 entries, eight moneys—25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 5 and 5 per cent.

41 to 50 entries, ten moneys—22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 5, 4 and 3 per cent.

51 to 60 entries, twelve moneys—20, 16, 13, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent.

61 to 70 entries, fourteen moneys—18, 15, 12, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

71 to 80 entries, sixteen moneys—16, 14, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

81 to 90 entries, eighteen moneys—15, 13, 10, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

91 to 100 entries, twenty moneys—14, 12, 9, 8, 7, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

101 to 110 entries, twenty-two moneys—13, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

111 to 120 entries, twenty-four moneys—12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

121 to 130 entries, twenty-six moneys—11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

131 to 140 entries, twenty-eight moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

141 to 150 entries, thirty moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 1 per cent.

151 to 160 entries, thirty-two moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1 and 1 per cent.

161 to 170 entries, thirty-four moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

171 to 180 entries, thirty-six moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

181 to 190 entries, thirty-eight moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

191 to 200 entries, forty moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

201 to 210 entries, forty-two moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

211 to 220 entries, forty-four moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

221 to 230 entries, forty-six moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

231 to 240 entries, forty-eight moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

241 to 250 entries, and over, fifty moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.

Briefly summarizing the foregoing, it will be noted that two places are created for each ten entries or fractions thereof up to two hundred and fifty.

First Day, June 27.

Ten events at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$25 added in all events at unknown angles. No handicaps. Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in the above events for targets only.

Second Day, June 28.

Preliminary handicap, open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles, \$7 entrance—targets included, handicaps 14 to 22yds., high guns—not class shooting, \$100 added to the purse. The handicaps contestants receive for the Grand American Handicap at targets will govern in this event. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a trophy, fifty dollars of the net purse being reserved for purchase same.

If you want to take part in the preliminary handicap, you must make entry at the cashier's office on the shooting grounds before 5 P. M., Tuesday, June 27. Penalty entries will not be taken. An entry is not transferable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after entry has been made.

State team event, open to amateurs only. Each team shall consist of five contestants, who are bona fide residents of the same State. One hundred targets per man—500 targets per team, \$35 entrance per team, targets included, no handicaps, high guns—

not class shooting. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money, the members of the winning team will each receive a trophy, presented by the Interstate Association. Entries must be made at the cashier's office on the shooting grounds before 5 P. M., Tuesday, June 27. Names of contestants must be announced at time of making entry, and no substitution of names will be permitted after entries are closed. Penalty entries will not be taken. An entry is not transferable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after entry has been made.

Third Day, June 29.

Grand American Handicap at targets, open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles, \$10 entrance—targets included—handicaps, 14 to 22yds., high guns—not class shooting, \$200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a trophy, presented by the Interstate Association.

Regular entries must be made on or before Saturday, June 17, and must be accompanied by \$5 forfeit. Penalty entries may be made after June 17, up to 5 P. M., Wednesday, June 23, by paying \$15 entrance—targets included. An entry is not transferable, and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after entry has been made.

Fourth Day, June 30.

Five 20-target events, \$2 entrance, \$25 added, events at unknown angles. No handicaps.

Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., may shoot in the above events for targets only.

Event No. 6, consolation handicap, open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles, \$7 entrance—targets included, handicaps 14 to 22yds., high guns—not class shooting, \$100 added to the purse. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at targets will have 1yd. added to their handicaps, and non-winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at targets will go in 1yd. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money the winner will receive a trophy, \$50 of the net purse being reserved for the same.

If you want to take part in the events scheduled for this day, you must make entry at the cashier's office on the shooting grounds before 5 P. M., Thursday, June 29. Penalty entries will not be taken for these events. An entry is not transferable and entrance money cannot be withdrawn after entry has been made.

It is with great pleasure that the Interstate Association announces that it has secured the services of a Handicap Committee composed of five men, each of whom is thoroughly well qualified to judge of the individual merits of the contestants, and to award handicaps accordingly.

By accepting the arduous duties that are always attached to the office of handicapper, the committee as a whole, and each member as an individual, is entitled to the warmest thanks of the Interstate Association, and the same are hereby cheerfully and publicly tendered.

The committee is constituted as follows: E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis, Ind., Chairman; Lem Willard, Chicago, Ill.; F. E. Mallory, Parkersburg, W. Va.; P. C. Ward, Walnut Log, Tenn.; Frank Alkire, Williamsport, O.

With the utmost confidence it is predicted that this committee will not fall below the estimate that has been placed upon it.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager of the Interstate Association, will be Secretary to the Committee, but will not have a vote in the handicapping of contestants.

The committee will meet at the English Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., Saturday, June 24, but handicaps will not be announced until the next day.

Amateurs.

In case a contestant's amateur standing is questioned by a subscriber, or by the representative of a subscriber, to the Interstate Association, he will be required to sign the following form of certificate before he may take part in the competition as an amateur:

CERTIFICATE.

Town:— County:— State:—
Date:—

Tournament given by the Interstate Association under the auspices of the _____ of _____

Acting in accordance with a request made to me by Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Manager of the Interstate Association and of this tournament, I do hereby state that I am not a manufacturer's representative as defined by the said Association in its special rule governing same; that no portion of my expenses in attending this tournament is paid or is to be paid by any manufacturer of guns, shells, or powder, or by any of his agents; that none of the shells which I have been using for the past three months, nor of the shells which I am using and intend to use in this tournament, have been donated to me by any manufacturer of guns, shells or powder, or by any of his agents; that no manufacturer of guns, shells or powder nor any of his agents has paid me any sum for using his gun, shells or powder, or for any other purpose for trade reasons for the past three months, and that by the above it is clearly understood that I have at all times during the past three months paid not less than regular wholesale market prices for all such goods used by me.

In testimony whereof I hereto affix my full name and place of residence,

Name: _____

Residence: _____

Shooting will commence at 9 A. M., sharp each day. The grounds will be open for practice and sweepstakes shooting on the afternoon of Monday, June 26. The Interstate Association trapshooting rules will govern all points not otherwise provided for. Note that Section I, Rule II, of the target rules, relating to bore of gun, is not in force at this tournament. No guns larger than 10-gauge allowed. Weight of guns unlimited. Black powder barred. Targets will be thrown about 50yds. Five automatic traps will be used. Price of targets 2 cents each, included in all entrances. The Interstate Association reserves the right to refuse any entry. The standard bore of gun is No. 12, and in the handicap events all contestants will be handicapped on that basis. Contestants using guns of smaller bore must stand on the mark allotted to them. The Interstate Association reserves the right to select two cartridges from each contestant—to test the same for proper loading—the selection to be made at any time when a contestant is at the firing point. In case entries are so numerous that darkness or other cause prevents the finish of any events the same day they are commenced, the management reserves the authority to stop the shooting at any time it may deem it necessary. In this case, weather permitting, the shooting will begin, where left off, at 9 A. M., sharp the next day. "Shooting names" will not be used at this tournament.

Shooting "for targets only" is open to manufacturers' agents solely. All other contestants must make entry for the purses. There will be no practice shooting allowed, or preliminary events shot, prior to the commencing of the regular events scheduled for the day.

Entries for the second day's events (the preliminary handicap, and the State team event), and entries for the fourth day's events (the consolation handicap included) close at 5 P. M., the day before they are scheduled to be shot. All entries for these events must be made by that time, as penalty entries will not be taken for them. Last year a number of shooters who neglected to make their entries each day at the proper time as a consequence found that they could not make them at all. No personal plea or any other plea served to change the situation. The same rules are in force this year, and shooters must live up to them or suffer the consequences.

A contestant who takes part in the tournament any day must make entry for all events called for by the programme of that day, with the exception of the State team event. Entries will not be taken for less than the total number of events (the handicap events included) scheduled for the day. In case a contestant, after making entry, fails to take part in any event, or events, his entrance will be forfeited for that particular event or events, and the amount so forfeited will be added to the purse the same as if he had contested.

This rule is made necessary by the outlook for an exceptionally large entry list, and it will be impossible to keep this large tournament working smoothly unless the squads are kept intact.

Under the system in force at this tournament the greater part of the compiler of scores' work must be accomplished at night; consequently, winners of money in any event cannot secure the amounts due them until the next day following that on which the competition takes place. This rule will be in force during the entire tournament, with the exception of the last

day, when winners of money can secure the amount due them within one hour after the last event has been completed.

Contestants who ask to have their cashier slips or compiler of scores' cards countersigned, for the purpose of securing any bonus offered as an inducement to use certain goods, will be considered as manufacturers' agents, and will so be classed at future Interstate Association tournaments.

The purses in all events except the three handicaps and the State team event will be divided according to the Rose system into four moneys at the ratio of 8-5-3-2.

The Interstate Association adds \$1,000, of which amount \$225 is reserved to purchase trophies—\$100 for a trophy for the winner of first money in the Grand American Handicap, and \$125 for five trophies, one for each member of the team winning first money in the State team event.

The Interstate Association reserves the authority to postpone the Grand American Handicap at targets on account of bad weather or other important cause if, in the judgment of the Management, such postponement is necessary.

The manner of shooting the Grand American Handicap at Targets (and, in fact, all events scheduled for the tournament) is as follows:

Five automatic traps will be used, and five different events will be commenced at the same time, one respectively at each trap. The total number of qualified contestants will be divided into five sections, as nearly equal in number as possible, and a section will be started at the same time at each trap. After all members of a section have finished competing at their trap, they will pass on to the next trap and compete there, and so on until they have competed at each of the five traps.

For example: Say we have 200 entries—40 squads of five men each. Divide the 40 squads into five sections, and it would make eight squads to each section. Squads 1 to 8 would compose the first section. Squads 9 to 16 would compose the second section. Squads 17 to 24 would compose the third section. Squads 25 to 32 would compose the fourth section, and squads 33 to 40 would compose the fifth section. These sections simultaneously would be started at Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 traps respectively. After all squads of a section finished competing at a particular trap, their entire section would pass on to the next trap and compete there, and so on, until they had competed at the entire five traps.

The foregoing arrangement will do away with a squad shooting 100 targets "off the reel," right down the line of five traps. Yet a true equity will be maintained, as each contestant will compete alike in each particular event.

The manufacturers' agent making the highest score in the Grand American Handicap, from his handicap distance, will be presented with a trophy known as the "Scarecrow Cup," donated by Mr. Fred A. Stone of the "Wizard of Oz" theatrical company.

The official score will be kept on a score board in plain view of the contestant. It will be the duty of the contestant to see to it that the right result is recorded. In case of error it will be the duty of the contestant in whose score the mistake has occurred to have it corrected before he fires at two more targets, otherwise the score must stand as shown on the score board. In case a contestant's view of the score board is interfered with through any cause, he may refuse to shoot until the result of his last shot can be seen.

In the handicap events ties that are shot off will be at 20 targets per man, and the original distances contestants stand at will govern.

Through the courtesy of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, Mr. Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines, Ia., will again have charge of the cashier's office. Mr. Whitney has few equals, and no superiors, in this position.

The office of compiler of scores will be filled by Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia. His services the last five seasons in a similar capacity is a sufficient guarantee of excellent results.

It is requested that entries for the Grand American Handicap at targets be made in ample time to permit the sending of receipt and admission ticket, and for same to reach the maker of entry prior to his departure for Indianapolis.

All entries must be accompanied by the maker's full name and address.

When making an entry by mail, remittances covering the amount of forfeit (\$5) should be made by bank check, draft, post-office money-order, express money-order, or registered letter.

Bank checks, drafts, or bills of exchange, will not be received at the cashier's office in payment for balance due on entries; nor will any check, draft, or bill of exchange be cashed during the tournament. This rule will be strictly enforced.

To reach shooting grounds from hotels in Indianapolis, take the Plainfield Electric Line cars, leaving Terminal station, corner of Illinois and Market streets, direct to the grounds. The fare in 10 cents.

An admission fee will not be charged, but in order to keep out any undesirable element, admittance to the shooting grounds will be by card of admission which can be obtained, free of charge, by applying to any of the subscribers to the Interstate Association, or the Indianapolis Gun Club.

The comfort and convenience of contestants, as well as spectators, has been looked after carefully.

A warm and substantial lunch will be served at the club grounds each day for the sum of 50 cents.

There will not be any lockers. The club house will contain a sufficient number of gun racks to meet all requirements. The management of the Indianapolis Gun Club will provide a room for guns, shells and clothing, and it will be in charge of a competent watchman; but as contestants will have free access to this room at all times, they must be responsible for their own belongings. The Interstate Association will not be responsible for guns, shells, clothing, etc., under any circumstances.

Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded by express must be prepaid and sent to Indianapolis Gun Club, 121 West Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind. Mark your own name on the box that goods are shipped in, and it will be delivered at the shooting grounds free of charge.

Please note that shipments on which charges have not been paid will positively not be received.

All standard factory loaded shells of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Winchester Repeating Arms Company and the Peters Cartridge Company will be for sale on the grounds, and any special loads will be furnished and delivered to the grounds by Mr. James W. Bell, Secretary Indianapolis Gun Club, 121 West Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Rate of a fare and a third for the round trip, on the certificate plan, has been granted from all points in the territory of the Central Passenger Association, Trunk Line Association, Western Passenger Association, Southeastern Passenger Association and of Southwestern Excursion Bureau, conditional on there being an attendance at the tournament of not less than 100 persons who hold proper certificates obtained from ticket agents at starting points, showing payment of first-class fare of not less than 75 cents through to Indianapolis.

Tickets for the return journey will be sold by the ticket agent at Indianapolis at one-third the first-class limited fare, only to those holding certificates signed by the ticket agent at points where through ticket to Indianapolis was purchased, countersigned by signature of F. C. Whitney, cashier, certifying that not less than 100 persons, holding standard certificates are present, and that the holder has been in regular attendance at the tournament, and viced by the special agent of the lines of the Railway Association.

Agents at all important stations and coupon ticket offices are supplied with certificates. If, however, the ticket agent at a local station is not supplied with certificates and through tickets to Indianapolis, he can inform you of the nearest important station where they can be obtained. In such cases purchase a local ticket to such station, and there secure certificate and through ticket to Indianapolis. Ask for certificate to the Interstate Association's Sixth Grand American Handicap at Targets.

Going tickets and certificates will be issued June 23 to 27. Certificates will be viced by special agent June 28 and 29, and then honored for return tickets to July 4 inclusive. The special agent at time of validation will collect from the holder of each certificate a fee of 25 cents.

Regular entries for the Grand American Handicap at Targets must be made on or before June 17. Entries mailed in envelopes bearing post-marks dated June 17 will be accepted as regular entries. All entries must be made on application blanks, and they will be received by Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

Peerless Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., May 20.—The scores made in the main event to-day follow: Gus Herman 10, Jacob Dorrhofer 10, O. Herman 8, T. Walker 6, P. Garrabrant 12, J. Jackson 5, W. Banta 16, C. Lewis 16, F. Walker 10, G. Hermann 16, P. Garrabrant 11, C. Gugel 7, G. Garrabrant 6, P. Garrabrant 9, C. Gugel 8, P. Garrabrant 16.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

MANUFACTURED BY

**UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.**

Agencies: 497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York.

114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass.—May 17, the date of the Boston Gun Club's sixth annual invitation team shoot, did not prove to be the ideal weather for the trapshooter, but honors seemingly being about even between Old Prob and Old Sol. Sixty-six shooters ventured Wellingtonward, and from morning till night kept pegging away, with results, in the majority of cases, most gratifying. With this number of shooters on hand, each with a good-sized bee buzzing underneath the hat band, it is sufficient to say that the trapper boys were brought to play with a vengeance, and by keeping steadily at their work, threw the necessary ten thousand targets to complete the day's sport. With two automatic traps in the pink of condition, the club was amply prepared for the onslaught, and barring the one or two delays that never can be forestalled, the traps performed faithfully for the entire day, and the trapping brought forth comments that the trap crews liked to hear, as there was no doubt they were putting forth their best efforts to have their part of the programme performed in the most thorough manner, and were highly pleased to find their work was appreciated.

The office was in charge of Mr. F. P. Miller, who, it can be said, had a decidedly busy day, the two sets of traps keeping things on the hum; but as the winners were made known immediately upon the last event being finished, it can be seen that the goods were delivered right on time.

The trade was well represented by J. E. Burns (Climax), F. E. Butler, O. R. Dickey, S. M. Wheeler, H. B. Temby, Ray Richardson, S. D. Hebbard, J. E. Burns easily captured first expert honor F. E. Butler, second, S. M. Wheeler third. Dickey's 80 per cent. was the high mark of the day, but, not shooting the entire programme, did not count for the average.

Rule, of Lowell, and Tozier, of Haverhill, had a neck-and-neck race for high amateur average, Tozier's second 20 being his unlucky event, and the captain of Engine 10 was most willing to take advantage of the loss, and now sports round with a nice new leather traveling bag, just intended to hold the proper amount of shells, etc., for a day's trap shoot.

Tozier's win of second average pleased the crowd immensely, and no one was there but was ready with the glad hand. There will be times doing in Haverhill, however, as there is to be no hiding this light under a bushel, as "Ned" has quite a chest expansion, which, with the accompanying hands-in-pocket style, will give all a chance to view the sterling silver watch fob offered for second prize.

Charlie Allen, of Manchester, brought his old reliable to annihilate everything in sight, and proceeded to do so, with the exception of the third event, which lost him ground that he was never quite able to regain. Charlie insinuates he did not want the bag anyway, as a previous shooting trip had netted him one, but in an entirely different manner. Charles got it, however, and Derryfield heard of it, if Gene Reed could help a good cause along, and they do say a joke goes a long way up in their burg.

The team shoot, which was the most interesting event of the day, had eight teams entered, and as the results were in doubt till the last squad had shot, the interest never waned one atom. Five teams had a look in for first place, and hung on to each other like leeches, but the Watertown boys, under Roy's guidance, held on the best of all, and at the end led by two targets. They are now styled the Watertown World Beaters, or the Knights of the Scatter Gun, with Hebbard Chief Knight through being their high individual.

Capt. Woodruff's aggregation shot a good race, but in one 15 John Bell got off the target breaking wagon, and try as he could, never recovered till the next event, and then the old form presented itself, but just too late.

The Watertown's end man, Lee, proved to be the anchor of the boat (250lbs.), and it was mainly through this ballast that they hung together, but it surely showed good generalship on some one's part to have the right man in the right place.

The Derryfield boys, minus the services of the Reeds, were, to say the least, considerably handicapped; but for all that, did a few shooting stunts. Corson, their latest acquisition, tying for high individual honors in the team match, and Goss just one target less. Lieut. Greer, ordinarily a 24 or 25 man, was somewhat out of form, and, coupled with shooting a strange gun, was indeed shooting a good race to get the scores he did. Another year and another story will be told, as from looks the Derryfields have got considerable up their sleeves which they intend to let loose at that time.

The Stoughton team put up a good fight, but right in the first event their top-notch, Worthing, strained his gun, and could not use it after the first shot. A trial of three guns proved disastrous, but a Watertown winner had a "corker of a gun," and Worthing found it just the gun he wanted, as he proceeded to show.

One of the most welcome visitors was Dr. C. H. Gerrish, of Exeter, who had the pleasure of talking over old times with H. H. Francis, the two being practically pioneers on the Boston Gun Club platform. The Doctor is still one of the staunchest admirers of holding the gun below the elbow, and regrets very much that the necessary support is not given him toward reviving the old methods that were in vogue in the days of the Ligowsky clay pigeons. The Doctor himself still sticks to the old way, and very often gives the present generation a good run for their money, which goes to show that the old ways are just as good as the new.

Powell, Bowler and Mason, the Newport trio, were away off color in the regular events, but in the few extras showed clean heels to the majority.

All in all, it was a most successful tournament, every shooter taking an interest, and some doing a good deal of physical labor. Walter "Straw" Hay, as second chef, proved the right man in that place, though he was a trifle slow with his squad, but will still have our recommendations. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	20	160	138	862	
Rule, 18	10	13	10	11	19	15	14	13	14	19	160	137	856	
Tozier, 16	15	15	14	12	15	12	12	13	15	13	160	137	856	
Climax, 21	13	12	9	15	17	13	13	12	14	18	160	136	850	
Allen, 16	14	15	11	13	17	13	14	12	12	15	160	135	843	
Hebbard, 17	8	14	10	13	17	13	13	15	19	19	160	134	837	
Roy, 19	14	13	9	13	17	11	14	12	14	17	160	134	837	
Perley, 16	11	10	12	13	18	12	13	11	13	17	160	130	812	

Bartlett, 16	12	10	12	11	19	11	13	11	11	19	160	129	806
Frank, 19	11	13	8	15	16	15	11	11	14	14	160	128	800
Goss, 17	8	11	10	12	17	15	12	13	14	16	160	128	800
Cobb, 16	13	12	9	9	16	10	14	14	13	17	160	127	793
Sadler, 16	14	13	15	10	14	8	12	12	14	15	160	127	793
Kirkwood, 20	9	10	11	12	12	11	11	14	14	19	160	123	768
Butler, 16	11	11	12	10	19	12	11	11	11	14	160	122	762
Rogers, 16	11	12	13	11	15	10	14	9	12	15	160	122	762
Burns, 18	8	13	9	13	14	11	13	13	13	14	160	121	756
Lee, 16	13	12	10	10	15	11	14	10	14	11	160	120	750
Owen, 16	11	6	9	12	13	11	13	13	11	15	160	119	743
Ford, 16	8	10	12	8	19	11	12	11	12	16	160	119	743
Smith, 18	11	12	7	13	12	13	10	12	12	16	160	118	737
Worthing, 17	10	13	12	9	14	13	13	4	13	17	160	118	737
Bell, 20	11	9	10	11	17	12	12	9	14	11	160	116	725
Hewins, 16	11	11	14	9	17	11	10	8	12	13	160	116	725
Coffin, 18	6	8	9	8	18	11	13	10	13	19	160	115	718
Wheeler, 18	6	12	11	13	14	13	12	9	11	14	160	115	718
Bowler, 18	11	12	10	10	15	11	12	9	11	14	160	115	718
Fuller, 16	7	12	10	10	17	13	10	13	12	10	160	114	712
Searles, 18	8	11	7	11	18	11	13	10	13	13	160	113	706
Rice, 16	11	10	10	14	16	10	10	8	12	11	160	112	700
Straw, 16	9	11	10	11	18	8	11	10	9	14	160	111	693
Corson, 18	9	9	5	14	15	10	9	13	15	11	160	110	687
Comer, 16	10	11	7	10	14	10	13	9	11	14	160	109	681
Woodruff, 17	12	10	11	8	11	10	11	12	13	16	160	108	675
Powell, 16	8	11	14	12	12	8	12	10	7	13	160	107	668
Black, 16	12	10	7	10	14	8	10	8	13	10	160	105	656
Greer, 16	10	12	9	11	14	13	10	9	8	9	160	105	656
Hallam, 16	8	12	7	6	14	6	8	11	13	16	160	101	631
Wilber, 16	7	12	10	8	12	7	10	10	9	8	160	93	581
McArdle, 16	6	9	7	6	12	10	8	6	5	8	160	73	456
Hassam, 16	9	9	11	11	14	11	14	14	13	13	145	106	731
Mason, 16	6	10	10	6	18	7	10	12	11	11	145	70	482
Adams, 16	14	10	14	9	14	14	14	14	15	13	130	104	800
Foster, 16	10	12	12	11	15	9	10	17	10	17	130	100	761
Grey, 16	12	13	13	12	18	8	11	11	11	12	130	99	760
Randall, 20	9	11	11	13	16	8	11	11	11	15	130	94	723
Edwards, 16	13	12	10	10	5	7	5	12	10	7	130	74	561
Hamblin, 16	15	14	14	13	11	13	11	13	16	12	125	109	812
Weld, 16	13	16	12	14	12	12	14	11	9	11	115	93	808
F Cavicchi, 16	12	16	11	15	11	15	19	11	9	11	115	99	860
E Cavicchi, 16	12	14	8	13	8	12	16	11	8	11	115	83	721
Johnson, 18	12	10	12	15	13	13	19	11	9	11	110	94	854
Thomas, 16	11	15	11	14	10	12	12	11	8	11	110	85	772
Dickey, 16	19	12	13	15	12	19	10	9	11	16	100	90	900
Hawkins, 16	19	13	11	9	11	16	10	9	11	16	100	79	790
Bryant, 16	5	4	11	7	15	8	11	11	11	11	100	50	500
Burbank, 16	14	11	14	12	13	19	19	8	8	11	95	83	873
Lehan, 16	11	8	11	13	12	8	11	13	12	8	90	51	637
Muldown, 16	12	11	12	16	11	12	16	11	11	16	65	51	784
Willard, 16	12	13	12	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	50	37	740
Gerrish, 16	13	9	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	50	36	720
Damon, 16	11	10	9	11	10	9	11	10	9	11	50	30	600
Wild, 16	9	12	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	35	21	600
Stewart, 16	10	13	12	11	10	13	10	13	10	13	30	23	766
Baker, 16	12	11	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	30	23	766
Richardson, 16	7	4	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	10	30	11	866

Team match:	Score	Score	
Watertown G. C.	28	Boston G. C. No. 1	25
Hebbard	28	Frank	25
Smith	24	Bell	23
Bartlett	24	Muldown	23
Roy	26	Woodruff	23
Lee	24-124	Kirkwood	23-122
Mumford F. & S. Association.		Derryfield G. C.	
Coffin	23	Greer	17
Searles	23	Allen	24
Johnson	26	Perley	24
Hamblin	24	Goss	27
Burbank	25-121	Corson	28-120
Boston G. C. No. 2.		Boston Athletic Association.	
Straw	19	Black	21
Tozier	28	Owen	24
Rogers	23	Edwards	12
Ford	21	Weld	24
Cobb	27-113	Adams	28-109
Stoughton G. C.		South Framingham G. C.	
Lehan	24	Wilber	19
F Cavicchi	26	McArdle	11
E Cavicchi	20	Hewins	20
Worthing	17	Rice	20
Thomas	17-109	Fuller	25-95

Nebraska State Tournament.

HASTINGS, Neb., May 12.—The Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association concluded its twenty-ninth annual tournament at Hastings to-day, and, notwithstanding miserable weather, it was a success, 38,000 targets being thrown.

The office was handled by the only Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines; the management was assisted on the outside by Marshall Sharp, of Bridgeport, Conn., and Harry Duncan, of Gibbon, Neb., and with two practical shooters, Mr. Oswald, of Falls City, and Mr. Crabill, of Hastings, at the score boards, everything moved on without a murmur of dissatisfaction from any quarter.

The Association was favored with the presence and assistance of A. H. Hardy, of Lincoln; W. A. Waddington, of Beatrice; Hon. Tom A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill.; C. B. Adams, of Rockwell City, Ia.; W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans.; Marshall Sharp, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Chris. Gottlieb, of Kansas City; Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines; Walter Huff, of Macon, Ga.; and Chas. Plank, of Denver, Colo.

On the preliminary day we were greeted with a severe wind and hail storm. But forty shooters faced the traps, and Adolph Olson, of Holdrege, Neb., who shot under the name of Adolph, won the handsome watch charm on a score of 91.

The first day of the regular programme opened clear and bright, with seventy shooters on the ground, 61 of which were Nebraskans, which again demonstrates that Nebraska has more shooters within her boundaries than any other State in the

Union of a like population. On this day, Mr. W. H. Heer was high professional with 196, and Wm. Veach, of Falls City, Neb., was high amateur with 191.

The Mullerite powder event was shot with forty-five entries, and resulted in a tie with a straight score of 25 for Bray, of Columbus, and Reed, of Chiowa. In the shoot-off Bray won on a score of 24 to Reed's 23. On Thursday, the second day, rain began falling by 10 o'clock, and at 11 o'clock shooting was almost impossible on account of wind and rain, but was continued at 2:30, and 200 targets of the regular programme were shot, but the Denver Post trophy and State championship events were postponed until Friday.

Friday morning was clear, but with a strong wind. Interest was centered in the Denver Post trophy race, and the State championship. The Denver Post trophy was at 100 targets, handicap, and was won by Geo. Maxwell, of Holstein, Neb., on a score of 95, from the 18yd. mark. Let it be remembered that Mr. Maxwell has only one arm. What would he do if he had two. The scores follow: Linderman (18yds.) 89, Williams (18) 84, Sievers (18) 79, McDowell (18) 87, Rogers (18) 83, Deifenderfer (19) 84, Adolph (19) 84, Reed (19) 90, Carter (19) 80, Bray (19) 90, Veach (19) 91, Taylor (19) 92, Maxwell (18) 95, Schroeder (18) 91, Townsend (18) 94, F. Sack (17) 79, Daniels (17) withdrew, Ball (17) 86, Brooking (17) 90, McElhanev (17) 86, Miller (17) 81, Kennedy (17) 88, Davidson (16) 82, Holtzinger (16) 82, Merritt (16) 87, Murrill (16) 88, Capsey (16) 94, Southard (16) 73, Wright (16) 87, Mockett (16) 79, Mann (16) 93, Varner (16) 83, Wertz (16) 88, Hempel (16) 79, Thorpe (16) 88, Myers (16) 86.

The State championship event had thirty-five entries, and was won by that terrible Swede, Adolph Olson, of Holdrege, Neb., after a spirited shoot-off with Townsend, of Omaha; Linderman, of Lincoln, and Bray, of Columbus. The score in the regular events follow:

	First Day.		Second Day.		Third Day.	
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Interstate at Owensboro.

OWENSBORO, Ky., May 20.—The Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament given for the Daviess County Gun Club, of Owensboro, Ky., May 17 and 18, was fairly well attended, thirty different contestants taking part the first day and twenty-eight the second day.

The first day's programme was put through with such celerity that seven events were completed by noon, and when lunch was announced, every one was in a good humor, the high and low score men joking as they gathered around the tables.

The second day's programme was started promptly at 9 A. M. and continued till late in the afternoon, when the last shot was fired in the twelfth event.

For general average among the manufacturers' agents, Mr. Faurote was first with 365, Mr. Riehl second with 358, and Mr. Le Compte third with 355.

Olean Tournament.

OLEAN, N. Y., May 11.—The ninth annual tournament of the Olean Gun Club was held here May 9 and 10, and was the most successful meet ever held by this club.

For the two days, Mr. Glover won high professional average, breaking 360 out of 390 targets.

High amateur average for the two days was won by Mr. F. D. Kelsey, of East Aurora, N. Y., who broke 355 out of 390.

In the merchandise event, May 9, Mr. Conneely, of Bradford, Pa., won the Winchester repeating shotgun.

Following are the scores made each day:

May 9, First Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke. Lists names like Glover, Stevens, Hawkins, Squier, Kelsey, Nobles, Hobbie, Wheeler, Adams, Stewart, Sizer, Mason, Bozard, Hart, Miller, Osborne, Stohr, Phillips, Varley, Farnum, Dailey, Ross, Weller, Russell, Pringle, Wertman, Conneely, Brown, Nichols, Zimmerman, Fields, Jones, Curtis.

May 10, Second Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke. Lists names like Glover, Stevens, Hawkins, Stull, Kelsey, Nobles, Hobbie, Wheeler, Adams, Stewart, Sizer, Mason, Bozard, Hart, Miller, Osborne, Stohr, Phillips, Verley, Farnum, Dailey, Ross, Russell, Conneely, Brown, Fields, Zimmerman, Adkin, C Phillips.

General average, two days, 390 targets: Glover 360, Stevens 357, Hawkins 354, Stull (320) 269, Kelsey 365, Nobles 350, Hobbie 349, Wheeler 339, Adams 332, Stewart 331, Sizer 331, Mason 329, Bozard 328, Hart 328, Miller 324, Osborne 317, Stohr 308, Phillips 314, Varley 291, Farnum 290, Dailey 279, Ross 267.

Auburn Tournament.

AUBURN, N. Y., May 20.—The tournament, under the auspices of Knox & Knapp, May 17-18, was very successful. Ten thousand targets were thrown. Forty-seven shooters were present on the first day, and twenty-four on the second.

In the merchandise events, the first day, H. W. Brown, of Binghamton, and Geo. Brown, of Seneca Falls, divided first, an L. C. Smith gun. C. J. Dally, second, an Indian made leather pillow.

May 17, First Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke. Lists names like Dr. Weller, L. C. Frautz, Wadsworth, S. Curtis, Connors, Greene, Nobles, Bozard, C. W. Hart, Conley, De Groff, G. A. Brown, Fowler, Fedigan, Daly, Hawkins, Pumpelly, H. W. Brown, Hookway, Stull, Adkin, Dalley, Wheeler, Loomis, Bryant, McMurchy, Lewis, A. P. Curtis, Hobbie, Chapman, Killick, Burnett, C. W. Brown, Preston, Geo. Helmer, E. Loughlin, W. E. Brown, H. Harter, A. Van Patten, Forsyth.

Table with columns: Name, Score. Lists Mills, Kennedy, Millard, Wise, Geo. C. Kirk, Chas Lewis, Doane.

The last two events, Nos. 9 and 10, were not shot on account of broken Leggett trap.

May 18, Second Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Shot at, Broke. Lists names like Wheeler, Dalley, Wadsworth, Hobbie, Chapman, Greene, Nobles, Bozard, C. W. Hart, Conley, Hawkins, Stull, S. Curtis, Hookway, Lewis, Fedigan, Fowler, G. A. Brown, Frantz, Gutches, Dr. Tripp, Snyder, Connors, Daly.

Middlesex Sportsmen's Club.

MIDDLESEX, Mass.—In the recent series of matches for team trapshooting supremacy, the Middlesex Sportsmen's Club, of East Lexington, added one more to its long string of victories, by defeating very decisively teams representing the Lowell, Harvard and Boston gun clubs.

In the last shoot the Middlesex Gun Club were somewhat handicapped by the absence of Adams and Baxter, their regular members, but pulled through with a good score, with the aid of Marshall and Burnes as substitutes.

Table with columns: Location, Score. Lists At Wellington, At Lowell, At Cambridge, At home, At East Lexington, At Lowell, At Cambridge, At home, At East Lexington, At Lowell, At Cambridge, At home.

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Michigan Trapshooters' Association.

THE Michigan Trapshooters' Association held its first State shoot at Mt. Clemens on May 10 and 11. The next shoot will be held in Jackson in June.

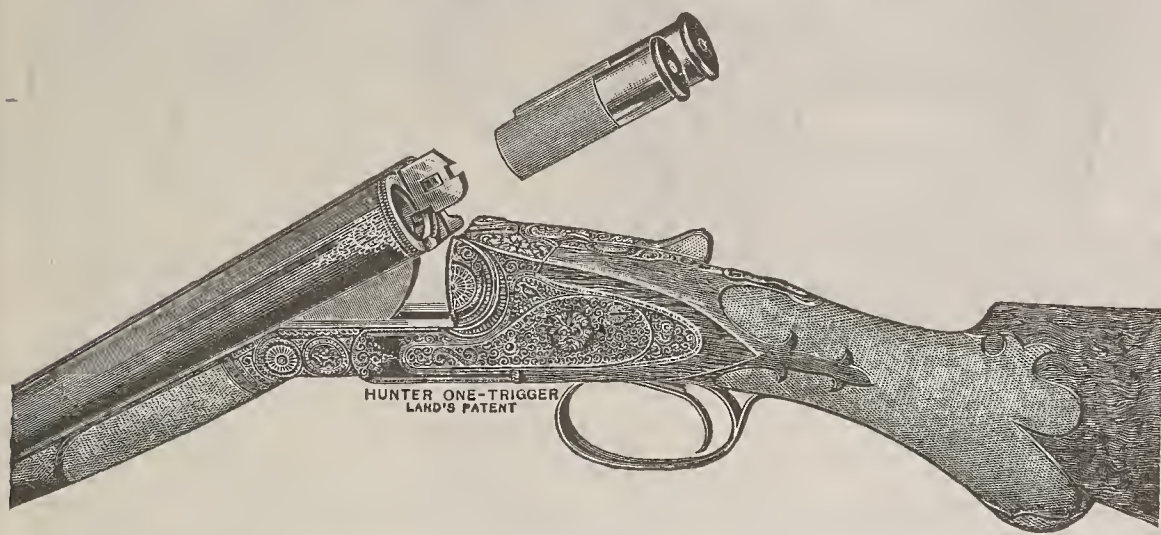
For the two days, the professional high averages, 400 targets, were as follows: Heikes 373, Hirschy 369, Boa 362, Amateurs: Felker 359, Tolsma 345, Renick 358. The totals were as follows:

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists names like Heikes, Hirschy, Itoa, Phil, Felker, Young, Tolsma, Renick, Jarvis, Conover, Gaylord, Veitmeier, Peltier, Wood, Schuman, Kirby, Lutz, A. Hensler, Scott, Nelson, Reid, H. Scane, C. Scane, Osmun, Béebe, Sparks, Berlin, Campau, Tuscany, Guthard, Carson, Sutton, Wills, Stanley, Chamberlain, Klein, Brown, Wates, Perkins, Webber, William, Wolf, Cox, Greenway.

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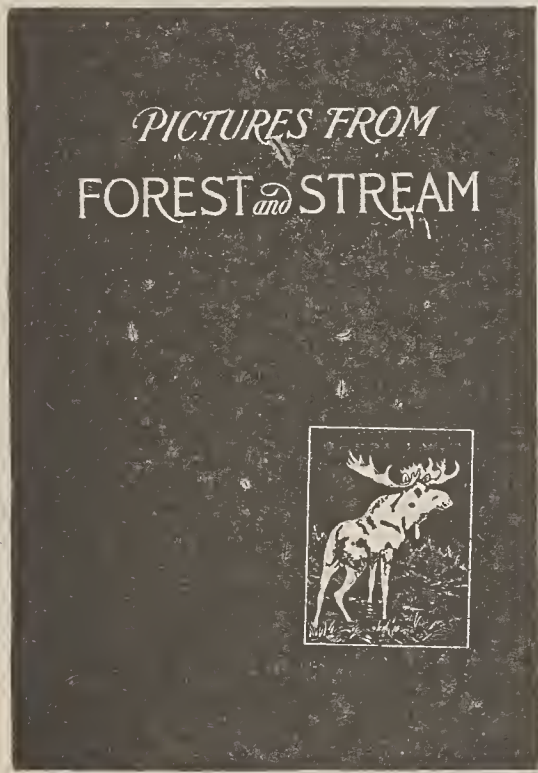
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LIST OF THE PLATES.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - - - Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), - - - - - Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 5. "What's That?" (Antelope), - - - - - Carl Rungius | 21. The American Plover, - - - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 6. The Home of the White Goat. | 22. Rap Full, Schooner Constellation in a North Easter, - - - - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| Photo by H. T. Folsom | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair off Larchmont, - - - - - Photo by Jas. Burton |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - - - Carl Rungius |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - - - - E. Osthaus |
| 9. Calling the Buffalo—3 The Fall, E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer) - - - - - E. Osthaus |
| 10. Calling the Buffalo—4 Packing the Meat, E. W. Deming | 27. Between Casts, - - - - - W. P. Davison |
| Photo by West & Son | 28. Home of the Bass, - - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 11. Sail, Sea and Sky, Navahoe on the Soient, Photo by West & Son | 29. In Boyhood Days, - - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 12. The Trapper's Camp, - - - - - E. W. Deming | 30. A Country Road (Partridge), - - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 13. Pearl R. (Setter), - - - - - E. H. Osthaus | 31. When Food Grows Scarce (Quail), - - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 14. The Purple Sandpiper, - - - - - J. J. Audubon | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), - - - - - W. P. Davison |
| 15. The Black Duck, - - - - - J. J. Audubon | |
| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - - - - J. J. Audubon | |

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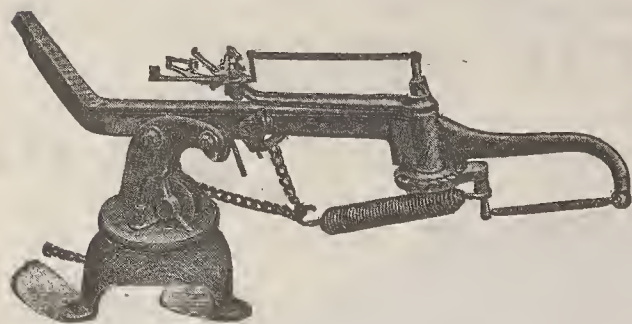
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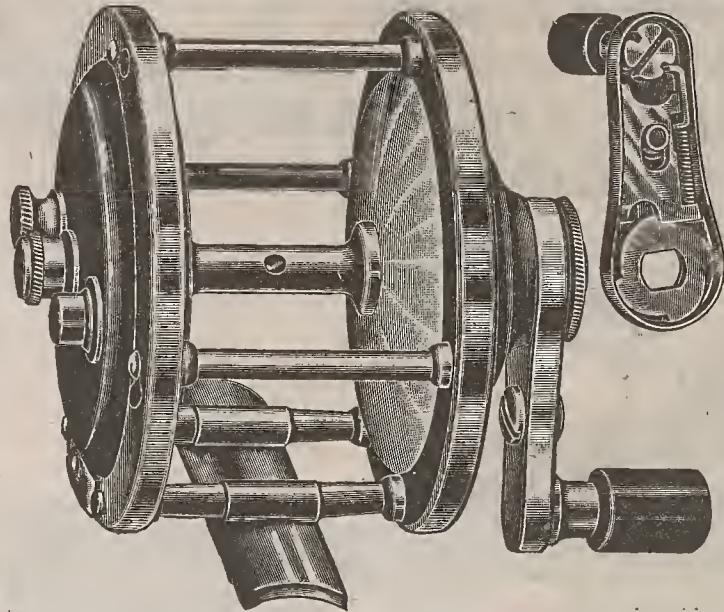
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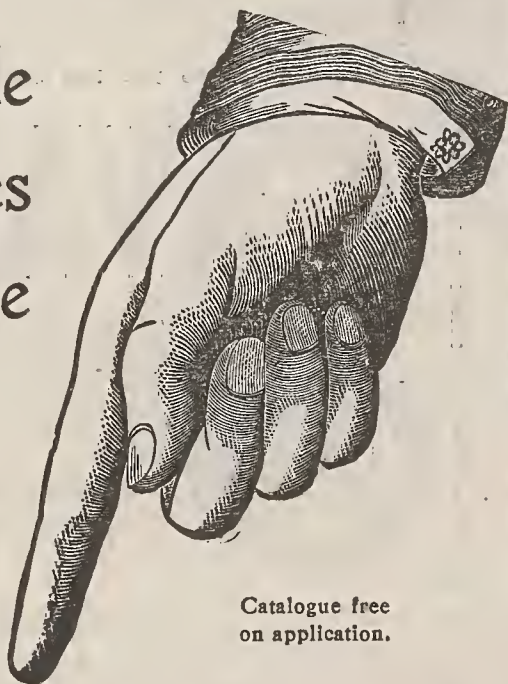
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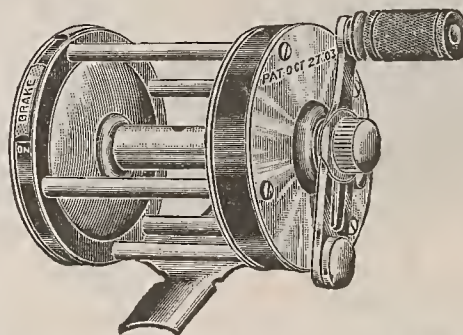
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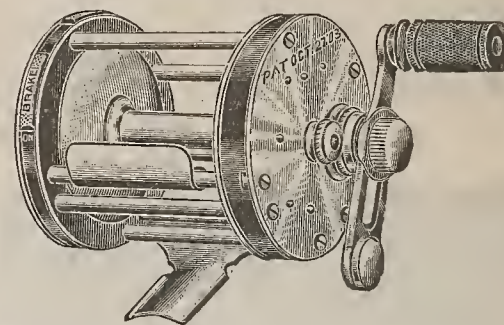
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Mr. Wm. Renick won 3d Amateur Average, 339 ex 400

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Denny Trophy—for State shooters—won by Al. Heil with Winchester Factory Loaded Shells.

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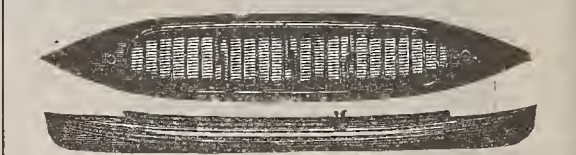
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1903.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

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

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

HUNTING IN FOREIGN PARTS.

YEAR by year the world is growing smaller. There are more people in it, more widely distributed; and means of communication between distant points become constantly easier. Fifty years ago, one walked or rode across the 3,000 miles that separate the Atlantic and Pacific. Now it takes days to make the journey where then months were needed. As population increases, hunting grounds contract; the Rocky Mountains for the most part are bare of game. People have to turn to Canada to find the wild country that we all of us want to enjoy from time to time.

But as there are more men who shoot and fish, Canada and the few spots in the United States where game and fish may still be had do not supply the needs of all. Men go to England and Scotland for angling and grouse shooting, or hire deer forests in Scotland on which they kill their quota of stags. The grouse moors and shooting estates frequently advertised in the FOREST AND STREAM, show that British owners appreciate that in this country there is a large public to whom they may appeal.

Here in America, the game preserve system is absolutely in its infancy, and there still persists much of the ancient feeling that the wild game and fish belong to whomever may take them, no matter where they may be found.

In Britain and in many cities of the continent of Europe there are firms which make it their business to sell and to rent places where shooting may be had. In the Old World there is no such thing as free shooting. The game goes with the land, and in any renting of shooting rights, the future is carefully looked after by conditions which provide that only a certain number of birds or animals shall be killed.

It is commonly believed that only the very wealthy can rent shooting estates in Great Britain, but it appears that at various points on the continent sport with gun and rod may be had at moderate cost. Very considerable shootings, including stags, bears and lynx, to say nothing of smaller game, such as chamois, roebuck, grouse of different species and partridges, may be had at prices that seem very moderate. At a certain place in Hungary, only a few hours by rail from Vienna, 2,000 partridges are to be shot over grounds occupying about 12,000 acres, at a price of only 5 cents per shot.

Austria-Hungary is a vast country of mountain, forest and plain, where the land is owned in great estates, and has for many years been carefully preserved. Much shooting is to be had there. In Europe a trip is being set on foot to Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla by a man who is reported last year to have shot there thirty-five polar bears, and where reindeers, bears, seals, walruses and sea birds are to be had. The cost for one of six persons on this trip, which will last for two and a half to three months, would be about \$2,000.

Let us hope that this trip will never be made, for the game of Spitzbergen is said to be very rapidly decreasing.

The time may come when we in America shall be able to offer sportsmen such shooting as they appear now to have in Austria-Hungary, and the various Turkish provinces which lie in the Balkan Mountains. But it looks as if that time were a long way off, and it may be questioned if ever we shall be able to offer to the visiting sportsmen bustards, wild geese, stags, deers,

chamois, roebuck, eagles, wolves, mountain cocks, heathcocks, elk, bears, lynx and wild boars, together with rich trout fishing, such as may be had in southeastern Europe to-day.

SHORT LOBSTERS.

GOVERNOR HIGGINS has signed the act which changes the penalty for taking short lobsters from a fine of \$100 for the offense to a fine of \$60 for the offense and \$10 in addition for each lobster unlawfully taken or had in possession. The effect is likely to be salutary.

The short lobster catcher is among the most improvident of fishermen, and the most persistent in destroying immature stock, which if left to grow would be a valuable resource. Lobsters do not breed before an age when they have attained a length of nine inches. The State has expended thousands of dollars in lobster breeding, and has put out the products of its enterprise on the public waters for him to take who will. The only consideration imposed, as expressed in the short lobster law, is that the immature lobsters may not be taken; they must be permitted to grow until they shall have reached an age when they may reproduce. To most of us this seems an extremely reasonable regulation, and one which, it might be thought, would commend itself most favorably to the approval and acceptance of the lobster fisherman—the partner, as it were, of the State in the enterprise of lobster catching—the State plants the seed, the fisherman reaps the harvest. But, so perverse is human nature, the lobsterman goes on the principle of taking to market everything that gets into his lobster pot, irrespective of size, breeding, present supply and future scarcity. Down in the Narrows of New York Bay, between Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth, are the best lobster breeding and growing grounds in this State, and but for the shortsightedness of the fishermen, a very large supply would be going into the New York market, but they seem possessed to take them before they are half legal size, though they get practically nothing for them. Last summer they sold the immature lobsters for three and four cents a pound, while if they had left them until this year the mature lobsters would have brought fourteen cents, and would have spawned thousands for three years hence. The taking of so many lobsters before they can spawn is really one of the causes for the almost prohibitive prices prevailing to consumers.

Protector Overton, of this district, has been active in pursuing the fishermen and dealers in illegal lobsters, and has recently secured judgments of \$200 each against two Fulton Market dealers; and like penalties are due from three Brooklyn marketmen. Cases are pending against Staten Island and Gravesend Bay fishermen. It is believed that the new law will prove a decided benefit because of the increased penalties it provides.

THE CALAVERAS BIG TREES.

MR. LUTHER KELLY's paper on the Big Trees of California draws attention anew to the fact that the Calaveras Groves are now the property of private individuals and are in danger of destruction. They should be in public ownership and under permanent public protection. The Big Trees belong with the Yosemite Valley, the Geysers of the Yellowstone, and Niagara Falls, as objects of natural grandeur and beauty which of right belong neither to individuals nor to any one generation of men; but to the nation and to posterity, not less than to the American people who are to-day temporarily occupying the land.

Mr. Kelly alludes to the work of the women of California in an endeavor to induce Congressional action to acquire ownership of the Calaveras Groves as a national possession. The movement was begun in 1903 by the Outdoor Art League of California, which appointed a Calaveras Big Tree Committee, with Mrs. Lovell White, of San Francisco, as chairman. An active and earnest propaganda was set in motion to awaken public sentiment throughout the country. The executive heads of the States were communicated with, and thirty-two Governors replied, many of them giving enthusiastic indorsement. The women's clubs throughout the country, the press, such organizations as the American Park and Outdoor Art Association, forestry associations, scientific bodies, universities, colleges and various societies—all

these were appealed to and their active interest was awakened. A bill providing for the purchase of the Big Trees was introduced in the Senate at Washington and was passed by that body. A corresponding measure was introduced in Congress by Hon. J. N. Gillette, of California, but because of the opposition of Speaker Cannon was not allowed to come up. Thereupon, in January, 1904, a petition bearing more than 1,500,000 signatures, representing every State in the Union, was sent to President Roosevelt, and was by him transmitted to the House with the indorsement: "I cordially recommend it to the favorable consideration of Congress. The Calaveras Big Tree Grove is not only a California but a National inheritance, and all that can be done by the Government to insure its preservation should be done." Speaker Cannon, however, refused to permit the measure to come before the House; and Congress adjourned without acting upon it.

The California women who for years have been working for the Federal control of the Calaveras Groves, are discouraged but not so disheartened as to admit defeat. The sentiment of the country as represented through the clubs and societies which have participated in the movement, is beyond question fixed and determined in support of the plan of Federal acquirement and preservation. The campaign to that end will be continued; and in the end, there is confidence to believe, the Big Trees will be in fact a possession of the United States.

OLD BOOKS.

FEW of us, no matter how well read, how familiar with the literature of any subject, but are astonished from time to time by the discovery of some old work of whose existence we had been wholly ignorant. Quite aside from the subject matter that these old books contain they have usually a charm of their own which is due to the simplicity with which they are written and to a certain quaintness of diction, quite lost in these modern times.

Within the past few years there has arisen in this country a greatly increased demand for such old works, especially for such as have to do with this continent—*Americana*. The prices of such books have many times increased, and besides the many old book dealers to be found in this country, there are many in England, Canada and Germany, who make a specialty of picking up and reselling such out-of-print works on American topics.

In the fields of hunting, angling, exploration and the West, there are many excellent private libraries in this country. President Roosevelt possesses a remarkably good one on big game hunting. Mr. Russell W. Woodward has one on angling, together with a wonderful series of prints and portraits of angling scenes and angling. Mr. Charles Sheldon possesses a well-nigh complete library on shooting, and the list might be indefinitely increased. The purchase of these old books is, one would think, a safe method of investing money, provided one is content to receive as income from the investment the satisfaction which comes from the reading and the sense of possession of the books. If a time should ever come for them to be sold—provided the volumes have been well cared for during the period of his ownership—the possessor will receive back his principal much increased.

Most of us, to be sure, do not buy books to sell again, yet it is a real satisfaction to own books whose interest, and whose money value as well, is constantly increasing. We have for some months been printing in the FOREST AND STREAM a series of abstracts of old books on early western exploration and travel which have excited great interest, and these Trails of the Pathfinders afford a good example of the delightful reading that the old books on exploration afford.

Some inquiries recently made of FOREST AND STREAM about some of these old books and how they may be obtained have led us to think that there may be among our readers some who would be glad to enlist our services in securing such old volumes. These cannot, of course, be bought off hand; they must be picked up when the opportunity occurs. Recently a friend received from a German dealer a catalogue of old books which contained a volume that he had long been looking for. He wanted the book so much that he cabled over to Germany and secured it.

If any of our friends desire our assistance in this matter of securing such old volumes, we shall be very happy to be of service to them.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Floating Down the Mississippi.

A Grafting Combine.

I DECIDED to pull out on Monday morning, we having arrived at Modoc Saturday afternoon. Monday proved to be a chill, windy day, but not so bad but that I could make way against the waves and wind. With my duffle on board, I dropped down stream, close to the bank where I would be sheltered as much as possible. Five miles down stream I came to a number of cabin boats tied to the bank. Woods were all I could see on the bank, and I regarded the town with some wonder. I knew that somewhere along there was a pink boat, in which a daughter of Mrs. Haney lived. Charlie Brooks was her husband, and I wanted to see him, especially, for he could tell me about the lower river if anyone could.

One after another I passed the sterns of the boats, and finally spied the pink boat which I was seeking well down in the lower end of the fleet. As I leaned to the oars I was hailed, "Hello there, Spears!"

On turning my head to see who had hailed, I saw a broad, smiling face which was at first sight familiar but unplaceable. He knew me, and that was enough. I swung in to the large white-and-red boat and clambered aboard. He was the Medicine Man, and his partner was the Gambler. They were a precious pair whom I had met far up the river, and they promptly invited me to stay a while.

"We've got a bit of graft here," the Gambler remarked. "We begun to get short of money, so I rigged up a table, and we're running a poker game at night. You want to stay a while, and you'll see enough sights to fill that note book you were keeping when we seen you up the river."

Sure enough, it was the gambling boat of a floating population to which I had been invited, and without more ado, I hoisted my duffle on board, and sat down to hear what the boys had been up to since I met them three hundred miles up the river. They'd been selling medicine, buying junk, gathering hickory nuts, running a show boat, and had variously disported themselves. They were so glad to see me that the Gambler took down a violin and the Medicine Man picked up a banjo, and both played in unison—jig, song, waltz, two-step, rag-time and a snatch of an interlude which the Gambler learned when he was first fiddle to an Indian Territory opera company. Each of them had a natural taste for music, and a trace of sweetness was noticeable in the undertone and second thoughts of their "pieces." Perhaps one could travel a long ways and not hear anything quite like what I heard that afternoon. With the tones of the stringed instruments was the gurgling chuckle of the river water around the boat.

There was something in the demeanor of the men which was exceedingly startling at times. The musical impulse carried flashes across the Gambler's countenance which were chilling to contemplate. The Gambler's chin was two-pointed and narrow. His eyes were alternately either wide open and starting, or they were half closed and sunken. His face was very dark, sun-dried and wind-worn, his mustache was black, his eyes were a dull turtle brown. I compared his cordiality to that of a pet snake.

The Medicine Man had one characteristic that was unforgettable. This was his smile. He was a short, round man with a smooth face and dark eyes, hair and complexion. His hair was growing gray over his temples—his lips were a trifle thick, and wide spreading, as though about to break into beaming smiles at any moment. It was by his smile that I recalled the circumstances of our first meeting. He was on the cabin boat, and welcomed me as a break in the monotony of days tied to a shelving bank not far below Cairo. He had been trading medicine for flour, chickens and eggs, while his partner cooked and cared for the boat. The partner and he were contented in the life on the river. Peddling medicine was not difficult, there was plenty to eat and they had not been together long enough to be troubled by their various eccentricities.

I settled down to live their kind of life, and understand it if I could. My first glimpse of the boat, with its newly rigged poker table, showed that what I had seen on the old fisherman's boat, and on Mrs. Haney's were only faint impressions of the whole river life scenes. In the floor of this cabin boat were a couple of bullet holes; the violin, the guitar and the banjo were most suggestive, and the two men themselves—I asked one during a pause, due to a string out of tune: "What are you doing now, boys?"

"Grafting—like we always done," the Medicine Man laughed, starting in a cheerful jig dance tune.

Heretofore my river associates had been almost exclusively men who worked, at least part of the time. Even Pierce and his son followed "electric goods peddling" merely as a side issue, and would do a job of carpenter work on occasion. Perhaps they had in mind "easy livings," but they were workers. The Medicine Man and the Gambler avowed themselves to be grafters, and nothing more.

They said they had been doing everything, and everybody. They laughed with glee over a hickorynut speculation into which they had entered. "We picked up about fifteen bushels of them—most broke our backs. When we got to Memphis we carried two sackfuls weighing a hundred a piece all over the bloody city, and got about a dollar an' seven cents for 'em, Huch! But we're eating the rest."

"You just ought to been with us, coming down. We had a fellow on board who was a reg'lar bummer. But he could play the violin till it talked—sliding notes and all that sort of thing. He wasn't good for anything else, but we kept him just to play. We had a couple of shows—singing and playing, and the Gambler gave a Punch and Judy show—it was a corker. The cuss kept us drunk most of the time. But he was plumb amusing for a time. One day we cut loose from New Madrid, aiming to run a whiskey boat. We had ten jugs of whiskey on board and a couple of cans of wine and some sweet cider. First one would drink and then another; when we come to there was some kind soul who had ketched our boat and tied us in at Carruthersville. You never see anything like that boat was for three days after that. We'd drank all the whiskey, eat all the grub and there wasn't a dollar on board. I went up the bank—had an awful headache—carried my grip and some medicine and went to work. I got four or five dollars and bought some flour and meat, but we couldn't eat. Say! we cussed one another, I tell you. I went up the bank after some more money—wanted some seltzer and soda for biscuit. When I come back the boat was gone, and I had to steal a skiff and follow those fellows down stream thirty miles, and that at night. Oh, this trip's been a time, I tell you."

I went over to Brooks' boat after a time and found Mr. and Mrs. Brooks there. Mrs. Brooks was a tall, slender woman, whose face was weather-beaten, and her chin the equivalent of a fist. The Medicine Man volunteered the opinion later that Mrs. Brooks would set her husband on the bank some day. The boat and other things on board were in her name, it was said. It was a prettily furnished craft, not at all in harmony with the atrocious pink exterior. The floor was clean, the living room was carpeted, and lace curtains swung from the windows. The stove, a small one, was neatly blacked, the chairs, including large rockers, were comfortable, and the groceries were well chosen, apparently for trade was steady.

Because "everybody" had been on a spree the previous night, the gambling crowd did not appear on the night of the day I arrived. Several of them had been cleaned out, and couldn't play anyhow, but on Tuesday night, Jan. 26, the bunch appeared. They were workers in a new sawmill half a mile back in the woods from Hughey's landing, where we were tied. They arrived just before dark, but a man had preceded them—a wiry, broad-brimmed hatted individual, who made a deal with the Gambler. He explained certain card tricks which he knew, and showed that he could read the backs of the cards as a common player could read the faces. His pack was carefully marked, and he handed it to the Gambler for use that night. The two agreed to whack up even on the proceeds of the evening game, and agreed upon a system of signals for service in certain contingencies. It was as cold-blooded a deal as one could wish, and the Gambler explained afterward that Causey, the visitor, was a good man to do business with—he knew the cards so well.

The gang came in in bunches of two or three until twenty odd were on the boat. The gathering was a markedly typical one of the river swamp sawmills. The boss was there, a shrewd, keen-eyed man, who went home without playing. The chief sawyer sat down to the table and kept the backs of his cards buried in his hands. The bookkeeper and secretary sprawled his cards on the table, backs up, and bet without looking at them, "playing his luck." Two or three log-rollers showed their three or four one-dollar bills as though they were fortunes. One young board-handler, with his hat aslant and a swaggering gait and loud voice, played for a time. The table at first had what the Gambler called "cheap ones" around it.

For an hour the game progressed with the two gamblers itching to get the foreman down at the table. They "killed off" the young would-be sport in just five hands, so that room could be had at the table for him. But he hesitated, and a teamster took the chair. Then a log-roller was "killed off," and left the table penniless. His place was taken by the sawyer, who bought his \$2 worth of checks with money from a thirty or forty-dollar roll of bills. A shiver passed down Causey's lank frame and his eyes glinted at sight of that money. The Gambler squinted and, catching my eye, twitched his eyelid. I was sitting on a box facing a home-made barber's chair—another of the Gambler's contrivances for making money—writing notes on my typewriter. The Medicine Man was not in the game, but wandered around with his banjo playing snatches of tunes. He sang:

"You men must now give up your drinking,
Ne'er more can you go on a tear,
For the ladies of late have been thinking
Of closing all the gin mills with prayer."

The Medicine Man appeared a little sour over the proceedings, for which fact I could not account until later I learned that he was not to share in the profits of the game. He explained afterward, too, that it was a mighty dangerous business cheating those men. "They got guns a foot long on them," he said. "If they'd seen what those two were doing to them they'd a fell to mussin' right away—like enough we'd got killed, too. I don't b'lieve in taking chances with that kind of men—they're bad when they thinks they are being imposed upon."

It was remarkable that trouble did not ensue from the way the two were robbing the other players, Causey

stacked the cards repeatedly and dealt hand after hand to his partner, who won again and again. They baited the man with the roll by handing out pairs and trays, and giving themselves hands a card higher. But his only response to these baits was to pass them by, and wait till he dealt himself, or till one of his friends in the game was dealer. Even then he was at a disadvantage, for Causey knew the cards from the backs as well as from the faces. Once Causey had three nines and the sawyer two pairs. But Causey, at the draw, saw that the man got an ace. He couldn't remember whether one of the two pairs was of aces or not, and he laid down his three of a kind to two kings and two queens and an ace. This made him lose his temper, and during the next half an hour he cursed himself under his breath and blundered in a way that allowed the secretary to win back a couple of dollars already lost.

The secretary was a dark, emotional youth of about twenty-five years. He played the game as though his life depended on it, his face changing back and forth from asallow to a dark red. His fingers clutched at the cards ravenously. Once, when he won a jack-pot—a bait—he threw his whole body across the table and surrounded the little stack of chips—ten dollars worth—showing most plainly that he was a card victim and that gambling was a habit he would probably never overcome. His money was swept from him, dollar by dollar, and at last he was borrowing. Finally he rose from the table, leaving behind his last five cents and debts aggregating a week's salary at least. The log-rollers were kept in the game by the two gamblers, who feared it would break up before they could "kill" the sawyer. The log-rollers won a dollar and lost fifty cents; then they'd win a dollar and then lose a dollar. They were never allowed to retain more than a dollar and a half, and their last cent was in the chips before them on the table.

In the meantime the Medicine Man was sent out by the Gambler to get something to eat. He went down to the Brooks store boat to get some canned stuff and apples. He returned with an armful, and some of the players ate as they played, laying their cards face down on the table, where Causey studied them at his leisure.

Toward the last the checks, or chips, gravitated steadily toward Causey's pile, and one by one the players were "killed off." The final scene was a protracted one. The sawyer lost gradually but slowly. Finally his stack got down to two dollars, and then he drew out a wad of bills—perhaps \$30. He stripped a five-dollar note from it and put it under the chips before him. At sight of the roll shivers ran perceptibly through the gamblers, and they stiffened in their chairs and began to play for the money that was before their eyes.

Then followed as remarkable a series of plays as was ever seen on the Mississippi. It was two card-stackers against an honest, thoroughbred swamp poker-player. Time and again Causey threw a tempting hand into the sawyer, yet the sawyer refused to bet against the Gambler, who bid him up. But when his own turn came the sawyer dealt and then played the hand he gave himself in a square deal. Sometimes he lost on the bets he made then, but frequently he won. Every device the gamblers knew was used to get the man to bet on a stacked deal but he refused. Causey bet without looking at his hand, without looking at the card he drew, but the sawyer knew the kind of a gang he was against, and when he finally quit at 3 o'clock in the morning he was only \$3 behind—and that three he had lost before the other players were killed off, and presumably before he realized what was against him.

After the game was over the visitors left the boat. Then came an episode which looked decidedly ominous, for the two rascals couldn't agree on the amount of money that had been won. The bargain had been to divide even, but there was a difference of \$7 in their estimates of how much they had won. The Gambler, who sold the checks for the game, said that only \$25 had been taken in, while Causey was sure that at least \$35 had been won. I watched the pair as their voices began to rise and noted with considerable interest that Causey grew sullen and quiet while the Gambler quivered and started. Without knowing more about the two men than has been told, I could see that the Gambler was determined to retain what he called his half of the proceeds of the swindling game. His dark face grew lined and dog-like as he argued the matter, going over the purchases of checks made by the visitors. The other flushed and threw his head back with a motion I remembered having seen in a feud-fighter of the Tennessee mountains. But against the Gambler Causey was at odds. The Gambler not only had the money but he had more nerve. He finally contented himself with \$12.50 and went home to his cabin boat. He was an able card-stacker, but he saw that if he pressed his claim for more of the money he would have to fight for it. The Gambler had a revolver on him, for both men had armed carefully before the game began. "I don't want to beat anyone, but I want my share, and I'm going to have it," said the Gambler after the man had gone.

On the following morning the Gambler and the Medicine Man decided that they had better pull out of the landing.

"You can't tell," the Gambler remarked. "We've been here now going on a week. There's sheriffs down in the country, and them kind always wants a rake-off. I guess we'd better hit the grit."

Jan. 27 was a fine morning, without wind or waves, and the water was like glass. Birds sang along the river

banks, and the decision to travel on was no sooner made than the ropes were cast off and away we went with the current. Our good-byes to the neighbors consisted of yells and waves of the hands.

Judging from what I had seen on the previous night I had reason to congratulate myself for the company I was in.

"We ain't no common river rats," the Medicine Man said boastfully as he watched the bank, being moved by the scene. "We're thoroughbreds. We're grafters, ain't we old boy?"

His partner grinned and nodded acquiescence. As if to clinch the statement he took a small roll of bills from a money-belt and began to count out the money. "Twenty-two-thirty-five-thirty—" he counted. At last he straightened up with a smile of conscious pride. "Ninety-four bucks!" he exclaimed, "and when we got to Hughey's we didn't have a bloody dollar."

"Yes, an' we'd a had \$150 if you hadn't went and got drunk Sunday night and lost pretty near a hundred," the Medicine Man exclaimed, sourly.

"Is that any of your business what I do with my money—that's my money, do you understand that?"

"I thought we was pardners," the Medicine Man exclaimed.

"If you had this money you'd buy whiskey—"

"And you'd drink it!" broke in the Medicine Man.

The Gambler opened his mouth to reply angrily, but something ripped against the side of the boat, a shadow darkened the craft.

"Hustle!" the Medicine Man yelled, jumping for the sweeps. A moment later we were pounding the long oars and working clear of the caving bank and mass of tree trunks and branches into which the current had carried us unnoticed.

The little natural excitement toned the tempers down, and we got dinner harmoniously enough.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Big Trees of California.

BY ALLEN KELLY.

ON the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, at altitudes between 5,500 and 7,000 feet above sea level, stand twelve groves or scattered groups of the oldest living things in the world—the Big Trees of California. There are a few thousands of the trees, survivors of the Pacific Coast's preglacial period, and the giants of the groves probably are more than 4,000 years old. The largest of them are more than 30 feet in diameter and 350 feet in height, and some fallen trees show even greater dimensions. A single tree contains more than half a million feet, board measure, of sound lumber.

Because of the enormous quantity of valuable lumber contained in these groves, the finest of them are threatened with destruction, and others have been virtually destroyed by ax and saw. Congress has been urged and pleaded with at every session during the past five years to preserve the largest of the groups of Big Trees, but has failed to take action, and the vandal work of felling the Calaveras Grove may begin at any time.

The big tree is the *Sequoia gigantea*, and is closely related to the California redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*, which grows in the coast ranges from Oregon to Monterey Bay. The redwood grows in dense, homogeneous forests, but the Big Tree exists only in small groups scattered among other conifers. *Sequoia* belongs to the sub-tribe, *Taxodinae*, in which there is only one other North American genus, *Taxodium*—the cypress—so that its nearest American relative is the cypress, although there is a genus of Tasmanian trees to which it appears to be more nearly related.

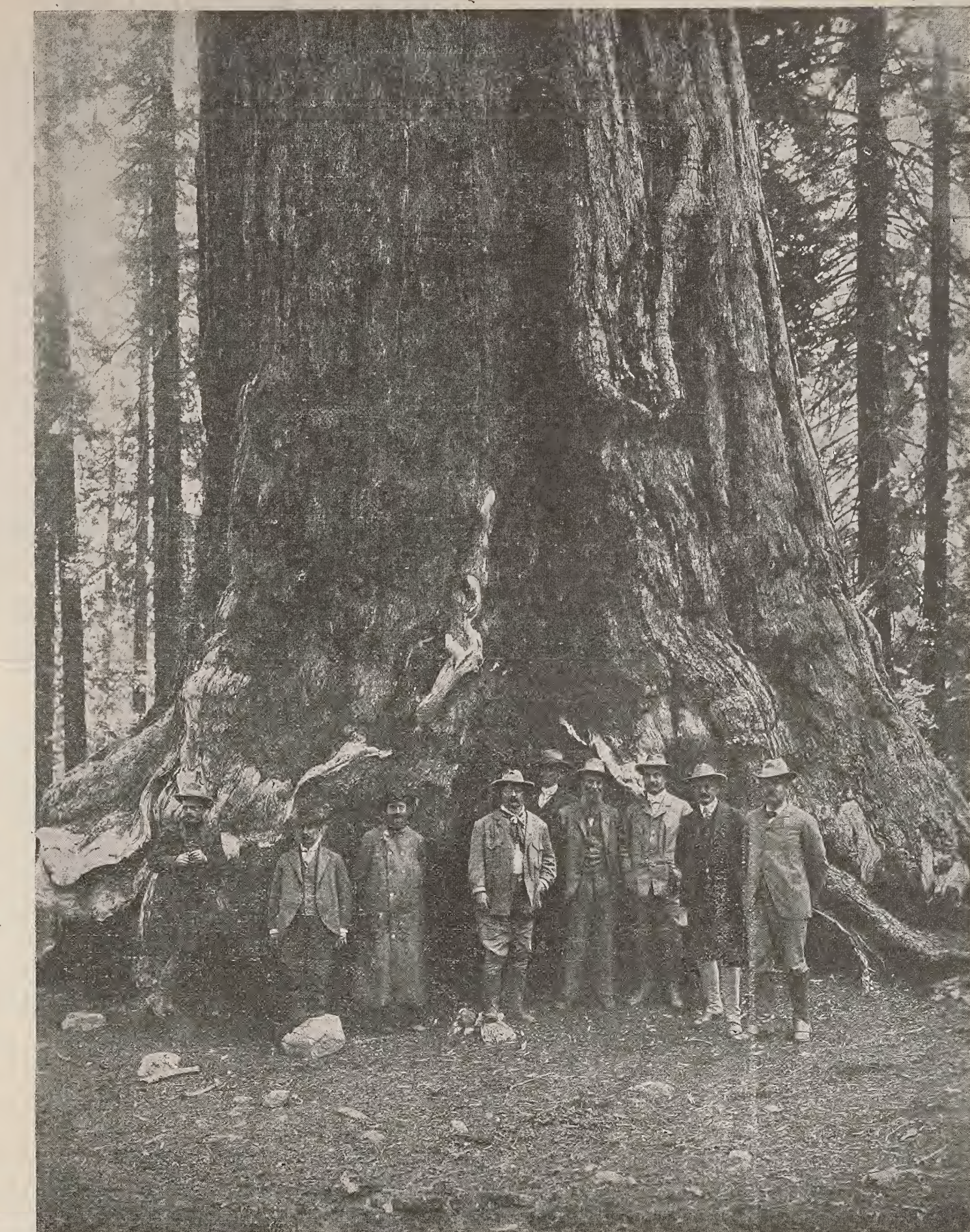
Botanical authorities disagree as to the tribe to which the genus belongs, and also as to the proper scientific name. The English have presumed to appropriate the Big Trees under the name Wellingtonia, while the United States Forestry Bureau insists on Washingtonia as the only correct name. In California, *Sequoia gigantea* "goes," and as that means "Big Sequoia," and *Sequoia* is the name of a great American—the Cherokee chief—I do not see why it is not good enough as it stands, maugre the hair-splitting of quarreling botanists.

Disputing over the name will not, at any rate, deter the thrifty-minded lumberman from chopping down these living monuments of ages long gone and sawing them into boards for the building of pig-pens. The eye of greed has been fixed upon the Big Tree, and has seen nothing in its grand proportions but so many feet of merchantable lumber, and down comes the oldest living thing in the world, unless somebody comes to its rescue very soon.

The Big Tree is not only of unique interest because of its age, its history and its rarity, but it is magnificent in its beauty. Standing among spruces, pines and firs that would seem gigantic elsewhere, the Big Tree's columnar trunk dwarfs its neighbors, and its feathery foliage towers far above the tallest of them. In color, the rich terra-cotta column is conspicuous amid the dark brown and gray trunks of the Sierra forest. The big tree is gigantic, but it is also wonderfully symmetrical and beautiful to look upon.

At first view the Big Tree is disappointing in respect of size, but that is because one does not instantly comprehend its proportions. For some hours before arriving at a grove, the visitor passes through forests of pines and spruces of great size, trees from eight, ten and twelve feet diameter and more than 200 feet in height being numerous, and becomes accustomed to bigness. Not until one has walked around the tremendous trunk of a Big Tree, estimated the distance from the ground to the first branch, which may be 150 feet, compared the size with familiar objects, and perhaps ridden through a hollow log and out at a knot-hole, does the impression of magnitude soak into his mind.

A remarkable quality of the Sequoia is its vitality—its resistance to disease and its power of recovery from injuries. Wounds made by ax or fire in the trunk of a tree heal and new bark grows over them and hides the scars. One standing tree in the Mariposa Grove has been burned out from the base to a height of more



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND PARTY IN BIG TREE GROVE.
Governor Pardee, of California, on the President's right; and John Muir on his left.

than 100 feet, and one may stand inside the trunk at the base and see the sky as through the tube of a telescope, and yet the top is green, the wood is sound and the tree seems vigorously healthy. Cutting an arch in the trunk, through which a Concord coach may be driven, does not fatally injure a tree forty years after the cutting, the wood on the inside of the arch remains perfectly sound. A very large specimen in the Calaveras Grove, that was denuded entirely of bark in 1854, is still standing and apparently sound.

John Muir says he never saw a Big Tree that died a natural death—that is, of old age and decay—and that, barring accidents, they seem to be immortal. He has counted over 4,000 annual rings in the section of a tree that was killed by fire in the King's River forest.

The first white man to see the Big Trees was John Bidwell, who discovered the Calaveras Grove in 1841. When the gold-seekers invaded California eight years later, Bidwell's discovery seems to have been unknown to the natives, for a hunter who stumbled into the grove on the trail of a bear in 1852 was credited by the forty miners with being the first to see a Big Tree. Letters written home at that time by my uncle, Lyman Sherwin, who was one of the first party guided in from Murphy's by the hunter Dowd, to be shown proof of his story of finding an enormous tree, indicate plainly that the existence of the grove had not been made known to the Argonauts by Bidwell. There is no question now, however, that Bidwell saw the Calaveras trees eleven years before Dowd.

How easy it is for such a discovery to be forgotten was illustrated by the announcement in 1873 of the finding of a small grove of Big Trees near the middle fork of the American River in Placer county, seventy miles north of the Calaveras Grove. This grove, consisting of six trees standing and a few fallen—the largest 28 feet in diameter—was discovered by Joe Matlock, a miner, in 1855, and the date "1860" is cut into the bark of an alder nearby.

Some of the Big Tree groves are within the lines of forest reserves and national parks, and probably will be protected for all time. Others are private property and have been partly destroyed. The Fresno Grove, not far from the preserved Mariposa Grove, is already ruined, the State of California having refused to purchase the tract at a low price from the original locator and allowed it to fall into the hands of lumbermen, who set up a sawmill in the middle of the grove and wasted more timber than they worked up. The Calaveras and Stanislaus Groves were preserved

intact by James L. Sperry until 1900. The first occupies a tract 3,200 feet long by 700 wide, and contains 100 trees of large size. The second, about six miles distant, contains 1,380 Sequoias, and is the largest of all the groves. It was not Mr. Sperry's fault that these groves went into the hands of timber speculators. He held them for forty years or more, and did his best to induce the State of California to relieve him of their care when he foresaw his inability to provide for their preservation as private property.

In my official report as State Forester of California, in 1892, I placed all the facts concerning the Calaveras and Stanislaus Groves before the Governor and Legislature, stated that Mr. Sperry was willing to sell to the State at a figure far below the commercial value of the property, pointed out that he would be obliged to dispose of it to lumbermen very soon, and urged that steps be taken by the State to acquire and preserve the Big Trees. But it was impossible to interest the Philistine statesmen in anything so sentimental, and not until the Big Trees passed into the hands of speculators did Californians awaken to realization of what the loss of the two finest groups of these marvelous monuments of past ages would mean to the State and to the world. And then it was the women of California, not the "statesmen," who bestirred themselves to keep the ax from its vandal, sordid work.

The pity of it is that the statesmen in Washington seem to be as stupidly indifferent to everything that isn't "business" or buncombe as the leather-head legislators of California.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of outdoor life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

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Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXXII.

Fremont—III.

FREMONT'S second trip was on a scale somewhat more extensive than his first. His party consisted of thirty-two regular engagees, besides a negro, and two Delaware Indians, who were hired to act as hunters. The route was up the Kansas valley, across the divide, to the head of the Arkansas, and then through passes in the mountains—if any could be found—at the source of this river. The party left "the little town of Kansas"—now Kansas City—the last of May, and proceeded without special adventure until the afternoon of June 6, when a little confusion was caused by the sudden arrival of Maxwell—one of the hunters of the expedition of 1842—just in advance of a party of Osage Indians. Maxwell had gone back to look for a lost horse, and the Osages had promptly chased him into camp, a distance of nine miles. The Osages drove off a number of the best horses, but a hard chase of seven or eight miles recovered them all.

At this season of the year the streams were up, and some difficulty was met with in crossing them. Game was scarce, for they were traveling through a region frequently traversed by trapping and hunting parties of Indians, and much pursuit had made the game watchful and wild. The difficulties were so great, largely owing to rain and mud, that when he reached Big Timber Fremont determined to divide his party, leaving Fitzpatrick—he of the Broken Hand—with twenty-five men in charge of the provisions and heavier baggage of the camp; while Fremont, more lightly loaded, but taking a wagon and the howitzer which had been furnished by the United States arsenal at St. Louis, should proceed ahead of the main party.

On June 19 they crossed the Pawnee road to the Arkansas, and suddenly came upon the first buffalo, half a dozen bulls, which formed the vanguard of immense herds, among which they journeyed for many days afterward. For some days the advance party had been traveling over a high level prairie, which afforded an excellent road, because, being back from the main river, they headed many of its affluents, and had little trouble in crossing the streams. On the 26th they came upon the Republican River and entered the drier country, which Fremont says now assumed a desert character. Running water began to be more scarce, but frequent little lakes were found, from which they were often obliged to drive off the buffalo. July 3 they saw a party of Sioux, whose horses had been winter-killed the previous season, and were now on the way to a camp of the Arapahoes, on the Bijou fork, where they intended to beg for horses. The 4th of July found them at St. Vrain's fort, on the South Platte.

Their animals were now much run down, and their stock of provisions fairly exhausted; but they found the fort little better off than themselves, and quite without surplus animals. Fremont, therefore, authorized Maxwell, who was now about to separate from them, and to go on to Taos, to purchase there ten or twelve mules, pack them with provisions, and meet him at the mouth of the "Fontaine qui bouit," on the Arkansas River.

On the 6th of July, ten miles above St. Vrain's fort, the party passed Fort Lancaster, the trading post of Mr. Lupton. He had already established a farm on the prairie, certainly one of the very earliest in the Trans-Missouri country. Horses, cattle and hogs ranged on the prairie; and there was poultry, and what was left of a flourishing garden, which had just been ruined by high water.

The next day a large camp—160 lodges—of Arapahoes was passed. They had many horses and seemed to be prosperous. Game—which meant food—continued scarce; but on the 8th Lajeunesse killed a deer, and the next day a bull was slaughtered, the eating of which made most of the people sick. On the 11th, "as we were riding quietly along, eagerly searching every hollow in search of game, we discovered, at a little distance in the prairie, a large grizzly bear, so busily engaged in digging roots that he did not perceive us until we were galloping down a little hill fifty yards from him, when he charged upon us with such sudden energy, that several of us came near losing our saddles. Being wounded he commenced retreating to a rocky piney ridge nearby, from which we were not able to cut him off, and we entered the timber with him. The way was very much blocked up with fallen timber, and we kept up a running fight for some time, animated by the bear charging among the horses. He did not fall until after he had received six rifle balls. He was miserably poor and added nothing to our stock of provisions."

They were now about 7,500 feet above the sea level and traveling along prairies from which the waters drained into the Arkansas, Platte and Kansas rivers. Pike's Peak was in sight, and further to the south the Spanish Peaks.

The next day they came upon the wagon road to the settlements on the Arkansas River, and in the afternoon camped on the "Fontaine qui bouit," which they followed down, passing the camp of a hunter named Maurice, who had been catching buffalo calves, a number of which were seen among the cattle near his lodge. Here, too, were a party of mountaineers, among whom were several Connecticut men belonging to Wyeth's party. On the afternoon of July 14 they camped near a pueblo, or town, where were settled a number of mountaineers who had married Spanish women, and had formed a farming settlement here. Fremont hoped that he might have obtained some provisions from these people, but as trade with the Spanish settlements was forbidden he got nothing except milk, of which they had an abundance. Fremont learned here that the Spanish Yutes were on the war path and that there had been a popular tumult among the civilized Indians near Taos, and so felt some natural anxiety about the safety of Maxwell. By great good luck, however, he met here Carson, whom he engaged once more, and sent him off to Charles Bent, down the Arkansas River, to buy mules at Bent's fort—Fort William. Usually there was a large stock of animals here, for the Indians, returning from their raids into Mexico, often traded a part of their plunder for goods.

The party now returned to St. Vrain's fort, which they reached on the 23d. Here Fitzpatrick and his party were found safe and well, and also Carson, who had brought with him ten good mules with the necessary pack ani-

mals. The provisions which Fitzpatrick had brought and over which he had watched with great care, were very welcome to the hungry explorers. At this post the Delaware Indians determined to return to their home. Fremont made up his mind that he would try the pass through which the C ache- a-la-Poudre flowed, and he again divided the party, sending Fitzpatrick across the plains to the mouth of the Laramie River, to follow the usual emigrant trail and to meet him at Fort Hall. Fremont with thirteen men was to take the longer road about. He started up the C ache- a-la-Poudre, marched westward through the Medicine Bow Mountains to the North Platte River, which he crossed. The way was not exceptionally difficult except for the fact that it ran through large and tough bushes of sage brush which made the hauling hard. Buffalo were abundant and food was plenty. Indeed, so much was killed that they spent a day or two in camp drying meat as provision for the future. While they were occupied at this, they were charged by about seventy mounted Indians, but these were seen by the horse guard, the horses driven into camp and the party took up a defensive position in a grove of timber, so that the Indians, just before the howitzer was fired at them halted and explained that they had taken the camp for one of hostile Indians. This war party was one of Arapahoes and Cheyennes, returning unsuccessful from a journey against their enemies, the Shoshonis. They had lost several men and were not in a very pleasant frame of mind.

From here, turning south, the party struck across to the Sweetwater River and at length reached the trail to the Oregon, being thus on the same ground that they had traversed the previous year. Green River, then called Prairie-hen River, was reached Aug. 16 and something is said of the impressions among the residents in the country about the lower course of the Colorado. Says Fremont: "From many descriptions of trappers it is probable that in its foaming course among its lofty precipices it presents many scenes of wild grandeur; and though offering many temptations, and often discussed, no trappers have been found bold enough to undertake a voyage which has so certain a prospect of a fatal termination. The Indians have strange stories of beautiful valleys abounding with beaver shut up among inaccessible walls of rock in the lower course of the river, and to which the neighboring Indians, in their occasional wars with the Spaniards and among themselves, drive their herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, leaving them to pasture in perfect security." Fremont was ignorant that nearly eighteen years before Ashley had descended the Green River in a boat, and had inscribed his name and a date on the rock which was seen there by Maj. J. W. Powell more than forty years later. But Ashley's expedition did not get much further than the mouth of Ashley River, where it was wrecked, and the trip abandoned.

Not long after crossing Green River they passed quite near Bridger's fort, and then sent Carson on to Fort Hall to secure provisions, while Fremont with his party went on to Bear River. Following down this stream they met a party of emigrants, saw more or less game in the way of antelope and elk, and, on approaching the Shoshoni village, were charged by the Indians, who supposed the white men a party of Sioux, because they carried a flag regarded by these people as an emblem of hostility, being usually carried by the Sioux and the neighboring mountain Indians when they came against the Shoshonis to war. The true character of Fremont's party was recognized by the Indians before they got near them and they were kindly received in the village and obtained provisions there. Further down the stream the celebrated Beer Springs, "which, on account of the effervescing gas and acid taste, have received their name from the voyageurs and trappers of the country, who, in the midst of their rude and hard lives, are fond of finding some fancied resemblance to the luxuries they rarely have the fortune to enjoy." The water of some of these springs is hot, and has a pungent and disagreeable metallic taste leaving a burning effect on the tongue. The Beer, or Soda Springs, are of the same character as the boiling springs at the foot of Pike's Peak, but they are not hot.

It was in the neighborhood of Bear River that Fremont and his party first came in contact with the Indians, which he calls Root Diggers, and which in those old times were spoken of as Digger Indians. They are various tribes and bands of Piutes, occupying the desert country of the Rocky Mountains, whose subsistence is derived chiefly from roots and seeds and from such small animals as they may be able to capture.

The country which Fremont was crossing had formerly abounded in game, but the buffalo had all disappeared. Even as early as this (1843), attention had been called to the disappearance of the buffalo, and Fremont says: "The extraordinary rapidity with which the buffalo is disappearing from our territories will not appear surprising when we remember the great scale on which their destruction is yearly carried on. With inconsiderable exceptions, the business of the American trading posts is carried on in their skins; every year the Indian villages make new lodges for which the skin of the buffalo furnishes the material; and in that portion of the country where they are still found, the Indians derive their entire support from them and slaughter them with a thoughtless and abominable extravagance. Like the Indians themselves, they have been a characteristic of the Great West; and as, like them, they are visibly diminishing, it will be interesting to throw a glance backward through the last twenty years and give some account of their former distribution through the country and the limit of their western range.

"The information is derived principally from Mr. Fitzpatrick, supported by my own personal knowledge and acquaintance with the country. Our knowledge does not go further back than the spring of 1824, at which time the buffalo were spread in immense numbers over the Green River and Bear River valleys, and through all the country lying between the Colorado, or Green River, of the Gulf of California, and Lewis' fork of the Columbia River; the meridian of Fort Hall then forming the western limit of their range. The buffalo then remained for many years in that country and frequently moved down the valley of the Columbia on both sides of the river as far as the *Fishing Falls*. Below this point they never descended in any numbers. About the year 1834 or 1835 they began to diminish very rapidly and continued to decrease until 1838 or 1840, when, with the country we have

just described, they entirely abandoned all the waters of the Pacific north of Lewis' fork of the Columbia. At that time the Flathead Indians were in the habit of finding their buffalo on the heads of Salmon River, and other streams of the Columbia; but now they never meet with them farther west than the three forks of the Missouri or the plains of the Yellowstone River.

"In the course of our journey it will be remembered that the buffalo have not so entirely abandoned the waters of the Pacific, in the Rocky Mountain region south of the Sweetwater, as in the country north of the Great Pass. This partial distribution can only be accounted for in the great pastoral beauty of that country, which bears marks of having long been one of their favorite haunts, and by the fact that the white hunters have more frequented the northern than the southern region—it being north of the South Pass that the hunters, trappers and traders have had their rendezvous for many years past; and from that section also the greater portion of the beaver and rich furs were taken, although always the most dangerous as well as the most profitable hunting ground.

"In that region lying between the Green or Colorado River and the head waters of the Rio del Norte, over the *Yampah*, *Kooyah*, *White* rivers—all of which are the waters of the Colorado—the buffalo never extended so far to the westward as they did on the waters of the Columbia; and only in one or two instances have they been known to descend as far west as the mouth of the White River. In traveling through the country west of the Rocky Mountains observations readily led me to the impression that the buffalo had, for the first time, crossed that range to the waters of the Pacific only a few years prior to the period we are considering, and in this opinion I am sustained by Mr. Fitzpatrick and the older trappers in that country. In the region west of the Rocky Mountains we never meet with any of the ancient vestiges which throughout all the country lying upon their eastern waters are found in the *great highways*, continuous for hundreds of miles, always several inches and sometimes several feet in depth which the buffalo have made in crossing from one river to another or in traversing the mountain ranges. The Snake Indians, more particularly those low down upon Lewis' fork, have always been very grateful to the American trappers for the great kindness (as they frequently expressed it) which they did to them in driving the buffalo so low down the Columbia River.

"The extraordinary abundance of the buffalo on the east side of the Rocky Mountains and their extraordinary diminution will be made clearly evident from the following statement: At any time between the years 1824 and 1836 a traveler might start from any given point south or north in the Rocky Mountain range, journeying by the most direct route to the Missouri River, and, during the whole distance, his road would be always among large bands of buffalo, which would never be out of his view until he arrived almost within sight of the abodes of civilization.

"At this time the buffalo occupy but a very limited space, principally along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, sometimes extending at their southern extremity to a considerable distance into the plains between the Platte and Arkansas rivers and along the eastern frontier of New Mexico as far south as Texas.

"The following statement, which I owe to the kindness of Mr. Sanford, a partner in the American Fur Company, will further illustrate this subject by extensive knowledge acquired during several years of travel through the region inhabited by the buffalo:

"The total amount of robes annually traded by ourselves and others will not be found to differ much from the following statement:

	Robes.
American Fur Company.....	70,000
Hudson Bay Company.....	10,000
All other companies, probably.....	10,000

Making a total of..... 90,000
as an average annual return for the last eight or ten years.

"In the Northwest, the Hudson's Bay Company purchased from the Indians but a very small number—their only market being Canada, to which the cost of transportation nearly equals the produce of the furs; and it is only within a very recent period that they have received buffalo robes in trade; and out of the great number of buffalo annually killed throughout the extensive regions inhabited by the Comanches and other kindred tribes, no robes whatever are furnished for trade. During only four months of the year (from November until March) the skins are good for dressing; those obtained in the remaining eight months being valueless to traders, and the hides of bulls are never taken off or dressed as robes at any season. Probably not more than one-third of the skins are taken from the animals killed, even when they are in good season, the labor of preparing and dressing the robes being very great, and it is seldom that a lodge trades more than twenty skins in a year. It is during the summer months, and in the early part of autumn that the greatest number of buffalo are killed, and yet at this time a skin is never taken for the purpose of trade."

"In 1842 I found the Sioux Indians of the Upper Platte *demon t s*, as their French traders expressed it, with the failure of the buffalo, and in the following year large villages from the Upper Missouri came over to the mountains at the heads of the Platte, in search of them. The rapidly progressive failure of their principal and almost their only means of subsistence has created great alarm among them, and at this time there are only two modes presented to them, by which they see a good prospect for escaping starvation; one of these is to rob the settlements along the frontier of the States; and the other is to form a league between the various tribes of the Sioux nation, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and make war against the Crow nation in order to take from them their country, which is now the best buffalo country in the west. This plan they now have in consideration, and it would probably be a war of extermination, as the Crows have long been advised of this state of affairs, and say that they are perfectly prepared. These are the best warriors in the Rocky Mountains and are now allied with the Snake Indians, and it is probable that their combination would extend itself to the Utahs, who have long been engaged in war against the Sioux. It is in this section of country,

that my observation formerly led me to recommend the establishment of a military post."

Fremont's party at this time was on short allowance of food. Word had been sent to Carson to bring from Fort Hall a pack animal loaded with provisions, for there was no game in the country and it was hard to purchase food of any kind from the Indians.

On Sept. 3 Carson rode into camp with provisions sufficient for a few days. The party kept on down Bear River, and on the 6th saw from the top of a hill the Great Salt Lake.

Up to this time this lake had been seen by comparatively few white people; in fact, only by trappers who were wintering through the country in search of beaver and who cared for geography only so far as it helped them on their way. No white man's boat had ever floated on its dense waters, its islands had never been visited, and no one had made a survey of its shores or even passed all around it. Among trappers it was generally believed that while the lake had no visible outlet there was somewhere in it a tremendous whirlpool through which its waters flowed out by a subterranean channel to the ocean.

All these facts and beliefs made Fremont very anxious to visit the lake and survey it; and having with him a rubber boat he had high hopes of what he might accomplish. However, since the party was on short allowance, the provisions which Carson had brought with him being now exhausted, he sent back to Fort Hall seven of his extra men under the charge of Francois Lajeunesse. The party was now reduced to eight, five of whom were to make the first voyage of discovery on the Great Salt Lake, while three should remain on the shore as camp keepers. It was only now discovered that the boat was badly put together, and when put in the water and loaded it leaked air in rather a serious way, so that the constant use of the bellows was needed to keep it afloat. Fortunately they had good weather at starting, for the day was very calm, and they reached one of the islands to find the rocks along the water's edge encrusted with salt, and a windrow from ten to twenty feet in breadth, consisting of the larvæ of some small insect which inhabited the water, and had been washed up on the shore. These worms, so called, are the common food of certain tribes of Indians living in the neighborhood of these salt or alkaline lakes. There was little on the island to attract explorers, and in view of the frail nature of their craft, and the danger of storms, they did not stay long, but re-embarking, reached the shore at a point quite distant from their camp. Food continued scarce and a day or two later they killed a horse for food.

At Fort Hall a few horses and oxen were purchased, the latter for food, and here Fremont sent back eleven of his men, some of whom had shown that they were unfitted for the labors of so difficult a journey. Among those he was obliged to part with here was Basil Lajeunesse, a good man whom Fremont was sorry to

lose. Leaving Fort Hall Sept. 22 the journey continued down Snake River. All along the river Indians were encamped waiting for the salmon. Under date of Oct. 1 Fremont says: "Our encampment was about one mile below the fishing falls, a series of cataracts with very inclined planes, which are probably so named because they form a barrier to the ascent of the salmon, and the great fisheries from which the inhabitants of this barren region almost entirely derive a subsistence commence at this place. These appeared to be unusually gay savages, fond of loud laughter, and, in their apparent good nature and merry character, struck me as being entirely different from the Indians we had been accustomed to see. From several who visited our camp in the evening we purchased in exchange for goods dried salmon. At this season they are not very fat, but we were easily pleased. The Indians made us comprehend that when the salmon came up the river in the spring they are so abundant that they merely throw in their spears at random, certain of bringing out a fish.

"These poor people are but slightly provided with winter clothing; there is but little game to furnish skins for the purpose, and of a little animal which seemed to be the most numerous, it required twenty skins to make a covering to the knees. But they are still a joyous, talkative race, who grow fat and become poor with the salmon, which at least never fail them—the dried being used in the absence of the fresh. We were encamped immediately on the river bank, and with the salmon jumping up out of the water, and Indians paddling about in boats made of rushes, or laughing around the fires, the camp to-night has quite a lively appearance." GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fishermen's Patron Saint.

ST. PETER, of course, is the fisherman; but anglers may find a saint of their own in St. Zeno, who is commemorated on April 12. Verona's patron saint is conventionally represented holding a fishing rod, with a fish at the end of the line; the reference being to the tradition that he used to enjoy fishing in the Adige during his episcopate. He must have commanded good sport if he exercised as much control over that river in life as he is said to have done two centuries after his death. In 589 Italy was visited by terrific floods, and the Adige threatened to swamp much of Verona. But the faithful gathered in St. Zeno's Church by the river, and though the water rose to the windows outside, none of it could pass the doors, and after twenty-four hours of prayer it subsided. This rests on the authority of Gregory the Great.—London Chronicle.

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Minnesota Forests.

AITKIN, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the things that have come to my notice through the current papers of this section is that the Government has given the lumbermen permission to raise Lake Itasca two feet (this is inside the park inclosing the source of the Mississippi River). Thus it will be seen that lumbering is common, even on reserved lands. It was claimed, in giving this permission, that it would do no harm to the park and would enable the lumbermen to float their logs. Later, when the heavy rains of May and June come, this water from Lake Itasca and hundreds of other lakes and reservoirs will be turned into the river along with the natural floods of the season and the settlers will be allowed to float out as best they can. Along the river are deserted houses and fields rendered tenantless by the water route, and at *Government expense*, in its frantic efforts to assist the infant industry of denuding the forest lands of Minnesota.

Another thing I learn from the same source is that the lumbermen are allowed to cut 95 per cent. of the timber on the much-lauded forest reserve of northern Minnesota, "the park that would stay put." Well, what is there to reserve after a lumberman's 95 per cent. is gone? There will at least be the brush and enough debris to make a splendid forest fire some day.

A third item is that the State has made an appropriation to lower the outlet of Gun Lake two feet. Now, Gun Lake has no possible wagon road to its borders; none of the land that would be drained will ever be settled. On the east of the lake is high and dry hard-wood hills. It is the home of small and large-mouth bass. It is none too deep at best, as rocks rise above the water in numerous places. Along the west and north shores are marshes where wildfowl breed secure from intrusion in summer. To drain lands is all right in some cases, but it is folly for a State to drain land it don't own and could not use if it did. To drain a deep-water-lake in any country is a crime against nature if not against law, and I cannot see what there is behind this drain scheme. I have been told that the land to be drained in this case belonged to a land company composed of certain ex-State and county officials; but even this does not explain, for as far as I can see the benefit to the land would not pay the expense of maintaining a lobby to get the appropriation. It may be that there is some State land near to be stripped of its timber, and the State is fixing a path for the thief to get away on, but I have failed to see anything in this line that would pay. It looks like a crime without a motive, though scratch most any of the drainage schemes and you will find a land swindle behind it. If the State wants to encourage settlement in this part of the country let it concentrate on building good roads out from all the centers. Such drainage as is necessary to make the roads is all sufficient, but practical farming is impossible without roads. E. P. JACQUES.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Cuckoo and its Victim.

MUCH has been written about the habit of the cuckoo depositing its eggs in other birds' nests and many have been the opprobrious epithets bestowed upon the parasite. In this connection I should like to point to a habit of the victims which does not appear to have excited much attention among naturalists and which yet is quite as extraordinary as the other.

It is a well known fact that as soon as the young cuckoo is able to do so (and that is within a very short time after he has left the shell), he proceeds to eject his foster brothers or sisters from the nest. Sometimes these fall quite a distance and sometimes only a few feet from the rim of the nest, and in the latter case are plainly visible to the mother on her return. What does she do? Proceed to carry back and comfort her outraged children? Not a bit of it. She regards them with stony indifference, and so they die miserably from want of food and warmth.

Let me quote here an instance of this as recorded by the eminent English naturalist, D. H. Hudson:

"The end of the little history—the fate of the ejected nestling and the attitude of the parent robins—remains to be told. When the young cuckoo throws out the nestlings from nests in trees, hedges, bushes and reeds, the victims, as a rule, fall some distance to the ground, or in the water, and are no more seen by the old birds. Here the young robin, when ejected, fell a distance of but five or six inches, and rested on a broad, bright green leaf, where it was an exceedingly conspicuous object; and when the mother robin was on the nest—and at this stage she was on it a greater part of the time—warming that black-skinned, toad-like, spurious babe of hers, her bright, intelligent eyes were looking full at the other one, just beneath her, which she had grown in her body and had hatched with her warmth, and was her very own. I watched her for hours; watched her when warming the cuckoo, when she left the nest and when she returned with food, and warmed it again, and never once did she pay the least attention to the outcast lying there so close to her. There, on its green leaf, it remained, growing colder by degrees, hour by hour, motionless, except when it lifted its head as if to receive food, then dropped it again, and when, at intervals, it twitched its body as if trying to move. During the evening even these slight motions ceased, though that feeblest flame of life was not yet extinguished; but in the morning it was dead and cold and stiff; and just above it, her bright eyes on it, the mother robin sat on the nest as before, warming her cuckoo."

But the indictment against the cuckoo's victim does not end here. In a letter to the London Field a trustworthy authority states that he actually observed the mother aid

the young cuckoo to eject her own offspring after it had been previously ejected and restored to the nest. Talk of aberration! It seems to me that the cuckoo is simply not in it. But should we condemn the mother? I think not. Her maternal instinct is limited. Under certain set conditions it works automatically, as it were; introduce new or strange conditions and it becomes numb, or even perverted. The intelligence is not there—that is the whole fact of the matter.

So, conversely, I think we ought not to condemn the cuckoo. Can anyone assert positively that her reason for laying her eggs in other birds' nests is because she is too lazy to build a nest of her own, or too selfish to be burdened with the care of offspring? I am sure he cannot. But it may be asked: What other reason can there be? Well, here is one which has occurred to me and which I do not think I have seen mentioned in any of the natural history books I have read. As we have seen, the young cuckoo is much addicted to his individual ease and comfort and wants, in fact, to have the whole bed to himself. (Parenthetically, he may possibly have a few prototypes among the *genus homo*.) That this characteristic has been developed since he began to find himself in strange beds there are no grounds for believing, and it is possible that it is one of his original characteristics. Now, then, if this is so, can we not see the wisdom of the mother bird in electing not to attempt raising a brood of young cuckoos in one nest, but rather to dispose her eggs singly here and there? After all, the parasitic habit may be only an exercise of the instinct of race preservation. F. M.

NEW YORK, May 24.

Size and Power of Owls.

FOUNTAIN CITY, Ind., May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Forked Deer's inquiry about the size and power of owls reminds me that once when tracking a rabbit on the snow the tracks ended at a place where the snow told the story of a violent struggle between a rabbit and a brown, or great horned owl, as was plainly shown by feathers from the bird and fur from the rabbit, while the ending of the rabbit's trail evidenced that the owl flew away with it. About 200 yards further on I came to a place where the owl had alighted and ate part of the rabbit, which was a good-sized grown one and which would probably weigh about the same as a mallard duck (about three pounds).

These owls were locally known as "Virginia owls," "big brown owls," "horned owls" and more commonly as "big hootin' owls." When I was "a chunk of a boy" I shot one which father said he thought was the largest he ever examined. The spread of the wings was four and

one-half feet, and to the surprise of the boy who had carried it for several miles, the weight was only four pounds. They were rather numerous at that time in that section of the country, and were troublesome about carrying off chickens, which mostly roosted in apple trees about the farm buildings. The belief that they could carry away full-grown hens was a common one. It was also commonly believed that an owl never picked a chicken off the roost, but alighting on the limb, crowded the chicken off and as it flew toward the ground caught it on the wing. O. H. HAMPTON.

An Ancestor of the Musk Ox.

At a recent meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Mr. Wilfred H. Osgood, of the Biological Survey, read a paper in which he described and discussed the characters and relationships of an extinct ruminant found in the Klondike gravels near Dawson, Yukon Territory. The nearly perfect skull represents an animal somewhat similar to the recent musk ox, but of a different genus. It closely resembles an animal described by Liedy as *Ovibos cavifrons*, but is much more perfect than any specimens which Liedy had.

The animal was larger than the musk ox and the general shape of the head is different. The horns are more slender at the base, diverge more widely at the tips, but are downward directed as in the musk ox. The teeth, which are larger than those of the American bison, resemble teeth of that species more than they do those of the musk ox or of the sheep. The specimen does not present any particularly sheep-like characters, but does appear to have relations with the bison, oxen, etc.

It is regarded as altogether probable that this extinct form was an ancestor of the present musk ox, and an interesting point noticed is that some of the characters found in the adult fossil form are seen in the musk ox only before it reaches maturity.

PREMIUMS FOR KILLING SHARKS.—German papers report that the marine board of Trieste, Austria, has issued a circular in which all Austrian marine officers are instructed to stimulate the killing of sharks. Premiums are offered as follows: For each specimen of shark, of whatever species (the eatable ones excepted), up to five feet in length, \$2.30; for larger ones, \$4.60, and for very large specimens of the species *Oxyrrhinna spalanzani* and *Odontaspis ferot*, \$11.50. For the capture of man-eating sharks premiums of from \$9.20 to \$230 are offered. Fishermen making application for payment are to exhibit the specimens to the nearest harbor officer.—Richard Guenther, Consul-General, Frankfort, Germany.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Hunting a Coon.

WE hunted this coon a number of years ago, and from what I saw of the coon then some one else may be still hunting him; we left him for someone else to hunt after we had got through with him.

I started about the first of October, 1885, to visit a friend who lived on a farm a mile from the hamlet of Bakerstown, Allegheny county, Pa., and only a mile from the Butler county line.

After stopping with this friend a few days I took a notion to go on foot as far as the town of Butler, then come home to Allegheny by railroad. I had been all over this country, the northern part of Allegheny and northern part of Butler county when a boy, and meant to see it again now as I had seen it then, tramping across the country on foot, carrying a shotgun. It was twenty-five years now since I had done that, and in the meantime I had been some twenty-three years in the army, and the rest of the time had most of it been spent in a steam whaler. I had been half-way around the globe in it and was now back to where I had been born.

When I left home in 1861 the country a mile or two beyond the city limits was a backwoods that I had roamed through carrying a shotgun and hatchet. The gun was for snakes, rabbits, or anything else that could be shot except song birds—I never shot them nor let anyone else do it if I could prevent it. These song birds are now protected, and it costs \$5 to shoot one, as I keep telling boys here when I find them "hunting" with an air gun or a Flobert rifle. I carried the hatchet to cut dogwood out of which I made skewers to sell to butchers at ten cents per hundred, that was one way I had of getting money to buy powder, shot and caps.

When I again went over this country after twenty-five years, I could hardly recognize a single place that I had ever seen before. Some of the roads were city streets now, the others had been changed around until I did not know them; and the old farmer who used to chase me around with his dog or shotgun when he found me cutting dogwood or shabby sticks, or gathering his apples for him, had left here now for Kansas, his place had been taken by the city man with his suburban residence.

This country that I meant to travel over now from Bakerstown to Butler would not be as much changed, though it was still out in the country. The farmer I had been visiting here had a son in Pittsburg who had left a fine shotgun, his shells and a game-bag here at his father's and had lately written to his father to send them in to him if he had a chance to do it. I proposed to take them to him by way of Butler. Starting early next morning in an hour I had left the United States and was on my way to the soap mines.

When we were school boys we had a joke among us that both New Jersey and Butler county were foreign countries, and even to-day if a farmer comes in from anywhere and runs from the police in Pittsburg and Allegheny he is supposed to come direct from Butler county, and when he has paid his dollar and costs he is told to wend his way back to the soap mines again. He don't always come from there, though. There are as clever a set of people to be found out there as can be found anywhere.

I meant to travel up the country slowly, stopping at farm houses for my meals and at night. I would not be treated by these farmers, though, as they treated Spears in his "Walk Down South" in some of our other counties here; none of these farmers here would refuse to let me stop with them, and I would not be sent out to the barn to sleep, either. I carried pinned to my vest a mark that many of them recognized, some of them could wear it themselves. It was a little blue enamelled Maltese cross.

This State had sent out a big division of troops in 1861 that were always kept together; they formed the third division of the Fifth Corps; they were the Pennsylvania Reserves. This cross was their mark; it is recognized by the native farmers all over the State. I would be, and have been, as well treated by the farmers in Somerset or Bedford counties, where Spears did his traveling, as I would be here. Every hamlet or town in the State had men in it who had either worn this badge themselves or had fathers or brothers who had; and I hardly ever met a native farmer who would not soon notice it, then ask me home with him for dinner or to stop all night.

The route I took in going up to Butler carried me away from railroads. There was one road off some miles to my left and another still farther off on my right; both of them ran from Butler into Allegheny. I meant to take the one on my right when coming home, but kept away from it now. Tramps would be found along it; I would not be taken for one, though; tramps don't, as a general thing, carry any sixty-dollar shotguns.

There was not much use for this gun now; the season for most game was not open yet, and I took care not to break any game laws. When a boy I had shot rabbits right through this country that I was now in without reference as to whether they were in season or not, but I dare not do it now.

This country had not changed much in the last twenty-five years, the farmers had larger and better houses now, modern barns, and finer horses and cattle, but they themselves were the same Butler county farmers that I had known when a boy. I used to meet them along the roads here, then ask to be directed to the soap mines and be told, "Go right over that hill, then follow my nose, sonny, and you will git thar." If I asked for rabbits, though, I would get more explicit directions where to find them. They did not want them, I could have them all.

I had been out several days and was getting nearer Butler every day, but was in no hurry to get there, I had the rest of this year to go in. I stopped one afternoon at a farm house to get a drink of water and, as usual, was given milk instead.

The young lady who waited on me noticed my pin and after she had spelled out the letters on it—C. 8, P. R. V. C.—she asked if I had belonged to the Reserves? I told her I had; then she took me in and called her mother. The old lady told me that both her husband and her brother had belonged with us, her husband was dead now, her brother had been killed at Mechanicsburgh when Meade had made his charge across the railroad. I told her I had been there. She would not let me go on to-night and wanted me to stay next day also, but I concluded to go on. Then she gave me a note to a man ten miles above there, who had been in her brother's company. I got to his place in time for dinner, and he persuaded me to stop a day or two there; then he would be going in to Butler himself with a team.

The farmers here were nearly all thinking of selling out and going to Kansas, Texas or California. I would tell them that if Butler county was not good enough for them to give Kansas the go-by and keep on either to Texas or California, then tell them why I had no use for Kansas; half of it was good enough, but that half was thickly settled already, the men who had farms there would want more for them than these men here would get for them, the western part of Kansas I would not take as a gift. Texas was good enough, but I preferred California. I had been pretty well all over this western country, always traveling with my eyes open and I could tell them about it. The women here I noticed did not want to go anywhere very bad, Butler county seemed to suit them.

I stopped two days with this man, then had hard work to get away. He wanted me to stay longer and hunt. He had his land posted; most of the farmers here had; but they only did it to protect themselves and keep men and boys off who would tramp over their winter wheat, shoot sheep and cows, and start fires in dry grass, and make nuisances of themselves. I or any man who conducted himself right might hunt over their land and be welcome. The next forenoon, after I had got there, Mr. M. and I were out on the front porch when a barefooted boy about fourteen years old coming up to us, said, "Mr. M., my pap has a coon treed in that big dead chestnut over yonder, and sent me to ask if you will let him cut it down, and lend him an ax?"

"Yes, Bill, I'll do both. Go to the woodshed and get a good ax. Your pap will need a good one to get that tree down. He can have the coon in it; let him leave me the tree."

I had been taking notes of Bill and set him down as being a mischievous young rascal. I can tell boys pretty well now. That is what Bill was. I got him out of a whipping later on.

"What sort of a tree is it?" I asked. "An old dead chestnut about two feet through. That man has a job on hand now before he gets the coon; but I want that tree down; I need it for firewood, my dead wood is scarce here now and I must cut live wood. I can find a better use for live hickory now than to make fire wood of it."

That man would not cut that tree down and cut it up if I paid him to do it; though he will put in a day hunting a coon worth twenty-five cents when he and his boy might earn two dollars husking corn for me. That would look too much like work, though.

"How does he live?"

"He has a little place down on the creek here that he works, or his wife works. She does most of it, I guess."

The boy came back with the ax, a new one of the red jacket brand, they were good ones.

"Let us go and see that coon hunt," Mr. M. said; and we followed the boy across the fields to the tree that the coon was in or on. The man was the exact picture of the boy; I need not ask him if he was the boy's pap. An old muzzle-loading rifle was leaning against a tree, and a dog lay at the foot of the tree the coon was in. The dog seemed to be fast asleep; it was of a breed that are nearly as useful when asleep as when awake. He was part hound, but the hound part of him was so small that the rest of him—the sooner part—spoiled him for hunting anything except a beefsteak.

"Your dog must have missed the coon, sir," I said to the man.

"Yes, sir, he can miss anything except his dinner. He never misses that when the old woman throws it out to him. Get out of the way, blast you," giving the dog a kick; then taking the ax from his son he spit on his hands, and asked, "I don't suppose you care if I knock this tree down, Mr. M.?"

"No, chop it down. You can have the coon, leave me the tree."

The man knew how to chop if he did not want to work. He was working hard now. Every two chops he gave the tree sent chips the size of a dinner plate flying out of it. He had been at work about five minutes when the coon that had been in the hole up there, if there was a hole, came out and, climbing down to a lower limb, let go and dropped within ten feet of the dog's nose. He might as safely have landed on his nose. The dog was too busy just now dodging chips and watching the chopping to have any time to attend to coons.

The coon had got several more feet away before the dog had got his ready on. He had no doubt been chopped out of trees before and knew what to do next. The boy, who had been hanging around me ever since we had come, now gave a yell and started. Had the dog kept out of the game, the boy might have got the coon, he had further to go than the dog, but he had caught up and was passing when he either fell over the dog or what was more likely the dog fell over him, and while they were getting things untied, the coon increased his lead and making for a big white oak that stood near the top of the hill, began to climb again. Had I had my shotgun I could have stopped that coon long ago; but I don't know if I should have done it. My sympathies were with the coon at this stage of the game. A man and a boy,

an ax, a dog, and a gun, ought to make a combination strong enough to capture one coon, I thought. I probably would have kept out of the game. Pap threw down the ax now and made a break for the new tree the coon had gone up, and where he was out of sight.

"Don't cut that tree," Mr. M. said. "I don't need it now, and don't want a \$25 tree destroyed to get a twenty-five-cent coon."

I began to look for the coon and finally saw him about half-way up the tree. He had his hind feet on a limb close to the trunk and was hugging it closely; he seemed to be trying to form part of the tree. I pointed him out to Pap.

"Git the gun, Bill," Pap says, his eyes glued to the place the coon occupied. Bill got the gun and I noticed a half grin on his face as he handed it over.

Pap, taking the gun without removing his eyes from the coon, threw the hammer up, then pushing it up to his shoulder sighted, and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened.

Taking the gun from his shoulder Pap examined it. There was no cap on the nipple. "Bill," he yelled, "what did you do with this cap? Don't lie now, I saw you foolin' around this gun a while ago, dod gast you, can't you let anything alone? Where's that cap?"

"I got it here," Bill said, taking it out of his mouth and coming forward with it.

Pap gave Bill a withering look that boded no good for the boy later on, then fishing another cap out of his pocket put it on, then carefully aiming at the coon that had not moved since, fired and the ball struck the tree a few inches above the coon's head, a good line shot but too high.

The coon now probably thinking this to be only a sighting shot quickly changed his base, moving by the right flank, if he had ever studied Upton, and disappeared around the tree.

Pap was mad now clean through. "Dod gast your mischievous hide, I'll skin you alive for this; you have been aching for that thar whippin' for a hull week now. You will git it."

"Oh, no he won't, sir. You must not touch him. Remember that."

"Why the blazes must I not?"

"Because I say so. I am the agent of the Humane Society, sir, and I warn you not to whip Bill. If you do I shall arrest and fine you. I don't want to do that, sir."

"Can't I thrash my own boy?"

"No, sir, nor any other man's boy if I know it. I won't allow it."

"How is that, Mr. M.?" Pap asks.

"It is just as he says, if he is the Society's agent, and he says he is, he can arrest you on sight if he finds you abusing Bill."

"But I only want to whip him."

"Yes, of course, but your whipping might seem to him to be abuse, and his word goes. You let Bill alone while he is around here."

"I reckon I'll have to, I won't whip you, Bill; but dod gast you, I ought to do it."

This stuff I had given Pap would hardly go with even the average Butler county farmer; but I had taken Pap's mental caliber and thought he would swallow it. I had about as much to do with the Humane Society as I had with the Government of Turkey. Bill had been watching me out of the corner of his eye and trying hard to keep from laughing. I had a higher opinion of Bill's intelligence than I had of his father's.

Pap began to load the rifle again. Pouring more powder out of an old powder horn into a small loader he had tied to the horn, he next emptied it into the barrel, then rammed a patched ball down on top of it, then capped the gun, shaking his powder horn close to his ear he said, "I hain't got a dod gast grain left. If this load don't git him, we won't git him at all."

"I'll insure that coon at one per cent. premium and take his notes for the deferred payments," I told him.

Mr. M. began to laugh, but I don't think that Pap quite grasped my meaning. We began to look for the coon again, but nobody could see him; he no doubt saw us, though.

"Well," Mr. M. said, "let us go down here." Then to Pap: "After you get that coon, or don't get him, come down and take dinner with us; bring the ax home with you, and don't cut any green timber, I have none to waste here."

We went home and in about two hours Pap and Bill came down. They had not got the coon, Pap had seen what he thought was the coon. Had sent his last charge at it only to find out he had been shooting at a coon's nest. Bill had told him what it was but had deferred telling him until after he had seen how close Pap could come to missing it.

"And he knew what it was all the time, too, dod gast him."

They sat on the porch and Mr. M. made a contract with Pap to have him and Bill husk the corn off of a ten-acre field that he said would turn out about 600 bushels. This would be doing very well here; they don't raise many 150 bushels of corn here to the acre, nor do they often do it anywhere else but in the agricultural papers. Pap and Bill could make \$2 a day at this job; it would pay nearly as well as would coon hunting, I thought.

After Bill and Pap had gone, I took my gun and went down through Mr. M.'s orchard to hunt quail. Mr. M. had told me that there were a few quail on his place and more further out on his neighbor's lands, and I could keep on after I had covered his land; the next farm was posted, but I only need tell them that I was his guest if they tried to stop me.

I found a few quail in the orchard and got more in the meadow below it. The birds were very tame. Mr. M. and his neighbors had been feeding them last winter

when the snow lay on the ground, and they had not been shot at much since. These were young ones which had been hatched since last winter, of course, but I suppose the fact that the old ones did not take the alarm kept them from doing it. At any rate, I had to throw a stone among them more than once to get them to fly; I was not shooting quail that were huddled together in a bunch on the ground.

An old stubble field lay next to Mr. M.'s pasture and I at last got into it. I was out of Mr. M.'s bounds now. There were plenty of quail here; I was getting one or more for every shot I fired, when a young man came running down here calling on me to stop. Coming up to me he said, "You will have to get out of this. Did you not see my warning notices? You must have seen them, I have enough of them up here."

"Yes, sir, I climbed the fence alongside of one of them, but Mr. M. told me that you would not object to my being here. I ought to have gone up to your house, though, and asked permission."

"Oh, if Mr. M. sent you it is all right; you are welcome here. You can shoot across my place and the next one above here; that one is my father's; if his man tries to stop you tell him I sent you. We have these quail here for anyone who acts like a gentleman. I shoot a few now and again. Some of us who feed them in winter do not shoot them at all. But we don't want our cows shot, or our fences burned, so we are obliged to post our places. Some men think we do it to make money by it. I would about as soon think of charging a man for a few quail that don't belong to me as I would for the water he might drink at my well."

"Boys probably start most of these fires with their old muzzle-loaders, shooting the quail on the ground," I said.

"Boys are not so bad; you can tell a boy to be careful and he will. It is men who do it. They don't mean to do it but when I have a few panels of fence burned, it don't help me much to know that they did not mean to start the fire."

I bade the young man good-bye, then kept on until I had fired my last shell; I only had about two dozen to begin with. I had a nice lot of quail now, and stopping for the same reason that Pap had to stop, when he was hunting that coon, my powder was all gone. I went home now, then cleaned up the young man's gun ready to turn it over when I had got to him. Mr. M. was going into Butler the next morning in a light wagon after groceries and I meant to ride in with him.

Bill and Pap were on hand early the next morning; they came just as we had sat down to breakfast. Pap did not want any more breakfast, he said; Bill did, though, and put a second one—he had eaten the first one at home, of course—but of sight very quickly. I had an interview with Bill while Pap was hitching up a team at the barn.

"Did Pap whip you last night?"

"No, sir, he told Mam what you had said and Mam told him he had better keep his hands off me, she said you could put him in jail or fine him. Mam reads the papers, she does, Pap can't read, and Mam says that the Society you told Pap about could fine him if he whipped me; then Pap said he had no money to pay fines, so I am all right now, ain't I?"

"Yes, but you do just what Pap tells you and don't try any tricks on him. Play them on some one else after this. Can you read yet, Bill?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Mam learned me to read, and I go to school sometimes."

I noticed that Pap treated me with a good deal of respect; he had arrived at the conclusion that I must be a lawyer, and Pap, while he probably had but little use for the law, did not want to collide with it.

I was not a lawyer, though I had been one for two hours once, when a judge in New Mexico admitted me to his bar long enough to defend a man charged with horse stealing, as has been told in *FOREST AND STREAM*. My client had only stolen two-thirds of this horse, he owned the remaining one-third, but I persuaded the jury that he had not stolen any of him, and got him off. Then the District Attorney told me that I would make a good Tombs lawyer. Pap thought I must be a "dod gasted" one, so I was a lawyer of some kind or other.

I rode into town, or I suppose I should call it a city now, it has got its railroads and did not look now much like the old town of Butler that I had known twenty-five years ago. Then taking a train in a few hours I was in Pittsburg, and after I had got shells to replace the ones I had shot away, I took the young man his gun.

CABIA BLANCO.

Storage of Featherless Game.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: One of the great, if not the greatest obstacle, to the successful prosecution of the cold storage companies which are violators of the game laws by having game birds illegally in possession in the close season, is the extreme difficulty encountered in identifying the cold storage birds as game birds. They are stripped of every feather when in cold storage, thus the distinguishing marks essential to legal identification are destroyed.

It occurred to me that by securing proper legislation to preserve the essential markings of birds, the cold storage companies would be deprived of the large and profitable business, and the immunity they now have from prosecution in dealing in game birds out of season. If the game laws were so amended that it would be illegal to pick all the feathers off game birds before they were placed in cold storage, identification and consequent conviction would be a matter of course in cases of illegal possession. The largest game birds average less in weight than the smallest of domestic poultry. By the necessary number of weighings to strike an average, these weights could be accurately determined for business purposes. Then it should be illegal to remove the head, in whole or in part, and the feathers of the head, tail, wings and enough should be left on the back, say a bunch the size of a quarter-dollar, so that enough would be left on each bird to render identification easy. In cases where birds were picked clean nevertheless, such clean birds should be considered as prima facie evidence of illegal storage and possession in contravention of the game laws.

As it has been established beyond material question, that the ownership of the game birds lies in the State,

and that the State can impose any restrictions it chooses as to ownership, in my opinion, there could not be any greater restriction tending to the proper protection of game than to destroy the illegal traffic in it, and without the illicit participation of the cold storage warehouses, the traffic in game out of season would be a physical impossibility.

So frame a law that game birds, shorn of all their distinctive markings for purposes of cold storage and in possession in the close season, would be an illegal act in itself, and the problem of game protection would thereby take an immense stride for the public good. L. N.

Wolverine Number One.

IN a young lifetime spent in the Far West it has been my fortune only once to kill a wolverine. It was not that the animals were lacking in abundance—for there were plenty of them—but that it seems that circumstance never cast one in my path but the one time. That one instance will, perhaps, serve to show some few things about the animal that has furnished it with the suggestive title "glutton."

At the time of which I wrote Idaho, and especially the most northern part of the State, was an untracked wilderness. Settlements were extremely sparse and cities and towns there were none, an isolated hamlet here and there marked the centers of population. The game conditions were all that the heart of the sportsman could wish. Deer fed in the door-yard, and elk and bear were as common as ground squirrels. The annual deer hunt was an event looked forward to with a great deal of interest, and was quite an important feature in our frontier life. We spent several weeks every year in killing and preparing the meat for winter use. This meat so killed furnished the staple of our table fare. At that time we resorted to the very reprehensible practice of chasing the deer with hounds. For that purpose we kept a well trained pack of foxhounds, and after the hunting was over used them in the chase of bear and lynx. These animals were made to yield a considerable portion of our scanty revenue, their warm furs selling for a good figure on the Eastern markets. The fall of which I write was a very prolific one as far as bruin was concerned. The snows tarried late and he wandered over the hills quite late before seeking his winter retirement. Some friends visited us from what is now the State of Washington, then a Territory as was Idaho. They brought along a brace of thoroughbred bloodhounds of which they were justly proud. They vaunted these animals as sure bear killers, and I must confess that our mongrel hounds looked very commonplace alongside these specimens of canine aristocracy. Their every lineament bespoke endurance and courage. The comparisons made by the owners of these handsome animals were not in the least modest. The morning of the hunt opened with ideal tracking weather. It was dark and cloudy, with a white mist hanging over the mountains, the very day for the scent to lie well. We set out, every nerve atingle, in the direction of where we felt sure there must be bear if any were in the country. A deep gulch that had been worked out for its cedar and whose hillsides had overgrown with roses, the bright red hips of which were still clinging to the bushes, furnishing excellent forage for the bears. Then underneath the rotting logs were to be found colonies of red and black ants and their larvae, and woods mice with their young. Soon after leaving the ranch house we separated, each one taking his course through the deep woods. The master of the hunt took the pack and set out due north toward the head of the gulch in the hope of striking a fresh track. Allow me to narrate what now transpired from a personal standpoint, and I trust the reader will forgive the frequent use of the pronoun.

I was armed with the then new 38-55 and was as proud of the weapon as a boy is of a new top—and I was then only a boy. For several miles I held my course through the woods, startling a feeding partridge, a nutting brown squirrel, a foraging white rabbit. The temptation to shoot at these was very strong but the master of the hunt (my father) had forbidden us to shoot at anything this day lest it be a deer or bear. The desire to set at naught the old gentleman's mandates was at times very strong when I saw a particularly tempting mark, but I reflected that in childhood's happy days it was a very dangerous undertaking to disobey the worthy pater's mandates and an undertaking that was only hazarded about once in a year, and somehow the thought occurred to me that it might be so still. At any rate, the denizens of the forest lived unmolested by my murderous bullet. At last away down in the deep woods at the bottom of a cedar gulch where the sun hardly ever shone, I heard the deep-mouthed bay of the hounds. Experience told me that they were "treed"; that is, that the game was brought to bay. Upon the silence of the autumn air rose the belling of those dogs. Never, until my enfranchised spirit listens to the Divine symphony struck by the immortal choir (supposing I am so fortunate as to arrive there) shall I listen to music one-half so stirring as the deep-mouthed tonguing of a pack of trained hounds.

They were not far away when I first heard them, so I hastened in the direction of the sound. In my haste to be the first to "kill" I paid little heed to the route over which I trod. Nearer and clearer came the sound, and now I could distinguish the voice of our old lead hound, Trailer. Poor old Trailer, you are gone to the great beyond, and if the All-Father has prepared a place for your kind then I know you are there. The hoarse voice of the vaunted bloodhounds now broke upon my ear. At the bottom of a long ridge, in a dense thicket of fir and cedar undergrowth, had once lain an immense cedar blown down by a storm and its body had been worked up into shingles. Beside this stump was where the dogs had brought their quarry to bay. I broke through the timber and saw them circling about a dark brown animal who was crouching against the earth at the foot of the stump. My first impression was that the animal was a bear, and my second that I did not know what it was. The blooded dogs were striving to make their reputation good by endeavoring to get at the animal. Their efforts were somewhat frustrated by the object of their attentions. Whenever one of them would rush in and attempt to seize, the besieged would make one sweep of his paw and the overzealous dog would be compelled to retire some dozen or more feet, heels over head. The lightning-

like claws cut like a knife, and the beast seemed to well know how to use them. The common dogs, trained in woods lore, were chary of rushing in upon the animal and were contented to bay him at a safe distance. The dogs were circling about the animal so that I found it impossible to secure a safe shot without the risk of injuring a dog.

For some little time I waited until a favorable chance presented itself. The animal discovered me at last, and reared up on his haunches. I called sharply to the leader of our pack and they all paused. Hastily dropping the bead upon the white spot so favorably exposed I pressed the trigger. He sank to the ground with hardly a quiver. I hurried forward to prevent the dogs from destroying the fur, but found only a stubby growth of brown hair. It was not a bear but a large, dark brown animal with an aldermanic stomach and feet armed with four-inch claws, that lay there. I recognized the description as fitting the wolverine, and this the first one I had ever seen. Beneath the fallen log the wolverine had made his home and had evidently been very busy furnishing his winter larder. There was a miscellaneous collection of slain animals and birds there, enough to keep an average restaurant supplied for months. Not one of them eaten, or at most only the heads were gone. The hair of the animal was not fitted for fur, so I left it where it lay, but felt that, while my shot had not found its mark in the body of a bear, I had done well ridding the country of so rapacious an animal as the wolverine.

CHARLES S. MOODY.

IDAHO.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, May 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Some new legislation and changes in fish and game laws made by the Legislature the past winter are as follows:

The close season on pheasants has been extended to the date of the "open season for partridge and quail" in the year 1907. Since this law received the Governor's signature, the date of the opening on quail has been made Nov. 1, instead of Oct. 1. The intent of the farmers doubtless was to forbid the shooting of pheasants prior to Oct. 1, 1907, the date on which partridge shooting opens.

Shiners for bait in the Connecticut and Merrimack Rivers and their tributaries may be taken in nets or seines during October and November, all other fish taken in the same to be returned alive to the waters from which they were taken.

On the island of Nantucket, quail are not to be killed prior to March 1, 1908, as the law reads; but as the period from March 1 to November 1 is included in the close season for the entire State, it will be illegal to kill quail on Nantucket prior to Nov. 1, 1908.

Chapter 190 fixes the minimum length of trout for the entire State (including Berkshire county) at 6in. The law covers taking, having in possession, selling or offering for sale, but does not change the present laws that relate to persons engaged in rearing trout.

Chapter 196 provides for the compensation and expenses of the commissioners on fisheries and game as follows: Salaries of the three members, \$5,630; for traveling, printing, etc., \$2,550; clerk hire in office, \$975; enforcement, propagation and distribution of fish, birds, etc., and maintenance of hatcheries, \$33,210; for stocking great ponds, \$500; for stocking brooks, \$300; for protection of lobsters with eggs attached \$4,000; total, \$46,665. The yearly expenditures, prior to the appointment of Capt. Collins to the chairmanship of the board, were about \$14,000.

A comparison of these figures speaks eloquently for the grand services rendered by the late chairman. Moreover, it indicates the great advance in public sentiment in Massachusetts that resulted from the organization of the "Central Committee for protection of fish and game," and the incorporation of the *FOREST AND STREAM* "No Sale" platform into Massachusetts laws as relates to woodcock and partridge in 1900. As one thoroughly familiar with all the work done for more than a quarter of a century in our State for the advancement of fish and game interests, I do not hesitate to say, that, during all that time, no event has awakened an interest so wide-spread or done so much to strengthen the fish and game department of our State government as the enactment of the non-sale law. In a previous letter I have referred to a statement made by the late Capt. Collins before the Greenfield Sportsmen's Association only a few weeks prior to his death, regarding the great influence of such clubs. Your readers are aware that at the time of his last illness he was engaged in writing the report for 1904. In that report he says: "The increased number of sportsmen's clubs is of advantage to the State; they can do much to mould public sentiment in their neighborhood, and by example and precept make for greater respect for law and the rights of the various classes of the community." * * * "They inculcate an intelligent interest in the fish and game problems of the State."

In another portion of the report it is declared that the "notable work" of the fish and game protective associations deserves the "interest and support of all loyal citizens," and it emphasizes the benefits of their efforts in perpetuating the quail, "without which," he says, "this bird might long ago have disappeared from our State."

In view of the history of the work of propagation and protection accomplished in Massachusetts since the advent of Captain Collins to our commission, and the formation of the Central Committee of clubs in December, 1899, no one conversant with the facts would have the hardihood to call in question the views advanced in the report as above stated in reference to the grand results that have ensued from the harmonious and united action of the clubs through the Central Committee. The passage of the anti-sale law and the sentiment aroused all over the State in that memorable campaign of 1900 was the opening of the vista of possibilities for the organizing of a plan of warden service so ably developed by the late chairman of the commission. To the clubs belongs the credit of sowing the good seed, and to Capt. Collins we are in-

debted for judicious nurture of the plant until it came to maturity in a well-developed system of enforcement involving an annual expenditure of more than \$100,000. Had any one predicted six years ago that the Legislature of Massachusetts would ever make such an appropriation for promoting a pastime that is considered by some of our matter-of-fact officials as "a mere fad," he would have been pronounced a lunatic. The most ardent devotee of out-of-door sport with rod and gun would have considered the attempt useless at that time. But, little by little, the plan has been worked out, and the system of a paid warden service has been built up which, under judicious management, is likely to be permanent. This is only one of the new departures, but the one which is perhaps most highly appreciated by sportsmen.

It was preceded by an increase in the number of sportsmen's clubs, an increase in the number of fisher-

men and hunters, the sowing broadcast of the gospel seed of protection by enthusiastic sportsmen and by such publications as *FOREST AND STREAM*, whose influence has been very patent, and, last, but not least, the pooling of issues on the part of the various local clubs of the State, and the gathering up of these scattered forces into one harmonious body, the Central Committee for protection of fish and game.

All these influences combined have been too powerful for legislators to ignore. Eliminate any one of them, and the results achieved by the commission toward the proper enforcement of fish and game laws would have been meagre in comparison with what has been accomplished. To-day, besides much special and incidental effort put forth by about 150 unpaid deputies there is a salaried force of fourteen men on call at all times.

If there is any other State in the Union that can

show a greater gain for the fish and game department in the past six years, the writer does not know it. The record is creditable to both the captain of the ship and his crew.

What the next six years will reveal, must depend chiefly on the sportsmen themselves. Whenever they shall all agree upon any measure and will show a united front, success is sure. That the late chairman had other plans for improving existing conditions is known to some of his closest friends and co-workers. One of the recommendations in the report has been incorporated into the alien-license law this winter, which imposes a license fee of \$15 on non-resident foreign-born persons for the privilege of hunting. Some other changes in game laws will receive attention after the adjournment of the Legislature.

H. H. KIMBALL.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



New England Fishing.

BOSTON, May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Tuesday I saw six very handsome square-tail brook trout in the window of Dame, Stoddard & Co. These were caught at Belgrade Lake, Me., by a party composed of Messrs. Edward Winchester and Josiah Oakes, of Malden and others, and ranged in weight from 2½ to 5 pounds.

Reports from various resorts are very cheering to anglers who are about starting. From Rangeley Lake Bank Examiner Timberlake, of Phillips, took a 6-pound trout, an unusual occurrence, as of late the most of the fish taken from that lake have been salmon.

In the Damon party from Fitchburg are Messrs. F. I. Nichols, James H. Prince and W. O. Johnson, all of whom have caught salmon from Rangeley weighing from 3½ to 6½ pounds. Mr. F. J. Pierce, of Athol, has with him this season a New York friend, Mr. F. D. Peabody. Frank Harris and Reuben Wilbur are their guides.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boothby, of Portland, have taken possession of their camp at Hirobsamcook for the summer.

At the Birches are a Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Wardworth, of New York, on a bridal tour. The bride is proving a skillful angler, having brought to the net a 3-pound salmon. Three Bostonians are at Black Point Camp, above Upper Dam. They are J. H. Parker, Fred Newhall and Mr. Learned.

The first to throw the lure at Bemis this season was Mr. H. B. Shaw, of Texas, who is having good success. Mrs. W. C. Stevens, of Rumford Falls, has taken two trout of 5½ and 5¾ pounds. Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Greeley, of Boston, with Charles Turner as guide, are in good luck, Mrs. Greeley taking a trout that weighed 6½ pounds. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Appleton, of Haverhill, have to their credit a 5½-pound salmon and two trout of more than 4 pounds each. Mr. H. H. Fielding and two companions from Brunswick have taken fifty trout and salmon.

Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Thayer, of Boston, have visited the Rangeleys every season for twenty-five years, and are now located at the Barker. Here also are to be found Mr. J. F. Greenery, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Manning and Mr. W. E. Lawless, of Boston, and several Portland fishermen, all getting trout and salmon ranging from 3 to 5 pounds.

At Upper Dam are several fishermen, among them Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Nelson and Mr. Wm. La Croix, of Lynn—the latter, with Eben Hinckley as guide, has taken an 8¾-pound salmon. Mr. Nelson is an old-timer at Upper Dam.

Good sport is reported in waters near Spring Lake Camp, Flagstaff, several 4 to 5-pound trout and salmon having been taken by anglers from Phillips, Lewiston and Portland. Ned Stanley and friends from Dixfield took forty-eight trout and salmon during a stay of six days at Weld. Several Augusta gentlemen have had good success at Cobbosseecontee, one of them, Mr. Guy Lancy, getting three salmon and two trout weighing collectively 14 pounds. Col. E. C. Farrington took a fine bass and salmon.

The proprietor of the Augusta House, Mr. H. E. Capen, in one of the Belgrade lakes has taken three 4-pound trout besides a number of smaller ones.

In Great Pond Mr. Damon, of Rome, Me., has taken one trout of 8¾ pounds and another 8 pounds 2 ounces. Two other men caught in one day seven trout that weighed 29½ pounds; on the same day there were forty large trout brought in with but few boats out. Mr. Harry Sackett, of New York, took four that tipped the scales at 22 pounds, and his fishing companion took five weighing 28 pounds. Horn Pond, near Cornish, Me., is giving surprises in the number of trout and salmon taken this season, although none of them quite come up to 4 pounds. Sebago salmon recently taken weighed from 8 to 10½ pounds.

Reports from Square Lake tell of a salmon that weighed 13½ pounds, and a laker 17½. A party of four brought in 60 pounds of salmon and square-tails; another party of three returned with 40 pounds.

At Kineo fishing is approaching its prime, and will continue good till about the end of June. On warm days there is some chance with the fly already, but most of those taken are caught with bait. Mr. George H. Greeley, of Bangor, has been an early visitor at Moosehead for forty years, and was one of the first party to arrive at Kineo this year. Others who are enjoying good sport are the Foster party of Boston, W. G. Brown and three others of Gloucester, Mass., and several from Bangor and Portland; also Henry Lord, of New York, who will remain through the summer. Many trout exceeding the

record limit of 3 pounds, and toge from 5 to 14 pounds have been taken.

Col. I. K. Stetson, Hon. A. R. Day and two other well-known Bangor men recently returned from Sugar Island, Moosehead, bringing all the trout the law allows. Hon. Russell Sears, former mayor of Quincy, Mass., with three others caught thirty-nine good fish one day, and on the following day they took seventy, including a 12-pound toge.

Mr. F. H. Lathrop, of Boston, is having the 8-pound square-tail which he took at Belgrade, mounted in Bangor, and Mr. G. F. Singleton has placed his 13-pound landlocked salmon caught at Belgrade with the same taxidermist.

A party of eight, including Dr. A. J. Rowell, of Portland, and one of five including Mr. Ackerman, of Boston, are now at Pleasant Island Camps, on the Cupsuptic. Mr. E. V. R. Thayer, of Lancaster, Mass., is at this camp, Millbrook Lodge, at the head of Upper Richardson.

Good catches have been the usual thing at Grand Lake Stream—from six to twenty salmon a day are brought in. This is a popular resort for Boston anglers. Dr. George C. Ainsworth, of Boston; Mr. H. A. Miner, of Malden, and Mr. Edward Reed and party are now there, and several others start to-morrow.

Dr. McGann, of Aiken, S. C., passed through Boston this week en route for Moosehead. H. G. Priest, proprietor of the Hotel Preston, Swampscott, and Hon. Harry Russell, of Cambridge, have left for Kineo.

From Holderness, N. H., I learn that the Asquam lakes are coming to the front this season in their trout yield. Recently, Mr. Chase Woodman, with two Ashland friends, captured four trout that weighed 38 pounds—the largest was caught by Mr. Woodman and weighed 15 pounds.

Mr. Lawrence Ford, of the Boston & Maine R. R., took two large ones from the lake, and with Supt. Cummings and Col. C. H. Cummings, of New York, he has taken some fine strings from the Sandwich ponds in the heart of the Sandwich notch.

Mr. Jacob Wirt has as guests in camp at Clearwater Mr. and Mrs. W. H. C. Pillsbury, of Boston, and they are getting fish. Clearwater is well to the front for large salmon and lakers. Mr. Ed. Jackson got what is claimed to be the largest string ever taken last week—four salmon that together weighed 32½ pounds. CENTRAL.

Are Salmon Decreasing in New Brunswick?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of May 20 your generally well informed contributor, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, tells us that salmon in New Brunswick rivers are not decreasing, and he quotes from the last report of H. E. Harrison, Fish Inspector for the counties of Kings, Queens, Sunbury, York, Carleton and Victoria, through which runs the River St. John and its great tributary, the Tobique.

Inspector Harrison, strange to say, does not consider that a steadily decreasing catch in all these counties since 1874 indicates any decrease in the stock of salmon, but is rather of opinion that a decrease in the annual catch implies a better run of fish in the rivers, while Mr. Chambers expresses his own conviction that the Inspector is much more correct in his conclusions than are those who show from the reports of the Commissioner of Fisheries that, since fishculture has been depended on to keep up the salmon stock, the catch has decreased from 75 to 100 per cent. in all the rivers where hatcheries have been in operation.

If Mr. Chambers will consult these reports he will find that in 1874, the year the hatcheries were built, the catch of salmon in the St. John River counties was 539,200 pounds, while in the report for 1903 the catch is given as 334,940 pounds. In the interim between these two reports 59,410,200 young salmon from the hatchery have been planted in the main river and its principal tributaries.

Mr. Chambers is probably not aware that under date of May 28, 1883, the late Commissioner of Fisheries, W. F. Whitchee, in a letter in your columns, pointed out that Prof. A. J. Malmgren, since dead, but at that time the highest authority in Europe on fishculture, had recommended that the artificial hatching of fish be discontinued as a Government work for the reason that in no country in which it had been pursued could any substantial returns for the public expenditure be shown. Mr. Whitchee showed, from the official reports of the Department of Fisheries, that no practical results were visible from all the millions of young salmon that had been planted in

ten years' operations of the hatcheries. He showed from the Blue Books that, in the year 1874, the year the hatcheries were started, the catch of salmon in New Brunswick was 3,214,182 pounds. When Mr. Wilmot, the late superintendent of fishculture, made his last report in 1894, after twenty years' operations, the catch was only 2,280,468 pounds, although more men and more nets were employed in the fishery, both on the coast and in the rivers.

In the eleven years that have since elapsed Prof. Prince, Mr. Wilmot's successor, has been in charge; more hatcheries have been built and all have been operated on a scale unknown in the history of the science. The Professor's report for 1903 gives the catch of salmon in New Brunswick as 1,456,175 pounds, after 129,286,200 young salmon have been planted in her rivers. In the face of these facts and figures from the Departmental reports, it is difficult to see on what Mr. Chambers' conviction rests, as it is to ignore the fact that, as artificial culture has increased in New Brunswick, the catch of salmon has decreased.

If Mr. Chambers will extend his examination of these Departmental reports he will find a similar state of things in the Provinces of Quebec and Nova Scotia, where the catch of salmon has steadily declined ever since artificial hatching has taken the place of natural propagation.

THE OLD ANGLER.

SUSSEX N. B., May 24.

Fishing Waters Near New York

It is seldom that New York anglers have a spring like the present one. Fishing tackle dealers complain that they have made fewer sales than usual to their local trade because of the weather condition, although their regular customers in other parts of the country have ordered an average quantity of tackle, and the southern trade held on well into the spring months.

When the trout fishing season opened in nearby States fewer anglers than usual took advantage of the opportunity to fish, for reports from the small streams were not very encouraging, and those who went out found the streams very low and trout rising less than they expected. There were some reports of good luck from Pennsylvania waters, and from the few open and some of the preserved waters on Long Island, but most of the authentic reports had to do with small catches and equally small trout. About the middle of May several reports came in from the streams that flow into the Delaware River, referring to average catches, but anglers who were familiar with these waters doubted their accuracy in some instances, saying they had not had such luck there in recent years.

Last week the information to be had in this city was to the effect that the trout fishing in the vicinity of Livingston Manor, Sullivan county, New York, was good. This was after the few light rains that fell a few days previously. Similar reports came from Delhi. Evidently some catches were made in the Willowemoc, but most of them were from the Beaverkill. From Esopus, or the Hudson; reports of fair catches were received, but the waters were not mentioned. In the vicinity of Esopus there are several small streams, notably the Wallkill, Black, Swartz, Rondout and Esopus creeks, and several small lakes. Fair luck was reported at the same time from Brewster. Fallsburg, also in Sullivan county, is the objective point of a number of local anglers early in the season. This is on the Neversink River, and above the town the fishing is best. There are some native trout in this stream, but it is believed that the brown trout planted there have nearly exterminated the natives. The brown trout sometimes run quite large, but above 3½ pounds they can hardly be expected to take the fly.

The New Jersey end of Greenwood Lake is now open to anglers for black bass, which will take the fly early in the season, and the east shore of the Delaware below Port Jervis is also open, but the upper river will not be open until June 15, although there are numerous small feeders of this river that contain trout, notably the Mon gaup River above Port Jervis; Ten-mile River, at Tusten; Post-office; Beaver Brook and Half-way Brook, near Barryville; and the Neversink north of Port Jervis.

One of the nearest lakes to this city where bass may be caught is Lake Mahopac, in Putnam county. This season opens June 15. This lake is fished a good deal but there are some good bass still in it.

Lake Oscawana, near Peekskill, is another nearby lake in which both bass and pickerel may be caught in season and it is a beautiful place to go.

There is a small lake on Verplanck's Point, on the Hudson just south of Peekskill, where an occasional bass and pickerel may be taken, but as there is so much vege-

tation in the water in summer, weedless hooks will be necessary. This is Lake Meahock.

Not far away and accessible from Fort Montgomery by way of a road that follows Popolopen Creek, is Popolopen Pond, where a goodly bass can be taken now and then in season, as well as pickerel and small fry. Not far away is Cranberry Pond, Bog Meadow Pond, Sutherland's Pond and Long Pond.

Rockland Lake, near the town of Rockland, is still nearer this city, and anglers go there frequently. A few bass are taken now and then, and pickerel and smaller fish, but too many persons go there for this to be the good water it was years ago.

Orange Lake, near Newburgh, contains black bass, pickerel and yellow perch, and occasionally some large bass are taken. From this city one can take the Newburgh boats, and trolley car from Newburgh to the lake, a distance of about seventy miles in all. Nearer the town is Washington Lake, to fish which a permit must be obtained from the water-works commissioner. Twelve miles from town, and also reached by trolley, is the Wallkill River, containing bass and pickerel.

Glenmere Lake, in Orange county, New York, is known as good pickerel water, but it also contains bass. It is three miles from Chester, which is fifty-five miles from this city; and less than two miles from Florida, the latter village being about sixty-five miles from New York city. The best success is had early in the season and again in the autumn by trolling, and by casting during the summer.

Poetry and Prose of Angling.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

[Being another chapter from Mr. Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," here reprinted by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Bros.]

SOME gentlemen, by no means pretentious or opinionated, delight to assert that since they became recognized anglers they have never taken a trout or a salmon except with a fly. I doff my hat in reverence to the sentiment; it is the honest utterance of a justifiable pride. It is the spirit of the *sangre azul*, which dignifies the cultivated sportsman above the mere fisherman; the man of honor above the assassin, the Herod among the small fry, the filler of pots and defier of close seasons. Nevertheless, I cannot admit the implication that the man who habitually uses bait is consequently a creel-stuffer, or deficient in the scientific accomplishments of the craft. Fly-fishing and bait-fishing are co-ordinate branches of the same study, and each must be thoroughly learned to qualify the aspirant to honors for the sublime degree of Master of the Art.

Grant that fly-fishing transcendently illustrates the poetry of the gentle calling; is it becoming or wise to despise the sterner *prose*, the metaphysics of the more practical school? The most dazzling accomplishment, that one which most enhances individual charms, is not necessarily of the greatest practical or substantial worth. Each method of fishing has its advantages; one may be made available where the other is wholly impracticable. The deftly-tossed fly, taking wing on the nerve of a masterly cast, will drop gracefully far out in the stream where the heavier gear of the bait rod would never aspire to reach. On the other hand, the bait must supersede the fly on densely overgrown streams, and wherever the locality precludes proper casting-room. Moreover, fish do not always prefer the same diet. They have their times to eat and their choice of food, whether red worms, small fry, maggots, or flies. They will take bait when they will not rise to a fly. The red worm is notoriously the most acceptable food of the lordly salmon. The *Salmo* family do not feed upon insects and flies; they make no hearty meal of such. These are merely the souffles and whipped syllabub of their *table d'hôte*—their superfluous dessert, which they gracefully rise to accept. Has it become the law of Piscator that professional anglers shall pander to the pampered epicure alone? that they shall never tempt the trout or salmon except when in his most fastidious mood? I might even strain a point in favor of the bait-fisher, and hold that, inasmuch as fishes, like men, have their five senses, and since in fly-fishing the sense of sight alone is tested, such kind of angling is a mean imposition upon the creatures' credulity, and not fair play at all.

I utter no plea for the bait-fisher who angles stolidly from boat or stump; there is neither sport nor science nor sense in his method. But to the man who can handle his rod properly and with successful result in an impetuous river or tumbling mountain stream (I care not whether he uses fly or bait), I must in justice concede a claim to high rank in the angling fraternity. A thorough knowledge of the habits of the fish is requisite in either case; and without that knowledge which the practiced bait-fisher must acquire of their haunts and breeding-places, their exits and their entrances, their food and times for feeding, and the seasons when they are in condition, no man can be regarded a perfect angler, no matter whether he handle his fly with the skill of Arachne herself. (Joke intended.)

Exhausted with my attempt to legitimate the habitual bait-fisher into the family of sportsmen (for which he will doubtless thank me), I am fain to assert that the acquisition of the artificial fly to the angler's portfolio has measurably increased the charms of his sport. Fly-fishing gives more varied play and greater exercise to the muscles; it bestows a keener excitement; it intensifies the perceptive faculties; it requires nicer judgment than bait-fishing, quicker and more delicate manipulation, and greater promptness in emergencies; it is more humanizing in its influences; it is beautiful in its associations, and poetic in the fancies it begets. Light as a thistle's down the little waif of a fly flits hither and yon, dancing upon the ripples, coursing over the foam, breasting the impetuous current, leaving its tiny trail where the surface is smoothest, but always glancing, gleaming, coquetting like the eye of a maiden, and as fatally ensnaring. It woos no groundlings; it is not "of the earth earthy"; it is all ethereal, vitalizing, elevating. There is nothing groveling in fly-fishing—nothing gross or demoralizing.

But bait-fishing? Well—it is cruel to impale a minnow or a frog. It is vulgar and revolting to thread a worm. Worms! bah! let them go to the bottom. I drop my line just here. I have gained a temporary vantage

for my bait-fishing friend. If he loses the campaign, he deserves to be beaten with his own rod. For myself, I boldly avow an unqualified preference for the fly in all cases where its use is practicable. I have said as much already. Let it be recorded.

Upon one other point I shall make issue with these anglers *par excellence*—this select coterie of *soi disant* professionals; not because they are not really the experts they assume to be, but because of the very complacent manner in which they fold their arms upon the tip-top pinnacle of cumulative knowledge, and superciliously look down upon their fellow-crafts below. These eminent gentry affect to despise trout-fishing. "Oh!" they say, "we never trouble such small game. We've got past that sort of thing. All very well for those who have never had a hack at a salmon—very decent sort of sport, you know; but as for us, we couldn't look at a trout when salmon are running."

"But, sir, consider—"
"My dear fellow, it's no use talking, you never can have an idea of *real* genuine sport until you get hung of a forty-pound salmon!"

Such positive assurances, coming from such high authority, ought to be convincing and conclusive. Sir Oracle's estimate of sport is evidently as between a half-pound trout and a forty-pound salmon, all other conditions being equal.

Now, in truth, the quality of sport is in the ratio of the delicacy of the tackle to the strength and play of the fish. A four-pound trout on a 8-ounce rod is equal to a sixteen-pound salmon on a 32-ounce rod. "But," urges the salmon-fisher, "the nobler the game the nobler the sport." Granted, provided the relative conditions are maintained—not otherwise. If forty-pound salmon are to be hauled in hand over hand on a cod line, or if whittling trout are to be whipped out on a twenty-foot salmon rod—if size and weight alone are to determine the quality of the sport, and the value of the captive as a game fish, why, one might as well troll for Mackinaw trout, or drag the East River for dead bodies. I have had more positive, continuous enjoyment with a three-pound trout on a one-handed Andrew Clerke split bamboo (I never drop a fly from any other rod) than I experienced from the biggest salmon I ever took in the Restigouche. It was in the East River, near Chester, Nova Scotia. But especially shall I remember the chase a lively grilse led me on that self-same day. The larger salmon had stopped running for the season, and the chances were so small of taking on my delicate trouting tackle any description of fish other than the trout I angled for, that I felt little risk in easing my line over the waters where salmon would be likely to lie. I had just recuperated from my laborious contest with the big trout; and when the grilse struck the hook smartly, I had reason to believe that I had my trout's big brother in hand. But I was undeceived "in a jiffy." The instant the fellow felt himself hooked, he shot up a rapid with my whole seventy-five feet of line, and when he was snubbed leaped a boulder three feet high, and ran back again to the pool he started from, where he stopped to consider the situation. Doubtless he felt it to be ridiculous. I certainly so regarded my own position. I was standing on a slippery shelf, which I had attained with difficulty in order to get a decent east, with a dense thicket of alders over my head and an inky pool of unknown depth directly below my feet. I had hooked the fellow just at the foot of the pool beside which I stood. The angler will appreciate the situation. I had either to break tackle, lose fish, or perchance drown myself. The rapid return of the fish made a frightful sag in my line, and I was "taking in slack" as rapidly as possible, when the extra strain of the line drawing down the current awakened up his ideas; and, giving a short leap clear of the water, he darted down stream like a rocket. How the hook kept fast in his jaws all this time was a mystery. Zip went the reel with a velocity that almost struck fire; into the water leaped the rod, following the fish; and after the rod floundered I, still clinging to the butt. I did *not* say my prayers, but I had just time to think how much it would cost to repair my Baguelin watch, when my feet touched gravel at the head of the rapid, and one risk was canceled. If you had seen me follow that fish down stream, you would have been delighted at my good fortune in circumventing obstacles. The river was full of boulders, and there was great and immediate danger of getting my line fouled. But I presently got control of my game, and gave him the butt handsomely—and after that he didn't run faster than I wished. The fellow had me at a disadvantage, and the wonder was how I ever got him at all; but when I emptied the water out of my long boots, I felt glad that I had bagged that fish. But I have always worn low shoes since, when fishing.

Doubtless there is an exultant, pulse-compelling pride in landing a monster salmon of indefinite weight, which does not pertain to ordinary or extraordinary trout-fishing; but as to the comparative merits of the two species, it is a question in my mind which should be voted the nobler game. Their habits, haunts and characteristics are identical in many respects; and excepting in size, one may be justly regarded the peer of the other. This single difference may be adjusted, as I have shown, by a proper adaptation of the tackle employed to capture them. It is certainly rougher work to kill a salmon, and vastly more fatiguing; and at times the sport is positively dangerous. As respects collateral pleasures derived from natural surroundings and associations, it may be remarked that trout streams are generally more romantic than those localities where salmon are caught; because being tributaries of the larger rivers, they are situated higher up among the mountain sources; they are farther from the salt air of the ocean, and in a rarer and purer atmosphere; they are generally more accessible to civilization; and they traverse regions more hospitable, where game is found in greater variety and abundance, where the forests are denser and teem with bird and insect life. And finally, as regards those ambidextrous experts who affect to regard trout-fishing as the inferior art and beneath their attention, I will simply revenge myself by quoting from Francis Francis, the astute observer, who says: "A good trout-fisher will easily become an expert at salmon-fishing; but a very respectable practitioner with the salmon-rod will often have all his schooling to do afresh, should he descend to trout-fishing, before he can take rank as a master of the art."

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Sea-Going and Landlocked Salmon.

It is fortunate that the efforts of the Maine Commissioners on Fisheries to stock the lakes of the old "Pine Tree State" with landlocked salmon have met with success which, in some respects, may be considered almost phenomenal.

It is not so very many years ago that many of the anglers and others who witnessed the first attempts of the Commissioner to plant the young salmon, viewed the operation with scepticism and distrust; scepticism as to the feasibility of the undertaking, and distrust at the outcome should their efforts be crowned with success.

Anglers in Maine waters in those days were trout fishermen, pure and simple. The spotted beauties, those royal, great fish such as we used to get thirty or more years ago, were to them the greatest attraction those lakes could offer, and the fact that they were to be stocked with salmon seemed a menace to the beautiful fish whose pursuit had been to them a delight which might well be called incomparable. They all believed, or at any rate, most of them did, that a liberal distribution of the salmon in the waters in which the trout had for many years made their home would gradually bring about the extermination of the other fish, for the reason that the salmon because of its greater strength and activity seems able to conquer and replace other species with which it is thrown in contact.

It happened to be present on the occasion when Mr. Stanley put out one of the first lots of fry that were put out in the Rangeley lakes; it was a great many years ago, but I remember the incident quite distinctly, and the short conversation we had in which I asked him if he did not believe that ultimately the salmon would supplant the trout in those waters. If I remember correctly he replied that there was not very much danger of it, but that if by any possibility there should be such an outcome it would only be the ascendancy of a magnificent game fish over one less grand.

I had long before that period become acquainted with the gamy qualities of the landlocked, and I was not as averse as some were to the introduction of those fish in waters in which we had sought and found our old darlings, the spotted trout; but as I recall my feelings at the time, I confess I had some misgivings, for I knew perfectly well how quickly a given body of water may be depleted of trout by another and more voracious species.

As for example, the destruction that was wrought in a very few years in Lake Umbagog, the lower of the Androscoggin system. In the early sixties trout were as abundant in that lake as they were in either of the others, but by some mischance pickerel were introduced in its waters, and so speedy was their work of destruction it was next to impossible ten years later to find a trout either in Umbagog or the Magalloway River as far up as the Aziscohos falls, to which point the pickerel ascended. The salmon were introduced and the anticipated

Supplanting is Now Going On.

In the early seventies the trout fishing in the Rangeley lakes was simply magnificent, and more beautiful fish than those we used to take in those years never came to the fly.

Here are a few records of catches that were then made:

In 1876 one rod, one day, seven trout that weighed thirty-six pounds; several rods in one day took trout weighing seven pounds, 7½ pounds, 8½ pounds, 8¾ pounds and 9½ pounds.

One angler took in a few days' fishing eighty-eight pounds of trout, the smallest of which weighed three pounds and the largest 9¼ pounds.

In 1877 some of the catches made at the Upper Dam were as follows: Six trout weighing 3¼, 4½, 5, 4¾, 7¾ and 5¾ pounds. Two anglers killed twenty-seven which weighed 108 pounds, an average of four pounds each. One rod at a single cast took two fish which weighed 5½ and 7½ pounds.

In 1878 the Commissioners captured for hatching purposes 159 trout, the average weight of which was 4½ pounds. Of these three weighed eight pounds, two weighed nine pounds, one 9½ pounds and two ten pounds.

In 1881 the writer took, in one day, seven trout at the Middle Dam which weighed 36½ pounds. Another angler took in two hours five trout which weighed 23¾ pounds.

Yes, that was grand fishing, but the leviathans are now becoming scarce, and the number of small ones grows appreciably less.

In speaking of the change that has been brought about, one of my correspondents in a recent letter, says: "At the Upper Dam the giant beauties still congregate, but, alas, not in such numbers as formerly—the landlocked salmon predominate there now in sizable fish."

Now, of course it will be very many years before the salmon supplant the trout in the Maine lakes, and the present generation of trout anglers need not despair; but when salmon are as abundant in those waters as the trout in old times were, what magnificent sport coming generations of anglers will enjoy. The idea of salmon fishing, grand salmon fishing, obtainable at will ought to send an exultant thrill through every angler.

Of late years salmon anglers who were not lessees of Canadian rivers or members of clubs have been obliged to forego their favorite sport, for almost every foot of desirable salmon water is covered by leases, and to become a member of one of the clubs means the outlay sometimes of several thousands of dollars, and even such membership has not always furnished the anglers with satisfactory sport, for the Atlantic salmon, by reason of the excessive netting that is now carried on in all waters frequented by the fish, even to the head of tidewater in the rivers, together with the scandalous extent to which poaching is prosecuted, are so rapidly reducing the numbers of the fish, many anglers and others who are in various ways interested in our noble game fish regard with anxiety and alarm its extirpation which, to them, seems ominously near.

If then salmon anglers are in the near future to be enabled to obtain a fair share of their favorite sport in home waters at a mere trifle of expense compared with

that which would necessarily be incurred in fishing on Canadian rivers, it seems to me that the Maine Commissioners have well earned their everlasting gratitude.

Salmon and Landlocked Angling Compared.

Now, it is sometimes said "landlocked fishing is all very well, but these fish are not like sea salmon either in gaminess, strength, or size." While this is, in a measure, true, the statement admits of qualification, for a good deal depends on the conditions under which the fish are hooked and played. A fifteen-pound landlocked, if hooked on the troll in deep water, does not make an energetic struggle, neither would a sea salmon of the same size hooked and played in water of equal depth. Both would give a determined resistance to the rod, but both would "sag down" as it were deep in the water doggedly and persistently, but they would not make fierce runs nor leap very often above the surface.

But make fast to a landlocked in the pool below the Upper Dam and he would, in my opinion, give almost as much play as would a salmon in a pool of equal size on a Canadian stream; not quite, of course, for the fresh-run fish just up from the sea possesses a vigor, a brilliant energy and gaminess that is never found in a fish whose life is passed in fresh water. All this with heavy tackle, such as is ordinarily employed.

Now, it may be said that the average weight of the landlocked is much below that of the sea salmon, and therefore cannot be expected to furnish as exciting sport. While it is true that the sea-going fish, as a rule, are heavier than the others, there are a great many landlocks taken nowadays which compare more than favorably with their cousins, as is shown in the May 6 issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, page 356.

But the average weight of the landlocks is constantly increasing, while that of the sea salmon is as surely decreasing, the thirty and forty-pounders which used to come to the gaff now being few and far between. This steady decrease in the size of the salmon has already been treated of by me in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Dec. 19, 1903, and I will not further dwell on it here. The decrease in size of the fish has been accompanied by a decrease in numbers, the annual catch falling away steadily, year by year, as is shown by the annual reports of the Department of Marine and Fisheries of Canada; that for 1904, recently published, showing a very great falling off from that of previous years, the figures being for the Maritime Province in 1903 about 2,850,000 pounds, while that of 1894 amounted to 3,714,955 pounds, a shrinkage of nearly one million pounds in nine years.

This steady decline of the Atlantic salmon fisheries points to an inevitable end unless the destruction wrought by the netters shall be greatly curtailed, and it may not be many years before the dependence of salmon anglers must be placed on the so-called landlocks, whose numbers are not decimated by nets, weirs, pounds, dynamite, etc.

Another danger to which the Atlantic salmon is exposed is that from the poachers, whose dastardly work seems to be increasing. One can hardly find a Canadian river on the shores of which remnants of rolls of birch bark are not visible, those rolls having been lighted and used as torches to guide the netters and spearers in their nefarious work.

One of my correspondents, in referring to this condition of things, says, that a distinguished gentleman lately deceased, owned, "by riparian rights, the very best salmon pools on the Southwest Miramichi; at Rocky Point, Clearwater and Burnt Hill. These he had not visited for a number of years nor had anyone representing him or his associates in the ownership. This has always been a matter of surprise to me, for I considered them the best salmon pools in New Brunswick. When I saw his death announced I advised a friend to get them as a good investment if the price was not out of reason. His reply was as follows:

"I do not think the investment would be a good one unless one had the money to guard the stream well below the pools you mention. There is a great deal of netting at the mouth of the river and a great deal of poaching along the river below these pools, and unless one had money enough to put on plenty of guardians and influence to stop this netting, these pools will never be again worth a great deal of money."

To this my friend, in commenting says: "From this you will see how little hope there is for any improvement in the future. It shows that nothing but the strict and costly guardianship of the Restigouche, Metapedia, Nepisiquit and Cascadia rivers save them from the depletion that has befallen the Miramichi, where the guardianship is a mere farce.

Salmo salar has a hard time, and the end is not yet. Now in angling for sea salmon the ordinary salmon rod and tackle are employed, no matter how small the average of fish in the river may be, some of the streams rarely containing fish which much overrun eight pounds in weight, but in the Maine lakes, notably the Rangeleys, light fly-tackle is often successfully employed, and with large fish at that, one gentleman of my acquaintance having, last year, killed a 12¹/₁₆ pound salmon on a No. 6 hook. He uses on these large fish quite small hooks and light tackle. He sent me a short time ago a specimen of the Tomah-Jo fly which had recently been tied for him, and it was really small for a trout fly even. Salmon anglers would arch their eyebrows if asked to kill a fresh run fish on so small a hook, but my friend will use no larger ones, and kills six to eight-pound fish on Nos. 12 or 10 hooks.

Now, I consider that, bearing in mind the axiom, "The lighter the tackle the keener the sport," my friend's salmon fishing is far and away ahead of that which falls to most men.

The Identity of the Landlocks.

In a recent letter from an old friend is the following: "You are an authority on landlocked salmon fishing. I think the first time I met you years ago was on the steamer which you boarded at Eastport, returning from one of your fishing trips. What I want to ask is, how large are these fish taken in Maine? My brother, who fishes on the St. Croix waters, says they rarely are taken there over 4¹/₂ to 6 pounds. I see in *FOREST AND STREAM*, May 6 issue, that this species has been caught in Sebago Lake in April, this season, weighing as high

as nineteen pounds. Are these true landlocked salmon? Do you know whether as soon as the ice goes out, they are taken on the fly, or by trolling with spoon or bait?"

In answering my friend's inquiries I stated that all the so-called landlocked salmon of Maine and elsewhere are of one species and that species is identical with the Atlantic salmon, but they vary in general appearance just as the sea-going salmon vary. The educated angler can identify a Restigouche fish at a glance, there is almost no chance for a mistake.

So with the landlocks, there is something about the Sebago fish which establishes its identity at once; it is as different from the St. Croix salmon as is the Restigouche fish from the others. As to size and condition, these depend entirely upon the abundance of food to which they have access. The landlocks of the St. Croix system, in consequence of the comparatively meager supply of food obtainable, rarely attain a greater weight than four or five pounds, and fish of that size are not very abundant; they are much larger than they were in the sixties, their average weight then being hardly two pounds. But plant the young of these same St. Croix salmon in the Rangeley Lakes, where there is an astonishing amount of food, and they will attain a weight of twelve or more pounds in a very few years.

So with the Sebago salmon; their supply of food is prodigious, and as a result fish overrunning twenty pounds have been taken.

As to the manner of fishing, I think that all the salmon in the Maine lakes are taken with the troll early, or as soon as the ice goes out, and along through the spring, but in the late summer and early autumn they refuse the troll but come to the artificial fly.

Lake Bait Fishing for Black Bass.

THERE is no fish, considering its size, that surpasses the black bass for gameness. It is the very embodiment of energy and willness. Captious to a degree, it is never possible to know just what its appetite calls for. To-day it is frogs, to-morrow helgramites, now minnows, anon crickets; so as to crawfish, shrimp, worms and other sorts of bait. But when it bites, as a rule it bites viciously, and hooked, makes a fierce fight for freedom. Many manage to escape. All the skill of the most expert fisherman is required to be a successful black bass angler. And, further, no small consideration, the black bass is a most excellent table fish. These remarks apply equally to each variety—the small-mouth and the large.

There is nothing surprising, therefore, as its habitat is pretty much all parts of our country, that black bass fishing has become common in America and is attracting a constantly increasing number of anglers, and that all first-class fishing tackle establishments devote themselves largely to providing suitable weapons that the fisherman may wage victorious battle with this doughty knight. But in spite of the abundance and accessibility of what the black bass angler requires it is desirable for him to have considerable knowledge of his needs before he enters one of these establishments to procure an outfit, that he may purchase sagaciously and economically.

This article will have in view what such a fisherman requires in lake bait fishing, and will give some hints as to the modus operandi in angling.

First, as to the rod, or, better, rods. The Henshall bait rod, 8³/₄ ft. in length, weight, in split bamboo, 8oz., is about right for all-round rod. Henshall, and others, think it the ideal rod for casting; but the writer does not, preferring a rod about 6 ft. in length, weighing in split bamboo about 7oz. But for still-fishing, especially from a boat, the Henshall rod is perfection. The split bamboo is the best rod made, but only when it is a fine one. Better by far not indulge in it unless it is of the best workmanship. A good lancewood is every way preferable to even a middling split bamboo; and a steel is the thing if the angler is not prepared to put considerable money in a wood rod. Let it not be forgotten that it is a fatal blunder to go a-fishing for black bass with a poor rod.

For bait-casting a multiplying reel is indispensable. Here again the best is none too good. It should hold from sixty to eighty yards of line, as the sizes are numbered. There is no difficulty in procuring a fine multiplying reel to suit any angler's taste, for almost any large fishing tackle establishment takes pride in trying to surpass every other in meeting the demands of the most fastidious. While the multiplying reel is not necessary in still-fishing, it is by no means a disadvantage, and is not a drawback in fly-fishing.

The line should be of hard braided silk, size H or G, for casting; G or F for still-fishing and trolling. A waterproof line is capital for still-fishing and trolling, but is generally not suitable for bait-casting. Fifty yards on the reel is about the right length.

As to hooks, the writer prefers Pennell Limerick, turn-down-eye, bronzed hooks, size 1 or 2. They cost much more than the ordinary hooks, but are well worth the difference.

Floats are sometimes necessary, as when one is fishing over snags or grass. They should be rather small, 2¹/₂ in. or 3 in., and of a make that can be readily put on or taken off the line.

For still-fishing the sinker should be only heavy enough to keep the bait down in the water. For bait-casting the weight of the sinker depends upon the weight of the bait. A minnow is often sufficiently heavy without any additional weight. If the swivel sinker is used a swivel can be dispensed with in casting; otherwise it is necessary. One of the smaller sizes should be used, and of brass, not steel.

A landing net is required. To attempt to land black bass without it is folly; it would mean a broken rod and line and the escape of the fish in all likelihood. It pays to own a strong, well-made collapsible landing net, such as can be found at any first-class fishing tackle shop.

The possession of a floating bait pail is desirable. An oval pail that holds about ten quarts will serve the purpose. The anglers should never forget how dependent his minnows are upon fresh water and keep

the floating pail as much in the lake as possible, but when he must keep it out, change the water frequently.

In trolling and in casting the bass will often bite freely at a spoon bait. It will sometimes be found that if a piece of pork be attached to the hook of the spoon-lure its attractiveness will be greatly increased. The pork used is a small portion of rind about half an inch long and an eighth of an inch wide bisected almost its entire length, so as to make two frog-like quivering legs when drawn through the water. Several spoons in the kit should be a matter of course. Other artificial lures are as good, but none better.

The black bass angler needs a tackle box. The best is made of leather, but a very serviceable one is made of tin. A box of ample dimensions should be had, for many odds and ends accumulate as the seasons come and go—odds and ends the angler does not feel like discarding.

A creel should be owned by every black bass fisherman. While not very large, it should be ample. Its existence is a sign of his being a man of hopes and its amplitude of his great expectations.

All sorts of bait boxes are easily obtainable, but the writer thinks the angler as a rule will act wisely in making his own, to be thrown away at the end of the season. A small tin pail with numerous holes in the sides and top and filled with fresh leaves is just the thing for helgramites. A frog box can be quickly constructed out of any wooden box of suitable size, by cutting away part and tacking on wire gauze, and arranging a trap door in the top just large enough for the hand to enter. For worms there can always be found a tin can about the house. Only a little ingenuity is required to make bait receptacles with scarcely any monetary outlay, if any at all, and but an hour or so of labor.

Fishing from a boat is the most successful and the most comfortable. A broad, flat-bottomed boat is preferable. It should have anchors attached to both ends.

The cast is very simply rigged. A swivel sinker, if one is needed; otherwise only a swivel is attached to the end of the line; to that the snell of the hook, and the hook is run through the lips of a minnow or a frog. Where a spinner is used, it is attached in place of the snelled hook, a short piece of treble gut being used instead of the snell. Casting is difficult, though apparently simple. The would-be caster had better see how an expert does it, and then go off and practice. After two or three days of trial he will do well enough to acquire proficiency by actual fishing.

In casting with the minnow or frog, when the bass takes the bait it should be allowed to have it for a few seconds before being struck. Often it will seize it by the tail or legs, and only after several seconds turn it about so as to take the hook in its mouth.

Trolling is best done with artificial bait. The line is trailed behind the boat extending sixty or seventy feet, held by the hand or, preferably, by a rod. The casting rod is well adapted to trolling. When other modes of fishing fail this often proves effective.

Still-fishing is greatly enjoyed by many. The boat is anchored at both ends and the line is thrown out into the lake baited with frog or minnow or helgramite or crawfish or cricket, or some other lure of which the bass are fond. The frog or minnow, or whatever the bait, should now be alive under all circumstances. The minnow should be hooked just in front of the dorsal fin, and kept from the bottom. Though it is not to be forgotten that occasionally the fish will preferably eat from the bottom.

When a black bass bites at such a bait as a cricket, it is to be struck immediately by a slight jerk, but when it bites at a frog or minnow or any other similar bait, it must be given time. Only after it has run off with it and pulls steadily should it be struck.

When hooked then comes the contest. The fish will plunge and leap, and, unless the angler is on his guard, will get away. No slack line should be allowed it, and it should always feel the elasticity of the rod. Gradually it should be reeled in, and when close to the boat and exhausted brought over the landing net and lifted out of the water. A smart blow with a stick upon its head will kill it almost instantly and make it none the worse for food. Dead it should be laid in the creel upon fresh grass and kept out of the sun.

In every lake black bass have their favorite resorts. Many of these are discovered only by chance. One who is unfamiliar with a lake does well to learn from those who have fished it the likely spots. Speaking generally, sand bars, rocky places, and where there are stumps and submerged bushes are the favorable grounds. When there is a slight ripple is ordinarily the time to fish, but sometimes in a gale of wind or in a dead calm the biting is all that could be desired. There seems to be no advantage in getting out early in the morning. Seven or eight o'clock is as good an hour as four or five. Generally the fishing is better in the morning and the evening. But whatever the hour when the black bass bite there is rich sport—full compensation for all the patience and labor of the angler against that moment when the gamy fish leaps into the air and the reel sings merrily.

CORNELIUS W. MORROW.

TENNESSEE.

Trout Fishing in the Sapphire Country of North Carolina.

LAKE TOXAWAY, N. C., May 22.—Fishing in streams is fine, and that in the lakes is opening up earlier this season. At Lake Sapphire guests have been taking the limit within a couple of hours. One day recently Mr. J. Wilbur Russell, of Philadelphia, took in Lake Toxaway a brook trout weighing a pound and a half. Numerous rainbows of this and a larger size have been taken. The trout season promises to be one of the most successful we have ever had here.

A Boston spinster owns a dog.

One of those nigh toned "towsers."

That's so well bred and nice, 'tis said,

He never pants—he "trousers."

—Philadelphia Post,

The Log of a Sea Angler.

X.—The Robalo—A Gamy Fish—Taking a Large One to Lose It—Fight with the Sharks—A Tiger of the Sea—Subduing a Man-Eater—Size of Sharks—Danger from Sharks—Tarpon Taken.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "BIG GAME FISHES," "ADVENTURES OF TORQUA," ETC.

I FIRST met the robalo in the old market at New Orleans along the jetty, and thought it a pike perch; its trim appearance, its powerful tail, its large and voracious mouth suggesting a game fish; but the market man when questioned as to its habitat waved his hand in the direction of Pensacola and said they came from "down yander" somewhere. So when I found myself "down yander," some five hundred miles to the south, on the reef, I began to inquire for robalo. Bob and Chief had heard of it, but had never seen it. Long John, when three sheets in the wind, dilated upon his catches of robalo, so firing my appetite for the fish that I thought of little else. But when morning came, and Long John saw through a single barrel, his pictures of robalo were not so highly colored, and there was a vagueness about it that was suspicious. The certain channel where he had played a robalo for an hour could never be found, though he spent hours at night in the second story of the old slave quarters telling about it, displaying an especial nicety in detail. In a word, Long John shook out all the reefs of his imagination under the influence of the pain killer of Mr. Davis, but furled all sail the following morning.

By this it should not be inferred that anything in these records is to be considered as criticising my loyal boatmen. Better men, truer hearts did not exist. My reputation was as safe in their hands as though I had attended to it myself. Every fish I took with the magic rod they weighed mentally in a royal and beneficent fashion. I heard Chief telling a visitor that I had taken gray snappers that weighed sixty pounds with my eight-ounce trout rod, while Long John and Bob cheerfully swore to it. All my catches grew after death, and o' nights, so that I began to think that I really had taken these monsters.

This faithful trio may not have been rod fishermen, and they knew very little about fine tackle reels, or the ethics of modern sport, but their imagination filled an eminent domain, it was limitless. No angler could ask more with such historians. What more could anyone wish?

But I caught and landed a robalo, an event which proves that everything comes to him who has the patience to wait, and it was many months after I saw the shapely fish on the levee that I felt one on the rod. Surely patience is the essence of angling. Othello must have been an angler. He says, "How poor are they who have no patience," and as the wealth of the angler is the game, he is poor indeed who lacks this essential to success. In Troilus and Cressida we find the suggestive lines, "He that will have a cake of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding"; and so he who would fish and land his game must sit and sit and sit. I have seen Long John when tarpon fishing lie on the sands all the afternoon, one leg crossed over the other, the hand-line between his large and second toe with a half turn about the former. And there he remained, a recumbent drowsy patience that came into its ultimate reward; time was not a factor in life in those halcyon days on the outer reef.

When the days were hot and water clear as glass, we often took the dinghy and sculled down to the south end of the lagoon where an old wreck lay, the last of a great ship that had been blown in here by some terrific hurricane, carried far over the outer reef and landed in shallow water. She was a monument to the energy of the teredo and limnoria. Her wood-work had nearly disappeared and had been replaced by the tubes of the shell teredo that is possessed with such a sensitive touch that it avoids the tubes of others. So the hull stood, resisting the wind, and where the hold had been was a marine aquarium filled with coral, forming a fascinating seclusion for numbers of fishes.

It was my habit to scull up to the old wreck, carefully climb aboard to lie on the deck and peer over into this home of the fishes. I have spent many hours here, watching them unseen and unsuspected. One morning I reached the wreck at sunrise intending to grain some crawfishes for the day's fishing. As I came near enough to see the edge of the hull I saw the head of a robalo back to the first fin. The grub staker, or the worker in a diamond mine who after years has made a strike, can appreciate the sudden relation of the angler at the discovery of a game he has long searched for. There was no mistaking it. The long, straight under jaw, the sharp muzzle, the big black hypnotic eye, the arched back. Robalo it was, and so closely did it resemble the sand upon which it seemed to rest that I almost fancied it the ghost of a robalo, a "phantom of delight."

It appeared not to notice me, so I backed away and going aboard peered down through the hold hoping to see the entire length of robalo. Ah! there it was. The long, slender body, the striking sail-like dorsals, the big forked tail emblematic of power, a dark line-like stripe, and what was better than all, it was a giant, the vision that met my eye being three times the size of those I had seen in markets and promising a

"Sport that wrinkled care derides."

I had seen almost such a fish in the St. Lawrence when bass fishing, as it appeared to me to be the image of a herculean wall-eyed perch, the resemblance being more than remarkable. As I watched it I could see the graceful screw-like motion of the tail, suggestive of the imperceptible twitching of the tail of a cat, or a great spring, ready at the second to leap into action, and I knew at the slightest alarm the fish would dash from cover and not stop until it reached the deep waters of the lagoon some distance away. So I drew back carefully, got into the dinghy, shoved off, and began a search for live bait. Mullet were omnipresent here, and in a short time I had located a school and secured a dozen with my cast-net, then carefully baiting one through the lips, I returned to the wreck. Robalo was still there, but had backed in under the shelving roof so that only its muzzle could be seen. I retired thirty feet away and made a successful cast, dropping my silver mullet about twenty

feet beyond the robalo, then dragged it slowly and carefully across its line of vision. The water was so clear that I could see every object with perfect distinctness. I saw the sudden action of the fish forward when it noticed the struggling bait. I saw it move back several inches actuated by a second thought, a suspicion, and then saw the splendid fish settle nearer the ground like a cat about to spring.

I had reeled the mullet to a spot exactly in front of the fish and not five feet from it, the long wire leader sinking into the sand and becoming invisible, the mullet, performing its part by struggling fiercely and, being held by the lips, presented a perfect pantomime of a mullet or carp feeding, now turning its silvery sides which caught the sun's rays, making a most enticing lure.

The robalo had its black eyes upon it, and crouching low, moved in and out for several eternities, so it seemed. Then it began to creep out, its big body coming into view like a car or a torpedo coming out of a tube or barn. It almost appeared to be creeping along the bottom, and I fancied I could see it pale, so marvellously did it simulate the sand. It swam slowly up to the mullet, stopped, then seized it so suddenly that I could not follow the motion, and rose upward, dragging the wire leader from the sand. A convulsive movement, and the mullet disappeared. Impressed that the psychological moment had arrived I gave the robalo the butt, and the merriest fight that I had indulged in for many a day was on.

I feared that the fish would take to the wreck, but not he. With a leap to the surface he turned and dashed for open water with only Yucatan before him, and that he would reach it I had little doubt. I had been standing on the bow of the light dinghy, and as the reel whistled and screamed I stepped back and with an oar turned the bow of the light craft to the fish that was flying down the gradual slope of the lagoon over a clear sandy bottom, the home of the queen conch, the promenade of the giant ray.

It was a splendid burst of speed, and despite my pressure upon a leather thumb-pad brake for the right hand, and the fact that I broke the line with my left fore finger and thumb above the reel as occasion offered, the robalo took at least three hundred feet of my line in that one leap. Some finny Hamlet must have cried, "Come, give us a taste of your quality," as I had it served—well and strong.

There are few fishes that can contend against a long twenty-one thread line. It is a cobweb in appearance, but deadly after all, and it stopped the robalo, rounded him up, curbed his fancy so that he shot around in a great circle, the line cutting the water, the rod vibrating, and all that virile magnetism, I can call it nothing else, running up the line and rod like a series of electric shocks. I do not believe my robalo weighed over fifteen pounds, yet it hauled the dinghy on over the gray water, and when I forced the fighting it turned and came in to rush away again as we bowled along.

I believe I fought this fish fairly. I gave it a full and fair chance for its life; I did not force it, or endeavor to "snake it in." I employed what diplomacy the exigencies of rod, line and occasion demanded. I did my best, yet the robalo did not reach the gaff within thirty minutes, and then when I held it on the quarter and looked for the gaff it was not there; so I was forced to grain the fish—a murderous act for which I hope I am forgiven; then I drew it in, still struggling, lashing the boat and gaping at me with his enormous mouth with supercilious leer.

I have given this robalo's weight as fifteen pounds, I believe it was nearer twenty-five, but cannot prove it. I lifted it out, took in its beauties, its dark green back, its silvery belly, then as it was bleeding badly I ran a line through the gills and dropped it over a-stern, and taking the oars, rowed slowly in. I had the robalo and proposed to demonstrate the fact to my men without waste of time.

I had a mile of reef to cross where the coral was so near the surface that I almost grazed it, then a deep but narrow channel. When midway in the latter, I stopped to watch a radiant jelly fish, one of the most interesting of all these dainty animals of the sea. Its myriad pumps were all working. Its mercury-like rod was pointed upward, and the wonderful colors—red, yellow, pink and rose—made it a thing of beauty against the vivid turquoise of the channel. I sat gazing at this charming vision when something jerked the stern of the dinghy down at least six inches. I sprang to my feet, and amid the swirling waters of a mimic maelstrom, saw the tawny striped body of a tiger shark, longer than the dinghy. The robalo and I had parted company. There are occasions when words fail utterly, and this appeared to be one. The shark circled about the boat while I took the grains and prepared for my revenge. I sculled up and down, I tossed over other and luscious bait. I lingered until the sun was overhead, and dogged this tiger of the sea up and down in the hope of recovering my robalo and incidentally taking him, as I knew the story of my catching a twenty-five-pound robalo without the fish to show, would be received by my men with certain stolid looks which they assumed only when they considered that virgin truth had been outraged.

But the shark, though always in sight, kept too far below the surface, even following me in, and as I landed I saw the monument of my robalo, the dorsal fin of the tiger shark, sailing out the northwest channel. I had the experience and the shark had the fish, but I did not mention it, nor did I ever again catch so large a robalo. The audacity of the shark has passed into proverb. I have played a tarpon until I was weary to feel a sudden rush that told of a new enemy, and in a moment seen a man-eater rise and literally shake the fish in my face; doubtless all tarpon anglers have had the same experience.

Sharks were omnipresent on the reef, and I frequently fished for them for the sport and in a sportsmanlike manner. I nearly always used a light boat and handled the shark myself, my man steering; and I found that I could with an abundance of time, line and staying quality outplay a shark up to thirteen or fourteen feet; but I frequently hooked monsters that I never saw, that would have carried us out to sea or capsized the boat. Sharks, like hounds, are clever on the scent but slow, and one of the disagreeable sights, at least to my mind, was a so-called man-eater coming up, literally beating, to find a scent or following it.

The sharks on the reef were of divers kinds. There

was a real man-eater that I occasionally saw on the outer reef in fairly deep water, a big, even colossal brute, the Carcharias or white shark, which attains a length of twenty-five or thirty feet. I believe I have seen one approximating this, though it was some distance off. I can perhaps better illustrate its size when I say that it had what might be called a retiring effect on me. I stood not on the order of going. When that grim menacing shape turned and came directly toward me I pulled for the shallow reef. I recall no more disagreeable vision of the sea than this big shark, its tawny sides, its black attendants, the remoras, either swimming alongside or dangling from it, and the little school of striped pilots at its head.

The inner channel of this growing atoll was a famous ground for sharks, and all were colossal or of enormous bulk. I have caught sharks in various seas, some ten feet in length in the Pacific, but they were long and slender, lacking the ponderous bulk of those of the hot waters of the Gulf. I sometimes had my boatman collect the debris from the turtle slaughter house and other rejectamenta and dump it at a certain point five hundred feet from Garden Key. In half an hour the water would be fairly alive with sharks. Anchoring my boat to the reef by a coral hook, so that she swung off into blue and deep water, I have often in looking down, seen twenty or more large sharks circling about, tipping upward occasionally to see what it was all about, while twenty feet away others would be on the surface.

On one of these shark conventions I fastened a large dead loggerhead to a float, watching the brutes as they rushed at it and tore it apart. As the blood drifted away other sharks would scent it and come beating up, crossing and recrossing the line, with their fins at the surface like miniature sails. The suggestiveness with which these big fellows came on was distinctly unpleasant, but it produced a singular result. I became so habituated to the presence of sharks in and about the camp that they were disregarded as a possible menace to human life. I think there was hardly a half hour in the day that a large shark of some kind did not swim along in plain view in the channel a few feet from the shore visiting a slaughter house; yet with others I went in swimming, sometimes several times a day, owing to the terrific heat in summer, and even swam across the deep channel to the opposite key with the knowledge that sharks were all about. I had a springboard rigged so that we dived from it directly into deep water from the shore, and it was not uncommon to dive as sharks swam by. At such times I have seen them under water always in retreat, as the moment a diver plunged in the shark would dart away evidently terrified.

Commissioner Whipple.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 23.—One of the first acts of James S. Whipple, in assuming office as State Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner, to-day, was to make an appeal to sportsmen for co-operation. The Commissioner said:

"A tree should not be unlawfully cut, a fish should not be unlawfully caught, a deer should not be unlawfully killed. If the laws are kept and observed by all, the value of these great interests will rapidly increase, and the pleasures of all our people will be greater, the fish and game will multiply, the water supply in our great rivers and streams will be protected and maintained, and the large annual outlay of money by the State for these things will be justified by results obtained.

"To this end, I ask every guide, every hunter, every fisherman, every lumberman, every summer visitor to the woods and streams, every poacher—if there are such—and all people generally, to assist this department in maintaining and enforcing the law in relation to the forests, fish and game, that the best interests of all may be conserved."

Fishing on the Erie.

REPORTS of May 24 chronicled good catches of trout at Middletown, Otisville, Woodbury, Narrowsburg and Deposit, N. Y., and Shohola and Clifton, Pa., all reached by the Erie Railroad. The worm was used in every case. At Lackawaxen Saturday last Charles Frohlich caught thirty fine trout; they were not weighed. Jim Grening (guide) said Lewis Hissam caught 17 pounds on the same day. Tannersville reports water too low for trout fishing. Dr. S. Demarest, of Suffern, on the Beaver Kill at the Lew Beache place, near Middletown, May 12, caught twelve trout that weighed 9 pounds. On May 15, at same place, he caught eighteen trout, averaging in length 14 inches, weighing from 1 to 1¼ pounds each, the total weighing just 18 pounds.

The Kennel.

Points and Flushes.

"THE Dog Book," by James Watson, is to be published in ten parts. Parts I. and II. have been issued. The work treats of the popular history of the dog, with practical information on the care and management of house, kennel and exhibition dogs. All the important breeds are described. Profuse illustrations are a feature of the work. Mr. Watson's long and varied experience as judge and critic qualify him specially for this admirable work. Each part is \$1.00. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Wanderlust.

Beyond the east the sunrise, beyond the west the sea,
And east and west the wanderlust that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-by!
For the seas call and the stars call, and, oh! the call of the sky!

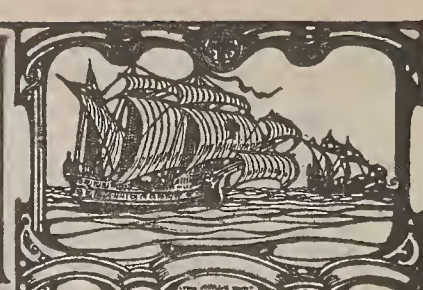
I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh! the call of the bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road
and the sky!

—Gerald Gould in Spectator.



YACHTING



OCEAN RACE WON BY ATLANTIC.

As we write the report reaches us that the schooner *Atlantia* has not only won the race from *Sandy Hook* to the *Lizard* for the Ocean Cup presented by the German Emperor, but has made the passage in the record time of twelve days and a half. This is an hourly average of over ten miles. Under the conditions that have prevailed we did not see how the result could have been otherwise.

This is a great achievement for Mr. William Gardner, the vessel's designer, and Captain Charles Barr, her skipper. Our congratulations to Mr. Wilson Marshall, *Atlantia's* sporting owner, and to Mr. Frederick M. Hoyt, who acted as navigator, and to whose ability and judgment much of the credit of the victory is due.

FOREST AND STREAM's story of the race has been written by *Atlantia's* navigator and will be published as soon as it is received from abroad. This story will be supplemented by copies of the logs of several of the boats.

The Royal Thames Y. C.

The Royal Thames Y. C., one of the oldest yacht racing clubs in existence, has its headquarters and club house at No. 7 Albemarle street, Piccadilly, London, a house designed by Robert Adam, one of the celebrated brothers Adam of Adelphi fame, and in the seventeenth century this house was the residence of the French Ambassador of that period. The Royal Thames Y. C. is a lineal descendant of the old yacht racing club, the Cumberland Fleet, which was founded in the year 1775, under the following circumstances: In 1775 the first rowing regatta ever held in England took place upon the Thames, and several very respectable gentlemen, proprietors of sailing vessels and pleasure boats, held a meeting, and decided that on the regatta day they would draw up in line opposite Ranelagh Gardens and watch the competing rowing boats. On July 6 of the same year H.R.H. Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland (a brother of George III., and an admiral in the British navy), announced his intention of giving a silver cup to be sailed for on July 11, the course being from Westminster Bridge to Putney Bridge and back, and the boats had to be pleasure sailing boats from two to five tons burden, and constantly lying above London Bridge. This was the commencement of the Cumberland fleet, and the first commodore of the club was a Mr. Smith, who held office until about 1779. The Duke of Cumberland gave a silver cup each year of the value of twenty guineas, and the Cumberland fleet had the white ensign, but without the St. George's Cross in the fly, and their burgee was a white one with an equal armed red cross on it. The white ensign they used until 1842, when the Admiralty took it away from the Royal Thames Y. C., as well as from several other clubs that had the right of flying it, only allowing the Royal Yacht Squadron to continue its use. In the year 1823 the members of the Cumberland fleet had a great dispute over the prize in connection with a race sailed from Blackwall to Coal House Point below Gravesend in honor of the coronation of King George IV., and the upshot of this dispute was the formation of the present Royal Thames Y. C. The first match of the Thames Y. C. was held on Sept. 9, 1823, for a cup valued at twenty-five guineas when the members sailed from Blackfriars and finished at Cumberland Gardens. In 1840 the above bridge matches were given up, and since then the Royal Thames Y. C. has gradually been driven, by the river traffic and the changed conditions of yacht racing lower and lower down the river, until it has now reached the extreme limit of the Thames, and holds its races at Southend. It seems strange that such an old and important yacht racing club as the Royal Thames Y. C. should not possess a club house on the coast. The only home it has is the club house in Albemarle street; convenient enough, no doubt, when the races started from Vauxhall, but Albemarle street is rather too far a cry from the sea. However, with such a large number of members—there are over 800—and with their hard-working and practical committee, it should not be long before the Royal Thames Y. C. has a club house on the sea front worthy of its distinguished career and position.

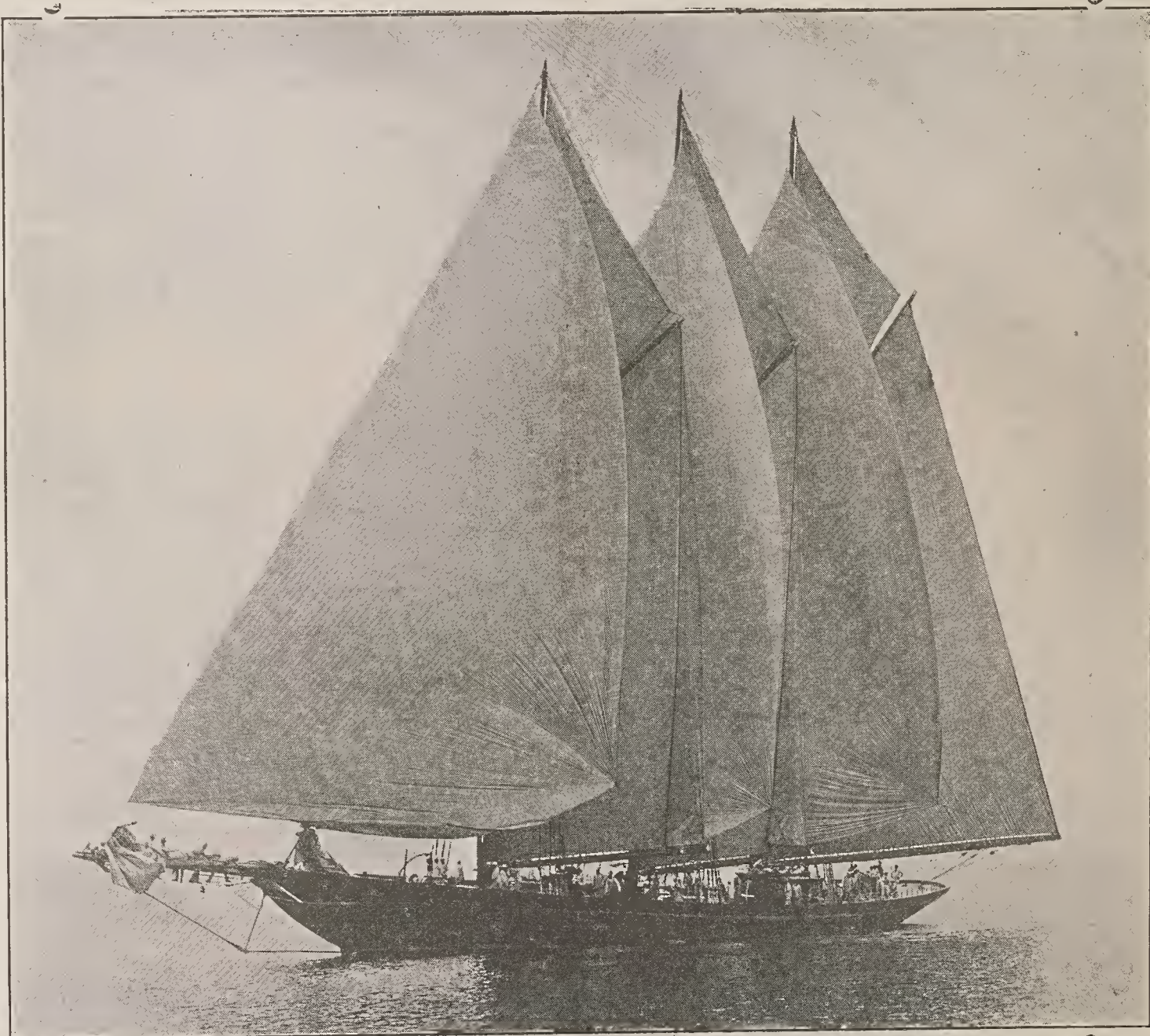
At present the Royal Thames Y. C. is without a commodore, Lord Brassey having recently resigned, his numerous engagements preventing him from holding that important position which has been occupied by the King (when Prince of Wales), General Lord Alfred Paget, and other distinguished personages. The vice-commodore is Mr. R. Hewett, the rear-commodore Mr. Theodore Pym, and the secretary (to whom we are greatly indebted for assistance in connection with this present article and illustrations of the club house) is Lieutenant-Colonel C. B. G. Dick, while Colonel Wilkinson fills the post of cup bearer to the Royal Thames Y. C. The club house is full of interest to yachting men, the walls of the smoking room on the ground floor being hung with valuable and quaint old prints of yachts, giving the history of yacht racing practically from the formation of the club until the present day. In this room there is a cap belonging to one of the rowers of the commodore's barge of the old Cumberland fleet, a most uncomfortable-looking leather head-covering adorned with a large silver "C," and beside this hat rests one of the old club buttons, and the chairman's ivory gavel, bearing the inscription "Cumberland Fleet," which is still used at every annual

meeting, while on one of the tables there is a splendid mull, handsomely mounted in silver, which was presented to the club by one of the members.

In the inner hall, framing the doorway of the smoking room, is a large case, containing the most prized possession of the Royal Thames Y. C., viz., the old white ensign and flags belonging to the Cumberland fleet, which were presented by Mr. Richard Taylor, grandson of the then commodore. A fine staircase ascends from the inner hall to the dining and card rooms, and on the landing stands an immense specimen of a polar bear, given to the club by Mr. A. Barclay Walker. The dining room is a large and pleasant apartment, containing several paintings of past and present officers of the club, including a large painting of the King, who, as mentioned before, was commodore when Prince of Wales; one of the present vice-commodores, Mr. R. Hewett; a small portrait of the Duke of Cumberland; and a large portrait by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., of General Lord Alfred Paget. The last-named was elected in 1846, was vice-commodore 1845 to 1846, commodore 1846 to 1874, and on H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (our present King), becoming commodore in 1874, became vice-commodore again, and held that position until his death in 1888. There are also two most interesting old paintings in this room. One is a portrait of Robert Williams, captain of the Cumberland fleet, and treasurer of the Thames Y. C. from 1823 to 1832; the other facing this picture is of Commodore William Harrison, standing beside the cup given by

British Letter.

THE ALGIERS-TOULON MOTOR BOAT RACE.—The crowning point appears at last to have been reached in the farcical attempts to run the useless and egg-shell-built racing motor launches of the present day over courses on the open sea. In the Algiers-Toulon motor boat race recently organized by a Paris newspaper, seven launches started and, getting caught in a breeze, the whole fleet came to grief, some foundering and the others being abandoned or taken in tow in a helpless condition by the convoying cruisers and destroyers. To show what a divergence of opinion is possible on the advisability of sending these frail craft over such hazardous courses, the newspaper responsible for the contest called it "the greatest marine enterprise attempted by human genius since Christopher Columbus," while the commander of the destroyer *Pertuisane* described the abortive race more tersely but with much more practical sagacity as "simply madness." As far as can be gathered, no lives have been lost, thanks to the fact that there were plenty of war vessels in attendance, but the absolute uselessness of the flimsy racing motor launch for any practical purpose has been proved up to the hilt, and in no country more than in France, where they are all the rage. It is to be hoped that this lesson will be taken advantage of and that a better class of boat may be the outcome, otherwise some fearful disaster is sure, sooner or later, to result from the reckless racing of these ephemeral and costly toys. To show what can be done by this new type of boat when



ATLANTIC.

Winner of the Transatlantic Race for the Ocean Cup. Designed by William Gardner and owned by Wilson Marshall. Photo by James Burton.

the Royal Thames Y. C. in honor of the coronation of Queen Victoria, and sailed for on July 3, 1838. The card room is a cosy little room on the same floor as the dining room, and there are some interesting models and a print of the *Cambria* passing *Sandy Hook Lightship*, the winner of the Anglo-American Atlantic yacht race in 1870. This year the Royal Thames Y. C. has had several most successful river matches at Southend, races from Dover to Boulogne and back, and the Nore to Dover, besides matches in Dover Bay. The tonnage belonging to the Royal Thames Y. C. is about 52,000 tons, and some of the finest racing yachts afloat are owned by its members.—From the Ladies' Field.

CATBOAT DEVIL LAUNCHED.—On Saturday, May 27, there was launched at Montell's yard, Greenwich, Conn., the racing catboat *Devil*, built from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Mrs. F. J. Havens. *Devil* is 20ft. 6in. over all, 13ft. waterline, 7ft. breadth and 1ft. 9in. draft. She has water-tight compartments fore and aft, a water-tight cockpit and 700 lbs. of outside ballast. The boat will be painted red and her sail will be of the same color. Mrs. Havens will race the boat on Gravesend Bay whenever there is a class for her. Mr. F. J. Havens is well known on Gravesend Bay and is a member of the Atlantic Y. C. and the Marine and Field Club.

it is substantially built on sensible seagoing lines, *Napier Major*, a low power cruising motor boat, has lately made a successful voyage from the Thames to the Shetland Islands. She encountered all sorts of weather, but after she was fitted with a mizzenmast and sail to keep her head to sea in a blow, she appears to have behaved very well and to have given every satisfaction. That is the kind of boat people want, and the type which will be general when the present ridiculous craze for racing high powered launches of extremely weak construction has died out, or been killed by a series of dreadful accidents.

LLOYDS YACHT REGISTER FOR 1905.—Lloyds Yacht Register has appeared this year in a different shape for the first time since its first appearance in 1878. This, however, will not be a surprise to anybody who has traced the steady increase in bulk of each successive volume, the only regret being that the collection will no longer be of a uniform size. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to note that the number of yachts increases each year, and that Great Britain easily holds leading place among the list of nations as regards both the number and tonnage of her pleasure fleet, though there are more large steam yachts in America than in England.

WINDWARD QUALITIES OF OLD AND NEW BOATS.—Writing a few weeks back in one of our yachting journals, Mr. R. E. Froude, the eminent mathematician and naval architect, made the astounding statement that the old-

fashioned plank-on-edge yachts sailed far closer to the wind than any other type. This statement, coming from so well known an authority, should have attracted attention, and probably would have done so had it not been for the fact that the main subject of the letter was the one-design classes. However, there can be no doubt whatever that Mr. Froude is quite mistaken, and had he watched the performances of the cutters Vanduara—or Nicandra as she is now called—and Irex in the handicap class two years ago, he would have seen for himself that his statement was a fallacy. Both these vessels were highly successful examples of the plank-on-edge type, and yet their performance to windward, compared with the modern yawl-rigged fast cruiser was simply ludicrous. They simply could not sail the same road, and in anything like a sea they were like half-tide rocks. The reason is not far to seek, and indeed is obvious to anybody who has had practical experience of both types of vessel. The old-fashioned, narrow, knife-like hull had to be loaded down with lead to keep it from falling on its side. It was like a ship half full of cargo, and, as the initial stability was very slight, it generally had the appearance of being pressed by the weight of its spars and canvas. Moreover, the flat sides and full quarters were not conducive to weatherliness, and a big list seemed to throw the vessel thoroughly out of trim and produce a "deadness" in her speed which is not the case with the modern yacht. The present day racer, or fast cruiser, carries more sail on a smaller displacement, she has much more beam and therefore far greater initial stability; her sections are round instead of flat or V-shaped, and she does not, therefore, alter her form so much when she is pressed, besides which her overhangs lengthen her lines considerably when she is heeled and the full transverse sections of the bow and cleanness of the run aft have a tendency to make her claw to windward in a breeze when the narrow boats are more than likely to carry lee helm and run off. It is true that boats built under the present Y. R. A. rating are not so close winded as those of five or six years ago, but that is the girth measurement which has put an undue tax on draft at the expense of stability, and is not due to any inherent defect of model. It is not necessary for a vessel to have great beam to be close winded, but she must at any rate be of moderate proportions. One of the hardest nuts to crack even now in the handicap class is the little 40-rater Creole, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson in 1890, when it comes to a close pinch.

SONYA'S FIRST RACE.—The 52-footers are expected to make their debut at the regatta of the Orwell Corinthian Y. C. at Harwich on May 27, when it is hoped that Mr. W. P. Barton's new boat Britomart will meet Mrs. Turner Farley's Herreshoff-built Sonya. E. H. KELLY.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

THE YACHTSMAN'S ANNUAL GUIDE AND NAUTICAL CALENDAR.—The 1905 edition of the Yachtsman's Annual Guide and Nautical Calendar has just been issued. No work of this description contains so much valuable information for yachtsmen as does this one. This is the twenty-seventh edition of The Yachtsman's Guide, and copies may be had from the publishers, Messrs. J. K. Water Co., Boston, Mass., for \$1.00.

COMMODORE BELLOW'S APPOINTMENTS.—Commodore Arthur C. Bellows, of the Bensonhurst Y. C. has appointed Richard W. Rummell fleet captain, Dr. Frank J. Duffy fleet surgeon, and the Rev. J. C. Welwood fleet chaplain of the club for the ensuing year.

ENTRIES FOR THE LONG DISTANCE POWER BOAT RACE.—Three entries have already been filed with the officials of the Knickerbocker Y. C. for the power boat race from College Point, L. I., to Marblehead, Mass., that starts on July 22. The entries close on July 1. The particulars of the boats entered follow:

Coyotte, owned by Mr. Harold Wesson, of Camden, N. J. Designed by Messrs. E. H. Godshalk & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa. Built by Excelsior Launch Co. Length over all, 32ft. 6in.; waterline, 32ft.; beam, 4ft. 10in.; draft, 1ft. 3in.

Highball, owned by Mr. Richard Hutchinson, of Boston, Mass. Built by Mr. George B. Loring, of East Braintree, Mass. Length over all, 31ft. 6in.; waterline, 20ft. 6in.; beam, 6ft. 9in.; draft, 2ft. 3in.

Viking, owned by Mr. S. W. Wilder, of Boston, Mass. Designed by Messrs. Burgess & Packard. Built at Blue Hill Bay, Me. Length over all, 38ft. 6in.; waterline, 36ft.; beam, 6ft.

GARDNER & COX DISSOLVE.—The firm of Gardner & Cox, known the world over to all yachting and shipping men, has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Irving Cox has formed a new firm known as Cox & Stevens. The new firm will do a general yacht and vessel brokerage business in connection with the architectural and engineering work. The scope of the new enterprise will be broader than has ever been attempted before, and special attention will be paid to scientific and commercial work. There are four members in the new firm, and they are as follows: Messrs. Irving Cox, E. A. Stevens, D. H. Cox and Edwin A. Stevens, Jr. Mr. Irving Cox handled most of the brokerage done by the old firm and has a wide acquaintance among yachtsmen. Col. Edwin A. Stevens is a man of great scientific knowledge and is very familiar with the design and construction of both yacht and pleasure vessels. He has given special attention to ferry-boat design and is an authority on the subject.

Mr. Daniel H. Cox was formerly an Assistant Naval Constructor in the U. S. N. He resigned from the Navy in 1902 and associated himself with Gardner & Cox. While with the old firm he acquired a wide knowledge of the business and acted as one of its managers.

The youngest member of the firm is Mr. E. A. Stevens, Jr. For a young man he has had considerable experience as a yachtsman in both sail and steam craft. He is a graduate of Stevens Institute and is a yacht designer of some ability.

New Rochelle Y. C.

New Rochelle, Long Island Sound—Saturday, May 27.
For several years past the Huguenot Y. C. has given the opening event of the season under its auspices. This year, however, the initial event was given by the New Rochelle Y. C., and through the efforts of Mr. G. P. Granberry, Chairman of the Race Committee, there was a most unusual number of starters. The breeze was light from the E. all day. Before the start it showered a little, just enough to wet the new sails of some of the debutantes.

Nine of the new monotype New York Y. C. boats were on hand, and the greatest amount of interest was centered in this class. Boats in the New York Y. C. one-design and the 27ft. classes sailed twice over the 8 1/2 mile course, which is as follows: From starting line to and around Scotch Caps red gas buoy, thence to and around black spar buoy off Prospect Point, thence to and around northeasterly stake boat at starting line, leaving same on starboard hand, finishing in opposite direction from start.

All the rest of the boats covered the following 4 1/2 mile course twice: From starting line to and around red spar buoy on the southwesterly end of Hen and Chickens Reef, thence to and around the striped spar buoy known as Middle Ground buoy, thence to and around the northeasterly stake boat at starting line, finishing in opposite direction from start.

The preparatory was given at 2 o'clock. The Race Committee was on board Vice-Commodore Gill's cruising launch Helen W. The New York Y. C. boats were sent away at 2:05, and the Hanan boys crossed in the weather berth in the lead almost on the gun. Phryne was next, and she was followed by Dahinda, Alera, Carleta, Minx, Maid of Mendon, Cara-Mia, and Atair. Mr. N. D. Lawton was on hand, but did not start, as his boat had not been hauled since she was launched.

Wilmer and Addison Hanan sailed their boat for all she was worth, and she dropped the bunch little by little on each leg until at the end of the first round she was leading by 1m. 30s. Mr. A. H. Alker appeared at the stick on Alera, and, although he is a new hand at the game, he was sufficiently well coached by his son "Jimmie" to keep in second place all over the course.

The boats were well strung out at the finish, and it was more or less of a surprise. There were some crack men at the sticks of several of the craft, and they will be heard from when their boats and sails are in better shape. The Hanan boys have started in well, and it is more than likely that they will continue to finish in first place right through the season.

In the 27ft. class Rascal beat Snapper, the second boat, by over 3m.

Four of the new one-design Larchmont class started. These boats were designed by Crane and built by Wood last year. Rana got away in the lead and gave her competitors an astonishing beating. Nora was second and Invader third.

Rogue had no difficulty in disposing of her competitors in the 22ft. class.

Houri won in the 18ft. class, and Vaquero beat Dorothy out for second place by 18s.

The New Rochelle one-designer, Ace, had no competitor, so Mr. J. D. Sparkman very kindly entered his cruising catboat in order to give a class.

The summary follows:

New York Y. C. One-Design 30ft. Class—Start 2:05—Course 17 1/2 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nautlius, A. G. & H. W. Hanan.....	5 16 45	3 11 45
Phryne, H. L. Maxwell.....	5 24 10	3 19 10
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.....	5 27 48	3 22 48
Alera, A. H. & J. M. Alker.....	5 20 46	3 15 46
Carleta, Oliver Harriman.....	5 28 04	3 23 04
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie.....	5 26 47	3 21 47
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright.....	5 23 30	3 17 30

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start 2:10—Course 17 1/2 Miles.

Snapper, F. S. Page.....	4 11 18	2 02 18
Rascal, J. J. Dwyer.....	4 08 00	1 58 00
Heron, J. Le Boutillier.....	4 21 30	2 11 30

Larchmont Y. C. One-Design Raceabout Class—Start 2:15—Course 8 1/2 Miles.

Nora, A. Iselin III.....	4 05 03	1 50 03
Rana, Howard Willets.....	3 49 50	1 34 50
Invader, Jr., Roy A. Rainey.....	4 08 14	1 53 14
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley.....	4 03 44	1 48 14
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick.....	4 03 08	1 48 08

Sloops—22ft. Class—Start 2:20—Course 8 1/2 Miles.

Gazabo, H. Vulte.....	4 12 59	1 52 59
Skip, C. M. Pinckney.....	4 14 12	1 54 12
Kanaka, J. A. Mahlstedt.....	4 14 04	1 54 04
Paremoack, F. P. Currier.....	4 09 42	1 49 42
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	4 06 32	1 46 32
Anawanda, George Goodwin.....	Did not finish.	

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start 2:20—Course 8 1/2 Miles.

Ded, T. E. Dealy.....	4 25 22	2 05 22
Clutha, C. L. Mitchell.....	Withdraw.	
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	4 12 32	1 52 32
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	4 09 40	1 49 40
Vaquero, P. Stums.....	4 12 18	1 52 18

Special Class—Start 2:25—Course 8 1/2 Miles.

Nimble, J. D. Sparkman.....	Withdraw.	
Ace, R. N. Bavier.....	3 24 04	1 50 04

The winners were Nautlius, Rascal, Rana, Rogue, Hour, and Ace.

The Regatta Committee was made up of Messrs. G. P. Granberry, H. W. Lloyd, C. G. Rusher and J. C. Connolly.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. ANNUAL RACE.—The annual race of the Knickerbocker Y. C. will be sailed on Saturday, June 3, under the rules of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. The race is open to yachts enrolled in any recognized yacht club. The start will be at noon.

Classes.—Sloops: 48ft. class, 40ft. class, 33ft. class, 27ft. class, 22ft. class, 18ft. class, 15ft. class; yawls in one class; New York Y. C. one-design class; raceabouts; American Y. C. raceabouts; catboats: 27ft. class, 22ft. class, 18ft. class, 15ft. class.

The starting and finishing line will be between a stake boat and the black and red buoy to the northward and eastward of Execution Light.

Course 1.—For all classes over 22ft. and raceabouts. The course will be 13 knots.

Course 2.—For all classes 22ft. and under. Course 10 nautical miles.

Prizes.—Prizes will be awarded in all classes in which two or more yachts start, a second prize in classes in which four or more start, and a third prize in classes in which six or more start.

Yachts enrolled in the club will compete for the Miladi Cup, under the following conditions: The owner whose yacht makes the fastest elapsed time over course No. 1 in annual regatta will hold cup for one year. The cup must be won twice to be held permanently.

Steamer Favorite will accompany the yachts over the course, leaving foot of East Thirty-first street at 8:30 A. M., and College Point at 10 A. M.

Entries will close with the chairman of the Regatta Committee, O. H. Chelborg, No. 1 Broadway, New York city, on Thursday, June 1, at 12 M.

OFFICERS OF THE HUNTINGTON Y. C.—The officers of the Huntington Y. C., of Huntington, L. I., are: Com., H. H. Gordon; Vice-Com., George Taylor; Rear Com., John A. Eckert; Sec., H. Edward Picken; Treas., H. H. Gordon, Jr.; Trus., Charles Biglew, W. W. Wood, H. W. Fisher, J. C. Overton, A. S. Heckscher, John A. Kane; House Committee, H. H. Gordon, Jr., John Green, Daniel M. Gerard; Membership Committee, Douglass Camp, H. W. Fisher, Herman F. Rogers; Regatta Committee, H. H. Gordon, G. Morris Heckscher, Jr., Fred Lord; Treas., Fred Lord.

Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

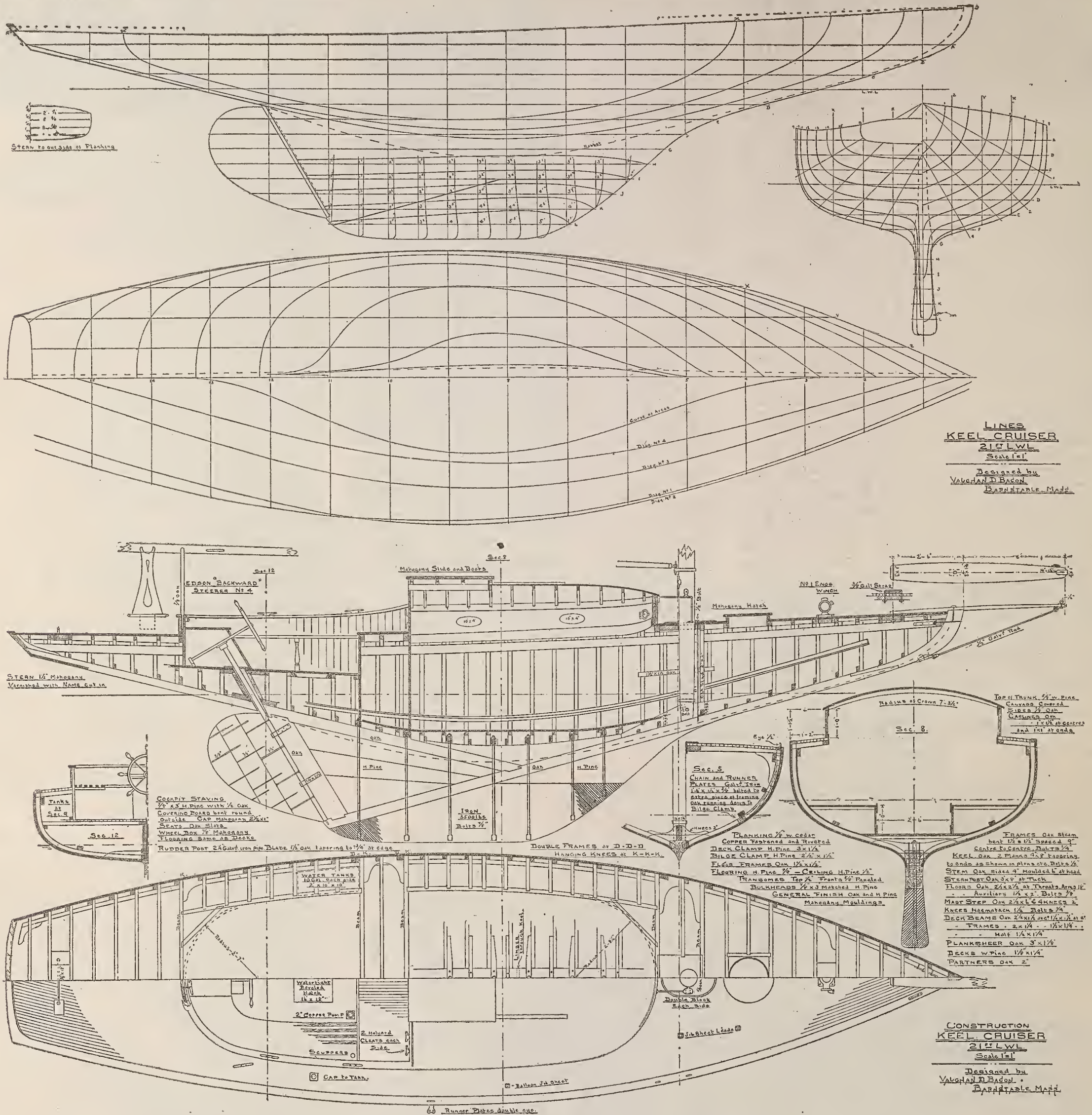
MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

JUNE.

1. Sea Side, open.
3. Columbia, annual power boat regatta.
3. Knickerbocker, annual.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
3. Atlantic, Havens cup No. 1.
3. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
4. Hempstead Bay, club.
4. Indian Harbor, motor boats.
4. Shinnecock, club.
5. Bergen Beach, open.
6. East Gloucester, club.
8. Pohquogue C. C., club.
8. Quantuck, club.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, invitation race around Long Island.
10. New York C. C., open.
10. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
10. New Rochelle, power boat races.
10. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
10. Royal Canadian, club.
10. Edgewood, club.
10. Manhasset, annual.
10. Wollaston-Quincy, interclub.
10. Corinthian, club.
11. Morrisania, spring.
13. Boston, club, City Point.
13. Sea Side, club.
15. New York, Bennett cups, Glen Cove.
15. West Hampton C. C., club.
15. Atlantic, annual.
17. Bensonhurst, open.
17. Atlantic, A. P. B. A. regatta.
17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
17. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
17. Hampton Roads, power boat cruise.
17. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
17. Corinthian, ocean race.
17. New York A. C., race to Block Island.
17. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
17. Wollaston-Quincy, interclub.
17. Beverly, club.
17. Rhode Island, club.
22. East Gloucester, club.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open.
22. Moriches, club.
22. Shinnecock, club.
22. Quantuck, club.
22. Sea Side, open.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open.
24. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual.
24. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
24. Squantum, M. Y. R. A.
24. Bristol, open.
24. Royal Canadian, club.
24. Rhode Island, cruising race.
24. Rhode Island, open.
24. Beverly, club.
24. Atlantic, first championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
24. Corinthian, open.
28. Sea Side, club.
29. Brooklyn, ocean race to Hampton Roads.
29. West Hampton C. C., cruise.
29. Quantuck, cruise.
29. Moriches, cruise.

JULY.

1. Atlantic, Havens cup No. 2 and Underwood cup.
1. Bristol, ocean race.
1. Beverly, club.
1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
1. Knickerbocker, cruise.
1. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
1. Seaside Park, ladies' cup races.
1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup race.
1. New Rochelle, annual.
1. Boston, club, Marblehead.
1. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
2. New Rochelle, cruise.
3. American, annual.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
3. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
3. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.
4. Atlantic, open.
4. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A.
4. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
4. Eastern, power boat races.
4. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
4. Edgewood, club.
4. Wollaston, club championship.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
4. Seaside Park, club.
4. Hampton Roads, cruise.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. races.
4. Beverly, sweepstake.
4. East Gloucester, club.
4. Hartford, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
4. Sea Side, club.
- 5-12. Atlantic, cruise.
7. Eastern, cruise.
8. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
8. New York, Glen Cove, cups.
8. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
8. Wollaston, club championship.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
8. Edgewood, club.
8. Quincy, M. Y. R. A.
8. Rhode Island, cruising race.
8. Seaside Park, club.
8. Beverly, club.
8. Corinthian, club.
8. Riverside, annual.
8. Sea Side, open.
8. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
9. Canarsie, open.
9. Morrisania power boat race.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, ocean race.
12. Seaside Park, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
15. Royal Canadian, club.
15. New Rochelle, club.
15. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
15. Seaside Park, club.
15. Country Club, Detroit club.
15. Edgewood, club.
15. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
15. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
15. Beverly, club.
15. Boston, cruise.
15. Corinthian, club.
17. Edgewood, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
18. New Brunswick Y. R. A. regatta, Prudence Island.
18. East Gloucester, club.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Rhode Island, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
20. Rhode Island-Sachem Head, team race.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup.
21. Fall River, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
22. Knickerbocker, power boat race to Marblehead.
22. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
22. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A.
22. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
22. Rhode Island, cruising race.
22. Seaside Park, club.
22. Royal Canadian, Canada's cup trials.
22. Beverly Y. C., club.
22. Marine and Field, second championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
22. Corinthian, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
27. Eastern, power boat races.
27. Sea Side, club.
28. Eastern, power boat races.
28. Seaside Park, Bay Head and Island Heights, cruise.
28. Sea Side, open.
29. Eastern, power boat races.
29. New Rochelle, ladies' race.
29. Chicago, race to Mackinac.
29. Country Club of Detroit, race to Mackinac.



KAPOLEI—LINES AND CONSTRUCTION PLANS—DESIGNED BY VAUGHAN D. BACON.

Kapolei.

THIS boat was designed by Mr. Vaughan D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass., over a year ago, and was built last spring on a sugar plantation about thirty miles from Honolulu under the owner's supervision, and transported by rail to the coast and put overboard on Aug. 15, 1904.

She is a comfortable boat, and is used for afternoon sailing and short cruises about the islands. On account of the heavy seas and strong trade winds of the Pacific, the boat was given more beam and displacement than is customary on the Atlantic coast. She has not been raced as yet; in fact, there are no other boats in her class at Honolulu, so no estimate of her speed can be given.

The cabin is comfortable and roomy for a 21-footer, and sleeping accommodations for three are provided for. Before the boat was completed a watercloset was placed under the starboard transom, which is not shown in the plans.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	O.A.	32ft. 6 in.
	L.W.L.	21ft.
Overhang—	Forward	5ft. 3 in.
	Aft	6ft. 3 in.
Beam—	At deck	8ft. 6 in.
	L.W.L.	8ft. 2 1/4 in.
Freeboard—	Bow	2ft. 9 1/2 in.
	Least	1ft. 10 in.
	Stern	2ft.
Draft—	To rabbit	2ft. 3 1/2 in.
	Greatest	5ft.
Displacement	7,325 lbs.
Per inch L.W.L.	680 lbs.

Head room under house.....	5ft.
Iron on keel.....	3,500 lbs.
Sail area—	
Mainsail	475 sq. ft.
Jib	125 sq. ft.
Total sail area	600 sq. ft.

RECENT SALES.—The following sales have been made through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman:

The power yacht *Vacuna*, sold by Mr. D. N. Armstrong to Mr. James Hartness, Springfield, Vt. She was designed by Mr. William Gardner, built by Spalding, St. Lawrence Co., Ogdensburg, N. Y., in 1899. Equipped with a 25 horsepower Globe engine; speed 12 miles an hour.

Power yacht *Hannah II.*, sold by the Isham Co., New London, Conn., to Mr. Ulrich H. McLaws, of Savannah, Ga. Launch was shipped by steamer from New York.

The yawl *Fanshaw*, for the Huntington Mfg. Co. to Mr. Brent Tanner, of New York. The Huntington Co. took her in part payment for a larger boat of similar design they are building for Mr. Frank Maier, New Rochelle, N. Y. She finished fourth in the ocean race from New York to Marblehead last July, and was awarded the Agassiz special prize for being the best designed, built and equipped yacht of all the contestants for the race.

DREAMER SOLD.—The cruising motor boat *Dreamer*, designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, and built by Mr. Robert Jacob, City Island, N. Y., for Mr. C. W. Lee, New York, N. Y., has been sold to Commodore Frederick T. Adams. *Dreamer* is one of this season's productions, 59ft. long, 10ft. 6in. beam, and 3ft. 9in. draft, equipped with a 25 horsepower four-cylinder Standard motor, and has a speed of nearly 12 miles per hour.

Canoeing.

Across Nova Scotia in Canoes.

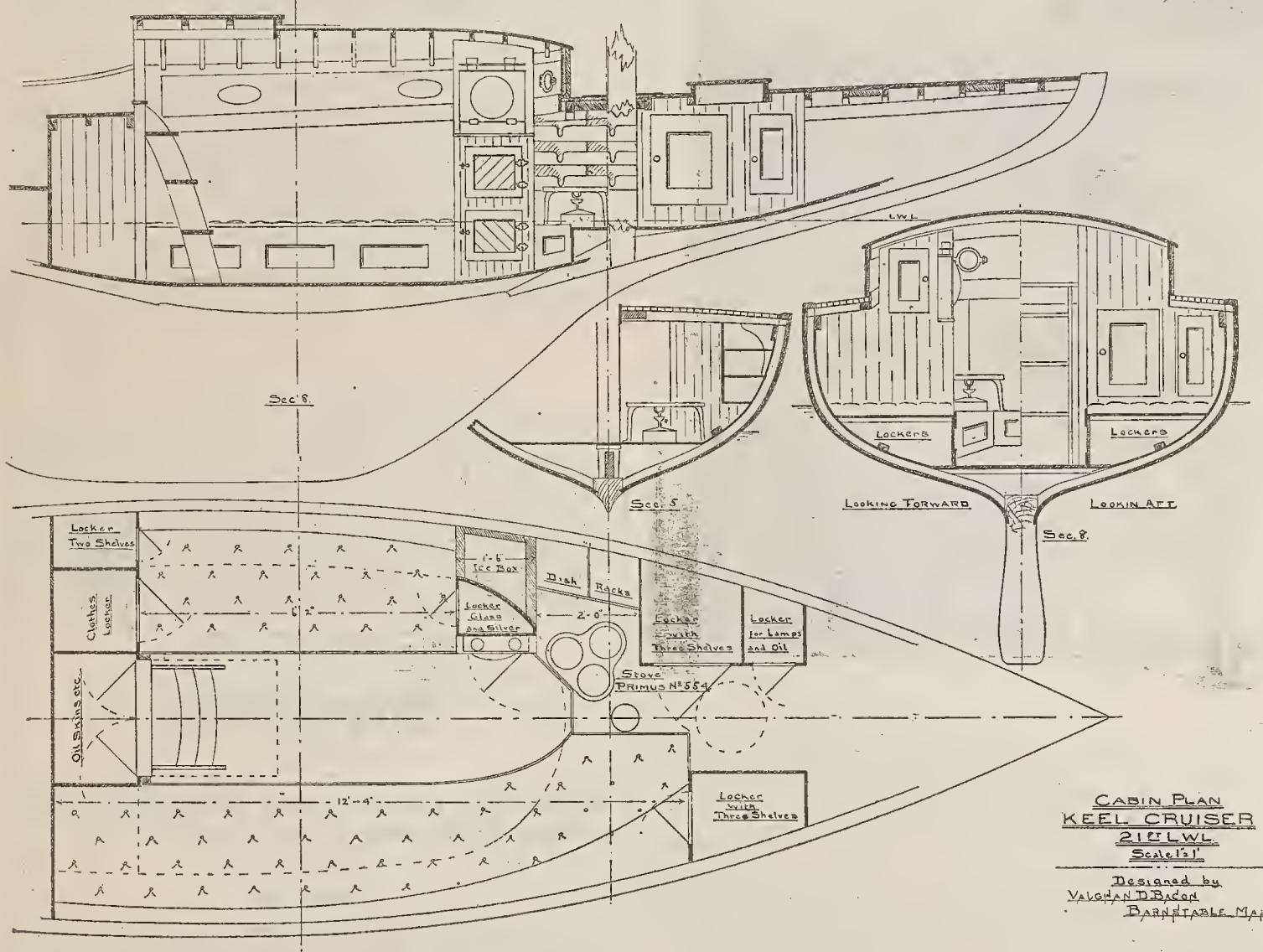
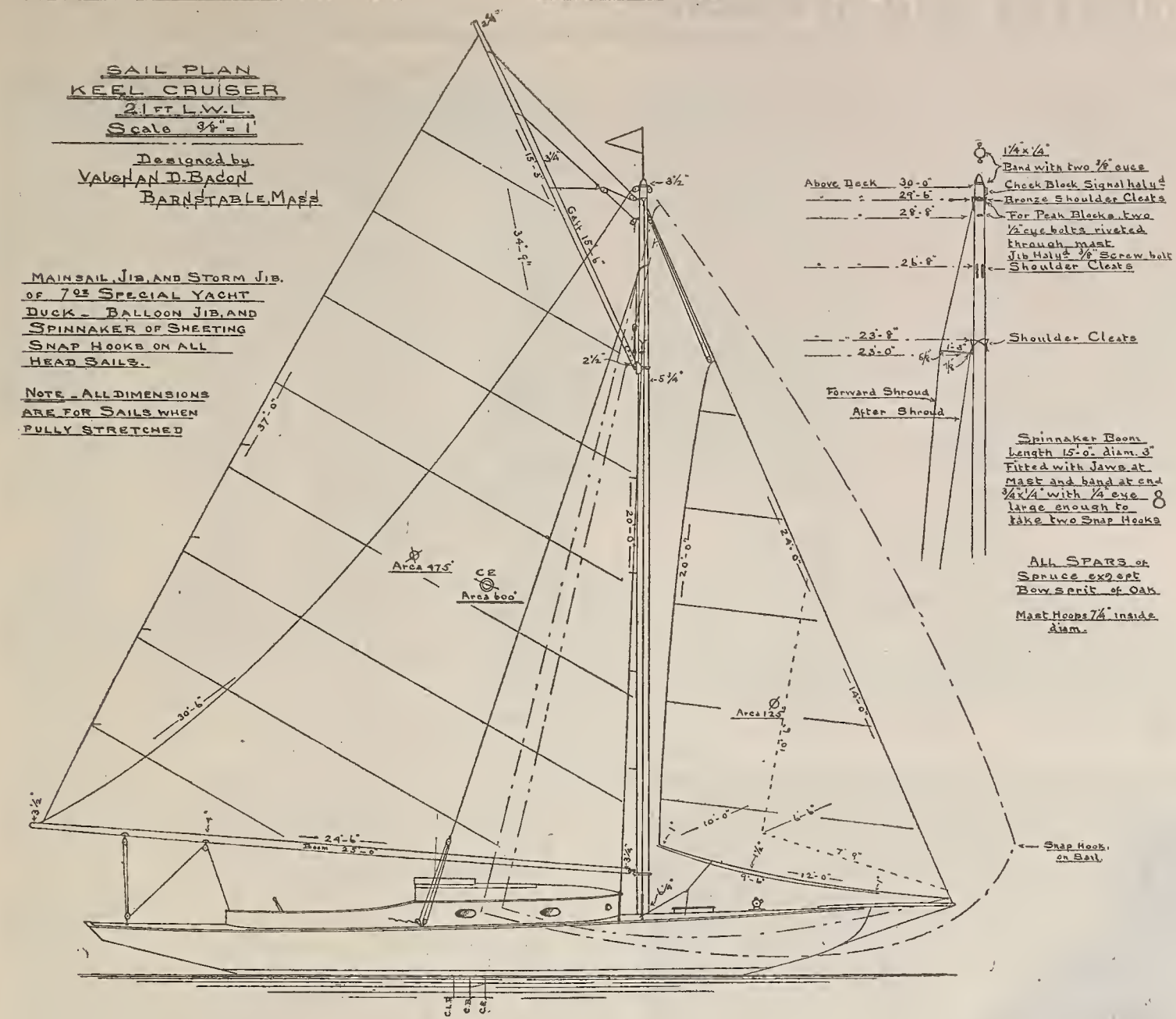
(Continued from page 423.)

Sunday, June 19.

We left the "Emergency" Camp with a good deal of regret, as it had proved a very delightful rest in the course of the hard work that we had experienced so far, but we were tied down by our schedule, and had no alternative but to push on as quickly as possible, in order to reach Liverpool by Tuesday morning.

Our friend, the rabbit, again kept us company at breakfast, and afforded some more target practice at which Louis very nearly bagged him with a stone.

The Scribe took several photographs and the party then quickly pulled out on the trail again. We promptly encountered more rough water, some of the rapids being veritable problems. The fishing was excellent, and Carl and H. N. T. improved the opportunity while the others were bringing the boats through, by working their way slowly down the banks, and fishing in the likely looking pools and eddies. This was rough work, and very difficult where it was necessary to take short cuts through the woods. A lumbermen's trail ran along parallel with the river, and it was possible to reach this by striking inward through the woods along the river bank. It was no easy task to push through the underbrush with a landing net, fishing rod, camera and string of fish. The woods were very dense, and the hooks and the meshes of the landing net would be continually catching in branches and twigs, while black flies and mosquitoes added to the exasperation of the unfortunate party. The Custodian of the Log succeeded in getting stalled on a small log spanning a narrow stream with wide marshy shores, and narrowly es-



KAPOLET—SAIL AND CABIN PLANS.

caped falling into the mire by delicate tight-rope work in disentangling his landing-net and fly hooks from the high weeds about him. Further on Carl missed the trail and was lost for some ten or fifteen minutes in the dense woods, but fortunately found his way out without much difficulty. In the meantime the others were bringing the lightened canoes through the worst places in the river; first, the big canoe with Arthur and Louis, and then the other one with Charles O. and Louis. In each case Louis acted as the pilot in the bow, and did wonders with a snubbing pole. There was quite a little delay by this method, as it was necessary for Louis to work his way back on foot along the river bank to bring through the second boat. A very high wind at our backs, which continued all day, made the work easy in the smooth water, but very difficult in the rough, as the water-signs were obscured by the ripples, even in the rapids. One of the worst spots was known as "Lake Falls," where the river was divided by a large island, and where the boats were so long coming through that Carl and H. N. T., who had gone fishing along the other side of the island, commenced to think that they had missed the party, and were left behind. Lake Falls was a very romantic place, as the river banks were quite high and, together with the islands, were covered with a very heavy growth of high trees. The river bed was particularly rocky and irregular, and the fishermen had fine sport jumping around the huge boulders, and fishing in the deep eddies behind them. All fish under a pound in weight were promptly thrown back, and even after doing this, the strings grew to a cumbersome size. The trout seemed especially fond of the bright flies, the old reliable Parmacheenee Belle proving very popular; in fact, long before the trip was over a few flies of this type that we had were so badly

chewed to pieces that we were unable to use them. Louis managed to patch up one of Carl's and was not very much impressed with the original workmanship, claiming that he could give points to the man that made that particular one. The worst rapids encountered so far on the trip were met with at Big River Falls, and we had been warned about these by Louis for several days before, and also by the people at Milford before we left. This is a stretch of very steep, rocky rapids, about two and one-half to three miles long, without any eddies to serve as breathing spots. We held a consultation at the head of these rapids and carefully looked over the ground as well as we could from the high river banks. As far as we could see was a tumbling stretch of white water, and the effect was very much like looking down a long, irregular chute which disappeared around a bend in the river over a mile below. There was no choice but to run through it, so we adopted the usual tactics, namely, the two fishermen going down on foot along the river banks with their fishing tackle and cameras, while the others brought the boats down with Louis as a pilot in each case. Some idea of the difficulty they experienced can be gained from the fact that it took over two hours to bring the boats through. It was inadvisable to allow the boats to get any headway, so that the passage was accomplished by running close by the shore and dropping down by means of snubbing poles, with frequent stops to pick out the safest course. In one or two places it was necessary to snub the boats diagonally completely across the river from one side to the other in the teeth of the current to avoid some particularly steep fall or dangerous ledge, and this was ticklish work, since to lose control of the boat in that cur-

rent would have resulted very seriously. We took photographs looking up and down stream, from about the middle of the rapids, but these did not adequately show the steepness of the descent, nor the grandeur of the scenery. Fortunately, both boats were brought through without mishap, due, no doubt, to the excellent work of Louis in the bow, and the party reassembled at the foot, the two fishermen loaded down with their catch.

Very shortly more rapids were encountered and also frequent traces of the lumbermen in the shape of stranded logs in the streams from the marks of their hobnailed boots on the rocks along the shores. These marks were very useful to the fishermen in working through the woods where the river bank was impassable, as in some cases the only way a trail could be distinguished was by these scratches on the stones. A very rough "road" ran along parallel with the river bank which Louis told us was used for bringing supplies up past the Falls to the lumbermen's camp in the winter time, but it seemed almost incredible that any sort of a vehicle could be taken over this road without being racked to pieces within the first half mile. The trail, for it was not much more than an opening through the bushes, resembled a dried up water course in some places, and in others the mud was a couple of feet deep. There were marks of wheels, however, to prove that the feat had been accomplished, but the motive power was probably oxen, as horses must surely have broken their legs on the obstructions.

About noon we came to a very steep fall, which was formed by several ledges and submerged boulders across the river, known by the lumbermen as the "Sweating Place" for obvious reasons, as this is one of the most difficult points encountered by the raftsmen during the spring freshets. It was quite short, not more than fifty yards, but rough enough to be a problem. The Scribe, as official photographer, got out above the Falls and took up a position below with the camera, securing a striking photograph of Carl and Arthur taking the first drop. Both boats came through beautifully, almost disappearing from sight in the burst of spray on striking the wave at the foot of the descent, but shipping only a cupful or so of water.

As usual, a number of gamy trout were taken from the eddy below this fall. During the remainder of the morning, the trip was uneventful except for the usual run of lesser rapids and smooth eddies bordered by magnificent forests and huge rocks. Very few of these places seem to have name, but shortly before stopping for lunch as we passed Great Brook Falls, a fairly easy descent after what we had been through, but at least as rough as any of the rapids we encountered on our Delaware cruise the year before.

By this time we were commencing to see signs of civilization in the shape of clearings, where the trees had been cut off, the stumps still standing, with no attempt at cultivation, simply a rough kind of pasture ground for the steers which were allowed to wander wild at this time of the year and shift for themselves.

About noon we came to a short rapids, which Louis called Third Stillwater Falls, and we decided to stop at a little clearing on the left bank of the stream for lunch, all hands being ravenous from the long, hard work of the morning. A strong wind was still blowing, and the air was very fresh and cool, so much so that the shelter of a little clearing among the heavy underbrush was very welcome, and after driving away a herd of cattle which stubbornly occupied the shore we stretched ourselves out among the sun-warmed rocks and prepared our meal. We had been at work only a few moments when we discovered a small party on the opposite bank engaged in eating their mid-day meal. They looked like negroes at that distance, but Louis, upon being questioned, announced that they were Mic-Mac Indians, who had come up from the settlement below after trout. They had a heavy, clumsy rowboat and they made their way across to us by a detour to keep away from the head of the rapids, greeting us in a very friendly manner as they landed. They were an interesting group; one old, very intelligent Indian, who spoke English perfectly, and two younger men, one of them quite handsome, the other quite repulsive. We offered them some of our lunch but they took nothing but a little cornbread, and the old man begged a few trout flies from the Scribe. In honor of our guests we named this camp the Mic-Mac Camp, and we look back to it as one of the most enjoyable lunch camps of the trip. The event, however, which immortalized the spot was the naming of the big canoe belonging jointly to Arthur and the Scribe. It was formally dubbed the Mic-Mac, after Louis and his tribe, although the name smacked strongly of Irish-Scotch origin.

Louis engaged the Indians in conversation in the native tongue, a grotesque jumble of sounds to our ignorant ears, and he found that they were shortly returning to the Indian settlement near Milton, and that they could arrange to take him along with them in their boat, so he decided to take his departure here and go with them. We should mention the fourth companion of the Indians—a curious mongrel dog, which was very friendly with the natives but very wary of us. This dog never made a sound all the time he was frisking around the camp, although he was quite playful and we expected every moment to hear him bark.

We did some figuring to find out what we owed Louis at the rate of \$1.50 per day. This came to about \$15, as we all chipped in to buy Louis a new hat; he had lost a good felt headpiece that morning coming through Big River Falls; he had also lost his pipe and felt these two mishaps very keenly. The Indians decided to go up stream a short distance fishing and pick Louis up on the way back, so we took things easily around the camp a little longer and wrote a note to Thomas, at Milford, explaining that we had settled with Louis, and asking him to let us know what further charges we owed him. The Hon. Secretary of the Navy in writing the letter dated it at Thirsty Water Falls, which amused the party considerably.

After the Indians had gone up stream we dropped down through the rapids and discovered an ideal site for our camp, just below on the right bank of the river. This was a little open space among the trees at the head of a steep slope up from the river, carpeted thickly with heavy grass with numbers of blue and purple iris growing wild everywhere. A little further back from the river was a spring of clear, fresh water, and as we landed the trout could be seen rising everywhere in the river opposite. We

quickly pitched our tent here, and got things in shape for the night, although it was still fairly early in the afternoon. The party tried the fishing, going out in the empty boats and had only fair luck, as the high winds seemed to interfere with the sport, and, of course, made it difficult to cast in any direction except down stream with the gale. Louis and H. N. T. explored up stream some distance, casting until they both had "glass arms," and Carl and Charles also wandered around in their canoe taking things easy and hauling in the trout. Here, as before, the most taking fly was the Parmacheene Belle, the trout preferring it to any other in our large assortment. So many fish were taken on this kind of fly that our available supply of them was almost exhausted, the wear and tear on them using them up pretty fast. Carl had good success with a Jenny Lind on the drop leader; H. N. T. preferring the Royal Coachman. Toward evening light colored flies were substituted, the Dusty Miller and the Silver Fairy proving great killers. The fish taken in the quick waters were strong and active, and put up great fights, taxing our light tackle to the utmost. So lavish was the supply of fish and so ready were they to take the fly that we were often literally "tired of catching trout," and the extraordinary spectacle might have been witnessed of two enthusiastic fishing "cranks" reclining luxuriously on the grass near the camp-fire, pipe in mouth, watching listlessly the antics of the fish in the stream within casting distance of where they lay. Two weeks before had anyone told us this were possible we would have scoffed at the idea!

We were now within some ten miles of Milton, where



CASTING.

a large pulp mill was located, and we questioned Louis closely about the difficulties to be encountered on the following day when we would be without his services. He told us of two large dams to be passed, possibly three. We decided to leave the river at the pulp mill and load our boats, etc., on the little railway that plies between Milton and Liverpool in connection with the mill. Our boat, the Senlac, of the South Shore Line, was due at Liverpool some time on Tuesday—what hour we did not know, nor could we find out when the train left Milton on Monday afternoon. Our time was growing short, and we aimed to make the run to the pulp mill the following morning, so as to have ample time for emergencies that might arise. While we were discussing these matters the Indians returned down stream and a few minutes later we were all bidding Louis good-bye with genuine regret. He had proved a first-rate companion and an excellent guide; we could not have asked for a more congenial addition to the party. They passed quickly out of sight around a bend of the stream and we realized that it was again "up to us" to get out of the country on our own resources.

This was our last "night camp," so we took special care to make it a comfortable one, duly naming it Camp Iris, Arthur fastening a bunch of that graceful flower to the peak of the tent. Ample supplies were gathered of spruce boughs for the beds and hemlock bark for the fire, and after a hearty supper in which broiled trout, bacon, rice and cornbread figured prominently, the cruisers stretched themselves around the camp-fire, and lighted pipes, burst into song. Stories and reminiscences came thick and fast, the loungers moving only to shift the wet shoes and socks hanging by the fire, or to get another light for a pipe. The cool night air made the fire very agreeable, the cosy circle of its warmth lighting up our camp amidst the gloom and darkness of the surrounding forest and the rushing river below. Very loath to leave its cheery influence, at last we banked the fire with heavy logs and stretching ourselves, slid into our sleeping bags, the roar of the rapids and the crackle of the camp-fire serving as pleasant reminders of the day's sport.

The night was quite cold and we slept inside both inner sleeping bags, our ears and noses resembling chunks of ice by sunrise. At 10:30 P. M., by Arthur's watch, we were awakened from deep slumber by heavy trampling and loud snuffling around the edges of the tent. All hands were promptly on the qui vive, "Bears!" being the first thought with each, except H. N. T., who had fur-

ther visions of moose. Peering cautiously out from beneath the edge of the canvas, we made out in the darkness a number of huge forms surrounding us, blowing loud snorts of alarm, one of them standing close alongside the Scribe's head and nosing at the ashes of the fire. As usual, they turned out to be a flock of steers, coming down to the spring to drink. We had pre-empted their "swizzle-haus," and they naturally resented the intrusion. There was risk of their getting mixed up in our guyropes and pulling the tent about our ears, so Arthur slipped a couple of bird-shot cartridges into his 22, and blazed away through the rear opening of the tent. The result was a lot of surprised cattle and a realistic representation of a Texas stampede up the hill back of us. Half an hour later they were with us again and the performance was repeated, much to the disgust of the sleepers. After the second fusillade they did not disturb us again, but gradually disappeared in the woods, the noise of their movements growing fainter and fainter.

No further disturbances occurred during the rest of the night except the snores of the Scribe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In accordance with article 12 of the constitution, notice is hereby given that the following amendments will be offered at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. C. A.:

The club cup event was won by Adolph Schwind with 108 out of a possible 120. The cup is contested for each month, ending in the King shoot in October, and is open to members only. Telescope sights were barred in all events. The spring shoot on June 15 will be largely attended. The scores:

Offhand, 200yds., American target, 1/2 in. rings, center 25; three shots, possible 75; ten money prizes:	
J Lessner	23 23 21-67
F Smith	21 22 23-66
J C Katzenberger	20 21 21-62
C W Matthews	21 20 20-61
I Johnson	17 24 19-60
I N Stiver	18 18 23-59
D W Jones	25 20 8-53
A N Clemmer	16 18 16-50
J C Anderson	16 22 22-50
H Arnett	13 13 11-42
W Lutz	22 20 0-42
W J Kernan	8 16 0-24
B Mescher	8 0 0-8

Prizes were won in order given above. Muzzle rest, first match, 200yds., German ring target, 3/4 in. rings, center 24; three shots, possible 72; ten money prizes:

M J Schwind	21 24 21-66	G H Sander, Sr.	16 20 22-58
W F Jay	19 23 23-65	J W Spitter	10 20 19-49
Gussie Sander	17 21 22-60	J C Katzenberger	13 11 19-43
C W Matthews	24 14 21-60	J C Anderson	17 6 18-41
A Schwind	17 23 19-59	F Smith	6 8 15-29

Muzzle rest, second match, 200yds., three shots, possible 72:

J Johnson	21 24 24-69	C W Sander	17 21 17-55
W F Jay	22 19 19-60	C W Matthews	19 18 16-53
A N Clemmer	19 24 15-58	W Lutz	16 9 16-41
J Rappold	16 21 20-57	Dr Jewett	15 5 7-27
I M Stiver	17 20 18-55	J C Hahne	6 15 0-21

Muzzle rest, third match, 200yds., three shots, possible 72:

W F Jay	23 24 23-70	C W Matthews	17 18 22-58
G H Sander, Sr.	24 22 23-69	J C Hahne	20 17 18-55
A N Clemmer	22 22 24-68	H K Schwind	18 17 19-54
G R Decker	24 22 21-67	I H Eckert	18 20 15-53
J Rappold	23 24 20-67	E J Bundenthal	21 9 20-50
M J Schwind	24 21 20-65	W S Kessler	8 23 17-48
A Schwind	18 24 22-64	B Mescher	22 6 15-43
C W Sander	18 24 22-64	H Arnett	14 11 15-40
Wm Isenberg	20 20 20-60	W A Kerner	4 22 10-36
J Johnson	18 21 20-59		

Offhand, American target, 1/2 in. rings; center 25; three shots, possible 72; ten moneys:

J Johnson	21 23 22-66	D W Jones	14 21 19-54
J Lessner	24 23 17-65	E Culbertson	12 24 18-54
C W Matthews	19 23 21-63	F Smith	18 21 14-53
A N Clemmer	20 20 22-62	I M Stiver	17 18 18-53
H Arnett	18 23 21-62	Wm Lutz	17 18 17-52
W S Kessler	18 22 20-60	C W Sander	13 22 17-52
J C Katzenberger	22 23 15-60		

Champion cup, open to members only. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, German target, center 24, 3/4 in. rings, five shots, possible 120; cup and first money to best score; five other moneys. The cup is to be contested for each month, ending in the King shoot in October:

A Schwind	20 20 24 23 21-108	M J Schwind	16 16 20 17 19-88
J F Beaver	23 22 20 19 23-107	W J Kerner	19 23 12 6 22-82
J Rappold	20 21 22 20 20-103	G R Decker	17 4 18 22 18-79
H K Schwind	17 23 23 22 14-99	G Sander, Jr.	21 17 9 13 14-74
B Mescher	19 18 22 14 22-95	Dr Jewett	15 10 15 15-46

BONASA.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE forty-ninth annual festival of this club, whose captain is J. H. Hainhorst, will be held in Union Hill Park, New Jersey, June 7 and 8. It will be open to all comers, all shooting at 200yds., offhand. On the first day the shooting hours will be from 1 o'clock until 7 P. M.; second day, 9 A. M. until 6:30 P. M. On the ring target, three-shot tickets, unlimited entries, there will be twenty cash prizes, ranging from \$25 to \$2. On the bullseye target, 10-shot tickets, unlimited, best single shot by measurement to count, the same number of prizes will be hung up, \$20 for highest and \$2 for low score. Ten dollars will go to the man making the most flags, and other premiums, ranging from \$8 to \$1, will go to those scoring the greatest number of flags, best five tickets, etc.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

THE thirty-second annual prize shoot of this corps will be held in the shooting park at Union Hill, N. J., Wednesday, June 14, from 10 A. M. until 7 P. M. All shooting at 200yds., offhand, entries unlimited. There will be ten cash prizes and three premiums on the ring target, the highest \$15, three-shot tickets, best two to count. On the bullseye target, ten prizes will be given, highest, \$12. The best shot by measurement will count. Four premiums will go for greatest number of bullseyes and first and last flags. The King target, open to members only, carries the \$50 King medal and \$35 in cash. There will also be bowling for members and their families, with the distribution of prizes in the evening.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- June 1-2.—North Branch, N. J., Gun Club first annual spring target tournament. H. B. Ten Eyck, Sec'y.
- June 3.—Long Island City, N. Y.—Merchandise shoot of Queens County Gun Club. R. H. Gosman, Sec'y.
- June 5-6.—New Paris, O.—Cedar Springs Gun Club tournament. J. F. Freeman, Sec'y.
- June 6-8.—New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association tournament under auspices of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.
- June 6-8.—Sioux City, Ia.—Soo Gun Club tournament. W. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
- June 8.—West Chester, Pa., Gun Club all-day target shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
- June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt.
- June 3-4.—Chicago Trapshooters' Association amateur tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
- June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
- June 9-11.—Bozeman, Mont.—Montana State shoot.
- June 11-13.—Chef Menteur, La.—Gulf Coast Trapshooters' League shoot, under auspices of the Tally-Ho Club. John Spring, Chairman.
- June 12-13.—Wabash Gun Club tournament; sanction of Indiana State League. Austin S. Fling, Sec'y.
- June 13-14.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. R. E. Dinger, Capt.
- June 13-14.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club amateur tournament. F. M. Jaeger, Sec'y.
- June 13-14.—Butler, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
- June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
- June 13-14.—Capron, Ill., Gun Club tournament. A. Vance, Sec'y.
- June 13-15.—Canton, O., Trapshooters' League tournament. C. F. Schlitz, Sec'y.
- June 14-15.—Durham, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association second annual tournament. Geo. L. Lyon, Pres.
- June 14-15.—Middletown, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Sec'y.
- June 15.—Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament.
- June 16.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Limited Gun Club championship shoot.
- June 16-18.—Putnam, Ill.—Undercliff Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. G. Grubbs, Mgr.
- June 17.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club special 100-target contest. C. P. Zacher, Sec'y.
- June 20.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer's Island Gun Club tournament. Will E. Kette, Sec'y.
- June 20-21.—Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club tournament, Vernon L. Perry, Sec'y.
- June 20-21.—Jackson, Mich.—Michigan State shoot, under auspices of Jackson Gun Club. H. B. Crosier, Sec'y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

- June 15-18.—Central Sharpshooters' Union, under auspices of Davenport, Ia., Shooting Association. F. Berg, Sec'y.
- July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
- July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.
- Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines, Ia., Rifle Association annual meeting.
- Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches.
- Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.

Dayton Sharpshooters.

THE Dayton, O., Sharpshooters' Society gave their opening shoot on their new range on the Dayton Gun Club's grounds, four miles south of the city, on May 24, and the contests were participated in by the crack shots from all parts of the valley. The society was organized in 1863, and in its early years its custom was to march from the court house carrying their rifles and in uniform, and with music proceed to their range on South Wayne avenue. Changes in location were made, and the society finally established the Oakwood range, then moved half a mile west to the Kramer woods, and are at last permanently settled in their present location. Most of the honors in the offhand contests were captured by the visitors. Each member of the society was a committee to entertain visitors, and they certainly made the occasion a pleasant one for the guests. Lunch was served all day.

June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club annual tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
June 21-22.—Bradford, Pa., Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y.
June 21.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia third tournament, under auspices of Grafton Gun Club. A. R. Warden, Sec'y.
June 22.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.
June 22-23.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seashore Gun Club shooting tournament. E. M. Smith, Sec'y.
June 22-24.—Portland, Ore.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest tournament. J. Winters, Sec'y.
June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secy-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
July 4.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fourth tournament, under auspices of Mannington Gun Club. W. C. Mawhinney, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va., Gun Club annual tournament. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament. W. A. Murrell, Sec'y.
July 11-12.—Eufala, Ala., Gun Club tournament. C. M. Gam- mage, Sec'y.
July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.
July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
July 24-25.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
Aug. 8-9.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fifth tournament, under auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
Aug. 18-20.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Aug. 22.—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-23.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.
Aug. 29-31.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsman's Club fourth annual tournament.
Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
Sept. 4 (Labor Day)—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; \$25 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.

two 50-target events. On the third day, commencing at 10 o'clock, the programme provides for an amateur 10 or 15-man team contest, between New York and New Jersey, 100 targets per man, for the duPont trophy; also, four 15-target events, Rose system of division will govern the moneys. Open shooting June 9-10. Average prizes, highest professionals in 15-target events, \$10 and \$5. Amateurs, \$15, \$10, \$5, \$3 and \$2. Highest in State team event, \$10. Highest man on New York and New Jersey teams, \$5 each. Shooting begins at 7:30 each day. Targets, 2 cents. Three sets of traps. Shells for sale on the grounds. Afternoon of June 5, practice shooting. Ship guns and shells, prepaid, to J. F. Way, 35 Cherry St., and they will be delivered on grounds free. Annual meeting, June 6. The tournament will be given under the auspices of the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club. The Pennsylvania Railroad connects with the line of trolleys at the station in Rahway. The Central Railroad of New Jersey connects with the same line at Westfield, N. J. The Lehigh Valley Railroad at Picton, N. J. The trolley connects at Rahway Junction with other lines from Elizabeth, Westfield, Fanwood, Plainfield and other points.

BERNARD WATERS.

Milton Tournament.

MILTON, Pa., May 26.—The annual spring tournament of the Milton Rod and Gun Club, held on their beautiful grounds in Kangier's Grove, proved to be the surprise of the year. It was the most successful shoot held in Central Pennsylvania for years. The weather was perfect, scores close, and plenty of good marksmen. Thirty-two faced the traps the first day and forty-eight the second day. J. Mowell Hawkins won high professional average each day, and Neat Apgar second. Hawkins broke 348 out of 365; Apgar, 343. H. B. Shoop, of Harrisburg, won high average for tournament with 334; A. C. Krueger, 329; R. C. Lerk and J. D. Mason, 327; and P. A. Godcharles, 324, were all in a bunch.

T. Grove, the author of the best score record known performed the wonderful feat of shooting through the entire two days' programme and kept the records. Seven minutes after the last shot was fired the second day he announced he was ready to settle in full with each marksman.

Mr. A. W. Burnham, of Somer's Point, N. J., gave a great exhibition of how to referee 6,275 targets without a single dispute. Over 10,000 targets were thrown in the two days from a magau-trap. The feature of the tournament was the race for the silver loving cup, seven teams entered. It was won by Harrisburg. Over 500 spectators enjoyed the excellent sport, and in every way the shoot proved a success.

Table listing names and scores for Milton Rod and Gun Club, Northumberland Gun Club, Carlisle Gun Club, Milton Rod & Gun Club, No. 2, and Danville Gun Club.

First Day, May 23.

Table showing target scores for the first day (May 23) for various participants like J. M. Hawkins, Neat Apgar, etc.

May, 24. Second Day.

Table showing target scores for the second day (May 24) for various participants like J. M. Hawkins, Neat Apgar, etc.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Peerless Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., May 27.—The scores in the main event to-day follow: G. Garrabrant 3, T. Walker 9, C. Dick 9, T. Walker 7, C. Dick 9, P. Garrabrant 12, G. Garrabrant 2, C. Kievit 9, P. Garrabrant 10, P. Garrabrant 13, C. Kievit 19, H. Clayton 7, P. Garrabrant 14, H. Clayton 15, H. Clayton 12.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., May 27.—The Montclair Gun Club paid a visit to the Mountainside Gun Club, of Orange, to-day. The chief event was a team race, nine-man teams, 25 targets per man, unknown traps and unknown angles. Montclair came off victor in a very close and hard-fought battle, some very good scores being made by the men on both teams. Scores follow: Mountainside Gun Club—Gardiner 20, Colquitt 23, Canfield 22, Milliken 21, Wakely 20, Baldwin 16, Nott 21, Gillespie 18, Ziegler 23; total 184.

Montclair Gun Club—Wallace 19, Batten 23, Babcock 24, Winslow 17, Crane 23, Boxall 21, Bush 22, Allen 21, Cockeak 20; total 190.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Springfield Shooting Club.

We had a shoot on the afternoon of May 20, at which quite a few shooters turned out. The wind blew a gale and kept the scores down; however, some good ones were made. In the prize event Cheesman won from Le Noir and Kites, who were tied on 14 each. This was a 15-target event, handicapped by allowing added targets to the shooters' scores. Cheesman's score of 12 with 3 targets added was high. Kites and Le Noir were scratch. At each practice shoot we are to have one of these prize events, prize valued at \$2.50.

The club have put up three merchandise prizes to be shot for during the season by club members. Handicapped by allowing added targets to shooters' score. All shooting from 16yd. mark. In addition to the prizes, the Peters Cartridge Co. have donated a cup, to be shot for under same handicap conditions. Scores in these two events, each at 25 targets, follow: Event No. 6, cup contest:

Table showing scores for Event No. 6 and Event No. 7, club prizes, including names like Snow, Cheesman, Chapin, etc.

Table showing scores in regular events follow, including names like Kites, Le Noir, Bradford, etc.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., May 26.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of this city, held its eighth regular weekly shoot at Recreation Park, this afternoon, with seven guns out. With slight wind and pretty fair light, some pretty respectable scores were made, and altogether a very enjoyable afternoon's sports was had.

The club championship gold medal was won for the week by Jacobs, with an average of 87.3 per cent. The officer's goblet handicap was won for the week by White, with a score of 17 out of 19 shot at. The scores:

Miss and out: Cobun 7, Taylor 0, Barthlow 1, White 20, Jacobs 14, Sivey 5. Class prizes, 25 targets: Cobun 17, Taylor 22, Barthlow 23, White 22, Jacobs 23, Sivey 19.

Officers' goblet handicap: Cobun shot at 19, broke 13; Taylor, 20, 16; Barthlow, 20, 12; White, 19, 17; Jacobs, 19, 16; Sivey 20, 13. Twenty-five extra targets: Cobun 14, Jacobs 21, E. C. Wiede-busch 19.

Fourth event, club team race, 3-man teams, 20 targets per man: Capt. White 15, Barthlow 10, Cobun 12; total, 37. Jacobs 16, Taylor 15, Wiedebusch 13; total, 44.

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y-Treas.

North Branch Gun Club.

NORTH BRANCH, N. J., May 27.—At the shoot of the North Branch Gun Club, Mr. H. B. Ten Eyck scored a win for the badge donated by the Hunter Arms Co. J. S. Bun acted as scorer. J. C. Stryker acted as referee. George Bun was puller. No. 2 was at 20 singles, use of both barrels, and 10 pairs. Scores: H. B. Ten Eyck, singles, 19, doubles 16. M. H. R., 18 and 16. G. W. Field 19 and 14. Sweepstakes, 10 targets:

Table showing scores for North Branch Gun Club sweepstakes, including names like H. B. Ten Eyck, G. W. Field, etc.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., May 27.—The scores for the May cup to-day are as follows, at 50 targets, handicap allowance as breaks: A. O. Fleischmann 42, Gus Grieff 44, A. W. Hibbard (6) 39, G. S. Woodhouse (8) 32, F. R. White (12) 31, Capt. Borland (8) 42, S. Scott (6) 35.

Event No. 2, 25 targets: Gus Grieff 18, A. W. Hibbard (3) 20, J. S. Woodhouse (4) 20, F. R. White (6) 11, Capt. Borland (4) 22, A. O. Fleischmann (0) 20. No. 3, 25 targets: Capt. Borland (3) 20, A. O. Fleischman (0) 21, Gus Grieff (0) 22, S. Scott (3) 17, J. S. Woodhouse (4) 18. No. 4, 25 targets: A. O. Fleischmann (0) 20, Gus Grieff (0) 22, S. Scott (3) 23, J. S. Woodhouse (4) 21, Capt. Borland (3) 18. No. 5, 25 targets: S. Scott (2) 22, Capt. Borland (3) 20, A. O. Fleischmann (0) 22. Shoot-off: Fleischmann (0) 19, Scott (2) 19. No. 6, 25 targets: Capt. Borland (2) 16, A. O. Fleischmann (0) 21, S. Scott (2) 22, Gus Grieff (0) 22.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader: If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 346 Broadway, New York. Please send me... FOREST AND STREAM Coin Cards to distribute to friends. Name... Address... State...

Illinois State Tournament.

LINCOLN, Ill., May 23.—The annual meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was held to-day. The annual tournament was held on the Lincoln, Ill., race track. This was the second meeting held in succession on the same grounds.

The seventy-five shooters who had gathered from all parts of the State, as well as from Iowa, Missouri, and Ohio, found an ideal ground, well provided with tents, houses, and what was most important, three automatic target traps.

As the writer has often had occasion to call the attention of the trapshooters, through the medium of the press, to the finest place that can be selected, viz., the infield of a race track, here we have one of the best ever.

The weather here to-day was good, and yet there was a strong wind in the face of the shooters, that caused many red eyes and was responsible for some of the misses.

This was, for the most part, an amateur shoot. There were State and special events, in which all present participated with the strict interpretation of the Interstate Association.

Same trap and targets as used at the Grand American Handicap, and they were thrown from 40 to 45 yds.

There were first 10, and 15 target events, and then a merchandise shoot. This was followed with the Lincoln Handicap, 50 targets, open to all, handicap, and then the Smith cup event, or 250 targets for the day.

All the events filled well, and the shooting was fast not only in the continual popping of guns, but in the scores made—for instance, Boa lost 2, Gilbert 3, Crosby 6, Fuller 7, and others close up, as Powers had 142 out of 150, Conner, Graham and Mulford but 3 to 5 less.

The Parker Gun event was where the interest was centered, as there were ties to shoot off, and this catches the crowd at all times.

C. S. Magill won the Parker gun. Dr. E. P. Lawrence the Stevens double gun. A. L. Mulford the Mullins boat, and George Eck the Rawlings hunting boots.

The next was the Lincoln Handicap, and here the "busy boys" were noted. Shooting at 50 targets there were four tied on 49—Gilbert, Crosby, Powers and Stannard. In the shoot-off, Powers won after a second round with Fritz Gilbert. This was a fine silver water set. The others well up were Barto 48, Riehl, Graves, Marshall and Brinyon 47; Eck, Willard, Connor, Graham, J. S. Young, Lord, Winesberg and Davis 46.

The Smith cup was a surprise, as it was won on 23; but the conditions were hard, as the scores are not up to the standard of the Illinois shooters.

Fred Lord, with a handicap of 17 yds., won with 23 without a tie. Marshall, Winesberg, Fuller, Gilbert, Powers and Simonetti 22. The other scores are shown in the last column of the tabulated scores:

Shooters present were John Boa, Chicago; J. R. Graham, Ingle-side; H. Snell, Litchfield; F. Stanton, Ingleside; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon; O. Tosetti, Chicago; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Chan Powers, Decatur; Guy Burnside, Knoxville; Tom Marshall, Keithsburg; H. W. Cadwallader, Decatur; M. Arie, Thomasboro; J. G. Neal, Rantoul; E. Van Gundy, Macon; Tom Stoner, Mt. Zion; G. H. Steenberg, Chicago; I. F. Gibson, Decatur; J. S. Young, Chicago; A. Winesberg, Chicago; G. Eck, Chicago; F. Lord, La Grange; Joe Barto, Chicago; Chet Gere, Urbana; Wm. McKinley, Ogden; Geo. Roll, Chicago; W. H. Haws, Scotland; Geo. Rupert, Decatur; A. Simonetti, Chicago; Frank Riehl, Alton; P. Baggerman, St. Louis; W. H. Vietmeyer, Chicago; J. Mackie, Scammon; B. Jackson, Ingleside; W. J. Manning, Morristown; W. Stannard, Chicago; M. Winans, E. Alten; R. Crawford, Alton; Fred Ellett, Keithsburg; H. Dunnell, Fox Lake; C. Young, Springfield, O.; W. Curtiss, Chicago; F. Fuller, Chicago; A. C. Connor, Pekin; Claud Binyou, Chicago; A. S. Wyckoff, Morrisonville; E. D. Rambo, Knoxville; Fred Ragel, Westfield; Al. Mulford, Mason City; J. A. Habbitt, W. T. Craig, C. Magill, A. W. Jewsbury and J. A. Groves, Jacksonville; I. Herman, Blue Mound; A. Engstrom, Chicago; C. G. Dorkendorf, Lemont; J. C. Ramsey, Manito; I. Waleot, R. Davis, H. Welles, E. P. Lawrence, Lincoln; L. Hogney and Geo. P. Pass, San Jose; T. W. Long and J. P. Speer, Taylorville; G. A. Riley, Jacksonville; C. Gideon, Bloomington; D. L. Leary, Holden; J. S. Griffith, Quincy; C. Vanderloom, Quincy; J. Hert, Colfax; Dr. C. A. McDermand, Bloomington; H. Sherman, Kansas City, Mo.; R. Latham, Lincoln; A. C. Buckles, Lake Fork; R. S. McMillen, Tildenville; G. C. Fouts, Canton; Dr. H. Austin, Heyworth; John Amberg, Chicago; H. Talcott, Jackson, Mich.; J. D. Wilson and C. H. Beckwith, Mason City; W. A. Boettger, Bloomington; A. R. Kellar, Mason City.

Manufacturers' representatives present, viz.: H. Sherman, Frank Riehl, Tom Marshall, Tramp Irwin, Leslie Standish, John Boa, Fred Lord, Bill Crosby, Fred Gilbert, L. A. Cummings, Ward Burton, W. H. Cadwallader, C. A. Young, G. H. Steenberg, W. H. Vietmeyer, A. Winans, W. Markly, Fred Quimby, W. D. Stannard.

May 23, First Day.

Table of scores for May 23, First Day. Columns include shooter names and target scores (1-15). Shooters listed include Boa, Graham, Snell, Stanton, Tosetti, Crosby, Gilbert, Powers, Burnside, Marshall, Cadwallader, Arie, Neal, Van Gundy, Stoner, Steenberg, Gibson, J. S. Young, Winesberg, Eck, Lord, Barto, Willard, Roll, Simonetti, Curtiss, Fuller, Connor, Binyou, Hobbitt, Riehl, Dr. Lawrence, Wikoff, Davis, Vietmeyer, Mackie, McKinley, Haws, Rupert, Baggerman, Mackie, Jackson, Manning, Stannard, Winans, Crawford, Ellett, Dunnell, C. Young, Curtiss, Fuller, Connors, Binyou, Wikoff, Rambo, Ragel, Mulford, Miss King, Habbitt, Craig, Magill, Jewsbury, Groves, Herman, Engstrom, Tracey, Dorkendorf, Ramsey, Walton, Davis, Welles, Dr. Lawrence, Hubbard, O'Brien, Schriber, Hagney.

Table of scores for Ross, Riley, Gideon, Leary, Hert, Griffin, Vanderloom.

Event No. 11 was the Parker gun event, having four prizes. No. 12 was a 50-target event, the Lincoln Handicap, and it was a hot race from start to finish. While there were no straights, there were four with 49. Three of these shot in the same squad. Incidentally these men made a world's record, so it is claimed, as in the last 25 targets the five men scored 124 from the 20yd. line.

May 24, Second Day.

The sun shone out brightly and the wind was not so strong as on the first day, yet nearly facing the shooters. All were on the ground at 9 A. M., and the game was on from that time up to 5 P. M., with the exception of half an hour lay off at noon for lunch.

There were a few new faces seen to-day, both as participants and lookers on, while there were a few who had had enough with one day.

It should be noted that, while there are 250 to 290 targets on the programme, that only 150, the regular 16yds. distance, counted on averages.

Crosby and Gilbert, always hot competitors, had a lively race, and wound up with 148 each, with John Boa, the leader of the first day, four behind; W. D. Stannard and H. W. Cadwallader came third with 135 each.

The amateurs were just as busy, for Mr. Chauncey Powers was there with 144. A. C. Connor with a new gun, second, 142. He was tied by Harry Dunnell. Close to these came A. L. Mulford and Joe Barto with 140. Compare these with the experts, and you will note what good amateurs there are in Illinois.

Event No. 11, as per tabulated scores will show that there was a large entry in this event, as guns, shells and such have an attraction far superior to cash.

W. J. Manning was the only one who could get the whole 25 in the same bag, and the Ithaca gun was his. Spirited shoot-offs were held for the other places. Dr. Lawrence had to repeat when he shot out Geo. Roll and won the Marlin gun. J. A. Graham won the Smith gun and Lem Willard a case of shells.

Event 12 brought out a 100-target race with handicaps 16 to 20yds. This race was watched with much interest, and shooters were followed from trap to trap, as there were four strings of 25.

T. Bill made Gilbert play second fiddle this time, to the tune of 97 to 95. Harry Dunnell was the hero of the day. He went down the line and shot the 100 targets. Shooting alone, and though the solder was sizzling along the rib of his gun, he made the excellent score of 94. Mr. Cad was not to be denied, and made 93. Other scores in the table below:

Table of scores for May 24, Second Day. Columns include shooter names and target scores (1-15). Shooters listed include Boa, Graham, Snell, Stanton, Tosetti, Crosby, Gilbert, Powers, Burnside, Marshall, Cadwallader, Arie, Neal, Van Gundy, Stoner, Steenberg, Gibson, J. S. Young, Winesberg, Eck, Lord, Barto, Willard, Roll, Simonetti, Curtiss, Fuller, Connor, Binyou, Hobbitt, Riehl, Dr. Lawrence, Wikoff, Davis, Vietmeyer, Mackie, McKinley, Haws, Rupert, Baggerman, Mackie, Jackson, Manning, Stannard, Winans, Crawford, Ellett, Dunnell, C. Young, Curtiss, Fuller, Connors, Binyou, Wikoff, Rambo, Ragel, Mulford, Miss King, Habbitt, Craig, Magill, Jewsbury, Groves, Herman, Engstrom, Tracey, Dorkendorf, Ramsey, Walton, Davis, Welles, Dr. Lawrence, Hubbard, O'Brien, Schriber, Hagney.

Business Meeting.

On Wednesday evening the business meeting was called to order by President E. P. Lawrence. He thanked all present for their interest shown and their help in making the shoot a grand success. Minutes were read and approved.

An invitation was extended by Dr. McDermand, of Bloomington, to the members of the Association to hold their next meeting in his city. The cordial invitation was extended by the businessmen's association, and by the McClean County Gun Club. The Doctor was profuse in his offerings of good things. A letter from the president of the businessmen's club was read by the secretary. Mr. Amberg, of Chicago, set forth the claims of Chicago. Bloomington received 31 votes, Chicago 19.

Dr. C. A. McDermand was elected President; H. W. Cadwallader, Vice-President, and W. A. Boettger, Secretary.

A vote of thanks was extended to Chauncey Powers for resurrecting the Board of Trade badge. After Mr. McDermand had taken his chair, he returned thanks for his selection, and on motion same meeting adjourned.

May 25, Third Day.

All went along smoothly until the middle of the afternoon, when a heavy rain, accompanied by some wind, came up and put the shooters to shelter before the finish of the team race.

Although the team race was set for the last day, in order to hold the crowd there were but four teams entered.

There were forty-five who shot in the programme the last day, and the scores were about same as those of previous days. Fred Gilbert was rather boastful, and thought it a good joke to let

an Iowa man beat out all the Illinois cracks, but he only scored two goose eggs for the day, and made another 148. John Boa was close up with 146, and Crosby with a "bad half hour" (a la Marshall) made 141.

J. R. Graham struck his best gait, and came forward smiling with 144. Wm. Dunnell showed that three days' pounding from the "butt end" of a shotgun does not affect him, and came second and tied Crosby with 141. Geo. Roll got his name enrolled this day in high averages with 139.

Thus you may well understand that the greatest target shoot ever held by the Illinois Association was pulled off at Lincoln. There were no live birds, and the diamond badge and the Smith cup, which are State events, were changed to a handicap targets. Whereas, on all former occasions the entrance of this year all goes to the winner of last, on this occasion, both were shot under the conditions that half the entrance was divided among the contestants, 40, 30, 20, and 10 per cent. This proved popular, and should be a guide for the managers of the next year's tournament.

The shooters owe much to Dr. E. P. Lawrence and Robert Davis and the Lincoln Gun Club for the splendid programme which was ably carried out to the very end by his able assistants, viz.: W. Tramp Irwin, manager; L. A. Cummings and Leslie Standish in the office; Ward Burton and H. W. Cadwallader. There was some kicking on the scores and referees, as they were, for the most part, younger men than should be employed. Scores:

Table of scores for May 25, Third Day. Columns include shooter names and target scores (1-15). Shooters listed include Boa, Graham, Snell, Stanton, Tosetti, Crosby, Gilbert, Powers, Burnside, Marshall, Cadwallader, Arie, Neal, Van Gundy, Stoner, Steenberg, Gibson, J. S. Young, Winesberg, Eck, Lord, Barto, Willard, Roll, Simonetti, Curtiss, Fuller, Connor, Binyou, Hobbitt, Riehl, Dr. Lawrence, Wikoff, Davis, Vietmeyer, Mackie, McKinley, Haws, Rupert, Baggerman, Mackie, Jackson, Manning, Stannard, Winans, Crawford, Ellett, Dunnell, C. Young, Curtiss, Fuller, Connors, Binyou, Wikoff, Rambo, Ragel, Mulford, Miss King, Habbitt, Craig, Magill, Jewsbury, Groves, Herman, Engstrom, Tracey, Dorkendorf, Ramsey, Walton, Davis, Welles, Dr. Lawrence, Hubbard, O'Brien, Schriber, Hagney.

State team shoot, three-man teams, 50 targets per man: Chicago Team—Roll 46, Barto 43, Willard 49; total 138. Jacksonville Team—Craig 47, Groves 45, Magill 39; total 131. Mason City Team—Ramsey 44, Mulford 44, Beckwitz 43; total 131. Bloomington Team—McDermand 44, Gideon 40, Heer 41; total 125.

Table of scores for State team shoot. Columns include shooter names and target scores (1-15). Shooters listed include Boa, Crosby, Powers, Stannard, Willard, Riehl, Dunnell, Graham, Barto, Roll, Lord, Steenberg, Binyou, Fuller, Stanton, Tosetti, Cadwallader.

Shoot-off for badge: Crosby 24, Stannard 23. High professional averages at 150 each day:

Table of high professional averages at 150 each day. Columns include shooter names and scores. Shooters listed include Gilbert, Boa, Crosby, Powers, Stannard, Willard, Riehl, Dunnell, Graham, Barto, Roll, Lord, Steenberg, Binyou, Fuller, Stanton, Tosetti, Cadwallader.

Amateur averages for three days, 150 each day:

Table of amateur averages for three days, 150 each day. Columns include shooter names and scores. Shooters listed include Powers, Dunnell, Graham, Mulford, Connors, Barto, Craig, Ramsey, Arie, Fuller, Groves, Wyckoff, Roll, Binyou, Willard, Stanton, Lawrence, Stoner, Manning, Burnside, Neal, McKinley, Mackie, Baggerman, Van Gundy, Tosetti, Magill, Winesberg, Haws.

Fayette Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 25.—Scores enclosed were made at the regular weekly shoot to-day of the Fayette Gun Club, of this city.

This club will send a team to the Kentucky State shoot at Louisville, Ky., next week to compete for State team championship and other honors, and the individual State championship at targets is "tipped" as coming to a Lexington shooter.

Visiting shooters are always welcome at the weekly meetings of this club, which are held every Thursday afternoon.

Table of scores for Fayette Gun Club. Columns include shooter names and target scores (1-5). Shooters listed include L. Fisher, Offutt, L. Shouse, J. G. Denny, W. Van Doren, S. C. Stoffer, R. W. Shinner, J. Q. Ward, R. H. Smith, Woolly, W. Luxton.

Event No. 3 was Parker gun event.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

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Herington Tournament.

HERINGTON, Kans., May 18.—The sixteenth annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association closed in this city to-day after one of the most successful meets the Association has ever held. The programme covered four days, three days devoted to clay birds and the last day to live birds. The arrangements, under direction of the Herington Gun Club, proved most satisfactory to the visiting shooters, and the popularity of the programme is attested by the large number of shooters remaining for the entire programme.

The first day's programme included nine regular events beside the Peters special race of 100 birds for an \$80 gun. A high, gusty wind was productive of deceiving targets, and consequent low scores. Heer was high professional for this day with 11 down out of a possible 150, and Arnold, of Kansas, was high amateur gun with 12 misses. Arnold won the Peters special event.

The weather for the second day's programme was ideal, and the scores were consequently better. Heer was high gun among the professionals again with 172 out of 175. Veatch, Nebraska, tied him with the same score. A special by the Marlin Company for a Marlin gun was won by B. Johnson with a score of 49 out of a possible 50.

Veatch, Nebraska, successfully defended his title to the Elliott cup against Arnold, Kansas, by 94 out of the 100 to 92 for Arnold.

The third day's programme was specially interesting for the event of 50 birds that carried the trophy representing the amateur championship of Kansas. Arnold, Larned, and Munsterman, Antelope, tied for first place, with 48 each out of 50. In the shoot-off Arnold captured the honors. The Herington Gun Club gave a handsome trophy for this event in the shape of a diamond-mounted charm.

High averages for the third day's shoot were carried off by Heer, professional, 171 out of 175, while O'Brien and Veach tied for first place in the amateur section with 168 each.

The Association selected Great Bend as the next tournament town, and left the dates and details to the club holding the shoot. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, E. W. Arnold; Vice-President, R. McMullin; Secretary and Treasurer, Ed. L. Chapman.

The Herington meet closed with a day of live-bird shooting, but threatening weather and a reduced number of shooters prevented this portion of the programme from being as interesting as the first three days.

The averages for the first three days of the tournament, all clay bird events, were as follows:

PROFESSIONALS.				
	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Total.
W H Heer.....	139	172	171	482
W Huff.....	131	162	171	464
C Plank.....	126	165	170	461
C Gottlieb.....	131	157	163	451
D Elliott.....	129	160	161	450
T A Marshall.....	119	152	158	429

AMATEURS.				
	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Total.
Veach.....	135	172	168	475
O'Brien.....	134	166	168	468
Taylor.....	133	161	171	465
Arnold.....	133	163	160	461
Linderman.....	126	160	160	446
Lewis.....	121	162	159	442
Peck.....	119	158	161	438
Hodge.....	117	162	159	438
McMullen.....	123	154	155	432
Mackie.....	119	153	153	430
Clarke.....	118	154	156	428
F J Cairns.....	117	153	150	425
Myers.....	129	144	149	422
Debus.....	124	151	144	419
Wilson.....	125	143	144	417
Knight.....	117	153	143	413
Johnson.....	109	143	153	405
Cornelius.....	114	140	142	396
Worthington.....	103	131	143	377
Holmes.....	97	153	149	309

Through the courtesy of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., the shoot was cashed by Mr. Fred Whitney, who is so popular among the shooters of the West, and whose work in this line always gives perfect satisfaction to all concerned.

In all, something over sixty shooters were entered during the tournament, but in the averages here given, however, only the scores of those finishing the entire three days' programme are given.

The Canadian Indians.

The following has been sent to us by a correspondent, and is of special interest to sportsmen:

At a pow-wow held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, it was decided to institute a Society to be known as "The Canadian Indians." For several years the devotees of the gun, resident in the United States, have had a band known as "The Indians" which was composed of the foremost shots of that country. For some time past the formation of a similar organization in Canada has been contemplated, and its success is now an assured fact.

The general objects and purposes of the society are:
1. Promoting and fostering legitimate shooting interests.
2. Promoting good fellowship among its members.
3. Giving and promoting shooting tournaments, as may be determined by the Association.
4. Doing all acts necessary and proper to carry out the purposes of the Association.

Those present in person at the pow-wow, and those who signified in writing their intention of joining, were as follows: Forest H. Conover, Leamington, Ont.; D. McMackin, Highgate, Ont.; Geo. W. McGill, Thomas A. Duff, T. D. McGaw, F. W. Matthews, J. H. Thompson, Geo. L. Vivian, Charles H. Harrison, Ald. Robert Fleming, Geo. Wolf, Alex. Wolf, and J. W. Sander-son, Toronto; D. J. Kearney and W. H. Ewing, Montreal; C. G. Thompson, T. M. Craig, and J. H. Goodhue, Sherbrooke, P. Q.;

F. A. Honey and E. G. White, Ottawa; H. Marlatt, Simcoe, Ont.; Dr. Hunt, Walter P. Thompson, Thomas Upton, Dr. J. E. Overholt and John Hunter, Hamilton; S. M. Sreaton, London; William Lewis, Owen Sound, Ont.; W. A. Smith, Kingsville, Ont.; P. Wakefield, Toronto Junction, Ont.; C. J. Mitchell, Brantford; J. E. Cantelon, Clinton, Ont.; W. E. Hall, Blenheim, Ont.; Geo. S. McCall, Fingal, Ont.; and H. A. Mallory, Drayton, Ont.

The annual fee was fixed at \$5; the membership limited to forty, and each applicant must pass a unanimous ballot.

To be eligible to membership in the Canadian Indians it is necessary that one be a true devotee of the art of trapshooting; it is desirable, though not requisite, that he be a good shot; but it is absolutely essential that he be a good fellow and a gentleman throughout. The keynote of the organization is absolute fairness in everything, as between one chief and another, and in all relationship of the tribe as a whole with the outside world.

Each member of the tribe shall be given an Indian name, with the designation of chief. These names will be chosen by the council of chiefs at the next meeting. The Chief Scribe was also instructed to procure a suitable emblem.

The following are the first officers: Forest H. Conover, High Chief; D. McMackin, Vice-Chief; Thomas A. Duff, Chief Scribe and Chief of Wampum, while the Council of Chiefs is composed of Messrs. Geo. W. McGill, Ed. C. White, F. A. Honey, Thomas Upton, J. B. Goodhue and S. M. Sreaton. The Initiatory Committee will be appointed at the next meeting, which is to be held at Ottawa on Aug. 17, the second day of the annual tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association.

Applications for membership must be in writing, signed by two Indians and accompanied by the fee of \$5, which will be returned in case the applicant is rejected. The Chief Scribe will present the names of the tribe in the order in which they are received.

The Association starts under most favorable auspices, and is bound to be a success.

Derry Gun Club.

DERRY, Pa., May 23.—The Derry Gun Club, of Derry, Pa., held a very successful one-day tournament on their grounds on Tuesday, May 23. The programme called for twelve events, all of 15 targets each; a total of 180 for the day.

Thirty-six shooters faced the traps, and out of these, twenty-two shot the programme through.

Mr. A. H. King, of Pittsburg, Pa., landed the high average, breaking 164 out of the 180. Mr. J. H. Calhoun, of McKeesport, Pa., and Mr. George Cochran, of Rodfield, Pa., finished second, each breaking 161; Mr. D. W. Baker, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Mr. A. B. Kelly, of Scottsdale, Pa., finished third, each breaking 157; Mr. R. J. West, of Brownsville, Pa., finished fourth, breaking 154.

The trade was represented by Mr. Charles Grubb and Mr. H. P. Fessenden. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	164
A H King.....	13	12	14	14	14	15	13	14	14	12	15	14	164
J F Calhoun.....	14	13	14	13	14	11	11	15	14	14	15	13	161
Geo Cochran.....	14	13	14	12	13	15	14	13	13	13	14	13	161
D W Baker.....	14	13	13	14	10	14	11	13	15	12	14	14	157
A B Kelly.....	13	13	14	11	14	15	11	14	13	11	14	14	157
R J West.....	13	13	15	12	14	14	13	13	12	13	10	12	154
R Deniker.....	15	12	13	12	12	11	10	13	13	13	13	15	152
Ed Hickey.....	14	11	13	12	11	13	9	14	14	15	15	10	151
H Bremizer.....	11	12	12	11	14	12	14	12	12	13	14	11	148
L J Lint.....	12	13	13	12	12	11	11	14	15	12	12	11	148
A M Sargant.....	12	12	12	12	13	12	13	14	13	12	9	11	145
G Thompson.....	7	11	12	12	12	12	11	15	13	11	9	13	138
C C Hackett.....	12	12	15	14	11	12	10	11	12	9	11	9	138
A Kiehl.....	10	13	11	15	13	12	12	9	12	10	11	9	137
W G Dougherty.....	13	10	10	13	13	13	9	12	11	9	9	11	133
W Andrews.....	11	11	12	10	11	9	11	10	12	10	10	12	129
M Lowe.....	12	12	13	8	10	9	12	12	11	10	12	12	129
G B Myers.....	11	11	12	9	7	11	11	10	12	9	12	9	127
Ed Brown.....	11	13	11	11	10	9	8	10	10	10	12	12	124
J B Benton.....	14	6	11	7	12	12	9	10	12	9	13	10	124
J O'H Denny.....	3	11	14	7	12	11	8	9	8	9	11	11	113
H Stewart.....	6	9	9	9	10	12	8	13	14	7	97
J F C.....	12	10	10	13	9	9	10	10	83
C Moore.....	12	12	9	11	13	11	7	8	83
G A Smith.....	14	12	10	9	12	12	11	12	12	9	8	10	131
P Cadman.....	12	9	7	12	10	12	11	8	81
W McIntyre.....	8	12	13	9	12	..	14	12	80
C Kuntz.....	13	15	14	11	13	13	79
H Parlor.....	13	10	12	9	9	65
T Memohe.....	11	15	14	11	10	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	61
D Fagan.....	6	8	10	8	14	..	8	54
A Holly.....	10	10	11	9	9	49
A Oblinger.....	3	5	6	8	4	3	5	3	37
A Sterner.....	8	9	9	5	31
L W Lint.....	8	10	18
S Dice.....	3	3

H. P. F.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 20.—Only three shooters showed up to-day for practice. The wind blew a gale, and the scores accordingly suffered. J. Hyland shot three strings of 25, and broke 16, 15, 19. C. Blandford broke 14, 17, 15 out of a like number. W. H. Coleman tried it once and got 11 out of 25.

May 22.—The following scores were made in practice on our grounds, Brandreth and Hyland practicing for the Catskill tournament, May 24. Blandford shot his new Remington in Nos. 4, 5 and 6:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
D Brandreth...	22	21	19	19	17	21	J T Hyland....	20	22	26
C G Blandford,	15	16	19	18	20	22							

C. G. B.

Fairview Tournament.

FAIRVIEW, N. J., May 25.—There was a good attendance at the tournament of the Fairview Gun Club, held to-day. A number of noted experts joined in the competition. Distinguished trade representatives were present as follows: Messrs. Frank Lawrence, F. E. Butler and A. A. Schoverling. The former did not shoot. The Mr. Lawrence in the competition being a different party. Mr. Butler was out of order, and consequently affected his scores.

The merchandise event was the main contest, and as in all similar events, the contestants were difficult to handicap from their irregular performance. The experts, Messrs. Bissett, Piercy, Truax, Brugmann and Dr. Guenther, had the shortest allowances, from 3 to 5 in 50.

The shooting was rather difficult, owing chiefly to a fluky wind, which was strong enough to affect the flight of the targets, and to the bad behavior of the magatrap, which broke targets in a manner to equal the breaks of the ordinary contestant.

The tournament was managed by Mr. Herman Von Lengerke. Refreshments were generously served to the shooters as guests of the club. The weather was clear, warm and pleasant. The grounds are but a short distance from the trolley line; therefore, are conveniently accessible. Shooting continued till late in the afternoon. No. 3 was at 10 singles and 5 pairs. Mr. Carl Von Lengerke shot under the name of Dr. Sergeant. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	25	30	30	15	20	15
Bissett.....	5	20	19	26	14	16	14
Piercy.....	7	24	13	27	13	16	15
Butler.....	8	18	13	21	11	16	11
Guenther.....	7	21	13	23	9	12	10
Schoverling.....	8	23	17	28	14	17	13
Brugmann.....	9	20	17	27	12	17	12
Truax.....	8	25	14	28	15	18	14
Con Sedore.....	4	19	10	21	11	11	12
Dods.....	7	21	13	..	13	..	7
Sauer.....	8	20	14	26	13	15	13
Glover.....	..	21	18	26	12	12	12
Gille.....	..	11	25	9	13	12	..
Chas Sedore.....	8
Schortemeier.....	12
Lewis.....	16
H Von Lengerke.....	9	23	..	28	13	..	14
Pape.....	17
Waters.....	9
Collins.....	14
Cuenin.....	13
Untereiner.....	7
Lambrix.....	..						

WESTERN TRAP.

Greenville (O.) Gun Club.

THE eighth shoot of the Greenville Gun Club was held on May 22, with a fair attendance of club members and a number of spectators were also present. Hartzell, of Class B, was high man with 46 out of 50. In Class A, Kirby won the medal with a score of 41. The scores:

Table with columns: Yds. Class. Broke. Names: Hartzell, Ayers, Kirby, McKeon, Smith, Lambert, Warner, Fouts, Huddle, McCaughy, Wolf, Westerfield, *Baker.

*Shot at 100 targets:

Cincinnati Gun Club.

May 27 was partly cloudy, with light breeze. The first contest in the series for the Schuler prize had twenty-three entries. The same system of handicapping as that used in the Peters trophy will be used, except that it will be based on 92 instead of 90 per cent. This, it is thought, will give the poorer shots a better chance and make good shots hustle a little more.

Eaton headed the list to-day, with a straight 50, including his handicap. Barker was high man in actual breaks, 47, with Randall a close second with 46. Maynard and Harig third with 45.

At the meeting of the Board, Arthur Gambell was elected Superintendent. Extracts from the secretary's report shows the club to be in an excellent financial condition with a surplus over liabilities of \$2,827.36, and a membership of 314.

Schuler trophy shoot, 50 targets, handicap added targets: Eaton, handicap, 7, total 50; Randall, 2, 48; Barker, 47; Maynard, 2, 47; Jack, 10, 47; Straus, 10, 46; Harig, 45; Ahlers, 2, 45; F. Altheer, 10, 44; A., 18, 44; Herman, 4, 43; A. Sunderbruch, 42; Pohlman, 3, 42; Rolf, 3, 42; Herndon, 10, 42; Peters, 41; Penn, 39; Faran, 40; Williams, 3, 40; Falk, 7, 36; Pfeiffer, 3, 35; E. Altheer, 15, 46; Lytle, 20.

Franklin O. Gun Club.

The tournament of the Franklin, O., Gun Club was held on May 24 and 25, or was scheduled for those days.

The weather on the first day was fine, and a nice little bunch of shooters was present and all but one shot the entire programme of 160 targets, Gross being high professional average with 147, and Cain high amateur, as well as high average for the day, with 149.

The trade was represented by R. Trimble and D. D. Gross. The second day was stormy, and the programme was called off, a few of the men who were bound to shoot going to Middletown and breaking a few targets between the drops. The bad weather spoiled what promised to be a successful affair. The scores for the day were as follows:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Names: Cain, Gross, Trimble, Orr, Kirby, Steinman, Lindemuth, Dial, Carr, Evans, Brandenberg.

Notes.

The first shoot for the prize offered by G. W. Schuler, a handsome gun cabinet, will be held on May 27, on the Cincinnati Gun Club grounds. The conditions are the same as in the Peters trophy event just closed, viz.: fifteen weekly shoots, 50 targets each, handicap added targets. Scores may be shot on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays of each week, as the shooter wishes. Ten events at least must be shot in order to qualify. Highest score takes the prize.

Word has been received that Arthur Gambell, superintendent of the Cincinnati Gun Club, arrived safely at Queenstown, Ireland, on May 18. He will return in time to engineer things on the grounds July 4.

Henry Joyce, of Dayton, has a fine game picture, showing fifteen deer, a black bear and two cubs killed in the Upper Michigan peninsula by three men in six days last winter.

It rained hard on May 25, but a squad of the old reliables attended the Preble County Club shoot, Eaton, O., and managed to pull off the medal event and one sweep between the showers. The medal was won by Eli Peters with a score of 22. First money in the sweep went to Peters on a score of 20 straight. The medal was won in January and February by Joseph Asbey on scores of 25 and 24. In March Joseph Dean, 21. April D. W. Swibert 23.

At the Dayton, O., Gun Club shoot, May 24, Heikes and Oswald divided first in the sweep on 21 each out of 25; Rike, second, with 19, and Carr, third, with 18.

Eleven men took part in the medal shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, O., on May 24. The medal was won by Wm. Kuntz, after shooting off a tie with Schaefer and Miller. In the first shoot-off Miller dropped out, and the third saw Schaefer's finish. Following the medal shoot was an eight-man team race, C. F. Miller and Wm. Oldt choosing sides. The former's team won by four targets, 163 to 159.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, May 27.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the first series. Thomas and Goetter tied for Class A trophy on a score of 22; Keck won Class B on same score, and Horns won Class C on 17.

Mr. Doris, a visitor, made the only perfect score in the event, going his 25 straight in fine style.

The day was a good one for trapshooting, only for a northeast wind, which rendered it chilly. Owing to the counter attraction of the automobile races, and the opening of the fishing season, the attendance was not what it should be and generally is.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Names: Thomas, Keck, Dr Meek, Barnard, Eckert, Kampp, Horns, Eaton, Davis, Ford, Geotter.

Team shoot, 10 targets, Keck and Kampp, captains: Keck 10, Kampp 9, Thomas 5, Horns 4, Dr Meek 9, Eaton 8, Barnard 2, Davis 9, Eckert 8-34, Ford 4-34.

Team shoot, 10 targets: Keck 9, Kampp 10, Thomas 6, Horns 9, Dr Meek 9, Eaton 6, Barnard 5, David 8, Eckert 6-35, Ford 4, Geotter 6-37.

In Other Places.

THE Pasadena, Cal., Gun Club is now formulating plans to hold a championship tournament.

There will be a consolidation of the Janesville, Wis., Gun Club with Blocton, as stated last week. This club will remain at its old park and hold shoots monthly. There is, however, another club in same town, and it is to be heard from on the consolidation scheme.

The Bloomington, Ill., Gun Club did not show up strong at the State shoot, in so far as shooters were concerned, but when it comes to packing a convention they were the whole thing, taking the wind out of Chicago's sails before the starting line had been crossed.

Gideon won the Class A medal at the Bloomington, Ill., shoot after a three-time tie with Radburn.

Here is what makes a gun club a success. Secretary Boettger, of the McLean County Gun Club, Bloomington, Ill., invited all the members to his house to play euchre on last Wednesday evening. Sociability should be introduced into every gun club.

Mexico, Mo., has been heard from. There will be a tournament held there during the summer. The new officers are: G. F. Tolson, President; A. K. Luckie, Secretary; Fred A. Morris, Treasurer.

Max Hensler, of Battle Creek, Mich., was re-elected president of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, and his brother, A. R. Hensler re-elected secretary. Jackson gets the next meeting, and next year there will be only one shoot held instead of three, as has been the custom in the past.

The Houghton, Mich., Gun Club will contest throughout the summer for a cup donated by a cartridge company.

Chas. W. Budd when at Menominee, Mich., made the good score of 94 out of 100. Robert Kans, the home good one, made 91.

The shooters who have Memphis in view as the proper place to attend a tournament, will be pleased to know that about June 20 there will be held there the best tournament ever held in the Bluff city. Members of the three gun clubs are reported as being now actively training preparatory to taking part in the big tournament.

The Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club held a shoot last Saturday with an attendance that would seem more like a tournament than a club affair. At 100 targets, Abe Frank broke 93.

W. W. Wilson, Secretary of the Duluth Central Gun Club has secured three gold watches to be put up as prizes at their tournament.

The West Duluth, Mich., Rod and Gun Club report that the new target trap is now being set up on the club preserve, and that weekly shooting will be held.

The best scores made by the Parker Gun Club, Milwaukee, visitors were those of Messrs. Hirschy, Vietmeyer, Stannard, Budd and Steenberg.

At the Recreation Gun Club, Cleveland, O., George Burns won first prize after a tie with Rice, which called for 35 targets. Burns broke 143 out of 150.

The Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club, in consequence of having to give up their shooting grounds, have held a meeting, and it was then voted to disband the organization and turn in their trap to the manufacturers. This, coming so soon after holding a successful tournament there, will be a surprise to all.

The Aberdeen, S. D., Gun Club is now well under way. It is composed of local hunters, and many of them fine shots. With a little practice, they will be able to make a good showing. The officers are: President, Otto E. Muller; Vice-President, J. K. Hall; Secretary, Frank Suttle.

The Cordle, Ga., Gun Club has been reorganized. W. C. Hamilton is President; J. M. Powell is Captain and Secretary. New grounds, readily reached, have been secured, and the large membership shows up well for the future prosperity.

The Louisville, Ky., boys are much pleased with their new shooting park.

In the contest for the Judge Bazille and Holmes trophy at the St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club grounds, Pleiss and Holmes tied for Class A trophy, and Pleiss won shoot-off, as did Frankle the Class B with McLaren.

J. A. Jackson, Sr., made the high score at the Taylor, Tex., shoot held last Saturday with 110 out of 125. J. B. Webb, of San Antonio, was second, 105; W. M. McDowall, of Lockart, third, 103; Rogers, of San Marcos, fourth, with 100.

At the regular practice of the Fort Worth, Tex., Gun Club James S. Day made 163 out of 175.

Special from Monrocity, Ind., states that Add. Holdorman met with a frightful accident. He was shooting at crows when the gun burst and injured his arm and face. He may lose at least one eye. This should serve to establish the habit of always looking through the gun before inserting a shell.

It should interest all trapshooters to learn that Fred Gilbert is now using 2 3/4 in. shells, and shooting just as good as he ever did with 2 1/2 shells.

The next tourney of the Indiana State League will be held at the Limited Gun Club in Indianapolis. The officers elected are: H. Comstock, President; Tom Parry, Vice-President, and Gus Habich, Secretary.

W. M. Furgerson will fit up a shooting ground at the Lake, near Crookston, Minn., and all visitors will be made welcome. It is the intention to have Crookston, Grand Forks and other clubs participate, and have team competitions. This brings about a competitive spirit that does not find stimulation in individual contests.

At Elgin, Ill., last week the sportsmen held their annual crow hunt, and slaughtered 1,141 crows. One hundred and fifty men were out on the war path. If all shooters in the United States were to do likewise the game birds would increase 50 per cent.

A pigeon shoot was lately held at Carthage, Mo., and was won by McLoughlin, of Webb City.

The Montreal Gun Club has challenged the Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club for a trophy contest.

The Marengo, Ia., Gun Club has ordered a silver cup that will be given to the one who makes the best showing during the season.

Des Moines, Ia., shooters, while not so active as they were previous to the State shoot, will keep up their regular practice during the summer.

The Marion, Ind., shooters, lately had as their guests the Gas City shooters. Lee, Jay and Adamson made best scores. The Marion boys meet every Friday afternoon, and visitors are welcome.

East Grand Forks, Minn., Gun Club have new grounds, and will start up for the season's shoots.

The preliminary shoot of the Celestial Gun Club, Pekin, Ill., was well attended. Shoots will be held every two weeks at the Cummings ground.

The Forest City, Ia., Gun Club met Monday and elected officers for the year, viz.: H. R. Irish, President; P. Lynch, Vice-President; C. H. Macomber, Secretary; P. H. Vosterberg and M. G. Green Members Executive Committee.

Fred Riba is now the treasurer of the Benson, Minn., Gun Club, succeeding Burke Arnesen.

State tournament managers should take pattern after the New York people. At their June shoot there will be merchandise prizes that will amount to several thousand dollars. Building lots, pianos, horses, carriages, guns, revolvers, and ammunition.

Western trapshooters are now turning their attention to the Sioux City, Ia., shoot to be held June 6, 7 and 8. This club have held and will hold many more of the largest and best shoots ever given in the West.

Jack Fanning was lately heard from at Colorado Springs, where he gave the boys an artistic exhibition in the trapshooting line.

John H. Look won the medal at the shoots held last year by the Oconto, Wis., Gun Club. The new elected officers are: President, Dr. Wm. H. Guenther; Vice-President, Henry Zurheide; Secretary, A. N. Bock; Assistant, Chas. H. Roenitz; Treasurer, M. Kroos; Captain, Henry Grubner; Attorney, A. C. Prescott; Trustees: Adolph Bondman, August Herrman, John H. Look, Alfred Steffen, A. C. Prescott.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., May 24.—The first shoot of the summer series of the Boston Gun Club was held to-day at Wellington, and while conditions were well nigh perfect, only a small number were present.

Edwards and Hebbard fought it out for high average, with honors even, though it took some tall hustling on Edwards' last 15 to land in the running. The goods were delivered, however, and it was lucky for the rest of the contingent that he left on an early train, as he had just begun his consecutive match, and had a good start to his credit.

"Buffalo Smith" distanced the whole shooting match in the consecutive match, and started it moving with a run of 31 straight, and might have been going yet if a sneaking left target had not got mixed up in the smoke of a far-away factory, which prevented the usual sky background from being in evidence. Roy and Hebbard, two of Watertown's finest, captured first honors with good totals, and if they keep this gait up, one or the other will wear the gold watch charm, which is the first prize for this series. Edwards with 26 held second position alone with two of the home club just one target away. Other scores:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Names: Bon, Smith, Hebbard, Kirkwood, Roy.

Table with columns: Names: Edwards, Woodruff, Baker, Muldown, Retwood.

Merchandise match: Roy (19yds.) 29, Hebbard (17) 28, Edwards (16) 26, Kirkwood (20) 25, Muldown (16) 25, Bon (18) 24, Smith (18) 23, Woodruff (17) 22. Consecutive match: Smith 31, Kirkwood 27, Edwards 15, Hebbard 13, Woodruff 11.

Cumberland Gun Club.

BRIDGETON, N. J., May 22.—Herewith are the scores made at our third amateur tournament, held in this city on May 20. The scores while not high, were excellent considering the high wind that blew directly across the field, making the targets take very irregular flights. The trade was represented by Neaf Appar and J. Mowell Hawkins.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Names: Appar, Hawkins, Newcomb, Hackett, Munyon, Armstrong, Aumack, Silvers, Tomlinson, Compton, C North, Williamson, Sheppard, Vanaman, Platts, Logen, Lore, Hunt, Cooney, J. Hurff, Gage, W. Stellar, Eshell, Elwell, Brown, F Stellar, Gillespie.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 20.—Haun won Peters badge. Tripp, Moore, Finley, Gregory and Dixon tied for club trophy.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Names: W Dinger, M Dinger, Tripp, Kirby, Moore, Clark, Finley, D Smith, Steele, Gregory, Anderson, Stewart, Armstrong, Steffen, Leib, Pfaffen, Moller, Cooper, Dickman, Morrison, Dixon, Haun.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Savage Arms Co., 48 Turner street, Utica, N. Y., have devised a Savage watch fob, which they will send to applicants who will send 15 cents in stamps. It is artistically designed, after the well-known excellence of the Savage Arms Company's products.

In "Dog Culture," a treatise on the care and medical treatment of the dog, Spratt's Patent (America), Limited, 450 Market street, Newark, N. J., there is quite a full illustration of a number of new kennel appliances, one of which is a "non-upsettable feed and water vessel," an enamelled dish, which can be placed anywhere in the house without any fear of it being upset. Address Spratt's Patent for a copy of "Dog Culture."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Tour to the Canadian Rockies, Lewis and Clark Exposition, and Yellowstone Park.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Convention American Medical Association. ROUND—\$215—TRIP.

ON account of the convention of the American Medical Association, to be held in Portland, Ore., July 11 to 14, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally-conducted tour, visiting the beautiful resorts in the Canadian Rockies, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, allowing four days in the latter city for attending the sessions of the convention and for visiting the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and five and one-half days in the Yellowstone Park, a full and complete tour of that wonderland. Tickets covering every necessary expense en route, except hotel accommodations in Portland, will be sold at the very low rate of \$215 from all stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad, except Pittsburgh, from which the rate will be \$210. A special train of high grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Pittsburgh, Monday, July 3. The route will be via Chicago and St. Paul to Banff Hot Springs, Laggan, and Glacier, in the Canadian Rockies, thence to the Pacific Coast. Returning, the route will lie through the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, to the Yellowstone Park, and thence via Billings and Omaha to Chicago, reaching New York on July 26. For further information consult Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agents. A descriptive itinerary will be sent on application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

No region along the coast is better known than Long Island, which time out of mind has been a land of fish and game plenty, and is still the favorite, as it is the nearest resort for the city angler or gunner who seeks a day or two of relief from the crush and crash and heat and dirt of the big city. It seems but a few years since the Long Island shores were sand wastes, rarely interrupted by lighthouses and life-saving stations; but now Sound and Ocean beach alike are ringed with beautiful homes and still more and more people are crowding in. The Long Island Railroad is the only railway line which covers the Island, and it strives to make the most of the unequalled advantages of the country that it controls. It understands that the fish and game furnish attractions that the sportsmen cannot resist, and it wants them to make trial of both.

The Long Island R. R. offers its illustrated descriptive book free on application at the office, or to any one who will send 8 cents for postage to the office of the company, 263 Fifth avenue, New York, N. Y.

How to Advertise.

A Troy, N. Y., merchant who has just retired upon a large competency gives his successors in business this advice, and it is sound: "Advertising will bring trade, but only square, honest dealing will hold it. It is almost as hard to sell goods without advertising, as it is to catch fish without bait. Truthful advertising, linked with genuine bargains, is the most perfect custom producer. Every statement made in your ads, should be carefully weighed before publishing."—Rutland, Vt., News.

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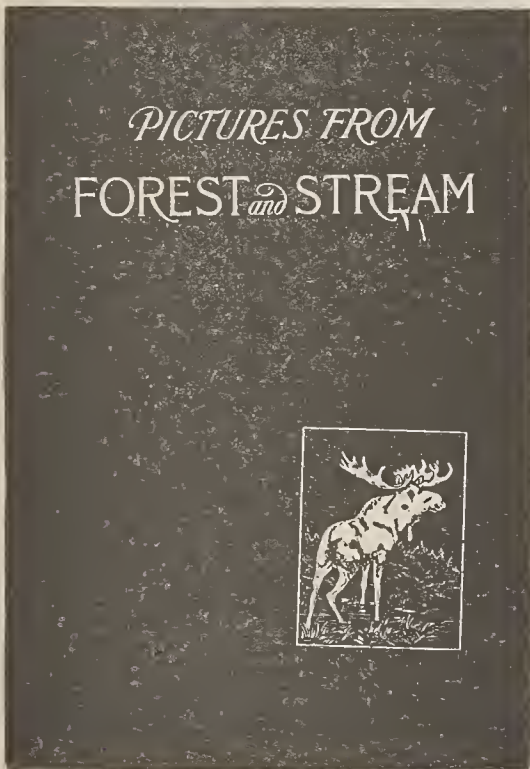
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LIST OF THE PLATES.

- | | |
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| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - - Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - - - J. J. Audubon |
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| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - - J. J. Audubon |
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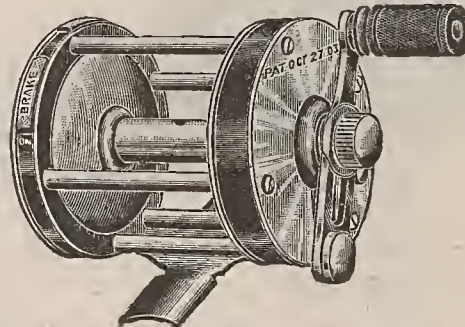
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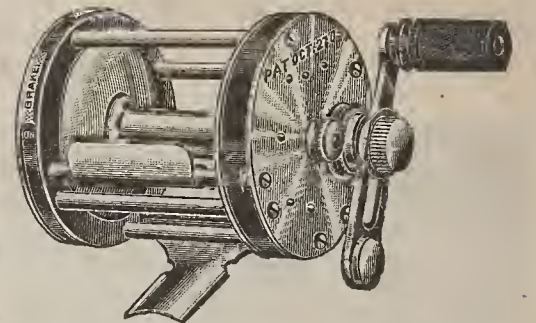
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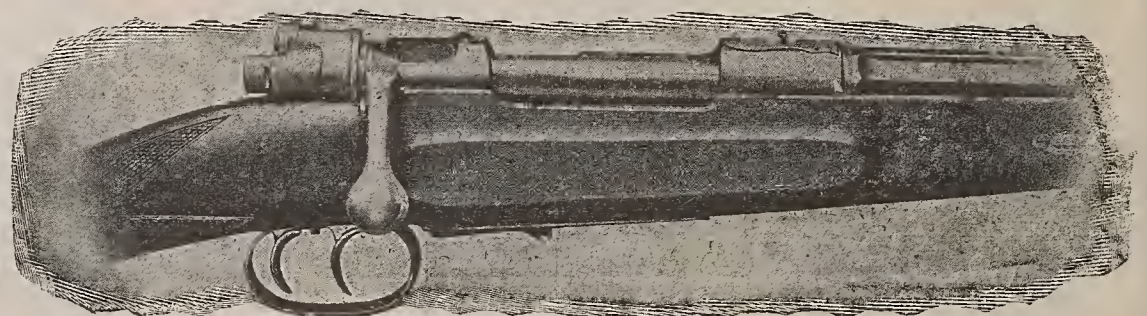
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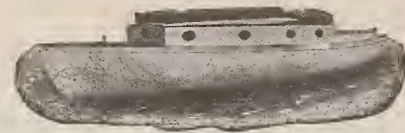
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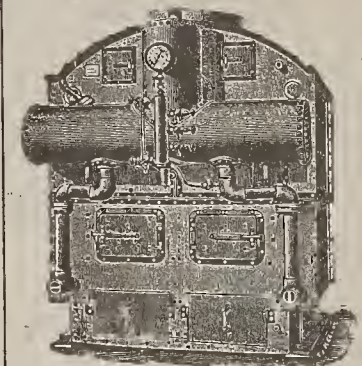
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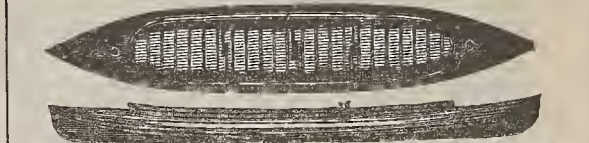
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1903.

VOL. LXIV.—No. 23.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

A BUFFALO HUNT IN 1905.

OKLAHOMA and the Indian Territory have long been a home of the fake; particularly as applied to Indians and wild animals. In or about those Territories dwells an individual—or a regiment of him—whose occupation is the invention of hair-raising tales to be sold to the guileless Eastern editor, who serves them up with joy for the benefit of his wondering constituency. Thus over a large part of the East the belief persists that somewhere, in a West that is still wild, Indian outbreaks, scalplings, burnings at the stake, destruction of mothers and children by packs of wolves, killings of men by panthers and coyotes, and the carrying off of infants by eagles are still common. In other words, that there is still a West of danger and daring, a frontier where heroic deeds are still performed, where the beautiful maiden is carried off by the painted savage and is later rescued by the hardy plainsman.

The fact of fifty years ago is the fiction of to-day; and the myth-makers of the Indian country still repeat old tales in the present tense and earn a modest stipend by imposing on the credulity of Eastern editors who know about the West just as much as their readers, and no more. Occasionally, a better informed news-purveyor who has thrown into the waste basket one of these highly embroidered stories, sees it a few months later in some esteemed contemporary, and feels uncertain whether to be amused at the patience and persistence of the faker, or impatient with the ignorance of the editor who printed it.

The latest example of this style of story is an illustrated account in a New York paper purporting to tell of a buffalo chase in which 2,500 Indians and 250 cowboys are to take part during the current month. The story reads like an advertisement of a Coney Island show. It states that the largest herd of genuine buffalo in the world will be hunted, and in another place it is stated that these genuine buffalo number 32—one-tenth, according to the veracious account, of all the American buffalo left in the world. In order that the public may have an opportunity to see this great show, a grand stand a mile and a quarter long has been erected, which will seat 60,000 persons.

It is a little sad that natural things like the buffalo and the Indians should be so shamelessly used for graft and money getting, but of course shame is an unknown thing to people who mix in matters of this sort. They see nothing but the possible dollars to be had and care only for them.

We do not in the least believe that there is any purpose to hunt with the intention of killing any number of buffalo. It is possible that two or three old bulls may be butchered, but of bulls there is no dearth in this country. However, the whole disgusting advertisement emphasizes again what we have so often pointed out—the importance of action by Congress to preserve the few remaining buffalo and to use every effort that this great native beast shall not become extinct. A most excellent beginning has already been made in the Yellowstone National Park, where Major Pitcher's herd last year numbering 40 has considerably increased this summer. But this is only a beginning. The remaining buffalo ought to be purchased and cared for and bred, and this should be authorized by the next Congress, for the longer the needed work is put off the less hope there is of its being successful.

THE ZEST OF CAMP LIFE.

Most of us have at times shared the perplexities expressed by the author of the "Hunter's Temple" at the fact that so many of the men we know are content to go through life confining themselves day after day, month after month, and year after year to the rut of their routine, without ever treating themselves to the sight of forest clothed mountainsides and scarped summits, winding rivers or swirling brooks, or the white-tented campground. What one gets from his outing is often a rich reward out of all proportion to the amount of time expended—a reward consisting not only of the present enjoyment, but of memories which follow and in which that enjoyment is repeated and renewed times beyond reckoning. It is the common experience of the sportsman that the days of his vacations stand out clear and vivid and apart from all the other days of his life. One may try in vain to recall the incidents of a day at home, but of the days of his excursions to the woods the scenes are distinctly photographed in memory, and one may live such hours over and over again, and does live them over again with a particularity of detail which would mystify us with its marvel were it not a phenomenon so familiar. The very fact that the experiences of our excursions with rod or gun fix themselves so indelibly is an evidence of the freshness and intensity of the interest they have for us as they occur.

Camp life is life with zest in it. It is a life of simplicities—but the simplicities are at the same time, and just at the time, the most important things on earth—food, drink, fire, a bed. They are essentials of living, with the provision of which, under home conditions, he does not concern himself. In camp it is different. He must gather the wood and draw the water and cook the meal and make the bed—and in the doing of the novel tasks, if he acquits himself more or less successfully he finds a huge not to say ludicrous degree of satisfaction and pride in his new-found attainments.

THE HILL-SILZ CASE.

JUSTICE MADDOX, in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, has handed down a decision in the case against John Hill and August Silz, dismissing the writ of habeas corpus. The decision is encouraging to those who are engaged in the fight against the sale of game in close season in this city. It will be recalled that proprietor John Hill, of the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn, was arrested for having in possession a number of game birds in the close season. The game had been supplied by August Silz, a Manhattan game dealer, who asserted that the birds had been imported and were therefore not affected by the statute; and Mr. Silz voluntarily made himself a party to the suit. A writ of habeas corpus was taken out, on the ground that Messrs. Hill and Silz had violated no law; and Justice Maddox reserved decision. It was understood at the time that the disposition of the Hill and Silz case might be governed by the result of another action then in the Supreme Court in New York, in which Mr. Silz was a defendant to a charge of like nature. This latter case is as yet undetermined. As the circumstances of the two prosecutions were substantially similar, the dismissal of the habeas corpus in the Brooklyn case—which means that in that case the State does have cause of action—is in the line of holding the law over dealers in foreign as well as domestic game.

Meanwhile, the restaurants of this city are carrying on openly and extensively a traffic in game birds which are served to their guests as having been imported.

THE good work of setting aside parks and pleasure grounds for the enjoyment of the people, forest reserves which shall serve as protections to the water supply of rivers, and game preserves where settlement shall not be allowed, and timber cutting permitted only under special restrictions is still going on. The game preserve idea, under that name, as yet seems to have taken hold only in Canada, though in practice our national parks perform the work of game preserves. It has recently been announced that President Roosevelt is about to set aside a new forest reserve of 10,000,000 acres, largely in Idaho, a country where water is greatly needed, and where, when it is put on the land, great crops are grown; and another of about 900,000 acres has just been set aside

in California in the northern Sierra Nevada Range. As already reported in our columns, the Dominion Government has established a new game preserve in the peninsula of Gaspé, a region absolutely without settlement except on the coasts, and abounding in fish as well as in moose and caribou. All through the land lesser preserves and parks are being set on foot from time to time by towns, by counties and by States, and it seems to be the fact that at last the public pleasure ground idea has taken a firm hold on the American people.

IN various States where the use of dogs is prohibited for hunting deer the law has provided that a dog found chasing deer may be killed by any person, the owner having no recourse for damage. This is an unwise system, for the reason that it gives opportunity for the killing of dogs by irresponsible parties on a false pretext that the animals were hunting deer. A more reasonable provision is, like that which has just been adopted in Massachusetts, that dogs convicted of alleged deer hunting may be killed by the game officials or other duly constituted authorities. This serves the purpose quite as well, and insures justice. There used to be a contention that a deer chasing dog should be held immune because it was not a reasoning being and could not know that it was doing wrong and violating the law; but the dog laws have increased in number and in stringency; and a result is much improved protection for the game.

THE Field Columbian Museum of Chicago is sending an expedition to explore the heart of Africa and secure material for completing its collections of African big game. The time remaining for the purpose is short. Communication with the interior of the Dark Continent will shortly be so convenient, and the influx of the white man so rapid and so general, that the wild fauna is certain to be destroyed. The museum expedition will be fully equipped, and will proceed under the direction of Messrs. Carl E. Akely, of the institution's zoological department, and Vernon Shaw Kennedy.

IN camp, the fastidious gourmet becomes the omnivorous man. As a rule, the members of the average camping party do their own cooking. That is to say, it is done by the amiable, obliging member who will voluntarily, or by popular cajolery, act as chef, for which he has the hearty approval and support of his affectionate confreres. The camp cook, thus qualified, is generally a shining star as a sloppy housekeeper.

BUT the urbanite, who thus in camp eats his peck of dirt at one sitting, raises not his voice in protest. Let the dishes be smeary, the potatoes soggy, the coffee muddy, the bread heavy, the fish and game badly dressed and worse served, and our good urbanite, so dainty and critical at home, avidiously crunches his food, and gulps more ashes, twigs, fish scales and feathers at one meal in camp than he possibly could in the course of his whole life at home, yet maintaining a discreet reticence the while. If one protest were uttered, the volunteer camp cook might resign, at the same time pertinently suggesting that his fellows could cook for themselves. And yet the wretched camp cook, in practice, might be the critical connoisseur in his own home, in theory.

A LARGE proportion of the work which has been done in this country to awaken interest in game and fish protection has been accomplished by sportsmen combined for the purpose in clubs and associations. The individual is comparatively powerless; the association is strong. The club movement is one to be encouraged; and every sportsman owes it to himself and to the interests of the craft to ally himself with a protective organization where it exists. In no State are the various local clubs more vigorous and efficient than in Massachusetts. The good results of their efforts are seen not only in the laws they have secured but in the efficient execution of the laws, which is, as the officials have cheerfully testified, due in generous measure to the support rendered by the clubs. If the sportsmen of a State or of a county or township do not get what they want in the way of game protection service, they may, in nine cases out of ten, find the remedy in organized effort.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Hunter's Temple.

HOW ENTICING the name of the forest sounds to the lover of the rifle and rod; what pleasant recollections it brings up. He thinks of the glorious forest draped in its rich coloring, of mountain sides and mountain peaks, great canyons and vast plains; he thinks of hills and valleys, lakes, ponds and rivers, with the glad sunlight over all, and then he thinks of all the wild creatures that he has seen scattered over this vast panorama that his recollections have brought out of the past.

I have talked with men who say that they cannot understand why men will go away from their comfortable homes and sleep on the ground and live in the rough and primitive way that sportsmen do; and I have often wondered if they were born so, or if, never having tasted of the free life of the forest and plain, they have simply failed to develop a love of nature. The true sportsman cannot tell you just why he loves the forest and why he longs for the time to come again when he will be free to bathe his soul in the sweet joys of solitude. Fall comes, the leaves are golden on the trees, and he feels that he is called away to worship in his temple, the forest, and he must go. He is not gifted with power to explain it, but he loves the forest and all its wild creatures, which he protects from wanton destruction to the best of his ability. No game law is too stringent for him, and he never kills what he cannot use—and very seldom a female. It is not alone his successful pursuit of game that pleases him, but the coming in contact with nature in all its primitive purity, undefiled by man's defacing hand, and the wild animal life that appealed to him as the most pleasing thing possible.

Sometimes I wonder at men whom I know to be possessed of ample means, staying at home year after year, jogging along at some business that they could leave for a time as well as not; others with ample fortunes, not doing any business, but simply existing, occasionally going to some pleasure resort and languidly existing there for a time, then home again—and the same old round of eating and sleeping and existing, which I do not call living. I often wonder why they do not go to the wilderness and hunt, as I believe that the sight of a herd of deer, elk, caribou or a moose running by within shot would certainly set their stagnant blood in circulation; if it did not, then I would say that there was no hope for them.

Sometimes I sit and think of the many hunts I have had and the friends I have hunted with, and the game I have killed, I think also of the grand sights I have seen—the mountains, the canyons, the plains, the beautiful forests and the lakes and streams—and the vastness of the great wilderness where the stillness is so profound that it makes one's ears ring. I seem to see again the great plains specked with buffalo—great numbers of them pouring across the country, down through a ravine they go; then out on the other side, and on they go—a great river of grand living animals. I see the antelope and the big gray wolf; in the timber I see the red deer and wild turkey; on the mountainside I see the stately elk and the great lumbering bear. Again I hunt in the Mississippi Valley for deer, turkey and black bear. Then I see the red deer and moose in the forest of northern Maine; then the caribou, the most beautiful of them all, I hunt on the barrens of Newfoundland; then in the forests of Nova Scotia the lordly moose greets my vision. And I think of the placid river and the canoe with silent paddle not rippling the water, the eager watching with every sense strained to the utmost, hardly daring to draw a long breath; then the rush of the animal, the shot, and the feeling of exultation as he falls. I think of the rapids and the mad rush of whirling waters as our frail craft rushes down—but the hand that guides it is true and strong, and the brain that directs the hand is clear and brave, and we go on in safety.

The most enduring friendships that I have ever made were made around camp-fires. The best place to learn a man is to hunt with him; his good qualities as well as his bad ones are sure to come to the surface. The hunter is a free-hearted man; even an uneducated hunter, wherever you find him, has his better qualities developed. You may find him away in the Rockies, and his latch string always hangs out, and he welcomes you in a way that you know you are welcome. Go up into British Columbia or Alaska, and there he is just the same with his big brawny body, warm heart and free hand. Go to Maine, New Brunswick or Nova Scotia and he welcomes you there. Go to the great barrens of Newfoundland, and there he is, and all he has is at your service. He will divide his blanket with you—and his last mouthful if you need it. He may not be able to read, but his heart is all right.

As you hunt you meet other sportsmen, and their handshake is hearty, and not like the faint pressure that you get in the city; you know that he is glad to see you; you exchange names; one is from New England, the other from the South or West—it don't matter where; each feels that the other is all right, and if either is out of anything that the other has, "Help yourself" is always said. Both are glad to be there, and would go miles to do the other a favor. The contrast is so great when compared with our "marts of trade" that we readily see that one is the effect of the influence of nature and the other of our so-called civilization.

HUNTER,

Living Under Canvas in California.

NOWHERE else perhaps can tent life be enjoyed as it is lived in California. Every surrounding natural condition tends to make such life ideal.

We spent two months in a tent in southern California. We stopped at Tent Village on the crest of Point Loma, a few miles from San Diego, where, from an altitude of 350 feet, we could look down upon the ocean, the bay and city of San Diego and Coronado Beach.

In this village of canvas are an aggregation of tents as symmetrically laid out as a West Point encampment. At one end of the grounds is a large club house or assembly room and at the other end the dining rooms and kitchen.

The tents were a combination of wood and canvas. The frame-work and floors were of wood, screened doors and windows being fitted to each tent. The roof was of double canvas, giving ample air space and protecting the occupants of the tent from undue warmth from the sun's rays. The furnishings of the tents were such as to leave nothing to be desired. Comfortable spring beds, ward-ropes, wash-stands, carpeted floors, all went toward making one comfortable. The tents were daily taken care of with the same neatness as one would expect in a first-class hotel. There was almost always a breeze from the ocean, and with window and door open one kept cool and comfortable under tent cover on the warmest days. At night the air was always cool and blankets were a necessity for comfort.

Half a mile away the surf, rolling ceaselessly upon the beach, lulled one to sleep. And to awake at night and listen to the pattering of the rain drops upon the canvas roof was far more realistic than the rain upon the shingle roof heard when one roomed, as a boy, in the attic of the old farm house.

The swaying of the canvas covering under the pressure of the wind with the pitter-patter of the swiftly descending rain drops in the still hours of the night was something, once experienced, not likely to be forgotten. And when the rain ceased and the wind quieted down again was heard the requiem of the sea as it raised its voice in ever-recurring echoes upon the golden sands.

From the tent door, almost, one enjoyed such views as can be hardly equalled anywhere else. For miles the surf-line can be followed in a bended line by the eye, and the breakers seen making one great intermittent line of foam as they break upon the beach.

The stretch of land gently sloping toward the sea was covered, after the winter rains, with one great sheet of green, purple and yellow blossoms. Every wild plant had its blossom and the weeds flowered like a Persian garden. The breeze from the Pacific carried with it inland the scent of the blossoming hillsides, so thickly was the ground covered by the flowering wild growth.

One never grew tired of gazing upon the surface of the Pacific. It had its beauties whether at sunrise, sunset or during the sunny hours of the day—under a full moon it was superb. The rays of the sun made a veritable riot of color upon the water's surface, the shifting breeze making the water fairly scintillate with greens, yellows, grays, purples and blues. A wandering cloud for a moment would throw all in sombre shadow only to pass on and give the sun full play upon the water's surface. One associates a rainbow with a curved body of color arching the heavens, but when the sun and wind were right the whole surface of the Pacific seemed one waving, shifting, scintillating mass of color as brilliant and variegated as those of a rainbow.

We turn around and face the bay of San Diego and there we see the bay and city of Naples, with a little stretch of imagination, and Vesuvius in the background. Those who have seen the Bay of Naples liken this view to it. The placid, crescent-shaped bay, dotted with shipping; the rising town of San Diego upon the sloping shores, and the background of mountains makes a counterpart of the Neapolitan scenes that is certainly remarkable.

Point Loma extends for nearly nine miles out into the ocean's depths and is at places a couple of miles in width. The peace and quiet of Tent Village, the ocean breeze, unvarying in its constancy, the music of the surf, the glorious, radium sunshine, the singing of the mocking birds and larks which begin with the rising and ending only with the going down of the sun makes a combination not to be found at the average seaside resort. If one wants quiet and rest it can be had under conditions of the most favorable description at Tent Village, on the heights of Point Loma.

One more word before I close. Mr. Hallock's mocking bird talk carries me back to a sunny morning as I sat with my wife in the court-yard of the Coronado Beach Hotel, at San Diego. We sat embowered amidst roses, orange and lemon trees and palms, and the air was heavy with the perfume of Araby the Blest. The palms nodded to each other in the whispering breeze, and the fragrant roses strewed their leaves upon the warm earth, and filled the air with sweetness.

It was not difficult for us to imagine ourselves in the Garden of Eden as we listened to the splashing of the fountain that made music and rainbows for us at one and the same time. The birds bathed in the fountain basin and preened their feathers, when out from the recess of a lemon tree trilled a mockingbird. How he sang! We marvelled at his variations as we followed him from note to note. And when he had exhausted his repertoire an echo started up from a further end of the court and we were thrilled with further mockingbird

variations. As the sun rose each morning we heard the mockingbirds outside our tent and it became an old story to us. But the roses and tropical growth of palms, orange and lemon trees, and the murmuring fountain with the accompanying mockingbird concert were delightful and long to be remembered.

CHAS. CRISTADORO.

An Encounter on the Trail.

WE knew there were bears in the vicinity for we had read about them—not in the papers but by the "sign." There were marks, man high, on the trees where they had stood on their hind feet, stretched themselves and whetted their claws; then there were headless stalks of wild barley, rotting logs overturned in the search for grubs, rootings for nuts under the piñon trees and branches of juniper shrubs broken by the reaching for berries. Occasionally we had seen tracks in the sandy bottoms of gulches.

We were chloriding on a promising prospect in Barley Flats up beyond the headwaters of Lytle Creek on the north slope of "Old Baldy," in southern California. There was Paystreak Crawford, Chloride Sam, Hellfire Pete and myself. Our experience had taught us that a grizzly is not always looking for a fight, nine times out of ten he will let you alone if you will do the same by him. Neither will he always run, and if he hears a gun shot in his vicinity he is quite likely to hunt up the shooter to learn if he was shooting at him, therefore we were not reckless in the use of our firearms, besides bear meat was not good at that season and we were not hunting bears anyway, but prospecting for gold. The "Chink" saw one first. Now—about that Chinese.

We had been placer mining down on the Cargo Muchach during the season of winter rains, but when the sun became hot, the water scarce and we had to pack our dirt on burros it was too much like work, so we packed and hiked for the higher mountains toward the coast, where it was cooler. We stopped at a town to outfit with grub, and camped with our burros in a horse corral in the suburbs. We ate in a restaurant, but drew the line at hotels; we had read of the danger from fire and besides Hellfire Pete had stayed a week once in the "Pleasant Home," and the telling of his experience caused each man to prefer his blankets. We had been sleeping in a country of rattlesnakes, centipedes, scorpions and tarantulas, but—

A clean, decent looking Chinese had been hanging about our camp in the corral evidently greatly interested in our outfit. While Paystreak was up town at a bank cashing in our winter's dust, Hellfire borrowed the "makings" of the Chink, and as they rolled their cigarettes together they became quite social.

"Where you go?" says the Chink.
 "We go huntum mine," says Hellfire.
 "You ketchum?"
 "Mebbe so, mebbe so not. What you do?"
 "Oh—me go loun'; takem look—see."
 "Look—see, look see—what you callum, look—see?"
 "Oh—just go 'loun, takem look, see tlings."
 Then followed a pause while both puffed, the Chink eyeing the packs wistfully, then he said:
 "Me likee go 'long; see ketchum mine; me good clook; clookum good bleed."
 "Sour dough bread?"
 "Sowel dough bleed? Me don't know; clookum least bleed and pie."

Hellfire stood up: "Hi, fellers; here's a Chink that can make yeast bread and pie, and he wants to join as cook. Count me in. Think of the wild strawberry pie and mebbe shortcake." We caucused and engaged the Chink at \$25 per month—if Paystreak agreed.

"Maybe you all had better go uptown and get you some feather beds and spring mattresses," said he, but he finally agreed and we took the Chink. After the first day he made such progress that he could stick on a burro and use only one hand in choking the saddlehorn. But what he did not know about cooking would fill a large recipe book; he did not even know how to dry and wash the dishes. All the way to Barley Flats all that blooming high-priced cook did was to stand around and watch us get the meals over the camp-fire and eat after they were ready. He said his name was Ng Quong Hsu, or something like that, but Paystreak named him "Pet," Hellfire's Pet. It was not quite so bad after we reached the Flats and made camp and set up the knocked down sheet-iron stove we had bought especially for the cook. We had no rolling-pin, but Hellfire made him one out of a manzanita limb. Then we discovered that we had no pie-pans, but he baked a pie in a gold pan. It was not bad but we had to take it out with a spoon. It was worth the price we paid him to teach him to be a camp cook, and besides that his coming had taken from us the pleasure of playing seven-up and euchre at night to see who would get breakfast.

In the early days of California, some venturesome settler had found the Flats, a big, level natural park in the heart of the mountains, and had thought to make a ranch there but had given it up, and the only reminder of a previous occupant was a little box shanty of whipsawed sugar pine which we used for a cook-house and where the Chinese slept. The first settler had either found it impossible to build a wagon road to the Flats, or had failed to see first a band of marauding Mojaves.

Our work lay about half a mile from camp where we

had located a five-inch seam of rotten, oxydized hematite of iron crossing a deep granite canyon. This iron was rich in gold, some pockets going as high as a dollar a pound. After breakfast the Chink would bring our lunch and then sit for the greater part of the day watching us run a tunnel in on the seam or build the little arrastra in which to crush the ore. An arrastra is a Mexican mill, circular, built of hard, flat stone in which a heavy boulder is dragged over the ore by a burro. I may be allowed the space in some other story to tell how they are built by prospectors.

One morning after Pet brought our lunch he returned to the cabin. We learned that night at supper that he had been out trying to "ketchum" mine, but "no ketchum; mebbe so tomollo." The next night when we went to camp there was no signs of supper and the Chink was missing.

"I reck'n he has gone out an' got himself snakebit or a bear has stampeded him along with the burros. It's up to you, Pete, to hit his trail an' bring in the remains of your pet," said Sam.

"It ain't bear," said Paystreak as he pointed across the flat to where our burros were filing out of a canyon and idling along toward camp, stopping to snip at some choice bit of herbage or at one another. As we looked "Nig," the big black burro, stopped, faced half-way round, threw forward his long ears and the others did the same. We listened intently and were rewarded by hearing a long wail coming from a gulch in a spur of sharp buttes that ran out on the flat. The wailer was evidently in great distress, and catching up our rifles we ran in his direction. As we approached the wails became more distinct. I don't know what the wail of a soul lost in purgatory sounds like, but if it is anything like that coming from that gulch you can scratch me out of the race for that goal. I have heard our burros coming into camp a few jumps ahead of a mountain lion, and the sounds they made, sometimes in the air and sometimes on the ground, as they tried to tell what was coming, were calculated to make a nervous man join the procession; but that Chink had them faded. We advanced warily; we knew there were no Indians in that country save a few wandering Mojaves who were entirely harmless, but they might have found Pet and put him through the third degree to learn if he was human.

Around the first bend in the gulch we found him. He was sitting on his haunches on a flat, black formation that cut across the bottom of the gulch. All the yellow in him was in his face as he held it upturned and sent his soul-searching cry out among the hills. His voice was overworked and hoarse; a sound that started well as a shriek ended in a hoarse moan, and one that started in a moan would end in a piercing top note that carried far; he had lost control of it in each register. I have shot more than one coyote as he was in that same position for voicing his misery on the vast, merciless silence. The "impassive stoicism" of the Oriental in that Chink's case proved but the gauziest veil, and being torn away revealed all the horror, agony and yellow fear underneath.

"Ther's yo' pet, Hellfire; 'pears like somebody had been settin' bird lime 'roun' yeh," said Sam as we sat on boulders and yelled in laughter. This increased the horror of the Chink, who evidently thought that the "white devils" had invented some new torture. For a time he was speechless, gazing appealingly from one to the other. Finally he asked plaintively: "Whally mally; no moveum feet?"

"What's the matter?" repeated Hellfire. "Take off your shoes, you yellow heathen."

A great light broke over Pet's face as he untied the lace of his brogans and stepped gingerly back on the sand. Pete took hold of the shoes and with a mighty yank wrenched them loose, leaving some of the nails points up. The Chink had stepped on a ledge of magnetic iron and the big-headed hobnails in the soles of his shoes had clamped him to the metal as in a vise, holding him there for the better part of a scorching hot, dry afternoon.

Pet's "look—see" curiosity was completely satiated two nights after. Near the stove a three by three opening had been sawed in the side of the cook-house. On a nail inside this window the Chink generally kept hanging a slab of bacon, but it was missing the next morning after his experience in the gulch.

"Somebody come—stealem bacon," said he.

We circled around the shack and soon picked up the trail of a big grizzly. "To-night he come me ketchum," said Pet, who slept in the cook-house, our tent being about fifty yards away; he pointed to another piece of bacon that he had hung on the nail.

"Better put your pet wise, Pete, to the trouble he is enticin' by baitin' himself thataway," suggested Paystreak.

"Let the blankety blank, blank yellow heathen alone," replied Pete, who had begun to show signs of a cloyed appetite and a longing for home cooking. Bears love pork, and bacon is a choice bit. It was a "cinch" that the big silvertip would return, but we were too tired to wait up for him, as he would not put in an appearance until late. He came and went, but the first we knew of it was a series of Chinese yells and shrieks from the cook-house.

"There, Hellfire, it sure sounds like yo' pet done 'ketchum'," said Sam, as each man jumped from his bunk, at the same time taking his rifle from the forked sticks at his head.

In the cook-house we found the Chink busy. With his left hand he was furiously snatching from a box handfuls of bits of red paper which he was throwing about the room regardless, while his shaking right was trying to light a bunch of punk sticks which he kept stuck in a tomato can filled with sand. We tried to get him to say something a white man could understand, but for the time being he was a jibbering, jabbering, blithering, blathering idiot. We saw that the bacon was gone and knew then what the Chink had seen, but at that time he was in no condition to utter words that would indicate to a man and a Christian that he was even trying to talk. The first flash of returning reason was when we turned to go out. He was across the room, but before we reached the door he was in the center of the file. We made signs and he rolled up his bed and carried it to our tent for the remainder of the night. The next morning he explained.

"Velly late night time come; me listen—sniff—sniff—outside; me ketchum big stick an' go stan' by bacon. Bimeby devil, big, allee same like house, stickem in head an' han' an' ketchum bacon. Me no stlike, velly big devil."

"But wherefore the red paper full of holes and the punk?" asked Paystreak.

"Devil him see papel, see holes; he stop go through holes, give China boy heap time get away. Devil smel-lum punk, make sick. Dlive um 'way."

"Uh-huh," commented Paystreak; "the punk part is all right; devils are not the only ones they make sick."

"Pete," said Sam, "I never saw a mo' fitten opportunity for you to convert a po' benighted heathen to Christianity. You an' the Chink take that grizzly's trail; let the Chink try to stop him with the red paper and punk, and after he's had his chanst you show him how much quicker yo' supplication is answered when it is made with the civilizin' 30-40 smokeless of Christian."

"Not me," replied Pete. "Me an' that Chink hits the trail for the station at Palmdale this morning, an' when I come back late to-night I will be alone." And he was.

We did not cease trying to console Pete over the loss of his "Pet," until about two weeks later when we all went down the mountain to the little post-office station of Rio Llano, five miles away on the edge of the desert. We did not bother with our burros, as a ten-mile walk is nothing. It was warm and we did not want to be bothered with any unnecessary weight, so we left our rifles at camp, but Pete took the shotgun, for the spring crop of quails was about ripe for broiling. We started early one Sunday morning; there had been repeated and extended arguments over the respective merits and fighting qualities of Japs and Russians and we wanted some news. We stayed at the station all day and started back to camp in the cool of the evening. Our way lay up the mountain along a narrow trail made by mountain sheep, deer and other big game and followed by burro punchers. On our right the pine covered mountain towered above us at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, while on the left we could look down on the tops of tall pines far below us. We were in single file, Pete ahead with the shotgun. We swung around a sharp point that jutted into the trail and the next instant we stopped as though meeting a head-on collision.

"Holly —," ejaculated Pete; not twenty yards away and coming down the trail was a huge, gaunt, silvertip grizzly. He let out a snarl and reared, standing taller than any of us. The trail was too narrow there for him to turn, but we could and we did. We probably broke the record for time on that trail, each of us keeping our eyes out for a place where we could shin up to the left or down into a tree top on the right, the bear after us full charge. He might have been looking also for a get-away, or he might have been having fun with us, or he might have been real angry to find anyone on his trail; we did not stop to argue the point; we realized that it was his trail by right of time and possession and our only desire was to leave it the instant opportunity offered, and were willing to take a long chance on the opportunity. Sam was ahead and found his first, a manzanita shrub on the brink which he seized and let himself down on a narrow ledge about six feet below. Paystreak was next and shinned up a little pine growing alongside a huge granite boulder, ten feet or more high on which he dropped from a limb with me a "one-two" second. We could slide down the rock but it was too steep for man or animal to climb. Then we looked for Pete. He carried the most weight and had the further handicap of a ten-bore shotgun. Even as we looked we heard the roar of the gun from around the last bend in the trail.

We had recovered from the—well, shock or surprise, at the unexpected meeting; the report of the gun told that a partner was in trouble and we hastened to his assistance. Paystreak and I slid from the rock, and as we passed Sam we reached down a helping hand by which he climbed back to the trail. We had our hunting knives in our belts, and with these in hand we ran to the assistance of Pete. We found him in close contact with the bear—in fact, sitting on the carcass of the brute and trying to assume an air of nonchalance as he filled his pipe; there was no doubt as to his manner being assumed, besides his face had not regained its right color nor his eyes their normal size; then his voice did not have its even steadiness as he said:

"You fellers put me in mind of Pet; you done just exactly what he would have done."

Then he told us how it happened. The bear was hunting him close, there was no chance for him to get away so he turned hoping to blind the big beast with the charges of fine shot. As he turned, the bear, then hardly a length away, reared and opened its great jaws in a snarl of rage and victory. Pete saw his opportunity, and thrusting forward the gun until the end of the muzzle was almost within the gaping red jaws, he fired both barrels. The double charge tore into the brain and the bear dropped.

"He ain't got a tooth in his head, and his claws are worn down to stumps; he's so old he couldn't do nothin' but run a bluff, but he done that plum proper," said Pete. Sam pried open the lean, muscular jaws with a stick and said: "Well, I wouldn't hanker to have him hug and gum me." E. E. B.

It is truly remarkable how greatly the sound of objects becomes absorbed in these extensive woodless plains. No echo answers the voice, and its tones die away in boundless and enfeebled undulations. Even game will sometimes remain undispersed at the report of the gun. Encamping near a small brook, we were favored by the usual music of frogs, and among them heard a species which almost exactly imitated the lowing of a calf. Just as night commenced, the cheerless howling of a distant wolf accosted our ears amid the tranquil solitude, and the whole night we were serenaded with the vociferations of the two species of whip-poor-will.

The dawn of a cloudy day, after to us a wakeful night, was ushered in by the melodious chorus of many thousands of birds, agreeably dispersing the solemnity of the ambiguous twilight.—Nuttall's Travels into the Arkansas Territory, 1819.

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The Imitation of Animal Sounds.

BY LIEUT. COL. ANDREW HAGGARD, D. S. V.

THE art of decoying wild animals by imitation of their cries is a very primitive one, practiced by savages in all countries as a means of procuring food. Many white men excel in "calling" animals and birds, notably the moose among the larger animals; but if inquiry could be carried far enough it would probably be found that the most skillful owe their aptitude in this respect to the teachings of untutored savages, whose lives depend upon the exercise of this gift.

An exception to this origin of the art of calling may, perhaps, be found in the art of using the "hare pipe," which imitated the voice of the hare. This was employed largely in England in mediæval times and was made a penal offense in somewhat more modern days when utilized by poachers in the pursuit of their nefarious occupation.

A young lad in the wilds of northern Manitoba was one of the most remarkable imitators of animals whom I ever met. My young friend had been instructed from his earliest youth by a Swampy Indian in the art, with the result that, at the age of fifteen, he could call any tame or wild animal about the backwoods settlement where he lived. His father, he and I used to drive together out into the prairie, to some rushy lagoons in search of ducks and geese, which abounded. The animals harnessed to the buckboard were mares, each of which had a foal, and these foals used, as a rule, to follow the buckboard, cantering along behind.

Never shall I forget my astonishment one evening when, after having driven a few hundred yards from the Hudson Bay Post, his father suddenly stopped the mares, saying: "Rae, the foals have stopped behind, call them." Instantly the lad commenced whinnying exactly like a mare. He repeated the cry several times, ending up on each occasion with two or three little natural snorts. The imitation was so exact that not only were the foals deceived, and came galloping up to join us, but it was almost impossible to believe that it was not one of the mares that had called them.

One evening when out shooting prairie chicken, night fell upon us before we got back to the waggon, to the wheels of which we had failed to attach the mares properly. One of them we found close by, the other had escaped, and, as it was a wet, misty night, not a sign of her was to be seen anywhere. Then it was that the boy's accomplishment proved most useful, for while his father and I remained by the buckboard the youth sallied forth into the foggy darkness making a sound to imitate the voice of a foal. He was absent for half an hour, but returned in triumph with the missing mare.

The way that boy could also imitate ducks and geese was simply marvellous. Well do I remember a trick he played one evening in the reeds. He had joined me, unknown to his father, who was standing about fifty yards away in the tall rushes, waiting for the wildfowl which did not come. Couching down by my side, so that he could watch his parent, the mischievous youth several times imitated the cry of wild geese; at first only the sound of geese at a distance, then he made them seem nearer until apparently overhead. The old sportsman was instantly on the alert, craning his neck and peering in all directions for the fowl. At last, frantic at not being able to see them, the old man shouted out to me, wildly: "Where are the geese? Where are they?"

"Here, father!" answered the boy, rising from the reeds and bursting into a roar of laughter.

It was lucky for him that there was, upon that occasion a deep pool between him and his outraged parent, which enabled him to make tracks for home before the old boy could get around.

It was once my lot to come across a native in quite another part of the world who possessed similar accomplishments. I cannot say that while he was with me he put them to any useful purpose, although he certainly afforded occasional variety and amusement during a trying journey. I was traveling through the Abyssinian province of Bogos, with my Egyptian staff officer, an English servant, and a body guard of rascals who called themselves Bashi Bazouks. They were a mixed lot—Abyssinians, Beni Amer Arabs, negroes and all sorts; and a merry, undisciplined crew they were, indeed. The native that I refer to was an Abyssinian, and he was the principal wag or buffoon of the crowd.

The country I was passing through was of the wildest description, it was, moreover, full of wild beasts of every kind. Apart from the troops of hideous grimacing baboons met with on the cliffs of the rocky passes, there were everywhere traces of lions, hyenas, wolves and jackals, and these animals, some of which we saw daily, used to make night hideous with their horrible howlings. My retainer, the Abyssinian wag, however, was not content with letting us be disturbed by the real howlings of the actual wild beasts, for he would have his little joke. On several occasions, when we least expected it and were marching along in some narrow jungle-clad ravine, the whole cavalcade would be stopped by a terrible noise in the thorny bushes, which frightened the horses and camels, and, at times, even the men. At one time it would be a wild dog barking furiously, at another a hyena howling or leopard snarling, and upon a third occasion a sound would be heard as of two jackals fighting over a carcass. But nothing could be seen. It was not until I had one day discharged both barrels of my rifle into the thick scrub, and nearly killed him, that I learned the cause of these disturbances by my friend, the buffoon, roaring out to me in Arabic: "Don't shoot any more, Bey," and then emerging with shouts of laughter, in which he was joined by all my savage following. Having discovered this man's wonderful talent for mimicking animals, I determined to employ him in a little joke of my own, merely as an act of retributive justice.

Upon one occasion, when we were lying on the sandy bed of a ravine, a lion had come roaring around my bivouac at night, when the conduct of my Egyptian staff officer, who always talked very big about lions, had not been remarkably courageous.

There was not a man among my Bashi Bazouks who did not laugh at Major Mustapha Effendi Ramzie, but his boasting was incorrigible. I therefore determined to give him a lesson that night when lying on the sand in the Khor Ansaba, which, as he well knew, was a famous

place for lions. In fact, before dark we had seen their tracks, old and new, in all directions.

First, however, I warned the Turkish "sanjak" of my rascally bodyguard to see well to the picketing of the animals, for I did not wish to lose a horse or camel as the result of a joke. The sanjak, who hated the Egyptian, grinned from ear to ear and gave the necessary orders.

After supper, as we were sitting by the camp-fire in the shade of an overhanging bush-covered bank, I led the conversation to the subject of lions.

The Egyptian officer was boasting as usual when suddenly my English servant, who was in the plot, said, as if in alarm, while staring into the thicket: "What's that sound, Mustapha Effendi? Don't you hear something crackling in there? I hope it's not another lion, for I am not so brave about them as you are." We all listened intently. The crackling was plainly heard—it was coming nearer; it did sound uncommonly as if a lion might be approaching.

We all made ready to rise, but Mustapha Effendi was already upon his feet when, from the distance of only about three yards in the darkness, a terrific and deafening roar burst upon the startled night. The roar was followed by the horrible gruff cough, several times repeated, which is still more terrible, as it usually precedes a kill.

So lion-like was the sound that, although expecting it, I was momentarily alarmed myself and grasped my revolver. Others seized their weapons also, for it seemed impossible that such a volume of sound could come from any throat but that of the veritable king of beasts.

In the meantime, where was the great lion-slayer, Mustapha Effendi Ramzie? The sound of flying feet rattling over the gravelly bed of the Khor was all that was left of him now.

So we sent "the lion" in pursuit, which was continued with roar after roar, the sound reverberating on the cliffs and dying away into the darkest recesses of the ravine. Meanwhile, every soul in camp was convulsed with laughter, as the men poured their favorite "tedge" down their throats and drank to the courage of the Egyptian staff officer. But now comes the point of my story. This practical joke came very nearly to ending tragically, for either the pursuer or the pursued; for suddenly, at no great distance up the lion-renowned Khor Ansaba, was heard an answering roar, and then another

—nearer at hand. A real lion had taken up the challenge, and it was now our turn to be alarmed. Seizing brands from the fire, and firing off rifles as we went, a party of us rushed up the rocky defile after the two men; the rest, by my order, rushed to guard the picketed animals, for there was no knowing how many of the brutes there might be about, and lions often roar on purpose to make the terrified animals break away and then seize them. The reports of the rifles, the shouts, and above all the roaring of the real lion, had soon had their effect in causing the flying staff officer to halt terror-stricken between, as he imagined, two lionine foes, and the sham lion to come back faster than he went, with all the roar taken out of him.

Fortunately, by the time that we reached poor Mustapha, to find him petrified with fear, the hub-bub made by the relieving force had driven the lion, which had been all too successfully "called" back again to the fastnesses of the hills.

From that time forward the crestfallen staff officer never mentioned the word lion, but the Abyssinian wag, whose imitative skill had called something more tangible than "spirits from the vasty deep" from the dark recesses of the mountains, became the hero of the expedition. But I allowed no more practical jokes after that night.

Friars Point.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your prolific and entertaining contributor, Mr. Raymond S. Spears, is presumed to give your readers a correct portrayal of the characters of the people and country encountered by him while "floating down the Mississippi." There is evidence, however, that he has, to some extent, yielded to the inclination to write a picturesque narrative at some sacrifice of the varieties, at least in his latest contribution, which deals with localities that are quite familiar to the writer, Mr. Spears landed at Friars Point, an old town situated on the Mississippi River about twelve miles from where I am writing. The expressions recorded as coming from Mr. Spears' "guide and mentor," the cabin boat man, would make the impression that Friars Point is located in a "wild and woolly" community, where on "New Year's Day" reckless men "shoot up the town" with forty-fours in true western style. Nothing could be more foreign to the truth.

In an intimate acquaintance with Friars Point, for more than twenty years, I can recall only one shooting affair as having occurred there, which was a fight between an editor and a lawyer some fifteen years ago, in which the editor was killed by the first shot.

Friars Point is surrounded by a highly developed country consisting of large cotton plantations owned by an enlightened class of citizens. The town has suffered some decadence from the influence of its younger rival, Clarksdale, having only seven or eight hundred inhabitants. It is one of the county seats of Coahoma county, Clarksdale being the other. Friars Point has one bank, an oil mill and box factory, while Clarksdale with some three thousand people has five banks, two oil mills, a cotton compress, spoke factory, water works, sewers and electrical plant. In a residence here of seventeen years I have never known a street fight to occur in which shooting was done. In fact, this is one of the most progressive parts of the so-called "Yazoo Delta," and is remarkably free from rowdyism.

Mr. Spears' associations in this region seem to have been confined to cabin boat people, a class of human "flotsam and jetsam" with whom the writer never comes in contact and therefore cannot speak of with knowledge at first hand. But the language used by Mr. Spears' cabin boat man is an impossible combination of Yankeeisms and negroisms. It is a common error of northern writers to put Yankeeisms into the mouths of southern negroes and ignorant whites, expressions that are never used by them. Even Mr. Emerson Hough has fallen into this incongruity though he ought to have known better. One more allusion and I am done. Mr. Spears speaks of yellow pine logs afloat in the Mississippi River as if they were familiar objects. There is no pine of any kind growing near the Mississippi River, nor any of its tributaries, north of this locality, as far up as the mouth of the Missouri at least, and probably much farther. The writer has had large opportunity for observing "drift" in the Mississippi, covering a period of many years, and has never yet observed a pine log among the drift above the mouth of Red River, in Louisiana.

It is not an agreeable task to the writer to interrupt the even flow of Mr. Spears' really very entertaining narrative, but I cannot see my own country presented in a misleading light without entering a protest.

CLARKSDALE, Miss., May 25.

COAHOMA.



Moose Hunting 200 Years Ago.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wonder how many of your readers are familiar with the works of Baron Lahontan, a traveler in America 220 years ago. He wrote a perfectly delightful book which we might all of us read with profit and pleasure, as I have lately done.

The title of the book is "New Voyages to North America, containing an account of the several nations of that vast continent, their customs, commerce and way of navigation on the lakes and rivers, the several attempts of English and French to dispossess one another, with the reasons of the miscarriage of the former and the various adventures between the French and the Iroqueuse confederates of England," and so on, running down through a page of small type. Such was the manner of those fine old authors who wanted to make their title pages tables of contents as well. The first edition was published about 1703 and the second in 1735.

Way back in 1683 Lahontan, then a lad of sixteen, went to Canada, where he spent about eleven years in the service of the French king, and he traveled over Canada and northern America as far as beyond the Mississippi. During his absence in the new land he was in constant correspondence by letter with an old relative, who supplied him each year with money, and in return asked that the youth should tell him of what he saw in the country where he was stationed. These letters, which constitute the book, give an account of the intercourse friendly or hostile between the English, the French and the Iroquois and other savages during these eleven years, with frequent accounts of the manners and customs of the Indians, among which, of course, are descriptions of the hunting customs of these people at a time when white men had been less than a hundred years in the land, and had done very little toward exploring it.

On one of his expeditions Lahontan pushed west to beyond the Mississippi. Voyaging by canoe over the Lake of the Illinesse, now known as Lake Michigan, he entered the Baie des Puants—Green Bay, Wis.—pushed up the river, and carrying across to the Ouisconsin River went down that to the Mississippi. He went up the Long River—Minnesota—and even seems to have descended the Mississippi to the Missouri and passed up that to the country of the Missouri and the Akansas Indians. The time of his being there was about that of La Salle and he met Mr. De Tonti and other travelers of celebrity.

Lahontan's travels were thus extensive and his descriptions are detailed and interesting. Yet for many years his work and his observations appear to have been but little valued. Lately, however, his name has been given to that great inland sea—as large in area as Lake Erie—which once covered a part of the State of Nevada. This was one of several prehistoric lakes of great size formerly scattered over the great Basin of the arid West, of which Lake Bonneville was one, represented now only by the Great Salt Lake, whose area is about one-ninth of Lake Bonneville.

Two of Lahontan's accounts are especially interesting to big game hunters and to naturalists, and, as very few people know the book, I have ventured to transcribe them

and offer them here. The edition, from which this copy is made verbatim, is illustrated by many quaint old plates, one of which you may like to reproduce.

Here is his account of moose hunting in which are used the terms elk and original—old names for our moose—and hart, a name for what we to-day call elk or wapiti.

"The hunting of Elks is perform'd upon the Snow, with such Rackets as you see design'd in the annex'd Cut. These Rackets are two Foot and a half long, and fourteen Inches broad; their Ledges are made of a very hard Wood, about an Inch thick, that fastens the Net just like a Tennis Racket, from which they differ only in this; that those for the Tennis are made of Gut-strings, whereas the others are made of little Thongs of the Skins of Harts or Elks. In the Cut, you may perceive two little Spars of Wood, which run across to render the Net firmer and stiffer. The Hole that appears by the two Latchets, is the Place in which they put the Toes and forepart of the Foot; so that 'tis tied fast by the two Latchets, which run twice round about the Heel, and every Step they make upon the Snow, the Fore-part of the Foot sinks into that Hole, as often as they raise their Heel. By the Help of this Contrivance they walk faster upon the Snow, than one can do with Shoes upon a beaten Path; And indeed 'tis so necessary for them, that 'twould be otherwise impossible not only to hunt and range the Woods, but even to go to Church notwithstanding they are so near; for commonly the Snow is three or four Foot deep in that Country during the Winter. Being oblig'd to march thirty or forty Leagues in the Woods, in Pursuit of the abovementioned Animals, I found that the Fatigue of the Journey equal'd the pleasure of it.

"The Original is a sort of Elk, not much different from that we find in Muscovy. 'Tis as big as an Auvergne Moyle, and much of the same Shape, abating for its Muzzle, its Tail, and its great flat Horns, which weigh sometimes 300, and sometimes 400 Weight, if we may credit those who pretend to have weigh'd 'em. This Animal usually resorts to planted Countries. Its Hair is long and brown; and the Skin is strong and hard, but not thick. The Flesh of the Original, especially that of the Female sort, eats deliciously; and 'tis said, that the far hind Foot of the Female kind, is a Cure for the Falling-Sickness; it neither runs nor skips, but its trot will almost keep up with the running of a Hart. The Savages assure us, that in Summer 'twill trot three Days and three Nights without intermission. This sort of Animals commonly gather into a Body towards the latter end of Autumn; and the Herds are largest in the Beginning of the Spring, at which time the she ones are in rutting; but after their Heat is over, they all disperse themselves. We hunted 'em in the following Manner: First of all, we went 40 Leagues to the Northward of the River St. Lawrence, where we found a little Lake of three or four Leagues in Circumference, and upon the Banks of that Lake, we made Hutts for ourselves of the Barks of Trees, having first clear'd the Ground of the Snow that cover'd it. In our Journey thither, we kill'd as many Hares and Wood-hens, as we could eat. When we had fitted up our Hutts, the Savages went out upon the Discovery of the Elks, some to the Northward, and some to the South, to the distance of two or three Leagues from the Hutts. As soon as they discover'd

any fresh Foot-steps, they detach'd one of their Number to give us notice, to the End, that the whole Company might have the Pleasure of seeing the Chace. We trac'd these Foot-steps sometimes for one, and sometimes for two Leagues, and then fell in with five, ten, fifteen or twenty Elks in a Body; which presently betook themselves to flight, whether a-part or in a Body, and sunk into the Snow up to their Breast. Where the Snow was hard and condensed, or where the Frost following wet Weather had glaz'd it above, we came up with 'em after the Chace of a Quarter of a League; But when the Snow was soft or just fallen, we were forc'd to pursue 'em three or four Leagues before we could catch 'em, unless the Dogs happen'd to stop 'em where the Snow was very deep. When we came up with them, the Savages fired upon 'em with Fuses. If the Elks be much inrag'd, they'll sometimes turn upon the Savages, who cover themselves with Boughs in order to keep off their Feet with which they would crush 'em to Pieces. As soon as they are kill'd, the Savages make new Hutts upon the Spot, with great Fires in the middle; while the Slaves are employ'd in Flaying 'em and stretching out the Skins in the open Air. One of the Soldiers that accompany's me, told me one Day, that to withstand the Violence of the Cold, one ought to have his Blood compos'd of Brandy, his Body of Brass, and his Eyes of Glass; And I must say, he had some ground for what he spoke, for we were forc'd to keep a Fire all round us, all the Night long. As long as the flesh of these Animals lasts, the Savages seldom think of stirring; but when 'tis all consumed, they then look out for a new Discovery. Thus they continue to hunt, till the Snow and the Ice are melted. As soon as the great Thaw commences, 'tis impossible for 'em to travel far; so that they content themselves with the killing of Hares and Partridges, which are very numerous in the Woods. When the Rivers are clear of the Ice, they make Canows of the Elk-skins, which they sew together very easily, covering the Seams with a fat sort of Earth instead of Pitch. This Work is over in four or five Days' time, after which they return home in the Canows with all their Baggage."

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader:

If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

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The Wild Flowers of June.

BY CLARENCE M. WEED.

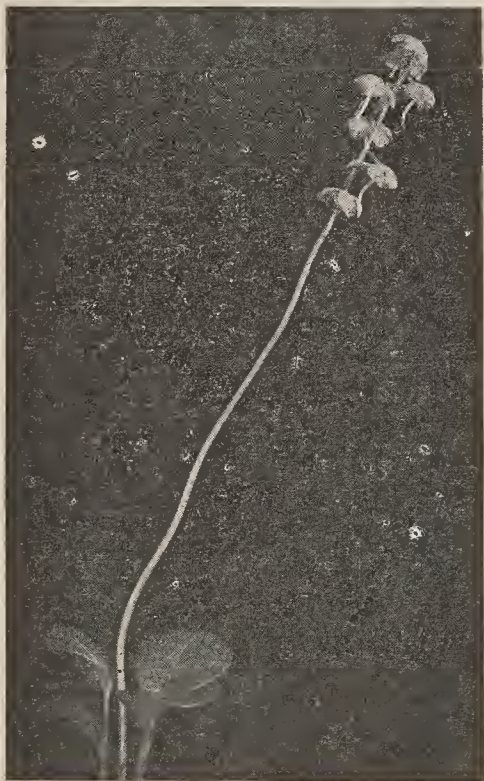
By the first of June the display of wild flowers is likely to be reaching its height. Many of the spring blossoms are still abundant though less numerous than in May, and the early summer flowers are attaining their maximum, while here and there one will find an adventurous blossom that properly belongs to the mid-summer season.

The most striking display of floral beauty during these early weeks of summer is to be found in the fields and meadows, where the buttercups and daisies are producing an effect which is unrivalled by any other of nature's decorations. Could a landscape architect produce the beauty which the fields of daisies show in the Eastern United States, he would be famous the world over. The daisies are a pest to the farmers, but they are a delight to those who see their beauty when they first unfold their rays of spotless white.

If one wishes to get a knowledge of the elementary structure of a blossom, one cannot do better than to select one of the buttercups which are almost certain to be intermingled with the daisies. In these flowers sepals, petals, stamens and pistils are all present, and each one in each series is separate and distinct. The protective function of the sepals in covering the bud is readily seen and this function is emphasized by the fact that they fall away soon after the flower opens. The attracting function of the brilliant yellow petals is also readily shown by comparing a blossom in which the petals are present with one in which they have been removed. The nectar pockets at the base of the petal are easily seen on those separated from the flower. The stamens are numerous, with filaments and anthers distinct and with the yellow pollen easily seen. The pistils are also interesting in form with the stigma readily distinguishable. There are generally several species of buttercups in a given region, but the structure of the flower in all is so similar that any of them having well developed petals will answer for this study. The various species of buttercups belong to the genus *Ranunculus*, the commonest species being *R. acris*. They are the typical members of the Crowfoot Family (*Ranunculaceæ*). The flowers of all these species are freely visited by insects, especially bees and flies.

In the same meadows where the buttercups and daisies make such a striking display, one can generally find an interesting though much more modest blossom—the charming little blue-eyed grass which is always a favorite with children as well as with many older people. The flowers are small and in color a violet-blue with a yellow center—a combination which the artists call a complementary harmony. The plant is not at all a grass, belonging rather to the interesting Iris family, so that the one who called this Blue-eyed Grass "the little sister of the stately Blue Flag," was right. You can easily see the resemblance in the mode of growth, as well as in the structure of the flowers. The blossoming period is very short. In cloudy or rainy weather the blossoms remain closed, opening only in the sunshine. The botanists recognize two species of the blue-eyed grasses in addition to the common one—the Stout Blue-eyed Grass, and the Eastern Blue-eyed Grass.

The wild flowers to be found in the shade of the woods



PYROLA.

are very different from those of the fields and meadows. In general they are more abundant in species and less abundant in specimens. In most woods some of the trilliums or wake robins are quite certain to be found. The kind which predominates varies with the locality. In the Middle West the large flowered white wake robin is the prevailing species, while in New England the beautiful painted trillium or else the nodding trillium is most likely to be found.

In woods which are drier the various members of the group of Pyrolas are pretty certain to occur. The Shin-leaf or Elliptical-leaved Pyrola is one of the most widely distributed members of this group. Its common name is due to an old custom by which its leaves were applied for healing bruises on the human body. When in flower in mid-summer it is a beautiful plant, being found in rich woods from the Rocky Mountains eastward. The False Wintergreen or Round-leaved Pyrola bears a general resemblance to the Shin-leaf. Its fragrant white flowers are borne in a spike on a stem varying greatly in height, though averaging perhaps twelve inches. The plants are found in open woods, over an area extending from Nova Scotia and Minnesota on the north to Georgia and Ohio on the south.

The one-flowered Pyrola was called by Dr. Gray, *Moneses*, which means single delight, a name well deserved by the beauty of this little woodland fairy that

springs up singly or in groups in the cool pine woods of the Northern States. The wax-like blossoms show its relationship to the other Pyrolas, from which, however, it is easily distinguished by the single flower on each stalk.

Along the borders of the woods as well as along roadsides and along the margins of streams, the yellow blossoms of the evening primrose are likely to be conspicuous. An interesting comparison may be made between the structure of this flower and that of the buttercup—in the latter the sepals, which form the calyx, are separate from each other, while in this primrose they are partly united to form the long calyx-tube. The light yellow blossoms are borne upon plants varying from one to three or four feet in height, and the individual flowers are often two inches long. The bud is protected by the greenish lobes of the calyx, which separate and curl backward as the blossom opens; each lobe is nearly the shape of a long triangle; most of them fall off after the flower is fully open, in which case they are said to be deciduous. There are generally four light yellow petals, delicate in texture, showing the slender veins and having the margin divided into shallow-lobes. Within the petals are eight stamens



EVENING PRIMROSE.

with long filaments attached to the middle of the rather slender anthers. The pistil has a long and slender style, on the end of which the stigma with its flattened lobes is borne; the latter is covered in the fresh flower with a viscid liquid, to which the pollen grains readily adhere.

The blossoms of this plant generally first open in the evening. The process may be readily seen by a little patient watching; the tips of the sepal lobes spread apart and soon afterwards the petals expand. At this time the flower is fully open with the petals spread widely out. The next morning, however, the flowers appear to wilt; if the day is cool and cloudy they will only partially roll up, but if the day is cloudless and hot they seem completely to collapse. The odor of the Evening Primrose is given off to the greatest extent in the evening when various long-tongued moths are abroad in search of the nectar, which is secreted in the long calyx-tubes of the blossoms. Attracted by the odor the moths easily find the bright yellow flowers. They thrust their tongues beyond the stamens and stigma to reach the nectar. Some of the stringy adhesive pollen is thus dusted upon their mouth-parts, and carried from flower to flower; when it comes in contact with the viscid stigma it adheres to it.

Another yellow flower which is very different in its structure from the Evening Primrose is the Yellow Star Grass, a plant of the Amaryllis family, which is widely distributed in the United States. It has grass-like leaves and yellow flowers that expand about three-fourths of an inch. The six divisions of the perianth are hairy and greenish on the outside and yellow on the inside. Nectar is secreted at the base of the petals and is eagerly sipped by small bees and other insects that visit the blossoms. The plant grows along railroad banks and in other dry open places where its flowers first become conspicuous in May.

Some time in June the ponds and water courses become lighted up by the flowers of the aquatic plants which are so distinctive in their beauty and so interesting in their structure. The Sagittarias or arrow leaves form an abundant group of these water-side plants. They occur everywhere along small brooks and the margins of ponds and lakes. The whole Sagittaria plant is so clear cut and decorative in its structure that one can scarcely fail to admire it. The smooth and shining stems rise from the water at a small angle from each other, bearing on their ends the triangular, sharply-pointed leaves, while in the middle of all the blossom-bearing stalks arise holding the pure white sub-triangular pollen-bearing flowers clustered along their upper ends. The seed-bearing blossoms are less conspicuous, lacking the white petals. More than a dozen species of Sagittaria are found in the United States, though only about half of these have the distinctly arrow-shaped leaf. Most of them remain in blossom from June until September.

The Snake Stone or Mad Stone.

CURRITUCK, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing the account of death from rattlesnake bite of Edward Rabe reminds me of cases of snake and mad dog bites that have occurred in this county during the past few years which have been speedily cured by what is known as a "snake stone" or mad stone. I know of at least ten cases which have been treated and I never knew

a failure. I have witnessed the operation myself and know that it never fails to cure. The stone is owned by about twenty farmers on Knott Island, N. C., and is considered more valuable than diamonds. The rattlesnake bite at Currituck is considered sure death without this treatment, but what is locally known as the cotton-mouth moccasin brings death sure and soon. The last two cases treated were of S. J. Waterfields, Knott's Island, and Bushrod Waterfields, of Woodleigh. The former was bitten on the foot and the latter on the hand. They are both well and strong now, and owe their lives to this little porous stone, which is about the size of a silver dollar. The stone is immersed in warm milk or water for a few moments then placed on the bite; it sticks like court-plaster until filled with poison, when it drops off. It is then placed in a pan of clear water which immediately becomes almost like green paint. It is replaced on the bite in a few moments and again fills with the poison. In the case of Bushrod Waterfields, the stone filled seven times. It then failed to stick to the wound, which proves that there is no more poison to be drawn out and the patient is cured, or at least out of all danger. This same stone saved the life of John Beasley, who was bitten by a mad dog; the same dog bit several animals, all of which died. This is not a snake story, but fact not to be disputed. MORE ANON.

Report of Philadelphia Zoological Society.

THE Thirty-third Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia was read at the annual meeting of the members and loan holders of the society April 27, 1905. It has just been published.

The Philadelphia Zoological Society was incorporated March 21, 1859, and for many years now, ever since Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown became the secretary of the society and later its general manager, it has had a career of much usefulness and of great success. The present report shows admissions for the year of nearly 214,000 and receipts of \$30,200. The month of greatest receipts was May, but August, September and July press it quite closely. The receipts were smallest for the month of December. During the year, there were exhibited in the garden 575 mammals, 929 birds, 1,043 reptiles and 166 batrachians; a total of 2,715 animals. Fifty-four species not previously exhibited in the collections were shown last year, as follows: 7 mammals, 27 birds, 9 reptiles and 11 batrachians. Among the additions by birth during the year were gray wolves, prairie wolf, black bears, a zebra, two bisons and a number of antelope and deer of various species.

Reference has previously been made to the studies carried on in the Philadelphia Garden in the diseases of captive wild animals. Last year a pathological laboratory and infirmary were completed at the garden, which contains a receiving room, an infirmary, an operating room and a laboratory. Animals dying in the garden are studied here and the causes of death determined. Experimental work in the direction of preventive treatment of communicable diseases is in progress. So far as known, no such institution with equal facilities for studying the



PAINTED TRILLIUM.

diseases of wild animals exists in a zoological garden elsewhere.

The disease which is most fatal to captive wild animals in zoological gardens is well known to be tuberculosis, and the most dangerous after that is inflammation of the gastro-intestinal tract. The examinations made last year at the Philadelphia Gardens by Dr. C. Y. White, of the Pepper Clinical Laboratory, show this to be true here. The establishment of this laboratory cannot fail to yield much information of very great value.

I BELIEVE in the gun for the normal boy. He may make a man without one, but he has an unequal chance with the boy whose heart has thrilled with the elemental joy that links him to the habits and instincts of 4,000 years of human history. The first man was a hunter, a trapper, and a fisherman. When mankind ceases to care for these things mankind must be either sick or foolish or both. It is not true that it provokes cruelty or selfishness; rather the opposite. The boy draws close to nature, learns her laws, and feels the sweep of elemental life. He kills only what is fit to eat and is needed for food. His character is strengthened proportionately—for such boys rarely commit crime or display mental weakness. They make clean, sane, wholesome men—men who take the world in their hands and find it good—Thomas Dixon, in *New York Times*.



GAME BAG AND GUN



On the Top of the Wapiti.

THERE are few sports more thoroughly enjoyable and beneficial than hunting the wild creatures of the forest. It furnishes, as does none other, continued exercise and hard work blent with pleasure in the purity of wild mountain air; it begets health and vigor; it draws one close to nature, by far the most beautiful and wonderful study we have; it leads to camping and living as a man should live; it furnishes exquisite excitement; it nurtures perseverance, keen observation, self-reliance and good fellowship; it means to the body what study does to the mind. "A huntsman should possess the following qualifications," says the Encyclopædia Britannica, "health, memory, decision, temper, patience, a good ear, voice, and sight, courage and spirits, perseverance and activity." It is one of the oldest of sports, indulged in centuries ago by the old Greeks and Romans, the ancient Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, and even by some nations in the older Bible times. Its age proves its honest value as nothing else can; it has been weighed in the balance for hundreds of years, and not yet has it been found wanting.

And so, believing in all its many-sided advantages and subtle charms myself, I did not refuse the opportunity last fall of following the trail of the wapiti, or "elk" as they are usually called in America, and accordingly started out with two other friends in early September from Big Timber, Montana, bound for elk and any other big game we might chance to see. Behold us then one fine morning "hitting the trail" along the Boulder Creek over the stage road from Big Timber to Contact—our outfit consisting of our three riding horses and three pack-horses, which carried a tepee tent, our "war-bags," our blankets and grub for three weeks. We also picked up at Contact a fourth man for cook and horse rustler. We took our way leisurely enough the first day, camping over night at one of the numerous ranches which lay scattered through the Boulder Valley, and on the next day made Contact, distant from Big Timber about thirty-five miles.

Contact is situated far up in the mountains, wedged in between gaunt stupendous peaks of rock and forest. The town is principally a miners' camp, patronized by prospectors spending their lonely lives in the wild seclusion of the mountains seeking elusive fortunes, prospecting for float and leads of gold. Contact is composed of one log cabin, a deserted log saloon, a log stable, and a log corral. That is all, absolutely. The most interesting part of the town is its chief inhabitant, Joe Keeney, one of those old-timers who can tell many a good story of the departed frontier days. All evening he entertained us in story-telling and in fiddling the old-time cowboy tunes. I shall never forget how perfectly he played the merry old "Arkansas Traveler."

Thirty miles above Contact lie the old Independence gold mines. The way hither penetrates far up into the Boulder Canyon over a rough wood road, hewn through fragrant forests of pine, originally built to connect Independence with the outside world. The old Independence mine, nestling in the inmost depths of a mighty canyon, cradled between dark cloud-wreathed mountains and rocky desolate cliffs, lies deserted and forlorn. All that is left is a collection of empty, silent cabins, once the miners' quarters—little one-room hovels of roughly hewn logs, bare of all comforts except old rat-riddled beds of boards and straw. One or two once possessed the distinction of grimy board floors, but these have rotted away, and the roofs long since have fallen in, "life and thought have gone away," leaving naught but these empty walls to show where strong men once spent their lives—where long ago they lived and fought and toiled and died.

From Independence we zig-zagged up the mountain-side till at last we stood high up on the top of the divide between the Boulder and Slough creeks, mid-way, it seemed, between sky and earth. For far down below us was spread a mighty scene; lofty peaks and towers, gulches and bottomless ravines, buttes and pinnacles, and snow-strewn mountain ranges, pagodas, temples, savage canyons, vast amphitheatres, a thousand different fantastic shapes and jagged forms, all smouldering in the far distance in hues and intermingled tints of red and blue and purple; and all around was the endless sky, with here and there a desolate bare peak of rock and cliff and snow, wind-swept, gloomy, chill.

Descending to the head of Slough Creek we followed its course southward for nine or ten miles till we reached Lost Creek, one of its small tributaries. All afternoon we spent pushing our way up Lost Creek, through thick, heavy timber. There was no trail—nothing but a tangle of gnarled pine trees and branches, fallen timber and steep declivities, apparently inaccessible for horses. But in some miraculous manner we managed to squeeze the pack-horses through the thick, heavy growth of standing trees and pull them over the network of fallen ones without the packs getting torn to pieces, and by nightfall we found ourselves hemmed in by dense forest near the head of Lost Creek under a scowling dizzy cliff. The only feed we could find for our horses that night lay in a small park on a side hill steep enough to make a horse swear, so there we had to camp.

Now, camping on a side hill may or may not be a joke. It depends on the point of view. But to me on that evening it seemed frightful how the dishes and kettles would take to rolling down hill, merrily emptying out one's supper on the way. The coffee-pot could not be induced to stand up on the coals, but wobbled and tilted with provoking joviality; every now and then a log would suddenly give way with a downward motion, and lower the frying pan full of sputtering grease into the fire; everything took to rollicking down hill. That night

was a remarkable one. Every now and then I would wake up to find myself rolling downward out of my blankets, and with a sleepy pull I would draw the blankets after me. I suppose I would have finally landed in the creek at the bottom had not a tree held me firm until morning.

The next two days I spent hunting all through that vicinity, but elk did not seem to be running there. The first day I just caught sight of the rear end of one as he was silently vanishing into the trees; and on the second day all I saw was one large wolf running over the slide-rock, which I failed to get. The timber and dead trees were so thick that it was almost impossible to get up to any elk without being heard by their wonderful ears.

The chances of elk finding in such a country without snow seemed very small, so the next day we moved camp across a high divide down into Paradise Basin at the head of the creek bearing that name. An icy mountain stream bordered on either side by open grassy parks, hemmed in on all sides but one by steep timbered mountain sides culminating in rocky mighty cliffs mingling with the birds and the sky—this is Paradise Basin. Here we camped for seven or eight days beside the cold crystal creek, picketing our horses in the parks where they thrived on the long yellow prairie grass.

I took a short hunt that afternoon and found the country different from that of Lost Creek Basin. The timber was larger and more open, and there was much less down timber affording the hunter more chance to make his way noiselessly through the trees. There was also an abundance of soft green growth carpeting the forest, on whose tender leaflets and tiny red berries, honey-sweet, elk love to feed. Altogether it was a promising looking country, and so, although I saw nothing that afternoon, I set out next morning with a light heart and a hope that I would see some elk before the day was over. As I climbed the mountain side that morning, toward a small basin high up under the cliffs, I came across numerous elk tracks, but none seemed very fresh. I kept climbing upward, however, and soon stood on the brink of the basin in which my hopes for that day were cast. As I gazed down at the tops of the trees below me, I wondered what the god of chance had hidden away for me beneath those thick shielding branches; I wondered if there really were any elk down there, and whether the country was as destitute of life as the vast unbroken silence seemed to proclaim. And then arose a strange answer to my thoughts. For on a sudden, out of the dead silence brooding over the woods, broke forth a sound that thrilled through the listening forest—the whistle of an elk. Those that have never heard it cannot conceive of its music, the great ringing whistle cutting clear and wild and joyous through the forest stillness, rising and then falling till it seems almost like some weird wail, immediately followed by the deep musical fantastic grunt. It seemed almost like some lost spirit wailing out of the tangled depths of the woods from only the wind knew where. I could not move. I could only throw my whole soul into listening, greedily devouring every slightest sound. It was a beautiful and wonderful forest call indeed, fraught with the wildness and the spirit of the woods. It thrilled and quivered through me; it rung in my ears; it seemed to tingle in my blood; and my mind painted the old bull as he stood there hurling forth his call, his shaggy body poised on three graceful dainty legs, his noble antlered head thrown up toward heaven, his nostrils wide distended, his alert ears ready to catch the slightest sound, his great kingly antlers sparkling in the sun.

Statue-still I stood, spell-bound as it were, and listened with straining ears. My heart fluttered with a strain of joy in it, for this was the first whistle I had heard this season. The elk cry is uttered only by the bulls in the running season, which occurs with the waxing and the waning of the moon in September. Soon, however, a squirrel snapped a twig. The spell was broken and I resumed my course over the interwoven mass of fallen timber. Carefully picking a way over the dead crackling sticks, almost noiselessly, I followed up the sound. I soon came to a spring around which the mud and swampy moss had been just recently all tracked up by elk; the water was still muddy where some had riled it up while drinking. Here I sat down and waited for several minutes to see if any more elk would come down for a drink. But nothing could I hear or see except the little pine squirrels and chipmunks, busily chattering away and nimbly pattering around the branches.

Suddenly that wild heart-searching elk cry broke forth again, clear and ringing. This was too much; I could sit still no longer. I jumped up and silently stole up through the basin in the direction of the sound. Everywhere appeared fresh elk sign. Open parks were scattered here and there through the timber, and it was on the edge of one of these that my roving eye suddenly caught a splotch of reddish brown about a hundred yards away, so well blent with its background of trees and rocks as to be almost indistinguishable. A second later a shy head was turned wonderingly toward me; my rifle went mechanically up to my shoulder and I fired. I think I hit the animal, but away he went bounding lightly up a hill, fleet as the wind, with me painfully and awkwardly lumbering up behind. When I reached the top of the hill I caught a vanishing glimpse of him through the timber, and although I tried to follow his trail, that was the last I ever saw of him. So I had lost my first elk.

The next day—Saturday—I hunted all day long through the forest but nothing could I see of elk except their tracks, which lay all through the country.

On Sunday morning I took a much appreciated rest in camp and spent the afternoon in a ride down the creek to view some beaver homes, which proved to be very interesting. It is wonderful what these little people of

the forest streams accomplish in their midnight work. Whole trees were chopped down along the water's edge; three and four-foot dams were solidly built across the creek at various places; the flow of the water was kept evenly regulated by numerous dams and waterways; and in the midst of their handicraft was situated their home—a large mound built on the water's edge, of willow withes and mud neatly and solidly plastered together, with the single doorway under water opening up to air-chambers and passages above.

On the following day—one long after to be remembered—after a hasty meal of fried bacon, "sinkers" and "heifer's delight," I started out from camp as usual, and sneaked for several miles through the woods along the side of the mountain under the rim rock. It was hard, tiresome work, climbing up apparently perpendicular hills, clambering over fallen trees as noiselessly as possible, crawling over slide-rock, crossing rocky gulches, making one's way through dry rustling leaves and dead crackling sticks with the stealth of an Indian—always straining to see the elk that were never there. The vastness of the desolate peaks and forests seemed eternal; loneliness cried out to God. And still I walked along; on and ever onward. Not a sound broke the stillness of those mighty woods, save for the stirring of the wee forest folk—the fluttering of little wings now and then, or the angry excited chitter-chatter of the squirrels, or once in a while a sudden mighty whirr as a grouse winged his way to safety. And the wind, rising and falling, now slipping through the tree tops soft and purring, now rushing, roaring headlong through the branches, blended strangely with the utter silence. And so all morning long I walked through the pines, ever gazing into empty vistas; hoping at every turn, yet always the same empty disappointments—no elk to be seen.

About 2 o'clock, weary and worn out with vain tramping, I sat down to rest in a small open park which I had happened upon. For half an hour or more I idly sat there, watching the merry squirrels at their play—gaily chasing one another around the tall trees, scuttling over fallen logs, up tree-trunks and through the branches, giving up their whole quivering little beings to their sport, forgetting every care and restraint. Happy little creatures these—but hark! a far off whistle—indistinct yet unmistakable, pierces the stillness, hangs quivering a moment, then dies away into silence. Intently did I listen, spell-bound, motionless, for several long minutes of intense silence. My very soul seemed pierced by that ringing note of defiance and fierce wild beauty. Then once again, clear and lovely, it came ringing through the forest. I jumped up electrified, and started swiftly forth in the direction of the sound. Yet the whistle had sounded too far away for me to be positive of its direction; and so, after some time spent in an uncertain hunt, I stopped, hesitating which way to proceed. I was standing in an open coulée strewn with mangled fallen trees, down which some months before a landslide had thundered its terrific destruction, leaving an open track of desolation as sharply marked as though God's own hand had swept down the mountainside a pathway of awful wrath. I started up from the coulée, entered the woods on the other side, walked a short distance, and then stopped, I know not why, hesitated, and finally retraced my steps to the coulée. Oh! what good angel led me back? For as I stood there wondering which way to go next, suddenly once again that piercing whistle was lifted up and hurled forth throbbing through the woods—this time close at hand, clear as a bugle note, defiant, ringing. Oh, the thrill of that wild sound! How it makes the blood leap in the veins, and the heart madly beat, and the sinews draw tense and twitch. Up I sprang quivering in every nerve, anxiously I gazed up the gulch from which the call had seemed to issue. Nothing was in sight, but far up the coulée, near the top of the peak, I could see a steep open park opening on the left where I thought the elk must be. Excitedly I ran and walked and crept up the gulch, every nerve tense, trembling, hoping, wondering. Up, up toward the direction of the whistle I hurried, my eyes and ears strained toward the open park ahead. Infinite was the care bestowed on every step, lest some false one betray me to the ever-watchful, ever-listening quarry; and yet withal, sore was my haste, lest the elk move off or detect my presence before I get within rifle-shot. So at last, moving like a shadow, I reached a point near the top of the draw. And then suddenly, about two hundred and fifty yards away, I beheld a sight that thrilled me—a great pair of branching ivory-tipped antlers, and a huge dark back slowly moving around, just visible over some low bushes at the bottom of the gulch. With pounding heart I carefully and without a sound crept up-wind along the side of the gulch behind some low fringing bushes, till I was within fifty yards of the spot where I had seen my prize. I cautiously raised myself up and took a hasty glance around. Was there ever such dismay? Nothing was in sight but the steep sides of the gulch, and the sky and cliffs above. Where, where, could he be? But suddenly, just ahead through an opening in the bushes, he stalked—huge and majestic—a lordly picture of grace and strength and forest beauty, crowned with those mighty antlers, so perfect, so wonderful, so faultless, embodying and strangely blending the rugged strength of the cliffs and mountain-peaks with the tenderness and beauty of God's forest. For a moment he stood there and gazed at me with his great brown eyes; so pure, so innocent he seemed.

Ah, what a longed-for moment! My heart gave a wild fierce cry of exultation; my raging blood bade me shoot. My rifle went up to my shoulder; a moment's pause, and it spit out the sharp crack of death; and the great animal came piteously lunging toward me. A second shot rang out, and he stopped, tottering, magnificently pitiful. And when next the heartless rifle spoke its insistent summons, he limply fell, and then rolled

Concerning the Heroic Pose.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

An official attempt to suppress in Washington the circulation of a periodical in which President Roosevelt is criticised severely for killing wild animals, has aroused discussion of the ethics of hunting, and the newspapers are taking sides according to their politics. It is not worth while to make a row over the President's hunting, even if one disapproves such amusement, and it does not seem to me much of an argument to call him "an educated bulldog," as does the president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. But it does seem worth while to discuss candidly the question of our treatment of the wild things that share with us the occupancy of the earth.

Now, I never was accused of being a sentimentalist, and I do not think I am a crank. I have hunted quite a lot in my time, and I have destroyed animal life for no better reason than the excitement of "sport" or the exercise of a certain skill with weapons. "Game hog" I never have been, yet I admit freely that I have killed creatures that I could not use for food. So, if anyone sees fit to take issue with what I have to say, he may as well omit the personal note and not trouble himself to suggest that the pleasures of the chase, and the "strenuous life" are out of my ken. I have been through it all, and have enjoyed as keenly, perhaps, as does Mr. Roosevelt the excitement of the bear hunt, even alone and without dogs.

But one's point of view changes, and now I question seriously the moral right of man to kill without necessity any other living creature. Without dipping into the shoreless and bottomless sea of metaphysical abstractions, I presume it will be admitted that cruelty is evil; that is, morally wrong. Thoughtless cruelty, lacking evil intent, is less wrong than deliberate infliction of needless pain. So I do not condemn the man who hunts and kills for sport, if he has not given thought to the matter and cannot look at it from my point of view. I deem his act evil, but not himself. If I should do the same thing, knowing or at least believing it to be wrong, I should be bound in reason to consider myself an evil person.

Is it not fantastic hypocrisy to demand the enactment of stringent laws for the preservation of game in order that we may have always something to kill? The sportsman professes deep and abiding love for all nature, animate and inanimate. He talks about the birds and animals as if he regarded them with the tenderest affection. He writes bookfuls of beautiful gush about them and himself—usually giving more space to himself and his fine feelings and noble nature than to them—and really seems to take seriously his pose of superiority to other men because of his soulful appreciation of the wonders of nature.

If the animals do think, I wonder what they think of

that noble creature, the true sportsman. If they don't regard him as he regards the rattlesnake and the man-eating tiger as a malignant destroyer, a pest—it is because a merciful Providence has spared them the agony of understanding.

As a matter of fact, man is the only wanton, malicious, cold-blooded murdering animal on earth. The rattlesnake is not vicious, and the man-eating tiger kills only to satisfy his appetite—even if it be a perverted taste for human meat.

To attempt to exalt sheer ferocity into a manly virtue is monstrously absurd. The primitive man, who fought the cave bear with a club or a stone ax, was a brave fellow. When the spear and the sword were man's most deadly weapons, it required courage to hunt the fighting animals, and strength of arm and steadiness of nerve to slay them. Even with the muzzle-loading firearm, the hunter took a "sporting chance" when he tackled the grizzly bear, the lion, the tiger, the rhinoceros and some other big game.

But to pretend that there is great and inevitable danger in hunting any wild beast on earth with modern lethal weapons is arrant humbug. Of what avail are the strength and courage of the king of beasts against a stream of bullets poured into him from a high-power repeater? The big game hunter of to-day exaggerates the perils of his sport and assumes the heroic pose to cover up the essential brutality and cowardice of the butchery.

A welcome symptom of the change that is working in the attitude of man toward the animals is the gradual disappearance from the pages of sporting journals of detailed accounts of the killing of game. There was a time when the sportsman felt it incumbent on him to write to his favorite journal a precise description of the wounds inflicted by him upon his quarry. He told just where the bullet struck, how big a hole it made, what organs it tore and what bones it smashed, and he described minutely the death agonies and convulsions of the tortured animal. The pages of sporting papers were filled with reports of autopsies and post-mortems on assassinated dumb creatures. They reeked with the literature of blood and entrails. Thank heaven, that repulsive stuff is disappearing, even if it has given place to a lot of sentimental twaddle and ridiculously false "natural history" of talking jack rabbits, metaphysical coyotes, pedagogical crows and emotional catfish.

The twaddlers will twaddle themselves out in time, and the good there is in their work will remain. And then we shall understand the good poet who said:

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small;
For the good God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

FLINT LOCKE.

over and over down the hill—one confused, pitching mass of legs, and antlers and body, till a tree mercifully caught and stopped him in his fall, and he lay still forever. Where had his wild life flown to? Who knows?

Oh, you brute! How could you mercilessly, needlessly kill this poor dumb ranger of the forest, so beautiful, so strong, God's own creature? Why? Who can tell? It was the spirit of the hunt—a fever. The hunter shoots not at a living breathing creature; he sees only the object of a week's, a month's, weary quest, he rejoices in the attainment of the long wished for, and he merely stops the wonderful head in its mad career, as you would pick a berry; then brings his trophy home and mounts it, where its beauty is appreciated, not by a lone hunter once or twice in a life-time, but by many who see and rejoice in the beauty of God's wild creatures.

So I had my prize and rejoiced; but as I looked up the hill in the grassy park above, lo, there stood a whole herd of elk—cows with dainty heads tilted to one side, ears pricked up on the alert, and soft wide-open eyes gazing wonderingly down at me, little startled calves at their sides, and quite near at hand another wondrous bull, the lord of the herd, still larger, still mightier than the first, with magnificent, massive, many-pronged antlers branching and reaching heavenward. Again I raised my rifle; again that sharp crack and cruel spit of fire; and the bull sorely wounded, started painfully, heavily up the hill. A little way and he stopped, unable to go farther. Silent as a statue he stood, wondering, waiting, with a pathos in his sad, dumb eyes, and a piteous drip, drip, drip writing death in red upon the ground beneath him. Poor wild creature—how could he, who had never tasted sorrow, know of the tragedy of Life and Death? But the cruel fever was in me. Stealthily I crept up the hill till I was only eighty, seventy yards away; then, a sudden report, and the great head fell and lay still, never to move again. The great inevitable end had come at last.

I turned around; the other elk had all vanished. I looked across the sky to another ridge far off, and there they went, one bounding lightly after another, seeking new and better feeding grounds. Away they went in a long string; away, far away, till I could see them no more.

And I was left alone in the forest.

FRANCIS B. SAYRE.

A NEW ZEALAND paper relates that a settler in the Upper Plain noticed a hawk flying about in a peculiar manner and crying out as if in pain. The settler obtained a gun and shot the bird, and investigation showed the cause of its distress was a weasel, which was perched on the hawk's back, with its teeth buried in the bird's neck. Apparently the animal had pounced upon the hawk when it was on the ground, and was carried skyward.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



The Log of a Sea Angler.

X.—The Roba'o—A Gamy Fish—Taking a Large One to Lose It—Fight with the Sharks—A Tiger of the Sea—Subd ing a Man-Eater—Size of Sharks—Danger from Sharks—Tarpon Taken.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "BIG GAME FISHES," "ADVENTURES OF TORQUA," ETC.

The shark as a menace to life was scorned, and no attention was paid to them in the inner channel; but I was extremely careful not to capsize or fall overboard where I fed and fished for them in the outer channel. It may be said that these sharks were well fed; still large fellows which were hungry doubtless often came in from the outer gulf, yet though gross carelessness was displayed by myself, the negroes and fishermen, I never heard of an attack in the five or six years spent on this portion of the reef, winter and summer. What the result would have been if essayed in the open gulf a mile distant I do not know—I drew the line there.

Surrounded by twenty or more large sharks of several kinds thoroughly aroused by the scent of blood, one finds an excellent opportunity for observation. Nearly every shark had two varieties of attendants, first remoras, a fish a foot or so in length, black, peculiar in appearance and adapted by nature to its peculiar life, and always attached to either a turtle or shark, a large grouper or jewfish, and never seen alone or far from a protector, at least in my somewhat extended experience. The remora has a flat head upon which is a large sucker which calls to mind the slats of a Venetian blind, and the fish has but to swim up to a shark, turn itself over, press its sucker upon the tawny hide to become thoroughly and completely attached. So firm is the hold that I invariably had difficulty in wrenching them from the shark after landing one. The remoras habitually cling to their huge companion, and all the sharks in this conclave had from two to five or six dangling from their sides, presenting a strange contrast, being black or a gun-metal hue. When hungry they would cast off and swim rapidly about, feeding on the small bits dropped from their master's table; and I never saw a shark attempt to seize one, although I have observed them darting about with a wriggling motion directly in front of the shark's mouth.

There are a number of species of remoras, all of peculiar appearance. One I found fastened to the operculum of a spearfish; and two were caught on a pegged turtle. This little fish was jet black, with two white stripes from head to tail, making it a most conspicuous object. I recall seeing them attached to a large fifty-pound drumfish which came sailing along with two or three remoras trailing from its sides like pennants. The

common remora of the sharks was dark or brown, and had a darker stripe with light edges. I killed a black grouper that proudly bore four of these dusky big-mouthed attendants which often take a crawfish bait. I caught two one morning, the companions of a large shark that was hovering about. One I hooked not three feet in front of the shark's nose where it coiled like an eel for a few seconds, doubling and struggling; yet, apparently, the shark did not notice it. Bob told me that he had seen them on the porpoise, the big amberjacks and dolphins at sea, but this, doubtless, was another kind. The largest remoras I saw were at least sixteen inches long, and were wrenched from the side of one of the largest man-eaters I took—a monster that could have dined upon a horse. I performed a post mortem upon him with this result, or contents of his stomach: three tin cans of beef; they had been merely punctured, condemned by the quartermaster and tossed overboard; one piece of frayed rope, one horn of a steer, sawed off or blunted, with a large piece of the skull attached, three hoofs of steer, turtle's head and flippers, and a quantity of other matter that must have weighed one hundred pounds. This was extraordinary, yet it was a bagatelle to the meal of a certain thirty-five-foot man-eater taken on the high seas off Australia, that had dined that day upon a complete horse that had been thrown overboard by the troop ship. In all my experience of swimming in and about the reef, I never heard of but one instance of an attack. This was up the reef near Cape Florida, a tiger shark having killed a man. Personally, I dreaded the big barracudas more than sharks.

The second band of associates of the sharks were the pilot fishes, striped fishes resembling the young of a Seriola, near kinsmen of the amberjack and the splendid yellowtail of the Pacific, and others. These little fishes, to the number of a dozen or more, attached themselves to every shark, and I have seen them about other large fishes, as the drum. The association is, doubtless, assumed for protection. The pilots in no sense pilot the shark, at least those observed by me rarely advanced far from their big consort; but they were continually darting out several feet and rushing back to cover, the sharks paying not the slightest attention to them.

Shark fishing was legitimate sport here. The men used the oil for some remedy (I trust not cod liver oil) which they sold to an agent in Key West. The jaws were sold to travelers, while the backbone was manufactured into canes; hence the shark had a decided economic value and there was an excuse for its capture, a contest always of a strenuous nature. I fished for sharks from the beach, often single handed, and succeeded in wearing out fifteen-foot fellows which ten or a dozen men found difficult to drag up the beach. A strong man is a match for a very large shark providing he understands the method of playing it. The secret is to have a very long line and to fight

the game vigorously from start to finish, and if possible keep it headed in. I had a line about the size of a clothes line, a three-foot chain, and a swivel hook a foot long, barbed, and used for bait a twelve or fifteen-pound grouper. The bait would be tossed out into the channel, the line coiled on the beach, one end fastened to a heavy timber, and where it led into the water, held by a stick thrust into the sand as a tell tale, while near at hand was the dinghy hauled up and ready to follow the game should it carry everything away.

Lying on the sand in the terrific but never dangerous heat, I watched the stick that invariably fell within a few moments. The line would slowly run out. Foot by foot it would glide into the channel, and when ten or twenty feet had slipped away it was supposed that the shark had the bait well in its capacious maw. Then I seized it, waited until it came taut, and gave the shark a theoretical butt, a jerk that often resulted in my being jerked forward on my face.

It seemed impossible sometimes to let go quick enough. The first rush of the shark was irresistible, but it was always possible to take the line when one hundred feet or so had gone, and then began the fight. By holding with all my strength, bracing back with feet in the soft sand, I could turn a large shark up the beach and run with it, pulling and hauling, and finally make a stand, turn it and lead it back. This was strenuous work, and more than once I was dragged into the water and forced to give up, and swim ashore amid the laughter of my companions who never ceased to wonder why I could see pleasure in what they considered the hardest kind of work.

Here we see a peculiarity of sport. If you call it sport and believe that it is, you enjoy it, but dub this same pastime labor, and set a price of six bits a day upon its head, and it assumes another phase, it is something to be avoided by the average man.

This sport had its peculiar excitements, and many were the big sharks I laid along the sands and many a one laid me low, or took my line. One mighty gamester that no one ever saw, took the rope with such a rush that it nearly jerked me overboard, carried it all away, overturned a heavy sentry box in which stood a negro, who leaped overboard to save himself, dragged this into the channel with a plank that five men could not lift, towed them away; and when we reached the wreck in the dinghy, and fastened a new rope to a stake buoy the monster broke the line. Let the imagination soar to picture his dimensions.

I often took sharks from the boat, the big steeds towing her up and down, often escaping, and on more than one occasion nearly capsizing the boat. I had a small light boat-rigged for this sport. She had an air-tight compartment in the bow covered by a deck, and on the cut-water a groove like a rowlock to receive the line; and

when a shark was towing the boat with the rope in this groove, I amidships holding the line, a man at the oar to steer, the sport was exciting, as it was always a race at full speed.

In such a run I once stood holding the line in place. I had hooked the shark from a school, enticing him by the baiting-up process, and knew that it was of large size. As we rushed away I saw on either side a number of large tiger sharks of the band that were racing along not five feet below the surface, sides tipped up, eyeing the boat.

Such an escort was not particularly pleasing, even to anglers callous on the subject of danger from sharks, and in a few minutes the game made a sudden rush to port, careening the boat so violently that it dragged her down, and despite my utmost endeavor, the rope slipped from the notch and went over the side and the boat began to fill.

I had a sheath knife at hand, and more than once touched the rope, but my companion succeeded in hauling the boat around, head to the game, and I got the line back with the boat a third full of water. Several times I had this experience, but it was never successful, we were never capsized. This shark towed us out the ship channel and headed out to sea. It literally subdued all the vanity I had accumulated as a master of sharks; it "walked away" with us, and to haul the boat over it was apparently impossible. Two miles out I met a barge coming in and hailed her. She caught my line, and the ten or more men caught the water with their oars and for a second held the unseen giant, and then—tell it not in Gath—the rope broke.

I determined to see if a large shark could be tamed, and hooking one at the same place, after a long struggle brought it to the boat, where it seized the keel and crunched it, leaving several of its ivory serrated teeth clinging to the wood. We towed it in, and by the aid of a number of negroes hauled it over the tide and wooden breakwater of the moat, using a large plank for the purpose of an incline.

When on the summit the men held its tail while I sat astride of its body and "neck" and performed the dental operation of removing the hook—a most difficult performance, as the shark persisted in clinching it, and I was forced to pry its mouth open and place a block of wood between its jaws.

Little wonder that a shark can bite so cleverly. The jaw of this individual, which later I had cleaned and dried, slipped over my shoulders easily, contained thirteen rows of teeth, the first one erect, the others lying flat and all perfect saw-knives, their edges being serrated. When the jaws gripped anything all the rows stood erect, a guillotine of tremendous power.

Removing the hook I knocked out the block, and as I sprang away and the men cast off the tail guy, the man-eater rolled into the water of the large inclosure, making a savage rush which brought its muzzle in violent contact with the brick sea wall. This appeared to be sufficient, as apparently the shark came to the conclusion that it was caught and swam contentedly along the side of the wall with an eye cast upward.

I kept it here several months hoping to tame it, and while I could fasten to it by canvas loops and it would tow a skiff and likewise capsize it, it cannot be said to have exhibited any special domestication. From the first it refused to eat though tempted with various kinds of food; doubtless it did take some of the fish thrown to it daily, but I never observed the act, and most of the food was afloat the following day and taken out. I believe that the spirit of this gallant fighter was broken, and in a few months it died. It must have weighed nearly two thousand pounds, being of enormous bulk. This experiment was attempted a number of times with various large sharks, always with the same success.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, Mass., June 2.—The Grafton Country Club gave its third annual horse and hound exhibition on Decoration Day. It is estimated that no less than 8,000 people gathered to witness what proved to be some very exciting races. Mr. Harry W. Smith, of Worcester, the chief promoter of the show, won the steeplechase but fainted just as his mount crossed the line. Otherwise than this rather startling occurrence and some harmless spills in the high jumps, the day passed without mishaps and the great throng declared it the biggest day for horses and dogs that Worcester county had ever witnessed. In the high jump Mrs. Pierce, on Robert Bruce, cleared 5 ft. gin. Of late, horses and hounds are well to the front with many Bay State sportsmen.

The hotels and camps in the Rangeleys are filling up rapidly. Senator Frye and daughter are at the Frye camp on Mooseluckmeguntic, and the Senator still holds the record of taking the largest trout on a fly ever caught in that lake, 10 pounds and some ounces.

Capt. R. A. Tuttle, of Boston, is entertaining several friends from New York in his cottage at Lake Point. Their guides are Charles and Eben Harnden, Joe Lamb and Isaac Tibbetts.

At the Gilman cottage, Mrs. Gilman, of Haverhill, is making a short stay prior to its occupancy by Colonel Hilton and family, of New York. The Colonel has leased the place for five years and will have a steamer of his own, an automobile and quite a retinue of servants. He is making extensive changes and improvements with a view to the purchasing of the establishment later on.

Mr. Benjamin Peason, of South Byfield, Mass., has purchased Deer Park Lodge of Mr. Parkhurst, and with his family and several New York friends is passing a portion of the season there.

A party from Putnam, Conn., has taken one of the Mountain View cottages. In the party are Dr. and Mrs. John J. Russell and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dady.

Mr. H. W. Clarke, the veteran Boston fisherman (eighty-nine years old), who has been a regular visitor for some forty years, is again enjoying his favorite sport on Rangeley Lake with Nick Ogilvie as guide until Dave Haines, his old guide, closes his present engagement.

Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Judkins, of Lynn, have been at Upper Dam, and Mrs. Judkins took a 6-pound salmon and a 5½-pound trout. In half an hour's fishing the Doctor took two trout that weighed 5 pounds each.

Their record for seven days was eighty-one trout and ten salmon.

Mr. John B. Watkins, of New York, has in his party at Upper Dam the author, Richard Ingalese, and wife, and Mrs. Charles Gibson. Another old-timer at the Rangeleys, Mr. Loring Coes, of Worcester, is enjoying the forty-seventh yearly visit at the age of ninety-three.

Two visitors from Boston that seldom fail to put in an early appearance on the fishing waters are Messrs. Frederick Skinner and Alexander Jackson.

The Rangeley Lake House has sometimes been called "The Paul Smith's of the Rangeleys." It was the scene of the wedding of proprietor Marble's daughter, Miss Lucy Leona Marble, to Mr. Ralph Talbot Kendall, which took place on June 1. Many prominent persons from Maine, Massachusetts and New York were present. The couple will visit several southern resorts on their honeymoon trip.

Mr. Fred R. Carney, one of the managers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is building a cottage at Mountain View. When completed it will be one of the finest on the Oquossoc, with ample rooms, open fire-places, etc.

Messrs. J. Ackerman and F. Vorenberg, of Boston, with two New York friends, have been domiciled at Bald Mountain camps and found the fishing good.

Dr. D. E. Adams, of Boston, who visited Bemis four times last season, is now there with Col. J. J. Chaffee, of Willimantic, Conn.

Several parties from Portland, Waltham and Hartford are meeting with good success at Dead River ponds. Among those making a tour through the Rangeley and Dead River regions are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ames, of New Bedford. Of the long list of pleasure seekers at the various camps on the lakes the names of a few others will be recognized by some of your readers as old friends; for instance, J. R. Marble, of Worcester; W. N. Marble and W. H. Inman, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. James G. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Tedcastle, of Boston; H. A. Dill, of Newton Centre, and H. B. Reed, of South Weymouth. Dr. W. C. Halleck and wife, of New York, have taken several good salmon. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Chandler, of Boston, accompany Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, and are taking a good number of fish.

Quite a large party of physicians went over the Rumford Falls Railway to Bald Mountain, Saturday, including Dr. J. F. Rowell, Dr. George Wells, Dr. F. C. Lowell and others, together with Gen. Merriam, of the United States Army. Dr. H. E. Emmons got the largest trout of the season, 7 pounds.

Ex-Governor Frank W. Rollins and Mr. H. H. Dudley and son, of Concord, N. H., are at the Birches for a stay of two or three weeks. Their guides are C. Turner and Russ Spinney. Dr. and Mrs. George A. Craigin, of Boston, are occupying Camp Mischief, and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hutchinson are in Sunset Cabin.

Among the newcomers at Clearwater are H. F. Parsons, of Lowell; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Vinal, of Boston; Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Souther, of Milton, and R. C. Lawrence, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Andrews, of Swampscott, have arrived at their cottage for the season. They and many others are taking good catches of salmon and lakers ranging from 3 to 12 pounds. Dr. and Mrs. J. C. French, of Webster, S. D., are finding good sport at Square Lake, where last year Mrs. French took a record breaking square-tail weighing 9½ pounds. Hon. Joseph Coult and party from Newark, N. J., all experts with rod and reel, are sure to capture good creels.

Moosehead is making a record fully abreast with former years. Frank X. Fitzpatrick, of Cambridge, an annual visitor for fourteen years, with Fred S. Lufkin, of Gloucester, and two others, one day at Spencer Bay took fifty-four brook trout that weighed, collectively, 96 pounds, ranging from 1 to 3½ pounds each. On the next day, in another portion of the lake, they landed forty trout that weighed 83 pounds. It is needless to say that while out they attended strictly to business. Another party of eight, the Tisdale party from Leominster, in a little over two hours got thirteen trout and fourteen togue whose combined weight was 75 pounds. Mrs. F. C. Ayres, of Boston, took an 11½-pound togue. A. D. Thayer, of Franklin, and J. E. Tweedy, of North Attleboro, members of the State Association, are accompanied by their wives, and secured thirty-two fish on their first day out. N. C. Nash, of Boston, has taken a 14-pound togue, and his companion, Mr. F. A. Seamans, of Salem, took one a half pound heavier. C. M. Harriman, of Boston, with other members of the Whale Club of New Bedford, is having good success. Mr. Charles A. Jones and family have taken possession of their cottage for the summer. Among those who have just arrived at the lake are: Messrs. F. E. and H. C. Eaton, of Waltham, and Mrs. M. A. Barron and Miss Sweetser, of the Westminster Hotel, Boston.

Gen. E. C. Farrington, of Augusta, had in his party last week Mr. H. J. Phillips, of Boston, who landed several trout and a togue weighing 10 pounds. Judge S. C. Strout, of Portland, has missed but one season in thirty-three years and is an expert fly-caster.

Think of throwing over an 8-pounder! But this is what Mr. C. S. Messervey, of Bangor, was obliged to do after taking nineteen trout, in order to keep within the law.

Members of a down east fishing club got a big string of eighty fish that weighed 146 pounds.

Messrs. Charles Stetson and Theodore Hoague, of Boston, fished chiefly with the artificial fly and in six days took 250 trout and togue. Mr. J. G. Wildman, of the Foster party, says he thinks the fishing as good as it was ten years ago. But the weather this year while the party was at the lake, he says, did not average as good for fishing as he has experienced some years. This may account for the fact that the total catch this year was not quite equal that of the party in 1899, when four rods in eight days got 458 pounds; this year five rods in thirteen days took 497 pounds of fish. This season they had only two days when the weather conditions were absolutely perfect.

Hon. Charles G. Washburn and his brother, Rev. H. B. Washburn, of Worcester, took upwards of 50 pounds in three days. Mr. A. W. Chesterton and two companions from Boston, captured 100 good fish during three days' fishing.

The Mayo Watson party, of Gloucester, as usual, is at Sebomook. Mr. Heard Colby and brother with G.

P. Herrick, all of New York, and George F. Brown, Jr., of Boston, have gone into the wilderness to Mr. Colby's private camp at Mud Pond. Official business took Commissioners Carleton and Brackett to Grand Lake Stream the other day, and although the rain was pouring down, the chairman could not resist the temptation to try the fishing, and he was well rewarded by the capture of a couple of togue of 8¼ and 10¼ pounds. There are several parties of Massachusetts anglers now at that resort, among them Dr. M. A. Morris, of Charlestown, and three others, D. G. Wing and wife, of West Newton; N. H. White and wife and Miss Mary Lewis, of Brookline; Dr. Edward D. Hartwell and several others of Boston.

A Fish Commission car has just been dispatched from the Orland hatchery with 125,000 Oregon salmon to be planted in the Saco and Piscataqua waters. Streams and lakes near the hatchery will receive 50,000. From the Upper Penobscot hatchery no less than 700,000 salmon have been shipped to waters in different parts of the State.

Bangor and Ellsworth fishermen have taken many salmon from Greene Lake the past week. Shinn Pond, reached from Patten, is receiving attention from Mr. B. F. Fuller and party of Boston. Mr. B. J. Green, of Boston, has gone to his camp at Rockabema. Mr. C. K. Fuller, of West Upton, who has recently purchased the Wrenn camps at the pond, has gone in with three companions for an outing of a few weeks.

Reports from Newport, N. H., indicate that visitors to Sunapee Lake are reaping a good harvest from the waters. Many of the cottages are already occupied. Mrs. Carl Faeton, of Boston, has been superintending repairs on her summer place for several days.

George M. Poland, Esq., who is the chairman of the Massachusetts Central Committee for protection of fish and game, and a member of the State Legislature, tells me he expects to make a trip to some of the streams he has fished in New Hampshire or elsewhere very soon.

CENTRAL.

Fish and Fishing.

Trout and Ouananiche are Rising in Canada.

THE trout and ouananiche waters of northern Quebec are down to their fly-fishing level and their temperature has reached the point at which the gamy salmonidae inhabiting them permit themselves to be coaxed by the fly-fisherman to come in out of the wet.

In the pretty pool at the mouth of the Quiatchouan River, the leaping ouananiche which are always so plentiful there at this season of the year, are now rising freely to surface lures, after having been satisfied for ten days or more previously with bottom feeding. In the shallower parts of the smaller lakes along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway and in the neighborhood of the St. Maurice, as well as in their discharges, frisky fontinalis is just now "jumping crazy at the fly." The big fish stories are not yet coming in, but there will doubtless be plenty of them when the large parties of anglers now in camp begin to return from their spring outing. Gen. W. W. Henry, United States Consul at Quebec, is one of the first returning fishermen from the north this season. The General finds it difficult to get away for more than a day or two at a time, and his first outing was to Lake Edward, where trout weighing from three to four pounds each fell victims to both his own rod and that of Mrs. Henry as well. Present appearances indicate that all the camps at Lake Edward will be occupied during the first part of June this year.

A large number of members of the St. Bernard Fish and Game Club, from both New York and Boston, are expected at the club house for the June fishing and for the annual meeting to be held on the first Monday of the month.

Early Salmon Fishing Expected.

Unless heavy rains set in within the next few days, it is probable that the salmon season will be early this year. The water in the rivers is lower than usual at this time of the year, though not so low as to make it necessary for the fish to await flood water to enable them to run up stream. I believe that the time at which they make their appearance in the neighborhood of the rivers does not vary much from year to year, though they do not usually approach either the estuaries or the neighboring headlands until near the time that the condition of the water is favorable for the ascent of the streams, and consequently are rarely caught in the nets very long before their entry of the rivers. The average opening of the fishing in the majority of Canadian rivers is from the 8th to the 15th of June. It will not be surprising, if present conditions remain unchanged, to hear of salmon rising in the rivers this year in the first week of June.

Death of Mr. Richard Nettle.

In the death of Mr. Richard Nettle, of Ottawa, in his ninety-third year, which occurred on the 23d of May last, Canada loses the father of her fishcultural operations, if not the pioneer mover in the practical work of fish protection. Every collector of angling literature knows Mr. Nettle's "Salmon Fisheries of the St. Lawrence," published in 1857. Dr. Henry, Frederick Tolfrey, Charles Lanman and Frank Forrester had published their sporting experiences upon certain salmon rivers during the two decades preceding the issue of Mr. Nettle's book, and their writings are still much prized by sportsmen and librarians alike. It did not occur to any of these angling authors, however, to direct public attention, as Mr. Nettle did, to the agencies which were then at work for the destruction of the salmon in the rivers visited by them. The Rev. Dr. Adamson had read a paper in December, 1856, before the Canadian Institute on "The decrease, restoration and preservation of salmon in Canada," which was quoted by Mr. Nettle in his book, and afterwards embodied in Colonel Alexander's "Salmon Fishing in Canada." Mr. M. H. Perley, perhaps one of the most enlightened authorities on matters pertaining to fish and fishing which New Brunswick has produced, had published, it is true, several years previous to the appearance of Mr. Nettle's work, almost equally strong appeals for the protection and restoration of the salmon fisheries, in his very valuable reports on the Fisheries of New Bruns-

wick; but his work had no reference to the salmon rivers tributary to the St. Lawrence. Mr. Nettle, however, did more than merely write about the protection and restoration of Canadian salmon fisheries. In the same year in which his book, which was dedicated by permission to the then Governor-General of Canada, Sir Edmund Head, was published, he was appointed Superintendent of Fisheries, in recognition of the interest which he had manifested in them. It was in this year, too, that he established and successfully operated the first Canadian fish hatchery. It was at first a small affair. One who saw it writes me that it was not more than twice as large as a billiard table. It was situated in a house near the corner of St. Ursule and St. John streets, in the city of Quebec. From this small beginning dates the history of fishculture in the Dominion of Canada. Seven or eight years after Mr. Nettle's first successful experiments, others were made by Mr. Samuel Wilmot, who subsequently became also an officer of the Fisheries Department, and in 1876 was made superintendent of fish-breeding.

Mr. Nettle planted several different lots of fry in the lakes and streams in the vicinity of Quebec, in 1857 and following years, his first successful experiments having been made within four years of those of Dr. Theodotus Garlick, the first successful hatcher of fish fry in the United States. The first edition of Dr. Garlick's book on fishculture, containing an account of his experiments, which is before me as I write, was issued in 1857, the same year as Mr. Nettle's, and from the paper, reprinted in it, which Dr. Garlick read before the Cleveland Academy of Natural Science, Feb. 17, 1854, I learn that some of the first eggs with which he experimented were obtained by him in 1853 from Port Stanley, in Canada.

Nettle, like Garlick, was an extremely modest man, and were it not for the protests of his friends, who were acquainted with the facts of his fishcultural work, the fame which is justly his would have gone to others. Wilmot developed and did much to further the work of fishculture in the Dominion, but Nettle and not Wilmot was the father of Canadian fishculture. Mr. Livingston Stone is authority for the statement that Seth Green was the first to succeed, in 1867 with the hatching of shad. But his earliest fishcultural operations, which were conducted at Caledonia, N. Y., dated only from the early sixties, and were consequently subsequent to those of both Garlick and Nettle.

Nettle, in his younger days, was quite a famous angler. As a devotee of Izaak Walton, the waters were few around, above or below Quebec which knew him not. It may sound strange nowadays to hear that the River St. Charles, which joins the St. Lawrence at Quebec, was one of his favorite haunts, and that many a lordly salmon fell a victim to his rod between Scott's bridge and the Lorette falls, though the former is only a mile from the city limits and the falls not more than seven. But this was half a century and more ago.

Paul, a Lorette Indian, told Mr. Nettle that his grandfather generally killed about 150 to 200 salmon during the season in the St. Charles, with the fly, while an old resident on the river told him that his average catch was about seventy during the season. Since that time the salmon had apparently deserted the river, but had evidently not been completely exterminated, for about the year 1850 they again appeared, though not by any means in their former abundance, and the greatest number Mr. Nettle killed during a summer, fishing some three evenings in a week for a month or less, was from fifteen to eighteen. I have never been able to ascertain that the artificial propagation of salmon in this river, which he recommended so strongly, was ever seriously undertaken.

Saved by a Fish Hook.

Eric Williams, the six-year-old son of Mr. H. Williams, merchant of Fort Francis, Ont., was fishing at the lower dock at that place last week, accompanied by his sister, Agnes, aged five years, when the latter fell into the water. With rare presence of mind Eric dragged his line along till he hooked the little girl's dress, and so pulled her along in the water to the edge of the wharf, whence he reached down and assisted her to safety.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

River Pleasures.

HANNIBAL, Mo.—Those who live in inland towns distant from water courses or lakes miss many enjoyments of life as well as beautiful scenery that we have here on the great Mississippi, not counting the sport of angling, duck shooting and bathing and skating for the boys.

The writer, who has spent his whole life in Quincy and Hannibal, was in his younger days what might be called a "river rat," and never so happy as when rowing, sailing or gaffing big green bull-frogs thirteen inches in length, along the muddy shallow shores of Bear Creek, about forty-five years ago.

But these days have long gone by, although the grand old river is still here, our youth and vigor are lacking for handling oars and trimming sails, so we turn to the motor launch that runs without manual labor.

I have recently taken a number of very pleasant rides on the Red Cross autoboat, one of the most beautiful and speedy of its kind in Hannibal. It belongs to a hunting and fishing club of the same name organized about a year ago by A. A. Brown, president; J. W. Dawson, vice-president, and Tom O'Donnell, secretary, and a few friends who are all very genial gentlemen fond of river sports. They are always ready to entertain their friends with plenty of Red Cross cigars and no charges for extras.

They have an excellent four horsepower motor that runs as steady as a clock. The chig, chig, chig of the propeller and the quick get, get, get of the escape pipe are the personification of untiring energy that causes the craft to tremble like a race horse.

The Red Cross is well officered by Captain Dawson, Pilot McNeal, with Engineer Ledford at the throttle. Being built on fine lines she cuts the water like a knife, but is followed by heavy swells. We have timed her down stream at the rate of over nine miles per hour, nearly the speed of our packets. Good luck to her genial owners, who operate her solely for pleasure.

I have also enjoyed a ride in the new launch Grace, a smaller craft owned by Commodore Peter Lange, pro-

prietor of the fleet of row boats at the foot of Bird street, who must be an expert in this line, as he constructed the finely modeled hull, only importing the gasoline motor which is a little giant. Although it is but a little larger than the iron part of a sewing machine it develops two and one-quarter horsepower and is a very handsome little engine. This boat, which is for hire, is carpeted with brussels and as safe and clean as a parlor. But after all, for real exciting sport give me a good sailboat with plenty of canvas that dashes over the waves like a bird, throwing spray over the crew and occasionally dipping a barrel or so of water.

During the past three years game fishing in this vicinity has been nearly ruined by the vast numbers of German carp in our waters, but early this spring the anglers were made happy by the appearance of considerable small crappie, our favorite pan fish, the best catch being 121 by two men in seven hours.

President Kelly, of our Commercial College, and wife, very enthusiastic anglers, hold this season's record in sizes, he having secured a 7-pound black bass and she a 2-pound crappie, the latter being one of the largest ever caught here.

At last our Missouri Legislature has recognized the necessity of protecting our fish, and last winter passed an excellent game law, which takes effect the 15th of this month, June, allowing the appointment of wardens in each county who will hustle the "hogs" and seiners.

S. E. WORRELL.

June Roses and Striped Bass.

ASBURY PARK, June 4.—June roses and striped bass are synonymous terms on the New Jersey coast. Without fail the early days of the month produce specimens of the latter from some point of the angler's kingdom. Avon this year, for the first in many, has led Manasquan, nothing to the present date having been taken at the latter point, while at the former four fish have been landed, the heaviest 14¼ pounds. Although there is a report that one of 20 pounds was taken there this afternoon, I have not been able to verify it. The surf is in fine condition for bass fishing and this should be a banner month for devotees of the rod. There is no report from the kingfish, which should now be quite plentiful, although it is easy to conjecture their absence as the water is severely cold and they will not trade in a cold current so early in the season.

Plaice are fairly plentiful, and our rivers are daily dotted with boats in quest of the favorite flat fish of the coast, which are taken here by a method I have never seen practiced elsewhere, viz., a float sustaining the bait (which is always a live minnow) about 6ft. from the surface and allowed to drift away with the tide. When plaice are feeding they will run from the bottom and take the bait, no matter what the depth may be. The pounds were set much later this season than ever before owing to the Government putting them all under restrictions as to distance from the shore at which they shall be placed, and also limiting their extension seaward, also providing that permanent lights shall be maintained on them and prescribing their proximity to inlets, life saving stations, etc. This, to them, is an unpalatable morsel, as their motto has always been, "no law shall touch us."

Mackerel are quite abundant and are being taken pretty freely by the pounds. I saw the past week a shipment of fifty-eight barrels, mostly mackerel, from one pound lower down the coast. At present prices such a catch is highly profitable.

Five years ago I received a consignment of black bass from the State and distributed them among three lakes; to-day a friend who lives near one of the lakes told me that they have multiplied wonderfully, and some 4-pound specimens have been taken. The lake was closed for three years, not a line being allowed in the water. I shall, if all is well, try their mettle within the next few days, as to me he is the king of fresh water fishes.

LEONARD HULT.

P. S.—Since writing the above three specimens of beauty have been landed. The largest ever caught with rod and reel on our coast, to the credit of Daniel B. DeKeim, 51 pounds, at Deal Beach; one of 31 pounds, Elmer Hunt, Deal Beach, and one 19½ pounds, Low Johnson, of New York, at Avon. This starts the season in full rush, and from now on things will be an earnest of endeavor.

L. H.

New Hampshire Trout.

NASHUA, N. H., May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thursday, the 25th of May, I left the city at 6:30 and at 10 o'clock I had twelve trout, three of which weighed one-half pound each, one 14 ounces, and the largest one tipped the scales at 2¼ pounds. It was 17¼ inches in length and was pronounced by one of Nashua's ardent fishermen the largest one he had ever seen caught in a brook around this vicinity. Previous to this I had taken six other large trout from the same stream, three of them 1¼-pound trout, and the other 3-pound fish. Aside from these I caught quite a number of seven and eight-inch ones. It is a stream that is fished quite a little, and it seems phenomenal to catch so many large fish. It has been a good season thus far, but the water is getting to be very low; we have to look for deep holes, the same as in July.

May 15 I visited Sunapee Lake, N. H. The weather was strenuous, wind blew a gale, frost every morning, and I had to fish from the boat landing. I caught twelve trout. Some had to be returned to the water, being less than ten inches. I brought home five, the largest a 3-pound square-tailed trout. One was caught weighing 6½ pounds, also a 14-pound salmon. All these were taken from the wharf. There are five species of trout in this lake—native, or regular brook trout; rainbow trout, Rangeley Lake, or brown trout; white trout, and Loch Leven. Have caught lots of them at Dublin; they run quite small, but are as a table fish. They are very peculiar, being bronze-silvery with a bluish tinge on the back, and glisten like a piece of tin when they break water. Then there are salmon, black bass, perch, trout and pickerel, quite an assortment. Only a short time in the early fishing can they be taken from the shore; after that we have to go out into deep water. The lake was stocked with 150,000 white trout this spring.

H. F. MEARS.

Weakfish at Prince's Bay, Staten Island.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., June 3.—Beginning with May 29 and up to the present date good catches of weakfish have been made in Prince's Bay. What I mean by a good catch is one of two to four fish. These fish we get here now are the large tide runners and will average over 3 pounds in weight. One party caught, on June 1, eleven fish running from 2½ to 4½ pounds each. The fish are caught on the "flats" and in the shoal water, about half way between the Red Bank Light and the long dock above. Of course all the old fishermen know the spots, but a stranger would do well to ask a few questions when he hires his boat. Shrimp at present seem to be the most successful bait. If anyone should get nicely settled just in the right spot, pipe lit and everything quiet save the ripple of the water against the boat, let him not get discouraged if someone comes along and makes two or three circles around him in a gasoline launch and yells out "any luck?" Just keep quiet and in a few moments they will settle down to business, probably right where the tide has carried your baited hook. These things are found everywhere, they are called "contrary on ice," and in some places where they run wild are called "razor-backs." ***

Texas Tarpon.

TARPON, Tex., May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following is the tarpon catch for this date (one day) by guests of the Tarpon Inn:

J. M. George, San Antonio.....	2
E. B. Sutton, Oklahoma City.....	4
F. H. Reed, Oklahoma City.....	3
S. W. Moore, Kansas City.....	6
H. L. Moore, Kansas City.....	2
Mrs. H. L. Moore, Kansas City.....	2
J. T. Phillips, Kansas City.....	2
Mrs. C. E. Esterly, Kansas City.....	1
Mrs. S. W. Moore, Kansas City.....	1
W. B. Richards, Kansas City.....	2
H. D. Wise, Colorado.....	4
H. E. Smith, New York.....	5
E. Wilcox, Denver, Col.....	4
H. Wilcox, Denver, Col.....	5
J. R. Wainwright, San Antonio.....	11

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J. E. COTTER.

Atlantic Salmon in British Columbian Waters.

It is stated here that the Department of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa has shipped 250,000 eggs of the Atlantic salmon to be planted in Vancouver Island waters. The experts think that Atlantic salmon will do well in these waters. Heretofore there has been strong objection to the introduction of the Atlantic salmon, because its meat is so light in color, the canners preferring the dark-red fish for their purposes. I apprehend, however, that these salmon will be planted in the inland waters on Vancouver Island and will become "landlocked" salmon, such as we find in several of the lakes in Maine, and that the stocking of these waters with Atlantic salmon is primarily for the benefit of sportsmen. I think the Atlantic salmon superior as a table fish to the "dark-red fish," and sportsmen accustomed to the use of rod and reel find no better sport than is afforded by it.—L. Edwin Dudley, Consul, Vancouver, British Columbia, April 6, 1905.

Politeness of the Irish Pesantry.

A FRIEND sends me the following delightful bit cut from some paper: "It is well known that the Irish peasant (no doubt from a sense of politeness) will seldom disagree with a tourist, but likes to give an answer which he thinks will be agreeable to the questioner. Last summer a gentleman from Liverpool, while out for a sail on Carlingford Lough, was caught in a gale. Knowing the danger, Pat made for the shore. 'Why are you going in,' said the visitor; 'there's not much wind?' 'No,' replied the boatman, 'but, sure, what there is av it is mighty powerful.' An angler tells how, when in quest of fish, he asked a small bare-legged boy if there were any fish in a certain river. 'There is, yer honor.' 'What sort of fish?' 'There do be trouts and ecls, yer honor.' 'Any salmon?' 'There do be an odd one.' 'Any thermometers?' 'Them does be there, too, yer honor; but they comes up lather in the season.'—R. B. Marston, in Fishing Gazette.

The Kennel.

FIELD AND FANCY, 14 Church street, New York, has made an enterprising and praiseworthy departure from the ordinary of kennel journalism, in its issue of June 3. It is a special triple number of 100 pages, entitled "The American Kennel Club and Specialty Number," but it comes near to being a compendium of bench show knowledge. Excellent portraits of A. K. C. officers, and others who are conspicuous as judges, fanciers, club officers, etc., in the important affairs of the American kennel world, are an interesting feature. It is rather gratifying that Field and Fancy should thus so graciously bring the A. K. C. to public notice, and testify to the immeasurable good that excellent body has done for the best upbuilding of the fancy in America, instead of bestowing the carpings and growlings sanctioned by the long usage in other quarters.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?



YACHTING



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

JUNE.

8. Ponquoque C. C., club.
8. Quantuck, club.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, invitation race around Long Island.
10. New York C. C., open.
10. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
10. New Rochelle, power boat races.
10. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
10. Royal Canadian, club.
10. Edgewood, club.
10. Manhasset, annual.
10. Wollaston-Quincy, interclub.
10. Corinthian, club.
11. Morrisania, spring.
11. Lakewood, series race.
13. Boston, club City Point.
13. Sea Side, club.
15. New York, Bennett cups, Glen Cove.
15. West Hampton C. C., club.
15. Atlantic, annual.
17. Bensonhurst, open.
17. Atlantic, A. P. B. A. regatta.
17. Seawanhaka-Corinthian, club.
17. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
17. Hampton Roads, power boat cruise.
17. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
17. Corinthian, ocean race.
17. Keystone, club.
17. New York A. C., race to Block Island.
17. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
17. Wollaston-Quincy, interclub.
17. Beverly, club.
17. Rhode Island, club.
20. East Gloucester, club.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open.
22. Moriches, club.
22. Shinnecock, club.
22. Quantuck, club.
22. Sea Side, open.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open.
24. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual.
24. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
24. Squantum, M. Y. R. A.
24. Bristol, open.
24. Lakewood, series race.
24. Unqua Corinthian, club.
24. Royal Canadian, club.
24. Rhode Island, cruising race.
24. Rhode Island, open.
24. Beverly, club.
24. Atlantic, first championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
24. Corinthian, open.
28. Sea Side, club.
29. Brooklyn, ocean race to Hampton Roads.
29. West Hampton C. C., cruise.
29. Quantuck, cruise.
29. Moriches, cruise.

JULY.

1. Atlantic, Havens cup No. 2 and Underwood cup.
1. Bristol, ocean race.
1. Beverly, club.
1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
1. Knickerbocker, cruise.
1. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
1. Seaside Park, ladies' cup races.
1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup race.
1. New Rochelle, annual.
1. Boston, club, Marblehead.
1. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
2. New Rochelle, cruise.
3. American, annual.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
3. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
3. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.
4. Lakewood, Gardner cup.
4. Atlantic, open.
4. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A.
4. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
4. Eastern, power boat races.
4. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
4. Edgewood, club.
4. Wollaston, club championship.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
4. Seaside Park, club.
4. Hampton Roads, cruise.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. races.
4. Beverly, sweepstake.
4. East Gloucester, club.
4. Hartford, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
4. Sea Side, club.
- 5-12. Atlantic, cruise.
7. Eastern, cruise.
8. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
8. New York, Glen Cove, cups.
8. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
8. Wollaston, club championship.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
8. Edgewood, club.
8. Quincy, M. Y. R. A.
8. Rhode Island, cruising race.
8. Seaside Park, club.
8. Beverly, club.
8. Corinthian, club.
8. Unqua Corinthian, Williams cups.
8. Riverside, annual.
8. Sea Side, open.
8. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
9. Canarsie, open.
9. Morrisania power boat race.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, ocean race.
11. Lakewood, series race.
12. Seaside Park, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
15. Royal Canadian, club.
15. New Rochelle, club.
15. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
15. Seaside Park, club.
15. Country Club, Detroit club.
15. Edgewood, club.
15. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
15. Keystone, club.
15. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
15. Beverly, club.
15. Boston, cruise.
15. Corinthian, club.
17. Edgewood, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
18. New Brunswick Y. R. A. regatta, Prudence Island.
18. East Gloucester, club.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Rhode Island, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
20. Rhode Island-Sachem Head, team race.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup.
21. Fall River, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
22. Knickerbocker, power boat race to Marblehead.
22. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
22. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A.
22. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
22. Rhode Island, cruising race.
22. Seaside Park, club.
22. Royal Canadian, Canada's cup trials.
22. Beverly Y. C., club.
22. Marine and Field, second championship, Y. R. A. G. B.

22. Unqua Corinthian, Molineux cups.
22. Corinthian, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
27. Eastern, power boat races.
27. Sea Side, club.
28. Eastern, power boat races.
28. Seaside Park, Bay Head and Island Heights, cruise.
28. Sea Side, open.
29. Eastern, power boat races.
29. New Rochelle, ladies' race.
29. Chicago, race to Mackinac.
29. Country Club of Detroit, race to Mackinac.
29. Seaside Park, open.
29. Edgewood, club.
29. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
29. Hampton Roads, cruise.
29. Rhode Island, cruising race.
29. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
29. Beverly, club.
29. Corinthian, club.
29. Boston, club, Marblehead.
29. Indian Harbor, annual.
29. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.

The Race for the Ocean Cup.

AS WE announced in our last issue, Atlantic, Mr. Wilson Marshall's three-masted schooner, won the transatlantic race for the Ocean Cup presented by H. I. M. the German Emperor. Atlantic not only beat out her ten competitors but made the passage in the record time of 12 days 4 hours 1 minute, lowering the sailing record for the course. Had the wind not failed at the last she would have made the run in 12 days or even less. Another record is also hers. Up to this time the best day's run from noon to noon ever made by a yacht was held by the schooner Dauntless. She made a run of 328 miles in the ocean race against Coronet. Atlantic's run was better by 13 miles, as she made 341 miles between noon of May 23 and noon of May 24.

Second honors go to the German entry, Hamburg, which vessel finished over 22 hours behind Atlantic. Hamburg required 13 days 2 hours 6 minutes to make the passage.

Valhalla finished third, nearly two full days behind Atlantic. This fine ship made a wonderful showing, and it was a surprise to many to find she was among the first three, particularly as the weather was too light all the way to be entirely to her liking.

The record holder, Endymion, finished fourth, two days after Atlantic and some hours behind her own record.

The other boats finished in the order named: Hildgarde, Sunbeam, Fleur de Lys, Ailsa, Utowana and Thistle. Apache is the only laggard, and, as we write, she is still at sea. Although she has been out nearly three weeks now, no fears are felt for her safety, and it is believed her lack of speed accounts for her long passage.

The race was most successful in almost every respect. There was a good list of entries, all the boats entered started, and all those that started had fairly good weather and no very trying experiences.

America, Germany and England were represented by yachts in the race, and it is rather interesting that one of the three prizes went to each of those countries.

All Americans are justly proud that Atlantic won the race. Except for her crew and skipper, who is a naturalized American, she is a home production throughout.

Captain Barr and Mr. Fred M. Hoyt, who acted as navigator, decided to sail a southerly course, and in the light of subsequent events the decision was a very wise one. By taking this route she encountered favoring winds of the strength she wanted and avoided the fog and gales that were found further north.

The first day out Atlantic and Hamburg had it nip and tuck. Captain Barr knew the German boat's speed as he had tested it in foreign waters only last year with Ingomar. After the first day Atlantic passed Hamburg and finally shook her off altogether. From that time on she was in the lead throughout the entire race. Fair winds of sufficient strength to enable her to average ten and one-half knots was what she encountered. The only bad night she had on the trip she was kept going. It was risky business to run at night under such conditions, but her skipper hung on and gained materially thereby. On her record day's run she averaged over 14½ nautical miles an hour, a truly remarkable performance.

Atlantic was not seen by steamers at all, and as a boat said to be Atlantic was reported from time to time it was apparent some other vessel was mistaken for her, probably Utowana.

When a message was received from the signal station on the Scilly Island that Atlantic had been sighted there was great activity on board the German cruiser Pfeil, which vessel was anchored at Falmouth. As soon as she could get under way she proceeded out to the finish line. Had the breeze not been very light Atlantic might have crossed before the cruiser arrived.

After finishing Atlantic continued on to Southampton, hoping to make another record to the Needles. The wind was too light, however, to accomplish this and she went into Southampton to refit. Atlantic finished on May 29 at 9:16 P. M. She averaged 10.6 for the 3,000 covered.

Hamburg crossed the finish line at 7:22 P. M. on May 30. Hamburg was the vessel most feared by Captain Barr, and the passage she made showed his fears to be well grounded. She is about 20ft. shorter on the waterline but she is not an auxiliary and was not hampered by inside weight of engines, etc., in so undesirable a place. It was said by Mr. William Gardner that Atlantic would beat her about a knot an hour, and that was what she did.

Adolf Tietjens, the syndicate's representative on board, was visibly disappointed when he learned that Atlantic had won. Hamburg experienced good weather and had leading winds. She did not encounter many of her adversaries. On May 19 and 20 she was in company with Endymion, but on the day following she was not to be seen.

Hamburg made a very fast run even though she was beaten, and she lowered Endymion's record by over 18 hours. Her best day's run was 312 nautical miles. Hamburg covered a course 100 knots longer than Atlantic's.

The most remarkable feature of the race was that four yachts should finish within as many hours of one another on May 31 after sailing 3,000 miles.



ENDYMION.

The schooner that took fourth place in the transatlantic race for the Ocean Cup. Owned by Commodore George Lauder, Jr., Indian Harbor Y. C. Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Built by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston.

Photo by James Burton.

Of the four Valhalla, the British ship-rigged yacht, owned by the Earl of Crawford, was the first to arrive. She crossed at 8.08 P. M., and she has consumed 14 days 2 hours 53 minutes in making the trip. Had Valhalla not been becalmed for 70 hours she would have done even better. No bad weather was experienced and her voyage was free from incident or mishaps. After finishing she proceeded on to Cowes.

Endymion, the second of the quartette to finish, crossed over an hour behind Valhalla. The light winds that prevailed during the latter part of the contest enabled Endymion to run up on Valhalla. A freshening breeze brought Endymion up to the finish line in record time, and the cruiser Pfeil was several minutes late in getting out from her anchorage in Church Cove.

After Endymion finished the Pfeil again returned to her anchorage as the night was dirty, there being a nasty sea on and a heavy breeze blowing. The absence of the stakeboat greatly confused Hildegard, Sunbeam and Fleur de Lys, the next three boats to finish. The skippers of these vessels fired signals frequently and wallowed around apparently at a loss to understand the absence of the stake boat.

The responsibility of timing the boats devolved upon the Lloyds representative, who had been very watchful and vigilant.

Hildegard arrived a few minutes too late to be among the prize winners. She took the northerly route and encountered some ice and heavy winds, and on one occasion was driven well off her course by a gale. Her best day's run was 298 knots.

The veteran Sunbeam was the sixth boat to finish. She was built over thirty years ago and has been used constantly ever since. Considering her age and type and form, her showing is extraordinary. Atlantic beat her only 2 days 2 hours 24 minutes.

The littlest boat in the race was the seventh to finish. This was Fleur de Lys, owned by Dr. Stimson, who was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Candace Stimson. This vessel, only 86ft. on the waterline, captained by the redoubtable Tommy Bohlin and a crew of Gloucester fishermen, encountered the worst weather than any of the other boats did. Captain Bohlin took Fleur de Lys way north and they had more than their share of wind, ice and fog. One gale in particular was unusually vicious and the owner and his daughter were kept below for several days. The crew were washed about the deck and the helmsmen were lashed to the wheel-box.

Such were the conditions that this fine little ship met and successfully negotiated. Fleur de Lys' time was 14 days 9 hours 33 minutes. Fleur de Lys' best day's run was 304 knots.

Next to Fleur de Lys the yawl Ailsa was the smallest boat in the race, and she finished a couple of hours behind her. Ailsa was partially rebuilt this spring and was put in good shape for the trip. She is a good sea boat. Ailsa was 14 days 11 hours 10 minutes in making the voyage.

Utowana was the ninth boat to arrive and seven hours and a half later Thistle crossed. This latter boat took the northern passage and probably encountered as strenuous weather as Fleur de Lys did.

The times of the finish of the yachts and their elapsed times are shown in the following:

	Finish, Greenwich time.	Elapsed.
Atlantic	May 29, 9:16 P. M.	12 04 01
Hamburg	May 30, 7:22 P. M.	13 02 06
Valhalla	May 31, 8:08 P. M.	14 02 53
Endymion	May 31, 9:34 P. M.	14 04 19
Hildegard	May 31, 10:08 P. M.	14 04 53
Sunbeam	May 31, 11:40 P. M.	14 06 25
Fleur de Lys	June 1, 2:48 A. M.	14 09 33
Ailsa	June 1, 4:25 A. M.	14 11 10
Utowana	June 1, 5:06 A. M.	14 11 51
Thistle	June 1, 12:44 P. M.	14 19 29
Apache	June 5, 10:20 A. M.	18 17 05

Atlantic beat the Hamburg 22h. 5m., Valhalla 1d. 22h. 52m.; Endymion 2d. 18m., Hildegard 2d. 52m., Sunbeam 2d. 2h. 24m., Fleur de Lys 2d. 5h. 32m., Ailsa 2d. 7h. 9m., Utowana 2d. 7h. 50m., Thistle 2d. 15h. 28m., Apache 6d. 13h. 4m.

As we go to press, a report reaches us that the belated Apache crossed the finish line off the Lizard at 10:20 A. M. on June 5. Some uneasiness had been felt for her safety. She experienced some gales, but her slowness accounts for most of the time consumed in making the passage.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON Y. C.—A station of the Boston Y. C. is to be established at Five Islands, Me., in Sheepscot Bay, on property owned by Vice-Commodore E. P. Boynton. A small structure is now being erected which will be ready for the members when the fleet reaches Five Islands on its annual cruise in July. It is expected that the station will be much used by members of the club who may be cruising to the eastward.

The Regatta Committee has announced that for the regular championships, five classes have been provided; 22-footers, 18-footers, 15-footers, yachts over 27ft. rating and yachts under 27ft. rating. The records of club yachts in these classes in the regular open and club races will count for percentage, championship cups having been offered by Commodore B. P. Cheney. In figuring percentages it will be considered that each yacht has sailed in six of the eight races.

On June 17 and Aug. 5 and 7 classes will be provided for power boats, yachts conforming to the restrictions of the Cape Catboat Assn. and dories conforming to the restrictions of the Mass. Racing Dory Assn. A cup has been offered for the three classes of power boats provided and in figuring percentages for these classes it will be considered that each boat has started in all three races.

In addition to the regular club championship races there will be a series of twelve special races, to be sailed in Hull Bay between yachts of the first and second rating classes, and 18-footers. Championship cups for this series have been offered by Rear Commodore Alfred Douglass. Yachts competing will be considered to have started in at least eight of the twelve events.

The committee has announced that arrangements have been made between the Eastern Corinthian and Boston Y. C.'s, whereby all three clubs will use the same courses and turning marks at Marblehead.

Mr. S. N. Small, of the firm of Messrs. Small Bros., has been appointed official measurer of the Boston Y. C.



AILS A.

Mr. Henry S. Redmond's yawl that finished eighth in the transatlantic race for the Ocean Cup.

LAUNCHING OF PROSIT.—The 90ft. twin-screw power yacht Prosit, owned by Mr. John B. Schoeffel, was launched at the yard of the O. Sheldon Corporation on Tuesday afternoon, May 23. She was christened by Mrs. John B. Schoeffel in the presence of a large number of friends of the owner. Among those present were: Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, Mr. Arthur J. Clark, Judge J. Albert Brackett, Mr. and Mrs. George Tarbell, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Clark, Miss Gladys Clark, Mr. William Grant, Mr. William Danforth, Dr. Frank Mara, Mr. Thomas J. Barry, Mr. James Murphy, Mr. D. J. Sullivan, Mr. M. Thomas Murphy, Mr. Edward Downing, Dr. J. S. Shaw, Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Ingraham, Mr. W. T. Defriest, Capt. C. R. Hitchcock, Mr. L. S. Bird, Mr. A. S. Hanson, Mr. W. H. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Staples Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Currier, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Worcester, Miss Josephine Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Kramer, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Aborn and Mr. and Mrs. McQuisten. After the launching luncheon was served on board.

CAPE CATBOAT ASSOCIATION.—Dr. F. E. Dawes, of Neponset, announces that the following boats have been entered in the Cape Catboat Assn.:

- Nancy Hanks, G. W. Lane, Boston.
- Clara Lee, Edgar Emery, Quincy.
- Josephine, Morton Smith, Quincy.
- Thegia, L. W. Croscup, Boston.
- Dorothy III., F. F. Crane, Quincy.
- Hustler, H. W. Robbins, Quincy.
- Marvel, I. M. Whittemore, Quincy.
- Stranger, Dr. F. C. Dawes, Neponset.
- Neptune, Hallett Brothers, Atlantic.
- Argestes, G. H. Wilkins, Brocton.
- Moondyne, W. H. Shaw, Braintree.
- Saltair, C. C. Collins, Wollaston.
- Goblin, R. A. Lothrop, Quincy.
- Surprise, G. W. Newcomb, Quincy.
- Ariel, G. M. Sheehan, Quincy.
- Mildred, F. A. Coleman.
- Idler, W. H. Nichols, Wollaston.
- Barbara, S. T. Willis, Ashmont.
- Ocean Eagle, T. Lane, Neponset.
- Notorus, C. O. Whitney, Winthrop.

The officers of the Association are as follows: Pres.,

I. M. Whittemore, Quincy; Vice-Pres., George W. Lane, South Boston; Sec.-Treas., Dr. F. E. Dawes, Neponset; Meas., Ralph E. Winslow, Quincy; Executive Committee—Frank Coleman, Boston; F. F. Crane, Quincy; Geo. M. Sawyer, Squantum, and Charles O. Whitney, Winthrop.

POWER YACHT FOR BUENOS AYRES.—Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page have received an order for a 110ft. twin-screw power yacht for Signor Ernesto Tornquist, of Buenos Ayres. This yacht will have special engines of 175 horsepower each, and will use grain alcohol. She is to have a guaranteed speed of 20 miles an hour at 400 revolutions. When built she will proceed to Buenos Ayres under her own power.

AMONG THE 22-FOOTERS.—It has been announced that the purchaser of last year's champion 22-footer, Clotho, is Mr. Frank G. Macomber, Jr., owner of four Chewinks, the last of which captured the championship in the 30ft. class last year. Alterations are being made in her which are intended to improve her speed, and Mr. S. N. Small, of Messrs. Small Brothers, her designers, is of the opinion that she will give the new boats all they can attend to if she does not beat them. Clorinda and Medric II. have both been weighed and measured, and both are well within the restrictions. All of the new ones, with the exception of Clorinda and the unfinished Nutmeg, have been having daily scraps off Marblehead. Rivalry in this class is warmer than in any other class in recent years. Wagers have already been laid on the work of Clorinda and Tyro as compared with Medric II. and Rube during the season. It is said that Mr. Lawrence Percival will sail Opitsah V. in the races this season. It is quite certain that none of the older boats will lose anything through want of good handling.

WITH THE 22-FOOTERS.—While the 22-footers have already met twice in class racing, there has not been enough shown to give one any definite idea of what their future work may be. Last Tuesday they met at the opening race given by the South Boston Y. C. The day was far from being ideal for racing. The wind was unsteady both in force and in direction, light at all times, and the drifters had full sway. The old Medric, now owned by Mr. George Lee, came in ahead, which performance caused much comment. It should be consid-

ered, however, that Medric always had the faculty of winning in extremely light and fluky airs, so that nothing really new was shown in this. On Saturday, at the race of the Boston Y. C., light, shifting breezes also prevailed. Tyro, owned by Mr. W. H. Joyce, and sailed by Mr. Sumner H. Foster, was the winner, and as she was designed to win in light airs, those on board of her were satisfied. After the race at the South Boston Y. C. it was found that Medric was 23ft. on the waterline. She can be altered so that she can fit the class, but she will lose her percentage for the first race. Upon Tyro's first measurement she was found to be $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch short on beam, which has been remedied by increasing the thickness of the planking. Nutmeg's lead keel was run last Thursday, the mold being built around the wooden keel. Her cabin work is being finished and it is expected that she will be in the racing shortly.

NEW YARD AT MARBLEHEAD.—At the new plant of Messrs. Burgess & Packard, at Marblehead, the main shop is almost finished. The ways will be in this week. The big ways for the marine railway will be built very shortly. This work was somewhat delayed because of the presence of a ledge. At the Salem shops the 23ft. launch for Mr. James Lee will be launched this week. She has an engine of 15 horsepower. The new 40ft. autoboat for Mr. William Wallace is still awaiting her engine, the make of which has not yet been decided.

FASTEST IN CANADA.—The 37ft. launch, designed by Messrs. Small Brothers for Mr. Hutchison, of Douglstown, Canada, father of Mr. Richard Hutchison, whose Highball has been entered for the long distance race, was tried out last week and over a measured course made 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour. It is claimed that she is the fastest launch in Canada.

CHANTICLEER SOLD.—The steel schooner Chanticleer, owned by the late George W. Weld, has been sold by Mr. Arthur Binney to Mr. John F. Harris, of Chicago. She will be used in eastern waters. Chanticleer was designed by Mr. Charles L. Seabury and was built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Cons., at Morris Heights, in 1902. She is 118ft. over all, 79ft. waterline, 22ft. 1in. beam and 12ft. 5in. draft.

CORINTHIAN OCEAN RACE.—It has been announced by the Regatta Committee of the Corinthian Y. C. that the ocean race, to be sailed from Marblehead to the Isles of Shoals and return, starting on June 17, will be open to yachts of any recognized yacht club. The classes will be as follows:

Class A, handicap, for boats over 30 and not over 50ft. waterline—First prize offered by Mr. Harry H. Walker; second, \$15; third, \$10; fourth, \$5.

Class B, handicap, for boats under 30ft. waterline and over 40ft. over all—First prize offered by Vice-Commodore Morss; second, \$10; third, \$7; fourth, \$5.

Class C, no time allowance, conforming to the rules of the Twenty-two-Foot Cabin Yacht Association—First prize offered by Mr. Lawrence F. Percival; second, \$10; third, \$7; fourth, \$5.

Class D, handicap, for boats under 30ft. waterline and under 40ft. over all, except yachts conforming to the rules of the Twenty-two-Foot Cabin Yacht Association—First prize offered by Mr. Henry A. Hildreth; second, \$10; third, \$7; fourth, \$5.

MANCHESTER Y. C.—The Regatta Committee of the Manchester Y. C. has announced the following fixtures:

July 5, Wednesday—First championship.
July 18, Tuesday—Second championship.
Aug. 1, Tuesday—Third championship.
Aug. 14, Monday—Y. R. A. open.
Aug. 15, Tuesday—Crowhurst cup.
Aug. 22, Tuesday—Fourth championship.
Sept. 5, Tuesday—Fifth championship.
EAST GLOUCESTER Y. C.—The Regatta Committee of the East Gloucester Y. C. has announced club races, to be sailed on the following dates: June 6, June 11, June 20, June 25, July 4, July 9, July 18, July 23, Aug. 1, Aug. 6, Aug. 20 and Aug. 29. Special races will be sailed Labor Day.

WINTHROP Y. C.—The Regatta Committee of the Winthrop Y. C. has announced the following fixtures:

June 17, Saturday—Class handicap.
June 24, Saturday—Class handicap.
July 1, Saturday—Class handicap.
July 8, Saturday—Special race at Columbia Y. C.
July 15, Saturday—Class handicap.
July 16, Sunday—Club run.
July 22, Saturday—Y. R. A. open.
July 29, Saturday—Class handicap.
Aug. 5, Saturday—Special race at South Boston Y. C.
Aug. 12, Saturday—Class handicap.
Aug. 13, Sunday—Club run to Nahant.
Aug. 19, Saturday—Class handicap.
Aug. 26, Saturday—Class handicap.
Sept. 2, Saturday—Class handicap.
Sept. 10, Sunday—Y. R. A. rendezvous.

COLUMBIA Y. C.—The Regatta Committee of the Columbia Y. C. has announced the following fixtures:

June 10, Saturday—Interclub with Winthrop Y. C.
June 17, Saturday—Cruise to Marblehead.
June 23, Friday—Ladies' day cruise to Grape Island.
July 8, Saturday—Interclub race.
Aug. 5, Saturday—Interclub with South Boston Y. C.
Aug. 27, Sunday—Ladies' day cruise to Peddock's Island.

NEW SCHOONER FOR MR. H. A. MORSS.—Mr. Henry A. Morss, owner of the 35-footer Cossack, is to have a new schooner designed under the new uniform rule for next season. The schooner, which will be 55ft. waterline, will be designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

AUTOBOAT FOR MR. H. L. BOWDEN.—A report was current about town last week that Mr. H. L. Bowden, owner of the autoboat Mercedes U. S. A., the 22-footer Rube and the 18-footer Hayseed II., is to have a new autoboat for the 40ft. class, which will be built in New York. This boat, it is said, will have an engine of 150 horsepower, probably a Mercedes.

AT STEARNS & MCKAY'S.—At the Marblehead Yacht Yards, Messrs. Stearns & McKay, the 35-footer Golden Rod, owned by Mr. George E. Bruce; the yawl Katherine II., owned by Hon. Frank W. Rollins, and the cutter Wyvern, owned by Mr. R. K. Longfellow, are being fitted out. They are about ready for launching. The new 25ft. speed launch for Mr. W. H. Stewart, Jr., is nearly finished.

HELEN SOLD.—The 25-footer Helen, owned by the late J. Montgomery Sears, has been sold through the agency of Mr. B. B. Crowninshield to Messrs. T. W. Souther and J. W. Holt, of the Boston Y. C. Helen is one of the Bar Harbor 25-footers, and was built in 1901 by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Cons., at Morris Heights.

MOURNED BY YACHTSMEN.—Through the death of Mr. J. Montgomery Sears, yachting has lost one of its most devoted patrons, and yachtsmen a sincere and beloved friend. Mr. Sears was one of the Puritan syndicate, and during his yachting career he owned many yachts which he raced in Massachusetts, at Newport and at Bar Harbor. He had recently purchased the steam yacht Sultana from Mr. John R. Drexel and intended to use her for a summer home. He was for some years a member of the New York and the Eastern yacht clubs, and only a short time previous to his death had been elected a member of the Boston Y. C.

CRUISING SCHOONER.—Mr. Norman L. Skene is preparing the preliminary plans for a seagoing cruising schooner for Mr. G. T. Williams, of Hartford, Conn. She will be 81ft. over all, 56ft. waterline, 17ft. 2in. beam and 10ft. draft. She will be used for general cruising along the coast and possibly for ocean cruising.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Lloyd's Register of American Yachts, 1905.

WITH the opening of the yachting season comes the new volume of the American Yacht Register for 1905, published by Lloyd's Register of Shipping. Though only in its third season, this book is already well known in all parts of the United States and Canada as the standard work of reference for yachtsmen.

The past year has wrought more than the usual number of changes in yachting history; severe storms in several localities have wrecked many yachts, and the growing popularity of the gasoline motor has led to the conversion of many sailing craft to auxiliaries. Notable among these are the cup defender Mayflower and her predecessor by a year, Priscilla, with many smaller yachts designed by Burgess and Carey Smith. With the change to auxiliary power there comes very frequently a change from cutter to yawl rig, and while a few old sailors are found like the owners of Pappoose and Minerva, who deride the allurements of power, most of the old fighting 40-footers and 40-footers are now to be found cruising as auxiliary yawls.

A still greater change is due to the fact that the early Burgess boats and their contemporaries have just about reached their majority, and though still seaworthy and serviceable, they are rapidly finding their way into trade. The 40-footer Chispa and the 46-footer Mineola have been sold for pilot service in southern and West Indian waters, the 30-footer Kathleen has been broken up, and others have been sold or are on the sale list at prices which will take them into trade.

All of these changes are recorded in the Register, a book of 542 pages with fifty-nine colored plates of club burgees, national ensigns and owners' private signals, the latter to the number of 1,440. The total number of yachts listed is 3,389, of which 2,130 are sailing craft and 1,259 are propelled by steam or some other power. The tendency of the times is shown by the fact that while but a year ago the sailing yachts made 67 per cent. of the total, this year they make but 62 per cent.

Among the power yachts, the new gasoline cruisers in all sizes from 30 to 80ft. figure conspicuously, this type of craft being deservedly popular from its great utility, its adaptability to all waters, and the comparatively low cost of running.

In addition to the main list of yachts, giving the most complete particulars of hulls and engines, there are lists of signal letters; of former names of yachts, of builders and designers of the United States and Canada, and a very complete list of over 3,000 yacht owners, with addresses and clubs, as well as the yachts owned by each. The Lloyds cannot continue to publish this admirable work if yachtsmen do not give them proper support, and as this is the only complete record of American yachts this country has ever had, owners owe it to themselves to give the publishers every help and all assistance that they can. Every yachtsman should buy a copy.

The Register is published from the New York office of Lloyd's Register of Shipping, 15 Whitehall street, New York, the price being \$7.50.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

AUXILIARY SCHOONER WITOCO LAUNCHED.—The auxiliary schooner Witoco was launched at City Island from the yard of the builder, Mr. Robert Jacob, on Saturday, June 3, about noon. She was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Mr. W. T. Colbron and will replace a smaller vessel of the same name. She is 84ft. over all, 60ft. waterline, 19ft. breadth and 8ft. 3in. draft. The boat is of wooden construction, copper fastened and her ballast is of lead, all outside.

The deck is flush except for a small mahogany house aft of the mainmast, which gives head room and ventilation to the quarters in that part of the vessel. The companionway is in the starboard side of this house, and it leads to a steerage. On the starboard side of the companionway is a stateroom with sofa, bed, bureau, stationary washstand, wardrobe and lockers. Aft of this cabin is a toilet room with tub, folding basin, closet and lockers. On the opposite side of the passage on the port side are two more staterooms, each with berth with drawers under, folding wash basin and clothes presses.

The saloon, 10ft. in length, is forward of these staterooms, and extends the full width of the vessel, with a sofa. On the port side is a buffet and on the starboard side a desk with a bookcase above. Forward of the saloon on the port side is another stateroom with toilet room connecting, wardrobe, wash basin. The engine room is located on the center line of the boat just forward of the saloon with a passageway to starboard, and still further to starboard is the sailing master's stateroom.

Forward of these staterooms and engine room is the

galley, extending the full width of the yacht. A refrigerator and ice-box are located on the port side, and on the starboard side are dressers, sink, lockers, etc. The forecabin is 14ft. long and will accommodate six men. At the forward end is a water-tight bulkhead, and forward of this is a metal-lined compartment arranged to receive gasoline tanks.

Witoco is equipped with a 40 horsepower Craige engine which will drive her at about nine miles an hour.

The yacht has a complement of three boats, a launch, a gig and a dinghy. She will be placed in commission at once.

ENTRIES IN N. Y. A. C.'S BLOCK ISLAND RACE.—There will be at least nine starters in the New York Athletic Club's race to Block Island. The entries already filed, together with the particulars of the boats, follow:

Boat, Owner and Club.	Length.	Allowance.
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen, New York A. C.	42ft. 10in.	Allows.
Hanley, C. D. Mallory, Indian Harbor	42ft. 6in.	0 05 37
Alert, J. W. Alker, Manhasset Bay	42ft. 3in.	0 09 49
Saladin, R. W. Rathborne, New York A. C.	41ft. 2in.	0 28 03
Alyce, H. A. Jackson, Jr., New York A. C.	39ft.	1 04 32
Heron, J. LeBoutellier, Stamford	32ft. 6in.	2 53 57
Rita, W. Durant, New York A. C.	30ft.	3 36 02
Penekeese, H. Baldwin, Huguenot	29ft. 11in.	3 37 26
Gauntlet, L. D. Huntington, New Rochelle	28ft.	4 09 42

The race starts on Saturday, June 17.

ENTRIES IN RACE AROUND LONG ISLAND.—Eight owners have already entered their boats in the race to be sailed around Long Island under the auspices of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. The race will start off the Atlantic Y. C. at Sea Gate on Saturday, June 17, and the boats will finish off the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. at Oyster Bay. The following boats have already entered:

Peggy, ketch, Frank S. Hastings.
Fearless, sloop, William Greenough.
Gossoon, yawl, Jessup.
Tito, sloop, C. Sherman Hoyt.
Nike, sloop, victor I. Cumnock.
Nephawin, yawl, Jonathan Thompson, Jr.
Nephawin, yawl, Johnathan Thompson, Jr.
Regina, sloop, Francis G. Stewart.

A FINE YACHT BASIN.—One who might observe the apparently insignificant proportions of that little body of water in Quincy, Mass., known as the Town River, would never imagine that near its mouth is one of the finest yacht basins in the country. It is a fact nevertheless that the Baker Yacht Basin is one that appeals to owners of large and small craft. That part of the river on which the basin is located is completely landlocked, and in the basin proper there is a depth of from 10 to 20ft. It is especially clean for fitting out and, as there is a direct fresh water shed, it is free from worms. There are four steam marine railways with a capacity up to 800 tons, and there is a complete and extensive building and repair plant, with full equipments in the different departments. Some of the largest steam and sailing yachts are to be found in the basin every winter.

UNQUA-CORINTHIAN Y. C. SCHEDULE.—The Regatta Committee of the Unqua-Corinthian Y. C., of Amityville, L. I., has prepared the following programme:

June 24—First club regatta.
July 8—Regatta for cups presented by Commodore Francis A. Williams.
July 22—Regatta for cups presented by Vice-Commodore Charles P. Molineux.
Aug. 5—Regatta for cups presented by Rear Commodore Edward Bleecker.
Aug. 7 to 12—Annual cruise to Patchogue and other points east of Babylon.
Aug. 26—Ladies' day.
Sept. 4—Open regatta.

HALIFAX RACE ATTRACTS ENGLISH ENTRIES.—The yachts of the New York Y. C. that are expected to join the Eastern Y. C. in its race from Marblehead to Halifax, starting Aug. 21, will have several yachts of British register and English build as competitors. Members of the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. have been in Halifax the past week conferring with the officers of the Royal Nova Scotia Y. S. regarding the race, and they have been assured by the Halifax yachtsmen that several entries from the Halifax fleet might be expected in the race.

As the Halifax fleet includes a number of yachts built in England, these entries will give the race a strictly international character. Halifax is enthusiastic over the proposed visit of the American yachtsmen, who will practically be given the freedom of the city.

A series of races will be sailed while the American boats are in port for challenge cups in possession of the Royal Nova Scotia Y. S. and for special prizes, consisting of a silver tankard for first boat in each class, bearing in enamel the colors of the local club. Racing runs have been proposed from Halifax to Shelburne, with stops at night at Chester and Liverpool. At Shelburne races will be given by the Shelburne Y. C. for special trophies.

KEYSTONE Y. C. SCHEDULE.—The Regatta Committee of the Keystone Y. C. has arranged for the following schedule:

June 17, all classes, lower course, start 2 P. M.
July 15, all classes, lower course, start 2 P. M.
Aug. 5 and 12, annual cruise, start 10 A. M.
Sept. 9, consolation race, lower course, start 2 P. M.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Harlem Y. C.

City Island, Long Island Sound—Tuesday, May 30.

THERE were twenty starters in the twenty-third annual regatta of the Harlem Y. C., held on Decoration Day. The start was made off Belden's Point, and the Regatta Committee were on board Fleet Captain Thum's launch Spartan.

The boats in the 33ft. and 27ft. classes covered a 15-mile triangular course, going first to Matinicock Point, thence to Delancy Point and back to the finish off Belden's Point. The other boats, with the exception of the 18ft. sloop class, covered a 12-mile course.

The preparatory was given at 12:15, and at 12:20 the 33ft. yaws started with Anna ahead and to windward of Memory. The wind was fresh from the E., making the first leg a beat. Memory soon drew out ahead and from that time on dropped Anna steadily.

In the 33ft. sloop class Alert led over the line and ran away from her competitors. Bedouin, a starter in this class won the Williams cup for the fastest time over the long course made by a club boat.

In the 27ft. class three of the eight starters did not finish. Firchly beat out the other boats on corrected time.

Wahneta won in the 22ft. class, while Lonetta won the Muhlfeld cup for the fastest time made by a Harlem Y. C. boat in the 22ft. class.

Vaquero won in the Larchmont Y. C. one-design class. Ace finished first in the 18ft. sloop class. The summary:

Yaws, 33ft. Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 15 Miles.

Memory, H. M. Raborg..... 4 13 30 3 53 30
Anna, W. Strauss..... 5 04 40 4 44 40

Sloops, 33ft. Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 15 Miles.

Alert, J. W. Alker..... 4 10 00 3 45 00
Bedouin, W. J. Fowler..... 4 58 55 4 35 55
Kathryn, J. F. Proctor et al..... 5 13 00 4 48 00

Sloops, 27ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course 15 Miles.

Widgeon, Newton Brothers..... Did not finish.
Snapper, F. C. Page..... 4 35 28 4 05 28
Rogue, A. B. Alley..... 4 39 37 4 09 37

Thelema, A. E. Black..... 4 32 34 4 02 34
Firefly, G. P. Granbery..... 4 32 55 4 02 55
Mopsa, Sullivan Brothers..... 5 03 20 4 33 20

Wave, W. J. Smith..... Did not finish.
Sparrow, C. Christensen..... Did not finish.

Sloops, 22ft. Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 12 Miles.

Nomad, J. Mooring..... 4 36 05 4 01 05
Wahneta, J. Delaney..... 4 26 25 3 51 25
Kanaka, J. Mahlstedt..... 4 24 15 3 49 15

Gazabo, H. Vulte..... Did not finish.
Ucabo, G. F. Mangels..... 4 37 30 4 02 30
Lonetta, Scherer & McKenna..... 4 34 20 3 59 20

Skip, C. M. Pinckney..... 4 39 45 4 04 45
Larchmont Y. C., One-Design Class—Start, 12:35—Course 12 Miles.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence..... 4 12 00 3 37 00
Vaquero, W. Stump..... 4 11 45 3 36 45

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 9 Miles.

Ace, R. N. Bavier..... 3 50 00 3 10 00
Tammany, F. J. Muhlfeld..... 4 09 03 3 29 03
Viking, L. F. Selfert..... 4 28 05 3 48 05

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

Port Washington, Long Island Sound—Tuesday, May 30.

THE first powerboat race of the season to be held near New York was given under the auspices of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. on Tuesday, May 30. Nineteen boats started in four classes, and all but one finished.

Shooting Star and Panhard covered a 15-mile course. Panhard allowed Shooting Star 4m. 16s., but she was not only able to save her time, but won by 2m. 24s. The water was smooth, and it was a good day for racing.

In class H, Simplex won by 1m. 6s. Colonia allowed Simplex 6m. 31s., and although she overcame the handicap materially, she was not able to save her time.

Tike defeated San Toy in Class I, although corrected time cannot be figured until Tike has been measured.

The start of the twelve Knickerbocker Y. C. one-design boats was most exciting, as they all crossed in a bunch. This is the first race these boats have been in. They were built by the New York Kerosene Oil Engine Company, of College Point, N. Y., from the designs of Mr. Charles Coughtry, one of the club members. They are 21ft. over all, 4ft. 8in. beam, and 18in. draft. They are equipped with two-stroke Fulton engines. No. 7 won in the Knickerbocker class, but was protested. The summary follows:

Class G—Course, 15 Miles.

Shooting Star, H. A. Lozier, Jr..... Finish. Elapsed.
Panhard II, A. Massanet..... 0 57 28 0 53 22
0 50 58 0 50 58

Class H—Course, 15 Miles.

Simplex, C. R. Mabley..... 1 10 43 1 04 12
Beldame, H. A. Lozier, Jr..... 1 18 21 1 15 20
Colonia, Fred G. Bourne..... 1 05 18 1 05 18

Class I—Course, 10 Miles.

San Toy II, W. H. Barrion..... 4 44 13 0 54 13
Pike, Samuel Stimson, Jr..... 4 41 31 0 51 32

Knickerbocker One-Design Class—Course, 9 Miles.

No. 7 J. Cassidy..... 4 51 49 0 56 49
No. 2 Chas. Coughtry..... 4 53 05 0 58 05
No. 1 F. L. Creamer..... 4 53 30 0 58 30

No. 13 Emil Reiss..... 4 55 02 1 00 02
No. 11 Daniel Noble..... 4 55 06 1 00 06
No. 6 F. F. Brown..... 4 55 30 1 00 30

No. 12 M. E. Connelly..... 4 57 56 1 02 56
No. 3 L. C. Berrian..... 4 58 41 1 03 41
No. 10 W. H. Gaffert..... 5 00 53 1 05 53

No. 9 J. Sulzbach..... 5 02 00 1 07 00
No. 8 R. Sands..... 5 04 16 1 09 16
No. 4 J. B. Schmelzel..... Did not finish.

Messrs. Anson B. Cole and Fred H. Hill managed the race.

Bay Side Y. C.

Bay Side, Long Island Sound—Tuesday, May 30.

A FEATURE of the opening day's exercises at the Bay Side Y. C. on Memorial Day, was the race in the afternoon for the new one-design boats built by Mr. Thomas Clapham. The boats have a torpedo stern, but otherwise are much like Jebee, a craft with some record for Sound racing. Five boats started and J. E. Hill defeated H. Wegans by only one second. A. Andrews had an easy win in the dory class. The summaries:

One-Design Dories—Start, 3:25.

A. Andrews..... Finish. Elapsed.
J. H. Lee..... 4 55 00 1 29 00
J. H. Lee..... 5 01 30 1 36 30

G. A. Harvey..... 5 02 30 1 37 30
E. G. Story..... 5 04 30 1 39 30
Maxwell Long..... 5 05 00 1 40 00
P. B. Nash..... 5 14 30 1 49 30

Torpedo Special Class—Start, 3:35.

J. E. Hill..... 5 37 52 2 02 52
H. Wegans..... 5 37 53 2 02 53

Leo Bugg..... 5 43 45 2 08 45
C. H. Roberts..... 5 40 00 2 11 00
A. Nesmith..... 5 55 30 2 20 30

New York Y. C.

Glen Cove, Long Island Sound—May 30.

THE New York Y. C. held the races for Spring cup off Station No. 10, Glen Cove on Decoration Day. This was a marked departure from the usual custom, as the club has up to this year held its opening regatta on the lower bay courses about the middle of June. This innovation was a step in the right direction, as was evidenced by the number of starters and the new Regatta Committee composed of Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, chairman; H. de B. Parsons and Ernest E. Lorillard, have scored at the outset. Three classes filled, and there were twenty starters.

The Regatta Committee were on board Commodore Bourne's launch Artemis and the warning signal was given at 11 o'clock. At 11:15 the two 70-footers, Mineola and Yankee were sent away. Mineola got the better of the start, and led all over the course. The boats covered a triangular course of 19 1/2 miles. The wind was from the N.E. and moderate. The seventies had a reach on the first leg, a beat on the and a broad reach back to the finish.

The starters in classes M and N covered an 19 1/2 nautical mile

course, the first leg of which was a reach, the second a reach and a shift in the wind made the third a run.

Captain Christiansen, who has sailed with Captain Charlie Barr for so many years as mate had Mineola's crew in good shape, and that vessel was handled livelier than her adversary and out-manuevered her at every turn. Mineola won by 1m. 47s.

The four starters in classes M and N were started at 11:20. Mira had an easy time with her three competitors and had a good lead at the finish. On corrected time Mira not only won in her class, but beat the seventies. Joker is one of the Bar Harbor 30-footers; and this was the first of these boats to race on Long Island Sound.

The owners of the new one-design 30-footers turned out in good shape with their boats and fourteen of them were on hand at the start. A shift in the wind carried Dahinda, which boat had been far behind, into first place and she won. This change in the wind benefited all the boats that had been left far behind. Dahinda finished a winner over Atair by 9s., making her second win out of three starts so far this season.

Sloops, Class H, 70-Footers—Course, 19 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:15.

Mineola, W. Ross Proctor..... Finish. Elapsed.
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell..... 1 20 16 2 05 16
1 22 03 2 07 03

Sloops, Classes M and N, 33-Footers—Course 19 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:20.

Mira, Charles Lane Poor..... 2 15 06 2 55 06
Spasm, E. B. King..... 2 28 23 3 08 23

Mimosa III, Trenor L. Park..... 2 29 49 3 09 49
Joker, Wainwright..... 2 35 05 3 15 05

Sloops, Special 30ft. Class—Course, 18 3/4 Miles—Start, 11:25.

Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr..... 2 45 57 3 20 59
Atair, Cord Meyer..... 2 46 06 3 21 06

Carlita, Oliver Harriman..... 2 46 19 3 21 19
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie..... 2 46 34 3 21 34

Iris, C. O'D. Iselin..... 2 46 43 3 21 43
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright..... 2 47 00 3 22 00

Adelaide II, George E. Adee..... 2 47 04 3 22 04
Nautilus, A. G. & H. W. Hanan..... 2 47 17 3 22 17

Alera, A. H. & J. W. Alker..... 2 47 33 3 22 33
Minx, Howard Willetts..... 2 47 33 3 22 33

Phryne, H. L. Maxwell..... 2 47 49 3 22 49
Neola II, George M. Pyncheon..... 2 47 56 3 22 56

Banzai, Newbury D. Lawton..... 2 48 20 3 23 20
Linnet, Amos F. French..... 2 51 02 3 26 02

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Bay—Tuesday, May 30.

THE Gravesend Bay racing season of 1905 was opened on Memorial Day with a regatta for classes L and under, given by the Atlantic Y. C. There were nineteen starters in the event, the winners being Vivian II., Lizana, Ojigwan and Delta. Four of the Class Q boats, built this year under the new rule of rating, made their debut and from the close work done throughout showed that excellent sport may be expected in the class this year.

Ojigwan, designed by Mr. John R. Brophy for Mr. George E. Reiners, of the Brooklyn Y. C., was the winner in the class, defeating Mr. Hendon Chubb's Cockatoo II., from the board of Mr. Clinton H. Crane, by 42s. The latter just beat out the Mower-designed creation, More Trouble, owned by Mr. W. H. Childs, at the very finish of the event, by 2s. Quest, the craft designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Mr. F. J. Havens, was not handled to advantage and ended the race 4m. and 27s. behind Ojigwan. The latter and More Trouble were in better racing trim than the others.

From what could be gleaned from the first meeting of the new boats the closest competition seems probable. More Trouble appeared to be more than a match for the others in reaching, but not quite so good at windward work. A most significant and interesting outcome of the race was the fact that Ojigwan defeated Mary, a smart Class Q creation built under the old rule, by 11m. 26s. for a course of between 7 and 8 miles. Mary was the first of the old boats to finish.

Classes N and P went out around West Bank Light and returned, having a reach both ways. The other boats twice covered the regular Association course, with marks at Ulmer Park, Marine and Field Club, Fort Hamilton and the start off the club dock. The first leg was a reach, the second a run, the third another reach and the last a fine windward board home. The summaries:

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:05.

Vivian II, S. E. Vernon..... Finish. Elapsed.
Redwing, B. J. O'Donohue..... 3 59 31 0 54 31
4 02 11 0 57 11

Sloops, Class P—Start, 3:05.

Lizana, D. S. Wylie..... 4 06 57 1 01 57
Huntress, L. H. Dyer..... 4 11 20 1 06 20
Adeline, Menton Bros..... 4 12 03 1 07 03

Bonito, Haviland Bros..... Disabled

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:10.

Ojigwan, George E. Reiners..... 4 27 25 1 17 25
Cockatoo II, Hendon Chubb..... 4 28 07 1 18 07

More Trouble, W. H. Childs..... 4 28 09 1 18 09
Quest, F. J. Havens..... 4 31 52 1 21 52

Mary, Max Grundner..... 4 38 51 1 28 51
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay..... 4 39 07 1 29 07

Karma, J. C. Erskine..... 4 40 25 1 30 25
Careless, Richard Rummell..... 4 41 48 1 31 48

Wraith, Calvin Tompkins..... 4 48 07 1 38 07
Trouble, W. A. Barstow..... Withdrew.

Sloops, Class RR—Start, 3:15.

Delta, J. J. Mahoney..... 4 49 56 1 34 56
Beta, Snedeker & Camp..... 4 52 32 1 37 32

Gamma, A. H. Platt..... 4 54 09 1 39 09

Havens Cup.

Sea Gate, New York Bay—Saturday, June 3.

OWNERS could hardly wait for the struggle of Saturday to come so anxious were they to try old and new creations. This race was the sixth for the Havens cup for classes M and under, all starting in one division on time allowance. Five events for the same trophy were held in 1904, Bobtail getting two victories and Redwing, Era and Lizana, one each. The cup must be won three times by the same owner for permanent possession.

Saetta, the second Gielow creation for Class Q, won the event of Saturday, defeating More Trouble on time allowance by 47s. In regular class competition the two would race boat for boat, and More Trouble would have been the victor, having finished 23s. before Saetta.

The course selected for the Havens cup event took the ten starters out across the channel down the Lower Bay as far as the bell buoy about 3/4 of a mile to the northward of West Bank Light, thence to the bell buoy off Craven Shoal and home. An opportunity to test the new creations on more open water than encountered in the bay on Memorial was given, and they showed to even better advantage than in the initial regatta. The course was covered twice, aggregating 11 1/4 miles. With a fine northerly breeze blowing good progress was made, the first leg to West Bank being a reach, the second to windward and the third a short reach home.

As Havens Cup races are open to Atlantic Y. C. boats only, Ojigwan was not eligible. The contest again demonstrated how unusually well matched the new class is for an open one. Only seconds separated Cockatoo II., More Trouble and Saetta on the first time 'round, and it was the same story at the finish, when More Trouble led over the line followed by Lizana, last year's Association champion in Class P, Saetta and Cockatoo II., in the order named.

The Class N boat, Vivian II., first to end the race, sailed well throughout, but was too heavily handicapped to win from the speedy newcomers. A noticeable feature of the struggle was the poor work of the C. F. Herreshoff 25-footer Huntress, formerly Lively. The boat is now owned by L. H. Dyer, of the Atlantic Y. C., an enthusiastic racing man, and was purchased with the hope that a change in rig and ballast would improve her. The position, usually occupied in competition down the Sound was the best Huntress could maintain. The summaries:

Sloops, Classes M and Under—Start, 3:05.

Vivian II, S. E. Vernon..... Finish. Elapsed. Corrected.
Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue..... 5 13 36 2 08 36 2 06 53

Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach..... 5 17 46 2 12 46 2 10 46
More Trouble, W. H. Childs..... 5 27 05 2 22 05 2 20 05

More Trouble, W. H. Childs..... 5 29 16 2 24 16 2 06 33
Lizana, D. S. Wylie..... 5 29 28 2 24 28 2 10 01

Saetta, Geo. H. Church..... 5 29 39 2 24 39 2 05 46
Cockatoo II, Hendon Chubb..... 5 30 43 2 25 43 2 05 46

Huntress, L. H. Dyer..... 5 32 05 2 27 05 2 15 01
Quest, F. J. Havens..... 5 33 25 2 28 25 2 05 00

Wraith, Calvin Tompkins..... 5 48 30 3 02 30 2 05 00

South Boston Y. C.

South Boston, Mass.—Tuesday, May 30.

THE opening race of the season was sailed off the South Boston Y. C. at City Point, on Tuesday, May 30. The breeze was all around the compass, streaky and fluky, and the yachts received only a poor test. The old Medic won in the 22-footers, Bonitwo in the 18-footers and Vera II. took a sailover in the 15ft. class. There was a good fleet of sailing dories, and also Cape cats. The summary:

Class E, 22-Footers.

Medic, George Lee..... Elapsed.
Rube, H. L. Bowden..... 2 18 52 2 18 52
Clorinda, Cheney and Lanning..... 2 21 57 2 21 57
Medic II., Herbert H. White..... 2 23 16 2 23 16

Class I, 18-Footers.

Bonitwo, George H. Wightman..... 2 29 57 2 29 57
Mirage II, J. W. Olmstead..... 2 28 57 2 28 57

Yankee, F. W. Atwood..... 2 24 11 2 24 11
Haysed II., H. L. Bowden..... 2 30 07 2 30 07

Nicknack, E. B. Holmes..... 2 33 45 2 33 45
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay..... 2 34 12 2 34 12

Class T, 15-Footers.

Vera II., H. Lundberg..... 2 07 25 2 07 25

Class X, Dories.

Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley..... 2 01 17 2 01 17
Barbara, Blancy & Wardwell..... 2 01 42 2 01 42

Bugaboo II., A. B. Ingalls..... 2 05 47 2 05 47
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey..... 2 06 32 2 06 32

Zaza II., Gordon Foster..... 2 10 47 2 10 47
Spray, H. T. Wing..... 2 12 40 2 12 40

Question, Guy Gardner..... 2 15 38 2 15 38
Bessie A., J. S. Hodge..... 2 15 32 2 15 32

Class D, Cape Cats.

Hustler, H. W. Robbins..... Elapsed. Corrected.
Marvel, I. W. Whittemore..... 2 22 42 1 51 56

Stranger, Dr. F. E. Dawes..... 2 23 20 1 53 23
Josephine, F. H. Smith..... 2 31 32 2 00 54

Ocean Eagle, T. Lang..... 2 31 32 2 01 54
Saltair, C. C. Collins..... 2 40 50 2 02 38

Dorothy III, F. F. Crane..... 2 40 02 2 10 20
Nancy Hanks, G. W. Lane..... 2 39 20 2 12 15

Thelga, L. E. Crosscup..... 2 49 10 2 18 56
Moodyne, Shaw Bros..... 3 02 55 2 34 03

B. B. Y. R. A. Classes—First Class.

Wawenock..... 2 18 14 1 53 43
Sentinel..... 2 19 40 1 57 27

Harnett..... 2 23 13 1 58 31
Kit..... 2 20 26 2 00 37

Varuna..... 2 25 13 2 00 42
Pocahontas..... 2 24 10 2 04 55

Lobster..... 2 25 59 2 30 58

S. B. Y. C. Tenders.

Colson..... 1 04 57 1 04 57
McKee..... 1 09 38 1 07 32

Stickney..... 1 08 05 1 07 35
Hyde..... 1 14 54 1 12 36

The judges were Messrs. Arthur Fuller, Thomas F. Bruen, Maurice J. Lee, W. H. Godfrey, R. E. Bartlett, T. J. Cole, Herbert P. Cook and Newton B. Stone.

Boston Y. C.

A CLUB race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the South Boston station on Saturday, June 3, in light breezes, N. to E. The four 22-footers were less than a minute apart, Tyro winning. Dorchen won in the 18-footers, and Vera II. had a walkover in the 15-footers. The feature of the day was the defeat of the 30-footer Chewink IV. by the 25-footers L'Aiglon and Jingo. The summary:

Class E, 22-Footers.

Tyro, William H. Joyce..... 1 44 59 1 44 59
Medic II., Herbert H. White..... 1 45 24 1 45 24

Rube, Herbert L. Bowden..... 1 45 36 1 45 36
Clorinda, B. P. Cheney and C. D. Laming..... 1 45 40 1 45 40

Class I, 18-Footers.

Dorchen, A. W. Finlay..... 1 49 16 1 49 16
Bonitwo, George H. Wightman..... 1 50 00 1 50 00

Haysed II., Herbert L. Bowden..... 1 56 51 1 56 51
Mirage II, J. W. Olmstead..... 1 57 56 1 57 56

Class T, 15-Footers.

Vera II., H. Lundberg..... 1 39 00 1 39 00

First Rating Class, Over 27ft.

L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgdon..... Elapsed. Corrected.
Jingo, George B. Doane..... 1 43 52 1 43 52

Chewink, F. G. Macomber..... 1 44 55 1 01 33
1 44 55 1 07 56

Second Rating Class, Under

Knickerbocker Y. C.

College Point, Long Island Sound—Saturday, June 3.

THE annual race of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, June 3, in a fresh N.W. breeze. Out of thirty-two starters, all but one boat finished.

The boats in the 27ft. class and above covered a 12-mile triangle, while the starters in the three smaller classes sailed over a 10-mile triangle.

The Regatta Committete were on board the steamer Favorite, which vessel anchored off the read and black buoy to the northward of Execution Light.

The 40ft. sloops were sent away at 12:10. Paiute II., the only modern boat in the trio, ran away from her adversaries and won by a big margin.

The sloop Leda had no competitor and sailed in the 35ft. yawl class against Escape and Memory. Leda won in her class, and also takes the Miladi cup, which she won last year on the same occasion. The cup she now owns outright, having won it two consecutive seasons. Memory proved too much for Escape, an out and out cruising boat, and she was beaten by some minutes.

Twelve starters in the New York Y. C. one-design class made the racing lively and interesting. Harry Maxwell captured his first winning flag with Phryne. Cara Mia and Nautilus got away together, followed in the order named by Alera, Maid of Mendon, Dahinda, Neola II., Phryne, Carlita, Altair, Ibis, Adelaide and Banzai. All the boats crossed within 30s. of one another. It was a beat to the first mark off Parsonage Point and the fleet were well strung out soon after the start. It was a spinnaker run across to the second mark off Matinicock Point, and Phryne was leading then by over half a minute. Phryne won by 37s., and Cara Mia was second.

The 27ft. sloops crossed as follows: Snapper, Rascal, Firefly and Thelema, but the last boat drew into the lead and beat Rascal by over a minute.

Invader, Jr., got the start in the Raceabout class over the line and Mystral, Pretty Quick and Tartar followed. The old champion Tartan proved too smart for her rivals, and finished nearly 4m. ahead of Mystral, the second boat.

Hourl won in the Larchmont one-design class and Rogue took a first in the 22ft. class.

The Regatta Committee was composed of Oscar H. Chellborg, Harry Stevenson, F. L. Kramer, I. O. Sinkinson and W. B. Goddard, Jr.

The summary follows:

Sloop, 40Ft. Class—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:10.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Paiute II., W. Beam.....	2 10 59	2 00 59	
Gurnard, Louis H. Zocher.....	2 30 21	2 20 21	
Nautilus, J. J. McCue.....	3 04 32	2 54 32	
Yawls, 33Ft. Class—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:15.			
Escape, George Mathews.....	2 25 35	2 10 35	
Memory, M. Raborg.....	2 17 02	2 02 02	
Leda, S. H. Mason.....	2 07 37	1 52 37	
One-Design Class, United States Y. C.—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:20.			
Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker.....	2 20 23	2 00 23	
Iris, C. O'D. Iselin.....	2 20 19	2 00 19	
Atair, Cord Meyer.....	2 20 50	2 00 50	
Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie.....	2 20 19	2 00 19	
Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.....	2 21 40	2 01 40	
Carlita, Oliver Harriman.....	2 19 35	1 59 35	
Adelaide II., P. H. and C. A. Ade.....	2 18 44	1 58 44	
Neola II., George N. Pyncheon.....	2 20 03	2 00 03	
Cara Mia, S. Wainwright.....	2 15 42	1 55 42	
Banzai, Newbury D. Lawton.....	2 18 41	1 58 41	
Nautilus, A. F. and W. H. Hanan.....	2 18 23	1 58 23	
Phryne, Henry L. Maxwell.....	2 15 05	1 55 05	
Sloops, 27Ft. Class—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:25.			
Rascal, John J. Dwyer.....	2 41 18	2 16 18	
Thelema, A. E. Black.....	2 40 16	2 15 16	
Snapper, F. S. Page.....	2 43 14	2 18 14	
Firefly, G. P. Granberry.....	2 42 31	2 17 31	
Raceabouts—Course, 12 Miles—Start, 12:30.			
Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley.....	2 40 27	2 10 27	
Invader J., Roy A. Rainey.....	2 42 16	2 12 16	
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick.....	2 40 08	2 10 08	
Tartan, G. L. Pirie.....	2 36 44	2 06 44	
Larchmont, 21Ft. Class—Course, 10 Miles—Start, 12:35.			
Hourl, J. H. Esser.....	2 30 40	1 55 40	
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	2 33 33	1 58 33	
Vaquero, W. Stump.....	2 38 10	2 03 10	
Sloops, 22Ft. Class—Course, 10 Miles—Start, 12:35.			
Kanaba, J. H. Mahlsted.....	2 44 30	2 09 30	
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	2 32 35	1 57 35	
Sea Cliff Y. C., One-Design Class—Course, 10 Miles—Start, 12:45.			
Dod, S. E. Dealey.....	Did not finish.		

Columbia Y. C.

Hudson River—Saturday, June 3.

EIGHTEEN power craft of more or less prominence raced over triangular courses off the Columbia Y. C. on the Hudson River on Saturday, June 3. The two larger classes went three times over a 6-mile triangular course. The first mark was off Fort Lee and the second off Sixty-sixth street. The starting line was directly off the club house.

Challenger allowed Panhard II. 12m. 37s. under the A. P. B. Assn. rules. She was unable to save her time and was beaten by 5m. 1s. Challenger's performance was a very creditable one and she went over the course on an average of 2m. 38.7s. per mile, which is at the rate of 22.6 knots an hour.

In classes T and S, Colonia, the smallest of the trio, made a good showing and defeated Shooting Star and Mercury on corrected time.

Argonaut won in the class for cabin craft by 1m. 56s. Beldame, which boat had to allow Argonaut 10m. 14s., was second.

Queen Bess won by over 4m. in classes G and H. Simplex was first in her class, and Charmary was second. Reliance defeated Gesmah easily in class J. The summary follows:

Classes R and Q—Course, 18 Miles.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed. Corrected.	
Challenger.....	3 42 37	4 30 14	0 47 37	0 47 37
Panhard II.....	3 30 00	4 24 13	0 55 13	0 42 36
Classes T and S—Course, 18 Miles.				
Colonia.....	3 15 00	4 21 45	1 06 45	0 53 03
Shooting Star.....	3 25 18	4 33 57	1 07 39	1 04 15
Mercury.....	3 28 42	4 29 33	1 01 09	1 01 09
Classes B and A—Course, 12 Miles.				
My Lady.....	2 58 00	4 41 53	1 43 53	1 27 51
Lucania, Jr.....	3 00 12	4 33 34	1 33 22	1 19 30
Argonaut.....	3 03 48	4 18 24	1 14 36	1 04 22
Green Dragon.....	3 09 56	4 22 44	1 12 48	1 08 42
Beldame.....	3 14 02	4 20 20	1 06 18	1 06 18
Classes G and H—Course, 12 Miles.				
Alisbe.....	2 53 00	4 27 51	1 34 51	1 31 54
Queen Bess.....	2 55 57	4 23 47	1 27 50	1 27 50
Classes H and I—Course, 12 Miles.				
Skibo.....	2 37 00	Not timed		
San Toy II.....	2 47 08	3 55 40	1 08 32	1 05 00
Charmary.....	2 47 38	3 50 50	1 03 12	1 00 10
Simplex.....	2 50 40	3 42 27	0 51 47	0 51 47
Class J—Course, 12 Miles.				
Gesmah.....	2 35 00	4 18 56	1 43 04	1 42 10
Reliance.....	2 35 54	3 54 12	1 18 27	1 18 27

The following table gives the name and owner of each boat, together with her engine power, rating and allowance:

Classes A and B.			
	Power.	Rating.	Allowance.
Lucania, Jr., N. J. Hewlett, Buffalo.....	15.89	42.36	13.50
Argonaut, G. Piel, Standard.....	55.28	45.28	10.14
Green Dragon, G. W. Baxter, Standard.....	55.28	49.95	4.06
Beldame, H. A. Lozier, Jr., Lozier.....	43.40	53.62	Allows.
My Ladye, F. Koenig, Daimler.....	15.48	41.67	16.02
Class C.			
Alisbe, C. R. Branson, Globe.....	33.50		2.57
Queen Bess, Avery & Dodge, Standard.....	27.14	34.65	Allows.
Classes H and I.			
Skibo, M. Jermyn, Foquet.....	15.70	41.57	13.14
San Toy II., W. H. Barron, 20th Cen'ry.....	24.	48.07	3.32
Charmary, Standard.....	18.41	48.46	3.02
Simplex, C. R. Mabley, Simplex.....		50.95	Allows.
Class J.			
Gesmah, A. McDougall.....		39.46	0.54
Reliance, A. C. Stratford, Hasbrouck.....	12.05	39.53	Allows.

Classes R and S.			
Colonia, F. G. Bourne, Speedway.....	55.09	64.12	13.42
Shooting Star, H. A. Lozier, Jr., Lozier.....	22.53	64.12	3.24
Mercury, H. J. Ottman, Speedway.....	55.2	67.44	Allows.
Class T.			
Panhard II., A. Massenat, Panhard.....	47.43	70.76	12.37
Challenger, W. G. Brokaw, Simplex.....	119.448	88.35	Allows.

Buffalo Y. C.

Point Abino, Lake Erie—Tuesday, May 30.

TWELVE boats started in a club race held by the Buffalo Y. C. on Decoration Day, and all but two finished. It was a handicap event, and all boats sailed in one class over a 12-mile course. The wind was moderate from the N.E. The race was sailed off the club's Point Abino Station. Banshee II. won and Magia was second. The summary follows:

Start, 4:00 P. M.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Banshee II., Hall.....	5 57 53	5 38 53
Magia, Patterson.....	6 01 45	5 42 45
Lorna, Chamberlain.....	5 50 20	5 43 20
Ida, Heussler.....	6 04 40	5 45 40
Beppo, Shamp.....	6 09 25	6 02 39
Nerena, Rice.....	6 13 45	6 02 05
Tomahoc, Buckpitt.....	6 12 22	6 05 22
Breeze, Loosen.....	6 19 33	6 06 53
Virginia, Olshei.....	6 21 23	6 09 43
Cricket, Robertson.....	6 17 40	6 17 40
Dorothy, Rockwell.....	Time not taken.	
Paragon, Petrie.....	Time not taken.	

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound—Saturday, June 3.

MORNING and afternoon races were held off the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. on Saturday, June 3. In the morning four boats in the 27-33ft. class raced, and Mimosa III. won by a large margin. The breeze was fresh from the N. E.

Five of the 15-footers were on hand for the afternoon event. The wind lost its strength as the day progressed, and some of the boats had difficulty in finishing. Sabrina won, and Barn was second. The summary follows:

33-Footers—Start, 11:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa III.....	1 30 34	2 00 34
Regina, F. G. Stewart.....	1 44 26	2 14 26
Nike, V. I. Cumnock.....	1 47 30	2 17 30
Tito, Colgate Hoyt.....	1 48 54	2 18 54

15-Footers—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore.....	6 31 10	3 26 10
Barn, W. J. Matheson.....	6 49 35	3 44 35
Fly, W. E. Roosevelt.....	6 55 30	3 50 30
Nip, F. B. Pazy.....	7 12 40	4 07 40
Imp, F. L. Landon.....	7 14 45	4 09 45

Canoeing.

Across Nova Scotia in Canoes.

(Continued from page 441.)

Monday, June 20.

AS SOON as the sun was up we turned out for the last time into the faint warmth of its first rays, blowing on our fingers to keep them warm until the camp-fire was started. The Scribe brought down the derision of the rest of the party by being the last to get up, about fifteen minutes after the others. The least comfortable part of the day's work was always before breakfast, when we were just out of our comfortable beds into the cold, damp morning air, sleepy, hungry and sometimes a bit cold and stiff. Getting into one's clothes when they are damp and clammy from the wettings of the day before is not the most delightful sensation in the world, and this operation was generally accomplished with grunts of disgust from the victims. One or two nights a couple of the sleeping bags were wet in places, but we managed to shift the available inner bags about so as to avoid actual discomfort to the unlucky ones.

Breakfast at Camp Iris was soon over and we packed up reluctantly for the start, the crew of the Mic-Mac doing the dishwashing. As usual, this was quickly and easily accomplished by filling the tin oven with hot water, adding Pearlina, and using it as a dishpan. This scheme did away entirely with the bother of greasy plates, and

even that arch- nuisance of the pack bag—the frying-pan—was quickly reduced to a state of immaculate purity by the use of a chain scourer and the hot suds. We found rough water in one or two of the rifts after leaving Camp Iris, but we were getting used to this kind of work and did effective work with snubbing-poles, holding back the canoes in the swift water and fending off from the threatening rocks. The bow man used the pole, the stern man doing the steering and steadying the boat with a paddle. We had broken our spare paddles by this time, so the two which Louis left us came in very handy.

In spite of our skill, however, this morning saw the worst accident of the trip, about the middle of the forenoon, when Charles and Carl came to grief in running a broad stretch of rapids by striking on a submerged rock, which they mistook for a wave in the midst of the turmoil. The Mic-Mac had gotten safely through and its crew were looking for trouble ahead, when they heard a faint "coo-ee" above the noise of the rapids, and, turning quickly, saw the others struggling in the water far out in the current. The Mic-Mac was run ashore at once, the duffle was tumbled quickly out, and the crew hastened with the empty boat to the rescue. They tried to pole against the current, but it was too swift, making progress very slow. Tow lines were then gotten out and, with Arthur at the bow and the Scribe at the stern, more speed was made, although the irregular nature of the shore made this hard work. In fact, Arthur missed his footing, being carried down stream still holding the bow line. In the meantime, the others were having all sorts of trouble trying to save the duffle and the boat. It was too deep to reach shore by wading, and Carl attempted to bring two sleeping bags ashore by swimming with them. We passed him as we came up the shore, and stopped long enough to throw him a rope, hauling him out a couple of hundred feet below his starting point. He shouted to us that they had struck so hard that both of them were thrown clear out of the boat, and it was now jammed too tightly for them to move. The rescue party worked their way up stream to a line of boulders which made out into the river above the rock which caused the upset, and managed to reach a point directly above Charles and the wrecked boat. They then tried to let the big canoe down to him by tying the tow-lines together, and again been hauled out by his mate. The current was very strong and rough, causing the boat to swerve violently out of its course, and upon the third attempt to get the boat to Charles, it was upset by a wave and swept down against the rock. Things looked serious for a moment, but luckily the big canoe struck the other a violent blow which dislodged it, and both boats came down stream, full of water, Charles still slinging to his. Just before this happened Charles had saved the last pack bag by throwing it into the current toward the shore, so that it was carried down to Carl standing waist deep in the water, and then dragged ashore. Arthur and H. N. T. raced down the river bank and waded and swam out to help the others save the boats, Arthur and Charles taking charge of the red canoe, and Carl and the Scribe the large one. Neither boat had suffered much damage, the Mic-Mac's gunwales were splintered and her sides battered, but both boats were still serviceable and water-tight, thanks to the canvas covers. We then took a hasty inventory of the duffle and found many things missing—hats, fishing tackle, tent, paddles, etc., which was hardly surprising considering the character of the mishap. Arthur and the Scribe hastily loaded their canoe and paddled at racing speed down stream to head off floating articles, the exercise serving to keep them warm after their long soaking in the river. They found the paddles but nothing else, proving the violence of the rapids, which had evidently sunk the other missing things and jammed them against the rocks and hidden ledges. After going about half a mile in a steady, strong current, they turned and came slowly back, meeting the others on the way down. All hands were thoroughly soaked and pretty well tired out by the strenuous exertions of the past half hour, so Charles began to think of stopping at a convenient spot and lighting a huge fire



SHOOTING THE "SWEATING PLACE" BELOW BIG RIVER FALLS.

to dry everything out. The sleeping bags weighed about half a ton each, being thoroughly soaked with water, and the rest of the equipment that was saved was also drenched. The Mic-Mac's crew were in favor of going ahead, and making no stops until we reached Milton, since our time was hourly growing shorter and we did not know what we would encounter in the way of difficulties before we reached the pulp mill. In spite of this Charles declined to stop, under protest from the other boat which continued on down stream. The current had disappeared by this time, as we were evidently approaching another dam. After about a half hour's hard work, steady paddling through deep water, the river getting wider and wider, we rounded a broad sweep, and came in sight of a new dam across the stream. We ran down to the left hand side of this obstruction, a strong wind astern, and pulled our canoe ashore in a little sheltered cove. We were under some misgivings as to the wisdom of allowing the party to split up in this way, as we were still ignorant of the distance that remained before we reached the pulp mill—in fact, we did not know whether this might not be the pulp mill dam that Louis had told us about. We made up our minds to explore the country and see whether this was the case, so Arthur went down stream along the shore, and the Scribe struck back through the woods on a path which led to a lumbering road, which in turn turned and twisted for about half a mile and then ran off into a flooded district, evidently caused by recent rains. The Scribe explored it this far at a rapid pace, and upon retracing his steps ran across two natives—stalwart young lumbermen, who gave him the desired information about the lay of the land. He learned from them that the pulp mill was not more than a couple of miles below, and that we would have trouble getting down through the rapids below the dam, where our boat was now lying, as they were long and very rough. Also there were numerous log booms obstructing the open water above the pulp mill dam, and we would have trouble passing these. H. N. T. then raced back to the boat, calling for Arthur to return. Upon his arrival, reporting "nothing doing" down stream as far as he had gone, except two or three houses in the distance, we unloaded the canoe and shacked everything over the dam to a comparatively quiet eddy below. We then wrote a hasty note to the others and set it up on a piece of stick so as to attract their attention if they should go down that side of the river and cross the dam as we did. We told them that the train left at 3 o'clock that afternoon for Liverpool, and, as it was getting nigh on toward 1 o'clock, their time was very short.

We then re-embarked below the dam, not at all keen for the stretch of white water as far as we could see down stream—probably as stiff a proposition as we had yet been up against, excepting Big River Falls. Moreover, both of us were wet and hungry, and well tired by the morning's work. In spite of all this, however, we came through famously, working the canoe slowly down the rapid current, and skillfully avoiding the sunken rocks and the swiftest water. The mate used the snubbing-pole nearly all the way through, quick changes being necessary from one side of the boat to the other, and at times one end of the pole would be used as a brake by pressing it heavily against the bottom of the stream. Our recollection was that the boat did not touch a rock all the way through this stretch of rapids, and when the foot was finally reached, both parties blowing hard from the violent exercise, a brief mutual admiration society meeting was held on the spot in honor of the skill that had brought us safely through.

Still, deep water was now encountered, with submerged forests along the banks of the river, showing that we were in the neighborhood of another dam. Floating logs were also lodged around, and numbers of them were lying partly water-logged, with one end projecting just above the surface in the manner we had noticed them during the past two days. Going around another bend we came in view of the edge of the dam in the distance, and as we had been told, a number of log booms stretched across the surface of the water, and anchored at certain points to large cribs made of a number of poles driven into the bed of the stream, and fastened together. These booms were simply huge logs joined together end to end with chains and were rather difficult to cross with a heavily loaded canoe. We found it the easiest plan to run up close to one of the cribs and then haul the canoe over by main strength across the floating log. We did this three or four times, and finally gained the breast of the dam. We tossed our duffle out upon the footpath and proceeded on foot to explore again. A canal, which we found to be the waterpower for the pulp mill, opened from one end of the dam and disappeared around a bend. We followed along this, and soon came in sight of the mill, with a settlement of small houses around it, the whole set in a beautiful bit of scenery with high mills all around and a small brook winding around the rocks down the valley. We retraced our steps to the dam and again carried our boat and duffle over into the waterpower canal, paddling down to the end of it, where the siding or the tramway was located. Here we took the Mic-Mac out of the water for the last time and piled everything on shore ready to load on the flat car, which left about an hour later for Liverpool.

By this time we were getting anxious about the rest of the party, as we had taken quite a good deal of time exploring and talking with the natives at the pulp mill. The Scribe had also tried the fishing below the pulp mill dam, which was the most spectacular of any that we had passed so far; very high, with a great head of water going over it everywhere. It raised a noise that was audible for a long distance away. A tremendous volume of water rushed over the central chute, which was built out on an inclined plane to admit of the largest logs being carried over. This water piled up at the foot of the drop into a fifteen-foot wave, and then a series of smaller ones like the wake of a steamboat, the mist from the turmoil rising in a thin cloud and whirling down stream in the strong wind that was blowing. We made our way out on the dam across a series of narrow single-plank bridges, clutching every available support to prevent losing our balance in the force of the gale and the stunning thunder of the falling water. Smoking was hardly worth while as the wind whipped the smoke out of one's very teeth, and our heads fairly ached from the tightly jammed hatbands about our ears. We learned later from a lumberman at the pulp mill that the central flume had been run

by a lumberjack on a log during the spring freshet, the man being under the influence of some "Nova Scotia Lightning" at the time, which accounted for the foolhardiness of the feat.

Below the dam was the usual stretch of foaming rapids shut in by high, steep banks. The Scribe, working his way slowly down the rough timbering of the downstream face of the dam to cast over the pool below, discovered one of the dry, half-rotted logs smouldering, and probably saved the entire structure by improvising a bucket from his old Khaki hat. The wood had probably ignited spontaneously from the concentrated heat of the sun, as no other cause could be found.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 15-18.—Central Sharpshooters' Union, under auspices of Davenport, Ia., Shooting Association. F. Berg, Sec'y.
 July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association.
 July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association.
 Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines, Ia., Rifle Association annual meeting.
 Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches.
 Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

OUR opening shoot on the new Cranston range Memorial Day was well attended, and some good scores were made. The members and visitors present expressed themselves as highly pleased with the new shooting house and location. The greater part of the day was spent by the boys sighting in their various arms for the 50yd. targets and trying the different weapons brought out. Riflemen shot revolvers and pistols and vice versa. A. B. Coulters put in most of his spare time with his Krag at 200yds., and after getting sighted in with a special load made three good forties. The following scores were recorded:
 Pistol, 50yds.: Walter H. Freeman, 89, 94, 94, 89, 92—458; Wm. Almy, 87, 87, 89, 91, 86—440; Wm. Bosworth, 85, 81, 87, 88, 86, 82, 84, 87, 73, 82—835; C. L. Beach, 69.
 Revolver, 50yds.: Arthur C. Hurlburt, .38 officers' model, 80, 90, 76; Arno Argus, .38 officers' model, 78, 86; Wm. F. Eddy, .38 military, 76, 82, 84.
 Rifle, 200yds.: A. B. Coulters, .30 Krag, 40, 40, 40.
 Rifle, 50yds.: H. Powell, 91; C. L. Beach, 73, 79, 75; W. Bert Gardiner, 74, 65, 64, 78; Frank L. Vaughan, 65, 65, 64.
 Pistol, 20yds.: W. H. Freeman, 90, 85, 93, 86, 85; Ray Powell, 85, 93.

The boys are taking to the new range and 50yd. work like ducks to water. Our second shoot, Saturday, June 3, was productive of much encouragement on the part of some of the members. Walter H. Freeman carried off the honors for the day for pistol shooting and was in splendid form. The first six shots of his second string showed tens, and we all hoped to see him plant the remaining shots in the coveted circle. The strain was too much, however, but he made the excellent score of 95. His 100-shot total of 914 was a good starting record for our range. The revolver trio, which is trying to bring on a match with the State military champions, did a little practice, scoring on the Creedmoor target, such as used at the State range, and found they could hang pretty close to what is considered good work among the militiamen.

Major Eddy's 90 (Standard) was a clean score of bulls, as was also Hurlburt's 88. The latter, however, dropped into the seventies and, becoming disgusted, turned his officers' model and remaining cartridges over to Freeman, who, without changing the sights, shot for group and made one which, had the elevation been correct, would cut out a 97. Saturday was Argus' second trial at 50yd. shooting, and we consider he did good average work, with scores near the 80 mark. Several visitors were present and enjoyed a little rifle practice. The following scores were recorded previous to the regular Saturday afternoon shoot:
 Pistol, 50yds.: Walter H. Freeman, 93, 91, 93, 89, 94; William Almy, 91, 90, 88, 85, 87, 86, 82.
 Rifle 50yds.: H. Powell, 87, 84, 80; F. A. Coggeshall, 84.
 The following scores were made at the Saturday, June 3, shoot:
 Pistol, 50yds.: Walter H. Freeman, 91, 95, 92, 87, 93, 94, 88, 93, 89, 92—914.
 Revolver, 50yds.: Maj. Wm. F. Eddy, .38 military, 90, 84, 75, 83; Arthur C. Hurlburt, .38 officers' model, 84, 88, 73, 76; Arno Argus, .38 officers' model, 76, 87, 82, 76, 76, 76, 74, 83, 84—790.
 Revolver, Military Target, 50yds.: Eddy 50, 48, 45, 46; Hurlburt, 47, 50, 44, 45; Argus, 45, 49, 47, 46, 45, 45, 43, 47, 49.
 Rifle 50yds.: A. B. Coulters, .22 with scope, 81, 72, 77, 73, 75, 79; C. L. Beach, 64, 66.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

MEMBERS held a practice shoot on the 200yd. ranges in Union Hill park the afternoon of June 2, under favorable weather conditions. William Hayes, of Newark, was high man on the ring target with 805 points. He also had the best ticket, 116 points. Gus Zimmermann, the club's captain, had the most points and flags on the bullseye target, and Lambert Schmidt was high on the man target, with 57 out of the possible 60 points. The scores:
 Ring Target: William Hayes 805, John Facklamm 801, G. W. Ludwig 796, Gus Zimmermann 610, August Begerow 509, Lambert Schmidt 408, George T. Zimmermann 373, F. Liegibel 277, J. Schmidt 246, William Sole 212. Best ticket, William Hayes, 116.
 Bullseye Target: First flag, William Sole; last flag, Wm. Hayes. Points and flags—Gus Zimmermann, 230 and 17; F. Liegibel, 149 and 6; G. T. Zimmermann, 135 and 6; John Facklamm, 134 and 8; August Begerow, 107 and 3; Wm. Sole, 95 and 2; William Hayes, 63 and 5; Lambert Schmidt, 60 and 2; J. Schmidt, 33 and 1; G. W. Ludwig, 27 and 1; Henry J. Behrens, 11.
 Man Target: Lambert Schmidt 57, William Hayes 56, August Begerow 53, Gus Zimmermann 52, William Sole 32.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, May 21. Conditions, 200yds., offhand at the 25ring target. Nestler was champion for the day with the good score of 231. Payne was high on the honor target with 73 points. Scores follow:

	Man Target.
Nestler	231
Payne	223
Odell	223
Roberts	219
Bruns	215
Freitag	215
Hofer	212
Topf	181
	221
	217
	209
	209
	211
	209
	205
	210
	209
	204
	202
	192
	197
	154
	154

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

June 8.—West Chester, Pa., Gun Club all-day target shoot. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.
 June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest E. Scott, Capt.
 June 9.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
 June 9-11.—Bozeman, Mont.—Montana State shoot.
 June 11-13.—Chef Menteur, La.—Gulf Coast Trapshooters' League shoot, under auspices of the Tally-Ho Club. John Spring, Chairman.
 June 12-13.—Wabash Gun Club tournament; sanction of Indiana State League. Austin S. Flinn, Sec'y.
 June 13.—Castleton Corners, S. I.—Castleton Corners Gun Club all-day tournament.
 June 13.—Waterbury.—Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut fourth tournament, under auspices of Mattatuck Gun Club. Willis M. Hall, Sec'y.
 June 13-14.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. R. E. Dinger, Capt.
 June 13-14.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club amateur tournament. F. M. Jaeger, Sec'y.
 June 13-14.—Butler, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
 June 13-15.—Capron, Ill., Gun Club tournament. A. Vance, Sec'y.
 June 13-15.—Canton, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. C. F. Schlitz, Sec'y.
 June 13-16.—Utica, N. Y.—New York State shoot. James Brown, Sec'y.
 June 14-15.—Durham, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association second annual tournament. Geo. L. Lyon, Pres.
 June 14-15.—Middletown, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Sec'y.
 June 15.—Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament.
 June 16.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Limited Gun Club championship shoot.
 June 16-17.—Pottstown, Pa.—Shuler Gun Club target tournament.
 June 16-18.—Putnam, Ill.—Undercliff Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. G. Grubbs, Mgr.
 June 17.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club special 100-target contest. C. P. Zacher, Sec'y.
 June 20.—Dayton, O.—Kohrer's Island Gun Club tournament. Will E. Kette, Sec'y.
 June 20-21.—Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club tournament, Vernon L. Perry, Sec'y.
 June 20-21.—Jackson, Mich.—Michigan State shoot, under auspices of Jackson Gun Club. H. B. Crosier, Sec'y.
 June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club annual tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
 June 21-22.—Bradford, Pa., Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y.
 June 21.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia third tournament, under auspices of Grafton Gun Club. A. R. Warden, Sec'y.
 June 22.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.
 June 22-23.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seashore Gun Club shooting tournament. E. M. Smith, Sec'y.
 June 22-24.—Portland, Ore.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest tournament. J. Winters, Sec'y.
 June 27.—Norwich.—Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut fifth tournament, under auspices of the Norwich Gun Club. I. P. Taft, Sec'y.
 June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec'y-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
 July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
 July 4.—Dickey Bird national team contest of the W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo., of whom entry blanks and conditions may be obtained.
 July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
 July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
 July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
 July 4.—Brockton, Mass.—Montello Gun Club shoot. H. Windle, Sec'y.
 July 4.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fourth tournament, under auspices of Mannington Gun Club. W. C. Mawhinney, Sec'y.
 July 4.—Richmond, Va., Gun Club annual tournament. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
 July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament. W. A. Murrell, Sec'y.
 July 11-12.—Eufala, Ala., Gun Club tournament. C. M. Gam-mage, Sec'y.
 July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.
 July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
 July 24-25.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
 July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.
 Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
 Aug. 8-9.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fifth tournament, under auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
 Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
 Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
 Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
 Aug. 18-20.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
 Aug. 22.—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
 Aug. 22-23.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
 Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.
 Aug. 29-31.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsman's Club fourth annual tournament.
 Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
 Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; \$25 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
 Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
 Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
 Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
 Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
 Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
 Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Warwick, N. Y., Gun Club next monthly shoot, June 16, has nine events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.50 entrance. Shooting begins at 1 o'clock.

The Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. E. C. Charlton, informs us that the famous trapshooters, the Mallory brothers, will be present at the tournament of the Bradford, Pa., Gun Club, to be held on June 21-22.

The next special shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club will be held on June 13. Shoots are also held on every Saturday.

Mr. H. Windle, Secretary, announces that the Montello Gun Club, Brockton, Mass., will hold a shoot on July 4, and that in two of the programme events, handicaps at 40 targets, ten cash prizes will be an attraction.

The Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut will hold its fourth and fifth tournaments as follows: At Waterbury, under the auspices of the Mattatuck Gun Club, June 13, and under the auspices of the Norwich Gun Club, June 27.

At the tournament of the Analoetan Gun Club, Washington, D. C., May 30 and 31, the feature of the tournament was the excellent performance of Mr. W. H. Heer. He ran twice over 100, and scored on the second day 158 out of 160. On the first day he scored 195 out of 200.

Ten like events each day constitute the programme of the Shuler Gun Club tournament, fixed to be held at Pottstown, Pa., June 16-17. Five are at 10, three at 15, and two at 20 targets, entrance 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.50. Totals, 185 targets, \$8.25 entrance. Programme shooting begins at 10 o'clock. Class shooting. Targets 1 1/2 cent. Guns and shells, prepaid, may be shipped to Tom Cole, 142 High street, Pottstown.

Do not fail to study the great national, home-club contests devised by the W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo., for July 4. Full details are presented in our advertising columns. The slogan is, "You may win; you can't lose." Kansas City clubs are barred. To assure yourself against uncertainty, do not wait till the last moment to order your regular entry blanks, which must be ordered from the W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co.

The programme of the nineteenth annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, to be held at Canton, O., under the auspices of the Lakeside Gun Club, June 13-15, provides on the first day nine 20-target events, \$2 entrance, and two special events—the State Journal cup, 30 targets, 60 cents entrance, and the Press-Post trophy, 25 targets, 60 cents entrance, each with an optional sweep of \$2.50 additional. On the second day, eight 20-target events, and two special events, one a two-man team race for the Sportsmen's Review trophy, 25 targets per man, 100 per team, optional sweep, \$2.50. The other, the Smith trophy, 50 targets, \$1 entrance, optional sweep, \$5. The latter event carries with it the championship of Ohio. On the third day there are eight 20-target events and a special event, a five-man team race, 30 singles and 10 pair, entrance \$5 per team. Each day, an additional fee of \$1 will be exacted from each amateur, same to be set aside for amateurs who shoot through each day's programme, and do not win their entrance. To the ten high guns each day, \$5 each; to the five low guns each day, \$5 each. To the five high guns shooting through the programme, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5; eight low guns, \$5 each. Longest consecutive run, \$10. Class shooting. Only members of the Ohio Trapshooters' League are eligible to compete for trophies. June 12 is preliminary day. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Targets, 2 cents. Guns, ammunition, etc., shipped, express prepaid, care of Klein & Heffelman Co., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Amateurs only may compete for the purses. Address Chas. J. Schlitz, Sec'y, 219 N. Market St.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., May 31.—In spite of lots of other shoots, our Decoration Day tournament was well attended. Mr. Markley did the best work in the amateur class, beating out all the others by 9 points.

Mr. Gunther, of New York, won second average; Mr. Piercy, of Jersey City, third.

Mr. Glover did the best professional work. Mr. Nicol second.

Other prize winners were Slater, Sked, Dr. Paterna, Scofield, Evans and Gavin. Scores:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like Piercy, Markley, Glover, Gunther, Scofield, Evans, Benjamin, Nicol, Sked, Hobbs, Field, Ten Eyck, Maltby, Cottrell, Moore, F S Slater, Hoagland, Schoverling, Barry, Paterno, Servis, Martin, Gavin, Bishop.

Westwood Gun Club.

Westwood, N. J., May 30.—Winners were as follows:

Fifth event—First prize, half dozen silver knives and forks, F. Truax; second prize, 50 shells, C. P. Post.

Eighth event—First prize, flag, F. Truax; second prize, half dozen knives and forks, E. Shurt.

Eleventh event—First prize, silver watch, F. Truax; second prize, half dozen tablespoons, E. Shurt.

High average, F. Truax. The scores follow:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like Lewis, Gruman, James, Morrison, Dahel, Truax, Post, Van Buskirk, Townsend, Speth, F Wilkens, Colligan, C Westervelt, F Westervelt, Malloy, Zabriskie, T T Wilkerson, Shurt, Reynor, Van Houten, Myers.

*Denotes extra event.

North Branch Gun Club.

North Branch, N. J.—J. A. R. Elliott was high for the first day, June 1. W. H. R. was high amateur for both days, he being the only one to shoot through the programme. Our new blackbird trap worked fine.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like J A R Elliott, N Appar, I Hahn, W H R, H D Wahling, G W Field, Dr J B Pardoe, J W Hoffman, Williams, Geo Cramer, Theo McDowell, H B Ten Eyck, T Bockles.

June 2, Second Day.

Appar won high professional average on the second day; Ten Eyck, amateur average.

The day being very dark and cloudy, made the targets very difficult to see.

We had with us Neaf Appar, H. S. Wells, trade representatives. Mr. W. Brickner, of Newton, also did some very good shooting.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like N Appar, H Welles, W H R, H B Ten Eyck, Williams, W Brickner.

Queens County Gun Club.

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., June 3.—The merchandise shoot of the Queens County Gun Club was favored with delightfully pleasant weather and a good attendance. Thirty-eight shooters participated in the different events. A stiff, gusty wind in the events before the merchandise contest cut down the scores materially. In the merchandise events there was almost a calm, and the scores averaged high in consequence.

The shoot was managed by the president, Mr. John H. Hendrickson, while the office work was in charge of the secretary, Mr. Richard H. Gosman, assisted by Mr. J. H. W. Fleming.

The silver cup for amateur high average was won by Mr. H. Brugman with a total of 160 out of a possible 175, over 91 per cent.

The professionals present were Messrs. Elliott, Butler, Schoverling, Hearne, Schneider, Glover and Appar. They made totals as follows, shooting at 175 targets: Appar 164, Elliott and Glover 162, Hearne 161, Schneider 155, Schoverling 152, Butler 148.

The handicaps of each event were shot off in the following event or events. There were so many ties that shooting continued till darkness set in. The winners in the different merchandise events are as follows:

Event 7: Shaving set, Hans; silk umbrella, Adams, brass clock, Call; tobacco jar, Martin; scarf pin, Scott.

Event 8: Water pitcher, R. S. Hendrickson; cut-glass sugar and cream set, Foster, bread trap, Hopkins; cracker jar, Small.

Event 9: Large fruit bowl, Brugman; small fruit bowl, Glidden; flower vase, Hans; spoon holder, Loeble; bonbon dish, Allen.

Event 10: Tea service, Brugman, fern dish, McKernan; nut dish, R. S. Hendrickson; syrup pitcher, Hopkins; napkin ring, Small.

Table with columns for Scores, Events, Handicaps in, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like Elliott, Butler, Hopkins, Call, Jap, Truax, Small, Brugman, Gunther, Nash, A Schoverling, Hearne, Schneider, Glover, Appar, R I Hendrickson, Huntington, Adams, McKernan, Ramap, Brickmore, Hans, Winslow, Allen, Staples, Guhring, John, Waters, Loeble, Martin, Glidden, Piercy, Foster, William, Gosman, Collette, Scott, Cassidy.

Enterprise Gun Club.

McKEESPORT, Pa., May 30.—The Enterprise Gun Club's ninth tournament had a small attendance, owing to unfavorable weather conditions and the numerous other shoots which divided up the patronage of club members. About twenty-five men took part, and the club did not let anything go undone to make things pleasant for those taking part. H. A. Woods and B. F. Stone, of Canonsburg, and Jackson Prigg and J. M. Prigg, of Washington, Pa., were guests, as were also H. H. Stevens and H. P. Fessenden.

Ticket No. 406, held by W. J. Judy, won the fine hammerless gun raffled. Every man taking part in the shoot was given a good prize, besides each getting a gun cleaner and a souvenir.

J. F. Calhoun was high man with L. D. Davis a close second; W. Hale, third; H. H. Stevens, fourth. Calhoun made the longest run, 29. He also made the first straight in the 15 and 20-target events. Following is the official record of each participant during the day:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like Calhoun, Davis, W Hale, Stevens, J Hale, H Hale, M Prigg, J Prigg, Stephan, Irwin, Everett, Woods, Cochran, Crow, Stone, McFarland, Black, Morris, Knight, Byard, Noel, McCombs, Belser, Lindberg, Mains.

The names of those receiving money and the amount they got follow: J. F. Calhoun, \$13.80; Irwin, \$10; H. Hale, \$3.50; G. Hale, \$6.40; J. Prigg, \$4.80; M. Prigg, \$5.10; W. Hale, \$12.10;

Davis, \$13.35; Everett, \$3.90; Knight, \$1.35; Stephan, \$7.90; Cochran, \$9.15; Mack, 99 cents; Coon, 80 cents; Woods, \$1.90.

First straight in 15 event, \$2, Calhoun; first straight in 20 event, \$2, Calhoun; high gun, \$2, Calhoun; longest run of hits, \$2, Calhoun; low gun, \$2, J. Prigg.

Prize winners in merchandise event: J. Hale, Knight, L. D. Davis, Geo. W. Mains, Everett, Calhoun, Stephan, Irwin, Byard, W. Hale, Black, Cochran, Keeley, Lindburg, H. Hale, M. Prigg, Morris, Noel, Belser, J. Prigg, Coon, McCombs. Several prizes were left over and extra events were pulled off to get rid of them.

Scranton Rod and Gun Club.

SCRANTON, Pa.—The Scranton Rod and Gun Club held their annual Decoration Day shoot on the Capouse avenue grounds. Ten events were shot in the regular programme, which were finished in time to shoot an extra event of 25 targets.

The attendance was not very large, but the boys had a good time. The last three events were extras. The scores made were as follows:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of participants with scores. Includes names like Hardenburgh, Daws, F H Mason, Daton, Cullen, Davis, Shumaker, Langdon, Spencer, Brown, Coston, J D Mason, Kelly, R Griffin, Bittenbender, Shotto, B Griffin, O'Donnell, Curtis, Closs, Snowdon, Reif, Radle, Hopkins, Chatfield, Fenne, Smith, Artz, Haas, Kipp, Carpenter, Phillips, Van Storch, Ross, Seward.

The annual meeting of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club was held at the new office of ex-President Bittenbender, this city, June 2, at 8 P. M. The report of the secretary-treasurer showed the club to be in good condition, with money in the treasury. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Wm. H. Langdon, President; Jos. Shotto, Vice-President; Harry Cullen, Secretary-Treasurer; Edw. S. Hardenberg, Captain. Directors: J. D. Mason, W. E. Bittenbender, John Raine, C. H. Van Storch. J. D. MASON.

Somersville Gun Club.

SOMERSVILLE, Conn., June 5.—The Decoration Day shoot of Somersville Gun Club brought out a good lot of shooters. The day was all that could be desired, and some good shooting was the result. F. Le Noir, of Springfield, Mass., led the bunch of eight who shot the entire programme, breaking 89 1-3 per cent.

Quite a number of practice and extra events were shot before and after the regular programme, keeping the trappers busy all day.

Shooters, make a note of our tournament on Aug. 22 next. Individual State championship and an attractive programme. Send in your names to the secretary and a programme will be sent you as soon as issued.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, Shot, Broke, and Per Cent. Includes names like Le Noir, McMullen, Finch, Cooley, A Pease, Snow, Arnold, Fredett, Henry, Dimock, Delaney, Field, Boughton, O Pease, F Pease, C Pease, H Pease, Spencer, Lord, E Quinn, J Quinn, E Smith, Hills, Connor, Cheesman, Kerry, Forrest.

A. M. ARNOLD, Sec'y.

Hurlingham and Pigeon Shooting.

THE announcement that after the close of the present season there is to be no more pigeon shooting at Hurlingham will probably take most people by surprise, especially those who are old enough to remember that it was to promote this particular form of amusement that the club at Hurlingham was originally founded. The reason for the decision now arrived at is sure to be variously interpreted. It might not unreasonably be supposed that continued remonstrance on the part of those humanitarians who stigmatize pigeon shooting as a cruel diversion has at length carried conviction to the minds of its supporters and caused them to abandon it. This, however, is not the real reason. It is not as a concession to public opinion on this score that the practice is to be abolished, but rather because the tide of fashion has turned and is now flowing in another direction. Other amusements, such as polo, golf, and lawn tennis, which had no existence when the club was started, are now claiming a larger share of attention and attracting more support. Judging by "signs of the times," there can be little doubt that a healthier tone will prevail in the world of sport, and that just as bear-baiting and cock-fighting have long since been discontinued, so will pigeon shooting follow in the wake of such amusements, not by virtue of an act of Parliament, but by force of public opinion.—London Field.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader: If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

Form for requesting coin cards: Name, Address, State.

WESTERN TRAP.

Aurora Gun Club.

AURORA, Ill., May 30.—This holiday was chosen as the best time to start up the Aurora Gun Club for this season. It was the intention to elect officers and get in line for this season's shooting, but many had business elsewhere, and the election was postponed until all the old officers should be present.

The policy usually pursued by this club is to give some prizes at each shoot that would go to the winner of the event. The most popular prize has been that of silver spoons, and on this occasion two of the first prizes were won by Mr. Linn, who is a scratch man, while Henry Tanner, the oldest man in the club, took home another.

There was considerable interest in the medal shoot, as Linn, Parker and Tanner each had won it twice, and a third win for either meant ownership. All were somewhat surprised when Rob Kendall came on with his automatic and won out with more than a straight after adding his handicap. All were glad to see him win, as that would keep the medal in the club. The scores:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Shot at, Broke, and another Name, Shot at, Broke. Includes names like Parker, Linn, Tanner, Tenny, Tittsworth, Arnold, R C Kendall, McLaughlin.

Wateka, Ill. Gun Club Tournament.

June 1 opened up warm and bright. It was such a lovely day to cultivate the growing corn that few of the farmers could be induced to forsake the plow even for one day, yet there were nineteen who shot during the day. Nearly all shot the entire programme of 225 targets.

The club is a large one, and yet there are but few who shoot in the programme events. The officers are: Will A. Johnson, President; Homer Brown, Secretary; Chris. Mans, Treasurer; and Richard Keene, Captain. These gentlemen were ably assisted in the details of arrangements and the carrying out of same by the genial Tramp Irwin.

The members were agreeably surprised to find Frank Riehl and W. H. Cadwallader present as experts. Both gave good exhibitions, neither being in good trim, as they came from other shoots and were on the road all night, and were using strange guns.

Mr. Riehl ran the first 70 straight, and finished the day with only 8 misses out of 225, while Cadwallader lost 7 more.

J. C. Harris came in little late, but shot up the programme and won high average with 208. Mr. Rosalium made 204, and J. T. Parks 202.

These good scores show that this club have good grounds and good traps, and know how to conduct a tournament.

Those present were J. T. Parks, Brooks, Ind.; A. P. Smith, Goodwin, Ill.; T. P. Blessing, Milford, Ill.; J. D. Neal, Rantoul; Fred Ragel, Westville, Ill.; Chas. Larime, Attica, Ind.; C. A. Mulligan, Brooks, Ind.; Frank Riehl, Alton, Ill.; H. W. Cadwallader, Decatur, Ill.; J. C. Harris, Fairbury, Ill.; G. H. Clark, Crescent, Ill.; H. Rosalium, Geo. Bacher, and C. Krebs, Gilman, Ill.; A. Ferris, Crescent, Ill.; Clark Harris, Fairbury, Ill.; Lewis Siebing, Leonard, Ill., and R. D. Keene, Wateka. Scores:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Lists names like Park, Smith, Blessing, Keene, Neal, Ragel, Buttler, J. Mulligan, Riehl, Cad, J. C. Harris, G. H. Clark, Rosalium, Ferris, C. Harris, Selvig, McCracken, Kubler, Kreib with their respective scores.

In Other Places.

Dickman, the shooting instructor who holds matinees at the Indianapolis Gun Club grounds, has recovered from his illness, and will weekly instruct all who may desire his services how to win the G. A. H.

Indianapolis gun clubs are now in consultation with the game warden, having the project of buying quail and turning them loose in the State to recuperate the losses of last winter's cold and snow. A better plan would be to feed the quail each winter, then they will not succumb to the winter's blasts.

Fort Wayne, Ind., now has a new gun club. It may never rival the Corner Club, but the sportsmen of the South Side report that the membership is rapidly growing. This is good news.

June 4, was the day set for the opening shoot of the Corner Rod and Gun Club of Fort Wayne, Ind. A bridge was destroyed and that caused the delay.

Little has been heard of James Head since he was put on as a salesman, but his town of Peru was lately heard from at Princeton, N. J., where the gun championship was won by J. H. Stutesman, '06, of Peru, Ind., with 90 out of 100. Why of course he is one of James Head's pupils. He was a trapper at the big shoot when Tramp Irwin shot the old tent full of holes, making patterns with his gun.

The late shoot at Sacramento was a State shoot, and not, as heretofore, confined to entries from northern California. In consequence there was a large attendance of sportsmen.

At the Sunday shoot of the Missoula, Mont., Gun Club, A. W. Woodworth won the B. M. Francis medal. B. M. Francis won the spoon with 14 out of 15. He also won the diamond medal. The wind blew hard across the traps. The marksmen were practicing hard, with a view of winning the prizes at the State shoot.

All sportsmen are invited to join an association lately formed at Alden, Ia. The object is to maintain law and order sentiment on the subject of game preservation in accordance with the State law. The officers elected are: C. D. Parsons, President; G. B. Lighthall, Secretary; W. M. Cousin, Treasurer; F. L. Spencer and S. A. Fisher are on the Committee on By-Laws.

The chilled atmosphere made the attendance small at the Lemar, Ia., shoot on Thursday.

The Union Gun Club, of Milton, Kans., will hold shoots Thursday of each week. All are welcome to shoot for targets at 1 cent each.

Dan Mumbrue, of White Sulphur Springs, won the Bryan medal at the Helena, Mont., Club shoot last Sunday. Wind was very strong, and the shooting was done over five expert traps, and that made shooting harder than Sergeant system. If the old expert system was used, it will be news to many, as this style of shooting is now obsolete. It might, however, be a very good thing if this style was once more started up, and the use of both barrels allowed.

At Milwaukee, Wis., June 4, there was a match between the North Side and the Parker gun clubs.

Trapshooting will be a feature at the Country Club, of Milwaukee, and will form part of the regular amusements.

John H. Hildeman, Otto R. Kruger, Emil Druceck and Herman Vergenz, of Juneau, Wis., attended the Watertown shooting tournament held last Sunday.

The Beechwood Gun Club, of Kewaskin, Wis., have completed a boat house, and will house therein six boats. These will be used to enjoy the picturesque lake, hunting and fishing with families, friends and sweethearts.

The Fond du Lac, Wis., Gun Club, has put Will Reining, John Hess and C. E. Atkins on a committee to select grounds for a re-location of their shooting park.

Up in Wisconsin the local sports mention the name of Chas. Budd with reverence. They call him "one of the fathers of the sport of trapshooting."

Mr. John Reynolds, of Como, Wis., carried home prizes from the Elgin shoot, and his friends rejoiced with him upon his success.

Reports come from Sioux Falls, S. D., that the gun clubs are willing to hold a shoot there on July 4. If the resident shooters will but call to mind the failure they once made with their attempt to hold a shoot on July 4, they will think twice before again making such another attempt. It is the height of folly for any gun club to even contemplate holding a shoot on the Fourth. There are too many other attractions on that day. All tournaments should be held on days when there are no other counter attractions, and when the home shooters can get out to the shoot. Few gun clubs have succeeded other than through the push

and grit of one man. At Butte, Mont., the hard-working man is Secretary Smith. Of him it may be said that he practically made the sport in that town. He was last week presented by his admirers in the organization with a handsome shotgun. It was a complete surprise, and he evidently, from reports, felt deeply the manifestation of regard so kindly shown by the donors.

Mr. James Drumgoole, of Anaconda, holds the State record, having broken 290 consecutive targets. He was lately presented with a handsome gun case by his friend E. McGovern, with the above record engraved thereon.

The West Duluth, Minn., Rod and Gun Club held their second shoot Sunday last. Holmberg and Deatherage led in the 10-target event with 9 and 8.

Breckenridge, the extreme western town of Minnesota, held their first shoot last Wednesday, at 25 targets. Frank Sykora was high with 23. Shoots will be held weekly during the summer.

No wonder there are so many gun clubs in the Northwest, as there are so many good game shots. The Shelvin Gun Club has been organized at Bernidji, Minn., with seventeen members. It is fitting that where there are so many guns and shooters that the guns should not rust for lack of use in the summer time.

There was a tie at the St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club shoot. Wood beat Holt in the shoot-off and won Class A medal. Wauschura won the Class B, with 20 out of 25. There were twenty-one present, including such old names as Gotzian, Kennedy, Novotny and French.

To the zealous efforts of Dr. H. S. West and Messrs. Charles Kinney and R. L. Hibbs may be attributed the success of the McMechen Gun Club, of West Virginia. These gentlemen are now organizing a trapshooters' league. We wish them success.

K. C. Shephardson, La Grange, Ind., was high man at the Owasso, Mich., shoot with 368 out of 400 targets.

Detroit, Mich., seems to have started up another gun club, the Wabash, and the opening shoot was held last Sunday.

John W. Cooper, one of the veterans of the Indianapolis shooters, was high man in the Indiana championship race at the late State shoot. His score was remarkable, 96 out of 100.

There appears to be some prospect of a rifle match being made in some parts of the West, as notice has been served that Omaha would be the meeting point. It is proposed to shoot at 2,000 clay disks, 2 1/2 in. in diameter, thrown up by hand at a distance of 15 ft.

At the Concord, Mich., Gun Club shoot, Royal Bouldry won the medal. Fred Stroble, of Jackson, was a visiting sportsman, and he broke 24 out of 25.

Little has been heard of Richard Gupit's shooting of late, but he attended the Minneapolis tournament last week, and gave the boys to understand that he and Morrison could still use the pump gun.

At the annual meeting of the Sheboygan, Wis., Gun Club the election resulted in following new officers: President, Dr. W. H. Guenther; Vice-President, Henry Zurheide; Secretary, A. W. Bock; Treasurer, Julius Kroos; Captain, Henry Graebner; Attorney, A. C. Prescott; Trustees, Adolph Bandmann, August Heerman, John H. Look, Alfred Steffen, and A. C. Prescott. The club is prosperous, as there is a membership of seventy-five. John H. Look won high average medal for 1904.

The Red Oak, Ia., Gun Club will hold shoots hereafter the first and third Wednesdays of every month. The newly elected officers are: W. H. Evans, President; Earl Hessler, Secretary; James Logan, Treasurer.

The Janesville, Wis., Gun Club are now seeking a park out in the country, where shooting may be held on Sunday.

The Capital City Gun Club, Little Rock, Ark., has started up their regular club practice meets.

William Rosewarne and Henry Hanserem won first in the shoot held at Mishawauka, Ind., last Tuesday. Another shoot will be held this week.

James Griffith, of Quincy, was high gun at the Canton, Mo., shoot, losing 17 out of 210. The merchandise shoot proved the attraction. Mr. Gash, of Warsaw, won the shell case, and Lee Diffendorfer, the gold dollar, as he missed each and every target in the whole day's programme. John Uppinghouse, of Canton, was low gun.

The Black Eagle Rod and Gun Club, Great Falls, Man., held their first shoot Sunday last. The club starts right by setting up an automatic trap of the latest pattern. This being their first effort, the scores are withheld.

The Spring Valley, Minn., Gun Club, Dr. W. N. Kendrick, president, and J. M. Carey, secretary, has been pushing trapshooting the last few weeks, and announces that a tournament will be held at its grounds, June 17 and 18.

The Nahma, Mich., Gun Club has elected officers as follows: President, George J. Farnsworth; Vice-President, F. W. Good; Captain, Wm. McClinchy; Secretary, B. D. Brophy; Committee, J. P. Cameron and Ben Codd. Samuel Boutiller has so far made the best scores at the trap. There is a large and enthusiastic membership.

A number of Lorain, Ont., gentlemen have formed a shooting association, with the view of leasing a preserve on Walpole Island.

Members of the Morgan, Minn., Gun Club held their first shoot last Thursday.

The Plainville, Mich., Gun Club held their shoot Friday. Attendance fair and interest keen.

The Greenfield, Ia., Gun Club propose to hold a shoot each Friday.

The directors of the Omaha, Neb., Rod and Gun Club held a meeting recently, and considered the proposition of building a club house on Cutoff Lake. The club is flourishing. It has 228 members, all devotees of the rod and gun. Each is bound to do all the good he possibly can in the way of enforcing the game and fish laws of the State.

A powder company has presented the Junior Gun Club, of Burnham, Tex., with a neat silver cup, which will be up for competition during the year.

Capt. C. F. Gilstrap, of Taylor, Tex., has arranged to hold a series of shoots at Landa's Park, June 11 and 25, July 9 and 23, Aug. 15 and 27. All amateurs interested. Each shoot will be a handicap. Each shooter must compete in four events to count in the averages. Each shoot will be 50 targets, \$5 entrance. Winner of the first shoot will receive 50 per cent. of the entrance money at the following shoot.

Frank Faurote is now back in Texas, after an extended trip in the Southeastern States.

Interest in the Berea, O., Gun Club is intense, as there are but two more shoots to decide the gold badge. Quayle is now leading with 8 points, while Claffin and Byrd are tied for second. Either by winning twice could beat Quayle.

Mr. Borden was high gun at the Des Moines, Ia., shoot held last Thursday. He made 97 out of 100. Others were Budd 91, French 88, Patterson 85, Louis 85.

The Buffalo Center, Ia., Gun Club met and elected officers as follows: A. Frebel, President; C. W. Godd, Treasurer; F. T. Sparks, Secretary.

The Amateur Gun Club, of Davenport, Ia., held the first shoot for the medal, Sunday. P. N. Jacobson with handicap of 7, scored 15 and won out. Walter Hess, a scratch man, made 20.

The membership of the Antigo, Wis., Gun Club is as follows: C. E. Henshaw, H. A. Freedman, Max Sternbauer, Tom Meahers, Wm. H. Brown, D. Reed, Anton Mollen, M. L. Bacon, J. C. Lewis, Leon Hartford, Geo. Ewen, Fred Hayssen, Ed. Cleary, M. J. O'Donnell, O. H. Foster, R. J. Morgan, W. B. Henneman, Max Hoffman, Fred Kestley, James McCormick, Otto Mollen, Chas. Frick, Willie Darling, Ray Babcock, Joe Hoffman, Chas. Tuma, Frank Kelly, Dr. M. J. Donohue, Ed. Cody, Nick Preston, R. Wunderlichy, R. Koebe, C. W. Bruce, C. B. Heineman.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

The championship contest of the club, held on Decoration Day, was a success, notwithstanding the miserable weather. Rain came down in torrents in the afternoon, but twenty-two out of the twenty-seven shooters who took part, shooting in every one of the eight events. Barker once again won the championship, making the excellent score of 182 out of 200, breaking 95 out of his last 100.

Colonel, one of the old regulars, has been absent a long time. His score shows a lack of practice. Nye does not attend regularly. Medico stayed a while, broke 80 out of 100—not his old-time form.

Shoot for club championship and duPont cup, total 200 targets, optional sweepstake: Barker 182, Williams 175, Harig 174, Randall 174, Roll 170, Maynard 169, A. Sunderbruch 169, Bleh 168, Ahlers 167, Hesser 161, Pohlar 161, Herman 160, Faran 158, Dick 156, Nye 146, *J. Andrews 145, Tuttle 142, Peters 135, French 135, *Ed Altheer 134, *F. Altheer 127, *Lytle 75.

*Shot for targets only.

June 3 was sunny and warm, with a cool, refreshing wind. A good crowd took part in the second shoot for the Schuler trophy. Ahlers was high gun in actual breaks with 47. Falk, Ahlers, Peters, Faran, Maynard, F. and E. Altheer, will go to New Paris to attend the tournament.

Arthur Gambell writes that he will start for home on the 17th. L. R. Myers, has just bought a five-months' old collie puppy,

by Edgemont Checkmate ex Salvation Lass, and is hoping for a prize winner.

Schuler trophy, 50 targets: Ahlers (3) 50, Roll (7) 50, Falk (17) 50, Faran (6) 49, Penn (7) 49, Lytle (26) 48, Peters (5) 47, Jones (10) 47, Williams (9) 46, Maynard (1) 45, Ackley (20) 44, Hesser (2) 43, F. Altheer (12) 42, Herman (7) 40, Eaton (3) 39, Orr (10) 39, E. Altheer (15) 37, Myers (5) 36, Captain (10) 36, Davenport (0) 31.

Notes.

The New Berlin, O., Gun Club pulled off a very successful tournament on May 30. Thirty shooters took part. Haak landed high gun with 155 out of 165. Snow second, 153, and J. A. Smith and Raven tied for third on 152. Twenty men shot the entire programme. The most interesting event of the day was a five-man team match, 50 targets per man, for the tri-county championship and a handsome cup, donated by the club. Four teams were entered. The Canton Gun Club team won with a score of 217. Barberton team second with 208. Haak, of Canton, was high individual score, 48.

The regular medal shoot of the Hamilton, O., Gun Club was held on June 1, eighteen shooters taking part. Besides the medal event, several practice events were shot. The medal was won by Jones, with 48.

The merchandise shoot given by the Cleveland, O., Gun Club on May 30 was a big success. Twenty-nine shooters took part and every one of them shot in all the ten events, at a total of 125 targets. Geo. Burns' work is especially deserving of mention, as he broke 123 out of 125. Tryon was second with 119, and Prechtel and Doolittle third with 118 each.

Following are the scores made at the tournament of the New Moorefield, O., Gun Club. A strong wind was blowing throughout the shoot, and the scores suffered. Gross was high with 149 out of 165. Poole second with 139, and Trimble third with 133 out of 150.

The Decoration Day shoot of the Advance Gun Club, of Dayton, O., was a success, although the stormy weather kept many members and other shooters with their families from attending. The club served a substantial dinner free to all. A broad veranda along the shady side of the house gives a fine view of the firing line. One set of the members shoot on Thursday, and another on Saturday afternoon. The blackbird trap was used for the first time in this section, and gave satisfaction.

Stormy weather on May 30 kept many members of the Walnut Hill Gun Club, Dayton, O., away from the Decoration Day shoot, and only four were present.

Nineteen members took part in the shoot of the Welfare Gun Club, Dayton, O., on May 27, some of the cracks being present. Heikes was high gun with 162 out of 175.

The ninth shoot in the medal series of the Greenville, O., Gun Club was held on May 29, with a good attendance of shooters and spectators. Kirby and Eidson tied for the Class A medal, the former winning in the shoot-off. Hartzell and Huddle tied in Class B on 38, and the latter won the shoot-off. In a second 50 targets, Eidson broke 37. The Decoration Day shoot on May 30 was quite a success. The scores were lower than usual in several cases owing to the high wind. McCaughey was high gun with 55 out of 65.

The Springfield, O., Gun Club, held a pleasant little shoot on Decoration Day, which was enjoyed by all. Henderson broke 90 out of 100. Event 4, for the Hunter Arms Co.'s medal, had six entries, Poole and Henderson tying on 23.

A heavy rain fell during most of the afternoon of June 2, and the attendance at the regular shoot of the Dayton, O., Gun Club was small, only six members being present. Rike was high gun with 154 out of 175.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, June 3.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of the first series. Thomas won Class A trophy on 21; Seymour Class B on 20, and Ostendorp Class C on 15. After the trophy shoot a number of team shoots were run off. The teams were formed by choosing sides. Thomas and C. Einfeldt were the captains, Thomas's team winning all the events.

In the last race, Mr. George came in, and as the teams were even in men, his score was not counted on either side. It should have been divided and half given to each team.

The day was a good one for target shooting, only for a rather strong head wind.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Lists names like Gould, Thomas, Meek, H. Einfeldt, Rickett, C. Einfeldt, Seymour, Stone with their scores.

No. 1 is trophy contest.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Lists names like Thomas, Dr Meek, Gould, Stone, Bryson with their scores.

Team shoot No. 2:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Lists names like Thomas, Dr Meek, Gould, Stone, Bryson with their scores.

Team shoot No. 3, 15 targets:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Lists names like Thomas, Dr Meek, Gould, Stone, Bryson with their scores.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Fayette Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 1.—Appended are the scores of the Fayette Gun Club of this city, made at the regular weekly club shoot to-day. The scores were not as good as usual, due to a high wind.

A team from this club won the State team championship at the State shoot at Louisville, Ky., May 29-31, and the trophies and average moneys.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Lists names like J Offutt, Wm Moore, L Tieper, J G Denny, L B Shouse, E P Perry, Wm Drummy, F E Bell, W McCormick, A Hagan with their scores.

MONK.

Dickey Bird National Team Shoot.

In our advertising columns this week there is a generous offer of the W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

That firm sets forth in detail therein the rules of a competition for July 4, whereby a club can compete against all other clubs in America, without incurring any more cost or inconvenience than appertains to an ordinary club shoot, if certain conditions are observed, namely:

It is an amateur competition, on Dickey Bird targets. Each club shoots on its own grounds.

No entry fee.

The contest is national.

The three highest scores of three members of a club, 100 targets each, in regular, consecutive events, are the units of competition. Regular blanks will be furnished by the W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., and are to be certified to by the presidents and secretaries of the respective clubs.

Contestants, who desire to enter, should apply for blanks forthwith.

The prizes—traps and thousands of targets—are particularly set forth in the advertisement aforementioned.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Twenty-eight shooters faced the traps at the annual Memorial Day shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, and, while the management expected to have a larger turnout, owing to the fine prizes that were donated, they were well satisfied at the end of the day to find that over 3,000 targets had been thrown.

Amos Bedell, the local club's crack shot, won the high average cup presented by the Laffin & Rand Powder Company, with a percentage of 84. Daubney Brandreth, another of the local crack-shooters, captured the cup presented by the Remington Arms Company for high run, he breaking 16 straight. Bedell, with high run of 23, was not eligible for both cups.

Capt. Charles G. Blandford, of the club, was especially proud of the fact that the winners of both of these cups were members of his Gun Bugs' Association, and wore the emblems.

C. W. Floyd ("Jap"), of New York city, and Ray Hendricks, of Rye, got second and third high averages respectively.

Mr. F. Lawrence was the only trade representative present, and he assisted materially in managing the shoot. He was without doubt well pleased to see his shells capture high average.

The handsome cup presented by Town Clerk Gaylord B. Hubbell, secretary of the club, was not contested for, and will be held until September next, when it will be offered for the Westchester County championship.

Among the out-of-town shooters were Dr. Borst and A. Traver, of Poughkeepsie; A. L. Burns, Mamaroneck; H. W. Bissing, C. W. Floyd and Frederick Fowler, New York city; Ray Hendricks, Rye; Ike Tallman, South Millbrook; M. H. Dyckman, Oscawana, and A. L. Burns, Tarrytown.

In the merchandise event, William H. Coleman and Ray Hendricks tied for first prize with 22 out of 25 breaks. They both have an extra notch to let out on special occasions, and this was one of them.

The prize winners in this event were: Brass samovar, won by W. H. Coleman; Remington target pistol, R. Hendricks; Waterman fountain pen, A. Traver; box Havana cigars, G. B. Hubbell; carving set, M. H. Dyckman; 100 shells, D. Brandreth; 100 shells, A. Bedell; hunting coat, D. Connors; gun case, Charles Acker; box Havana cigars, W. S. Smith; camera, Dr. Borst; box Havana cigars, J. Hyland; Gun Bug emblem, A. L. Burns; Gun Bug emblem, Wm. Fisher; brass cleaning rod, C. W. Floyd; stein, C. G. Blandford.

Saturday June 3, was the last club shoot until September, but the traps are ready for use at all times, and the club care-taker is always on duty.

Targets were thrown from 50 to 60yds., which made hard shooting, as the scores will testify:

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of shooters with their scores. Includes names like C. W. Floyd, M. H. Dyckman, J. Hyland, A. Bedell, etc.

Scores herewith were made on Saturday, May 27, when a few of the members turned out for a little practice, preparatory for the big shoot on Decoration Day. Hyland has been shooting in good form lately, and is likely to make some of them step for high average on the 30th:

Small table showing scores for C. G. Blandford and J. H. Hyland.

Catskill Tournament.

CATSKILL, N. Y., May 29.—The Catskill Gun Club spring tournament, held here on May 24, was a big success. Twenty-six shooters entered, and nine events were pulled off in record time. Over 5,000 birds were thrown. The cup shoot, open for any five-man team, four teams to fill, came to grief, as there were only three teams present.

Mr. Harold Money made the high average, breaking 141 out of the 150 targets called for in the programme.

Among the amateurs, Senator Warnick, of Amsterdam, won the high average, breaking 139 out of 150; J. B. Sanders was second with 137, and E. J. Snyder, of New Paltz, and Wm. Matice, of Catskill, tied for third with 132 each.

In the merchandise event, No. 6, Senator Warnick won the Syracuse hammerless gun, E. J. Snyder the hunting jacket, and J. B. Sanders the field glasses.

Mr. J. H. Briggs was present and was a great help to the management. Following are the scores in detail:

Large table listing scores for various events (Targets, Collier, Mattice, etc.) and names of shooters like S. Scott, E. N. Huggins, etc.

SETH T. COLE, Sec'y.

Infalible Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The Decoration Day shoot of the Infalible Gun Club was a success in all ways, about thirty members enjoying the day. Among the shooters were a lot of out-of-town guests.

John E. Wilson, the builder of the grounds, is to be congratulated on his good work, and everybody seemed pleased with the new club house. Following is the list of shooters and scores:

Table with columns for Shot at, Broke, and names of shooters like G. Dietzer, J. Busch, etc.

E. J. McLeod, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 27.—Steffen won the Peters badge. Dickman, Dixon, Armstrong, Gregory, Morris, Finley tied for the club trophy:

Table listing scores for various events and names of shooters like Parry, Moore, Anderson, etc.

May 30.—Mr. John Deitrich, of Crawfordsville, who is seventy years of age, broke 83 out of 100 targets. The club desires to thank Mr. Van Ness for his kind assistance.

Sweepstakes:

Table listing scores for sweepstakes events and names of shooters like Tripp, Parry, Moller, etc.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., May 30.—The Decoration Day shoot and windup of the season brought out a large number of contestants. Mr. C. E. T. Foster, the Crescent A. C. crack, had little trouble in winning the May cup with a handicap of 6 points in 50, but he was closely pressed by Mr. Stuart Scott, who finished only one bird behind. Mr. Scott won the Decoration Day cup, and the first leg on the new holiday cup also.

Miss C. L. C. Horneck, the only lady contestant, received much applause when she broke 21 targets out of 25, shooting without a handicap. She is a pupil of Stepmen M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I. The scores follow:

Table listing scores for May cup match, Decoration Day cup, and Holiday cup match, including names like C. E. T. Foster, S. Scott, etc.

Special trophy match, scratch: C. E. T. Foster 24, A. O. Fleischmann 22, Miss C. L. C. Horneck 21, F. W. Perkins 20, J. S. Woodhouse 13.

Five pairs doubles: First event won by Stuart Scott; score 6. Second event won by F. W. Perkins, score 7. Special match, gun below the elbow, won by A. O. Fleischmann.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., May 30.—The day was fair. The wind came out of the west, sometimes gentle, again in fitful gusts. Clouds were in the sky, and at times patches of blue. The targets, with the wind behind them, flew away 60yds. and more.

We lined up for work, perpendicular, astraddle and askew, each to his habit. Corson led off and kept first position to the end. The scores:

Table listing scores for Corson, Hallam, N. Wentworth, etc.

Castleton Gun Club.

CASTLETON CORNERS, N. Y.—The appended scores were made at the Castleton Gun Club shoot on May 30:

Table listing scores for various events and names of shooters like H. Seawood, G. Seawood, etc.

J. A. HOWARD.

Bradford Gun Club.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 29.—Herewith are the scores made on May 27, at our club shoot. The club has two traps, one Leggett, the other a Blackbird.

Steel trap houses afford protection to the trap boys and relieves the shooter from fear of injury to others.

Last week our local club journeyed to Kane, Pa., and captured the Northwestern, Pa. trophy, with an excellent showing.

Trust that we shall have some fine scores to send you after the tournament:

Table listing scores for Pringle, Disney, Russell, etc.

May 31.—The following is a total of the events held at the traps of the above club on May 30:

Table listing scores for Pringle, Russell, Haymaker, etc.

E. C. CHARLTON, Sec'y-Treas.

Lawrence Gun Club.

LAWRENCE, Mass., May 30.—Prizes were provided in events open to all, and in events limited to members, at this tournament, the second annual of the club. The programme had a total of 150 targets.

The open event prizes were: First, \$5 in gold; second, \$2.50 in gold, and third, a gun case. The winners were: C. Burns, Lowell; Bowen, Amesbury, and Fletcher, of Lowell, in the order named.

The prizes for the members' match were: First, pocket flask; second, umbrella; third, pocketbook; fourth, a watch chain. They were won by the following, in the order named: George Hall, George Piper, W. N. Hamel and George Blanchette.

The event was the second annual shooting tournament of the club, and the following are the scores:

Table listing scores for various events and names of shooters like Climax Burns, Hatch, Edwards, etc.

R. B. PARKHURST, Sec'y.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BERGEN BEACH, L. I., May 30.—The holiday shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club was favored with an ideal day as to weather conditions. A strong east wind made shooting none too easy. Capt. Dreyer was not present on account of illness. It is a pleasure to know that he will be out in a few days.

Table listing scores for various events and names of shooters like Griffith, Voorhies, H. Bergen, etc.

Five pairs: G. Remsen 7, Anderson 5, Berquist 4, F. Creamer 7, F. Bergen 8.

Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., May 23.—Pleasant weather favored the third shoot of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut, under the auspices of the Willimantic Gun Club. About one hundred shooters were present. The professionals were Messrs. Money, Hull and Wheeler.

The Willimantic team made the best scores, as follows: Edgerton 18, Strong 18, Bugbee 16, Prest 17, Ocford 16.

The scores of the teams follow: Willimantic 86, Rockville 85, New Haven 83, Waterbury 81, Norwich 77, New Britain 77, Hartford 74, Bridgeport 65.

As the team contest now stands, New Haven is in the lead, with Willimantic and Rockville close seconds, as follows: New Haven 230, Willimantic 229, Rockville 229, Waterbury 222, Norwich 215, Hartford 214, New Britain 211, Bridgeport 205, Bristol 120.

Mr. Harold Money was high man, scoring 179 out of 190.

There were twelve sweepstake events, and the totals of those who shot the programme of 190 targets through follow: Money 179, Wheeler 164, "Shorty" 167, Edgerton 153, Mulville 128, Bugbee 158, Prest 152, Strong 160, Fenton 141, Laramie 134, Nevis 97, Austin 119, Gates 122, Olcott 150, Taft 163, Mitchell 161, A. J. Reynolds 175, McMillen 169, Merrick 164, Hart 157, A. Blay 152, F. Metcalf 164, H. Metcalf 149, E. White 145, G. C. Finch 158, Arnold 113, McFetridge 154, Dr. Rowe 154, Bradley 162, Savage 158, Robertson 144, Whitney 171, Kelley 173, Ockford 169, F. Jordan 158, Hull 159.

Montello Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., May 30.—The Montello Gun Club holiday shoot was marked by close competition and large entry list for the ten prizes offered in two 40-target handicaps, and practice events. A large number of spectators enjoyed the event. A large number of out-of-town visitors were present. About 1,355 targets were thrown. The trap worked poorly. In the following score the first number designates the yards handicap, and the second the number broken. The first five men leading secured the prizes, those besides the guns, being shooters' articles:

First race: Muldown, of Boston, 18-35; Worthing, 21-34; Snell, 16-34; Churchill, of Whitman, 21-32; Lambert, 17-31; F. Cavicchi, of Whitman, 21-30; Wood, 21-29; Woodard, 21-29; McAllister, of Middleboro, 16-27; E. Cavicchi, of Whitman, 18-27; Selig, 16-25; Cummings, 17-24; Packard, 16-20.

Second race: E. Cavicchi, 16-37; Worthing, 21-36; Woodard, 19-35; Churchill, 21-35; A. Dunham, 16-33; F. Cavicchi, 20-32; Cummings, 16-28; Lambert, 19-26; Snell, 20-26; Muldown, 20-25; Packard, 16-21.

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

MANUFACTURED BY

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Agencies: 497-503 Pearl St., 35-43 Park St., New York.

114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

Kane Tournament.

KANE, Pa., May 26.—The fourth annual tournament of the Kane Sportsmen's Club took place at Kane, Pa., Wednesday and Thursday, May 24 and 25. The weather was as if made to order, and this club can congratulate itself on picking out the above dates. This was the first shoot given by this club on their new grounds, which they bought a few weeks ago. The new ground has a perfect background, the same being all skyline. A very substantial lunch was served in a large tent near at hand, the same being well patronized by the shooters.

On the first day the programme called for nine 20-bird events, the targets being thrown from a Morgan trap. On the second day the programme was the same, except that the Kane Sporting Goods Co.'s cup was the tenth event, and this cup event called for a four-man team race, 100 targets—25 each man. On the second day the targets were thrown from another trap, and as this trap seemed to have more speed, it kept the boys guessing for a while.

The Bradford, Pa., Gun Club sent over about two squads, and they had blood in their eye; at the same time an eye on the cup. In short, they came after the cup, and took it with them.

On Wednesday twenty-three shooters faced the traps, and of these fifteen shot through. Mr. J. T. Atkinson and Mr. H. H. Stevens were tied for first average, each breaking 172 out of 180. Mr. C. W. Hart was second with 167; Mr. L. B. Fleming third with 166, and Mr. L. J. Squier fourth, 162.

On Thursday thirty-three shooters took part, and of these nineteen shot through. Mr. A. Sizer and Mr. J. T. Atkinson tied for first average, each breaking 166 out of 180. Mr. H. H. Stevens was second with 165; Mr. L. B. Fleming third with 162, and Mr. R. S. Pringle fourth with 161.

General average for the two days resulted as follows: First, Mr. J. T. Atkinson, with 338 out of 360; second, Mr. H. H. Stevens, with 337; third, Mr. L. B. Fleming, with 328, and fourth, Mr. A. Sizer, with 325.

The team race for the cup had three clubs represented: Bradford, Kane and St. Marys, Bradford team winning with 86 out of 100; Kane team got 78, and St. Marys 62.

The trade was represented by Messrs. H. H. Stevens, L. J. Squier, J. E. Garland, and H. P. Fessenden. Scores follow:

May 24, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	172
H. H. Stevens.....	19	20	19	20	19	19	19	19	18	172
J. T. Atkinson.....	18	20	20	19	18	20	19	18	20	167
C. W. Hart.....	17	18	19	20	19	17	18	20	18	166
L. B. Fleming.....	18	18	20	18	19	19	16	18	18	166
L. J. Squier.....	14	20	18	18	16	19	18	20	18	162
H. Wilson.....	18	20	19	17	19	15	17	17	17	161
H. R. Elliott.....	20	19	18	18	16	17	17	17	18	161
J. S. Gildersleeve.....	18	17	18	17	20	19	16	19	16	160
A. Sizer.....	16	15	18	18	15	20	20	19	18	159
H. E. Brown.....	19	18	17	17	17	18	16	18	18	158
J. C. Garland.....	17	17	17	17	18	18	14	16	16	151
T. S. Sheldon.....	17	15	20	17	15	16	17	17	20	151
L. H. Mensch.....	13	15	16	17	18	13	13	15	15	137
C. C. Farnum.....	17	16	16	17	18	11	17	13	11	136
D. B. Shields.....	14	16	11	12	13	12	13	12	16	119
C. A. Gilson.....	14	16	15	15	17	13	11	8	..	109
D. Brooder.....	12	15	17	12	13	16	102
R. L. Williams.....	102
E. W. Jordan.....	19	16	16	10	12	89
E. Jones.....	17	18	18	13	15	81
P. Nittrow.....	44
J. F. Grant.....	34
E. S. Goodwin.....	15

May 25, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	166
A. Sizer.....	19	19	20	19	18	19	18	18	16	166
J. T. Atkinson.....	18	20	18	19	19	16	20	17	..	166
H. H. Stevens.....	17	19	15	18	20	19	19	18	..	165
L. B. Fleming.....	20	19	18	16	18	16	18	19	..	162
R. S. Pringle.....	19	17	18	17	18	17	19	18	..	161
H. R. Elliott.....	18	19	18	17	18	18	17	14	..	157
H. E. Brown.....	18	19	17	16	17	16	19	14	..	155
L. J. Squier.....	19	19	15	18	16	14	18	18	..	152
L. E. Mallory, Jr.....	17	19	15	14	18	17	16	19	..	152
C. W. Hart.....	18	17	15	15	19	17	15	20	..	151
F. Connelly.....	19	15	15	16	14	17	19	14	..	146
J. S. Speer.....	16	15	17	16	17	17	14	16	..	146
H. S. Hoey.....	10	18	16	17	16	18	17	16	..	145
R. L. Williams.....	16	13	16	19	20	14	15	14	..	144
J. S. Gildersleeve.....	17	16	18	15	16	13	11	14	..	138
C. C. Farnum.....	14	19	17	13	13	16	17	16	..	138
J. C. Garland.....	19	14	19	16	18	17	16	18	..	137
H. E. Brown.....	15	12	12	15	15	17	18	13	..	134
H. Stackpole.....	16	14	12	17	13	11	17	12	..	126
D. Anderson.....	14	11	16	14	17	11	9	11	..	112
J. F. Grant.....	13	14	16	18	17	11	107
D. Brooder.....	15	17	16	13	101
G. D. Russell.....	19	18	13	15	16	14	95
L. H. Mensch.....	15	12	15	14	14	11	81
J. C. Koch.....	11	12	7	12	11	79
M. S. Geary.....	16	12	13	17	14	72
A. C. Rice.....	9	12	12	11	10	8	7	2	..	71
E. W. Jordan.....	19	13	16	8	56
T. S. Sheldon.....	15	14	15	11	55
G. A. Bodine.....	26
F. Dion.....	25
A. Van Tine.....	24
D. B. Shields.....	12	12	23

Team race for cup: Bradford Gun Club—L. E. Mallory, Jr., 23, R. S. Pringle 23, F. Connelly 20, H. S. Hoel 20; total 86. Kane Gun Club—A. Sizer 21, R. L. Williams 21, H. E. Brown 18, J. F. Grant 18; total 78. Iff Gun Club, St. Marys, Pa.—J. S. Speer 18, H. Stackpole 17, J. C. Koch 15, D. Anderson 12; total 62. H. P. F.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2.—The Analostan Gun Club, of this city, held its sixth annual tournament on May 30 and 31. The tournament was a success, considering the weather. The visiting shooters were loud in their praise of the manner in which the club conducted the shoot. Forty-seven shooters were present the first day. The sliding handicap system was used, and this accounts for the "up-and-down" scores of those who participated. The experts, however, all shot from the 16yd. mark.

The professionals present were Butler, Elliott, Heer, Sampson, Squier, Storr, "Boss" Keller, E. W. Lee, Arthur McCormick and John E. Avery. Mr. Keller was ill and withdrew after the fourth event.

The club is under special obligation to Mr. Luther Squier, who took off his coat and directed the work of the office force. His scores, no doubt, suffered on account of his work in the office; but, while he lost in this respect, he made everlasting friends of the club members.

Mr. E. W. Lee also lent a hand on the first day, as did Mr. James Malone, of Baltimore. And, by the way, Mr. Malone is getting ready for his big shoot, which will be held in July, and we are told that he expects to make it bigger and better than ever before, and this is saying a good deal.

Mr. Hugh Nutting and Mr. J. G. Hedrick rendered efficient service in the office, and M. D. Hogan, C. O. Wilhite, Ralph Nutting, S. L. Osborne and Dr. McClenahan worked hard and faithfully to make the shoot a success, as did also many other members of the club.

Mr. C. O. Wilhite, one of our always reliable shots, sold his gun and had to use a borrowed one the last day, and this unfortunate circumstance added to the "strenuous" work he performed, put him out of the competition.

The officers of the club made elaborate preparations for the shoot, looking to the comfort and convenience of the shooters, by erecting three large tents besides that of the caterer. The tent proposition looked somewhat extravagant for so small a shoot, but was highly appreciated by those present the second day, which was marred greatly by the rain which fell in torrents during the afternoon and compelled the abandonment of the programme after the eighth event.

The last event was shot in a driving rain, and the highest score, 17, in said event was made by "Uncle Billy" Wagner, of the home club, who does not care for either "wind or weather."

W. H. Heer's record was wonderful, all things considered. Twice he run over 100, the last time 106, and he scored the last day 158 out of 160. If he keeps up his gait, Gilbert and Crosby will have to look to their laurels, or he will be high man of the trio this year of our Lord.

Lester German, of Aberdeen, Md., in the amateur class, made the highest score, 323 out of a possible 360. William Wagner, of this city was second with 315. Geo. L. Lyon, of Durham, N. C., made the third best score, 309. In the professional class, W. H. Heer scored 353 out of 360; E. H. Storr, 323 out of 360, and F. E. Butler 309 out of 360.

Following are the scores in detail:

May 30, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	200	176
Wagner.....	19	18	16	17	17	18	14	19	18	20	200	176
Jos Hunter.....	17	16	17	17	16	16	15	17	15	20	200	166
Coleman.....	17	16	14	16	17	18	16	18	15	18	200	165
Taylor.....	19	15	20	16	14	19	13	17	160	133
Wilhite.....	15	12	13	12	15	16	14	13	15	..	200	143
Elliott.....	20	17	17	18	17	14	18	19	18	20	200	178
Heer.....	20	20	20	20	20	17	20	20	20	20	200	195
Butler.....	17	15	17	19	16	16	14	18	17	18	200	167
Storr.....	19	18	20	19	17	17	16	17	16	18	200	177
Squier.....	19	19	17	15	17	18	14	19	16	19	200	173
C. S. Wilson.....	14	11	12	12	80	49
Craig.....	16	16	17	18	14	18	15	17	16	18	200	165
Orrison.....	18	17	13	15	12	13	14	15	12	14	200	143
Barr.....	17	14	14	16	17	17	17	13	16	13	200	154
W. H. Hunter.....	12	14	13	16	17	11	14	15	15	15	200	142
Hogan.....	18	17	15	10	80	60
Keller.....	14	19	11	15	80	59
Anderson.....	14	15	13	13	15	14	14	16	160	114
Baker.....	12	14	15	13	14	16	17	15	12	16	200	144
Sampson.....	17	15	17	12	15	15	17	13	16	..	200	154
James.....	17	10	16	19	8	16	12	160	114
German.....	17	16	19	19	18	19	18	20	19	20	200	185
Angelasto.....	17	15	11	14	14	18	15	16	10	14	200	144
Kirk.....	17	18	17	17	14	18	13	18	16	..	200	166
Semmes.....	16	15	16	18	17	15	13	14	20	14	200	158
Reid.....	19	13	15	19	16	17	17	9	18	..	180	143
Lupus.....	15	18	15	18	15	16	18	15	17	..	200	163
Maloney.....	16	17	12	14	16	15	14	15	13	15	200	147
Foord.....	1											

Toronto Tournament.

The annual tournament of the Stanley Gun Club, of Toronto, took place at Exhibition Park on May 17, 18 and 19. This park, which is situated in the southwestern portion of the city, was placed at the disposal of the club by the corporation of the city of Toronto, and a more ideal place to hold a tournament would be hard to find.

The first day opened fair and bright, but later turned showery, and during the latter part of the programme for the day, rained quite steadily.

Thirty-two shot through the entire programme of the first day. The office was in charge of Messrs. Geo. Cashmore and Alex. Day, and both gentlemen discharged their duties to the satisfaction of all.

The trade was fairly well represented, Messrs. W. R. Crosby, J. A. R. Elliott, J. H. Cameron, F. H. Conover, E. G. White, F. L. Halford and A. H. Durston were present. The high professional average for the day went to W. R. Crosby, with 189 out of 200, Elliott and Durston being tied for second with 177 each.

The high amateur average trophy for the day, a Lefever Arms Co. \$95 ejector gun, went to Dr. Gleason, of Boston, Mass., with 188 out of 200 shot at. Mr. Lyon, of Cleveland, Ohio; H. D. Kirkover, of Buffalo, and G. M. Dunk, of Toronto, were tie for second high average trophy for the day, a handsome silver cup, presented by the Warren Sporting Goods Co., of Toronto, with 180 each. The three gentlemen agreed that whoever was high at the end of the second day's shoot would take the cup, which went to Mr. Tryon, C. Turp, Toronto Junction, being only one bird behind, with 179. Scores for first day:

May 17, First Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters on May 17.

May 18, Second Day.

The second day of the tournament opened dull and showery, but did not dampen the enthusiasm of the shooters. After the first two events the weather cleared, and the day was all that could be desired. Thirty-six shooters shot through the entire programme for the day. Of the professionals, Crosby was again high for the day with 189 out of 200 shot at; Durston, second, with 179, and Elliott, third, with 172. The high amateur average trophy for the day, a No. 2 Ithaca gun, valued at \$70, presented by the Stanley Gun Club, went to Dr. Gleason with 185 out of 200. The second high amateur average trophy for the day, a handsome silver cup presented by the Stanley Gun Club, value \$20, went to C. Turp, Toronto Junction, with 181 breaks. T. Upton, of Hamilton, Ont., was third, with 178.

A special event was also put on the card for the day. Mr. J. Rowantree, of the National Gun Club, of this city, presented a handsome mounted deer head to be shot for at the close of the day's programme; entrance fee, birds only; 25 targets per man. Thirty-two contestants competed for the trophy. Dr. Gleason, Thos. Upton and Landrault tied with 24 out of 25. In the shoot-off Dr. Gleason won, who immediately presented the trophy to the Stanley Gun Club to decorate their new club house. Scores for second day:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters on May 18.

Special event, mounted deer head, 25 targets: Upton 24, W. R. Thompson 17, Kirkover 17, Gleason 24, Tryon 18, Ewing 20, Kearney 22, Popp 19, C. G. Thompson 23, X. X. 21, McMakon

19, Scane 23, Mitchell 19, C. Scane 20, Prior 12, McGill 17, J. H. Thompson 19, Laing 20, Dunk 20, Turp 22, Cass 17, Ross 17, Hulone 22, McDouall 20, Booth 16, Landrault 24, Sanderson 19, Maywood 9, Dey 19, Cashmore 20, Mougenel 15, Taylor 10.

May 19, Third Day.

The third and last day of the tournament opened with everything in favor of the shooter except the wind, which, from a gentle breeze, increased to a gale, causing the targets to take all manners of flight other than that desired by the shooter. This was the day where the quick shooter shone and the slower shooter was all at sea. In spite of the adverse conditions some excellent scores were made.

In the Stanley Gun Club event at 50 targets, some good scores were made. This magnificent trophy standing 30 inches high, presented by a member of the Stanley Gun Club and valued at \$100, went to Dr. Wilson, of Hamilton, Ont., with 47 out of 50 shot at, M. Fletcher being second with 46.

Of the professionals, Crosby was again high for the day with 184 out of 210 shot at; Durston, second, with 178, and Elliott, third with 173. The high amateur average trophy for the day, a solid sterling silver cup presented by Geo. H. Gooderham, Esq., Toronto, valued at \$75, went to C. Turp, of Toronto Junction, who equaled Crosby's score for the day, 184 out of the 210 shot at. Dr. Wilson, of Hamilton, Ont., and Tryon, of Cleveland, were tie for second high average trophy for the day, a Winchester repeating shotgun, presented by the Stanley Gun Club, valued at \$25, and went to Dr. Wilson.

Of the professionals who shot through the entire programme, W. R. Crosby was high with 562 out of 610 shot at, and won the \$100 diamond medal presented by the Stanley Gun Club. A. H. Durston, representing the Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y., was second, with 534, and J. A. R. Elliott, third, with 522.

The grand high average trophy for the three days, a handsome Bell piano, valued at \$500, went to Dr. Gleason, of Boston, Mass., with 551 out of 610 shot at. The second grand high amateur average trophy, a magnificent solid sterling silver loving cup, presented by L. C. A. Strother, Captain Rosedale Gun Club, Toronto, went to C. Turp, Toronto Junction, with 544 out of 610 shot at. The third grand high average trophy, a Marlin repeating shotgun, presented by the Stanley Gun Club, valued at \$25, went to Mr. Tryon, of Cleveland, Ohio, with 539 breaks. The high average trophy for resident of Toronto shooting through entire programme, a handsome silver cigar cabinet, presented by Jas. D. Bailey, Esq., Toronto, went to G. M. Dunk, of the Stanley Gun Club.

One hundred and six shooters took part in the tournament. Those shooting at 40 or less are not enumerated.

The following are the scores for third day:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters on May 19.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—While the attendance at the fourth annual tournament, on May 30, fell far short of the expectations of the members, an otherwise successful shoot will go down into the history of the club.

A hard rain during the early morning hours doubtless deterred many from starting, but as the morning wore on, the conditions improved, and the greater part of the day was marked by bright skies and a moderate breeze. But the small attendance no one could account for.

It doesn't seem like a shoot without Bob Root there to lend a hand, satisfy the kickers and perform other duties that fall to the lot of the man who is willing to accommodate. And the social features of the meeting were by no means overlooked. During the lunch hour, the boys started a ball game in the vacant lot back of the club house, and after watching Horace Kirkwood endeavoring to catch a fly, we no longer wonder why the Boston Americans are at the bottom of the heap. But the way he gobbled up the targets from 2lyds. was truly scandalous. Griffith, too, usually on hand, was conspicuous by his absence, as well as most of the up-State delegation generally seen at these shoots.

The averages were distributed among Kirkwood, Lewis, of Westport, Hughes and Bowler, the two latter saving some of the honors for the home talent.

Events 4, 5 and 6, a total of 50 targets, comprised a distance handicap, prize match. In this McArdle captured first, a folding Kodak, with 41; second to Serenson, a framed water color on 43. The next prize brought out a contest, six tying on 41. Kirkwood and Lewis tied on 23 in the first shoot-off, the latter winning the second shoot-off at 15 targets with 13, and taking the prize, a pocket flask.

Bowler, it is presumed, will emulate the example of the Father of his Country, and do a little woodchopping with a pocket ax, which was his reward for fourth place in the prize match. Gosling must now smoke up, as he now is the possessor of a nice brier pipe, which came next on the list, while Brother Hughes is wearing a handsome pearl scarf-pin, and last, but not least, Johnson took as his reward a pocket electric lamp. Scores:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke, Av. Lists scores for Aquidneck Gun Club.

Bristol Gun Club.

BRISTOL, R. I., May 30.—The Decoration Day shoot of the Bristol Gun Club was held on the Trotting Park grounds, commencing at 9 o'clock. The first event was at 15 targets, and resulted as follows: Dr. H. W. Church 10, William McLean 8, Roy Waldron 13, John Davidson 10, Palmer 12, Chase 10, W. Higgins 14, James Davidson 13, B. Dunbar 13, A. Davidson 10, M. Lynch 14, F. Eaton 9, B. Higgins 11, J. McInnis 8, S. Wardwell 9, Capt. Charles Schlosser 14, J. Wall 13.

In the shoot-off W. Higgins won out and secured first prize, a cleaning rod, while Capt. Schlosser secured 50 rounds of ammunition, the prize for second honors in the shoot.

The team shoot between the up-town team, composed of F. Chase, B. Dunbar, Capt. Charles Schlosser, F. Eaton and R. Waldron, and a down-town team, composed of W. Higgins, J. Palmer, John Davidson, James Davidson and Alexander Davidson, resulted in a victory for the up-town team by a margin of 10 points. The prize was a box of cigars. Following are the scores made, 25 targets per man:

Table with columns: Up-town Team, Down-town Team, Name, Score. Lists scores for Bristol Gun Club.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., June 2.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of this city, held its ninth regular weekly shoot of the season at Recreation Park, this afternoon, with eleven guns out.

A hard rainstorm at 3 o'clock interfered with the programme for half an hour, after which a very blustery wind and flashy light made shooting very difficult, and as a consequence, all scores were not up to the average.

The club championship gold medal was won for the week by Elmer F. Jacobs, with an average for the day of 81.1 per cent, shooting through the entire programme.

The officers' goblet was won by Everett B. Taylor, with a score of 17 breaks out of his handicap of 19 targets shot at. The scores:

Table with columns: Event No., Name, Score. Lists scores for Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

Event No. 3, officers' goblet, handicap: Sivey shot at 22, broke 16; Taylor 19, 17; Barthlow 20, 12; Carman 20, 3; Cobun 22, 16; Price 18, 9; Jacobs 19, 13; White 19, 15.

Event No. 4, club team race, three-man teams, 15 targets per man: Cobun, captain, 8, Jacobs 12, Price 6; total 26. Taylor, captain 9, Christy 8, Barthlow 8; total 25.

The regular weekly shoots of the club are held on Friday, and we would be more than pleased to entertain traveling sportsmen who may be in our town on that day or at any other time during the week.

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 1.—I append list of scores made on two regular shooting days of the Raleigh Gun Club:

Table with columns: May 25, Events, Targets, Name, Score. Lists scores for Raleigh Gun Club.

Table with columns: June 1, Events, Targets, Name, Score. Lists scores for Raleigh Gun Club.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Concerning their special dog food, Spratt's Puppy Meal, Spratt's Patent (America), Ltd., 450 Market street, Newark, N. J., writes us that "This article is becoming very popular, and we think is one of the very best things manufactured by us, because it is so handy, as well as being an excellent food. For instance, it can be used for aged dogs as well as puppies, dogs out of condition or off feed, and dogs recovering from diseases or during sickness. It can be fed in a number of ways—soaked in milk, broth or anything of that kind, and it can be sprinkled over and mixed with table scraps, such as vegetables or finely chopped meat." The directions enjoin that this food be prepared with water, milk, broth, soup, etc., to moisten it to the consistency of cream. It may also beneficially be sprinkled over every daily food, whether for dogs or puppies, cats or kittens. This famous house manufactures all kinds of standard foods for dogs, cats, birds, fowls and fish, besides every approved furnishing for ornament or comfort or utility. They also publish a work on diseases and care, and diet, which is sent free to applicants.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Low-Rate Tour to Denver.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account International Convention, Epworth League.

On account of the Epworth League International Convention, to be held in Denver, Colo., July 5 to 9, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged a tour to Denver under its Personally-Conducted System. A special train of high grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Altoona, and Pittsburg on Monday, July 3, arriving Denver at 12:30 noon on Wednesday, July 5. Tickets, covering round-trip transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth) going, and all meals in dining car when traveling on special train, will be sold at the following very low rates: New York, \$63.50; Philadelphia, \$61.75; Baltimore, \$60.00; Washington, \$60.00; Harrisburg, \$59.75; Williamsport, \$59.75; Altoona, \$58.75, and at proportionate rates from other stations.

These tickets will be good for passage to either Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo, and will be good for return passage on regular trains to leave either of the above-mentioned points not later than July 14. Deposit tickets with Joint Agent at either Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo not later than July 14, and payment of fee of 50 cents secures an extension of return limit to leave either of the above points not later than Aug. 8.

These liberal return limits will enable tourists to take advantage of the many delightful side trips to resorts in the Colorado Mountains, the Yellowstone Park, the Grand Cañon of Arizona, and the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, for which special reduced rate tickets will be on sale at Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

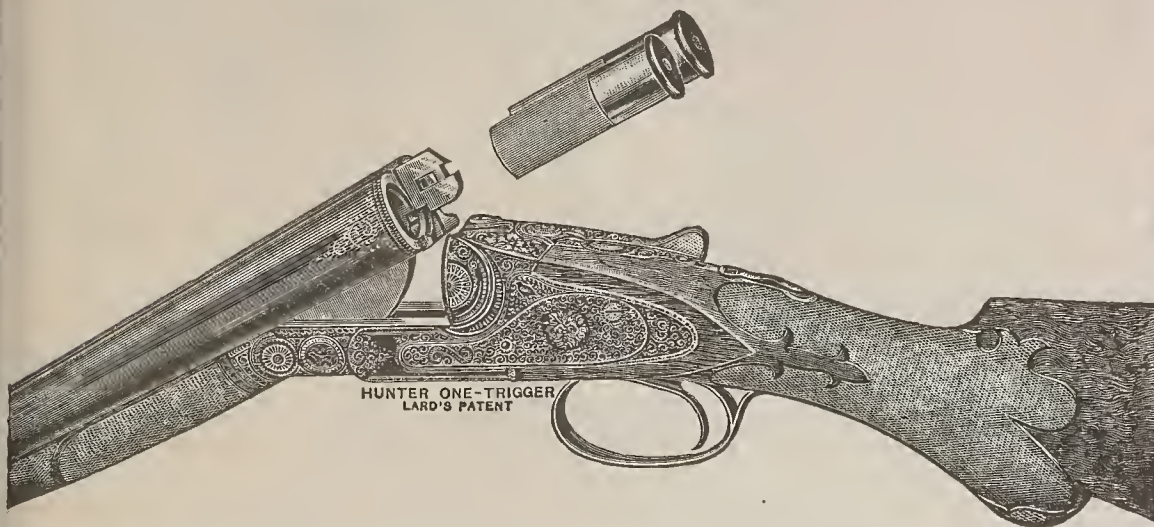
For further information concerning specific rates, stop-over privileges, and returning routes, consult ticket agents. A descriptive itinerary will be mailed upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

The despair which seizes an angler who has hooked a good fish which gets off is so well recognized that a multitude of devices have been invented to keep a fish, once hooked, from freeing himself from the steel. One of these is the zigzag hook advertised in another column, for which is claimed the merit that the fish cannot become unhooked. The cost of these hooks is slight, and their qualities are worth investigating. Inquiry about them may be made of Fredricks, 842 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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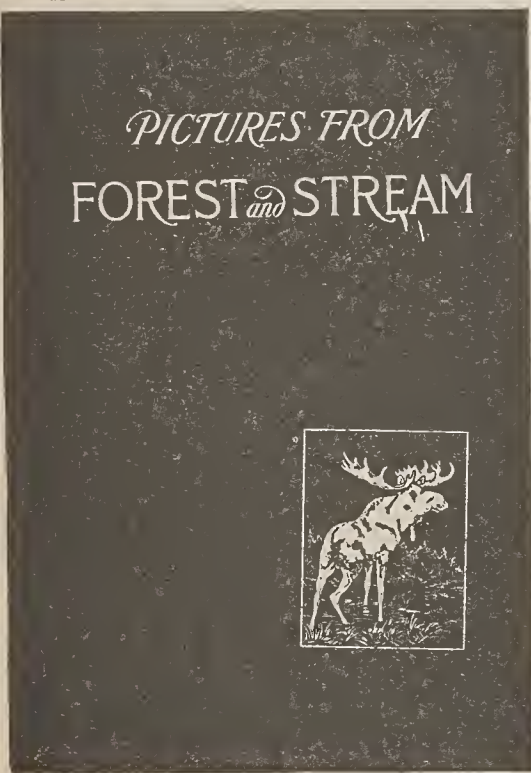
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- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - - Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - J. J. Audubon |
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| 6. The Home of the White Goat. | 22. Rap Full, Schooner Constellation in a North Easter, - - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| Photo by H. T. Folsom | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair off Larchmont, - - - Photo by Jas. Burton |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - Carl Rungius |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - - E. Osthaus |
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| 10. Calling the Buffalo—4 Packing the Meat, E. W. Deming | 27. Between Casts, - - - - W. P. Davison |
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| 12. The Trapper's Camp, - - - - E. W. Deming | 31. When Food Grows Scarce (Quail), W. P. Davison |
| 13. Pearl R. (Setter), - - - - E. H. Osthaus | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), W. P. Davison |
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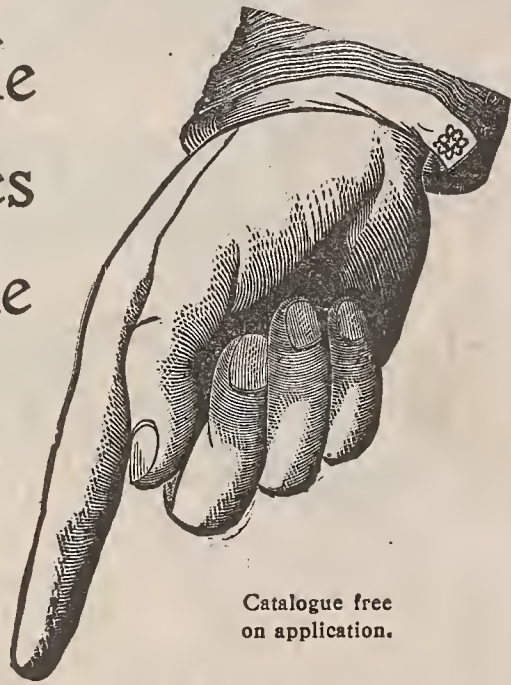
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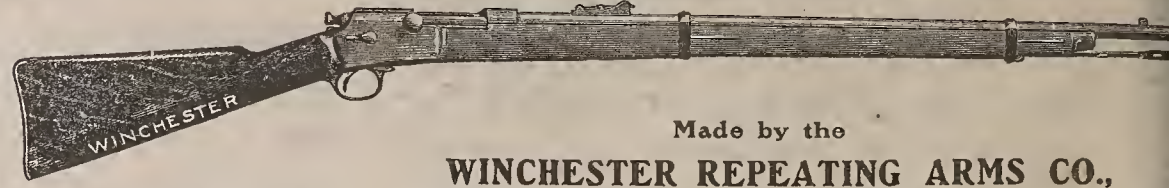
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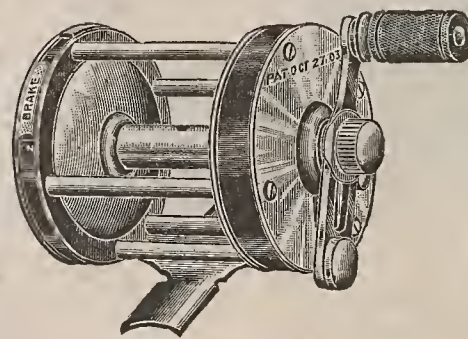
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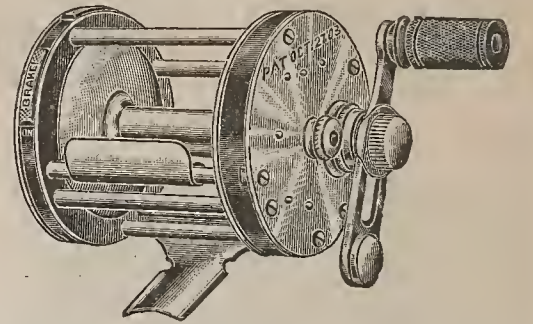
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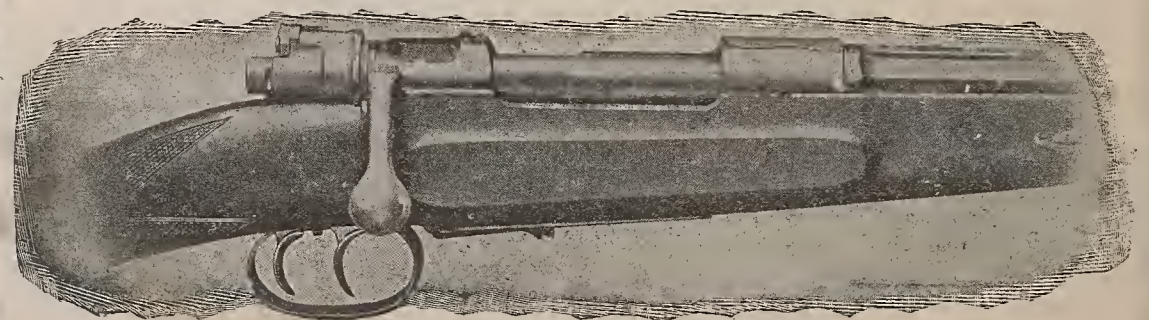
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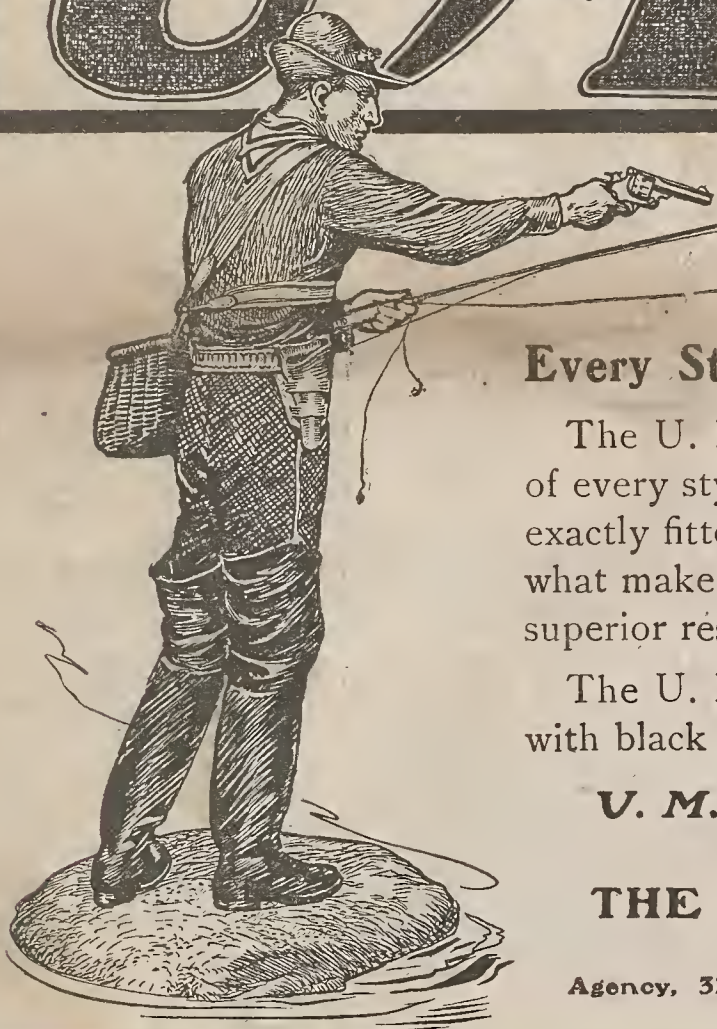
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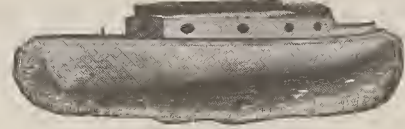
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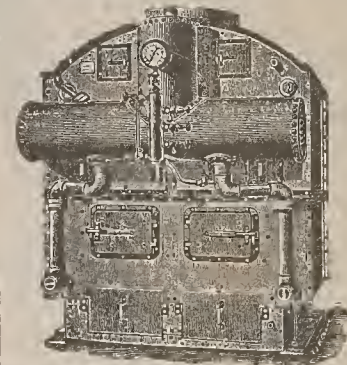
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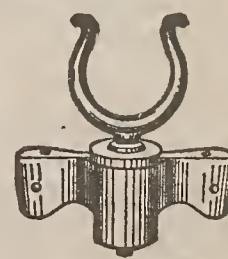
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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE SPORT OF HUNTING.

IN our issue of last week, under the caption "Concerning the Heroic Pose," a correspondent expressed certain views on the humanities and the inhumanities of killing wild animals. Admitting that he had killed for sport, had killed creatures that he did not or could not use for food, he disposed of this *particeps criminis* by virtue of these words: "So if anyone sees fit to take issue with what I have to say, he may as well omit the personal note and not trouble himself to suggest that the pleasure of the chase, and the 'strenuous life' are out of my ken. I have been through it all." The issue is too broad to be made a personal one on any such score, but there is a dominant power, Nature, which makes it a direct issue with all forms of life, animal and vegetable.

The young man scorns the sports of his childhood, although they were once his daily occupation and his infinite delight. The elderly man "who has been through it all" views contemptuously the frivolities of youth. It is merely the point of view. Nature, whose grasp includes all, has ordained that we estimate life and its phenomena by our emotions and our mind. Our opinions as a result are a succession of errors and readjustments. It is quite a common occurrence that, with mature age and declining appetites, a man's enthusiasm in the sport of pursuit and capture, is dulled or destroyed. The man is prone to consider such change as being an evolutionary and wiser state of mind which exalts him personally above his fellows; the philosopher views it merely as an organic decay, a change common to all mankind, a mere manifestation of Nature's laws.

Although Flint Locke arbitrarily barred "the personal note," he ingenuously said: "But one's point of view changes, and now I question seriously the moral right of man to kill without necessity any other living creature." That is fallacious reasoning. One's point of view changes through the periods of development and decay, and a deduction whose antecedent is nothing more than an intangible "point of view" is a thing unproven and unprovable. With every change of the point of view a repeal of the deductions from prior points of view is a matter of course; therefore in deference to the teacher whose data are his points of view, it is a wise part to wait till the final viewpoint has been reached, and the final verdict of the ethical weathercock has been rendered.

It is dogmatically asserted that it is wrong to kill for pleasure. Why is it wrong to do so? It is a racial character implanted in man and other animals by nature. It is opposed only by individual dogmatism which is the equivalent of individual idiosyncrasy. Everything on earth, social, religious, political, physical, psychical, has been opposed by individuals or groups, at some time or all times in the world's history. Dogmatism is a measure of the individual's peculiar mental composition; Nature provides the laws, the standards of morality, which are the true guides of all mankind.

Let us examine this sombre dogma, this verbalism that it is wrong to kill for pleasure. It is contrary to the lessons of virile Nature before our eyes everywhere. It is a vagary of the sewing circle, the over-full stomach, the advanced senility when all is vanity. Nature has implanted in our nature the capacity to hunt and kill with pleasure. The boy takes naturally to the bow and arrow, the spear, the stone as a missile, his heritage from primitive man. The girl takes naturally to her doll. The plays of the boy and girl are mimetic of the serious life of later years. Each is impelled by the instincts which are

essential to their best being in the struggle for existence, inexorably ordained by nature. So it has been from time immemorial, even from the time of the cave-dweller whom Flint Locke paused to extol as a brave man. And yet the cave-dweller gave battle to the wild animals, armed as he was with club or stone axe for want of something better. Around his rude hearth are found the split bones of his fellow man among the split bones of the larger animals, split because the cave-dweller was fond of the marrow. The primitive, virile man was your true pot hunter. But, granting that he was primitive in equipment, is that evidence that he did not enjoy hunting as a sport as well as its use as a pot filler? Without the pleasurable phase of the pursuit, it is not at all probable that the human race would have been preserved. Without the pleasant incentive, primitive man would have delayed the hunt till the cravings of hunger forced him afield, when many times he would perish before food could be secured. If there was no pleasure in the hunt, he would have become a loafer. Undoubtedly there were effeminate men in those days who disliked to hunt, timorous souls, who among the Indians of our day, are rated as squaws and treated accordingly.

Is it not reasonable to assume that a racial trait, dominant in man from prehistoric times in all places, all climes, all times, is essential to the well being and preservation of the human race? a something which cannot be changed by the reveries consequent to the satiety of the individual or the dogma of a cult? To denounce man as he exists naturally is to denounce the Omnipotence which gave him being.

That man, as nature made him, should conform to the idiosyncrasies of men who have no taste for cakes and ale, is a proposition which need not be taken seriously. Every age has had its groups whose forces were against what is, whether what is was government, society, science, religion, creation, or ordinary peace of mind. Were any or all of the theorists to become dominant, it would be a chaotic world indeed. It may be proper to mention that many of the theorists, by wise exploitation of their personal wisdom, secured sufficient following from which to derive a revenue and a subsistence. In our artificial state of life imposed by a dense population and the pursuit of agriculture, there is no vagary, however silly, but what will have a following if it is skillfully and earnestly exploited.

We would make no defense for the cruelties perpetrated on the lower animals from anger or malice; but to go forth as a matter of sport and kill according to the conventions of good sportsmen is right according to Nature's laws. So long as we have any of the fire of the primitive man so long will we be hunters; so long as the fire burns, men will not cherish the point of view of an ash heap.

OLD TIME HUNTING WAYS.

WHEN Baron Lahontan made his great fall hunt with the Indians in Canada, the story of which is told in another column, he learned a great deal. Experience had already taught him that the Indians were pleasant people to associate with—good companions in camp; but he had not hitherto appreciated how great was their skill in woodcraft, what good field naturalists they were—how familiar with the habits of the birds and animals; nor what good sportsmen they were—using the term almost in its modern sense.

The great abundance of game found by this hunting party need not surprise us. Wild pigeons so numerous that the Bishop had been forced to excommunicate them oftener than once because of the injury they did to the crops, wildfowl in wonderful numbers; otters so abundant that this party took 250 in deadfalls; wapiti a great many; with a great multitude of other beasts and birds.

Perhaps it need not surprise us to see that more than 200 years ago the Indians used decoys and bush blinds in their wildfowl shooting, just as, a few years ago, Mr. Robert Ridgway found the Indians in Nevada and California using the stuffed skins of ducks for the same purpose. The account of the hunting of the wolverine, here called by the old name of carcaiou, is interesting, as is the fact that they were killed by the dogs; but in these days we should hardly accuse the dogs of cowardice because they declined to attack a porcupine. To us this would seem great wisdom, and we think that the dogs of the Indians of that time had more sense than many of those of to-day.

Lahontan's hunting companions seem to have had a good idea of sportsmanship and thought for the future as well, for they declined to kill the cow elk on the ground that they were then carrying their young. We thus find the hunters of that distant day so thoughtful as to have acted on the rules laid down 200 years later by the Boone and Crockett Club. The advocates of spring shooting should take notice. Lahontan's observation on the drumming grouse contributes interesting testimony in answer to the subject which was up for discussion not long ago of the bird's drumming in the fall. Indeed it would be difficult to pick out from our literature, ancient or modern, an article on hunting which conveyed more information than the one in question.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME LEGISLATION.

THE method of human practice in the making of laws is not unlike the course of evolution in the making of species, in so far as the product of each is the resultant of forces not always to be calculated upon at the beginning. Perhaps this is especially true of game laws, in which case the State of Pennsylvania may be congratulated that the recent act, now in force, is as good as it is.

The bill, as originally framed and presented by the Board of Game Commissioners, was in all respects forceful and admirable, and was designed to supplant all previous legislation of like kind, but by the time the sentimentalist, the fruit grower, the individual legislator and the Executive had each and all got in their work, the measure was shorn of some important features. Still, a few notable improvements may be named.

In the old act the taking of birds or eggs for "scientific purposes" was found to be so loosely guarded by the terms employed that grave abuses have occurred under it, even for the purposes of institutions which should have displayed a better moral tone. This is not likely to occur under the present act.

The language used in the former prohibition of the use of dogs in hunting deer was such that conviction was nearly impossible. Under sections 8 and 9 of the new bill "any dog pursuing or following on the track of a deer or fawn" is declared to be a public nuisance and may be killed by any game warden, owner or lessee of land, who sees it in the act, and any dog which develops "the habit of pursuing or following on the track of game or wild birds contrary to the provisions of this act" may be killed by a game warden after notice to the owner, who, furthermore is subject to a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each deer pursued and double the amount if killed.

Section 11, dealing with the shooting or capture of deer and game birds for hire, is believed to be clear enough to put an end to market hunting under any conceivable subterfuge. The open season for woodcock hereafter runs only from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1, and the July slaughter of fledglings, and incidentally of young grouse, is happily at an end.

Spring shooting of water fowl is limited to fifteen days from April 1, which is a considerable step toward civilized sport, and the close season for deer begins Dec. 1, before the usual occurrence of tracking snows.

The size of bag which may be made on all kinds of game birds and mammals is defined both for a day, a week and the whole season, and bear can be killed only between Oct. 1 and March 1, except if actually engaged in depredations upon persons or property.

The original bill, as drawn by the Commissioners, prohibited the sale at any time within the State of ruffed grouse, prairie chicken, English, Mongolian or Chinese pheasants, quail, wild turkey, woodcock and deer.

Woodcock and wild turkey are still barred from the market under the act as passed, the sale of ruffed grouse killed elsewhere is permitted only during the open season and for thirty days thereafter, and the sale of the other species named when killed within the State is prohibited.

A provision designed to reach the irresponsible violator from whom a money penalty cannot be collected, imposing imprisonment in the county jail of one day for each dollar of delinquent fine, was regrettably eliminated at the instance of misguided sympathy.

On the whole, the act is progressive and its shortcomings are not to be charged to the Commissioners, whose energetic efforts to secure and enforce good game laws gives promise for the results of the new law in practice.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Recollections of Cottonwood Creek.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am on the U. S. Transport Thomas, sailing on the Pacific, between San Francisco and Manila. I left my former station of Fort Riley, Kansas, on March 17, and have enjoyed a very pleasant trip thus far. We stopped two days at Honolulu, and found that a most delightful spot to visit. In addition to grand mountain scenery and beautiful ocean views, with the white surf fringing the bright waters, there are most attractive picturesque homes almost hidden by luxuriant tropical foliage, all of which can easily be seen by street car, while the climate is so pleasant as to render car riding in the fine, open cars of that city, a great pleasure. Sight-seeing in Honolulu is not all mere idle pastime; it has two institutions that invite both the scientist and the student, as well as the pleasure seeker—one is the Aquarium, the other the Bishop Museum. The former is, like all others, always interesting and instructive to members of the *FOREST AND STREAM* family. I have seen flying fish frequently, as I have sailed on tropical waters, and I had hoped to study one now at close view in this aquarium. In this I was disappointed, as none were then on exhibition; but the wings, or flying fins, of one were shown me. The many fish that were present, however, were such as pertain to the South Pacific, I suppose, and were a wonder to behold in their strange forms and vivid colorings. Their names were given in the native language, so they didn't mean much to strangers, and I will not burden you with an attempt at their description.

The Bishop Museum is a collection of South Sea Island relics and curiosities, classified and arranged to the best advantage, and preserved and displayed in a most beautiful building. I do not suppose such another collection exists in the world, and the city of Honolulu is to be congratulated on its possession. It is exhibited without charge, and should not be omitted by any one visiting the city.

Upon leaving San Francisco we were escorted through the Golden Gate by a large flock of whitish-colored gulls, which finally dropped off, till there remained only about twenty or thirty brownish-colored birds, called by the sailors boobies. These continued with us till we reached Honolulu, a distance of 2,100 miles. They were usually soaring about in the wake of our vessel, occasionally sitting upon the water like a duck, apparently to rest, and subsisting, doubtless, upon refuse from the ship. Since leaving Honolulu we have seen none of them, so I infer they must have attached themselves to some vessel going back to San Francisco. At present we have only one or two birds journeying with us, white and black ones, that keep at quite a distance away from the ship, and are not very sociable—possibly they may receive reinforcements eventually.

In making my preparations for a sojourn of two or three years in the Philippine Islands, I did not omit the item of sport. I recalled the interesting article of "Ahmi Commissario," about his duck hunt with my old friend Kirk, and I asked others about the possibilities of sport in that remote corner of the globe. All gave so encouraging an account of it that I, ever mindful of Mr. Cristadoro's advice, purchased a new hammerless for my boy Will, aged fifteen, and laid in a supply of ammunition, such as will load a thousand or more rounds; and if we reach those islands and really find any good shooting I will give my friends of the *FOREST AND STREAM* a more or less brief account of it.

Sailing along these calm Pacific waters from day to day, with scarcely anything but the dinner gong to break the monotony, tends to make one reminiscent, and as my thoughts have to-day wandered back some twelve or fifteen years to the days my old shooting companion K. and I used to spend on Cottonwood Creek, I am moved to jot down some of them as best I can from memory alone, in the hope they may interest others. Cottonwood Creek rises in the low hills due north of Fort Meade, S. D., and flows in a northerly direction, through almost level plain country, for about ten miles, when it empties into the Belle Fourche River, a branch of the Cheyenne. It has little apparent current, and to the unobservant would not be regarded as a stream at all, but merely a succession of pools. These go almost dry in the hot season, but fill again whenever rains occur, and when quite full are connected one with another, by running water. Like almost all other water-courses in the plains, it is, in places, fringed with small cottonwoods, but up toward the hills, where it has its rise, there stands—or, at least did stand at the time of which I write—one immense broad, spreading tree of this variety, while numerous stumps near by show that it was formerly not the isolated landmark it is at present, but had been one of a grove of mighty cottonwoods which, doubtless, gave the creek its name. The geological basin drained by this creek is some five or six miles wide; and had at that time but one habitation in the entire tract—apparently a single quarter-section had been taken up and was under fence—outside of this, the country was entirely unfenced and in a state of nature, with the exception of a dam built across the creek, nearly down to the river, for the purpose, I suppose, of retaining some of the running water in the wet season for irrigation purposes; but no one lived there or had apparently ever made use of the water so

retained. The whole valley was thus practically given over to the coyote, the prairie dog, and such wild fowl as were attracted to the pools during their passage to and from their breeding places in the north. K. and I first noticed this creek along in the summer of 1891 or '92, as nearly as I can recollect. We were ever on the search for sport with rod and gun, and we made many trips to the Belle Fourche for the purpose of fishing. The Belle, as we called it, flowed in quite a curve, and could be reached from Fort Meade in several directions, and at distances varying from twenty to twenty-five or thirty miles. We used sometimes to go in one direction, sometimes in another. I had a fine driving pair of horses, that would take us to the river, allow us to fish there several hours while they fed and rested, and take us home again the same day with ease; so it was no great undertaking for us to go to the Belle. We usually got some fish, though I do not now recall any large strings. They were channel cat, skip jack, a kind of herring, and a variety called by the dwellers along the river, pike, though it was not the true pike, but a smaller variety, probably a pike-perch. It was on one of these fishing excursions that we first noticed Cottonwood Creek.

As I have said, the creek would not have been even noticed by the unobservant; but our eyes were always looking for possibilities for future sport, and we could not help remarking the attractive pools, then almost dry, but capable of filling with fall rains, should any arrive; and we determined to be on hand in such an event and see what these pools might contain. Along in early September, or perhaps in the latter part of August, the rain came. I do not now remember precisely in which month it was; the storms that come in either are cold and remind one that summer is over, even though it is only August. We had some delay about getting started on the first morning, when the rain had let up sufficiently to warrant our setting forth for the creek; so we did not get off until about 11 o'clock. We hadn't been gone long before the rain, which had held up long enough to lure us out on the road, began to fall again with some vigor; and in the end we were thoroughly drenched; but we nevertheless kept on. As I have stated, these storms are cold at that time of the year, and we were so numb and stiff with cold and wet as to be hardly capable of using our fingers by the time we arrived at the creek. When we came in sight of the first pool we saw two widgeon swimming about on it, but as they had seen us before we did them, they sailed away before we could approach them. We were satisfied, however, with the prospect—the pools were full and the ducks had come.

We now dismounted from the wagon, filled our pockets with shells, drew our guns out of their wet cases, and set about approaching pool after pool in a sportsmanlike manner. We were rarely disappointed regarding the ducks, and on some pools they were quite numerous. As a rule they were not wary, and would allow us to approach quite near before taking flight. This would permit us to give them a right and left as they were leaving the water without compelling us to creep and crawl through the wet grass and bushes, and then finally shoot at them at a distance, and on the water, in violation of the ethics of some of our correspondents. It is strange how a little sport seems to hasten the circulation of one's blood; though we felt nearly frozen upon dismounting from the wagon, a few minutes of successful sport soon had our entire bodies in a delightful glow, and we paid no further attention to either cold or wet. Not so, however, our driver; he had followed us as best he could with the wagon, keeping sufficiently near to permit us to empty our game pockets from time to time as they became heavy, till he had become almost chilled through, so that we finally had to stop shooting, help him out, unharness and feed the team, build him a fire and cover him with our coats and slickers before we could get him comfortable. In all future trips that he made with us, which were many and some of them quite cold and uncomfortable, he always made an exception in favor of this day's trip, when we thought we were the most uncomfortable we had ever been. After getting our team fed and our driver warm and comfortable again, we remembered our lunch, and that suddenly reminded us how hungry we were, though while engaged in the pursuit we hadn't even thought of such a thing, and probably would not had we kept it up till dark.

After lunch, we found it was between 3 and 4 o'clock, and but little time remained to us to shoot, unless we wanted to drive home in the dark; but we concluded to try it again for an hour or so. We soon found the ducks as plenty as ever; in fact, they had not left the creek at any time; when disturbed at one pool they had merely flown to another at no great distance away, and we could come upon them again with a reasonable amount of effort. We kept it up for a while and then got into the wagon and started for home, arriving at the post about half-past six, wet, cold and tired, but happy. It was always our practice, when we returned successful from a shooting trip, to drive up in front of the line of officers' quarters, and unload our wagon of its contents. This usually collected about us such of our acquaintances as chanced to be at hand, and we got due credit for our performances from our brother sportsmen. When we had been unsuccessful, however—and we sometimes came home empty-handed, in spite of our best efforts—we would drive up the back way,

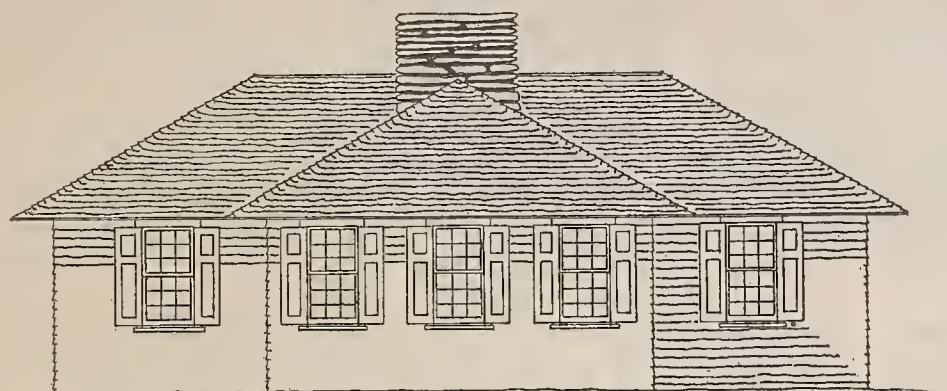
quietly unload our guns, shell boxes, etc., and slip into the house without any ostentation. On the evening in question, we came proudly up the front driveway, and didn't hesitate to make some unnecessary clatter in unloading. It was all wasted, however; it was so rainy and so near dark that no one was on hand to witness our triumphant return. I do not now recall the size of that day's bag; possibly I should hesitate to print it even if I knew it. All this happened years ago. The country was then unsettled, and such an idea as a future scarcity of game and a necessity for limiting the bag never annoyed us. I should do differently now. Once the pools had filled up they didn't go dry again that fall, and ducks came and went until cold weather. We never found them so plenty again as they were on that first rainy day; but no one else appeared to shoot there, and we nearly always found some. After our first visit we usually had to cover more ground and approach the pools with greater care, and, alas, sometimes shoot ducks on the water; but we generally made a fair bag, and spent many happy days on that lonely and distant water course. After we had visited, on one hot afternoon in the Indian summer, all the customary pools with scarce any return in game, we concluded to seek new ones further down the stream than we had ever been before, and on this occasion discovered the dam above mentioned. The stream, as I continue to call it, although no water was then flowing and a sharp eye for physical features was needed to detect the true water course from the numerous false ones, appeared to furnish no more good pools below the one we had reached on that particular day, and we had never before been beyond that point on it. The afternoon was hot; we had worked long and carefully with little to show for our efforts; and, in addition, the air on that occasion had been filled with little insects, gnats or something of the kind, that had irritated and annoyed us most persistently.

Although a few hours yet remained to us before time to start for home, I for once had had enough, and suggested to K. that we give it up and go home. He was always loath to leave the field, and seemed insensible to personal discomfort on this occasion, as on many previous occasions. He now suggested that we explore the creek to its mouth, which could not be above three miles from where we then were, adding as an inducement that we might find some new pool by this means and get a good bag of ducks after all. As I saw he wanted to explore the country, I accordingly agreed to continue the pursuit, but the creek held out so little promise below that point of holding any water at all, that I good-naturedly remarked that I would promise to carry all the ducks we would find that afternoon. We had already left our wagon some distance behind, and did not expect to see it again till we returned to it, as the horses were then unharnessed and grazing on the lariat, and the driver was reposing in the shade. K. laughed and said he would remember my promise. We set forth and worked as hard as we could; we approached every possible location for a pool upon our hands and knees until we could look into it, and then almost invariably found it dry. The soil in this vicinity seemed more of a gravelly than a clayey nature, and permitted the water to soak into it. After we had followed this for about an hour and had suffered the heat and the insects till forbearance had almost ceased to be a virtue, we suddenly, in peering through the bushes, saw water ahead in a considerable area. We carefully withdrew and maneuvered so as to approach this water from the most advantageous point, and thus for the first time discovered the reservoir caused by the above-mentioned dam. The water collected by the dam had set back in various arms, or irregularly shaped bodies, more or less fringed with thickets, so but a small portion could be seen at once; but that small portion contained ducks in considerable numbers. We forgot the heat and the insects in an instant, and at once set about securing our quarry. We worked the various branches and inlets for an hour or more with pretty good results, and when we finally gave it up, K. reminded me of my promise to carry the game to the wagon. We were then some three miles or such a matter away, and as I thought of the long, hot tramp we must make, I almost regretted having been so successful. K. helped load me with all the game, and taking both guns himself, set out ahead, telling me to take it easy, and he would get the wagon and come back after me. In course of time he returned and said the country was too rough and too much intersected with coulees to be practicable for the wagon, without wasting more time seeking a route than would be required to walk back to it. He then took his share of the burden, and together we finally reached the team, again tired but happy. We drove up the front way on our entrance into the post that night.

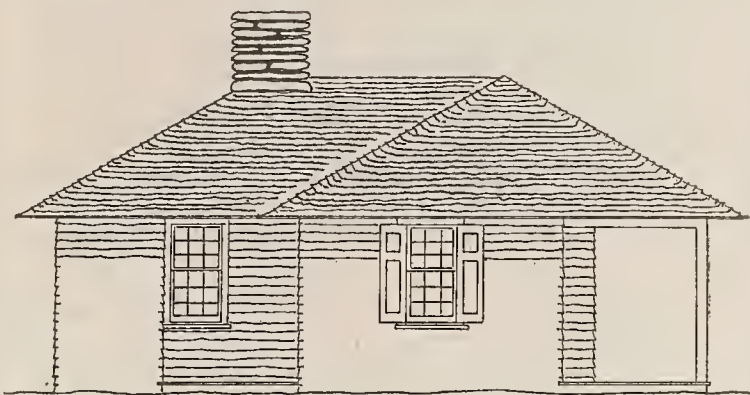
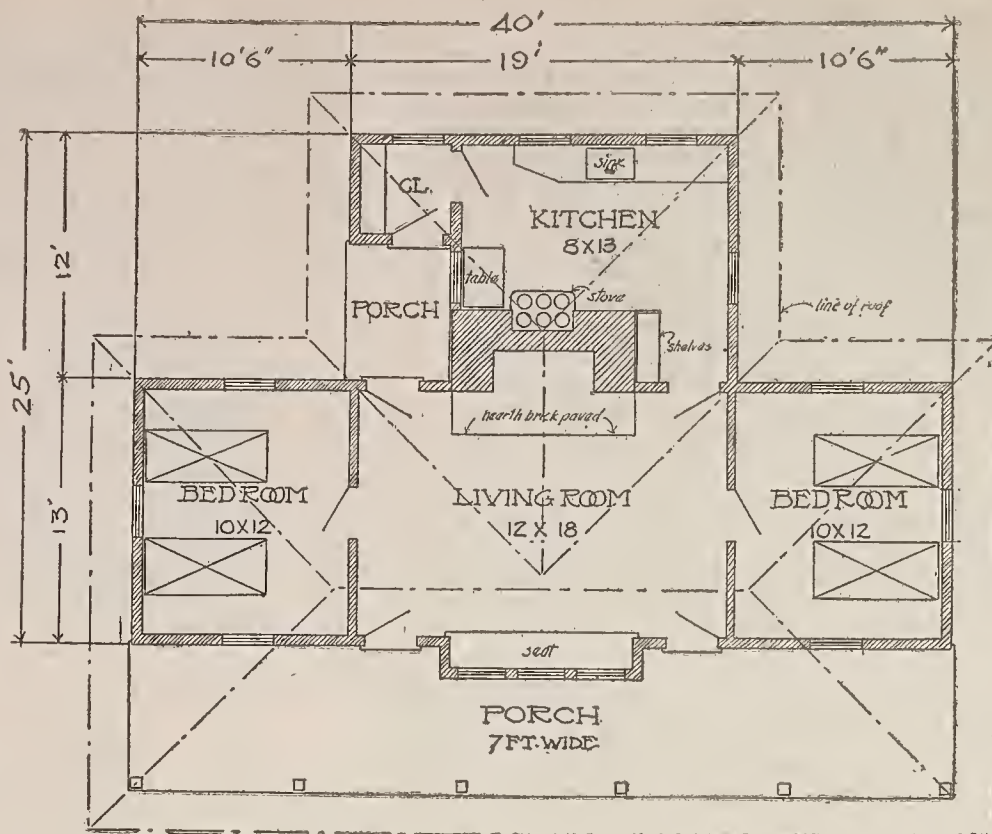
Among the incidents that occurred that season on the Cottonwood was one that, while it really amounted to little in itself, yet it lingered long in K.'s mind, and he has alluded to it many times since. We were at the dam. He was across one of the arms of the reservoir and at some distance from me, when three teal flew over my head in such a direction that, while they gave me a straightaway shot, yet to K. it would have been a cross shot had they been within range. As I drew up my gun to shoot, the ducks, though at distances from me ranging by quite a number of yards as seen



FRONT ELEVATION.



REAR ELEVATION.



SIDE ELEVATION.

Summer Rooftrees.

J.—An Inexpensive Cottage on the Unit Plan.

It is the purpose of the FOREST AND STREAM to reproduce from time to time plans of inexpensive bungalows, shooting boxes and camps of a more or less permanent character.

There is a growing tendency in this country for homes in the country where the occupants can reside for periods of varying length during any season of the year and where they can enjoy the beauties of nature. Many men, both bachelors and those with families, enjoy and have enjoyed visits to the country where they owned or rented camps. It was there they spent their vacations, holidays and week ends. Most of these camps are such in the truest sense of the word, and while these health and pleasure seekers are housed in tents and shacks their vacations are not sufficiently long for the discomforts to overshadow the enjoyment.

Those who are content with very primitive abodes are comparatively few and as they grow older they look for places that will afford them more comfort. We shall not endeavor to show how man can have city conveniences and comforts in the woods, but to enlighten them regarding serviceable and substantial low cost cottages of the most simple kind where they can always find at any season a dry bed and a tight roof.

In these days the men are not the only members of the family who look forward to sojourns in the woods or along the coast, and now that they are so frequently accompanied by their families the question of proper houses naturally arises. How best to overcome the difficulties that arise and solve the problem is what we propose to demonstrate.

Americans demand a private and seclusive home life nowadays, and after a winter in crowded quarters in the town the summer hotel or boarding houses with their expensive quarters, poor food, noise and excitement do not satisfy those who really demand a rest and change, and where good food and quiet, simple surroundings are essential.

The houses which we shall illustrate in these columns will all be structures of low cost, simple design and construction that can be erected either in the woods or on the seashore.

We have heard from so many nature loving persons that we feel we know what will strike the popular fancy and answer the purpose in the fullest degree the demands of the majority.

We assume that these cottages will be built where the price of land is low and where the surroundings are attractive. Not far from most large cities there are tracts of land to be had at a moderate figure, and most men who really love out of door life are hardly happy on a restricted area, particularly when they are to have a home of their own, even though it is of the most modest sort. To own one's place in the country is something which very many men look forward to, and an unpretentious place affords the owner a satisfying feeling of proprietorship. As a matter of fact, the small cottage has many advantages over the larger and more costly affair. In the first place, the original investment is small and the house can be left at any time by simply locking the door and closing the shutters. There is no danger from thieves as its contents are of too simple a description to attract house-breakers, and the risk from fire is small and is usually taken care of by insurance.

There are no caretakers to give trouble, and when one wishes to return the house is always ready. A fire is soon started and supplies are all that is needed to begin

housekeeping again. The old clothes, such as one wears while on an outing are always ready. In fact, nothing has to be thought of when planning a trip to the country home except the articles of food which would have to be secured anyway, and the most necessary things can be had at the farm house near by or at the village store.

The house illustrated this week is simple, and simplicity will be the keynote of all the buildings we reproduce, that can be built for a few hundred dollars anywhere in this country.

The house is designed on the unit plan. This system was adopted in this case to give the prospective builder a wide choice in the number of rooms he might have in his cottage. The house, as it stands, is a small structure and could be built by anyone having only a limited knowledge of the use of tools.

Starting at the beginning, the first block on the plans is the living room, 12 by 18 feet. If a man's needs were very limited a small building of just this size could be put up with the porch extending along the front. This would, of course, necessitate cooking, eating and sleeping in one room; a combination which is objectionable to some. The big chimney gives a fire-place in which cord wood could be burned and affords all the opportunity for the cooking of food. Where doors are shown on the plans, windows could be substituted, except in the case of those that open on the front porch. Bunks could be built along the side walls or the occupants could sleep in hammocks. This, to our minds, is a cleaner, healthier and more comfortable method. To save expense the small bay window could be done away with and the three windows placed in the front wall. This bay, however, would not cost much, and the window seat will afford a very pleasant lounging place.

Now, by adding the rear wing containing the kitchen we satisfy those who prefer a separate apartment in which to prepare their food. This addition gives a sizeable room 8 by 13 feet with ample light and ventilation. If so desired it could be left without a ceiling and open to the ridge pole. This would make it cooler and, as the space above would not be particularly useful, it might be well to do so.

A range or stove can be placed in the big chimney and this would facilitate the cook's work. A sink with drains on either side under the rear windows would simplify the work of cooking and cleaning up. At one end of the chimney by the door to the living room are shelves running from the floor to ceiling where china and glassware could be kept and where it would be handy to both rooms.

The closet reached from the kitchen is for pans, pots and provisions. The ice-chest could also be placed here if the house boasted one. Passing through this closet one reaches a small porch. At first glance this may seem superfluous, but if the cottage is to be used in the winter it will add much to the comfort of the occupants.

During bad or stormy weather it would be necessary to keep the doors opening from the living room to the front porch closed altogether. As an extra precaution it would be well to put on rough storm doors outside. Solid board shutters for all windows should be provided and closed at night and when the cottage is unoccupied.

If the front door were kept permanently closed during the fall and winter, entrance to the house would have to be made through the kitchen. The small rear porch would protect the door to the kitchen closet, and fire wood sufficient for several days' use could be piled there. By entering the house through the kitchen pantry, cold winds, snow and dampness are kept out of the living quarters. The porch should be placed so as to be on the most sheltered side of the house and the plan could be reversed if necessary to meet all requirements. Coming from the rear porch into the closet the outer door is first closed, snow is then shaken from one's garments or, if wet, they could be removed before opening the door to the kitchen and entering the house proper.

If still more room be required, we now add another wing in the shape of a bedroom which is 10 by 12 feet. This room is of good size and is intended for two single beds, one to be placed on each side of the end window. If the number of guests or the size of the family demanded it, the second wing or unit containing another bedroom could be added on the other end.

The cottage is now complete with living room, kitchen, two bedrooms and a porch 7 feet wide extending along the entire front.

All the rooms are well lighted and doors and windows have been placed opposite one another to afford cross ventilation. This should make the cottage very cool in summer.

In winter a roaring fire in the big fire-place would keep

by K., could all, from my point of view, have been included within a twenty-inch circle. I readily covered the entire three, fired my right barrel and lowered my gun, satisfied that if it was a possible thing, I must have gotten them all. Such proved to be the case; one dropped dead at the shot, a second fluttered at once to the ground, while the third continued its course for a little and then slanted slowly toward the earth, striking it at quite a distance from me, but where K. could walk over and pick it up. Although an old sportsman who had seen many birds killed, he said that, to him, was one of the most surprising shots he had ever seen. From his point of view the birds were twelve or fifteen feet apart, and that they could have been covered and killed with a single barrel seemed to him incredible. To me it was of course a very simple matter; I knew they were all practically covered, and that my ammunition was of the best; if I had failed to get them all, it was merely because they were out of range, and it would have been useless to have fired the second barrel. I didn't go into detail much over the matter to K.; he was far and away a better shot than I was, and it was a pleasure to me to have surprised him. I merely told him when he asked why I hadn't fired my second barrel that I could readily see that they were all hit, and as I contemplated giving them away, I didn't want them all shot to pieces. He amused himself the rest of the day by calling me Capt. Scott, Davy Crockett and other names of historic shots, and would occasionally ask me why I took the trouble to carry a double-barreled gun, when a single barrel was all I needed to kill a whole flock of ducks? I haven't seen the poor fellow for several years. His health has failed, and I understand he is now an invalid. If perchance this meets his eye, I hope it will recall pleasant memories to him, while it explains how I made that phenomenal shot.

The Dakota winter eventually terminated our field sports and kept us close to the garrison for several long weary months. Spring came at last, and with it the clangor of wild geese going north. One bright sunny day we again set forth for the Cottonwood to see if it afforded any prospect of spring shooting. We visited the pools carefully, one after another, but found nothing. It was evidently too early for the ducks. We drove on down toward the dam as far as practicable and went on and reconnoitered that water. On it we found a few wary ducks that flew long before we came within range—a spring duck seems much better education. It was evidently too early for the ducks. We our horses, ate our lunch, and enjoyed the pleasant sunshine as we stretched at length on the ground, chatting with each other, while the horses fed and rested. After a while we hitched up and started for home. As we were getting near one of our favorite pools on the return journey, the driver stopped the team and we discussed the probability of finding anything on it if we should get out and approach it carefully. Our guns were in their cases in the bottom of the wagon; we were dull and lazy from our lunch, and spring fever was upon us. We readily agreed that, as we had found nothing on the pool some two hours previous, it was conclusive evidence that it still contained nothing; so we told the driver to go on without our getting out of the wagon. The trail ran quite close to this pool; it was mainly turf, entirely free from stone or anything on which the wheels could make a noise; the horses trotted gently and quietly along. As we came near enough to look from our seats in the wagon into the pool, our eyes were greeted with the sight of a flock of wild geese standing on the nearest shore, their black necks erect in the air, resembling the flower stalks on a big bed of tiger lilies, and not more than thirty yards away from us. Of course they saw us in that instant, and as our guns were in their cases, we offered no impediment to their safe and hasty departure for lands unknown. We counted sixteen as they flew away. As they finally disappeared into space K. and I gazed sadly at each other, but said nothing—words were inadequate. We have never passed that pool since without recalling how our indolence lost us a fine bag of geese.

WM. T. FLYNN.

ON THE PACIFIC, April 18.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

the living room comfortably warm, and by leaving the doors to the bedrooms open, sufficient heat would enter them to make them warm enough to sleep in.

We would recommend that the living and bedrooms have a ceiling. The space above would be found handy for storing luggage, sleds, snow shoes, canoes, in fact anything and everything. A rough board floor above is all that is necessary, and the garret or attic could be reached by means of a ladder through a trap.

No cellar would be placed under the cottage as it would be expensive and is not necessary. The sills of the house would rest upon and be securely fastened to cedar posts buried in the ground with the bark on to a distance of three or four feet. The cottage would look better if built close to the ground, but there is no reason why it could not be raised if certain local conditions made it necessary.

The house is to be of two by four-inch stud construction covered with seven-eighths-inch boards outside. The roof and walls to be shingled with either cypress or cedar shingles laid about 5½ or 6 inches to the weather. The porch posts to be of chestnut or cypress six inches square, stained with creosote. The only paint to be used on the exterior will be on the windows' trim, sash, doors and shutters.

If the cottage is to be used only in summer the inside can be left with the studs showing. If for use in the fall and winter the interior walls should be covered with compo board and the space between the studs filled with mineral wool. This latter material is cheap and is not only vermin proof but makes a house much warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

Compo board comes in sheets about four feet square and is about seven-sixteenths of an inch thick. It is easily applied, being nailed or screwed to the studs. It presents a good surface and can be papered, painted or covered with stuff. It is comparatively cheap and is far better than tongue and groove sheathing for this purpose. A double floor should be laid on the two by ten-inch floor beams, which are placed about sixteen inches on centers.

The only masonry work necessary is on the chimney and the living room and kitchen hearths. If stone is plentiful it should be built of that material, otherwise brick will have to be resorted to.

Good flat stones, if of any size, make a desirable floor for the porch.

The exterior could be made more attractive by putting metal lath on the sheathing and plastering the walls. The roof in any case should be of shingle.

Water may be had at all seasons if a well can be driven under the kitchen. A pump by the sink would add much to one's comfort, and if the pipes are properly packed they should never freeze.

A complete list of the materials required in the construction of this cottage, with prices of labor and material in New York, will be sent to anyone who writes to this office for that information.

The Mississippi Cabin Boaters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may be that I was misinformed in regard to the New Year's celebration at Friar's Point, but the cabin-boater remarked what I said he did, though perhaps not in the exact words that I used. It seemed to me that shooting up the town would be a natural proceeding, for I had seen Christmas celebrated with guns and fire crackers in southwestern Virginia, and exuberant deer hunters riding a buckboard through an Adirondack town working the levers of their Winchesters and Marlins as they went.

What Coahoma says of my associations on the river is true. I was taken in by the cabin-boater as a friend and a brother. I told them I was going to write them up and they helped me get the facts of cabin boat life—and that was the main object of my trip down the river. I got 300,000 words in notes from which the FOREST AND STREAM stories have been written. When I came to read up on the Mississippi before starting on the trip I could find only one article about the cabin boaters. This one was a story in Scribner's Magazine, written admittedly from the outside. There is only one way to get the truth about a people, and that is to live and do as they do. It is hard on the stomach sometimes, but it is worth doing and ought to be done by writers before they stamp "impressions" as "true."

I did not say "pine logs" were on the Mississippi. What I did say was "pine timber"—sawed stuff. As I said in my article "With the Mississippi Cabin Boaters," the electric belt man preferred pine for fire wood above any other sort, and during the week I was with him he was always on the lookout for it. He used cedar for kindling. He found the stuff in the shape of planks, beams and chunks, the wreckage from boats, barges, houses and the waste from mills and ship yards far up the river. The Swede, John, known as "the Chinaman," just above Helena, where he watches the rafted logs, built a 60ft. (about) cabin boat from a stranded barge right there—"all pine."

I am inclined to discuss the cabin boater's dialect, especially with Coahoma. I think that probably half or more of the cabin boaters are from above Cairo. They come from Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Iowa and other up-river States. If he is a storeboat, medicine or grafter cabin boater, his associations are with negroes who are his customers from the start. He "shades the white man." There is no "impossible combination of Yankeeisms and negroisms." Had Coahoma met Mrs. Haney, the Gambler, Applegate, or other river people he would have heard the real river dialect. A combination of Indian Territory, Kentucky mountain, Indianapolis, Pittsburg and St. Louis English is not an uncommon thing to hear in the big eddy at Helena, or in the mouth of Old Arkansas. At Lake Providence I met a man off the Coney Island of New York, at Memphis and Greenville, a boy who had lived on First avenue, New York city, for years. At Arkansas City was a photograph boat whose owner had an Irish brogue comingled with expressions from the North, South, East (India) and West (California). I did not find the cabin boaters ignorant, and I am bound to say, that some of them knew the river much better than most of those beyond the levees. Most of those I met could read and write. Their experiences, their range from Pittsburg to Shreveport and New Orleans, and their business relations give the cabin boater a dialect to which any expression is admissible if the cabin boater has use

for it—and he usually has need of slang of all descriptions. His "business" is frequently "making easy money" by selling cheap things dear. But some of the store boats compete successfully with taxed bank commissaries. The fishermen are, some of them, makers of better wages than carpenters or other tradesmen.

Coahoma's most serious charge against my narrative is, to my mind, "there is evidence, however, that he (Spears) has to some extent yielded to the inclination to write picturesque narrative at some sacrifice of the verities." If this is so, the story of "Floating Down the Mississippi" loses most of the value I place upon it. I should be glad if it is interesting, but if it isn't true to the last, least detail it isn't worth doing.

"Huckleberry Finn," Bishop's "Six Months in a Sneak Box," Doubleday's "A Year in a Yawl," Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," etc., give various views of the river, and no one will ever describe floating in a fog better than it is done in "Huckleberry Finn," but in none of the things I have read did I find any more than an inkling of the real floating population, the cabin boaters, shanty boaters and river rats. They are as distinct a race as the gypsies, and they have hit upon an alluring mode of existence—a life very close to that of perpetual vacation.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Mongrel Gipp.

THE game warden was a bachelor. After the filthy sitting room of the hotel—filled with stable boys, loafers and fourth-rate commercial travelers—his snug quarters seemed almost palatial. A Franklin stove full of hardwood logs imparted a pleasant warmth to the atmosphere. Several comfortable chairs offered themselves to our weary bodies—tired by a hard day's cock shooting—and an array of guns, rifles and fishing rods decorated the walls. Two or three good engravings, a stuffed wolf's head and a set of moose horns, used as hat-rack, filled up most of the space. Over the mantle-piece a glass case, containing a yellow and white mongrel fox terrier and topped with a most formidable looking salmon gaff, filled the space usually allotted to a mirror.

"That," said the game warden, noticing my look at the stuffed mongrel, "is all that remains of the best dog I ever owned."

I glanced at King Agrippa, the bull terrier, a mass of bone, muscle and pluck, as he lay asleep in an easy chair. From him I looked to Old Floss, the setter we had been shooting over all day, and little Harmony, the best beagle bitch in the province, who was taking her ease in a whiskey case lined with old carpet. "Must have been pretty good dog then," I remarked.

"Care to hear the story?" asked the game warden. "Well, fill your glass again, and I'll tell you about the dog and the old gaff which hangs over him." And this was the story:

"Gipp was his name. He was out of a thoroughbred English fox-terrier bitch, by a mongrel bull-terrier dog. They drowned all the litter but Gipp, and he was only spared to take the milk from his mother. Then a small kid of Peter Mitchell's begged the pup and saved him from an untimely end. He was always a homely brute to look at, and when Peter got killed in the mines his widow sent the dog down to me to be put out of the way. I hate to shoot a dog, but I know that when I do it, I do it right: so I never refuse. They fetched him down to my house and told me what they wanted. I took a revolver and went out to send him to Kingdom Come, and then I found the revolver wouldn't work. I had no time to tinker it, and so I tied the pup up and gave him a feed. I hate to drown a dog, and no money would make me poison one. When I got the mail that day I found an American who had shot with me wanted the mother of Old Floss. Well, I was hard up and I had to let the old bitch go, for he bid me \$75 for her. Then I thought that maybe as the pup was out of a well bred mother he might come in handy as a watch dog, and I gave Mitchell's kid a quarter for him and started to educate him.

"Before I had had him two months, I had him in good shape, as far as watching a wagon or looking after a camp was concerned. The devil himself couldn't have taken so much as a chew of tobacco out of a team when he was on the seat and in charge of it.

"The place I lived in then was a pretty rough one—no police, no magistrate worth a hill of beans, and as tough a lot of men in the mines and lumber mill as any one could want to see. There was grand fishing and shooting, however. That is to say, when they didn't sweep all the salmon out of the pools, or string the wood roads full of moose snares. Just about that time they made me game warden, and I assure you I wasn't the most popular man in the country when they found it out. They also put me in as fishery officer, and gave me two jackasses, who had voted the right ticket at the last election, as watchmen. I had no use for them, as they had no sand in them and were scared to death of Long Angus McGregor. Long Angus was part Irish, part Scotch, with little Indian thrown in. He had all the bad points of all three breeds, with none of the good ones. They say he murdered two boys who came off a vessel and stayed at his house one night. They never proved it on him, but the boys were paid off and came ashore with over a hundred dollars each in their pockets. They went up to his house and filled up on bad rum. That was the last ever seen of them. Well, Long Angus was all the time sweeping and spearing. When he wasn't at that, he was in the woods setting moose snares. I cut up a lot of his snares, and he sent me word he would shoot me if ever he caught me. I called myself a fair shot, and I'm no coward, so I sent him word back that I would shoot him if he gave me half a chance, either in the woods or out of them. He had enough Indian in him to make him cowardly, and he was treacherous. I wasn't much scared, as I always carried that old gaff with me when I went on the river at night, and I had a Snider that was rank poison up to 500 yards. Long Angus knew this and gave me a wide berth, though he used to shoot off his mouth when he was half drunk."

The game warden reached down the gaff as he spoke

and handed it to me. It was a most formidable weapon about six feet long. The handle, made of knotted black thorn, the lower end terminating in a two-inch steel spike with a heavy iron ferrule, and the upper end, garnished with the customary gaff hook, made a weapon as formidable as the quarterstaff of Robin Hood.

"It's a rare thing to get a black thorn as good as that in this country," he went on. "I gave an Indian a dollar for that bit of lumber, and I've seen the time when I wouldn't have taken a thousand for it. Just after I was appointed, Angus takes a salmon net and sets it across the river from bank to bank in broad daylight on a Saturday. He dared anyone to go and take it up, and I accommodated him in half an hour. I took the net to Squire Jones, and as I hadn't seen Angus set it he put it in his barn until Monday. He forgot to lock the door (I guess he was scared Angus would poison his cows or set fire to his wood-lot if he did), and on Monday morning the net was gone, and Angus had the laugh on me. Well, that made me mad, and all the next week I lay out at night hoping to come on him and catch him red-handed.

"That pup had a bad trick of setting out and following me when he wasn't wanted, and after I had licked him for doing it once or twice, he grew so cute I couldn't catch him. He never barked or made any noise, and he always kept a pistol shot or so away from me. It was on the Thursday night after I took the net that we had the row. About midnight I saw a torch coming down the river over the best salmon pool. I knew it was Angus, though he had his face blackened and a woman's skirt on. They speared six salmon before their torch burnt out. When they saw it was just going, they ran the canoe—a heavy dugout—to the shore and Angus says to his boy, 'I guess we may as well land here, that cursed game warden is in bed, and we have all the salmon the stage will take out for us to-morrow.' Just as soon as Angus stepped out of the canoe I rose from the bushes and made a rush for him. He didn't see me until I had my hand on his shoulder. 'I arrest you in the Queen's name,' I said. 'Damn the Queen and you, too,' says he, and as quick as a flash he pulled a knife and went for me. I slipped on the round stones and my foot went from under me. In another second I felt his knee on my breast, and then just as he struck, a white flash came through the air and the little pup grabbed him by the throat.

"Gipp was different from Agrippa there. He never held on, he bit like a fox, as fast as he could snap, and he had in him enough of the old bull-terrier that sired him to make his jaws as powerful as a wolf trap. The knife missed my throat, but it took me in the shoulder, and the point broke on my shoulder bone. The pup made his teeth meet in the side of his neck, and then as quick as a flash he had him by the hand he had his knife in. I slid from under him and my hand came against the gaff I had dropped when I fell. I grabbed it, and as he turned to stab the dog, I gave him two cuts on the head with the business end as hard as I could. He dropped like a log and then I put handcuffs on him. His boy had got out of the canoe by this time and was coming for me with a spear. 'Hold on,' says I, hauling out my revolver. 'I don't want to shoot; but if you come a yard nearer I will fill you as full of lead as hell is full of devils.' He didn't wait. He put for home. I thought I had killed Angus, but he came to after awhile. I made him get up and I walked him over to the nearest house and then I fainted from loss of blood. In the morning I took Mr. Angus before Squire Jones, and he said it was a serious offense and committed him to the Supreme Court and put him under \$200 bonds to appear. Angus didn't care to take chances. He skipped the country and has never come back since. His bondsmen had to pay the bill, and the judge gave Squire Jones the darndest tongue-lashing I ever heard. I never minded the pup following me at night after that.

"I got the canoe and eleven salmon. The boy proved an alibi when I fetched him into court."

"Proved an alibi!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "I thought you recognized him."

"So I did; but when the case came up for trial there were three or four other people to swear he was ten miles away at the time I took his father."

A rap at the door interrupted the conversation, the newcomer was the Presbyterian minister.

"I was telling our friend the story of old Gipp," said the game warden, when the visitor had seated himself.

"Poor old fellow," said he, "I shall never forget the time he 'treed' the nigger minister. My friend here had to take a trip to Montreal, and he left Gipp with me. Gipp hated a nigger like poison, and he had an especial spite against this man, who was conducting a revival among the darkies. He was a good speaker and had a fair education, but he used to take a little too much whiskey when his day's work was finished. Late one night he undertook to cross the lower end of my lot, he had a little black bag with him, with two bottles of rum in it. Gipp met him and he had to take to a tree. I was in bed when I heard the most unearthly howling, barking, and swearing. I hurried on my things and when I got to the end of the lot I found his reverence perched in a little tree, with the dog almost foaming at the mouth. The man had the bag with the bottles in it hugged in his arms. I got the dog away, and the darkey climbed down. I gently, but firmly, demanded to see what he had in the bag, thinking that he might have some of my property there. I can never forget the look on his face when the two bottles came to light. Excuse the interruption, where had you got in your story?"

"I had just told my friend the yarn about Long Angus McGregor, and his boy, the time I took the old man," replied the game warden.

"It would be about two years after this that old Squire Gawler sent me word to come down to the mouth of the trout brook to look after some nets that were set there. I found a fellow tending the nets well inside the limits, and I had to take him and his nets before old Gawler. Gawler was one of those miserable beasts who have a justice's commission and tried to make a living out of it. If a man has a first-class criminal

ase they won't look at it; but if it is a small debt or a petty assault, he will jump at it (if the defendant isn't in his side of politics) and make a week's living out of his costs and fees. Well, Gawler wouldn't listen to reason. He fined the poor old fellow \$50 and costs, and gave him a week to pay in. I would have thought to all right. When the trial was over he turns and says to the Squire, 'It's a lucky thing for you that the hog-and-cattle-reeve is your son-in-law. How is it that your cross bull is running at large all over the country, and you never get fined?' You see they allowed oxen and cows to run, but there was a fine of \$20 for allowing a bull to range. Gawler said the bull had broken out of its pasture and he couldn't catch him. I thought no more about the matter and I started for home on foot. It was a six-mile walk, most of it over bare barrens. The fire had swept every tree off them, and there wasn't a bush three feet high.

"I was boarding with a widow at that time who had a daughter ten years old and a stepson about my own age. The kid was a very nice child and very fond of me. She used to study her lessons in my office, and her half-brother and I were the best of friends. This day she said she was coming to meet me after school, and her mother gave her leave. Well, I was about half way over the barrens, when I saw a bunch of cattle lying down in a some little alder bushes. I thought no more about it, as every one let their stock run in the summer months. As I got closer to them one of them got up and came toward me, and I saw it was Gawler's bull. I have you ever seen a cross bull prepare for action? Isn't a pleasant sight when he is in earnest and you're the party of the second part. Well, Gawler's bull went through the entire ceremony. He hooked up the hind and pawed and bellowed, and ran out his tongue like four of a kind. I had the gaff with me and while the bull was getting up steam, I gathered a pocket full of rocks as big as goose-eggs. I had licked Gipp a dozen times for chasing cattle, so I reckoned he could be of no account in this affair.

"The bull took about five minutes to work himself up to fighting point, and then he came for me head down, tail in the air and the froth dripping out of his mouth. He just missed me and I gave him a rock on one of his horns as hard as I could throw it. The next moment he was on to me again, and I tried to stab him in the eye with the spike on the gaff. I missed his eye and struck him in the jaw, and then the dog mitted him behind. It was the only time I ever knew him hold on to anything. He grabbed the bull by the hind about half way up and held on like grim death. The bull wheeled and I kept plying him with rocks and jabbing him with the gaff-spike. At last the dog got out his hold, and the brute turned on me again. This time I had better luck and I drove the spike into his eye. They I had him where I wanted him, and I kept the dog harrassing him and piled the rocks into him until he concluded he would be more comfortable somewhere else. The dog undertook to show him the way and chased him into a swamp. I was pretty well alone out, I can tell you. It was a hot day to begin with, and I had never acted as a matador before. I hadn't signed my contract five minutes, when I saw Alice, the kid I spoke of before, coming down the road with another little girl. They both had red dresses on, and I hadn't happened along they would both have stood first-class chance of being killed. I didn't say a word about it to the children, but as soon as I got home I told Hubert, Alice's brother, and we went and took out

papers for old man Gawler. It cost him about \$50 all told, for he fought the case and hired a lawyer. If I had thought a good deal of Gipp after the affair with Angus, I thought more of him after the battle with the bull.

"He made a good bird dog after his own peculiar style, and when he went after a rabbit he almost always brought it round in shot of me. He would keep to heel like a retriever, and stand a bird like a setter; and he would carry a wounded bird a mile and not ruffle its feathers. In that section the woods were full of traps and snares, all the fall, and unless a dog knew enough to keep clear of them, he was likely to get caught or strung up. I taught Gipp to give all such things a wide berth, and if he found them to let me know. He had a certain kind of howl he used to give when he found a trap or a snare, and if by any chance there was live game in them he would make a racket you could hear a mile on a still day. I spoke of Long Angus' boy. He was grown up by this time and he turned out a worse man than his father. He had all the craft and subtlety of the devil; and he had it in for me, on the old man's account, and his own, too. I cut up over twenty of his snares in one day, and he knew it was I. Unlike his papa, he never threatened me. That is the kind of man I'm scared of. Give me a fellow who is all the time saying what he's going to do, and in nine cases out of ten, I'll show you a rank coward when it comes to the point.

"Murdoch never had a word to say about me. If I met him he always spoke civilly, and at the same time I was sure that he would poison my dogs or murder me if he could do it without being found out. One day in October I took three days' grub and started on a snare hunt. Some city men had been down shooting, and they ran on to Murdoch's line of snares and found a dead cow moose in one of them. They sent word to the chief commissioner that I was neglecting my duty, and he sends me a letter, with a check for \$20 and instruction to go in and cut down ever snare I could find. I went in and lit on two batches of snares and let a moose go by shooting off the rope which held it. I also found the snarer's camp with a lot of rope and a lot of snares ready to set. I cut the rope into foot lengths outside the camp and then I set the camp on fire with all there was in it. Maybe I went too far, but it made me mad to see the place where the poor devil of a cow had starved to death. That sort of thing makes me mad. I have seen a good many moose shot and I have killed my own share of them; but when a man sets snares and is too lazy to tend them and lets his game starve to death in them I can't stand that. Murdoch was on his way to the woods that day, and he got to his camp just in time to see the last embers of it going out. It came on an early snowstorm and he nearly froze to death, as his ax was burnt and he had no chance to build a shelter. The drenching he got brought on pneumonia. But with the assistance of the doctor and the devil he pulled through. He was too weak to do much poaching that winter and that was worth something to me.

"Next fall he started in again and I went to the woods after snares as usual. I was coming down an old woodroad just at dusk one evening when master Gipp, who was just ahead of me, stops at a little wind-fall spruce across the road, and sets up the confoundest ki-yi I ever heard. I sung out to him to quit fooling, but he only yelped the more. When I got up to him I found a bear trap set in the moss. If I'd stepped over

the windfall my foot would have gone into it, and you can figure the result.

"The trap was set so that no man would ever suspect it was there, and there wasn't a particle of bait near it. It was set for me, and I knew it at once. I had a friend camped about two miles from here. I went through the woods and told him about it, and he said he would watch the trap with me. We made a dummy out of my clothes and put it in the trap and laid it face downward. Then we started to watch. We spent two whole days at it, then on the morning of the third day we saw Murdoch coming down the road with a musket under his arm. He came in sight of the trap, and saw the dummy lying on its face. 'Got you at last,' he sings out, and then he leaned on his gun and laughed; then he laid the gun down and started for the dummy in the trap. I jumped from the bushes and lit on him, like a cat lights on a rabbit. He had no chance with me, and when my friend got us apart I had pretty badly used him up. He went out of the woods and tried to get law on me, but he soon found he was in for all the law he wanted, and he packed up and went after his father.

"I had that pup for nearly ten years, and then an old aunt of mine died. She left me a good bit of money, and I had to go to Bermuda to settle up the estate. A decent Yankee had been shooting with me that fall and I wrote and asked him if he would take old Gipp and give him a good home. He wrote me back he would give me \$50 for him, old as he was. I refused to sell him, and finally I sent him down to Cambridge on the understanding that he was never to be sold or given away.

"It took me a year to get my business in Bermuda and elsewhere settled. I heard from my friend in Cambridge that Gipp had been ill and that they had had the best veterinary surgeon in Massachusetts to attend him. I went to Boston when I was on my way home, and the day I landed I caught a Cambridge car and went over to see the old dog.

"I had telephoned my friend when to expect me, and when I reached his house he was talking to a gentleman on the sidewalk. 'This is the doctor who has been attending old Gipp,' says he. 'Gipp, come here and see your master.' The dog was lying on the piazza, and he started to walk down the path at a slow walk. I gave the whistle he knew, and in an instant he laid legs to the ground and came for me like the wind.

"He came to the place where I was standing, jumped on me and tried to lick my face, then he rolled over on his side and the man who had him said 'That dog has taken a fit.' The veterinary surgeon says, 'The dog hasn't taken a fit at all, he's dead.' And so it was. It seems he had some heart trouble, and when he saw me and got excited it was too much for the poor old beggar. I sent his body to Fraser, the Boston taxidermist, and I had to pay quite a little sum to have him stuffed, but I didn't grudge it all the same. I consider that he saved my life three times at least and I never looked at him without thinking of those lines of Whyte Melville's."

"There are men both good and great, who hold that in a future state
The dumb creatures we have cherished here below
Shall give us joyous greeting when we pass the Golden Gate,
Is it folly that I hope it may be so?"

EDMUND F. L. JENNER.

DIGBY, Nova Scotia



NATURAL HISTORY



A Deadly Snake.

TAPACHULA, CHIAPAS, Mexico, May 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An Indian workman here on my coffee estate was bitten between the fingers of his left hand by a snake, and when he arrived at my house two hours after he was bitten his hand and arm was badly swollen. The swelling gradually went up his arm to his shoulder and behind the shoulder and nearly down over his heart. He seemed to suffer most awfully, and could not sleep during the whole night. At the end of three days his people came down from their town and carried him off on their backs. I have not heard yet the result—this was about two weeks ago.

The snake was green in color, about 2½ feet long with a very small neck and very broad and angular head, and was coiled in a bush about three feet from the ground. I sent an Indian, immediately after the bitten man arrived, to bring it in, as he told me that he had killed it with his machete and that it could be found on a certain trail through the forest. The man who went after it found another larger one of the same variety coiled up on top of the dead one, which he killed and brought the two back to me. I found the fangs about one-half inch long. Can you kindly tell me what kind of snake this is, name, and whether it is considered poisonous?

GUATEMALA.

[From the very general description given, it is difficult to say what the snake was, but it is quite possible that it belonged to the Fer de lance group; venomous snakes found in the West Indies and in Central and South America. The Fer de lance is described as a snake of aggressive disposition, attacking without a warning and growing to large size. It is known as *Lachesis lanceolatus*, and is related to the copperhead of North America. There is a small green *Lachesis*, which has been imported from Guatemala, not very far from Tapachula, Chiapas; and this may, perhaps, be the one that bit the Indian. *L. lanceolatus* is sometimes sage green with darker bands. It is found in Central America as well as South America. The little *bicolor* has a prehensile

tail, and as the one referred to was found in a bush, this seems likely to be the animal.]

Preserving the Big Trees.

A RECENT news dispatch from Washington to the daily papers appears to attribute to the United States Bureau of Forestry some remarkable statements about the reproductive powers of the Big Trees. Perhaps the Bureau is not to be held responsible for the newspaper interpretation of its bulletin, but here is the dispatch:

"Washington, June 2.—The United States Bureau of Forestry has reached the stage in its experiments looking to the reproduction of the famous 'Big Trees' of California, to make the positive announcement that, contrary to prevalent belief, this race of forest monarchs need not become extinct, but may be greatly multiplied. In a bulletin issued to-day it is said the trees seed freely, but that the seeds rarely germinate except when they fall where the ground has recently been burned over."

Surely the Bureau of Forestry has not shared in the "prevalent belief" that Big Tree seeds do not germinate. If the Bureau ever thinks the seeds rarely germinate, it has overlooked the facts. There are Sequoias in England, grown from seeds planted forty years ago. There are seedling Big Trees in the Capitol grounds at Sacramento as large around the trunk as a man's thigh. In the Mariposa Grove, more than a dozen years ago, I saw seedlings thicker than the hair on a dog's back. They covered the ground like a carpet, and they were all planted by nature without man's aid.

The problem of the preservation of the Big Trees is not one of reproduction of species. A million seedlings do not compensate for the loss of one of the giants. It will take a thousand years for a seedling to become a real Big Tree, and four times a thousand years to attain the proportions of some that are now in danger of vandal destruction. Providing Big Trees for the admiration and wonder of posterity forty centuries hence is taking rather a long altruistic look ahead. Several things may happen before those seedlings grow up to full stature,

It is well to provide for preservation of the species by planting young trees wherever conditions are favorable, but it is not well to rest content with that and let the real Big Trees be destroyed.

Except to the eye of one having some botanical knowledge, the Sequoia of ten or twenty years' growth is not readily distinguishable from other conifers. Its bark is gray, showing no trace of the rich terra cotta coloring which is one of the striking beauties of the Big Tree. The giant Sequoia, in all its unique characteristics, is the product of centuries. To permit it to be destroyed by sordid commercialism would be a crime of the centuries.

ALLEN KELLY.

Making a Monkey of Himself.

TO CALL tiger the proceeding was as follows: The Mikir, having first ascertained that a tiger was in the neighborhood, would climb into a well branched leafy tree situated near where he supposed the tiger to be, and, after hiding himself among the branches as best he could, would commence to imitate the chattering of a monkey, and break and drop twigs in the way that monkeys do. Then he would let fall to the ground a bundle of rags, weighted so that the thud when it struck the ground would sound as if a baby monkey had tumbled down from the tree, and at the same time would imitate the supposed baby monkey cries. This would be the supreme moment, for if a tiger were near it would often spring out, in the hope of snapping up such a dainty morsel as a young monkey, and then a bullet from the gun of the hidden Mikir might find its billet in the tiger's body. By this means the Mikir was said to have killed a considerable number of tigers, and certainly the man's power of mimicry was wonderfully good. The call for deer was of an entirely different nature, the sound imitated being the cry of a fawn, and, as this cry sometimes attracted tigers too, it had to be adopted with caution, because it was used only in open grass land, from which the caller would not have had much chance to escape were a tiger suddenly to put in an appearance.—London Field,



GAME BAG AND GUN



Sporting in China.—II.

In the preceding number I have described, according to my own experiences, such a houseboat as a sportsman in China would find suitable for travel, and it may be added, that, from the more important open ports, there are regular lines of steam launches running as far into the interior as the depths of the water in the creeks and canals will permit. And frequently the sportsman has his houseboat towed by one of these launches more than one hundred miles into the interior, when the boat may at any time be disconnected from the launch and sculled up any of the creeks whose waters connect with the main channels of inland navigation.

The proper equipment for the sportsman is always of the first consideration, for without this essential he will face constant irritation when he enters the field, and there can be nothing so annoying as an indifferent dog and a gun and cartridges in which he has no confidence. During the first and middle parts of the season, the cover is quite thick, and a good dog is indispensable, and it is equally as requisite that the sportsman should know the carrying power of his gun, and that his cartridges are of the best grade. My own is a German pointer, nearly full-blooded, and an excellent retriever. He is easily controlled and seldom hunts outside of a radius of twenty-five yards. But in that excellent book entitled "With Boat and Gun in the Yangtze Valley," by H. T. Wade, I find some interesting notes by the author, himself an experienced sportsman, on the best dog for shooting purposes in China, and I could not be more just to my reader than to place before him what Mr. Wade has written on this subject:

"Retriever: It will only be necessary here to take note of one kind of retriever, the black, flat-coated kind, for the objections that may be raised against him can only be intensified when applied to the curly-coated description.

"Admitting to the fullest that a retriever is a wonderfully sagacious dog, and that he is capable of affording lots of sport, yet the following objections may be found to weigh against him and long-haired dogs generally.

"In the first place, rheumatism is by no means an uncommon complaint in China, and no animal renders itself more liable to this ailment than one that is difficult and troublesome to dry. A dog has to negotiate a lot of 'water business' in the course of a day's shooting in these provinces. He often returns to the boat wet, only to be turned over to the tender mercies of a coolie, who performs the essential duties of drying and grooming in any but a thorough manner; so that the animal not only may be sent to bed wet himself, but be an active cause of discomfort to his kennel companions. Besides, retrievers generally hold so much water in their coats as to render themselves a perfect nuisance when crossing creeks in sampans or dinghies. Further than this, the very nature of their jackets renders them specially liable to collect the grass and other seeds, 'fruitful cause of so much woe.' Finally retrievers from their size and weight constantly find themselves in trouble when working brambly cover, are invariably clumsy in their attempts at extrication from tangled beans and similar crops, and as a rule are not only slow in setting to work to bring back a wounded bird, but slower still in returning with the quarry. Such are the more prominent objections to this class of dog.

"Still, should a sportsman elect to have a retriever in this country, he might with advantage have regard to the following simple points: The head should be long, with a squarish, not a pointed, muzzle; the ear small; the neck 'airy,' and the tail carried below the level of the back. Above all, he should stand low.

"Spaniels: By far the most numerous class of sporting dogs in China are the spaniel descriptions. They run in all sorts of shapes and sizes and colors, and for the most part are of the most mixed origin. Seldom is a really well-shaped spaniel seen out here, less frequently a well-broken one. In the open country they are of but little use, as the speedy pheasant can easily run away from them; in a canebrake they are not big enough to get over or strong enough to force their way through the thick tangle which lies at the foot of the canestalk; and it is seldom that one comes across a dog that will work a cove in anything like a systematic manner. Still, if spaniels were taken in hand early, were taught to work the covers properly, and restricted to that particular kind of shooting, it might be just as well to own one. A brace of busy, well-broken spaniels is a pretty sight, no doubt, but one quite unknown in these parts. Yet should the sportsman determine on a spaniel, he would probably be on the right track if he secured a dog with some of the unmistakable Clumber strain in him. Clumbers are slow, but they are pretty sure and very strong; and being flat-coated—for any curl is indicative of a cross—are better adapted for working undergrowth than any other kind of spaniel; and the bigger and heavier the dog the better, for a three-pound fluttering cock pheasant is no mean mouthful. Other great drawbacks to spaniels are that their long ears and full coats are certain seed-traps, and require a large amount of care to keep clean and dry.

"Setters: From time to time some capital setters have been seen in China—handsome, well-bred and in some instances well-broken dogs of nearly all the recognized breeds—Laveracks, Llewellyns, Gordons, and Irish; of the two last kinds, Shanghai can still boast of some good examples, 'surpassingly beautiful,' as Idstone enthusiastically describes them. In a less de-

gree, because his coat lies flatter, but still to some extent, the same objections that have been advanced against the retriever and spaniel apply to the graceful setter. Seeds will find their way into his feet and ears and armpits, and the thick hair between his toes; and, when it is remembered that one cruel grass seed between the toes is enough to lame a dog, and one seed in the ear quite sufficient to set up an annoying cankerous discharge, the reasonableness of not shooting over a valuable animal until the seeds have been rendered harmless by the frosts, should be willingly admitted; and if one's setter is only to be available for shooting purposes for a couple of months in the year at most, the question of expense alone is one worth a passing consideration. One point in favor of setters is that they are harder dogs than pointers, especially the Irish dogs, and they are certainly more companionable.

"Pointers: The preceding objections have been raised not against the virtues of the dogs enumerated, but against the unsuitableness of their coats for work in this climate until the cover lightens and the seeds are down. Something may be done toward mitigating the seed evil by working the dogs in canker-caps, but still their necks and feet are ever open to the reception of the fell annoyance. Now, pointers may be said to go harmless through these trials; seeds very seldom get into their ears, and are without much difficulty extracted from their feet, while the 'set' of the short hair of their coats is not favorable to their lodgment.

"What seems to be required for shooting throughout a season is a strong, well-broken, but perhaps not too highly bred pointer; one that will take the water, face the thick covers, and possibly retrieve; and there are such dogs in the place. The coats of some setters lie very flat, and they are the next best dogs to pointers, but the long-haired varieties, all good and useful in their way, had better not be taken up country until they can work the covers with impunity to themselves. A sentimental objection to pointers is that they are not so companionable as other breeds, which is true to a certain extent; but it must be remembered that when a pointer is on business he means business, and that is exactly what he is wanted for. In choosing a pointer, always try to get one with sloping shoulders, long, airy neck, a deep but not broad chest, and a loin arched, very wide, strong and muscular. Some useful pointers occasionally arrive here from Germany. For the most part they are well educated and good at retrieving, but they run big and heavy, and are too much given to 'pottering.' A last word may be said in favor of the pointer: he can be worked from the beginning to the end of the shooting season, whereas it is little less than cruelty to take a spaniel or a setter out before December.

"If the foregoing considerations are worth anything, the reasonable answer to the question this chapter commenced with is that the pointer is the best dog for shooting purposes in North China."

My own experience and observation during a residence of ten years in China confirms the opinion of Mr. Wade, as expressed in the above quotations. But without a gun of accuracy and carrying power, the sportsman will not enjoy himself, however plentiful the game and sensibly trained his dog.

Nearly every sportsman in China prefers a 12-bore gun with 30-inch barrels and chambered for the standard length of cartridges. A friend of mine always shoots with a gun of 28-inch barrels and weighing about 6½ pounds. He has one barrel of his gun choked so as to make a pattern of 160 pellets in a circle of 30 inches at the distance of 40 yards, and the other, the left, a pattern of 180. A gun making such a pattern may be considered as about half-choked, especially the left barrel, while the right would be about a quarter choked, or what may be called a highly-improved cylinder. But, as stated, the average gun is of the standard length, with the right barrel a cylinder and the left a modified or full choked.

The gun that I have mostly used is, like that of my friends, an exception to the rule, and of the opposite extreme. The barrels are 32 inches in length, both full choked, and each makes an even pattern, with black powder, 215. This gun weighs 6½ pounds and was built for me several years ago by W. W. Greener, and of his special brand of wrought steel. With 3 drams of Schultze's powder and 1½ ounces of No. 5 chilled shot, it is difficult for a pheasant to escape anywhere within a radius not exceeding 60 yards. When held straight that is almost a sure death radius, but its carrying power is sufficient to kill dead at 80 yards if the aim be steady and the eye quick. I have shot pheasants not further off than 15 yards with this long-barreled and full-choked gun, and, strange to write, I have only shot two or three cruelly. Now that I am in the habit of using the gun described, I do not know what success I would have were I to begin using one of the standard length. Mr. Greener has repeatedly persuaded me that I gained nothing in the shooting quality of the gun by the extra two inches of barrel, and that a modified choke was a preferable gun for general field sport. But the sportsman knows how difficult it is to put aside a gun with which he has shot under variable circumstances for a long time, and one that has never failed him when the chances were reasonable. The sight of such a gun is like the face of an unfaithful friend against which one does not wish to turn. It is probable that a majority of the guns used by sportsmen in China are built by English and American gun-makers, with the former in the ascendancy, though there are at present many guns by continental gun-makers in the market. Occasionally a Purdey gun is seen, and never without exciting admiration by its beautiful symmetry

and workmanship. There are no guns that shoot harder than Greener's, and many by this maker are also ornaments to the gun-maker's skill. The American gun, by Parker, is fast becoming a favorite, and there are several in use at each of the gun clubs at Shanghai. Another American gun, by Remington, enjoys the reputation of shooting close and hard, but it should not be understood that the gun-makers named are meant to exclude others, for, as I write what I have observed, the Purdey, the Greener, the Parker, and the Remington guns have come more directly under my immediate observation.

The hammer gun and black powder have about disappeared, and very rarely does one see either in use. Occasionally a sportsman is met with who insists that a look between the hammers fixes the attention more closely to the proper line of sight, and that there is no grade of smokeless powder which will equal in regularity or pattern the best grade of black powder. There is reason in favor of the contention, and notwithstanding the improvements constantly being made in smokeless powder the black is still used to test the capacity of a gun, both as to penetration and the regularity of its pattern.

Were I to undertake to name the different brands of smokeless powder I have seen in use in China, I would probably have to name all; but I believe that the Schultze brand is given the preference. There are more than a few sportsmen, however, who will tell you that there is no brand comparable to that of the E. C., and others are equally as confident that the Laffin & Rand brand cannot be surpassed, and thus do opinions differ, until one does not have to go far to find a champion for each of the standard brands.

But if the sportsman will supply himself with a 12-bore gun, built by a competent gunsmith, and with cartridges to fit and loaded with the standard charge of Schultze powder and No. 5 chilled shot, he need not hesitate to visit any part of China for sport.

With such a gun and ammunition, he will be equipped for successful all-round shooting.

The Ranch 101 Buffalo Hunt.

REFERENCE was made in our last issue to the projected buffalo hunt at Ranch 101 at Bliss, Oklahoma, where it was reported a number of buffalo were to be slaughtered for the entertainment of the National Editorial Association. We expressed the conjecture that the actual killing would be confined to surplus bulls, and this appears to have been the case.

The widespread announcement of the proposed buffalo killing caused the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to file a protest with President Roosevelt, who thereupon directed Governor Ferguson, of Oklahoma, to see to it that the buffalo hunt should not take place on any Government land; and Secretary Hitchcock telegraphed to the agent of the Ponca Agency to prevent the hunt taking place on Federal land.

A dispatch to the New York Times sent from Bliss on Saturday, said:

"The buffalo hunt on 101 Ranch was held to-day. One animal was killed by Dr. H. F. Thomas, of Chicago. The hunt was led by old Geronimo, and was participated in by twenty-five cowboys and a band of Indians in full war paint.

"Dr. Thomas fired the shot from his automobile, which had been in the chase during the several hours which it lasted. He was injured in an automobile accident in Chicago recently, and has since been sojourning with the Miller brothers at 101 Ranch. Dr. Thomas has two automobiles here, and has entered many races.

"As soon as the beast fell, old Geronimo, despite his eighty years, leaped from his horse and fired two shots into the buffalo and proceeded to cut its throat.

"Miss Lucille Mulhall, the noted woman rider, took part in the chase, which was full of excitement, as frequently the buffalo, maddened by his pursuers, who tried to drive him to a certain place for the killing, would turn and charge. In one instance Dr. Thomas was compelled to make illegal time in his automobile."

Agent Noble, in charge of the Ponca Agency at White Eagle, last Saturday sent this report to Secretary Hitchcock:

"Replying to your telegram of to-day, respectfully advise that no buffalo of any description will be slaughtered at the celebration to-morrow in honor of the National Editorial Association on Ponca tribal or lands leased by Miller Brothers, nor will any inhuman or objectionable act be permitted. Prior to the receipt of your telegram this evening Joe Miller had killed one old male buffalo on land owned by himself, the meat of which he proposed to serve to the editors. God pity the editors. No more buffalo will be killed whatever, as the Millers propose to raise a large herd on their ranch."

The facts appear to be that the Miller Brothers had planned to kill one buffalo bull, that they killed it, and that the reports of a hunt in which thirty-five buffalo were to figure were the products of the perfervid imagination of the press agent on the spot.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Primitive American Hunting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second account of his hunting given by Baron Lahontan is much more general in character, and, as will be seen, includes wildfowl shooting from a blind, trapping, the taking of bears and the driving of wapiti into a pound or inclosure, much as buffalo in more recent times were driven into inclosures on the Western plains. The story needs no comment further than to identify certain animals, which the author calls by names which are either French or are obsolete. Thus, Bustards is a translation of the French Outard, meaning the Canada Goose; Turtle-Dove is the passenger pigeon; *Bateus de faux*, may mean woodcock, but this is a guess merely. *Fouteraux* is mink; *siffleur* is whistler, or woodchuck; *Carcaïoux*, wolverine; moorhen is very likely Canada grouse and woodhen is ruffed grouse.

Lahontan's Fall Hunting.

In the Beginning of September, I set out in a Canow upon several Rivers, Marshes and Pools, that disembogue in the Champlain Lake, being accompany'd with thirty or forty of the Savages that are very expert in Shooting and Hunting, and perfectly well acquainted with the proper Places, for finding Water-fowl, Deer, and other fallow Beasts. The first Post we took up was upon the side of a Marsh or Fen of four or five Leagues Circumference; and after we had fitted up our Hutts, the Savages made Hutts upon the Water in several Places. These Water-Hutts are made of the Branches and Leaves of Trees, and contain three or four Men; for a Decoy, they have the Skins of Geese, Bustards, and Ducks, dry'd and stuff'd with Hay, the two Feet being fast with two Nails to a small piece of a light Plank, which floats round the Hutt. This Place being frequented by wonderful Numbers of Geese, Ducks, Bustards, Teals, and an Infinity of other Fowl, unknown to the Europeans; when these Fowls see the stuff'd Skins swimming with the Heads erected, as if they were alive, they repair to the same Place, and so give the Savages an Opportunity of shooting 'em, either Flying or upon the Water; after which the Savages get into their Canows and gather 'em up. They have likewise a Way of catching 'em with Nets, stretch'd upon the Surface of the Water at the Entries of the Rivers. In a Word, we eat nothing but Water-fowl, for fifteen Days; after which we resolved to declare War against the Turtle-Doves, which are so numerous in Canada, that the Bishop has been forc'd to excommunicate 'em oftener than once, upon the Account of the Damage they do to the Product of the Earth. With that View, we imbarqu'd and made towards a Meadow, in the Neighborhood of which, the Trees were cover'd with that sort of Fowl, more than with Leaves; For just then 'twas the Season in which they retire from the North Countries, and repair to the Southern Climates; and one would have thought, that all the Turtle-Doves upon Earth had chose to pass thro' this Place. For the eighteen or twenty Days that we stayed there, I firmly believe that a thousand Men, might have fed upon 'em heartily, without putting themselves to any Trouble. You must know, that through the middle of this Meadow there runs a Brook, upon which I and two young Savages shot several Snipes, Rayles, and a certain sort of Fowl call'd *Bateus de faux*, which is as big as a Quail, and eats very deliciously.

In the same Place we killed some *Musk Rats*, or a sort of Animals which resemble a Rat in their Shape, and are as big as a Rabbet. The Skins of these Rats are very much valued, as differing but little from those of Beavers. Their Testicles smell so strong of Musk, that no Civet or Antelope that *Asia* affords, can boast of such a strong and sweet Smell. We spy'd 'em in the Mornings and Evenings, at which time they usually appear upon the Water with their Nose to the Windward, and betray themselves to the Huntsmen, by the curling of the Water. The *Fouteraux*, which are an Amphibious sort of little Pole-Cats, are catch'd after the same Manner. I was likewise entertain'd upon this occasion, with the killing of certain little Beasts, call'd *Siffleurs*, or Whistlers, with Allusion to their wonted way of whistling or whizzing at the Mouth of their Holes in fair Weather. They are as big as Hares, but somewhat shorter, their Flesh is good for nothing, but their Skins are recommended by their Rarity. The Savages gave me an Opportunity of hearing one of these Creatures whistle for an Hour together, after which they shot it. To gratify the Curiosity I had to see such Diversity of Animals, they made a diligent Search for the Holes or Dens of the *Carcaïoux*, and having found some at the distance of two or three Leagues from the Fen upon which we were posted, they conducted me to the Place. At the Break of Day, we planted ourselves round the Holes, with our Bellies upon the Ground, and left some Slaves to hold the Dogs a Musket-shot behind us. As soon as these Animals perceiv'd Day-light, they came out of their Holes, which were immediately stop'd up by the Savages, and upon that the Dogs fetch'd 'em up with Ease. We saw but two of 'em, which made a vigorous Defence against the Dogs, but were strangled after a Dispute of half an Hour. These Animals are not unlike a Badger, only they are bigger, and more mischievous. Tho' our Dogs show'd a great deal of Courage in attacking the *Carcaïoux*, they betray'd their Cowardice the next Day in a Rencontre with a Porcupine, which we spy'd upon a little Tree. To

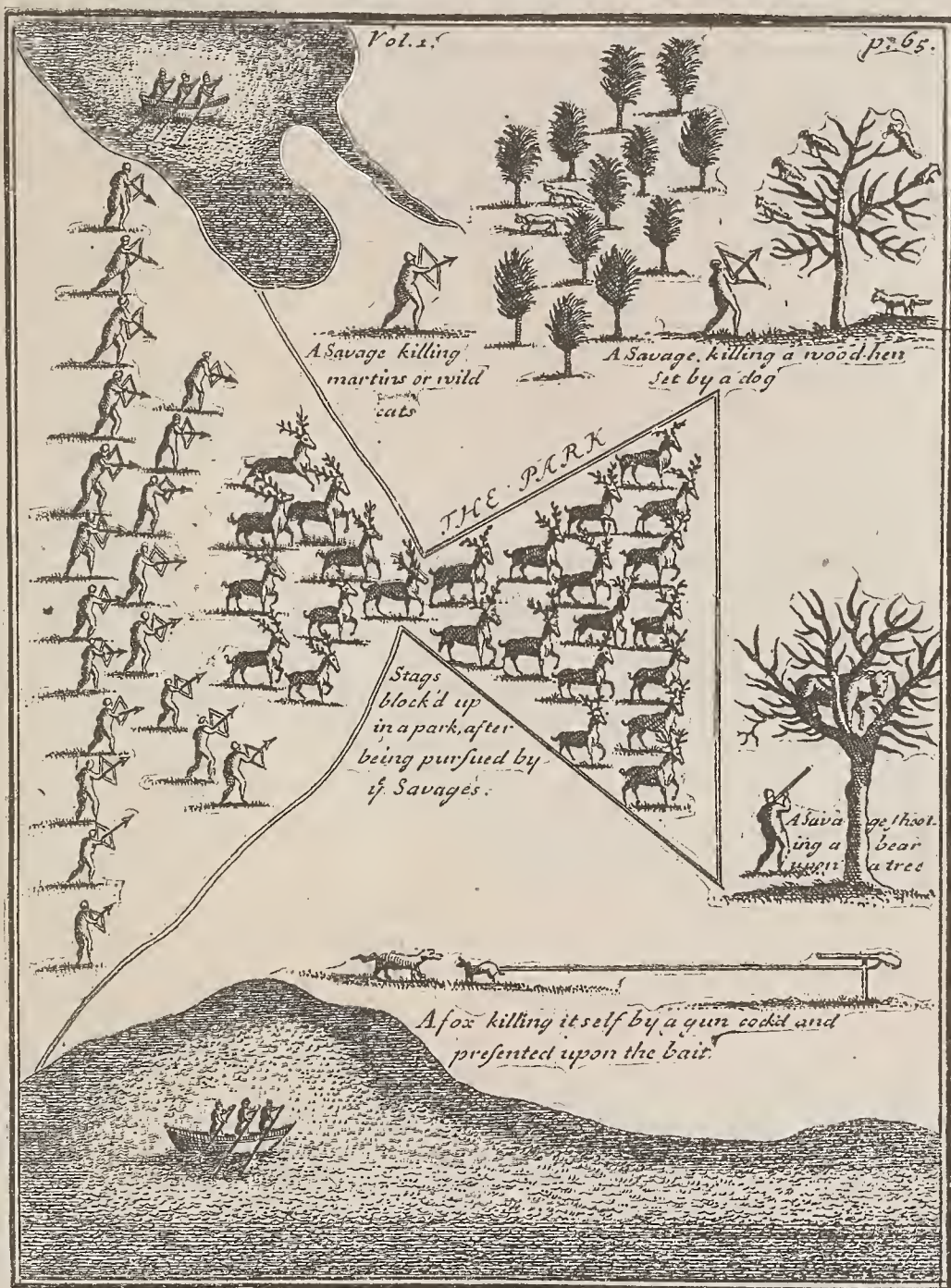
obtain the Pleasure of seeing the Porcupine fall, we cut down the Tree; but neither the Dogs nor we durst go near it: The Dogs only bark'd and jump'd round it; for it darted its long and hard Hair, like so many Bodkins, three or four Paces off. At last we pelted it to Death, and put it upon the fire to Burn off its Darts; after which we scalded it like a Pig, took out the Intrails, and roasted it: But tho' 'twas very fat, I could not relish it so well as to comply with the Assertion of the Natives, who allege, that it eats as well as a Capon or a Partridge.

After the Turtle-Doves had all pass'd over the Place, in Quest of their Southern Retreats, the Savages offer'd to send some of their Number with Canows to conduct me home, before the Rivers and Lakes were frozen over; for themselves were to tarry out for the Elk-hunting; and they imagin'd that the Cold and Hardship attending that Exercise, had made me sick of it the Year before. However, we had then a Month good before the Commencement of the Frost, and in that Interval of time, they proffer'd to entertain me with more diverting Game than I had seen before. They propos'd to go fifteen or sixteen Leagues further up the Country, assuring me that they knew of a certain Place that had the most advantageous Situation in the World, both for Pleasure and Profit, and that afforded great Plenty of Otters, of

us we saw about ten Harts, which were forc'd to run back, rather than throw themselves into the Marsh, of which they could never get clear. At last after walking a great Pace, and running now and then, we arriv'd at the Park, and found the Savages lying flat upon the Ground all round it, in order to shut up the Entry of the Stake Inclosure as soon as the Harts enter'd. We found thirty-five Harts in the Place, and if the Park had been better fenc'd, we might have had above sixty; for the nimblest and the lightest of 'em, skip'd over before they came to enter the Inclosure. We kill'd a great many of 'em, but spared the Dam's because they were great with young. I ask'd of the Savages the Tongues and Marrow of the Harts, which they gave me very readily. The Flesh was very fat, but not delicious, excepting some few Bits about the Ribs. But after all, this was not our only Game; for two Days after we went a Bear-hunting, and the Savages who spend three Parts of four of their Life in hunting in the Woods, are very dextrous at that Exercise, especially in singling out the Trunks of Trees upon which the Bears nestle. I could not but admire their Knowledge in that Point, when, as we were walking up and down in the Forest, at the Distance of an hundred Paces one from another, I heard one Savage call to another, *Here's a Bear*. I ask'd him how he knew there was a Bear upon the Tree which he knock'd with his Axe; and they all reply'd, that 'twas as easily distinguish'd as the Print of an Elk's Foot in the Snow. For five or six Times they never miss'd; for after they had knock'd two or three Times upon the Trunk of the Tree, the Bear came out of its Hole, and was presently shot. The *Canada* Bear are extremely black, but not mischievous, for they never attack one, unless they be wounded or fir'd upon. They are so fat, especially in the Autumn, that they can scarce walk. Those which we kill'd were extream fat, but their Fat is good for nothing but to be burnt, whereas the Flesh, and, above all, their Feet, are very nice Victuals. The Savages affirm, that no Flesh is so delicious as that of Bears; and indeed, I think they are in the right of it. While we rang'd up and down in quest of Bears, we had the pleasure of spying some Martins and wild Cats upon the Branches of the Trees, which the Savages shot in the Head to preserve their Skins.

But the most comical thing I saw, was the Stupidity of the Wood-hens, which sit upon the Trees in whole Flocks and are kill'd one after another, without ever offering to stir. Commonly the Savages shoot at them with Arrows, for they say they are not worth a Shoot of Powder, which is able to kill an Elk or an Hart. I have ply'd this sort of Fowling in the Neighborhood of our Cantons or Habitations in the Winter time, with the Help of a Dog who found out the Trees by Scent, and then bark'd; upon which I approach'd to the Tree, and found the Fowls upon the Branches. When the Thaw came, I went two or three Leagues further up the Lake, in Company with some Canadese on purpose to see that Fowl flap with its Wings. Believe me, Sir, this Sight is one of the greatest Curiosities in the World; for their flapping makes a Noise much like that of a Drum all about, for the Space of a Minute or thereabouts; then the Noise ceases for half a quarter of an Hour, after which it begins again. By this Noise we were directed to the Place where the unfortunate Moor-hens sat, and found 'em upon rotten mossy Trees. By flapping one Wing against the other, they mean to call their Mates; and the humming Noise that ensues thereupon, may be heard half a League off. This they do only in the Months of April, May, September and October; and, which is very remarkable, the Moor-hen never flaps in this manner, but upon the Tree. It begins at the break of Day, and gives over at nine o'clock in the Morning, till an Hour before Sunset that it flutters again, and continues to do so until Night; I protest to you, that I have frequently contented myself with seeing and admiring the flapping of their Wings without offering to shoot at 'em.

G. B. G.



the Skins of which, they mean'd to make a great Cargoe. Accordingly we pull'd down our Hutts, and having imbarqu'd in our Canows, sail'd up the River, till we came to a little Lake of two Leagues in Circumference, at the End of which we saw another greater Lake, divided from this by an Isthmus of 150 Paces in length. We pitch'd our Hutts at the Distance of a League from that Isthmus; and some of the Savages fish'd for Trouts, while the rest were employ'd in laying Traps for the Otters upon the Brinks of the Lake. These Traps are made of five Stakes plac'd in the Form of an oblong Quadrangle, so as to make a little Chamber, the Door of which is kept up, and supported by a Stake. To the middle of this Stake they tye a String which passes thro' a little Fork, and has a Trout well fasten'd to the End of it. Now, when the Otter comes on Shoar, and sees this Bait, he puts about half his Body into that fatal Cage, in order to swallow the Fish; but he no sooner touches, than the String to which 'tis made fast, pulls away the Stake that supports the Door, upon which an heavy and loaded Door falls upon his Reins and quashes him. During our Pilgrimage in that part of the Country, the Savages took about two hundred and fifty *Canada* Otters, the Skins of which are infinitely prettier than those of *Muscovy* or *Sweden*. The best of 'em which are not worth two Crowns in this Place, are sold in *France* for four or five, and sometimes for ten, if they are black and very rough. As soon as the Savages had set their Traps, they gave Orders to their Slaves to go round the Lake every Morning in order to take out the Amphibious Animals. After that they conducted me to the above-mentioned Isthmus, where I was surpris'd to see a sort of a Park or Fence made of Trees, fell'd upon another, and interlac'd with Thorns and Branches; with a Quadrangular Inclosure of Stakes at the End of it, the Entry of which was very narrow. They gave me to know, that they used to hunt Harts in that Place, and promis'd to divert me with the Shew, as soon as the Inclosures were a little mend'd. In effect, they carry'd me two or three Leagues off, upon such Roads as had nothing on either side but Fens and Marshes; and after they had dispersed themselves, some on one Hand and some on the other, with a Dog for every Man, I saw a great many Harts running to and again, in quest of Places of Safety. The Savage that I kept Company with, assur'd me, that he and I had no Occasion to walk very fast, because he had took the straightest and the nearest Road. Before

"The Heroic Pose."

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: Nothing I have read for a long time has so impressed me as the article "The Heroic Pose," written by Flint Locke, in last week's FOREST AND STREAM.

Like Flint Locke, I too, have killed a number of moose, deer and caribou and enjoyed the sport. Why, I know not, for now, strange as it may seem to many, I am filled with remorse every time I look upon my walls and into the wild glass eyes and think of the murder I have done—for murder it surely is, to wantonly slaughter the poor defenseless creatures that people the wilderness of our country.

Even though I lived up to the law, there were times when the meat was not exactly needed, but we tried not to waste it and gave the surplus to the Indians. I am far from setting myself up as an example, or to say that a certain amount of shooting of birds and beasts is not necessary to ourselves and them, but I do want to entreat my fellow sportsmen to quell the insane desire to kill, and to be content as I intend to be hereafter, with photographs and memories of noble game crashing through brush unhurt by any bullet from my firearm.

Killing game—and I will except no animal on the face of the earth—is not dangerous work when the hunter carries in his hand the latest and most approved weapon. No, but it is cowardly. Think of a penny cartridge blotting out forever the life of a magnificent animal, probably the head of his family or the leader of a herd. Once I stalked a big, powerful moose; he neither smelt, saw nor heard me, and I shot him down by breaking his leg; he rose, when another shot broke another leg and he went down again, unable to rise, although comparatively little hurt, and the look of that poor beast when I stepped up to shoot him, I can never forget, but I want to. It was poor shooting, and I have no excuse to offer other than that I am truly sorry and could never do so again. To have let him live would have been the true sportsmanship.

And so I ask you, gentlemen, to try it for this year at least; let us go to the woods and lakes with a firm determination to let live what animals we hunt and come home with beautiful pictures of life and not with a feeling of defeat, but of victory over the spirit of the hunt to kill.

See if the memory of one spared life is not worth a dozen pelts. Will some of you not promise to do this with Flint Locke and me? STEPHEN P. M. TASKER.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Changes and Innovations in the Fisheries.

I WONDER how many of the good people of Massachusetts realize what a valuable publication the Report of the Commissioners on Fisheries and Game really is.

It seems to me that, turning page after page, and noting the remarkable array of facts which are presented, that, as a public document, its rank is very high, and as a work of reference and statistical facts it is among the foremost of its class.

Unfortunately the edition is limited and will soon be exhausted; but if arrangements could be made with some enterprising publisher by which an edition gotten up in good style with cloth bindings, and put on sale I believe the enterprise would prove remunerative.

Among the most interesting facts that I particularly note are those concerning the changes in habits of some of the fishes, and the methods of their capture.

The Wandering Squeteague.

First among these I consider the extension of habitat of the squeteague is very remarkable. Who among us anglers would five years ago have looked for one of these gamy fishes north of Cape Cod Bay, and as for the northern part of the Massachusetts coast, why, bless us, we would have laughed at the idea of a squeteague being taken in those waters.

I have a pretty good pile of the Massachusetts fisheries reports, not so complete as I wish it were, but it does not lack many numbers of being complete, and in going through these in search of records of the capture of these fish in Essex county I do not find any having been reported except a few scattering ones until 1901, when the total catch was 491 pounds. In 1902 the take was but 15 pounds, which shows that the fish had not made those waters a permanent habitat; but in 1903 they returned in such great numbers that the catch in Essex county waters aggregated 15,967 pounds, and in 1904 it was 18,738 pounds, which was something remarkable, considering that in former years the squeteague was rarely seen so far north.

The Commissioners, in commenting on this movement of the squeteague in their late report, say that: "The continued abundance of the weakfish or squeteague on the northern coast of this State is one of those unexplainable phenomena of which the migratory species of fishes furnish so many examples. How long it may remain plentiful can only be conjectured, and its sudden departure, in whole or in part, is one of those events which may occur at any time."

If the squeteague is to remain permanently in those northern waters the anglers of Boston and vicinity may well be congratulated; the possibility of being able to take what many consider a glorious game fish at their own doors as it were, for Cape Ann is within very easy access from the "Hub," ought to gladden their hearts. Hitherto their salt water fishing has been rather curtailed, but with squeteague along the north shore and bluefish, which came into Quincy Bay last year, and are likely to this year in considerable numbers, the prospect of good sport before them seems a bright one.

In my earlier years bluefish were fairly abundant in all the small bays in the neighborhood of Boston; they finally disappeared and for many years not one was to be found; that they should now return seems almost as great a vagary as is this northward ranging of the weakfish.

Innovations in Methods of Fishing.

Among the more important of the innovations noted in the above-named report is the substitution of motors for oars and sails in fishing craft by seiners, trawlers and even deep-sea fishermen.

In treating of this change the Commissioners say, in speaking of power-driven dories: "The number of these has increased, naphtha dories being substituted for sailboats; and in this way the fleet of small craft is gradually being changed, so that greater effectiveness, larger catches and consequently larger earnings are becoming more general than formerly. Probably the changes in this direction are less in evidence at Cape Cod than elsewhere. At Cape Ann, for instance, Gloucester, Rockport and adjacent coast towns—there is a general adoption of the power-driven boat for various kinds of fishing, and a consequent decrease in sailboats. Large power dories are peculiarly adapted to the herring fishery which is prosecuted extensively on autumn nights by torching. Such boats can make immensely larger catches than the old-fashioned oar-propelled craft."

Pollock as a Game Fish.

A year or more ago I had the pleasure of laying before my brother anglers in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM an account of the pollock, with whose valuable qualities as a game fish I had first become acquainted at Eastport, Me. These fish were, at that time, very abundant in that harbor and along the "rock-bound coast" for many miles south of that town, where they came in pursuit of the herrings which were then very abundant there; on these the pollock preyed, following them up to the very rocks and to the wharf at Eastport. They were also very numerous around Grand Manan.

Elegant, great fish they were, ten, twelve and fifteen pounds in weight. I saw a number of them leap from the water as I was standing on the wharf, and noting their salmon-like contour I imagined that if I could take one or more they would prove gamy antagonists to struggle with. And so with salmon tackle I went out on the bay and the sport I had I shall never forget.

The story was told in all its details in FOREST AND STREAM for Jan. 9, 1904, and I will not attempt to repeat it here. That account of the capture of a large pollock with rod and reel was, if not the first that had been put on record, the earliest I had ever seen. Be it remembered the incident occurred many years ago, and none of us knew as much about fishes as we do now, and I felt no little pride in furnishing salt water anglers a pointer on possibilities that lay before them to take a really grand game fish with salmon tackle, both with the fly and bait, and by trolling from a sailboat, which I found on that occasion quite exciting sport, the locality being the "riffs" just of Grand Manan.

The world has moved since then, and according to the Massachusetts report, pollock fishing in the waters of the old Bay State now furnishes anglers most exhilarating and enjoyable sport.

In treating of it the following is a portion of the account given: "Last spring, he (ex-Rep. Robert E. Conwell, of Provincetown) said, it was interesting to watch the fishermen sailing back and forth through the tide rips of the race in their power boats and pulling in big sea pollock on their troll lines as fast as they could. Sailboats were also used in this fishing to some extent, but they were not so well adapted to it as the naphtha dories, which could work back and forth very handily through the rips so that no time was lost. A little beyond the Race Point lighthouse the rips are reached and there are the favorite feeding grounds of the pollock in spring. Then the lines are put out, and back and forth the boat sails, an effort being made to keep where the fish are most plentiful. As is well known, the pollock is active and gamy, and when it is biting freely the capture of it in this manner necessitates lively work, for it is haul and heave as rapidly as possible. To pull in hundreds of fish as big and active as large salmon gives an amount of sport not easily equalled elsewhere. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to invite attention to the amount of sport to be derived by the angler from fishing for pollock with rod and reel, when they are playing in the rips in spring. It is gratifying at least to know that such an excellent opportunity for satisfactory sport in fishing is available on our coast, and within easy reach of the many anglers who are resident in large cities."

Unfortunately for the pollock its value as a commercial fish is becoming every year more apparent, and the pursuit of it is being pressed more and more keenly, and abundant though it is its numbers will from now on lessen very rapidly in consequence of the engines of destruction which are being brought against it.

If it were not the habit of this fish to travel in schools its chances for escape from some of the methods pursued in its capture would be vastly greater than they now are.

Innovations.

Of course no matter whether it travels singly or in schools it would be captured by the pounds, seines, etc., if it ventured near the shore, but it is now followed out to the deep water, and when a school is discovered immense seines are run out after the manner in which mackerel seining is done, and so effectually is the school surrounded hardly a fish escapes.

I understand there are several of the Massachusetts fleet now being fitted out for seining pollock, and a large and well equipped schooner is now ready at Lockport, N. S.; to carry on operations on that line.

It is much to be regretted that just as we have found what proves to be an important addition to our game fishes there is a likelihood of its numbers being very greatly diminished in the near future. Some idea of the increased destruction of the pollock may be found by comparing the takes of 1904 with those of preceding years.

In 1901 the total catch of these fishes in Massachusetts was 1,092,222 pounds; in 1902 it was 1,149,416 pounds, and in 1904 it reached the great total of 2,238,900 pounds, and as the numbers taken in the waters of that State were but a small portion of the immense aggregate that was taken during the year from the latitude of New York to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it will be seen that the inroads made upon its ranks all along the northern coast are very great.

I have not by me the record of the 1904 catch of pollock in the waters of the maritime province of Canada, but in 1903 it reached the immense total of 9,940,000 pounds. The procreative powers of this fish are very great, and they needs must be to stand the enormous drain that is annually made.

Sale of the Horse Mackerel for Food.

Among the other interesting facts mentioned in the report is that relating to the sale of the flesh of the horse mackerel for food. In speaking of this the Commissioners said:

"In view of the fact that it is not so long ago that the horse mackerel was looked upon as unfit for food, it is somewhat gratifying to be informed that two medium-sized fish of this species which were taken on June 25, 1903, in the Cape Cod weirs and shipped to New York were sold for \$43.50—an indication of the position which this species now occupies in the food-fish market."

That this scourge of the seas can be turned to account as food is something to offset the injuries it inflicts on other valuable species.

Last season it was unusually abundant; its rapacity is enormous, the numbers of other fish it destroys is beyond computation. As is well known, "this huge fish is a lightning swimmer and with its enormous capacity and voracious appetite is never satisfied and will clean up a good part of a medium-sized school of mackerel at a feeding."

Salmon Taken in Trawls.

A fine salmon weighing from 20 to 25 pounds was taken on a trawl on the Western Banks early in the present month (May). This is the third instance of the capture of one of these fish by this means that has come to my knowledge; this incident shows what a great wanderer the salmon really is. The fish was exhibited as curiosity in Halifax, none of the deep-sea fishermen of Nova Scotia ever having heard of a similar occurrence.

Salmon in the East River, N. S.

In a recent communication in FOREST AND STREAM stated that neither parr nor smolt are ever found in the East River. I have within a few days been informed by a gentleman who is thoroughly familiar with the upper waters of the river that smolt are often taken in those distant pools on light trout tackle, they coming eagerly to the artificial fly. If there are smolt there must, of course be parr. I write this to correct an error which may prove misleading in the future.

Singularly enough, however, although there are smolt in considerable numbers, they do not seem to descend to salt water, for a grilse, so far as I can learn, is never seen in that stream. This is true also of the Liverpool River in the upper waters of which smolt are very abundant, but a grilse nor salmon has ever been taken in it above the Indian Gardens on Lake Rosignol.

The Identity of the Grilse.

And right here I wish to reply to an inquiry lately printed in FOREST AND STREAM concerning the identity of rather characteristics of the grilse, and in doing so hope I may be pardoned if I make a short extract from "With Fly-Rod and Camera": "Grilse are young salmon but just how old I am in doubt. Probably a 4-pound grilse is three years of age, but authorities differ on this point. The smolt descends to the sea, probably when it is from eighteen months to two years old, but nothing further of its movements seems to be known, until it return to the river as a grilse. They do not pass the interval in the estuaries and bays, for I have made special inquiry and could never learn of one having been taken in any of the numerous smelt nets during the winter; they seem to retire to deep water, probably far from the coast. When they are about 3½ pounds in weight they return to the rivers, and they are then universal known as grilse. The most curious fact is they are all male fish. Thousands have been taken in our rivers, but there is no record of a female. The males probably mature earlier than the females, for they all contain sperm."

I have for many years given this matter considerable thought, and after consulting with many anglers and ichthyologists I have come to the conclusion that the female does not return to the stream from whence she came until she reaches maturity; she does not come back until her ripening ova prompt her to seek a proper spawning locality.

Fish and Fishing.

Canadian Trout Fishing.

It was thought that trout fishing in the country north of Quebec must have been at its best more than a week ago, but from all accounts it has been steadily improving ever since, and each returning party of anglers bring better reports than the one before it.

Since my last communication appeared in FOREST AND STREAM Messrs. Palmer, G. M. Fairchild, Jr., and other have enjoyed splendid sport on the limits of the Tourill Fish and Game Club, where the Count and Countess of Minto did so well last autumn. Mr. J. C. McLimont has been very successful on Lake St. Joseph, while Lake Edward is more than maintaining its old-time record for big fish, several over 5 pounds in weight having been already reported this year.

Speckled trout weighing from 3 to 4 pounds each were taken during the last few days of May, on the fly, in both the lakes of the Stadacona and the Laurentides clubs, and also in the Quiatchouan River. Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport has been enjoying himself upon his new club waters, and Mr. A. W. Hooper, of Boston, is at the club house of the Nonamton Fish and Game Club at Lac des Commissaires preparatory to his salmon fishing, which he will again do in company with Mr. Walter M. Brackett, of Boston, of the Ste. Marguerite.

Some extraordinary fishing has already been had by the members of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, a Kiskisink. The trout are rising there as freely as a other localities reached by way of the Quebec and Lake St. John country, and in addition to their trout fishing some of the members of the club have been very successful in fishing for the doré or pike-perch this spring some of the finest specimens of their skill having weighed from 10 to 12 pounds each, which is about the record in weight for these waters, though I have had then rise to my flies in Lac des Aigles very nearly as large.

Netting in Lake St. John.

Great indignation has been caused among anglers by the discovery that the netting of ouananiche has been resorted to by some of the fishermen who have licenses for taking coarse fish out of Lake St. John. A large seizure of these fish has recently been made here by an officer of the Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association and there is reason to hope that the offending parties may lose their license altogether.

In the meantime it has been found that the pike-perch taken in these people's nets were being shipped to the New York market. Some of the authorities of the State have been notified of this fact, and no doubt that future ship-

ments of the kind will be stopped at the border or confiscated on arrival at their destination, in virtue of the step taken by the State to prevent the success of the dastardly netting of pike-perch in Missisquoi Bay. If the Government, which permits the netting of these fish in that bay, continues the present licenses in Lake St. John, it will thus find that in the latter case as well as in the former one, the best market of the fishermen will be closed against them.

Salmon Fishermen off for the Rivers.

The salmon run in most of the Canadian rivers commenced during the first week of June. A few fish were taken in the nets at the mouths of the rivers as early as the first days of the month, and as the water is quite low enough for fishing, most of the anglers are now hurrying down to their fishing grounds. Several have already gone. The north shore steamer which sailed from Quebec on Friday the 9th instant, took down quite a number of anglers. Among them were Mr. Robert E. Plumb, of Detroit, who has gone down to the Washcootai, and Messrs. Henry Sampson, G. S. Clark, of Teft, Weller & Co., and James Clark, of New York, with Ivers W. Adams, of Boston, who are fishing the Moisie, and who will be followed later by Ivers S. Adams, Henry Sampson, Jr., and a friend. To the Washeshoo have gone Dr. Watson, F. E. Smith and W. G. Sewall, of Boston, and following them upon the same river will be Dr. Heber Bishop, United States Senator Buckley, of Connecticut, and D. J. Flanders, General Passenger Agent of the Boston & Maine Railway.

Mr. Robert Goellet and other members of the Ristigouche Salmon Club are already at the club house at Metapedia awaiting the early fish.

Mr. E. C. Fitch, of Waltham, is fishing the Romaine and Messrs. Edson Fitch, of Quebec, with Vesey Boswell and Dr. C. S. Parke will go down to the Trinity on June 19.

Mr. Cabot, of Boston, and a friend are daily expected on the Grand River of Gaspé, and W. Molson Macpherson, president of Molson's Bank, with I. H. Stearns and Stikeman, of Montreal, are at their camp at Chamberlain's Shoal on the Ristigouche. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Johnnie Daly.

Gaffer, Wit, and Judge of Good Things.

AVALON, Cal., June 1.—Every one who has fished at the isthmus at Santa Catalina for the past ten years knew "Johnnie" Daly, the gaffer and professional shark.

He was a character—witty, good-natured and the "boss gaffer" on the little bay, where a lot of gentlemen were in the habit of angling for leaping sharks and who hired Daly to tow out the bait.

"Johnnie" Daly died the other day; his gaff hangs on the old shanty wall, but "Johnnie" left some poetry which it is supposed he wrote; anyway it was found among his effects carefully put away in an empty whiskey flask and corked. The poem evidently describes a day's fishing—the going out early in the morning, the rising tide, the sounds of early morning, the hooking of a blackfish (orca), and a sea bass, judging by some of the lines. "Johnnie" Daly missed his calling. He was a good gaffer and a judge of good whiskey, but better than either a poet of no mean quality—that is, fishing poetry. Here is the poem. Sea anglers will probably understand it as "Johnnie" Daly did:

THE GAFFER'S SONG.

Can you see the red beams rising on the bar,
And the crimp-edged olive kelp leaves in the sun?
Can you see the tides a-washing,
Every beach and bog and crossing,
While the wrack-grown rocks are sinking one by one?

There you see the black fog creeping o'er the lea
And the gilt-edged purple cañons yawning wide.
There you see the white gulls playing,
Where the bull sea cubs are baying
On the black rocks all a-swirling in the tide.

Now you pay out, over-run or over-reel, fifty feet;
And the long bronzed jointed leader has its turn.
How it cuts the azure tide rip,
Now it severs some sea light ship,
As it follows gleaming brightly far astern.

Did you see that knife-like fin*—five foot two?
And the lavender half-circle on its back?
Did you see the dam come rushing,
And the maelstrom sea a-flushing,
As the sunlight came blazed on its track?

Did you see its coal-black skin, without a flaw?
And the yellow spume that looked like mermaids' hair?
Did you see its dark eyes gleaming,
And remoras on it streaming,
As it flung itself high up into the air?

Over yonder in the eddy there's a swirl, over there.
Don't you see the fin of sea bass in the spume?
Catch the glint of golden scale flicks,
Hear the sob of ghostly reel clicks,
As the fish turns quickly off the shore for room.

Fifty yards of well stretched hemp line, running out,
Singing, screaming, backward reeling on the sea of foam.
Now 'tis sounding, reel resounding,
Then there comes a mystic pounding
From the deep, deep abysmal fishes' home.

In it comes, but always fighting, to the gaff,
Dashing madly to the steel-voiced music of the reel.
But in its shadow swims a sea mate,
Shark voracious; ugly, ingrate,
Plunging, striking, biting for its meal.

Then the gaffer sinks his gaff pole in the sea;
And the angler, quick responding to the sign,
Reels it short, and gives the butt,
While bass sags on the gut;
Then it leaves that maddened angler all his line.

SENOR X.

*Good description of the orca or killer whale.

Massachusetts and Maine.

BOSTON, Mass., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*: Some other changes in Massachusetts laws are as follows: The shooting of a Carolina or a mourning dove is forbidden. The killing of a Bartramian sandpiper or upland plover, prior to July 15, 1910, is also prohibited. The law for protection of deer is amended by forbidding the "having in possession a deer killed in Massachusetts."

Section 3 of the revised laws, which relates to the authority of the Commissioners, is amended by inserting at the beginning of the section the following: "The Commissioners are empowered to appoint deputies." This addition grew out of the fact that in a certain case of prosecution for violation of game laws the authority of the board to make appointments was called in question.

Senate bill 348 as enacted authorizes a town to adopt a bylaw forbidding the taking of pickerel in any other manner than by "a naturally or artificially baited hook and hand line," and to fix a suitable penalty for "violation thereof."

Section 68, chapter 91, of revised laws, and chapter 364 of the Acts of 1904 (relating to pickerel) are repealed. A law was passed designed to protect the trout and salmon of Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. It prohibits the taking of fish other than pickerel between Sept. 1 and April 1 for a period of five years in certain designated portions of the lake and its tributaries. Between April 1 and Sept. 1 no fish except pickerel may be taken otherwise than "with a single hook and either a hand line or a line attached to a rod or pole held by hand, with bait, artificial fly or spoon." The change in the quail season, mentioned in a former letter, taking off October from the open season, is commented upon favorably by nearly all the hunters seen by your correspondent since the bill was enacted. The section referred to has been also amended further by the addition of the following proviso: "Provided, however, that any person, firm or corporation holding a permit from the Commissioners on Fisheries and Game may sell or have in possession live quail for purposes of propagation within the Commonwealth."

On the whole, the sportsmen and the Commissioners of the State have reason to be quite well satisfied with the result of their labors in the line of legislation the past winter. A few who look upon the fox as the arch-enemy of game birds, as well as of domestic fowl, would have been better pleased had a bounty been put upon foxes. Not a few would have been glad to have seen the bill providing for a hunter's license enacted. Apparently the time has not yet arrived for such a measure to win, for although as the bill was drawn the owner of land was not required to take out a license in order to shoot on his own premises, the bill was strongly opposed by the farmers, one of whom stated to the committee that if such a law were enacted the result would be a general posting of the farmers' lands.

The result, of course, would be that the sportsman would have no more chance to get birds, etc., here than he would have in England, where shooting privileges are beyond the reach of all except the landed proprietors.

If public sentiment were such as to make a license law acceptable to the farmers, it seems to the writer, that it would help in protecting game, but until our agricultural friends are sufficiently interested in game protection to be willing to take their medicine with the rest of the community, the effect that a license law would have is at least problematical.

Members of the Old Colony Club, several of whom are also affiliated with the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, have been able to hold all the restrictions heretofore existing against commercial fishing by nets and seines in Buzzard's Bay, and although the club has lost one of its strong pillars by the death of Mr. Henry R. Reed, one of its wealthiest and most interested members, the officers and members may be counted on to come to the rescue whenever danger threatens the interests of the hook and line fishermen and the boatmen of the bay towns. Another loss severely felt by the club was sustained in the decease of its president, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who had always manifested a deep interest in the organization and its objects. Fortunately there is still left that prince of sportsmen, Grover Cleveland, who has for many years been President Jefferson's right bower in the work of the club.

The summer meeting of the Middlesex Sportsmen's Association was held at Historic Hall, Lexington, on Monday evening. The entertainment provided was an illustrated lecture by Prof. Wm. Lyman Underwood, of Belmont. His subject was "A Strange Story of the North Woods," which proved very instructive and entertaining. It was the story of a little bear cub from its birth, when it weighed less than a pound, to the state of a nearly full-grown bruin. Its mother was killed in the winter nest under an old hollow pine stump, and the woodsmen on pulling out the carcass found the little baby bear, probably less than two days old.

So much were they interested in the newcomer they took it to camp and the wife of the cook in the lumbermen's quarters who had a babe at the breast was able to supply the nourishment needed to keep the cub alive. There was no other resource, and the good woman was so touched by the helpless condition of the little brute that she actually treated it as one of the family, and for weeks and months it was the playmate of the five little humans that constituted the juvenile part of her household. As this all occurred in a region of Maine to which Mr. Underwood had made many trips as a sportsman and hunter with camera, he was apprised of the facts and at once determined to become the possessor of the cub if such a thing were possible. At first, although much in need of money, the matron declared she could not part with it. In the dead of winter Mr. Underwood went into the woods and had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of the members of the family and finally did succeed in securing the little bear.

On the screen he showed winter scenes in the north woods and the semi-domesticated cub doing the most amusing things imaginable. The audience of over a hundred men was greatly pleased and frequently applauded the good points in the narrative and several of the views, which were all of a very high order.

In taking nature-pictures Mr. Underwood holds a place in the front rank of such artists. At the close of the lecture, which occupied an hour and a quarter, three cheers

were given for the lecturer and he was unanimously elected an honorary member of the association.

The secretary, Dr. J. W. Bailey, of Boston, read a report on various business matters including the attendance by several members before the committee on fisheries and game in opposition to the bill to include December in the open season for quail shooting.

Although hardly more than two years old, the association has a membership of 225, and is one of the most vigorous and active in the work for which it was organized. The president, Mr. A. S. Mitchell, of Lexington, like his predecessor, Mr. N. J. Hardy, of Arlington, is a hustler, as is also the secretary, who, although having a large dental practice, is never too busy to attend to legislative hearings or anything else that interests sportsmen. The treasurer is Mr. James R. Mann, of Arlington Heights. The vice-presidents, O. W. Whittemore and E. S. Farmer, of Arlington, Dr. F. M. Lowe, of Newton, and Mr. E. S. Barker, of Winchester. Another of the officers is Mr. F. N. Young, of Arlington, who, with several friends, made the famous trip last year to Maine in an automobile bearing an improvised house in which the occupants slept and ate while making the rounds of various resorts. Another is Mr. Henry Wheeler, of Concord, who holds a position among the sportsmen of that historic old town and vicinity analogous to that held by Emerson among philosophers and Thoreau among naturalists. From such men and many others equally active, representing Cambridge, Somerville, Belmont, as well as the towns previously mentioned, much good work for true sport is to be expected.

President Mitchell is also one of the officers of the American Canoe Association, the Eastern Division of which holds a meet at Cochituate Lake, Natick, on June 17-18.

Deputy Warden Nichols, of North Adams, has convicted a fisherman for having short trout—by the change in the trout law last winter Berkshire comes into line with the rest of the State—for which he was fined \$10.

Deputies Nixon and McCarthy have put two men into court for having short lobsters at Dennis. Chairman Poland, of the Central Committee, has been able to clear the Ayer deputy against whom suit was brought for damages by the shooting of a dog found chasing deer. It seems the dog was licensed but unfortunately for the owner had on another dog's collar.

Commissioner Delano tells me that an unprecedented number of orders are coming in for fingerling trout to be delivered in the fall. Last year, he says, the Commissioners were obliged to scale down nearly all the calls for them. A request for 1,000 was honored only to the extent of 400, and those asking for 500 got only 200. While the State has four hatcheries, there is but one where it is possible to rear trout to the fingerling stage—the one at Sutton—and that is worked to its full capacity. Unfortunately, unlike Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, Massachusetts has no hatchery run by the United States Government. In all those States the work of the Commissioners is supplemented to a large degree by distributions of fingerlings reared in the Federal hatcheries. Whether this fact has ever been brought to the attention of the Bay State members of Congress or not the writer is unable to say. I am not aware of any valid reason why Massachusetts should be slighted in the distribution of favors by the Government at Washington. Our anglers who have plenty of means and leisure are able to obtain recreation and sport from the waters of other States, and the provinces, but how about the toilers in stores and work shops—the men (and women, too) who are unable to spare weeks from business and make long journeys for pleasure? For such, especially, every pond and stream within our borders should receive such attention as will develop its capacity for fish life to the utmost. The Commission of our State has issued scores of orders to owners of sawmills directing them to deposit no sawdust in the streams—we have legislation to compel construction of fish-ways. But what do these measures avail if our streams are destitute of fish? When we think for a moment of the yearly increase in the number of fishermen—the facilities for travel on electric into regions hitherto remote from the centers of population, we see at once that in order to keep up the supply of fish, *stocking on a liberal scale* is absolutely necessary. Half a million fingerling trout planted each year in the hundreds of streams of Massachusetts is a small allowance to supply their needs. How shall we get them? That is a question to be answered by the sportsmen of Massachusetts.

H. H. KIMBALL.

From Maine.

THE Tisdale party from Leominster, mentioned in my last letter, has been keeping up its well earned reputation for angling, taking trout from 3 to 5 pounds, a togue of 14 pounds and another of 17, besides a good lusty salmon.

In the party making the annual outing of the Camp Comfort Club were Wilfred Bolster, Esq., son of Judge Bolster, of Roxbury; Hon. James Bailey, of Cambridge; J. Fred Parker, Assistant Secretary of State of Rhode Island, from Providence, and several prominent citizens of Central Falls, R. I. Mr. Bolster took a 6¾-pound salmon and Mr. Bailey a togue that weighed 11 pounds. A party of eight Bostonians, three from New York and two Maine anglers in a trip of ten days were able to land 300 fish, several of which were above what is considered the minimum for a record, viz., 3 pounds. As the harvest of one day's labor Mr. A. S. Cook, of Brookline, and his companion brought in thirty handsome trout. Mr. F. S. Snyder with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mead, Mr. Geo. Whittier and Miss Ruth Whittier, of Boston, are located in Mr. Snyder's private camp and alternating bait with fly-fishing. At his camp on Moody Island Mr. Walter H. Wesson is accompanied by Dr. L. Corcoran, Nathan D. Bill, J. W. Kirkman, F. Harris and J. Shattuck, Jr., all of Springfield, Mass.

Many of the guides at Kineo cherish pleasant memories of the late Wm. Ziegler, who used to make frequent visits, having a dozen or more guests and as many guides. The camp ground used by him is called Ziegler's Camping Grounds, situated on Eagle Lake, his favorite rendezvous. His fishing record for Aug. 20, 1894, was twenty trout weighing 69 pounds, taken in four hours at Socateau Pond.

Jay Cook, Jr., of Philadelphia, has gone into his private camp, Ogontz, for the summer, the family to join him later. Dr. E. W. Branigan, who went to Grand Lake

Stream with Dr. Morris and others, has returned and reports the salmon plenty, ranging from 1½ to 2½ pounds in weight. He says there are many visitors at the hotel and camps. A party taking the Little River trip—considered one of the most delightful in eastern Maine—returned with a fine string of square-tails. A party of twenty-five substantial citizens of Winchester, under the leadership of Mr. Charles A. Lane, have taken a trip by private car to Bingham, thence to Rowe Pond camps. By last reports they were getting good fishing. Among those in the party are Drs. John I. French, Mott A. Cummings, H. J. Olmstead, H. L. Shepard, A. V. Rogers, and Messrs. A. A. Sargent, F. Clark and Louis Barta.

Bangor anglers are in high glee over the return of the sea salmon to their famous pool, some thirty or more having been taken recently as reported, and all large fish. In the weirs below Bangor salmon are also being caught. Now, for a while, landlords may put "Penobscot salmon" on their bills of fare, though it is doubtful about there being enough of them to go round.

Dr. W. H. Thayer and Frank L. Davis, of Fairhaven, Mass., have been enjoying eight days of good sport at Middle Dam, getting in all eighty-one trout and salmon, the largest a 9-pound salmon taken by Mr. Davis. Dr. Thayer took a record trout at the dam weighing 8 pounds 1 ounce, which he is having mounted. At Moonhanis camps, on the Cupsuptic, Senator and Mrs. Hale and others have been entertained by the owner, Mr. Herbert L. Brown, of Portland.

A notice of importance to those taking out boxes of fish from Maine has been posted by the Commissioners to the effect that persons having such boxes on board trains "should identify the same to Warden Cushman, at Portland, who will visit every train," otherwise the boxes are liable to be delayed. The name and residence of the owner must be on the boxes and they must be accompanied by the owner, but those having the \$1.00 special shipping tag need not be identified.

Yesterday I saw a large salmon in the window of the office of the Dominion Atlantic Railway on Washington street which was taken by a Mic Mac guide from a river only five miles from Yarmouth, N. S. The fish weighed 30¼ pounds and is forty inches in length, as described on the display card. CENTRAL.

Notes on Live Bait.

WHEN it is taken into consideration how many anglers there are in every city and town in the United States, and that nearly all of them employ live bait for certain sorts of angling, it seems remarkable that so few dealers make it a practice to obtain and keep on hand supplies of live bait for fresh water angling. It is true that bait for salt water fishing is kept on sale in all seacoast towns, and it is equally true that in almost every inland city there is at least one dealer in live minnows, but nevertheless not so much attention is given this matter as the demand would seem to warrant.

There is no doubt that the present vogue of bait-casting with short rods, free running multiplying reels and artificial lures has attracted so much attention largely because of the difficulty of obtaining live bait at the time desired. There was a time, not so long ago, when one of the most important things to decide on was the securing of the bait, and the time and place to angle very often depended upon this. Frequently a day's fishing involved at least another half day of time in catching minnows, and no small anxiety lest they die over night. In numerous places this still applies, but not generally to such an extent as in former years, when it would have been considered next to useless to go a-fishing with no more preparation than the gathering together of the rods, reels and tackle-boxes, the latter holding a complete assortment of spoons, spinners and such inanimate lures as are now commonly advertised as "the most killing baits." Then the fishing equipment included a large minnow bucket ingeniously arranged to keep minnows alive a long time; a net for catching minnows in small streams; perhaps a pair of rubber boots, etc. One's knowledge of where to fish was incomplete if he was ignorant of the most favorable places for catching bait. Altogether there was much of discouragement involved, and no little back-breaking work. Still, the pursuit of small fry gave one a true insight into the ways of fishes, and often uncovered the hiding places of old-time big bass and other game fish.

The difficulties incident to catching minnows led to many improvements in minnow buckets, so that it is now possible to purchase one of these in which minnows may be kept alive for two or three days, even during a railway journey or in a wagon. Air is pumped into a receptacle and thence filters slowly through the water.

Often the anglers of a community come to patronize some good-natured individual, possessed of more time than wealth, who, for a nominal consideration, will catch and deliver at a certain time and place a given number of minnows. Now and then his word is as good as his bond, provided the corner ginmill does not lure too strongly or the state of his health demand rest and quiet. There is as a general thing not sufficient demand for bait to make it worth while for any man to deal exclusively in it, hence the angler who finds himself in a strange town naturally asks the local fishing tackle dealer for the desired article or information leading up to its acquisition. Not a few tackle dealers endeavor to keep on hand during the fishing season a supply of minnows, and of live frogs, crickets, helgramites or even the lowly anglerworm as well. Sometimes bait can be found at fish markets. But at the best known resorts for black bass anglers the boatmen, or guides, as they are sometimes called, and the hotelkeepers are almost certain to either have supplies of bait on hand for their customers or fill orders on short notice. It seems to be the angler's fate, misfortune, what you will, however, to find the supply of the very best bait known always short, so that his trips are often marred by the haunting belief that if he could have had the young catfish, or lamprey eels he wanted, his creel would have been much heavier on his return.

In one or two cities dealers have given no little attention to the collecting of eggs and the hatching of minnows and frogs. Some of the bait obtained in this way and others is preserved and bottled while the surplus is sold during the most active season. Evidently success has attended their efforts and it may reasonably be expected

other persons will enter this line of business, since in it both live and preserved baits are possible.

There are waters in which certain varieties of live bait only can be employed with marked success, but as a rule, if the largest minnows obtainable are used one's chances of attracting and possibly catching large fish are good. And, following out the same line of reasoning, it would be folly to say what sort of bait is best, since all waters are not alike and their finny inhabitants' likes and dislikes differ. One thing is true of all waters, however, and it is that the angler who employs a single hook, or at most two single hooks, will catch as good fish in the long run as he who puts his faith in all the villainous trebles and gangs of trebles invented. Nor will he mutilate many fish that get away.

Along our coasts there are numerous places where bait can be purchased all the time. In the cities a great many of the small dealers in fishing tackle carry bait that commands a standard price per dozen and is always obtainable, since there is practically no closed season except during the coldest parts of winter. Some small dealers in cigars carry bait also, such as sandworms, whiteworms and the like, and the writer knows of one place in New York city where can be purchased a sack of coal, a lump of ice, a bundle of kindling wood or a supply of salt water bait. At the same time the dealer repairs shoes. Here is a man of many parts. He knows little English but bids fair to accumulate wealth with his knowledge of the New World.

At the resorts dotting nearby bays and estuaries live bait of the most attractive sorts for all seasons is obtainable from local bonifaces.

Yellowstone National Park.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. DeWitt C. Booth, Superintendent of the Spearfish Station, United States Fish Commission, came on from Spearfish, S. D., with the crew of the sub-station in the Yellowstone Park, Yellowstone Lake, where, as usual, the eggs of the native black spotted trout will be taken for distribution. Last year several million eggs were taken, and this year, if conditions are favorable, they will obtain 5,000,000 or more. Most of these eggs are kept until "eyed," or brought to that stage when they can be safely shipped to any part of the world, with proper care en route. Only a few eggs are hatched at the sub-station.

Mr. Booth brought with him from Spearfish hatchery 103,000 brook trout, which were planted in the following waters: 11,000 in Ice Lake, 10,000 in Swan Lake, 25,000 in the head waters of Gardiner River and Indian Creek, 40,000 in Willow Creek, and 17,000 in the Gibbon River above the Virginia Cascades.

Several years ago rainbow trout were planted in the latter place, and for two years a few were taken above the Cascades. Of late years none have been seen above that point. It is supposed they dropped down below this obstruction and were unable to get back for the spawning season. The same trout has been found just below the falls. The plant just made by Mr. Booth will stock the upper waters of Gibbon River with a trout that won't "go back on the stream." There is an interesting fact connected with this recent plant. Eighteen thousand of the young fish are hatched from spawn taken from fish which annually visit the sea, whose ancestors are more like salmon, going to the fresh water streams to spawn, and visit the salt and brackish waters off Plymouth, Mass., where the young trout came from.

The United States Fish Commission has done a very good lot of work in the Yellowstone Park stocking various waters and keeping up the stock in streams where there was the least danger of depletion by over-fishing or from other causes. Not only has the Park been benefited by the Commission's work but the whole country, and some foreign States. Millions of eggs have been obtained here and distributed.

It would be very little expense to the Government to establish another sub-station on the east side of the lake, where it would be as easy to obtain 5,000,000 additional eggs for distribution as at the present station. This would not affect the supply of trout in the Yellowstone Lake, for it is over-stocked now. An addition to the equipment of the station should be made by giving the men some kind of a motor boat. They are now handicapped by being compelled to use wagons for their transportation along the shore of the lake and are compelled to limit their field of operations to a stream or two close to the sub-station.

Another good bit of work which could be done for the Park is the planting of some suitable fish in Yellowstone, Shoshone and Lewis lakes for food for the large trout in these lakes. As it is now, there is not the proper food for the growth of the trout to the size they would reach were food conditions favorable. No large trout are ever seen in Yellowstone Lake. There are no fish for them to eat except their own kind. On the food they find there they can reach a certain size; beyond that they never go—except when a cannibal is found. The conditions are the same in Lewis and Shoshone lakes, where the Commission planted the great lake trout. No food suitable for their best development was planted with them. It is not too late to do so now, and it is hoped that the Commission will put this matter in the hands of those who will carry the work through successfully.

About the time the first plant was made in the Yellowstone Park under Commissioner McDonald, several thousand western whitefish were transferred from Henry Lake, Idaho, to the Yellowstone Lake and River below the lake. None of these or their descendants has ever been seen since they were turned loose. What became of them no one knows. It is supposed they were devoured by the large trout, or went down stream over the falls. Some of them were as large as the largest trout and ought to have escaped. Nevertheless, there was no whitefish left to spawn and afford food for the trout. In Heart Lake, at about the same altitude as Yellowstone, Shoshone and Lewis lakes, are found trout, chub, whitefish, suckers and blobs. There one can take trout weighing over 5 pounds, and then there are minnows that could be transferred to some stream running into Yellowstone Lake from the Continental Divide.

Yellowstone Lake is slowly filling up. The work of the sub-station may be hindered or helped by the small quan-

tity of snow in the Park. Last year they were hindered by high water. This year they had no trouble getting to the station. Rains may make up for scarcity of snow. T. E. H.

The Log of a Sea Angler.

XI.—The Trp'tail as a Rod Fish—Experiences with Tappan—Hauling the Seine—Ten Pounder—Hog Fish—Lady Fish—Black Grouper, etc.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "BIG GAME FISHES," "ADVENTURES OF TORQUA," ETC.

ONE of the fascinating problems of the outer reef was to determine how the deep channels in the heart of the sandy lagoon were formed. There was absolutely no current, at least to the eye. I recall one of these turquoise blue leads, the sides of which were so steep that I could stand on the coral of the edge and dive down into deep water. To determine the depth, I brought out heavy coral rocks, and rigging a rope hold, allowed the weight to carry me down, after the fashion of the Panama pearl divers. Exactly how deep I sank I had no means of knowing. I "cast off" when I thought a depth had been reached that would not be too much of a swim, and as I was a fair diver, and in good training, I may have attained thirty feet; at least it grew perceptibly dark as I sank.

But the most remarkable feature was the change in temperature. At the surface the heat was that of the "roaring twenties," intense and fierce, and the surface water often uncomfortably warm; but as I sank I seemed to be passing through different layers of temperature, and twenty feet down this tropical gulf stream was decidedly cold. I believe the channel to have been one hundred feet deep, and at the point I have in mind the branch coral formed a perpendicular wall as far as I could penetrate. As I swam upward within a foot of its gristling points I could see various fishes of brilliant hue poised in its interstices. As the water deepened, the coral assumed a more luxuriant growth. The branches were long, like the points of a deer's horn, and a rich olive-green hue. The water, doubtless due to its saltiness, was an intense and beautiful blue. Such a channel could be followed a long distance, and might have several branches. One which I entered, gradually shoaled until the water was not over ten feet deep. By diving in this cul de sac, I found that the bottom was a clear, sandy floor, without an object to break the monotony. So clear was the water that in sixty or seventy feet I could see the ripples in the sand and the crayfish whips on the under edge of the coral. In a word, here was a street perfect in its imitation of a thoroughfare of the land, the surface of the sand clean and well kept, the sides a wall of coral rising abrupt and precipitous, alive with the strange inhabitants of the sea.

My favorite boat had a forward deck, upon which I could lie prone with my face near the water, and while Long John sculled along. I could scan the bottom and pass in review the panorama of the sea. One day we were moving in this fashion up a cul de sac, when I came upon a break in the coral, as though some great boulder had crashed down the side, or an ocean avalanche, breaking, had cut the coral, forming a little snug harbor in which were numbers of fishes, and among them one which I recognized as a threetail, known as triple tail, flasher, and various other names, a fish famous for its wide geographical range.

It was poised in the center of the little bay, surrounded by a number of gay courtiers—angel, parrot and other fishes—and in contrast was a ponderous figure. I always kept my rod at hand, and pulling the boat over on to the coral I had Long John hold her while I laid siege to the big fish. It was necessary to entice him up and away from the long coral branches, at least I thought so, and I began chumming with crayfish. Long John pounded them up with a mallet and scattered the fine parts in the little bay of delights. I doubt if there are many fishes that can resist the fascinations of crayfish—it is the *bonne bouche* of bait in the tropics, and as it sank all the lesser fishes dashed at it, the water becoming filled with them, while the flasher, which I "guessed" at fifteen pounds, ignored it, remaining in one spot, his fins moving gracefully and sufficiently to hold him in place.

Again Long John sprinkled the water with chum, setting the fishes frantic; and as they rushed upward, the greater fish turned, tipped up and exposed his broad body wholly. I now took a large bait and tied it on the hook with thread, and as John tossed the chum I cast into it. The angel fishes seized it, and, as I had figured, they could not devour it before it reached the bottom; so they followed down, tearing at it fiercely until it reached the plane of the three-tail; then unable to resist, he moved ahead, dispersing the throng of small fry, and seized the lure. It was too much for him, and I watched his every move, so clear was the water, until he had bolted the large bait. He began to suspect that all was not right when he felt the wire leader against his big under jaw, and swung his head or body to the right. At that precise moment I gave him, in angling parlance, the butt. Instead of dashing into the coral, as I suspected he might, he made a savage rush directly out into clear water, taking line with a whirlwind run that threatened to unreeled its entire length, the click protesting in loud staccato notes, the rod bending and bowing as I slipped the tip of the butt beneath my leg and tried to stop the run. I had taken the threetail, as Long John called him, before, in the "rip-raps" off Old Point Comfort, and a much larger fish, so was not wholly a novice; yet, before I stopped the run, I had very little line left, and my game was entirely across the channel, doubtless hunting fields in which to dart.

Long John sculled after him, and so I gained line; and after a run down the slope into deep water half-way round, I stopped him. He turned, climbed the steep hill with a single rush, and raced away over the shoal in the direction of the reef, taking us into a splendid open field, where I played him twenty minutes, being well repaid for the work in the hot sun, as the threetail, if slightly ponderous and heavy, was a clever

fighter, and displayed game qualities that raised him to a high plane in my estimation. His rushes were almost irresistible, especially when bearing off hard, and he came in only after hard work with the multiplier, that slowly ate up the strands of his life. The big fish circled the boat several times in its undoing, and came to the gaff in a gamy fashion.

When lifted in, it reminded one of a gigantic sunfish of fresh waters, being high, short, thickset and withal clumsy, a large head, which reaches high up, forming a big hump, not unlike that of the sheepshead of California. The anal and dorsal fins point backward, the flesh being extended to form a base for them; hence the name, threetail, as they really appear to have three tails.

As Long John held it up, it was an attractive fish, the upper portion being a dark silvery gray, which merged into lighter tints. We dined on lobotes that night, but it did not appeal to me after fried grunt and broiled young barracuda, though it was by no means a poor fish. Up the coast it ranks high; but its greatest value doubtless lies in the scales which are employed in the manufacture of flowers and countless impossible objects made for the "holding up" of the typical tourist. My three men were all converts to the rod, and in a weak moment I loaned a light rod to Long John. He became excited when he hooked another threetail, and broke it fairly at the joint. It is a good rule not to borrow a boat, a horse, a gun or a rod, and if this is adhered to, the good-natured sportsman will not be led from the paths of virtue to the devious shades of invective. To see a giant boatman with an 8-horse-power thumb glued to the brake pad of your reel strike a 10-pound fish as though it were a whale, and hear the crash of your favorite rod, five hundred miles from anywhere where it can be duplicated, is to witness real grief, not to say despair. If Long John had been a Japanese he would respectfully have committed harikari, and so have gotten his deserts; but he merely regarded the wreck with the remark that he'd "be dogged," and took a drink of Pain Killer, doubtless to drown his sorrow, and he also swore off on "tackle that he didn't understand."

Hauling the seine was a pastime of the reef. I had a long net, and one comfortable afternoon I mustered several negro boys from the key and we proceeded to surround the mangroves near Bush Key. I had several men on each end rope, and two in the center on the inside to lift out mangrove roots and toss them over, while I followed along behind. A more remarkable sight it would be difficult to imagine. The place of hauling was a favorite feeding ground of mullets, and in a short time we had several thousand in the toils, not a permanent catch by any means, as they began to jump, and soon there was a rippling, scintillating fall of mullets as they sprang over the net in my direction.

Garfishes joined them and came ricochetting along in a beautiful fashion, and I could readily see how the large forms of the Southern gulf could strike and seriously injure a wader. I was engaged watching them, wading in water about three and a half feet in depth, when Chief shouted that there was a big fish in the net. That moment a fish, which must have been fully six feet in length, vaulted over the line and dropped into the water five feet from me, so near that the experience was startling. Chief called to me to stand back, saying that "old Tom Morales was hit by a tarpon standing where I was, the fish crushing in his ribs, striking him fairly over the heart."

I fell back to give the next tarpon sea room, but the next big fish in the toils proved to be a shark that merely charged the net head on and succeeded in winding himself up in such a coil that it took the men nearly half a day to uncoil him. We hauled the net slowly up the Bush Key beach, and found that we had a marvelous collection. I believe we had nearly every fish found on the great reef, except the robalo, cobia and several rare ones. But of grunts, snappers, groupers, angels, porcupines, sharks, rays, and others, there was a multitude, representing all the colors of the rainbow. I was hunting for new fishes, so we did not haul them on the beach. I picked out what appeared to be new ones, then lifted the seine and released them. The following day they were back in their old haunts about the mangrove roots.

The leap of the tarpon was the first one of the kind I had ever seen. The fish came out of the water and returned like a mullet; in a word, the jump was clean cut and graceful, the antipodes of all the frenzied jumps I had observed tarpon take. I have seen many tarpons in the air on my own hooks and those of fellow anglers, but never remember seeing two positions alike. There is no stereotyped leap; the fish is crazed, and up into the air it goes, doubtless always away from the pain center.

I have seen a tarpon rise bodily five feet into the air, swing itself over upon its back, which struck the water first. Others came up head first and turned complete somersaults in the air. Others seemed to rush directly upward and drop tail first.

I have seen the spectacle of a six-foot tarpon seemingly poised in midair, fanning it with mighty blows and moving along at the same time with expanded gill covers, looking like some grotesque Chinese dragon, dropping into the sea ten or fifteen feet from where it came up.

I was told by a boatman that he had seen a tarpon make a side leap of fully thirty feet, and from the exhibitions I have seen, I believe this to be well within the possibilities of this wild steed.

The tarpon is not considered a dangerous fish, from the point of actual attack, being a huge overgrown herring-like monster, with the mailed armor of a knight and the brain of a Sancho Panza, yet I know of no more dangerous fish to gaff and land in a light boat.

A boat was found adrift in Galveston Bay in which were the dead bodies of a tarpon and angler. The fish had killed the man with a mighty blow; and a number of instances are on record where tarpons have killed men by striking them in leaping out of seines. I was fishing one day near a verdant angler, who insisted in following my boat, despite the fact that I told him that if I succeeded in hooking a tarpon it would probably board him, quoting an instance to prove the possibility. In a few moments he hooked a fish which

came around in a splendid rush and went quivering into the air so near me that I dodged and fully expected it to come aboard. We pulled out of range, and stood by and watched what was a "fish circus," as the tarpon was the master of ceremonies and was having all the sport. After half an hour, by a special dispensation, he brought the fish alongside and ordered the man to gaff it.

Now in this particular locality sportsmen never gaff their fish. They towed them in and beached them; but our angler insisted upon having the fish taken in out of the wet, and hearing the conversation, I told my boatman to row nearer, so that we could pick them up.

It was a bad place, for sharks were large and hungry. I heard the boatman explain this, and then saw him kick off his shoes, a to me suggestive move, and the next moment he jerked a six-foot tarpon into the light skiff, a mere apology of a boat for tarpon angling.

The result was definite and certain. A fountain of oars, chairs, rods, bait cans, gaffs, men and tarpon went into the air and fell in a shower, and in the center appeared a tarpon rampant, a living steel spring, opening and shutting, sweeping the decks with all the abandon of a rapid-fire gun on its initial trial.

It was the most exciting and interesting example of ground and loity tumbling it was every my good fortune to see. It was short and quick—one round—and by unanimous consent, the tarpon was declared the winner.

The tarpon is the silver king, the king of game fishes; and if all the stories of its struggles for liberty could be told and illustrated, the recital would tax the credulity of many who do not go down to the sea in ships.

On this portion of the reef the tarpon was not common. The great fishes migrate north and south like the birds, and while some always winter on the Florida reef, the greater number retire to the south on the approach of winter.

This migration is well defined on the gulf coast, and at Aransas Pass and that section the fishes congregate in vast numbers, the rod catch there at the time of my last visit being (from March 17 to Nov. 28) 659 tarpons. They arrive at the Pass in March and leave in November, after the first norther, and it is now known that they winter along the Mexican coast and Central and South America, especially in the vicinity of Tampico, where winter fishing is excellent.

The long and attenuated spit of sand known as Long Key, later swept away by a hurricane, was a favorite place for beach fishing; but from it extended the shallow sandy reef where the horse shark lived, a region that gradually deepened to the edge of the channel, that abounded in corals of all kinds.

Midway up the beach, one evening after Chief had taken a cast-net of mullets, I baited my hook and cast forty or fifty feet out into the reef, and threw myself down on the sand among the soldier crabs, to wait. The sun was a blazing furnace, the sea a disk of steel, the splendid turquoise tint contrasting sharply with the pure white of the blended coral sands.

Along the shore hundreds of snipe and small shark birds were running, and seen through the nebulous haze of the heat waves, looked as large as curlews. Suddenly the line began to run out, and as I responded, up into the air went a tarpon with a swing that made my heart seemingly stop and then sent the blood madly surging through my veins at racing speed as the tarpon hung amid sea and sky, its massive gills wide open, so that I caught a glimpse of the sky down its throat and out through the slit-like windows of its gill arches, its extraordinary mouth wide apart, its hypnotic eyes black and staring, sweeping the air with its ponderous tail, sending the drops of water full in my face, it was a stupendous spectacle.

There is no sight just like it in the world of sport; no better exhibition of power, as this steel-like spring opens and shuts and fans the air.

Down it fell broadside on, danced along the surface for a few feet like a soft-toed wildcat as it leaps from a high tree and springs away to bound into the air again and again, literally dancing its way across the shoal. Now on its tail again, in a series of double leaps; on its back in the air shooting upward like an arrow, calmly poising perfectly parallel to the water, doubling, to unspring like a coil of steel. There was not a movement possible to a fish that this tarpon did not take in that short and exciting period; but how high it jumped, I who saw it all do not say.

I have the imagination, and am well equipped for the attempt, but I am also modest and prefer to see my bold and valiant soothsayer and Seminole boatman impale himself on the horns of truth.

"How high did he jump, Chief?" I asked, breathless at the finish.

"Jump, sir! Why, he didn't jump, sir; he just riz twenty foot into the air. I thought he never would get down. He needed help to get back into the water."

"And you, John?"

Long John scratched his head several seconds, looked up in the air to locate something to mentally measure by, and finally fixed his bloodshot eyes on Loggerhead Lighthouse, three miles away.

"I saw it over the lighthouse. He hit thirty feet, all right."

On hearing this, Bob turned his head aside, whether he was laughing or weeping at Long John's lack of imagination, I know not; but he turned back and said he "wasn't much of a mathematiker, but if that tarpon didn't lep fifty feet, he was no judge, and he'd lived with tarpon all his life."

So, gentle reader, take your choice among the experts of the outer reef.

I confess I am no judge of such things. I am not of the icy disposition that can coldly figure on a mathematical problem when my game is in the air. I am up there with him—in the midst of it heart and soul—and what I see or think I see is Yankee guessing, pure and unadulterated.

The play of this particular tarpon was magnificent. There was no other word for it; and after the last leap this king of fishes made a rush that so diminished my line that it forced me far out into the water, waist-deep, in a desperate effort to reach the channel, where the game would have been up.

By sheer good luck I turned him to the north, and fought up the beach, the men following and making wild bets on my staying powers.

I surely had the time of my life with this tarpon, and it was give and take, and at one stage of the game my elbows touched water and my stock was very low, as the tarpon made a rush directly off shore. Then he went wildly into the air and came around toward the key in a great half circle, and I raced in, taking line as I went; and as I struck the shallows, Bob rushed in and seized the tarpon by the gills and dragged him out upon the sands.

It is an unfortunate fact that the king of fishes is poor eating; but the fish is the gainer, as almost all taken are released.

In fishing near here one day I hooked a 10-pounder, a cousin of the tarpon, and literally played my fish in the air, a dazzling, whirling dervish, pirouetting, leaping, caracoling in a maze of contortions, finally flinging the hook twenty feet away in the midst of its gyrations.

I tried it again with a light bass rod and small mullet bait, and found that I had discovered a corner of the ten-pounders. They invariably went into the air when hooked, seemingly with a determination to stay there, presenting a bewildering sight.

A taut line was necessary, as all the dancing had for its object the flinging of the hook into space, and the bait always, in part or whole, came swinging up the line.

Not far from this happy spot I caught the ladyfish up to seven pounds, between which and the ten-pounder there was little to chose as to game qualities, both ranking with the tarpon as high jumpers, and often giving the angler the impression that he is playing a fish in the air.

When the extreme low tide came on the reef, the low barrier upon which a heavy sea pounded at other times, was bare, and I could follow it for a long distance. It was made up of dead coral rock, and was literally the framework of a key to be born in the future.

In and among these rocks I found the cyprea, or micramock, as Chief called the cowry of other waters, and wading out, I could enter the best fishing grounds on the reef.

The water deepened quickly, the bottom being a forest of lavender and yellow plumes of the most beautiful description. Here was a forest of leaf coral, with broad palmate branches, while a few yards beyond rose huge coral "heads" four or five feet wide and as many high, some being hollowed out like huge vases or standing like gigantic Neptune's cups filled to the brim and abounding in rare and radiant fishes of many kinds and all the hues of the rainbow.

Hauling the dinghy on the reef, I often waded along with the men who carried the rods, and cast out from the reef into this wonder land of the fishes; and by climbing upon a big head, I could drop my bait in deep water, far out into the splendid blue of the Gulf Stream.

Here I found the only shallow-water hogfish I ever caught. The richly hued and plumed gallant lived here with countless yellow-tails, and angel fishes, proving a fine game fish.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Publications.

Wild Ducks—How to Rear and Shoot Them.

It is well known that the rearing of game in domestication is commonly practiced in Great Britain, and especially in England. This game, after it has reached maturity, is turned out into the coverts, and sooner or later is shot, and finds its way to market. The rearing of pheasants has been practiced for many years, and the subject is a familiar one. At present it is practiced quite extensively in this country. The breeding of partridges and of wild ducks in confinement is a much more recent outgrowth of the game preserve idea in England. Now, however, it is done on a large scale, and Capt. W. Coape Oates has written a little book of 80 pages, profusely illustrated, to show how it is done.

The volume is divided into four chapters, which treat of the selection of breeding stock and their home, laying and sitting, hatching and rearing, and shooting. The illustrations are four photographs from drawings by C. E. Lodge, and twelve full-page half-tone plates from photographs.

While the main object of the book is to assist those who wish to rear wild ducks to do it with success and economy, considerable space is given to the chapter on shooting. Just what this shooting is will be new to many readers, and we give the four methods described by the author. These are:

1. Posting the guns at different spots on the margin of a lake or near it, and flushing the ducks by means of dogs and beaters.
2. Teaching the ducks to take a particular line of flight by means of the use of a horn at feeding time, and then without using the horn on the day of the shoot intercepting the birds during their flight.
3. Catching the ducks beforehand, liberating them in convenient numbers, and then driving them over the guns.
4. Flight shooting.

All these methods depend on the fact that the liberated birds will fly to their homes; in other words, to the place where they have been accustomed to be fed, and so furnish what we call pass shooting. The whole matter is very strange to the American mind, but it is something that we are likely sooner or later to come to. The book is well worth reading. Longmans. Price \$1.50.

A Little Garden Calendar.

A very charming book is a "Little Garden Calendar for Boys and Girls," written by Mr. Albert D. Bigelow Paine; it comes from the Henry Altemus Co.

As its name implies, it is a volume dealing with the twelve months of the year, and taking up its thread on the first day of January, it tells the story of a little garden and of a little boy and girl who owned the garden, and of a chief gardener who helped them. The author tells in simple language some of the wonders of plant life, explains certain easy methods of observation, including planting, caring for and harvesting plants from month to month throughout the year. He tells much that is curious and interesting about some plants, their family relations, and the dependence of many upon man and other animals. Why some seeds have wings, why beans and morning-glories twine to the right, and honeysuckle to the left; whether a flower may really reason; how some flowers live on other flowers and plants; these are some of the things brought out in this very delightful volume. The story is told in dialogue, and is continuous, running through the months. There is in it much simple botany, and many short traditions, fairy tales, parables and the like, relating to plant life and origin.

The illustrations number 46, and are from excellent photographs. The frontispiece is in color. Henry Altemus. Price \$1.00.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.



YACHTING



OUR ACCOUNTS OF THE OCEAN RACE.

We take great pleasure in putting before our readers this week two accounts of the transatlantic ocean race. The well-told stories of Atlantic and Endymion were both written by members of the boats' amateur crews.

The Great Ocean Race of 1905.

The Schooner Atlantic. From New York to Southampton, Eng., in the German Emperor's Ocean Cup Race.

WRITTEN FOR FOREST AND STREAM BY ONE OF ATLANTIC'S
"AFTER GUARD."

MAY 15, 1905.—After weeks of the most careful preparation and trials under the supervision of Capt. Charles Barr, Atlantic came off the dock on Saturday, May 13, and after taking perishable stores on board, at once towed to the Horse Shoe to await there the time when she should proceed to the starting line off Sandy Hook light vessel. It was expected that on Sunday there would be an opportunity of having one more trial before the real business of the race began, but alas! a thick fog ruined the last chance. The owner and his guests came down on Monday afternoon, and before night everything below was in its proper place and all ready to take a line from the tow boat in the morning for Sandy Hook light vessel, the start of our long journey.

Tuesday, May 16.—A rather severe thunder storm last night gave promise of a fine day and westerly winds, but the gods willed otherwise, for on going on deck this morning a nasty drizzle and a heavy fog which shut out the yachts anchored nearby, and with a rather high barometer practically told us that we might give up all idea of starting. During the night Valhalla, Utowana and Hildegard had come to anchor, and later all the yachts entered towed in, with the exception of Sunbeam and Fleur de Lys, which vessel, it was reported, was in collision and would have to repair before proceeding to sea.

From noon until evening all kinds of tugs and excursion boats loomed up through the fog, and after looking at us to their heart's content, disappeared as silently as they came.

At 4 o'clock the committee came alongside and announced that the start was postponed until noon of tomorrow. A most wise move, for it would have been foolhardy to attempt starting such large vessels under the prevailing conditions. It was a great relief when the announcement was made, and some of the yachts which had loosened or hoisted sails, at once furled them and made all snug for the night.

At sundown there was a very heavy shower and we were in hopes that it would clear things up and bring a change of wind, but no such luck was in store for us.

Wednesday, May 17.—The shower last night did no good as far as bringing about a change of wind, but this morning the fog had disappeared and all the racing boats at once made preparations for the start. Early in the morning the tender came alongside with the morning papers, and we learned exactly how much damage had been done to Fleur de Lys, and that she would be able to start after all. The fog was a blessing to her, in that it gave her time to be repaired before the start.

At 10 o'clock the committee boat appeared flying N. Y. X., which told us to prepare for sea, and at 10.30 the anchor was clear of the bottom and Atlantic heading for Sandy Hook in tow. On the way out sail was made and the tow-line cast off at 11.55 A. M. with the line abeam. Shortly the preparatory gun was fired and at 12.15.45 we crossed the line and started on the long 3,000-mile race. Ailsa and Hildegard crossed ahead of us, with the rest, with the exception of Sunbeam and Apache, in a bunch just astern. On the way out to the Light Vessel, two little shore birds flew on board and were fitting around the deck. May they bring us good luck.

Half an hour after crossing the line we had passed both Ailsa and Hildegard, and when the tug boats which were following us, after giving the customary three blasts on the whistle, turned back, we were in the place of honor.

The afternoon was cold and disagreeable, and sweaters and heavy clothes were most comfortable. One of the pleasant incidents of the start was the action of Commodore E. C. Benedict in Oneida, who followed alongside until we lost him in the fog about midnight. Hamburg had crossed the line about two minutes behind us, and from the start the two yachts sailed a most exciting race, the German boat at times getting almost abeam and then dropping back. This continued until darkness set in, when she finally disappeared in the fog a short distance ahead of us.

The night was very disagreeable—fog almost all the time, and light variable winds, which kept the watch trimming sheets the whole time they were on deck.

Thursday, May 18.—About 4 in the morning the breeze shifted to the north and bringing with it the thickest fog yet encountered, but it was only a catspaw, for in half an hour it was back in the old quarter—east.

After sunrise we kept looking up all the time and by 8 were heading east by standard compass, or N. 80 deg. E. true, and with large jibtopsail and two staysails on, we doing between eleven and twelve miles every hour. At 10 a schooner was made out on the lee beam, which later proved to be Hamburg, and when at noon she bore two points abaft the beam, the faces of the watch on deck wore an expression of delight. The gods were good to us, for at noon the sun broke through long enough for us to get a latitude sight. Although it did not clear entirely, the sun would show himself once in a while and give us an afternoon sight much to our relief. Toward sunset the wind began to fall and haul westerly and the

log showed five to six knots in place of the ten to twelve we had had during the day. At 4 o'clock the spinnaker was set to port and did good work until the breeze again hauled southerly and at 7 we gybed ship and set spinnaker to starboard. About 10 the moon broke through the clouds and at midnight we had not a cloud in the sky, a good breeze on the quarter and a smooth sea, the ship doing between twelve and thirteen miles in an hour. At noon, Lat. 39deg. 40min. N., Long. 76deg. 24min. W.; Course S. 73deg. E.; distance, 165 miles.

Friday, May 19.—A fresh westerly breeze and bright warm weather greeted us when we came on deck this morning. It was the first day warm enough to get a morning bucket over one, and as fresh baths are forbidden, the water supply being limited, it helped out wonderfully.

At 9.30 a small hole developed in the spinnaker, and to save it from growing the sail was taken in. As it continued to breeze on, it was decided not to risk carrying that sail, and the square sail was set in its place, with the weather raffle above the yard. The same weather continued with a fresh westerly breeze, the ship going between nine and ten miles—the sea making up all the time but the rolling of the yacht being very easy and not in the least uncomfortable. Toward evening the breeze came more westerly, and to save it from banging to pieces, the mainsail was taken in. A beautiful night followed, with just enough breeze to keep the sails quiet. The moon just past the full, added to the beauty. At noon, Lat. 40deg. 14min. N., Long. 65deg. 37min. W.; Course, N. 81deg. E.; distance, 222 miles.

Saturday, May 20.—A beautiful warm day without a cloud in the sky and the same fresh southwesterly breeze which we have now held for two days. Along toward 9 the breeze hauled a little more southerly and the mainsail was again set. Later the squaresail was taken in and the spinnaker again set, but it seems to be a bad sail to carry to sea, the weight of the boom when the ship rolls being very hard on the sail, and at 5 P. M. it was taken in and the squaresail again set. We had a fine horizon for both morning and noon sights, which proved the dead reckoning correct.

At 2 P. M. smoke was observed ahead and shortly after a Red Star steamer passed us. We made our number, which she acknowledged and then hoisted "A pleasant passage," to which we replied "Thank you." For a short time, about 3 o'clock, a nasty easterly swell caused the ship to occasionally dip her nose into the sea, sending the water flying down the lee side of the deck.

At 5 P. M. another steamer was made out ahead, which later proved to be the Minnetonka. She also acknowledged our number and in answer to our inquiry said she had seen no ice, but had thick fog, giving the latitude and longitude where it was encountered. Toward sunset the southwest began to look black, and, as the wind is all letting go, we are afraid that there is to be some disagreeable weather before long. We were not disappointed, for at 9 o'clock as pretty a little squall as one often sees came whirling out of the south and backed to west. It blew hard enough to take in both spanker and mainsail, but the worst was over in half an hour, and by 11 the sails were again hoisted and the ship on her course. Just at the end of the squall a large White Star Line steamer passed close ahead. We exchanged night signals and she gave us three blasts of the whistle. At noon, Lat. 40deg. 45min. N., Long. 60deg. 38min. W.; Course, N. 82deg.; distance, 229 miles.

Monday, May 21.—During the early morning the wind backed to the northward and westward, a strong breeze, the ship doing between fourteen and fifteen miles an hour, for a watch, but on going on deck at 7.30 there was only a moderate breeze and a speed of ten knots. We had fine morning sights, and if the breeze only holds until noon should make the best day's run of the voyage. Passed a German steamer at dawn, but did not speak to her, it being too dark for flags, and we had been spoken by three mail boats the preceding afternoon. I forgot to mention that we saw a number of flying fish. It seemed very far N. to see them, but I imagine they came up in the Gulf Stream.

The breeze kept dropping during the afternoon, and by sundown we were not doing more than three or four knots. A heavy southwesterly swell on the quarter did not help matters either, for it rolled us about so that with the light breeze all the booms had to be gotten inboard to save the sails and gear. The squaresail and raffle were the only sails which did any work.

Much to the disgust of everyone the breeze continued to drop, and all the evening the ship hardly had steerage way. It was a beautiful night for lovers and steamers, but as a racing proposition it might have been improved upon. At noon, Lat. 41deg. 9min. N., Long. 54deg. 40min. W.; Course N. 85deg. E.; distance, 271 miles.

Monday, May 22.—Nothing could have been worse for our chances than the conditions this morning. A flat calm and quite a swell from the southwest. It had been the same since midnight, and we shall make a very poor run to-day. It is all the more trying, for with a good day's run we should have reached the position where ice was last reported above noon, and had there been any ice would have had daylight to go clear in. However, since morning the temperature of the water has risen ten degrees (to 66), so there hardly seems to be any chance of seeing any. About 2 this afternoon a light southerly breeze came up, and the skipper at once took in the mainsail and set the balloon mizzen topmast staysail. The sail was light enough to stand full and do good work despite the rolling, whereas the heavy mainsail was banging about and absolutely useless. The balloon main topmast staysail and balloon jib were also set and finally the spinnaker, and with all the light canvas drawing the ship began to walk off at a nine-knot dip. Afternoon sights put us to the east of our dead reckoning, but that was probably owing to the patent log not registering at the

very slow speed we were going previous to the time the southerly breeze struck in. Between 8 in the morning and noon we had covered just four miles. The southerly breeze continued to increase until we were forced to take in the balloon sails and set the working ones in their places. Also the temperature of the water began to go down steadily and quickly, and at 9 in the evening had reached 35deg., showing that we were in the immediate vicinity of ice, and presently the lookout saw a good-sized berg about a mile to leeward of us. A beautiful night with a fresh breeze, the ship doing about twelve knots, in an absolutely smooth sea. If it had not been for temperature (42deg.) everybody would have stayed on deck for a long time to enjoy the most glorious sail we have had thus far on the voyage, but warm blankets appeared very strongly, and about midnight all were below. At noon, Lat. 41deg. 24min. N., Long. 52deg. 12min. W.; Course N. 82deg. E.; distance, 112 miles.

Tuesday, May 23.—Our fine southerly breeze and clear weather continued all the night, and on going on deck at 5.30 this morning there, on our lee beam, about five miles away, was a berg which must have been half a mile long and 300ft. high. It certainly was a beautiful sight with the morning sun reflecting from it.

Our topsails have been going from bad to worse, and after the watch had cleared up the decks, the skipper had the mizzen down on deck and took a cloth off the after leach. The main will have to go through the same operation later, while the fore seems to be fairly good still.

By 11 o'clock the sail was out and at once bent, it being a great improvement. To-day was a great change from the preceding night, the thermometer standing at 72deg. and all hands going around in their shirt sleeves, whereas last night there were not overcoats enough on board to warm one. Cold on the ocean will go through the heaviest clothes, and one cannot realize how it penetrates until it has been experienced.

The breeze kept increasing gradually all day and we are doing from forty-eight to fifty miles each watch, although yesterday afternoon's light airs spoilt any chance we had for making a good run. A fine, clear night and smooth water made it very pleasant on deck, and no one turned in before midnight. At noon, Lat. 42deg. 30min. N., Long. 46deg. 57min. W.; Course N. 74deg. E.; distance, 243 miles.

Wednesday, May 24.—Of all days to-day is the day which will ever be fixed in our minds with the greatest pride and joy, for the good yacht Atlantic broke the record held by the old Dauntless since 1887 for the greatest day's run on the passage from New York to England, traveling during the 23h. 31m. 30s. from the noon of the 23d of May to the noon of the 24th 341 miles, or 14.20 miles per hour. The record so long held being 328 miles.

Our good southerly breeze kept going all night, and this morning on going on deck it was blowing a fresh breeze and quite a good sea was running. In fact, the skipper said that he hoped that the breeze would not increase any more, for he did not want to delay by having to reef; but we were fortunate and were able to drive her through it until noon. The fine run soon was known forward and the men were as pleased with the ship's performance as we were ourselves. Also they had a double allowance of grog served out in celebration of the event.

A bad look to the sky in the southward and the steady and rather quick fall of the barometer warned us that in all probability there would be nasty weather soon, and we were not disappointed, for during the first dog-watch it was almost impossible to steer her, and when the watch came on deck at 6 the spanker was double-reefed and relieved the ship wonderfully. It still continued to breeze on, and at 9.30 the watch was called and the spanker taken in and the mizzen trysail bent ready for hoisting. She was still going fourteen knots under the fore and mainsails and forestay sail, but soon this was too much for her and the foretrysail was substituted for the fore-sail. It was now blowing so hard that the skipper began to fear for his mainsail, and at 2 A. M. this sail was taken off and the mizzen trysail hoisted. We were now in shape to meet almost any kind of a storm and could heave to in a few minutes, but the wind did not increase and she was kept on her course, behaving beautifully in the sea which was running. At noon, Lat. 44deg. 57min. N., Long. 39deg. 50min. W.; Course N. 65deg. E.; distance, 341 miles.

Thursday, May 25.—Toward sunrise this morning the wind began to moderate and as there was hardly enough sail to steady her the ship began to roll, once in a while putting the lee rail under and filling the decks with water. As soon as it was light enough to see the mainsail with a single reef was hoisted, which did a lot to stop the rolling and by daylight in the morning we were running before a strong southwest wind under fore and mainsails, square-sail, raffle and two topsails; the mizzen staysail being put on just after noon. It was a dark, cloudy, disagreeable day with rain most of the time, and there was no chance of getting sights, so we had to depend on our dead reckoning. This branch of navigating a ship is often done in a very slipshod manner, the chances being taken that there will be sights, but Captain Barr is most thorough and our courses, speed, deviation and variation are entered in the log every hour, and when we picked her off at noon to-day she was just on the circle and we had made the course determined upon at noon yesterday. The weather continued to get worse and in the afternoon the fore and main topsails were clewed up and the mizzen trysail taken in. The ship was running well in the sea and was taking no water on board. The same conditions continued all night, and it was very difficult to sleep, as she was rolling around a good deal. At noon, Lat. D. R. 46deg. 33min. N., Long. D. R. 33deg. 30min. W.; Course N. 70deg. E.; distance, 282 miles.

Friday, May 26.—Worse and more of it. On going on deck for the morning sight it was blowing a whole gale from the southwest and a heavy sea was on the quarter.

There were four oil bags strung at intervals along the weather side, but they did not seem to have much effect in breaking the top of the waves. The ship was under nothing but the squaresail and fore trysail in a heavy following sea, with both quartermasters lashed to the wheel and once in a while the whole quarter deck flooded with the top of a wave which would slop over the rail. Toward noon the wind hauled astern and consequently the rolling was pretty bad. We had to depend on an ex-meridian at noon, for the sun went out of sight at ten minutes to 12 and the morning sight was very unsatisfactory. During the afternoon the wind and sea both increased, and at sundown Captain Barr was not quite decided whether to heave her to, or to run. If we should have to heave to during the night it would be a long, hard, nasty job getting the squaresail tied up so that it would not get adrift, and we would probably have a wet time of it before she could be brought around to look at it. However, it was decided to take a chance and run, and as it turned out the wind did not increase enough to bother us—still, it was a bad night and the ship required watching all the time. Poor Barr has been up for the past three nights, with very little sleep during the day. I hope it will moderate soon, for he will be worn out. At noon, Lat. 47deg. 58min. N., Long. 26deg. 48min. W.; Course N. 72deg. E.; distance, 279 miles.

Saturday, May 27.—Last night was beautiful and clear, but it blew a whole gale throughout, and on coming on deck at 7.30 this morning the ship was running with the wind on the quarter before the heaviest sea we have yet had. The wind has been hauling to the southward gradually since midnight and with no abatement. The squaresail yard was braced pretty well forward, and when she would luff on the crest of a sea, it would bury her, so at 11 it was taken in, and the jib set. A great improvement in her behavior at once followed, the excessive rolling stopped and she went along drier and apparently faster than before. The double-reefed mainsail was set at 7 this morning, and that together with the fore trysail and jib makes a rig that can be handled very easily. We had a good moon sight, which put us on our circle and also good afternoon sights.

In the afternoon the reefs were shaken out of the fore and mainsails and we at once began to pick up our speed, doing fourteen and three-quarter knots between 5 and 6 o'clock. While the wind has gone down the sea is still heavy and we are rolling about a good deal, still things are looking up, as is the barometer, and we are in hopes of a good night. At noon, Lat. 48deg. 56min. N., Long. 20deg. 53min. W.; Course N. 76deg. E.; distance, 243 miles.

Sunday, May 28.—We had a fine night and with a strong breeze and moderate sea we averaged over fourteen knots an hour. On coming on deck this morning a bright sun and long southwesterly swell and a strong breeze made a charming day. They put both staysails on her, but the wind increasing, they were up only for an hour, but we are going along in great shape, and at noon to-day were only 312 miles from the Lizard, the finish of our race.

This afternoon the wind again moderated and the spanker with a single reef was set at 2.30. It is the first time we have seen it in four days and felt quite proud of our display of canvas. At 3 o'clock the mizzen staysail was put on and the ship is doing at least fifteen knots, in a moderate sea and the wind abaft the beam. I wonder where our competitors are. We are now 16½ hours ahead of the record and they must have done some very fast sailing to be ahead of us. The last one which we saw was the Hamburg, on the second afternoon from Sandy Hook. It was quite squally up to midnight, and at 11, in a severe squall, the spanker came in but was set at 1 o'clock. At midnight we got a cast of the lead in sixty-five fathoms. It tallied with the soundings on the chart, and we should make Bishop's Rock by 8 o'clock to-morrow morning if the wind holds. At noon, Lat. 49deg. 52min. N., Long. 13deg. 6min. W.; Course N. 80deg. E.; distance, 309 miles.

Monday, May 29.—Our long race is nearly over. At 8.15 this morning we made the light on Bishop's Rock, about a point on the lee bow, an excellent land fall, and at 9.37, Greenwich mean time, it bore N. true, giving us a passage of 11d. 16h. 22m. We now have but forty-nine miles more to go, but the wind is light and almost aft, still under balloon staysails and spinnaker we are slipping along fairly well and hope to get the Lizard Light bearing N. before 5.15, for that will make the passage under twelve days, and we shall beat Endymion's record by almost two days. At noon we still had thirty-one miles to go, and the breeze is very light, dead astern. May it freshen up and give us a chance. A beautiful day, warm and clear, but alas! little wind.

Atlantic Wins.

At 2.30 an Admiralty tug came alongside and informed us that no yacht had yet finished, so we are only a few miles from the finish, the good ship Atlantic wins the greatest transatlantic race ever sailed. At 3.30 the steam yacht Pricilla passed us close aboard and the owner and crew gave us three cheers, also telling us that we were first. The breeze has hauled to the S. and with sheets trimmed we are going along in fine style, with the Lizard in sight ahead.

The universal interest which this race has aroused was well illustrated to-day, for every steamer, from the cargo boat to the liner, as soon as we were made out, at once shifted her helm and passed us close aboard, either dipping the ensign or giving us three blasts on the whistle, and often both. At 4.30 the American Press tug came alongside and congratulated the owner on the race. All the Penzance luggers who passed near asked our name and gave us a cheer.

The wind still kept light and it was not until 9.16.19, Greenwich mean time, that we got the winning gun from the German cruiser Pfeil, making us the winner of the Kaiser's cup.

The time of passage from Sandy Hook Light Vessel to the Lizard being 12d. 4h. 1m. 19s., giving an average speed of 10.31 knots per hour, pretty good for an auxiliary—average speed to Bishop's Rock 10.57 knots per hour.

All the way across never did anything part, and in the roughest of the weather the ship behaved beautifully. May the best of luck always be hers.

Schooner Yacht Endymion, in the German Emperor's Ocean Cup Race.

WRITTEN FOR FOREST AND STREAM BY JOHN RUTHERFURD BUCHAN, ONE OF ENDYMION'S AMATEUR CREW.

WHEN asked to take passage on the yacht Endymion in the great transatlantic race for the German Emperor's cup it is needless to say that I jumped at the chance and placed myself upon a diet of anticipation for the great event.

Eleven yachts had entered the contest of various rigs an dimensions, all with more or less records for sea-going qualities, each owner confident that his yacht would win "under certain conditions," therefore none other than a "rocking chair yachtsman" or a "navy yard sea dog" would venture an opinion of the prospective conditions of the relative chances. Word had been passed that the tug Chamberlain would be at the Recreation Pier foot of East Twenty-fourth street at 4 P. M., May 15, to take us down aboard Endymion, which was anchored off Sandy Hook.

The tug, loaded with extra gear and stores, had the appearance of a Johnny O'Brien filibustering expedition and created intense interest among the East Side elite. Just as we had shoved off a shout from the pier attracted our attention, and we again went alongside to take aboard seaman Benedict, who had just arrived from a Cuban port where he had heard that Endymion had entered for the race and had cabled if he might have his old berth. I mention this fact to show the loyalty of this man to his ship, her owner and her skipper, not was he the only one, as I found out later.

At 7 o'clock we boarded Endymion, and a casual observation convinced that we had as likely a crew as could possibly have been gotten together. There stood Captain Loesch with a smile on his face reflecting the lines of experience and confidence. On his right was Captain Larsen of the auxiliary Enterprise, a former mate on Endymion who had since graduated from the Loesch University but anxious for a post graduate course. Just behind stood Mate Newman with a pair of penetrating eyes. All three men had been shipmates together on Endymion when she made her famous transatlantic record in 1900 of 13d. 20h. 36m. to the Needles.

The crew were engaged in transferring our gear from the tug under the vigilant eye of Bowman Baker, formerly bowsprit end man on Reliance, a man of wonderful strength and determination.

Dinner call having been sounded we rallied to the ward room to partake of our first meal. Toasts were drunk to the good ship, her owner, her record, her crew, and lastly to the absent ones, for the expression on each one's face reflected the thought he had for the one or more he was leaving behind. After dinner we unpacked our "donkeys". I had lost the key of mine but later the steward reported that he had found it on the piano, and while there had struck a note for me which proved to be a bon voyage from an enthusiastic and envious friend.

May 16 broke out with a thick fog and easterly wind with poor prospects for a beautiful start, as the "wise ones" on shore had predicted. Notwithstanding the weather, there were plenty of friends down to see us off, steam and sailing yachts, tugs, lighters and club steamers at five a throw all waiting for the signal on the committee boat that would send us on our way. At 3 P. M. the committee signaled "Race postponed until to-morrow at noon," and immediately the excursion fleet traveled homeward.

Wednesday, May 17 opened up with hazy weather and wind from the eastward. At 10 A. M. orders were given to get under way and in tow of the Chamberlain we started for the line. 12 M. bang goes the gun on the committee boat and up goes the preparatory, and fifteen minutes later the starting signal is given and we are off, with Ailsa, Hildegard and Hamburg under our lee and the committee boat close aboard and to windward. Bearing down on top of us and to windward of the committee boat, with hardly any steerage way, towers the big Valhalla and Utowana, completely blanketing us. Slacking our main sheet we payed off, allowing Utowana to pass, then hauling up on her weather quarter we shot out from underneath Valhalla's bow. It was "touch and go" and no mistake, and had it not been for the coolness of all we might have been "down and out." Crossing the line at 12.16 P. M. under all lower sail and topsail on the port tack our course was S. E. ½ S. At 1.30 P. M. tacked ship, course N.E. ½ E. At 3 P. M. tacked ship, course S. E. ½ E.

Thursday, May 18.—From midnight to 4 A. M. thick fog and showers; 8 A. M., wind baffling N.N.E. to N. N.W., set balloon staysail; 10 A. M., wind steady from N.N.W., weather clearing. Noon, by observation, Lat. 39deg. 44min. N., Long. 70deg. 39min. W.; distance from Sandy Hook Light Vessel, 150 miles; course E. ½ S.

Friday, May 19.—Course E. by S., wind S.W., weather clear; 4 A. M., set spinnaker, sighted yacht Hamburg; 8 A. M., passed yacht Hamburg to northward of us about five miles, when they saw our spinnaker they set theirs, waking up to the fact that they were racing. Noon, by observation, Lat. 39deg. 46min. N., Long. 66deg. 20min. W. Distance, 200 miles; from Sandy Hook Light Vessel, 350 miles; 1 P. M., sea very rough and wind increasing, took in spinnaker and set squaresail to starboard; yard carried away three feet from starboard end, lashed lift and outhaul to broken end, reset squaresail and raffle; 9 P. M., Hamburg on starboard beam; took in squaresail and set spinnaker, balloon staysail and balloon jib topsail.

Saturday, May 20.—Course E. by S., weather fine, light W.S.W. wind; 9 A. M., Hamburg on port bow, having had a lesson in carrying sail; much regret at having sighted her at all, for they might still be sleeping. Noon, by observation, Lat. 39deg. 54min. N., Long. 61deg. 41min. W. Distance, 214 miles; from Sandy Hook Light Ship, 564 miles; 2 P. M., wind hauling to S.W., took in spinnaker; Hamburg about seven miles astern; 4 P. M., took in all light sails; 9 P. M., heavy following sea, set squaresail and raffle; carried mainsail and set storm gaff trysail; 10 P. M., lowered gaff trysail and set mainsail; heavy sea with strong wind and rain squalls.

Sunday, May 21.—2 A. M., gybed ship, wind N. by W., set topsails, balloon jib and balloon staysail and balloon main topmast staysail; 9.30 A. M., S. S. Consuelo of Hull passed us within hailing distance, she reported having passed Sunbeam in Long. 62deg. at 4 P. M. May 20; 11

A. M., light northerly air, course E. Noon, by observation, Lat. 39deg. 58min. N., Long. 56deg. 22min. W.; distance, 243 miles; from Sandy Hook Light Ship, 807 miles.

Monday, May 22.—1 P. M., flat calm all afternoon and evening; 3 A. M., took in mainsail, heavy roll, no wind; 4 A. M., sighted Ailsa astern; 5 A. M., sighted from masthead what appears to be Valhalla hull down astern; 8 A. M., light air from S.E., course E.; 9 A. M., Ailsa abeam three miles to southward; 9.30 A. M., S. S. St. Louis passed within hailing distance. Noon, breeze freshening, course N. 70deg. E.; by observation, Lat. 40deg. N., Long. 55deg. 5min. W.; distance, 63 miles; from Sandy Hook, 870 miles; 11 P. M. sighted steamer and signaled; weather squally and rain.

Tuesday, May 23.—6 A. M., wind increasing S.S.E. Ailsa ahead about seven miles; 8 A. M., clewed up topsails; 9 A. M., reefed mainsail; 11 A. M., sighted iceberg on port bow, estimated about 250 to 300ft. high; temperature dropped 42deg. Noon, by observation, Lat. 40deg. 40min. N., Long. 49deg. 39min. W.; Course N. 81deg. E.; distance, 253 miles; from Sandy Hook Light Ship 1,065, to Lizard Light 2,008; 1 P. M., shook out reef in mainsail, set topsails and No. 2 jib topsail; 10 P. M., altered course to N. 74deg. E.; weather cloudy, wind strong, S. by E.

Wednesday, May 24.—10.30 A. M., sighted S. S. Oceanic bound west signalling "Sighted Hamburg one hour ago"; 11.30, wind increasing, heavy sea, reefed mainsail. Noon, by observation, Lat. 41deg. 59min. N., Long. 44deg. 27min. W.; distance, 246 miles; 3 P. M., sighted and signalled S. S. St. Paul bound west. Doctor Rowland operated on Seaman Johnson for purulent axillary adenitis. He was put under an anæsthetic, and superficial and deep glands opened, removing about four ounces of thick pus. Assisted by R. Sheldon, house surgeon, and J. M. Rowland, operating room orderly. Just what the everyday meaning of the operation was I will leave to your imagination, sufficient to say that the patient had been dosed sufficiently often with mercury to warrant my thinking him a human barometer, and watching with interest his expansion and contraction according to the weather; while passing iceberg he was but 2ft. tall. At 4 P. M., sighted large steamer to northward bound west; 6 P. M., set squaresail; 8 P. M., set ringtail, heavy sea and strong wind from S.S.W., showery; 10 P. M., set raffle.

Thursday, May 25.—1.30 A. M., took in raffle; 8.30 sighted oil tank steamer bound to the eastward dead ahead; weather thick, raining; 10.30, oil steamer abeam, put another reef in mainsail and took in ringtail, heavy sea and strong winds. Noon, by D. R., Lat. 44deg. 6min. N., Long. 38deg. 31min. W.; Course N. 64deg. E.; distance, 291 miles. There are two things that Endymion likes stiff, and one of them is a wind.

Friday, May 26.—8 A. M., repaired jibstay, set squaresail and raffle, strong wind with rain squalls, very heavy seas; 11 A. M., gale increasing, split fore topsail, took in fore topsail and mainsail. Noon, by observation, Lat. 45deg. 26min. N., Long. 33deg. 2min. W.; distance, 246 miles; course N. 71deg. E.; 6 P. M., repaired and set fore topsail; 9 P. M., carried away raffle; 11 P. M., repaired and set raffle.

Saturday, May 27.—4 A. M., weather clear, heavy sea, set double reefed mainsail, strong westerly wind; 10 A. M., shook one reef out of mainsail; 11.30 A. M., carried away raffle, lowered it, repaired and reset; 12 M., raffle carried away again. By observation, Lat. 46deg. 42min. N., Long. 27deg. W., Course N. 74deg. E.; distance, 274 miles; to Lizard Light, 904 miles, N. 79deg. E.; 1.30 P. M., reset raffle; 6 P. M., carried away fore topsail, took it in and set a jibtopsail as a fore topsail, rainy and wind moderating.

Sunday, May 28.—6 A. M., gybed ship and reset fore topsail, wind freshening and heavy sea. Noon, by observation, Lat. 48deg. 44min. N., Long. 21deg. 11min. W.; distance, 264 miles; course N. 62deg. E.; 6 P. M., wind hauling to abeam, took in raffle, set ringtail and No. 2 jibtopsail; 9 P. M., shook reef out of mainsail and set maintopsail; 11 P. M., signalled S. S. New York bound W.; 4 A. M., split ringtail and took it in.

Monday, May 29.—6 A. M., set balloon jibtopsail and balloon maintopsail and spinnaker, weather fine, very little sea. Noon, by observation, Lat. 48deg. 59min. N., Long. 14deg. 27min. W.; distance, 266 miles; course N. 87deg. E.; 7 P. M., rain and light air; 8 P. M., took in balloon jibtopsail and spinnaker and set No. 3 jibtopsail; weather clear and fine, no wind, becalmed all night.

Tuesday, May 30.—4 A. M., took sounding, 123 fathoms; 5 A. M., gybed ship, took in No. 3 jibtopsail and set spinnaker, balloon jib; sea smooth, no wind. Noon, by observation, Lat. 49deg. 7min. N., Long. 10deg. 44min. W.; distance, 148 miles; course N. 87deg. E.; sounding, 85 fathoms; flat calm all day and night.

Wednesday, May 31.—12.30 A. M., light air from southward, gybed ship and reset all kites; 9 A. M., wind freshening, carried away balloon jib topsail, set another; 6 P. M., set spinnaker.

Day.	May.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Run.	Total	Average.	
1	18	39.44N.	70.39W.	150	150	6.25	
2	19	39.46N.	66.20W.	200	350	7.29	
3	20	39.54N.	61.41W.	214	564	7.83	
4	21	39.58N.	56.22W.	243	807	8.40	
5	22	40.00N.	55.05W.	59	866	7.21	
6	23	40.40N.	49.39W.	253	1119	7.77	
7	24	41.59N.	44.27W.	246	1366	8.12	
8	25	44.06N.	38.31W.	291	1656	8.62	
9	26	45.26N.	33.02W.	246	1902	8.80	
10	27	46.42N.	27.00W.	274	2176	9.06	
11	28	48.44N.	21.11W.	264	2440	9.24	
12	29	48.59N.	14.27W.	266	2706	9.39	
13	30	49.07N.	10.44W.	148	2854	9.17	
14	31	49.32N.	7.24W.	133	2987	8.88	
				To Lizard Lt. at 9:30 P. M.	90	3077	9.03
				To Needles at 10:45 P. M.	145	3222	9.11
				Deduct difference in time (5hrs.) average time to Lizard.....			9.03
				Deduct difference in time (5hrs.) average time to Needles.....			9.11

THE YAWL ARIEL II. ENTERED FOR B.Y.C. OCEAN RACE.—Mr. John S. Phillips has entered his new yawl, Ariel II., for the Brooklyn Y. C.'s ocean race to Hampton Roads, Va., to start from the Brooklyn Y. C. anchorage in Gravesend Bay, June 29. This is the ninth entry for the race to date, and several other boat owners have signified their intention of entering at an early date. Ariel II. has been entirely refitted at the works of the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury Co., Cons., at Morris Heights, under directions of Mr. Martin C. Erismann.

British Letter.

THE PROPOSED RATING RULE.—In a letter on the subject of the proposed international rating rule published in the London Field of May 20, Sir George Leach, a veteran yachtsman and one of the founders of the Yacht Racing Association, sounds a note of warning against a hurried adoption of any such rule on the ground that such a rule might have the effect of cramping improvement in yacht design and construction owing to the difficulty of altering it in case it produced an exaggerated type of yacht. In favor of his contention he cites the cases of the old Thames rule which produced the plank-on-edge form of boat, and a recent rating rule from which was evolved the boat with the smallest possible body, and which was quite unfit for any other purpose than pure racing, and he states that he thinks it would be a pity that British yachtsmen should put themselves in such a position as to be unable to alter their own rating rule without the concurrence of all the countries involved, "merely to facilitate the few international contests which are ever likely to take place."

It seems pretty clear that Sir George has not fully grasped the benefits which would undoubtedly accrue to yachting through the passing of an international rule. The day of freaks has gone by, and there is at present a healthy reaction in favor of a moderate and sensible type of boat. Of course modern yachtsmen are never going to allow themselves to be gulled into the belief that is held by many of the old school, viz., that the old-fashioned straight stemmed, wall-sided boat is a better sea boat than the modern craft with spoon bow and round, fair lines. Anybody who has been shipmates with both types knows the enormous superiority of the modern model over the old as regards seaworthiness, stability, dryness, speed, comfort, and, in fact, in every detail, and although overhangs have been overdone, the present rating rules of most European countries do not favor an exaggerated form of body, and the tendency is to limit overhangs and increase fullness of underwater body.

No doubt the drawing up of a uniform rating rule which would be satisfactory to all countries would be a more difficult task than is the case when each country makes its own rule. What is worth doing, however, is worth doing well, and the magnitude of the task should not act as a deterrent to the members engaged on it, but should stimulate them to put forth all their talents and energies to bring it to a successful issue.

Sir George Leach is in error when he hints that the sole benefit of the proposed new rule would be the facilities offered for a "few possible international contests," and he evidently thinks our present rating rule a most desirable one. If that is the case, how does he account for the present dearth of racing yachts. The fact is, the passing of an international rule and the adoption of an adequate scale of scantlings to insure proper construction would be of immense benefit to all countries, but to none so much so as to Great Britain. Class racing is almost dead in this country, not so much owing to the shortcomings of our present rating rule, as to the absence of any restrictions on construction. Our Yacht Racing Association declines to remedy this and has been for some years steadily losing its hold over the yachting world, owing to its unwillingness or incapacity to tackle matters which are obviously within its province. It is quite time something was done, and the international conference will in all probability encourage the reluctant members of the Y. R. A. who are to be represented, to better things.

An improved rating rule and scantling restrictions must be the outcome in the natural order of progress. Once let it be known that racing yachts must be of substantial construction and there will be a revival of class racing in England and a lucrative market for our outclassed racers abroad as was the case in former years. It is to be hoped that Great Britain will be represented at the conference by able men who see the obvious need for progress and reform, and who are under no delusion that the foreign representatives will be persuaded to adopt our present Y. R. A. rule, which is undoubtedly capable of much modification and great improvement. Once a satisfactory rule is arrived at it could be fixed for a period of five years. At the end of that time it could be improved or altered, or, if necessary, the arrangement could fall through. If the matter is carried out in the right and generous spirit, it cannot fail to prove a blessing to all countries concerned.

SONYA BEATEN.—The 52ft. class had its first race at the regatta of the Orwell Corinthian Y. C. at Harwich on May 27. All four representatives of the class were present, and from the meagre accounts received it appears that the match was sailed in a steady breeze. The Herreshoff boat Sonya was fitted with a temporary solid mast, having sprung her hollow spar the previous week. Moyana, the two-year-old Mylne-designed boat, won the match, beating Britonmart, Mr. W. P. Burton's new boat, by the same designer, by 24sec. Sonya was 3min. later, and last season's crack, Maymon, just astern of her. When the two new boats are tuned up the class should give excellent sport. The ex-52ft. class had a handicap in which the scratch boat Gauntlet went ashore when leading. Viera won this race, Senga taking second prize.

KING EDWARD PRESENTS CUP.—His Majesty the King has presented a cup to the Royal Southern Y. C. to be competed for at the annual regatta on Aug. 19. It will no doubt be given to the big handicap class, as is almost invariably the case since the decay of first-class racing. Some people are in favor of presenting such cups to the 52ft. class, but the value of the prize is out of all proportion to the size of the boats, and the great majority of people are in favor of big trophies being awarded to big vessels, and it seems the fairest way, for even if the big boats are not class racers they supply the backbone of the racing at all the principal regattas.

ENTRIES FOR THE DOVER-HELIGOLAND RACE.—The German Emperor has secured a very fine entry for the Dover-Heligoland race, fifteen yachts being down on the list, of which only two are under 100 tons. There are some fast boats in the match, including Satanita and Navahoe, old antagonists in British waters in 1893, and some of the yachts which have been taking part in the Atlantic race are entered, including Ailsa, Thistle, Hildegard, Fleur de Lys and Endymion. The American yachts Apache, Utowana and Atlantic have been entered in the race for auxiliaries. E. H. KELLY.

Boston Letter.

TO RACE UNDER NEW RULE.—It has been announced by the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. that its open races this season will be sailed under the new uniform rule of measurement, the classes being for yachts of 40ft. rating and under. This will include the restricted classes of the Y. R. A. of Mass. While none of these boats have been officially measured for rating, it is thought that the 22-footers will rate in class N, from 27 to 33ft., and the 18-footers in class P, from 22 to 27ft. In order to overcome the objections that the owners of yachts in the restricted classes might have to racing under any other than the rules for which they were built, it has been decided by the committee to offer larger cash prizes than usual, probably about twice as much for each race as was offered last season.

TWO ENTRIES FOR HALIFAX RACE.—Mr. Henry A. Morss, chairman of the Ocean Race Committee of the Eastern Y. C., has announced that two entries have been received for the ocean race from Marblehead to Halifax. These are the schooner Corona, owned by Mr. A. F. Luke, of New York, and the new schooner Invader, now being built at Lawley's for Mr. Roy A. Rainey, Vice-Commodore of the Larchmont Y. C.

WITH THE 22-FOOTERS.—Nutmeg, designed by Hanley and built by Messrs. Hanley & Lawley, for Mr. A. C. Jones, has been measured into the 22ft. class. She was launched June 3, and was found to be quite short. So 2,500 pounds of lead were put inside, in addition to the 2,500 pounds on the keel. When measured it was found that she was 21ft. 8 1/4 in. on the waterline. As the additional lead is to be put on the keel, it is likely that she will be found shorter than this when she is again measured. It is expected that she will be ready for the Boston Y. C. race on June 17. Mr. F. G. Macomber, Jr., owner of Clotho, last season's champion, has changed her name to Chewink V. The alterations on her have been completed, and in her first race at Marblehead on Saturday she showed the class that she is still among the fastest of them. The changes necessary to bring the old Medic into the class have been made, and she was seen in the race at Marblehead on Saturday.

A NEW 15-FOOTER.—There has been built at Dubois' yard, Scituate, a Y. R. A. 15-footer for Mr. James R. Prince, from designs of Messrs. Small Brothers. It is expected that this boat will make her first appearance in the race of the Boston Y. C. at Hull on June 17, when she will compete with Vera II., last year's champion, owned by Mr. Hjalmar Lundberg.

NEW 30-FOOTER TRIED OUT.—The new 30-footer, Pontiac, designed and built by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, for Mr. George S. Silsbee, has been given several trials off Marblehead. In three trials over a nine-mile course, in a light breeze, she beat both Sauquoit and Chewink IV. on Sunday, June 4. She is not so long as either of the restricted boats and she does not carry as much sail. She is 43ft. over all, 29ft. waterline, 10ft. 6in. breadth and 6ft. 9in. draft. She carries 1,150 sq. ft. of sail. She will be sent to Islesboro this week. With her will be sent a 15-footer designed and built by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, which will be used by Mr. Silsbee's son.

ADOPTS NEW RULE.—At a meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., held on Saturday evening, June 3, it was unanimously voted to adopt the new uniform rating rule. The classes to be raced under the rule will be under 40ft. rating. The 22-footers and the 18-footers will be raced under the old rule of waterline measurement.

BLACK HAWK AT MARBLEHEAD.—The schooner Black Hawk, designed by Mr. Norman L. Skene, and built by Mr. C. F. Brown, of Pulpit Harbor, Me., for Mr. C. E. Gibson, arrived at Marblehead on Wednesday, June 7. She had strong N. E. winds along the coast and is said to have handled most satisfactorily. She carried all sail until off Thatcher's Island, when topsails were taken in. Black Hawk is 61ft. over all, 42ft. waterline, 14ft. 3in. breadth and 8ft. 3in. draft. She is intended for offshore cruising and has been mentioned as a possible entry in the ocean race of the Eastern Y. C. Mr. Skene reports the sale of the 25ft. launch Comet for Mr. J. O. Hinckley, of Salem, to Mr. T. W. Heermans, of Chicago.

ELMINA SAILS FOR NEW YORK.—The 90ft. schooner Elmina, recently completed at Lawley's for Mr. F. F. Brewster from designs by Messrs. A. Carey Smith and Ferris, left port last week for New York waters. She put into Newport for a couple of days. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

TOINETTE SOLD.—The steel steam yacht Toinette, Mr. Thomas A. McIntyre, New York Y. C., has been sold, through the agency of Mr. Henry J. Gielow to Mr. J. Rosenbaum, of Chicago. Toinette was originally called the Lady Beatrice, and after that the Aroc. She was designed by Mr. A. C. Storey and built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, of Leith, Scotland. The principal dimensions are: 175ft. over all, 143ft. waterline, 22ft. 2in. beam and 12ft. 3in. depth.

RECENT SALES.—Auxiliary yawl Idelon has been sold by Dr. W. Merle Smith, Seawanhaka Y. C., to Mr. W. H. Parsons of this city, through the office of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman. Idelon is 55ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, 14ft. beam and 7ft. draft, designed and built in 1903 by the L. J. Nilson Co., Baltimore, Md., has a 7 horsepower Lathrop motor giving a speed of six miles under power.

The same office negotiated the sale of the sloop Nei San for Major J. McGaw Woodbury to Mr. H. C. Prichitt, of New York. Nei San was designed by Mr. Wm. Gardiner. She is 40ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 10ft. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft.

Mr. Seaman reports a new propeller is being placed aboard the steam yacht Orienta. The latter recently chartered to the Panama Government. She will be ready for her trial trip this week, and is expected to make over 20 miles an hour. If successful, she will leave at once for Colon, Panama.

ENTRIES FOR DOVER-HELIGOLAND RACE.—The race for the Heligoland cups starts on June 17, and so far nineteen entries have been received. The distance from Dover

to Heligoland is about 320 miles. The race is sailed on a handicap basis, auxiliaries being allowed to use only canvas for propelling power. Starting from Dover, the boats cross the North Sea, leaving all the lightships on the Dutch and German coasts on the starboard hand and finishing between the Saturn buoy, south of Heligoland, and a German warship, which serves as judges' boat. The boats entered follow:

Sailing Vessels.	Tons.
Clara, Max Guillaume, schooner.....	185
Satanita, Sir M. FitzGerald, yawl.....	300
Lethe, Col. T. F. A. W. Kennedy, yawl.....	163
Moonstone, H. K. Bellew, schooner.....	155
Susanne, O. Huldshinsky, schooner.....	154
Ailsa, H. S. Redmond, yawl.....	166
Thistle, Robert E. Tod, schooner.....	235
Hildegard, E. R. Coleman, schooner.....	145
Fleur de Lys, D. L. A. Stimson, schooner.....	86
Endymion, George Lauder, Jr., schooner.....	116
Navahoe, C. W. Watjen, yawl.....	235
Formosa, Adm. Sir J. K. E. Baird, yawl.....	102
Ventura, Lieut. T. N. Thynne, ketch.....	98
Theresa, Felix Simon, yawl.....	114
Sunshine, L. H. Solomon, schooner.....	118
Auxiliaries.	
Atlantic, Wilson Marshall, schooner.....	206
Utowana, Allison V. Armour, schooner.....	267
Apache, Edmund Randolph, bark.....	307
Valhalla, Earl of Crawford, ship.....	648

CLUB BOOKS RECEIVED.—We are indebted to Mr. John T. Fox, Secretary of the Beach Haven Y. C.; Mr. F. A. Eustis, of the Beverly Y. C., and Mr. Walter Burgess, of the Boston Y. C., for copies of their respective club books for the year of 1905.

New Rochelle Y. C.

New Rochelle, Long Island Sound—Saturday, June 10. TWENTY-FIVE boats were entered in the New Rochelle Y. C. powerboat race, held on Saturday, June 10, but the sea kicked up by the fresh S.W. wind was sufficient to prevent several from starting.

The Regatta Committee, made up of Messrs. G. P. Granberry, W. L. Diaz and J. C. Connolly were on board Vice-Commodore Gills' launch, Hellen G., which boat took up her position off Echo Bay. The course was from starting line off Echo Bay, between the committee boat and a mark boat, to and around red spar buoy, off Mott's Point and back to starting line; distance, 9 1/2 nautical miles.

Challenger was alone in her class, but she went twice over the course alone. Her time for the 19 miles was 54m. 15s., which is a shade better than 21 knots.

The only competitor Simplex had, was White Fox. Seven minutes was the time given by White Fox to Simplex. The latter won by 43m. 58s.

Beldame allowed Argonaut 16m. 20s. The former was unable to save her time and Argonaut won by 6m. 9s.

Reliance was not timed, and Hully G. won easily in her class, beating the Grace handily on corrected time.

Thirteen of the Knickerbocker Y. C. one-design boats, better known as the Sea Skunks, were entered, and ten started. They were the drawing card of the event, and an exciting race resulted. No. 7 won, beating No. 1 by 41s. Nos. 5 and 6 tied for third place. The summary follows:

Classes O, P, Q, R—Start, 2:20—Course, 19 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Challenger, W. Gould Brokaw.....	3 14 15	0 54 15	0 54 15
Classes S, T, V—Start, 2:25—Course, 19 Miles.			
White Fox, Charles Hatch.....	4 10 23	1 45 23	1 45 23
Simplex, C. R. Mabley.....	3 33 25	1 08 25	1 01 25
Classes A, B, C, D—Start, 2:30—Course, 19 Miles.			
Beldame, H. A. Lozier.....	4 17 21	1 47 21	1 47 21
Argonaut, Godfried Piel.....	4 27 22	1 57 22	1 41 02
Classes H, I, J—Start, 2:35—Course, 19 Miles.			
Reliance, A. C. Stratford.....	Not timed.		
Classes K, L—Start, 2:40—Course, 9 1/2 Miles.			
Elapsed. Corrected.			
Hully G., H. Foote.....	4 01 19	1 21 19	1 21 19
The Grace, L. A. Newcome.....	4 14 35	1 34 35	1 34 35
Knickerbocker One-Design Class—Start, 3:00—Course, 9 1/2 Miles.			
No. 1, F. L. Kraemer.....	4 03 00	1 03 00	1 03 00
No. 2, Charles Coughtry.....	4 09 26	1 09 26	1 09 26
No. 3, L. C. Berrian.....	4 09 15	1 09 15	1 09 15
No. 5, A. L. Kerker.....	4 04 55	1 04 55	1 04 55
No. 6, F. E. Brown.....	4 04 55	1 04 55	1 04 55
No. 7, Joseph Cassidy.....	4 02 19	1 02 19	1 02 19
No. 9, J. Sultsbach.....	4 08 51	1 08 51	1 08 51
No. 10, W. H. Gassert.....	4 06 48	1 08 48	1 08 48
No. 11, Daniel Noble.....	4 08 58	1 08 58	1 08 58
No. 12, M. E. Connelly.....	4 07 29	1 07 29	1 07 29

Quincy Y. C.

Quincy, Mass.—Saturday, June 10. AN interclub race between the yachts of the Quincy, Wollaston and Squantum Y. C.s was sailed off the Quincy Y. C. on Saturday, June 10, in a light westerly breeze. Wawenock was an easy winner in Class A. Marvel and West Wind won on corrected times in classes B and C. Togo won in the launch class. The summary:

Class A.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wawenock, Seymour & Coombs.....	2 21 04	1 37 14
Rambler, W. Sargent.....	2 31 47	1 51 07
Whisper, F. C. Fowler.....	2 36 38
Harriet, H. A. Lincoln.....	Disabled.	
Class B.		
Marvel, J. M. Whittemore.....	2 19 52	1 39 56
Eclipse, G. G. F. Sawyer, Jr.....	2 17 54	1 42 18
Hustler, H. W. Robbins.....	2 24 36	1 43 49
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw.....	2 24 48	1 46 09
Pocahontas, W. D. & F. C. Merrill.....	2 15 54	1 46 30
Josephine, F. H. Smith.....	2 26 41	1 46 31
Dorothy III., F. Crane.....	2 27 41	1 47 58
Argesta, G. H. Wilkins.....	2 26 31	1 49 19
Harold W., A. B. Robbins.....	2 26 17	1 49 31
Clara Lee, Edg Emery.....	2 40 53	1 59 39
Idler W., W. H. Nichols.....	2 43 45	1 59 45
Sheilla W., T. F. Hewitson.....	2 29 08
Stranger, D. & F. E. Daws.....	Disabled.	
Class C.		
West Wind, W. W. Clewse.....	1 38 45	1 07 18
Mijo, W. N. Cannon.....	1 38 02	1 10 10
Khaki, L. H. Brown.....	1 45 42	1 16 18
Motor Launches.		
Togo, N. L. H. Curtis.....	3 35 42
Mischief, T. H. E. Wilson.....	3 41 42

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, June 10. THE first race of the Corinthian Y. C. for the season was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, June 10, in light shifting breezes from S.W. to S.E. On account of the shifting wind there was no real windward work in the race. Two classes filled, 22-footers and 18-footers. In the 22ft. class the old Medic got the start, but Rube passed her and led to the first mark. On the second leg Medic II. took the lead, and held it during the rest of the race, with Chewink V., ex-Clotho, in second place. In the 18ft. class Moslem II. got the start and led all over the course. The summary:

22-Footers.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Medic II., H. H. White.....	2 20 08	2 20 08
Chewink V., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 20 38	2 20 38
Rube, H. L. Bowden.....	2 21 32	2 21 32
Florida, C. D. Lanning.....	2 43 45	2 43 45
Medic I., George Lee.....	2 22 40	2 22 40
18-Footers.		
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....	1 22 45	1 22 45
Hayseed, F. P. Bowden.....	1 24 23	1 24 23
Hayseed II., H. L. Bowden.....	1 26 59	1 26 59

Marine and Field Club.

Bath Beach, Long Island—Saturday, June 10.

ON the afternoon of Saturday, June 10, the Marine and Field Club gave a regatta for classes Q and under over the regular Association course in Gravesend Bay. The wind was light and fluky throughout and luck was a prominent factor in determining the positions at the finish. All but one of the new Class Q creations started in the race, the absentee being Cockatoo II, which had carried away her hollow mast earlier in the week and found it impossible to make repairs in time for the Saturday event.

More Trouble proved the winner among the new boats, beating out Quest in an exciting finish by only 32s. Ojigwan and Saetta had a hard tussle for third place, the former just nosing by the mark boat 2s. to the good. Karma won from the old Class Q craft and Beta led the Marine and Field Class RR. The division of Class Q was according to a resolution adopted at the last meeting of the associated clubs, in which it was decided, in all but the five events counting on the championship of the year, and upon request, to place "boats built under a rule in which displacement is taken as a factor" in the regular class and give the others the choice of which division they will enter.

What little wind there was hovered between S and S.W. all of the afternoon. This gave the boats a lot of windward hitches to the first mark off the Brooklyn Y. C., a reach to the Atlantic Y. C. mark, a broad reach to Fort Hamilton and still another reach home to the start off the Marine and Field Club house at Bath Beach. This journey was covered twice, aggregating between 7 and 8 miles. Quest had on board during the race her builder, Mr. Willard F. Downs, of Bay Shore, and made a much better showing than in the other two races entered this year. The summaries follow:

Table with columns: Class, Name, Finish, Elapsed. Includes Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:05; Class Q, Special—Start, 3:05; Sloops, Class RR—Start, 3:10.

*Gets time allowance, but measurement was not given.

Dorchester Y. C.

Dorchester, Mass.—Saturday, June 10.

AN open race was given by the Dorchester Y. C. for prizes offered by the City of Boston on the occasion of the 275th anniversary of the settlement of Dorchester, on Saturday, June 10. There were three handicap sailing classes and one class for launches. In Class A, Myrtle, ex-Helen, and Sally IV, sailed a very close race, Myrtle winning on both elapsed and corrected times. Class B was the largest, with twenty-one starters. The 18ft. knockabout Mirage II, won this race, with the 21ft. knockabout Jacobin only 20s. behind. Class C, for dories, was won by Fox on corrected time, Echo finishing first. Mr. H. H. Linnell's new launch Scudder won in the launch class. The summary:

Table with columns: Class, Name, Elapsed, Corrected. Includes Class A, 23 to 29Ft.; Class B, Under 23Ft. Waterline; Class C, sailing Dories Under 19Ft.; Power Boats.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

Port Washington, Long Island Sound—Saturday, June 10.

THE Manhasset Bay Y. C. held its sixth annual race on Saturday, June 10. There were thirty-six starters, and a fresh S.W. breeze made good times over the courses possible. In this club's annual race last year there were only twenty-eight starters, and a sharp squall broke shortly before the finish, preventing eight of the contestants from completing the race.

The Race Committee, composed of Colonel Frederick A. Hill, Chairman; H. H. Hogins, Jr., and C. H. White, serving in place of Harry C. Ward, was on board of Vice-Commodore Cowle's steam yacht Ardea. The committee boat took up her position near the red and black-striped buoy to the N.E. of Execution Light, making the starting line. The course was from the starting line to a mark off Week's Point, thence to Parsonage Point and back to the finish line, a distance of 10 1/2 miles. The boats in the two larger classes went twice over this course, while the rest of the starters covered it once. It was a reach over the first two legs of the course, and a beat back to the finish.

The 33-footers were sent away at 12:20. Mimosa III, crossed in the lead, with Alert close astern. Balloons were broken out as the boats went over the line of the starboard tack. Alert held her own on the first leg, but Mimosa III, drew away a little after they gybed around the first mark. When it came to the windward work Mimosa III, ran away from Alert, and at the end of the first round she was leading by over 4m. On the second round Mimosa II, continued to gain, and won by 9m. 21s. Memory was 3m. 32s. behind Alert.

At 12:25 ten of the New York Y. C. one-design boats started. Phryne, nicely placed, led across with Dahinda well on top of her. Neola II, Nautilus and Cara Mia followed in the order named, while the others came along well bunched. Phryne was never headed, but Nautilus worked into second place. At the end of the first round less than 7m. separated the first and last boats. Phryne was leading Nautilus 1m. 20s. On the second round Nautilus gained 20s., finishing just 1m. behind Phryne. Cara Mia was third. Neola II, Alera and Maid of Mendon collided at the start, but no one protested.

Snapper and Rascal were the only starters in the 27ft. sloop class. Rascal found the conditions to her liking and increased her lead on each leg. She won by 7m. 31s.

When the eight raceabouts crossed, Rascal II, and Pretty Quick came together. No damage was done, however, and no one protested. Rana pushed Invader hard for first honors, but the former won by 1m. 2s. Howdy was a close third.

In the old Larchmont one-design class, Dorothy beat Houri, the second boat, by 2m. 1s. in the 22ft. sloop class.

WaWa and Ace were without competitors in their respective classes, and were forced to take sailovers.

Gauntlet, a cruising boat built for off-shore work, finished 22s. ahead of Hamburg, her only competitor. The prize in this class cannot be awarded until Hamburg has been measured.

W. K. Judson won in the Manhasset dory class, J. L. Laidlaw was second. The summary:

Table with columns: Class, Name, Finish, Elapsed. Includes Sloops, 33Ft. Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 21 Miles; New York 30-Footers—Start, 12:25—Course, 21 Miles.

Sloops, 27Ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 10 1/2 Miles. Snapper, F. S. Page.....2 39 54 2 09 54 Rascal, John J. Dwyer.....2 32 17 2 02 17

Raceabouts—Start, 12:35—Course, 10 1/2 Miles. Pretty Quick, A. B. Alley.....2 37 57 2 02 57 Nora, A. Iselin III.....2 36 34 2 01 34 Invader, Jr., R. A. Rainey.....2 30 20 1 55 20 Mystral, A. C. Bostwick.....2 32 29 1 57 29 Tartan, G. L. Pirie.....2 35 07 2 00 07 Howdy, G. Mercer, Jr.....2 31 51 1 56 51 Rascal II, S. C. Hopkins.....2 33 24 1 58 24 Rana, H. Willets.....2 31 22 1 56 22

Larchmont One-design Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 10 1/2 Miles. Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....2 39 48 1 59 48 Vaquero, W. Stump.....2 50 36 2 10 36 Houri, J. H. Esser.....2 44 20 2 04 20

Sloops, 22Ft. Class—Start, 12:45—Course, 10 1/2 Miles. Rogue, A. B. Alley.....2 50 18 2 05 18 Kanaka, J. S. Mahlstead.....2 54 01 2 09 01 Montauk, H. D. Sheldon.....2 52 19 2 07 19

Indian Harbor Knockabouts—Start, 12:50—Course, 10 1/2 Miles. WaWa, G. B. Robinson.....3 07 32 2 17 32

New Rochelle Class—Start, 12:50—Course 10 1/2 Miles. Ace, R. N. Bavier.....3 07 03 2 17 03

Sloops, 18Ft. Class—Start, 12:50—Course, 10 1/2 Miles. Gauntlet, L. D. Huntington.....3 05 14 2 15 14 Hamburg, M. Goldschmidt.....3 05 36 2 15 36

Manhasset Dories—Start, 12:55—Course, 10 1/2 Miles. No. 1, E. Roesler.....3 20 52 2 25 52 No. 4, J. L. Laidlaw.....3 18 47 2 23 47 No. 6, W. K. Judson.....3 17 59 2 22 59

Cobweb Y. C.

Hudson River—Tuesday, May 30.

THE annual spring regatta of the Cobweb Y. C. took place on Decoration Day, May 30, over the club course, starting from the club house, foot of 152d street and Hudson River, to the first stake boat anchored off the long dock at Undercliff, then south along the New Jersey shore to the second stake boat anchored off Fort Lee, about two blocks north of the ferry house, then back to the starting point, twice around, making 15 miles. Wind, S. W., and ebb tide.

Table with columns: Class, Name, Start, Finish, Elapsed. Includes Class A, Cabin Sloops Over 30Ft.; Class B, Open Sloops Under 30Ft.; Class C, Open Cats Over 20Ft.; Class D, Open Cats Under 20Ft.; Class E, Cabin Cats.

Table with columns: Name, Horse-power, L. W. L. Start, Finish, Elapsed, Corrected. Includes Barney, Jessie, Kidder, Labusky, Hallie, Erin, Walter.

The winning boats were Mavis, Comanche, C. T. Wills, Yvonne, Jessie. B. H. McClain, official timekeeper, D. Tyrrell, D. Manson, judges.

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass.—Saturday, June 10.

THE first of a series of interclub races between yachts of the Winthrop, South Boston and Columbia yacht clubs, was sailed off Winthrop on Saturday, June 10, in a light westerly breeze. Thialfi, a South Boston boat, won the first class, and Hermes and Owaissa, two Winthrop boats won in the second and third classes respectively. The summary:

Table with columns: Class, Name, Elapsed, Corrected. Includes Class A; Class B; Class C.

Boston Y. C.

Hull, Mass.—Saturday, June 10.

A SPECIAL club race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Hull station on Saturday, June 10, in a light westerly breeze. Only Class I filled, Bonitwo winning easily. The summary:

Table with columns: Name, Elapsed. Includes First Rating Class; Class I; Second Rating Class.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Harbor—Saturday, June 10.

THE first race for the Underwood cup, open for competition to Atlantic Y. C. boats in classes P and above, was held on Saturday, June 10, starting at 3:05 P. M. Conditions governing the trophy are similar to those of the Havens cup. The boats compete in one class on time allowance and three victories are necessary for permanent ownership. Edgar F. Luckenbach's Bobtail won the first race, defeating J. B. O'Donohue's Redwing by 6m. 10s., corrected time.

Starting in the event besides those mentioned were S. E. Vernon's Vivian II, L. H. Dyer's Hustruess and D. S. Wylie's Lizana. The latter two withdrew at the end of the first round of the course. Lizana had fouled one of the turning buoys at Craven Shoal. A triangular course was twice covered, which gave windward work from the start off Sea Gate to a bell buoy three-quarters of a mile to the northward of West Bank Light, a broad reach to Craven Shoal buoy and another reach home. The next race for the trophy is scheduled to start on Saturday, July 15. The summaries follow:

Table with columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed, Corrected. Includes Sloops, Classes P and Above—Start, 3:05; Bobtail, Redwing, Vivian II, Hustruess, Lizana.

Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

JUNE.

- 15. New York, Bennett cups, Glen Cove.
15. West Hampton C. C., club.
15. Atlantic, annual.
17. Bensonhurst, open.
17. Atlantic, A. P. B. A. regatta.
17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
17. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
17. Hampton Roads, power boat cruise.
17. Boston, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
17. Corinthian, ocean race.
17. Keystone, club.
17. New York A. C., race to Block Island.
17. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
17. Wollaston-Quincy, interclub.
17. Beverly, club.
17. Rhode Island, club.
20. East Gloucester, club.
22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open.
22. Moriches, club.
22. Shunecock, club.
22. Quantuck, club.
22. Sea Side, open.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open.
24. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual.
24. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
24. Squantum, M. Y. R. A.
24. Bristol, open.
24. Lakewood, series race.
24. Unqua Corinthian, club.
24. Royal Canadian, club.
24. Rhode Island, cruising race.
24. Rhode Island, open.
24. Beverly, club.
24. Atlantic, first championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
24. Corinthian, open.
28. Sea Side, club.
29. Brooklyn, ocean race to Hampton Roads.
29. West Hampton C. C., cruise.
29. Quantuck, cruise.
29. Moriches, cruise.

JULY.

- 1. Atlantic, Havens cup No. 2 and Underwood cup.
1. Bristol, ocean race.
1. Beverly, club.
1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
1. Knickerbocker, cruise.
1. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
1. Seaside Park, ladies' cup races.
1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup race.
1. New Rochelle, annual.
1. Boston, club, Marblehead.
1. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
2. New Rochelle, cruise.
3. American, annual.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
3. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
3. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.
4. Lakewood, Gardner cup.
4. Atlantic, open.
4. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A.
4. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
4. Eastern, power boat races.
4. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
4. Edgewood, club.
4. Wollaston, club championship.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
4. Seaside Park, club.
4. Hampton Roads, cruise.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. races.
4. Beverly, sweepstake.
4. East Gloucester, club.
4. Hartford, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
4. Sea Side, club.
5-12. Atlantic, cruise.
7. Eastern, cruise.
8. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
8. New York, Glen Cove, cups.
8. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
8. Wollaston, club championship.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
8. Edgewood, club.
8. Quincy, M. Y. R. A.
8. Rhode Island, cruising race.
8. Seaside Park, club.
8. Beverly, club.
8. Corinthian, club.
8. Unqua Corinthian, Williams cups.
8. Riverside, annual.
8. Sea Side, open.
8. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
9. Canarsie, open.
9. Morrisania power boat race.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, ocean race.
11. Lakewood, series race.
12. Seaside Park, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
15. Royal Canadian, club.
15. New Rochelle, club.
15. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
15. Seaside Park, club.
15. Country Club, Detroit club.
15. Edgewood, club.
15. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
15. Keystone, club.
15. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
15. Beverly, club.
15. Boston, cruise.
15. Corinthian, club.
17. Edgewood, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
18. New Brunswick Y. R. A. regatta, Prudence Island.
18. East Gloucester, club.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Rhode Island, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
20. Rhode Island-Sachem Head, team race.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup.
21. Fall River, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
22. Knickerbocker, power boat race to Marblehead.
22. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
22. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A.
22. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
22. Rhode Island, cruising race.
22. Seaside Park, club.
22. Royal Canadian, Canada's cup trials.
22. Beverly Y. C., club.
22. Marine and Field, second championship, Y. R. A. G. B.

Canoing.

Twenty-Sixth Annual Meet of the A. C. A.

THE 1905 meet will be held on Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River, from August 4 to 18. The headquarters tents, store, and mess, will occupy the sites previously used by them.

CUSTOMS REGULATIONS.

The usual arrangements will be made with the Customs Department of Canada in regard to the entry of canoes, tents, and outfits, and an official will be stationed on the island.

A camp store will be opened, where all necessary provisions, kerosene, ice, tin-ware, etc., will be for sale at reasonable prices.

CAMP SITES.

To members who have attended the meets of 1903 and 1904, nothing need be said to recall to their memories the beauty and attractiveness of this island as a camp ground.

It is expected that a number of members will run their own mess, and every effort will be made to make this popular.

Overhaul your camp outfit now! See whether the old tent will serve once more, if not, buy another.

This is the cheapest style of tent in which there is any head room, and we urge members to buy and own their own tents.

RENTAL OF TENTS.

If, however, there are any members who prefer only to rent tents, we have arranged to furnish, 7x9 wall tents, without fly, at \$5 for two weeks; fly for same, at \$2.50 for two weeks;

COTS, BLANKETS, ETC.

We have on hand and will rent, wire cots and mattresses, \$2 per week; upholstered cots, \$1 per week; blankets, cotton, 50 cents per week; comfortables, cotton, 50 cents per week.

TENT FLOORS.

The rental of tent floors for two weeks, or the season will be: All sizes under and including 7x9, \$3; over 7x9 and including 10x12, \$4; over 10x12, per 100 sq. ft., \$4.

All applications for camp sites, with or without floors, tent floors, rented tents, cots, blankets, etc., must be made not later than July 15, to Frederic Andreas, Chairman Camp Site Committee, 1 Broadway, New York City.

No orders will be filled for tents, tent floors, cots or blankets, unless accompanied by a check or P. O. money order made payable to the order of Frederic G. Mather, Treasurer, covering the amount ordered.

An extra charge will be made if tents are put up and taken down for members. The meet closes officially on Aug. 18, and all rented cots, blankets and tents must be given up by Aug. 19.

The Camp Site Committee for 1905: Frederic Andreas, Chairman, 1 Broadway, New York City; Charles F. Daymond, West Englewood, N. J.; Henry G. Chamberlain, 322 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

TRANSPORTATION.

The customary concession to members of the A. C. A. and their families attending camp, viz., a round trip at the rate of one and one-third full fare to and from Clayton and Gananoque, has been granted upon the usual terms by the Trunk Line Association, embracing all territory east from Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Salamanca, Erie and Pittsburg; by the New England Passenger Association, embracing all New England; by the Central Passenger Association, covering all points in its territory as far as Chicago and St. Louis; also all points in Canada east of and including Toronto, and Grand Trunk Railway from New England points, and by the Grand Trunk Railway System, the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co., and the Lake Ontario and Bay of Quinte Steamboat Co., Ltd., (Steamers North King and Caspian).

Members will pay full fare to Clayton or Gananoque, obtaining

from the selling agents certificates, which, when properly indorsed and viséd at Sugar Island, will enable the holders thereof to return to the point of starting by continuous passage at one-third of the regular rate, provided such full fare is seventy-five cents or more.

All such certificates must be presented to H. M. Stewart upon registering at Camp, together with twenty-five cents for each visé fee by special agent, who will be in attendance August 14. No certificate will be valid for passage ticket without compliance with these rules.

Members arriving at Gananoque or Clayton by rail or steamer should take the steamer Valeria for Sugar Island, and secure an A. C. A. ticket at the rate of 75 cents for round trip, with one canoe and duffle carried free.

The running schedule of the Valeria will be published in later numbers of FOREST AND STREAM.

All canoes, duffle, baggage, freight, express or other matter destined for camp by the Valeria must be prepaid to Clayton, New York, or Gananoque, Ontario, Canada, and plainly marked: "A. C. A. Camp, per steamer Valeria."

Note: Members purchasing tickets with requisite certificates may do so only from Aug. 1 to Aug. 6, both inclusive, and such certificates will be valid for return passage tickets at reduced rate, by continuous passage to destination, without stopover, to Aug. 23, inclusive. There can be no deviation from this rule.

Such certificates carry no concession as to amount of baggage handed, beyond that of first-class passage tickets.

Special facilities for the handling of canoes, duffle, etc., to and from camp have been made by the committeemen of the different divisions, and all members contemplating going are requested to communicate with their man.

For Central Division men from Pittsburg and Buffalo, a special car will be provided to carry all canoes, baggage, etc., to and from camp. Members will please address: F. C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa., for further particulars.

Your committee will cheerfully give all available information on application, in addition to the above. Members of Central Division, south and west of Buffalo, wishing to stop over at Niagara Falls, can communicate with Mr. Demmler, address as above, who will advise concerning plan for such stopover at a somewhat reduced rate.

For Eastern Division members, your committeeman is endeavoring to secure best rates possible for car. Communicate with B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass. The following rates have been quoted: Canoes, Boston to Clayton, by freight, \$2.04 per cwt., or \$43 for 36ft. car. If twenty-five members club together, a baggage car will be furnished in Boston for \$45, or for fifty passengers car will be furnished free. Further reductions are looked for.

For Northern Division, members will please address: E. A. Burns, 44 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

For the Atlantic Division, special baggage car has been arranged to transport all such canoes, etc., to and from Clayton, free of charge; the car to be loaded and unloaded going and coming at the expense of the members participating therein. The car will be side-tracked in the 30th Street Station of the New York Central & Hudson River R. R., July 28, Friday; Manhattan Station (130th St.), July 29, Saturday; 147th Street Yards (Knickerbocker C. C.), July 30, Sunday; Yonkers, July 31, Monday; from there being moved through to Clayton without stop. Canoes, duffle, etc., may be loaded at any of these points. The committee will endeavor to arrange still further facilities for those members loading at 130th street, to lessen the carrying distance to the car—of this, due notice will be published. All canoes, etc., coming from points in New Jersey, the Delaware, etc., may be expressed to 30th Street Station, near 9th Avenue, New York. All canoes, duffle, etc., must be plainly marked: "Special Baggage Car, A. C. A. Camp, Clayton, N. Y.," and all freight, express and cartage charges must be prepaid.

The New York Central have agreed to issue a ticket at a special rate from New York to Clayton, costing \$10—for the round trip. This ticket can be purchased only from Mr. Charles Neuville, Passenger Agent, 415 Broadway, New York City, on or after the 3d of August. It will be good returning any time within thirty days and will count in making up the number requisite for obtaining the rate of a fare and a third for members coming from other points. Please note that this ticket can be purchased only at the above address and ask for "Special A. C. A. Camp Ticket."

Your committeeman will provide a special sleeping car for the use of members and their families, leaving Grand Central Station, New York, Friday, Aug. 4, by the Thousand Island Express. Applications for berths should be made to the chairman of the committee not later than Saturday, July 29. Should there not be a sufficient number to engage entire car, space will be allotted in regular sleepers. All applications should include berth charges, viz., \$2 each.

Clubs of the several divisions are earnestly requested to communicate with each other as to means of transporting canoes, etc., to and from central points, where they can be loaded, as substantial reductions in cost of movement can often be effected by such co-operation.

FOREST AND STREAM will contain further advices from your committee.

The Transportation Committee—Chairman, Atlantic, Louis Reichert, 155 Broadway, New York; Eastern, B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.; Central, F. C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.; Northern, E. A. Burns, 44 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

REGATTA PROGRAMME.

Sugar Island—August 4 to 18, 1905.

Sailing Races.

(Prescribed by Racing Regulations.)

Event No. 1—Trophy sailing race, 9 miles; limit 3 1/2 hours. Event No. 2—Dolphin trophy race, 7 1/2 miles; limit 3 hours. By

deed of gift, the winner of the sailing trophy race is debarred from entry in Dolphin trophy race.

Event No. 3—Sailing race, 6 miles; limit 2 1/2 hours. (Not prescribed by racing regulations.)

Event No. 4—Novice sailing race, 3 miles; limit 1 1/2 hours. Open to men who have not sailed canoes prior to September 1, 1904.

Event No. 5—Open canoes, sailing around Sugar Island. Limited to open canoe, steered by paddle and using detachable lee-boards.

Event No. 6—Open canoe sailing, 1 1/2 miles.

Event No. 7—Sailing race, cruising class; 85ft. sail area limit. For decked canoes, capable of storing complete camp outfit.

Paddling Races.

(Prescribed by Racing Regulations.)

Event No. 8—Trophy paddling, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 9—One man, single blade; 1/2 mile straightaway.

Event No. 10—One man, double blade; 1/2 mile straightaway.

Event No. 11—Tandem, single blades; 1/2 mile straightaway.

Event No. 12—Tandem, double blades; 1/2 mile straightaway.

Sundry Races.

Event No. 13—Mixed tandem, single blade; 1/4 mile straightaway.

Event No. 14—Tilting tournament. Subject to new regulations.

Special Races.

Race for open or decked canoes. Prizes donated by a member. Minimum length 16ft., breadth 30in.; maximum length 18ft., breadth 34in.; minimum weight, 65 pounds of boat, and to ballast up to 85 pounds.

Event No. 15—One man paddling, to carry 150 pounds dead weight below gunwale in sand bags.

Event No. 16—Two men paddling, to carry 200 pounds dead weight below gunwale in sand bags. Race to be around the island, starting and finishing in front of the headquarters point. Single blades only to be used.

Event No. 17—Sailing race for decked cruising canoes, sail area not to exceed 85ft.; 200 pounds ballast to be carried, to represent cruising outfit. Around Sugar Island, start and finish to be in front of headquarters point. Prizes donated by Regatta Committee.

Note: All events in which there are less than two entries will be canceled. In events of less than three entries no second prize will be awarded. The committee reserve the right to change programme at camp, if necessary, by posting same on bulletin board.

M. OHLMEYER, Chairman, 201 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N. J. ARTHUR G. MATHER, WM. G. HARRISON.

New York C. C.

Bensonhurst, Long Island—Saturday, June 10.

F. C. SPEIDEL won the handicap open sailing canoe race which was decided at the New York C. C. on Saturday, June 10. Similar events are to be held each Saturday until the fall regatta, for a point trophy offered by C. E. Dunn. A 1 1/2-mile triangle was covered twice. The summaries follow:

Open Sailing Canoes—Start, 3:40.

Table with columns: Name, Start, Finish, Elapsed. Includes F. Speidel, W. Carmalt, A. M. Poole, R. S. Hawthorne, C. E. Dunn, I. M. Dean, Wm. Yelland, Jr.

A. C. A. Membership.

NEW MEMBERS PROPOSED.

Atlantic Division.—Stanley B. Rose, Trenton, N. J., Fred G. Furman; Charles F. Ash, Brooklyn, N. Y., by H. M. Dater; H. Kennard, New York City, by F. C. Moore.

Central Division.—Deloss M. Rose, Rochester, N. Y., by C. Avery; H. T. Hildebrand, Pittsburg, Pa., by H. G. Welsh; J. G. Schreuder, Edgewood Park, Pa., by H. G. Welsh.

Western Division.—Douglas Bradley, St. Louis, Mo., by E. T. Keyser.

FREDERIC G. MATHER, Treas.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 15-18.—Central Sharpshooters' Union, under auspices of Davenport, Ia., Shooting Association. F. Berg, Sec'y. July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association. July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association. Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines, Ia., Rifle Association annual meeting. Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches. Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of this association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, on June 4. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Nestler was champion for the day with the good score of 227. Payne was high man on the honor target with 70 points. A gusty wind from 3 to 6 o'clock quarter blew all day. Light fair, and weather warm, hovering around 90. Our old veteran, Mr. Hasenzahl, is over in California on a business trip, and while there he visited the new range of the Los Angeles Rifle Club and made scores as follows: 209, 201, 200, 198, 203. A stiff wind blew across the range at the time. They shoot from one hill to another. He was received very cordially by the boys, who are a jolly set. He will come back as far as Davenport in time to be present at the Central Sharpshooters' tournament.

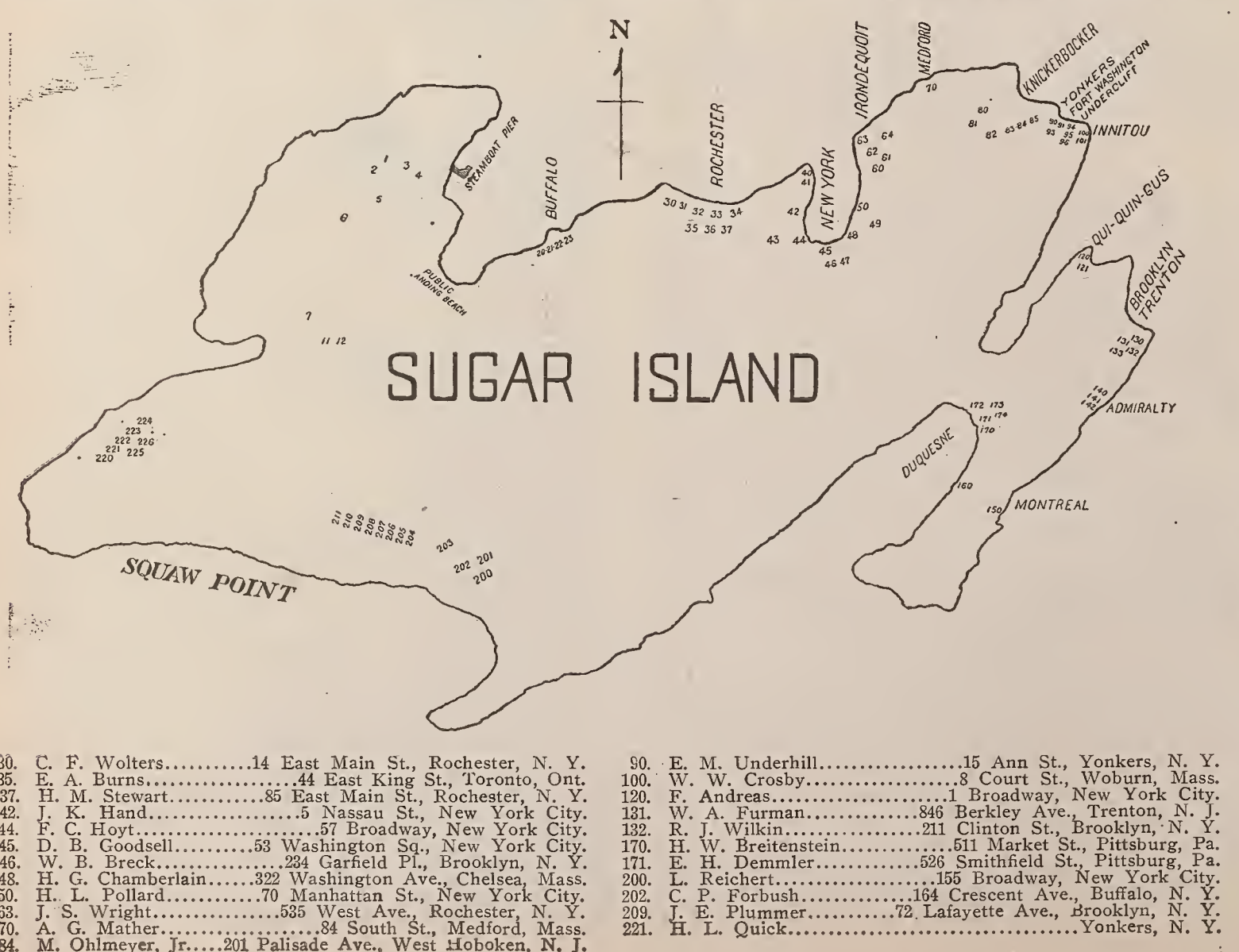
Table with columns: Name, Score. Includes Nestler, Payne, Roberts, Gindele, Drube, Bruns, Hofman, Freitag, Hofer, Trounstine.

The 50-shot match with the Kansas City Rifle Club, 5-men teams, and the 10-shot match with the Wausau Schuetzen Verein, 10-men teams, both came off to-day and resulted in a victory in both instances for the home teams. Scores as follows:

Table with columns: Name, Score. Includes Kansas City Rifle and Pistol Club members: E. N. Williams, A. W. Peck, F. Evans, L. A. Snow, J. H. Snow.

Table with columns: Name, Score. Includes Cincinnati team: Payne, Nestler, Roberts, Bruns, Hofer.

Table with columns: Name, Score. Includes Wausau Team and Cincinnati Team members: Wm Kopper, A. Leipinski, J. Dern, O. Mathie, G. Naffz, O. Mueller, Wm Lohmer, F. Matie, H. Binzer, H. Schmidt.



- 30. C. F. Wolters.....14 East Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
35. E. A. Burns.....44 East King St., Toronto, Ont.
37. H. M. Stewart.....85 East Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
42. J. K. Hand.....5 Nassau St., New York City.
44. F. C. Hoyt.....57 Broadway, New York City.
45. D. B. Goodsell.....53 Washington Sq., New York City.
46. W. B. Breck.....234 Garfield Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.
48. H. G. Chamberlain.....322 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass.
50. H. L. Pollard.....70 Manhattan St., New York City.
63. J. S. Wright.....535 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
70. A. G. Mather.....84 South St., Medford, Mass.
84. M. Ohlmeyer, Jr.....201 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.
90. E. M. Underhill.....15 Ann St., Yonkers, N. Y.
100. W. W. Crosby.....8 Court St., Woburn, Mass.
120. F. Andreas.....1 Broadway, New York City.
131. W. A. Furman.....846 Berkley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
132. R. J. Wilkin.....211 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
170. H. W. Breitenstein.....511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.
171. E. H. Demmler.....526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
200. L. Reichert.....155 Broadway, New York City.
202. C. P. Forbush.....164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
209. J. E. Plummer.....72 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
221. H. L. Quick.....Yonkers, N. Y.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

The forty-eighth annual shooting festival was held June 7 and 8 in Union Hill Shooting Park, New Jersey, and was a success in both attendance and shooting interest.

The most notable feature of the whole tournament was the performance of Richard Gute, in making a new record for this range on the ring target. It will be remembered that at the indoor championship tournament in this city last March Mr. Gute was high man with an unusually good 100-shot score, and was beaten at the eleventh hour by Louis Ittel, of Pittsburg.

The King medal and the honors attending this ceremony went to Fred Von Deesten. Miss Mary Wilkins made the presentation speech and pinned the King medal on his coat. Mr. Gute was high on the ring target with 145 out of the possible 150 points, while Reinhold Busse made the best bullseye.

Ring Target: R Gute 145, M Dorrlor 144, L P Hansen 143, F C Ross 137, A Hubalek 135, E Fischer 69, O Schmidt 68, George Schlicht 68, A T Segert 67, William A Tewes 67, Charles Bischoff 67, R Busse 66, A Kronsberg 65, C G Zettler 64, D Scharninghaus 64, E Heidelberger 62, J Muzzio 63, G Thomas 63, B Zettler 62.

Premiums.—R. Gute 348, M. Dorrlor 347, L. P. Hansen 343, F. C. Ross 337.

Bullseye Target, Degrees: R Busse 25, E Fischer 59, W A Tewes 28, O Schwanemann 59 1/2, John Facklamm 32 1/2, August Kronsberg 63, M Dorrlor 33, Charles Meyer 71 1/2, Charles Bischoff 38, D Scharninghaus 73 1/2, F C Ross 41, C G Zettler 76, A Hubalek 43, R Gute 84, G Ludwig 43 1/2, G Thomas 87, Fred Facompre 48, O Schmidt 90, George Schlicht 49 1/2, L P Hansen 93.

Premiums: F C Ross 43, M Dorrlor 25, George Schlicht 36, A Hubalek 19, John Facklamm 30.

First and last flags.—Schlicht and Facklamm, Ross and Kronsberg.

Prize Rifle Competition.

The J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co. have inaugurated a boys' prize competition under the following conditions:

"We will shortly make a new rifle, especially built for boys—accurate, safe, durable—a Stevens all over. We wish to call our rifle something distinctive, individual and a name that will best typify it.

"Our offer terminates Aug. 15, 1905. In order to encourage the receipt of as many different names as it is possible to obtain, we do not restrict you to supply but one name. Send in as many as you wish—specifying first, second and third selections, etc. Of course it is understood that each competitor can secure but one Stevens as a prize. One of our popular, well-known Favorite No. 17 rifles will be awarded to the person sending in the best name. A 'Little Krag' No. 65 rifle will be awarded to the contestant submitting the second best name. A 'Crack Shot' No 16 rifle will be presented to the contestant furnishing the third name. A 'Stevens-Maynard Jr.' No. 15 to the fourth. A Stevent 'Tip Up' No 41 pistol to the fifth. These firearms will be delivered free, all charges prepaid. Conform to the simple conditions of our prize offer. Furnish as many names as you wish to forward. Write on one side of sheet only; in a plain, legible hand. State name and address clearly. Date your communication. If a number of competitors submit the same names, the one sending in the name first will receive the prize. The names of all the successful contestants will be published in the Fall issues of all the representative outdoor and sportsmen's publications. The judges of this competition will be the officers of our company. Address: Prize Rifle Competition, J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, U. S. A."

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

RATHER an off week; weather bad, and majority of scores worse. A few of the men who had an opportunity to sandwich in their practice made a creditable showing, but Saturday's efforts showed that most of the shooters had that "tired feeling" and lost their scores.

Hurlburt appeared at the range about in time for closing and found the Major has done some good work with his military revolver.

Week ending June 10. The following scores were shot on the Portsmouth range:

Rifle, 50yds., on the Standard pistol target.—B. Norman, 89, 86, 85; H. Powell, 87, 84, 83, 82. Pistol, 50yds., Standard.—Wm. Almy, 92, 91, 86, 85. The following scores were shot on Cranston range: Revolver, 50yds., Standard.—Wm. F. Eddy, military, 70, 74, 75, 83, 76, 84, 81, 77, 82; A. C. Hurlburt, 81, 72; Arno Argus, 76, 73, 79. Revolver, 50yds., military count.—Wm. F. Eddy, 46, 46, 45, 47, 47, 45, 47; Arno Argus, 46, 45, 45; A. C. Hurlburt, 46, 43, 43.

Italian Shooting Association.

DURING the picnic of the Messina Association of New York city, on June 5, a rifle shooting contest was held by the Italian Shooting Association and some nice trophies shot for. G. T. Conti won the gold medal with a score of 102 out of the possible 108 points. Second man was L. Reali, who scored 99 and won the silver medal. M. Mandelli was third with 96; De Felice, fourth, 94; Messina, fifth; Muzzio, sixth; Gazzola, seventh.

The Messina Association gold medal was shot for by members of that society only. G. Gazzetta won with a score of 88 points.

Remington Rifle Club.

ILION, N. Y., June 5.—The Remington Gun and Rifle Club will hold an open rifle shoot July 4, on their rifle range at Myers Flats, Main street, Ilion, N. Y., U. & M. V. Stop No. 38, rain or shine. Merchandise programme will be out later.

W. H. GRIMSHAW, Sec'y.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader: If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of outdoor life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 346 Broadway, New York.

Please send me.....FOREST AND STREAM Coin Cards to distribute to friends.

Name..... Address..... State.....

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- June 14-15.—Durham, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association second annual tournament. Geo. L. Lyon, Pres. June 14-15.—Middletown, Wis., Gun Club tournament. Frank L. Pierstorff, Sec'y. June 15.—Champlain, N. Y., Gun Club annual tournament. June 16.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Limited Gun Club championship shoot. June 16-17.—Pottstown, Pa.—Shuler Gun Club target tournament. June 16-17.—Pottstown, Pa.—Shuler Gun Club target tournament. June 16-18.—Putnam, Ill.—Undercliff Sportsmen's Association tournament. C. G. Grubbs, Mgr. June 17.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club special 100-target contest. C. P. Zacher, Sec'y. June 20.—Dayton, O.—Rohrer's Island Gun Club tournament. Will E. Kette, Sec'y. June 20-21.—Binghamton, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club tournament. Vernon L. Perry, Sec'y. June 20-21.—Jackson, Mich.—Michigan State shoot, under auspices of Jackson Gun Club. H. B. Crosier, Sec'y. June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club annual tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y. June 21-22.—Bradford, Pa., Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y. June 21.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia third tournament, under auspices of Grafton Gun Club. A. R. Warden, Sec'y. June 22.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y. June 22-23.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seashore Gun Club shooting tournament. E. M. Smith, Sec'y. June 22-24.—Portland, Ore.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest tournament. J. Winters, Sec'y. June 27.—Norwich.—Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut fifth tournament, under auspices of the Norwich Gun Club. I. P. Taft, Sec'y. June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secy-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa. July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y. July 4.—Dickey Bird national team contest of the W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo., of whom entry blanks and conditions may be obtained. July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y. July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash. July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y. July 4.—Brockton, Mass.—Montello Gun Club shoot. H. Windle, Sec'y. July 4.—Syracuse, N. Y.—Messina Springs Gun Club target tournament. F. N. Potter, Mgr. July 4.—Montpelier, Vt., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. H. Burr, Sec'y. July 4.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fourth tournament, under auspices of Mannington Gun Club. W. C. Mawhinney, Sec'y. July 4.—Richmond, Va., Gun Club annual tournament. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y. July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament. W. A. Murrell, Sec'y. July 11.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot. July 11-12.—Eufala, Ala., Gun Club tournament. C. M. Gamme, Sec'y. July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y. July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y. July 12-14.—Betterton, Md.—Malone's eleventh annual summer tournament; \$200 added. J. R. Malone, Mgr., 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore. July 17-18.—Charlottesville, Va.—Charlottesville and University Gun Club sixth annual money and merchandise shoot. G. L. Bruffey, Mgr. July 24-25.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore. July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament. Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y. Aug. 8-9.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fifth tournament, under auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y. Aug. 8.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot. H. W. Dryer, Sec'y. Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Eadsdale, Sec'y. Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y. Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y. Aug. 18-20.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y. Aug. 22.—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y. Aug. 22-23.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y. Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y. Aug. 29-31.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsman's Club fourth annual tournament. Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y. Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; \$25 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y. Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y. Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y. Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y. Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr. Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y. Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Montpelier, Vt., Gun Club, through their Secretary, Dr. C. H. Burr, announce that July 4 has been fixed upon for their tournament.

Mr. G. L. Bruffey, Business Manager, announces that the sixth annual money and merchandise shoot of the Charlottesville and University Gun Club will be held on July 17 and 18.

Mr. W. H. Heer made high average for the three days at the New Jersey State shoot last week. He broke 448 out of a possible 485. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was second with 441.

The Supreme Court of the State of New Jersey is of the opinion that the anti-pigeon shooting law is constitutional. On June 12 the law, passed in 1904, was declared valid.

The Secretary, F. K. Stelle, writes us that there will be a few extra events in the programme of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club's regular shoot, June 17, at 2 o'clock; sweepstakes and prizes.

Mr. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md., writes us that his eleventh annual summer tournament will be held at Betterton, Kent county, Md., on July 12-14, and that \$200 will be added.

Mr. Frank E. Butler, in the most tranquil manner imaginable, won the New Jersey State individual championship at the New Jersey State shoot last week. The conditions, as to wind and weather, were difficult.

The Bergen Beach Gun Club announce that they will not hold any weekly shoots during July and August. The regular monthly shoots, however, will be held as usual. The dates of the next two monthly shoots are July 11 and Aug. 8. H. W. Dreyer is the Secretary.

F. N. Potter, chairman of the committee, writes us that the Messina Springs Gun Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., have decided on a programme of eleven Gun events for their shoot on July 4. The events are at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. Targets, 1 1/2 cent. Two dollars added to 20-target events. Class shooting. Competition begins at 10 o'clock.

The Seashore Gun Club, of Atlantic City, N. J., have issued the programme of their tournament, fixed to take place on June 22-24. There are totals of 195 targets and \$12.25 entrance each day. There are distance handicap events each day, cup contests, and money for high and low averages. Shooting commences at 2 o'clock. Rose system. Ship ammunition, etc., prepaid, to Mr. E. M. Smith, Speedway Hotel, Atlantic City.

The second annual tournament of the South Framingham, Mass., Gun Club, has a programme of ten events, each at 15 targets. All events at 16yds. Targets, 1 1/2 cent. Events 7 and 8 are the five-man team shoot. To two amateurs making highest averages, \$5 and \$3. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Fifty dollars will be divided. In the five-man team race, \$10 and \$5. No limit to the number of teams. Lunch served free to shooters. Ship shells, etc., to President F. W. Hewins, South Framingham. T. F. Rice, Secretary.

The Bradford, Pa., Gun Club tournament, June 21-22, is open to the world. Added money, \$400. The programme is alike for each day, eight events at 15, one at 20 and one at 25 targets. Entrance, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50. Added money, \$15 to each of the 15-target events, \$22.50 to the 20-target events, and \$32.50 to the 25-target events. Rose system. June 20, practice day. Lunch served on the grounds. Guns, etc., prepaid, sent care of E. C. Charlton, Secretary, will be delivered on the grounds free. Professional high average will be awarded a silver cup. High averages for the two days, \$25, \$15. Low average, \$10.

Twelve events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, constitute the programme of the fifth tournament of the Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut, to be held at Norwich, June 27, commencing at 9:30. The totals are 190 targets, entrance \$17.82. For the five-man team event, No. 6, 20 targets, the following teams have entered; New Britain, Waterbury, New Haven, Bristol, Willimantic, Norwich, Hartford, Bridgeport and Rockville. Rose system. Targets, 1 1/2 cent. Sweepstakes optional. All shooters are invited. Loaded shells and refreshments obtainable on the grounds. I. P. Taft, Secretary.

The Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club will hold an all-day tournament at clay targets on July 4. The programme of twelve events calls for 190 targets, \$15.50 entrance in sweeps. Shooting will begin at 9 o'clock sharp. Rose system, four moneys; less than ten entries, three moneys. Targets will be thrown from expert traps, arranged Sergeant system. Manufacturers' agents allowed to shoot for targets only. To the six high guns shooting the entire programme the following prizes will be given: First, \$5 gold piece; second, trout rod; third, half dozen photographs; fourth, box of cigars; fifth, box of cigars; sixth, \$1 worth of shaves. Targets, included in all entrances, 1 1/2 cent each. Sweepstakes being optional, any one may enter any event and shoot for targets only. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. To reach the shooting grounds, take Indian Orchard or Palmer cars to Red House Crossing. Cars leave the city every fifteen minutes. Ammunition shipped, prepaid, to C. L. Kites, Secretary, 416 Main street, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Programmes are now ready, and may be had by addressing the Secretary. BERNARD WATERS.

N. J. Pigeon Shooting Case.

THE following is unpleasant news to trapshooters. It is taken from the New York Sun:

"Troncton, N. J., June 12.—The Supreme Court, in an opinion filed by Justice Fort to-day, sustained the constitutionality of the act of April 12, 1904, under which the shooting of live pigeons from traps is prohibited in New Jersey. To test the act two members of the Riverton Gun Club, Charles W. Davis, of the Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, and Rudolph F. Harned, an officer of the club, each shot at one pigeon on the club grounds and were arrested, indicted and fined \$85 each and costs. They appealed from the conviction.

"To test every phase of the law, Davis killed his bird, which was shipped to a Boston market for sale and Harned missed his entirely. The court holds that the question of a bird being killed or escaping does not affect the liability of the person making of it a target. Technical objections were raised against the act on the ground that its title was defective; but the real fight was upon the issue that pigeons are property, and may be disposed of by the owner as he sees fit. On this point the Supreme Court says: "It is not a curtailment of the right of property to prevent a person from using his animals or fowls as a target, whether to be shot at for amusement or as a test of skill in marksmanship. Under the police power the Legislature may prescribe how animals may be killed by their owners, in order that they may be used for food. They may fix by statute the time, places and manner of such killing. By limiting the method or prescribing the manner of killing, they do not infringe upon the rights of property owners."

"It is expected that to-day's decision will be appealed to the Court of Errors and Appeals."

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 7.—At the shoot of the Rochester Gun Club, Mr. Geo. Borst won the McCord, Gibson & Stewart cup. The shooting was marred by a driving rainstorm, which kept some at home who might otherwise have competed.

Mr. Borst won two contests previous to this contest, with the help of his handicap. Each contestant shoots at 50 targets, a handicap allowance being added to the actual score. Yesterday's results follow:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Brk. Hdp., Tot'l., Brk. Hdp., Tot'l. Rows include Borst, Stewart, Kershner, Clark, and Weller.

Kentucky Trapshooters' League.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 8.—The third annual target championship shoot of the Kentucky Trapshooters' League, Louisville, Ky., May 29, 30 and 31, resulted in the following scores:

First Day, May 29.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters on May 29.

Second Day, May 30.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters on May 30.

Third Day, May 31.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters on May 31.

Table with columns: Kentucky championship, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for the Kentucky championship.

General averages:

Table with columns: Name, 1st Day, 2d Day, 3d Day, Total. Lists general averages for various shooters.

The 50-bird Ballistite handicap trophy presented by Praggoff Bros., was won by J. W. William, of Mt. Sterling, score 46 out of 50.

The three-man team shoot was won by the Fayette Gun Club, of Lexington, Ky., composed of J. Q. Ward, V. K. Dodge and Woolfolk Henderson.

The scores of these two events are not given in detail, as they were not included in the general averages.

EMILE PRAGGOF, Sec'y Jefferson County G. C.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—June 10 was cloudy. There was a heavy fall of rain early in the afternoon. The light was poor. Quite a brisk wind affected many of the scores.

In the Schuler trophy shoot, Lutie Gambell landed among the leaders with a straight 50, including his handicap. Bullerick and E. Altheer also scored a total of 50. Maynard was high in actual breaks, with 45.

Quite a number will attend the Rohrer's Island tournament on the 20th.

Schuler prize shoot, 50 targets, handicap allowance: Bullerick (14) 50, Myers (15) 50, Gambell, Jr. (17) 50, E. Altheer (24) 50, Linn (7) 49, Williams (9) 49, Andrews (14) 48, Maynard (2) 47, Herman (13) 47, Jones (9) 46, Lytle (24) 46, Faran (3) 45, Roll (3) 45, Black (2) 44, Falk (13) 43, F. Altheer (16) 43, Barker (3) 42, Ahlers (0) 41, Krehbiel (6) 41, Randall (0) 39, French (0) 26, Roberts (0) 23.

Notes.

June 9 was a fine day for shooting, and the turnout at the Dayton, O., Gun Club's grounds was better than for some time. Craig was high gun with 154 out of 175, and Ike second with 145.

Members of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, O., visited the grounds on June 7. Wm. Oldt and W. E. Kette tied on 26 for the medal, and Oldt won the shoot-off by 1 target, breaking 5 out of 6 in the final to Kette's 4. The club's tournament on June 20 promises to be well attended. A number of the Cincy shooters will be present. The programme consists of eight 15 and four 20-target events, entrance \$1.50 and \$2; moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Lunch served on the grounds.

The Greenville, O., Gun Club's tenth medal shoot of the series was held on June 5. A strong wind was blowing and scores suffered. Class A medal was won by McKeon, with 37.

At the medal shoot of the Central Covington, Ky., Gun Club on June 4, John E. Schreek, of Austinburg, was high man with 39, and captured the medal.

The Welfare Gun Club, of Dayton, O., shot a five-man team match with Rohrer's Island on June 3. The islanders won by a score of 209 to 182.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, June 10.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the first shoot of the second series. Keck won Class A trophy on 24; N. S. Birkland, Class B on 16, and George, Class C on 9.

After the trophy shoot two teams were formed by choosing sides, W. Einfeldt and Kampp being the captains. Kampp's team won the first race by the small margin of 3 targets, but in the second race Einfeldt's team redeemed itself and won by 11 targets.

The day was fairly good for target shooting, but rained before we got through, and the last of the events were shot during a shower. About twenty shooters showed up for the occasion.

Table with columns: Name, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10. Lists scores for various shooters in the Garfield Gun Club event.

Eighth trophy event, 25 targets: Dr. Reynolds 11, Meek 21, Thomas 20, Keck 24, Steenberg 20, Eaton 19, Kampp 20, George 9, A. Smedes 16, T. L. Smedes 13, McDonald 16, Stone 10, Lord 15, Birkland, Sr. 16, W. Einfeldt 20, Geotter 16, Lord 22.

Table with columns: Name, Score. Lists scores for various shooters in the eighth trophy event.

Table with columns: Name, Score. Lists scores for various shooters in the team shoot.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., June 10.—To-day signaled the opening of the new grounds of the Montclair Gun Club.

The club has done no shooting for just one month. In the meantime the house and traps have been removed and rebuilt on the new location, which is adjoining the grounds of the Upper Montclair Golf Club, corner Grove street and Bellevue avenue, Upper Montclair. When entirely finished, the house will be larger, and two sets of expert traps will be in position.

Some thirteen men were present to-day. Messrs. Cockefair and Bush each made a run of 25 straight, while Allen made the best general average, breaking 92 out of 100.

Next Saturday there will be a contest for a silver trophy.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Score. Lists scores for various shooters in the Montclair Gun Club event.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 3.—Steel won the Peters badge.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters in the Indianapolis Gun Club event.

June 10.—Parry won Peters badge. Rain accounts for small attendance. The five sets of traps that will be used during the G. A. H. were used yesterday and worked faultless.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters in the Indianapolis Gun Club event.

Shamokin Gun Club.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., June 9.—The Shamokin Gun Club held their annual spring tournament to-day on their Bunker Hill grounds. Henry Kaseman won first prize in the merchandise event, an Ithaca gun. He scored 25 straight; R. C. Derk, second, opera glasses. Two tied for second prize, Derk and Brindle, and in the shoot-off Derk won. Fen Cooper won third prize, hunting scene. The averages were: Derk first, Haverty second, Kaseman third. Derk made a run of 83. Curtis was second with 51. Squier, of Wilmington, Del., was the only professional. L. E. Parvin, of Leesport, was present.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters in the Shamokin Gun Club event.

Fayette Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 9.—Appended are the scores of the regular weekly shoot of the Fayette Gun Club, of this city, held Thursday, June 8.

The programme of the afternoon called for four events, aggregating 50 targets. The first 25 were for a trophy donated by a club member. The contest to consist of eight events of 25 targets each, high average in 200 targets winning. Events 3 and 4, of 25 targets, was the third of the series for Parker gun, for club members. Scores also of team shoot between teams from this club and that of Mt. Sterling, Ky., 50 targets per man, 500 to team. Match was won by Mt. Sterling by 13 targets. Return match to be shot here next Thursday.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters in the Fayette Gun Club event.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 8.—The approaching State tournament in Durham next week made some of us feel like testing our skill over their traps, and instead of holding our regular weekly shoot on our own grounds, all left for Durham, and found Arthur Lyon and Slater awaiting us at the station. Within a very short while our guns were on the firing line, and the tale is soon told by the appended scores.

Some explanation is necessary, because some of our boys can do better under more favorable circumstances. The wind was very high at times.

We enjoyed the day's outing, and thank Lyon and Slater for the attention shown us.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters in the Raleigh Gun Club event.

R. T. GOWAN.

Bradford Gun Club.

BRADFORD, Pa., June 5.—The following is a total of the events held at the traps of the above club on June 3:

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various shooters in the Bradford Gun Club event.

E. C. CHARLTON, Sec'y-Treas.

South Framingham Gun Club.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass., June 8.—We take pleasure in sending you, under separate cover, one of our programmes of our July 4 shoot. The trade will be well represented, as we have the assurance of the presence of W. H. Heer, G. M. Wheeler, Sim Glover, H. S. Welles, A. A. Schoverling and representatives of other companies. We will also have Capt. Geo. Bartlett, rifle expert, who will give an exhibition during the day.

F. P. HEWINS.

The Association was formed, over twenty-five years ago. It now represents the individual championship at inanimate targets and is open to all residents, professional or amateur. Conditions: 100 targets, 16yds. rise; entrance, \$3, including targets. The winner at the last annual tournament to receive the net purse in this. This to be shot off at 25 targets. Winner to give a bond for the return of the medal before the next tournament: F. E. Butler 83, F. C. Bissett 85, Fred Truax 82, G. H. Piercy 81, C. H. Cole 81, E. A. Guenther 7, M. H. Rupell 67, J. W. Hoffman 64.

Third Day, June 8.

The weather was pleasant, though a stiff wind blew across the traps. The team contest, between New Jersey and New York, had no entries.

An eight-man informal team race was shot between the professionals and the amateurs, the latter winning. Also a number of extra events were shot. Scores:

Table with columns: Shot at, Broke, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various participants like J. A. R. Elliott, W. H. Heer, F. E. Butler, etc.

Totals for the three days:

Summary table for the three days (June 5-8) with columns for First Day, Second Day, and Third Day, showing shot counts and broken targets for various participants.

Amateurs vs. professionals, eight men, 100 targets per man: Amateurs—L. H. Schorty 86, A. A. Schoverling 85, G. H. Piercy 84, Fred Truax 79, Frank Hall 79, Ed. Guenther 76, F. C. Bissett 75, M. H. Rupell 66, total, 630. Professionals—W. H. Heer 95, J. M. Hawkins 93, W. J. Hearn 87, Neaf Apgar 83, J. A. R. Elliott 76, F. E. Butler 69, H. H. Stevens 65, R. H. Nicol 54; total, 622.

Springfield Shooting Club.

We held a practice shoot on the afternoon of June 3, at which fourteen members turned out to try their hand for the several prizes we are shooting for during the season. The seventh event, a 15-target event for a box of cigars, resulted in a tie between Collins and P. Lathrop on 15 broken for each, counting in their added allowance of three targets. Owing to a misunderstanding, the tie was not shot off, but will be decided at the next shoot. We have one of these prize events at each shoot. The sixth and eighth events are for the Peters cup and three merchandise prizes respectively, to be shot for during the season, the sixth handicapped by allowing added targets, and in the eighth the shooters are divided into classes according to their shooting, the three prizes being of equal value. Scores in these three events follow:

Event No. 6, 25 targets; Peters cup contest—Finch, scratch, 22; Snow, 19 (3), 22; Hawes, 19 (3), 22; P. Lathrop, 18 (3), 21; Janser, 16 (5), 21; Le Noir (scratch), 20; Kites (scratch), 20; Chapin, 17 (3), 20; E. H. Lathrop, 17 (3), 20; Coats (scratch), 19; Boughton, 13 (5), 18; Bradford, 6 (4), 10; Coats (scratch), 10; Hawes, 7 (3), 10.

Event No. 7, 15 targets; club prize, box of cigars—P. Lathrop, 12 (3), 15; Collins, 12 (3), 15; Snow (scratch), 14; Finch (scratch), 13; Chapin, 10 (3), 13; E. H. Lathrop, 9 (3), 12; Le Noir (scratch), 11; Kites (scratch), 11; Bradford, 6 (4), 10; Coats (scratch), 10; Hawes, 7 (3), 10.

Event No. 8, 25 targets; three merchandise prizes, three classes, A, B and C—Finch (A) 24, Snow (A) 22, Le Noir (A) 19, Kites (A) 18, Coats (A) 17, Hawes (B) 20, P. Lathrop (B) 18, Chapin (C) 15, Bradford (C) 14.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for regular events for participants like Finch, Le Noir, Kites, etc.

Westchester Gun Club.

WESTCHESTER, Pa.—While the attendance at our shoot on June 8 was not large, due to the bad weather, yet we shot the programme as advertised. Scores:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various participants like Coleman, Torpey, Lund, Fisher, etc.

Cedar Springs Tournament.

NEW PARIS, O.—Appended are the scores made at our shoot:

June 5, First Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various participants like Ahlers, Peters, Maynard, Penn, etc.

June 6, Second Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various participants like Ahlers, Peters, Maynard, Faran, etc.

Soo Gun Club.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The eleventh annual tournament of the Soo Gun Club was held on June 6, 7 and 8. A wind affected the scores.

June 6, First Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various participants like Budd, Gilbert, Kline, etc.

June 7, Second Day.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various participants like Budd, Gilbert, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various participants like Klein, Burmeister, Bills, Borden, etc.

June 8, Third Day.

The challenge issued on June 7 by Messrs. C. Budd and H. Hawman, to shoot a match with two gray-headed men not under fifty years of age, 1,000 shots per man, was accepted by Messrs. Hughes and Schroeder, the match to be shot on the afternoon of June 8. Whether it was amusement chatter or a serious match, it was not shot. Scores:

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various participants like Budd, Gilbert, Klein, etc.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

BERGEN BEACH, Brooklyn, N. Y., June 10.—The weather was delightfully pleasant. A variable sea breeze blew toward the shooters from the traps, making the targets somewhat difficult for the shooters who shot in slow time. Owing to the amusement attractions about New York in the summer time, the club will hold no weekly shoots in July and August.

Table with columns: Events, Targets, Name, Shot at, Broke. Lists scores for various participants like Wells, Suydam, etc.

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The great sporting goods house of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302-304 Broadway, New York, now carries a complete line of camping goods, in addition to their complete lines of golfing, baseball, fishing tackle, boating goods, sportsmen's wear, etc.—in short, anything needed by the sportsman on land and water. Their line of imported and domestic guns, in quality, variety and number rivals that of any other great house in the United States. Send to them for their illustrated catalogue.

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At the two-day tournament of the Iff Gun Club, of St. Marys, Pa., June 1 and 2, Mr. A. Sizer, with 374 out of 400, was first, and Mr. H. W. Millen, with 370 out of 400, was second in general average. Both used Winchester factory loaded shells.

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Asbury Park Booklet.

Descriptive Publication issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on account of the Meeting of the National Educational Association.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have just issued an attractive booklet descriptive of Asbury Park. The publication is designed to present the attractions and claims of Asbury Park as a summer seaside resort, and also to announce the reduced rate arrangements on account of the meeting of the National Educational Association, which will be held at Asbury Park, July 3 to 7.

Persons desiring information concerning this popular resort may obtain a copy of the booklet by enclosing two cents in postage stamps to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

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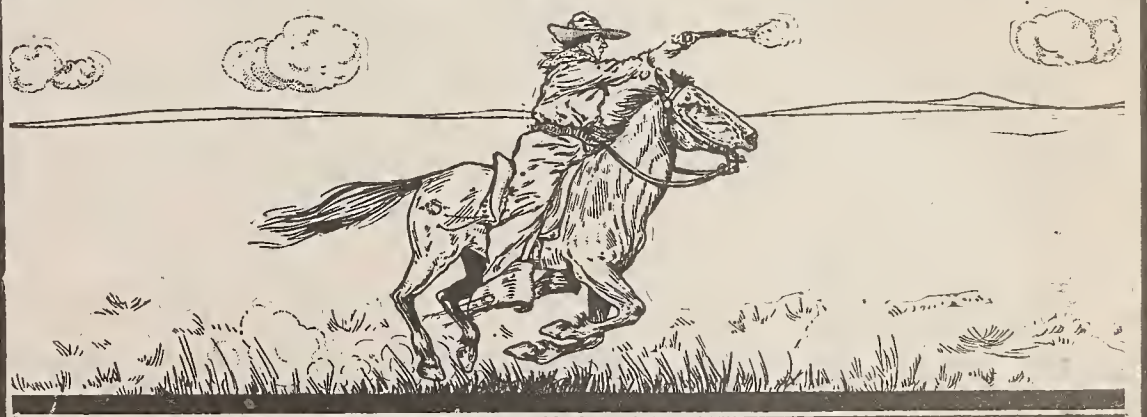
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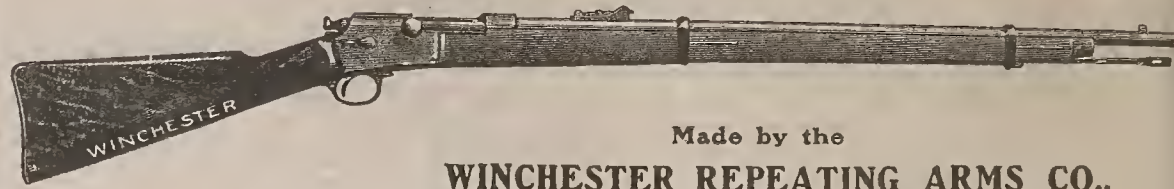
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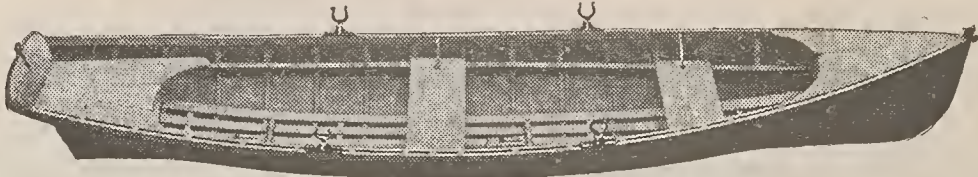


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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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

Announcement in first number of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS AND BIRDS.

WITH the coming into any country of civilized man come also changes in physical conditions which affect the whole region. When the forest is cut down, woods dwelling birds disappear with the forests; when thickets are cleared up, the birds of the brush patches take their departure. Fields and cultivated land bring at once species which belong to the prairie and the open valleys. Some birds disappear because their food and their homes have disappeared, other species come to live in the land because their food has come. Quadrupeds in many cases move away or come in because of appearance or disappearance of conditions favorable or unfavorable to their life.

A recent paper from the pen of F. E. L. Beal, Economic Ornithologist of the Biological Survey, treats of the relation of birds to fruit growing in California, and contains much information which is interesting and useful. Within the past few years we have become accustomed to seeing and hearing much sentimental writing and talk about the birds, and it might be supposed from much that is said that no birds did any harm. This, of course, is not true. Many birds perform great services for the farmer, but others do much damage to the crops. One of the most striking and best known examples of this is found in the rice plantations of the south, where the rice birds of half a dozen species sometimes almost destroy the crop.

California has a long extent from north to south and consists of mountain and plain, seashore, swamp and river, so that it is rich in bird life, both as to species and individuals. Besides the ordinary north and south migrations there occurs here, too, one from east to west; that is from the high mountains where the birds breed, to the lower lands and valleys where they spend the winter.

In California birds do very serious damage to the fruit crops, but on the other hand they perform great services by eating vast quantities of noxious insects. The harm which they do is direct and obvious and is too important to be overlooked; while the good done by the destruction of insect pests is indirect, and often understood only by thoughtful people. The lack of wild fruits on the Pacific coast and the absence of water in summer, which may cause the introduced fruits to be attacked because their juices may supply needed water, suggest themselves as two reasons for the injury to fruit by the birds. It has generally been found that the birds doing damage to any special crop are either great congregations of birds of a single species or of birds of two or three closely allied species.

The house finch is perhaps the leader among the birds which do harm to fruits. Its strong beak enables it to cut through the skins of the toughest fruit. Seeds constitute the chief food of this bird. It eats few noxious insects, but many noxious seeds. It is a brightly colored bird and possesses a sweet song, and the matter of balancing its good and its bad qualities is one of some difficulty. Very serious damage is done by this species as well as by the white crown sparrows by eating the buds of fruit trees in the very early spring.

If Brewer's blackbird eats cherries to some extent, it also eats a multitude of grubs and other ground-dwelling insects, and many of our readers have seen a procession of these blackbirds in early spring following the plow through the California fields, destroying in great numbers the grubs and other insects turned up by the farmer.

The California jay is another very destructive bird; destructive not only for what it eats, but for what it carries off. The jay's well known habit of taking away and hiding food after its appetite is satisfied is practiced by the robbers of the California orchards. In one case two continuous lines of jays were seen passing, the one up, the other down a ravine to an orchard, each bird of the line going up carrying a prune in its beak, while the other line returned empty-mouthed. This sort of thing kept up for hours or days would, of course, soon destroy the whole crop. The California quail is believed to destroy many grapes. In a large vineyard in southern California the loss was estimated as twenty tons annually.

There are other birds that do a great deal of harm, and of these the robin is one of the most important, for he destroys great quantities of olives. At times the olive orchards are visited by robins in such numbers that, notwithstanding all the shooting that is done in the effort to protect the crop, there seems to be a real scramble between the olive pickers and the birds as to which shall get the greater share of the fruit. Mr. Ellwood Cooper, an olive grower who has suffered greatly from the robins, believes that they visit the olive orchards only when the crop of native berries in the Sierra Nevada Mountains has failed them. The birds by no means come every year to the orchards, and it is quite possible that this accounts for their depredations.

A year or two ago attention was called by a correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM to the destruction of apples by Lewis' woodpecker. On some occasions, the visits of these birds to the apple orchard are so constant that a great amount of fruit is destroyed.

There are a multitude of small insect-eating birds that perform astonishing services to the fruit grower and the farmer generally in California as elsewhere; but the injury done by the fruit-eating birds, must also be considered, and efforts made to reduce it.

ALBANY OR WASHINGTON?

THE Nebraska law which forbids the importation into the State of game from another State during the time when "such other State prohibits the transportation of such game from said State to a point without the same," might appear to be an interference in interstate commerce. But according to a ruling of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Gear vs. State of Connecticut, game, the export of which is forbidden, cannot become a subject of interstate commerce; hence the game legislated against by Nebraska is quite within the proper jurisdiction of that State to exercise control over.

There is less substantial ground of confidence in the stability of the New York law relating to the fish of Missisquoi Bay. It will be recalled that the united efforts of New York and Vermont to protect the pike-perch of Lake Champlain have been nullified for the reason that in the chief breeding waters of the fish in Missisquoi Bay, in the Province of Quebec, netting is permitted under the Provincial law. The Missisquoi fishermen have found a market for their catch in New York State. Failing to secure satisfactory co-operation on the part of Quebec for the protection of Lake Champlain fish by the suppression of the Missisquoi netting, the New York authorities conceived the plan of circumventing the netters by cutting off their market; and the Albany Legislature having been appealed to at the late session enacted a law that no transportation company nor person should import any fish from Missisquoi Bay, under a penalty of \$50 and \$10 for each fish transported in violation of law; and the act authorizes the fish and game authorities to seize and confiscate all fish coming into the State from the Canadian waters referred to. The measure is most commendable in intent, but it will hardly stand the test of the court if fish shall be seized under the authority it confers and the defendant in such action shall call in question the constitutionality of the law. For clearly it is an act in regulation of commerce with a foreign nation, and the Constitution of the United States expressly provides that "the Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations."

Granting that exclusion of these Canadian fish was desirable, was the appeal to that end properly made to Albany, or should recourse have been had to Washington?

WILLIAM C. HARRIS.

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, widely known as a writer on fish and fishing, died in this city on June 11, aged seventy-five years.

Mr. Harris was a native of Baltimore. He served in the Civil War, was made prisoner at Ball's Bluff, and spent several months in Libby Prison.

In 1875 Mr. Harris was connected with the FOREST AND STREAM, and afterward started a Philadelphia paper called "Afield and Afloat." After a few years this was merged into a monthly called "Nature's Realm." Afterward he published the "American Angler," which was followed by the "Fishing Gazette." The most ambitious undertaking of Mr. Harris was the publication "Fishes of North America," in which he planned to do for the fishes what Audubon had done for the birds. To secure the correct coloring of the species described, he enlisted the services of an artist to accompany him, to paint the fish in its natural colors as it was taken from the water. The project was never completed.

A STEAMSHIP from the United States took into Honolulu the other day a box of snakes, some of them rattlesnakes, intended for exhibition in a local zoo. There are no snakes in the islands, and public sentiment is strongly opposed to the introduction of any, even for exhibition purposes, because of a possibility that they might escape. That snakes do escape from public or private possession was demonstrated in New York city the other day, when a large boa constrictor was discovered wandering up Fifth avenue. The Honolulu people took no chances; the rattlers and the other snakes were done to death in the custom house.

THERE are other pests, however, which no vigilance on the part of the customs authorities can exclude. Hawaii owes its mosquitoes to importations of the pests carried in American sailing vessels. As a corrective of this evil imported from the United States, a resident living near the Makiki stream has procured from California a large number of the western salamanders and liberated them to make war on the mosquitoes breeding in the Makiki pools and the taro fields. It is not anticipated that the salamanders will extirpate the insects, but they may do much in mitigation of the plague.

THIS expedient of importing the natural enemy of an introduced insect pest, which has more than once proved highly effective, has been recommended to the Massachusetts authorities in their conflict with the gypsy moth. This insect has already cost in public money appropriated to fight it and a private expenditure for the purpose, more than \$400,000, and while the spread of the infected district has been restricted, the moth has not yet been exterminated, nor is there now belief that its extermination will be possible. The most that may be hoped for is its partial control and restraint within certain infected areas. Now that a policy of extermination has been abandoned as hopeless, it is recognized that an efficient agency in restricting the moth may be provided by importing from the original homes of the insect in Europe and Asia the natural enemies which there prey upon it and maintain such a repressive effect that the moth does not often prove a very destructive pest. Through the studies of European entomologists and foresters the habits of these natural enemies are well known; and agents of the Bureau of Entomology at Washington have expressed a belief that the introduction of the insects into New England would not be attended with any danger that they in turn might become a plague, because they subsist entirely upon the larvae of the gypsy moth and allied insect pests, and in the absence of such food themselves perish.

MANITOBA was once a hunting country which attracted many visiting sportsmen from the United States, but it is no longer to be counted among the shooting grounds of America except for its own citizens. The authorities do not invite the non-resident sportsman, nor is he likely to come, for a \$100 license regulation stands in the way. This is practically prohibitive.

THE new association organizing in Toronto gives promise of efficient service in the cause of better protection of game and fish, inasmuch as it has behind it the very substantial backing of citizens who realize the situation and are in earnest in a purpose to supplement the work of the authorities.



The Boy on the Farm.

BY HERMIT.

EXAMINE "Haunts of The Hunted," published by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Company, and it will disclose numerous trout brooks and streams in northern Maine. Costigan Brook, town of Alton, will be found in the list. More than half a century before the railroad existed, or before the railroad people had discovered this brook, the Boy on the Farm had explored every foot of its course from its source to its mouth. In fact, Costigan Brook wound its crooked way through the woodlands of the new home farm. The farm had been hewed from the wilderness by the boy's father. To clear the land great forest trees had been cut down and burned into charcoal. A few years later substantial farm buildings were erected and the evolution of a farm from a wilderness was complete.

One morning in June, after the cows had been turned to pasture and breakfast was over, the hired man took down his hoe and started for the cornfield. As he passed the kitchen door, he called to the Boy:

"I'll take along the corn and beans; stuff your pockets with pumpkin seeds and come on."

The Boy understood just what was wanted. He dropped pumpkin seeds from his pockets, while corn and beans were dropped from a small double basket made for the purpose. The basket was a present from a squaw, wife of Joe Polis, Thorcau's Indian guide. Previous to moving to the wilderness, the Boy's father owned a store in Oldtown, Maine, which was freely patronized by the Indians and lumbermen. Later Joe Polis and his brother Newel were employed by the Boy's father when exploring for lumber, 100 miles up the Penobscot River.

The corn ground was ready for the seed. It had been plowed, harrowed, furrowed out and manured in the hill. The Boy had to scrape a little soil, with his bare foot, over the manure, before dropping the corn. A pumpkin seed was dropped in every third hill. The beans were dropped between the hills of corn. The Boy thought it very hard work indeed and envied the hired man his job. To pull a little dirt over the seed was only play, and the after-patting was a thing of joy. However, the Boy knew that the hired man was too clumsy to drop seeds, that he would have to stop to make a count at each hill and so go halting over the field. The Boy understood that his own quick sight, aided by nimble fingers, would carry the work along swiftly and properly.

While engaged with his work the Boy's mind was active. He saw that cornfield in the fall when the beans had been pulled and stacked on the adjoining grass land; when the corn had been gathered into shocks, exposing to view countless numbers of great yellow pumpkins. But the future of the cornfield did not wholly occupy the Boy's mind. Whenever he stopped to brush away the black flies and "minges," his gaze would wander longingly to the trout brooks in the distance, Costigan Brook in the edge of the woodland and Little Brook in plain view from the cornfield. While the trout were waiting to be caught, he thought it hard lines to be tied down to the cornfield.

How he did wish it would rain. Then he recollected that the sun rose clear and went into a cloud. He had heard old Jim Norcross say it was a sure sign of rain. Then, too, he had heard the old man say: "Rain before seven, clear before eleven."

That would not do at all. The Boy wanted a rainy day, so he hoped the rain would hold off until after seven. Sure enough it did.

Soon after 7 o'clock the Hired Man pulled out his watch, or "turnip," as he called it, and called to the Boy:

"It looks like rain, don't drop any more; by the time I catch up it will clear off or rain." The Boy began to turn over the grass sods with his hands, to hasten the work, all the time wishing for rain. By the time the seeds were covered the rain came down and the Boy hurried to the house. His mother sent him to the spring for a pail of water and expressed surprise at his quick return. The Boy did not wait for the slice of gingerbread, which was always due with each pail of water, but seized an old hoe and started out for angle worms.

Did he go to the barnyard? Not he. He knew a spot worth a dozen barnyards. He went to the sink spout. Here were worms nearly as large as snakes, but when the Boy turned up the soggy earth the vile odor nearly choked him. The only tin cans in those days were mustard boxes. They were small, so the Boy filled two. After he had sprinkled dirt over the worms and secured the covers, he went to the shed for a fishing pole. The Boy had a good supply of poles of all sizes and lengths. These poles were found in the woods ready made. One of the Boy's friends, a hunter and trapper, had revealed to him the secret of how to acquire ready-made fishing poles.

Nearby the Boy's home there were great swamps filled with hackmatack trees. Where there chanced to be a meadow, or opening, a dense mass of seedlings would spring up around the edges. When these seedlings were large enough for fishing poles, porcupines would bend them down and strip off the bark. The poles sprung back and seasoned as hard as flint.

In Maine the larch, or hackmatack, is called juniper, so the Boy called his collection, "juniper fishing poles."

The trapper had posted the Boy as to hooks and lines for trout and pickerel, so he was soon on the way to Little Brook. The rain soaked through his blue jumper and overalls, the only garments worn, except a cotton shirt. He did not like the smell of the blue dye, otherwise cared nothing for the wetting.

There was a deep hole in Little Brook, where the sheep were washed every spring, and here the Boy expected to get one trout, if he could steal up to a clump of bushes without being seen by the keen-eyed resident. He reached the bushes all right and cautiously dropped a wriggling worm into the deepest water. He could not see the bait, but instantly there was a rush from bank to bank, while the Boy felt the tug and several hundred thrills. He pulled the trout out with a steady hand, for the trapper had taught him how. While the trout was flopping about in the grass, the Boy cut a stringer, a forked hazel twig. After stripping the leaves off, he shoved the tip end under the gills of the trout and out through the mouth, then worked the fish down to the fork. He held the trout aloft and admired its beautiful spots, but when he saw how desperately it was gasping, he felt a thrill of pity for the dying fish and just a twinge of guilt.

The Boy knew it would be useless to fish longer in the deep hole. The frantic rushes of his trout had frightened everything away. One more spot in Little Brook, where there was a sunken log, gave up a small trout.

The Boy left Little Brook valley and crossed the ridge to the valley belonging to Costigan Brook. It was too early to fish in the woods, far from the mouth of the brook. Later trout would seek the shaded places and cool waters of the springs that fed the brook, but now he must look for fish further down stream. He left his father's land and crossed to the next lot, which was also wooded. Here he tried several deep holes, but nothing came of it, so he climbed the line fence to the next lot, the Means Farm.

Some years before a large hemlock tree had been blown down, and the upturned roots had left a deep hole in the bed of the brook. From this hole the Boy pulled out two good-sized trout, after which he made a short cut to the old mill. This mill was a financial failure. A dearth of water had proved its downfall. Now it was slowly but surely going to decay. Under its bed-timbers dwelt a wise old trout. The Boy called him old, because four years ago he had pulled the same trout above water, only to see him drop off the hook and escape. Since that day the old fellow had refused to take bait no matter how skillfully it might be presented.

When the Boy reached the mill the trout, as usual, was in a little pool between the bed-timbers. The water was as clear as crystal, and the fish rested just above the gravelly bottom. The Boy sneaked into the mill and dropped his bait through a hole in the floor, to the pool below. The trout sculled himself up to the struggling worm, touched it lightly and then slowly backed water. The Boy pulled up the bait and dropped it again, with the same result. For a good half hour the wary trout was tempted until the Boy's patience gave out. As a last resort he tried hooking, and this sent the trout to his retreat under the timbers.

There was a robin's nest in the mill plastered on a plate overhead, which interested the Boy, for he had lost his dinner one Sunday, while eagerly watching the birds in their labors at nest building. Now there were four greenish-blue eggs in the nest, and one was peeped.

After leaving the Means Farm, the brook wandered through a mowing field and pasture. The owner of the farm was a "holy terror," and hated boys. He had long legs and could run like a deer, and woe betide the boy caught fishing on his premises!

Once he had chased the Boy on the farm, but the Boy had taken to the woods, where his knowledge of woodcraft enabled him to escape. While he was lucky to escape a flogging, he was unlucky in having to sacrifice a good fishing pole and line.

The mowing field contained three deep holes. The Boy had to do some skillful engineering to reach these holes, unseen from the buildings.

There was a high bank on the brook to the first deep hole, so the Boy by stooping and crawling managed very well. Three good-sized trout and a chub was his reward. The next hole was not so easy. There was a clump of bushes that ranged with the buildings; but to reach the clump, an open space had to be passed, which was in plain view from the house. Before attempting to cross the open spot the Boy cautiously raised his head above the bank and examined the dooryard. The farmer was at the woodpile, splitting wood. The Boy waited. He knew the farmer would not work long in the rain. Soon a woman appeared for a moment in the doorway, and seemingly spoke to the man, for he stopped splitting wood, and gathered on one arm what he would call a "burden of wood," and started for the house. If he had looked over his shoulder he would have seen a small boy streaking it through his grass field. Two trout were added to the string here. Then the Boy crawled behind a log fence to the next hole. Patient fishing only resulted in scoring a failure at this hole.

The next hole was in the pasture, far away from the buildings. It was shaded by a mass of alders, through which the Boy had trimmed a narrow passage. The hole was broad and deep. At this time of the year it was usually well supplied with trout. Here the Boy met with first-class luck. Nine trout, little and big, made the string look quite respectable.

The next trout hole was some distance away. It was a depression in the meadow, connecting with the brook, where boiling springs of the coldest water bubbled up through sand and gravel. The Boy made a short cut, up the hill past "The Little Red School House." Here he stopped long enough to see if his mark was on the shingle where he had cut it the year before. Each boy had a mark of his own, similar to the marks used by lumbermen to identify logs. Rabbit Track, Crow Foot, Long Forty and many others were adopted by the boys. The Boy on the Farm had laid claim to Three Notches. Years later many a tree in the forests of Maine showed where the Boy had wandered.

At the bridge he pulled out a small trout, but expected better luck at the springs. These springs supplied water to the scholars and to two families nearby.

Before the Boy could reach the springs, the "bully of the school," ran down from one of the houses and began to thrash the water with a stick. He sarcastically informed the fisherman that he would kindly go before and thrash the trout holes for him. The Boy made up his mind right then, that the "bully" would have to fight as soon as they reached the woods. Just then the big boy's father called and he reluctantly left, saying that he would follow later. He did not, however, so the fight was postponed. The Boy on the Farm did not fear the "bully," for a very good reason. The trapper had given him lessons in boxing, and had told him, that he had developed a swift, hard blow with his right, that would equal the blow of some men. A year later that right hand blow knocked out the "bully." The Boy on the Farm got a swelled head. It only lasted a few weeks, or, until a wiry backwoods boy licked the "stuffing" out of him.

Below the bridge there was a gravel-bed in the brook which had forced the channel, for some rods, under the bank. Here the Boy added two good fish to his string. Down in the open woods a log had lodged across the brook; forming a rolling dam. The fall of water for several years had dug out a deep hole. A great sheet of froth and foam covered the pool. The Boy let the worm float over the log and into the foam, where it was seized with a savage rush, by the largest trout yet. Two smaller fish followed.

The next hole was under the roots of a large elm tree. The tree stood in a bend of the brook, which caused the current to scoop out the soil far beneath the bank. The Boy had to creep up to his hole, for it was necessary to fish some distance from the tree. If a trout got into the net work of roots, it was a loss of fish, as well as hooks. Three trout were hooked, one of which was lost, but the Boy saved the hook, which pleased him much. Two trout were lured from beneath a sunken log a short distance below the tree. Here the Boy found back water and he was forced to wade for rods to reach the mouth of Spring Brook. There was a high bank where Spring Brook joined Costigan Brook, and what was better a very deep hole where trout loved to tarry when making their way up-stream. Below, thousands of acres of woodland were under water. The spring freshet had not yet subsided. Penobscot River had backed into Birch Stream; Birch Stream had backed into Costigan Brook, Costigan Brook had backed into Spring Brook, and Spring Brook was making the lives of the white hares miserable in Cedar Swamp.

The Boy spent several hours at this spot perched on a maple root with his back resting against the bole of the tree. His fish were by his side, and he sat on the ends of the stringer to make sure that none flopped off into the water.

He caught sixteen trout before the fish refused to bite, and lost two, on account of the overhanging branches. It had cleared off and the sun was shining, so the Boy did not expect to get another fish. He never could catch trout in a clear day. After the fish had refused to bite, the Boy set his pole into the bank and left it to do the fishing, while he counted his catch. He made out forty-four trout and one chub. As he finished counting, a large mink swam to the spot and landed. He ran about in circles trying to locate the fish. The Boy threw the chub to him and he dove with it in his mouth into the deep hole. The Boy thought his nest must be in the high bank, as everything else was under water.

It was late in the afternoon when the Boy started for home. The black flies, after the rain ceased, nearly drove him crazy until he reached the field, where the wind swept them away.

He was a tired, hungry boy when he reached home, and the brown bread and milk did taste so good. Later the Boy was instructed in fly-fishing, and at once adopted the new method.

The Boy on the Farm is now nearing his sixty-seventh year. His fishing trips are few, except those that haunt the hours of slumber. It is a curious fact that he never dreams of fly-fishing, but often, very often he fishes Costigan Brook with a "juniper pole" and worm bait. Some of these dreams are so real as

to partake of the nature of visions. The dreamer again digs worms and even smells the odor from the sink spout. The mill and the wary old trout are again in evidence. The long-legged farmer still keeps an eye on his grass field and the "bully" runs down and thrashes the water. The dreamer again eats brown bread and milk, with a boy's appetite, and awakes with the old taste in his mouth.

Camping Out.

To many a city man there comes a time, now and then, when the great town wearies him. He hates its sights and smells and clangor. Every duty is a task, and every caller is a bore. There come to him visions of green fields and far-rolling hills, of tall forests and cool, swift-flowing streams. He longs to lie under some grand old tree, lazily watching the clouds drift by, dreamily conscious of carol and chirrup and humming wings; or he yearns for the thrill of the chase, for the keen-eyed, silent stalking; or, rod in hand, he would search for that mysterious pool where the father of all bass lurks for his lure. He would be free, un beholden, irresponsible, for the nonce—free to go or come at his own sweet will, to tarry where he lists, to do this, or do that, or do nothing, as his humor veers. As for the hours, he would proclaim:

"It shall be what o'clock I say it is."

Thus, basking and sporting in the great, clean out-of-doors, he would, for a blessed interval,

"Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston-stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town."

A vacation at a summer resort, or on a farm, is better than none, no doubt; but if one would realize in its perfection his dream of peace and freedom from every worldly care he should camp in the wild woods, far away from everything that suggests the hurry and strife of civilized life. It is good for us, now and then, to go where we must hunt, capture, and cook our own meat, build our own shelter, do our own chores, and, in some measure, pick up again those lost arts of wildcraft that were our heritage through many thousands of years, but of which not one city man in ten knows anything at all. In the cities our tasks are so highly specialized, and so many things are done for us by other specialists, that we are in danger of becoming not merely a one-handed but a one-fingered and one-ideal race. The self-dependent life of the wilderness nomad is a good corrective and alternative for our minds no less than for our bodies, bringing mental processes and bodily habits back to a normal state, and exercising certain lobes and muscles that otherwise may atrophy from want of use.

Let your camp be the real thing. There are "camps" so-called that are not camps at all. A rustic cottage furnished with tables and chairs and beds brought from town, with rugs on the floor and pictures on the walls, with a stove in the kitchen and crockery in the pantry, an ice-house hardby, and daily delivery of farm products, groceries, and mails, may be a pleasant place in which to spend the summer with one's family and friends; but it is not a camp. Neither is a wilderness club house, built on a game preserve, looked after by a care-taker, and supplied during the season with servants and the appurtenances of a good hotel.

A camp proper is a nomad's bidding place. He may occupy it for a season, or only for a single night, according as the site and its surroundings please or do not please the wanderer's whim. If the fish do not bite, or the game has moved away, or unpleasant neighbors should intrude, or if anything else goes wrong, it is but an hour's work for him to pull up stakes and be off, seeking that particularly good place that generally lies beyond the horizon's rim.

Your thoroughbred camper likes not the attentions of a landlord, nor will he suffer himself to be rooted to the soil by cares of ownership or lease. It is not possession of the land, but of the landscape, that he enjoys. As for that, all the wild parts of the earth are his, by a title that carries with it no obligation but that he shall not desecrate nor lay them waste.

Houses to such a one are little better than jails; fences and walls are his abomination; plowed fields are only so many patches of torn and tormented earth. The sleek comeliness of pastures is too prim and artificial, domestic cattle have a meek and ignoble bearing, fields of grain are monotonous to his eyes, which turn for relief to some abandoned old field, over-grown with thicket, that still harbors some of the shy children of the wild. It is not the clearing, but the untouched wilderness, that is the camper's real home. He is brother to that good, old friend of mine who, in gentle satire of our formal gardens and close-cropped lawns; was wont to say, "I love the unimproved works of God." He likes to wander alone in the forest, tasting the raw sweets and pungencies that uncloyed palates craved in the childhood of our race. To him

"The shelter of a rock

Is sweeter than the roofs of all the world."

The charm of nomadic life is its freedom from care, its unrestrained liberty of action, and the proud self-reliance of one who is absolutely his own master, free to follow his bent in his own way, and cheerfully, in turn, suffering the penalties that nature visits upon him for every slip of mind or bungling of his hand. Carrying with him, as he does, in a few small bundles, all that he needs to provide food and shelter in any land, whether habited or uninhabited, the camper is lord of himself and of his surroundings.

"Free is the bird in the air,
And the fish where the river flows;
Free is the deer in the wood,
And the gipsy wherever he goes.
Hurrah!

And the gipsy wherever he goes."

There is a dash of the gipsy in every one of us who is worth his salt.

HORACE KEPHART.

MEADLIN, N. C.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

An Island Proprietor.

WE were blown into St. Louis landing, and had to stay there all night. A lone fisherman on the point told us that there was a man at Pushmataha who might buy the cabin boat, and the two wanted to sell the craft. What they intended to do thereafter did not appear. They were pleasant as could be to me, but at intervals during each day they broke into harsh words the undertone of which was bitter. The coming of the lone fisherman on a visit to our boat cut a jangle of words in two. The fisherman said that he felt pretty lonesome sometimes.

"But I make money here," he exclaimed, "twenty-five dollars a week isn't too much to expect. Some time I will have enough in my bank up to Memphis—I keep all my money in the bank. I'm afraid of the niggers back on the plantations." He added these words hastily. It was indiscretion to lead a river gang to infer that there might be money in his possession. His tongue, like that of most men who live alone, was loosed by human companionship, and he talked about mending his nets, drinking his two quarts of whisky after every down trip the packet Kate Adams made, and about the raw sores the cold weather brought to his hands.

In pulling out of Hughey's landing, a cat had been left on the bank, of which both my boatmates were extremely fond. Its absence was not noted until night, and then they two fell to accusing each other; but a night's sleep repressed the cat trouble. Morning dawned a pleasant day, and before breakfast, we took to the current, entering the chute of Island 66 a few rods down stream. The chute proved interesting, for there were plenty of snags in it, and the call went up constantly, "Is that a snag? Hit 'er a lick! Can't you see that ripple a-b'ilin' up there?" It was exciting dodging snags that were fit to rip the bottom out of the cabin boat in the current that was running there. In fifteen or twenty minutes we ran into the river again, and the Medicine Man told us to eat breakfast, as he could manage the boat in the wide current. It was a sensation worth having, sitting in the boat while the current, a mile wide, carried us along. It was different from the feeling in an open boat, or in a steamer. There is no force so regular, overpowering and quiet as that of a wide stream of the Mississippi sort. One on this kind, is so far from land, and a tiny figure on the water, especially when enclosed by the quarter-inch thick sides of a shanty boat.

The effect of a calm day afloat was quieting to my companions. Nevertheless, they scanned the shores anxiously. Opposite the chute of 66, was a big rag town—Malone's landing levee camp. The river had eaten into the bank there to such an extent that it was necessary to put up a new levee 200 yards or more behind the one in jeopardy. Had it not been impossible to make it, we would have gone to the landing there and examined the prospect of what the Medicine Man called "a haul at our grafts." The current carried us along under a caving bank, on the west side, on top of which was a growth of culled timber. It seemed uninhabited, and dismal in the extreme. Nevertheless I was startled to hear a voice hailing from the bank—a man asked us if we didn't want to buy some brass? Replying to a question, he said he had about 40 pounds, and asked five cents a pound for it. "Tain't worth landing for!" the Gambler called back, and the man fell to whitening with an angry look on his face.

A hundred rods further down, we were sitting around the stove, talking, when there was a "sough" ahead, and the next moment the cabin boat whirled half around, and things on the wall jangled, while a dark shadow swept over the scene. They jumped for the bow, and I ran astern, for the current had run us into the sucking waters at the head of a close, boiling bank eddy. The suck was 20 feet across and the bow of the cabin boat nodded distinctly as the suck water dived whirling at the bow. The stern of the big boat swung in toward the bank, and thinking my skiff was going to be crushed against the dirt, I jumped into it and shoved clear, and probably averted the catastrophe which I feared. We rowed the cabin boat a dozen rods clear of the bank, and then resumed our talk at the stove.

Looking astern, we saw a little green cabin boat, perhaps a mile distant. For some reason, it caught swifter slants in the current, and after a time, came within a couple of hundred yards, upon which the strangers manned the sweeps and came at us in a fashion that was interesting. Three men were on board, and they pushed the oars vigorously. I think probably they were as tough looking as we were. One was a big, burly chap, another was a little man with dark, intensely red whiskers, and the third was a sullen brunette, keen-looking individual. They hailed when half a hundred yards distant:

"Hay, there! Ain't your name Spears?"

It took me half a minute to recall the voice, and then I remembered Memphis, and how I was done by a pickpocket, who was also a glib talker. My greeting wasn't cordial, and I told my gang that the chaps coming were probably bad men. I had told them of the Memphis experience, and that I had heard at Helena of some one asking about me. The Gambler took his Colts from the trunk, and shoved it into his trousers under his left arm, where it was concealed by his coat. Then he greeted the men who had come down on us.

They were a precious outfit—as precious as our own, apparently. One had a brand new camera, and claimed to be a writer. One had a cistern cleaner, and claimed his trade was cleaning cisterns. The other was the red whiskered man, whose face was the hardest and cruelest of any that I ever saw. I was invited on board the green boat, and went. The craft was 12 feet by 7, inside the cabin. Guns were hung from the carlins overhead, and carpenter tools were on all sides—a new saw, hammer, ax, auger-bit. I recalled the hardware and gun shop which had been robbed at Helena, and wondered if the new guns I was looking at were not a part of the stolen property.

Their business with us was to find out just who I was with, and on what basis I was with them. The red-whiskered man, who had hailed me was very cordial.

He said that he'd got right down to his last cent before his partner came to Memphis. He had lived in a tent below Memphis bridge, at the last, and now he often wished he might give me a chance to enjoy goose shooting on a sandbar.

The big fellow tackled the Medicine Man, and asked pointed questions as to the line being followed, including some as to what my status on the boat was. The dark man tackled the Gambler. The Gambler submitted to the pumping process for about five minutes, and he lied beautifully about where, how and when he came on the river. The cistern cleaner thought he was progressing finely, and at last insinuated: "I s'pose you're trading some?"

"Trading!" the Gambler blurted out, with long suppressed scorn. "Hell—I'm a gambler. Can't you see the table there?"

The cistern cleaner stammered an apology, and left the boat without another word. In the meantime, the Medicine Man had drawn some nice long lies from the big man, and the red-whiskered man had lapsed into a silence which was glum. Proposely, they had separated us, and now they got us together again, and a strained, but animated conversation was entered into. The big man took a leading part. He posed as a traveler from 'way back, but his eloquence was checked when the Gambler spread a blanket on his trunk and began to throw dice across it. The little twirl the Gambler gave the cubes was too evident a token of skill and long practice. The large man and the red-whiskered one exchanged meaning glances. They looked at me dubiously, thought a while, and then one asked me flatly if I didn't want to drop off in Scrub Grass Bend, which we were approaching.

"One of the best points for wild geese on the river!" the big fellow remarked. "Just the place for a true sportsman to enjoy himself shootin' and a-gittin' poses with his camera. Yes, sir, you'd be welcome with us—promise you the best geese shooting you ever had. You'd have a time to write about, too." The whiskered man suppressed a glint in his eye.

I grinned on them pleasantly, and said I was with friends I didn't care to leave. They started away, remarking that they would see me again down the river some time. We watched them make Scrub Grass tow-head, where they tied up.

"That man with the red whiskers would cut a throat," the Gambler remarked. "I guess they've tumbled."

The map warned us that we were approaching the mouth of White River, and that there was a chute which we would better investigate before going down to the mouth of the river. A new railroad was being built a few miles back in the swamp, and on White River was a big bridge job. My partners heard that there were two or three hundred cabin boats up there, and both of them wanted to know more about the place. The Gambler thought, with reason, that a shanty boat town would offer opportunities unrivaled for running an open game, I knew it would be an opportunity for me, and the Medicine Man thought perhaps he could sell medicine there. He expressed one sentiment, however, which was interesting.

"I don't like going up them rivers. You don't have a ghost of a show, gitting away if anybody gits after you." It was nine miles up to the new bridge, and that counted against the project of going so far from the wide, trail-less Mississippi.

The river man dislikes a place that doesn't permit of sudden, silent and speedy egress—that is, river men of the type with which I was traveling.

Our speed was that of the current, minus the wind. The maps of the river commission showed where we were hour by hour. We swept the banks with our glasses, and pointed out the ditch-like bays, bayous, ends of lakes, foots of islands and landings. Shed-shanties were the warehouses at most of the landings. We knew a steamer was due by the presence of the cotton bale heaps. A time after we heard the heavy-throated whistle of the packet, men riding up to the landing on horseback, indicted the ones who had pressing business with the steamboat clerk. The sight of these things gave one the feeling which country lads have when walking down Broadway, New York, at 12:30 o'clock, afternoon, on a business day—the gone-ness of a hungry stomach, or of an owl among the blue-jays. We were not one of the bank people, but a party much apart from all humanity we could expect to see. Yet, when we landed at the chute running into White River, a great between-the-levee man greeted us with cordiality and friendliness.

G. D. Sibley owns Sibley's or Cumbyville island (Island 72), not far above Rosedale, Mississippi. White River, the Mississippi and the chute, I believe, form this island, which is eighteen miles long and six wide. It is timbered heavily, and Sibley had a lot of logs in the river ready for rafting when we were there. The river was rising and the logs were in jeopardy, in which fact Mr. Sibley seemed not to be concerned himself. They say at Rosedale that Sibley has more than he can do with anyhow, so he could maintain an easy poise in the face of loss. On one subject, Sibley had no doubts to express. He was emphatic in the belief that the levee system is an unmitigated evil. Those behind a levee, he said, are taxed to death, and those in front of it are flooded out of existence. To his mind, there ought to be no levees, save lateral ones. Then the soil would be enriched by silt deposits, and the disastrous crevasses would be done away with.

"I haven't any shore here," he said. "I can't cultivate my island because the levees keep the waters up till long after the planting season, and they increase the current to such an extent that the fields would be torn to pieces by the water, if there were any to be torn. I had a farm of 1,300 acres thrown out by the levees being built behind it."

But of his troubles, Mr. Sibley had little to say. No man in the bottoms has enjoyed hunting more than he has. He was sixty-six years of age when I saw him, and he had begun hunting at six. Bears were his favorite game. He had killed dozens of them, and one of his adventures has become a stock story of half a thousand Mississippi Valley hunters. The adventure happened during an overflow. Sibley wanted to get a bear, so he started out in his dugout, hoping to locate one of the animals. He cruised the water-covered

island for a time, and finally located Bruin up a tree. He shot, and the bear came down and began to swim for a canebrake not far distant, with Sibley padding after him. In the cane, the bear was troubled by the stuff, and his wounds, and he stopped on a log there. Sibley came through the cane, pulling himself hand over hand. Suddenly, the bear plunged at him, and Sibley threw up his gun and fired. The bear landed on the dugout and turned it over. The man managed to hang on to his gun, and the boat, too. The bear went to the bottom of the water, the jump having been his last effort. Sibley never did find the animal, for the water was ten feet deep, and the cane so thick that it was impossible to get it.

Big Island is the great tract of land which White, Arkansas, and the Mississippi rivers surround. It is upward of eighty miles around it, and the place has long been notorious as a cabin boat resort, and for its game. It is said to be one of the thickest of thick places along the river, and all men who venture into its shades do so at their peril. Sibley has always liked it for the game he found there, and in the days when he rode to the hounds he hunted the island pretty much from end to end at one time and another. He sometimes hunted on foot when he wished to penetrate the thickets, and on one of these hunts he found himself to be a lost hunter. He was in the cane, which grew to the height of 25 or 30 feet, and though he traveled in what he believed to be a straight line, he came back to a tree which he recognized as one he had left some time before. He tried repeatedly to go in a straight line, but failed, there being no sun to guide him. Night came on, and he slept in a hollow cottonwood. Morning found him tired, hungry and thinking hard. He thought to some advantage, too, for he cut the largest and tallest cane stalk he could find. It was 30 feet long at least, and holding the butt of this stalk under his arm, and his gun under his other arm, he started. The cane stalk was stiff, and it served precisely as a rudder. He could not turn to right or left without feeling the prying strain caused by the cane—thus he was steered through the field of giant hay, and came out some miles from where he had entered the stuff, but he did get out.

Sibley knew a woman, of whom I had been hearing ever since I left Illinois. It will be just as well to call the woman Mrs. Frank, as most people on the river do. Probably Mrs. Frank is the most notable person among the cabin boaters. It is certain that she is most eminent of them. Mrs. Frank's first husband was Frank. Accounts differ as to his fate. Sibley remembered him as being a pretty good sort of man who worked part of each year on the Sibley plantation before the levees caused its ruin. In those days Mrs. Frank was a small, lean, determined and hard working woman. Her hair was red. She had come down the river from Evansville, Illinois. Two children were born, a boy and a girl. The family took to cabin boating, and thereafter its members were less regular in working, and Sibley saw them only occasionally. He believed Frank was killed by a man named "Windy Jim" somebody. Windy was hanged up at White River for some other meanness. I heard elsewhere that Mr. Frank fell from Mrs. Frank's grace on account of an episode in Ozark Bend. Mrs. Frank claims Ozark Bend as her own fishing spot, but four men and a

woman came to the Bend and went to fishing. This was years ago. Mrs. Frank sent Mr. Frank up to the boat to order the men away. Her husband did so and the five ordered him elsewhere. He went back home and told his wife, who upbraided him for not shooting them up then and there. She went up to the boat herself, and the five merely laughed when she told them that was her bend, and they'd better go. Although she had her Winchester besides her, they did not take the hint. That night, while the claim-jumping fishermen were eating supper, the lamp was shot off the table. A fusilade of other shots was fired, and the five lay down behind the gunwales of the boat, and flattened out on the floor. It is said nearly two boxes of .38-40 cartridges were fired at the boat in the course of an hour or so, all from one weapon. When quiet came, a man on the boat ventured to crawl to the lines and cut them. The eddy-current swung the boat around, and it floated out into the main stream. As no shots were fired, two of the men seized the splintered sweeps and pushed themselves far from the bank on which Mrs. Frank had stood while enforcing her claim to the Ozark Bend. Thereafter no one ever treated Mrs. Frank's claims with disrespect.

Mrs. Frank was indignant on account of Frank's failure to assist in driving the men out, and he disappeared from view. Some say that Mrs. Frank got a divorce, and some that he was killed. Anyhow, Mrs. Frank married again, and still again, and still again, until it was impossible for me to find any one who could give a consecutive list of them. The first man to tell me about her had known two of them personally. Sibley recalled five, and once in a while I would hear of another man who had been married to the woman—really married, and by a preacher. The marriages were legal ones, too, for the previous husband was invariably dead, with the possible exception of Mr. Frank.

Mrs. Frank's husbands died with their boots on. It is said that seven of them are in one graveyard, but this is probably an exaggeration by several as to the graveyard. A store boatman told of one husband's fate. After she had had some experience, Mrs. Frank warned her intended, before the ceremony, as to the future: "I tell you, Nelson," she is reported to have said to one man on the wedding day, "you all's got to treat me white. If you-all gets to cutting up, and 'busing me when we's married, you-all's bound to git the worst of hit—you shore is. So long's you-all don' git drunk, and don't whup me, we'll be happy."

This was the sixth or seventh marriage, and it happened four years ago. The store boatman, who was well acquainted with Nelson, told me how he talked to Nelson about the woman when he heard of the engagement. "I tole him he wouldn't las' long," the store boatman said. "I laughed at him, an' he laughed, too. He said he knowed what he was adoin', an' I 'lowed he didn't. Well, sir, it happened just like I tole him. He had been married eighteen months, when he got drunk and fell to musing on a whiskey boat, and they drove him off. He went home and told her about hit, and she sent him back with a gun, and, 'course, when the whiskey boaters seen him coming with a gun they jest plumb had to kill him up. I don't know who Mrs.

Frank's married to now—I hearn it's to a bank chap, but I don't know. Generally, she marries a river man, bein' off the river herself."

Sibley was living in a house on stilts. It was a small building, 20x24 feet, the floor of which was 12 or 14 feet from the ground. A stove, in a similar building, was an attraction for many river people, for Sibley is well known to the cabin boaters as a "good man" who "minds his own business." He took great interest in our adventures, and told of the time when he used to see fifty cabin boats drift past in one day. Now there was not one cabin boat to forty of twenty years or so ago. For some reason, the river people were being driven from the stream. Of the suggestions made as to the cause, the fact that so many bank stores had been established as to prevent store boats finding a good trade was one. In the old days a man could sell anything anywhere, but now there are dozens of landings which are forbidden to river people, because the river men have a bad name, and because bank men have stores there.

Sibley said that nearly all the murders along the river were due to river men fighting over whiskey or women. No law reaches the river man. Uncle Sam gives him a marine liquor license for \$25, and with that he can run a gasolene ferryboat or a two-by-four cabin boat into the paths of prosperity, regardless of "dry" States, counties, or what not along the way.

Mr. Sibley said that on the river, Government contracting was then profitable. He told of men who came to it with a wagon and two horses from down east, living in tents. They took contracts, and now are worth more than a million dollars. He, himself, had had a chance to run the commissary of a contractor. "But I didn't like the commissary business," he explained, "I'm an honest man."

In the morning we drifted down to Rosedale, Miss., and there we heard that the ice was coming, and we'd better watch out. I was glad to know that I would see a "run out" of the ice. The drift and ice, and the flood are the two culminating natural features of Mississippi River characteristics. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Mississippi Cabin Boaters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Raymond S. Spears need not be disturbed by criticisms of his interesting series of narratives. Not long ago in a small southern port I was informed that two other New Yorkers were in town. I hastened to find if they were Mr. Choate and Mr. Rockefeller, and took my card case along. One of the gentlemen informed me that he was "off of Coney's Island," and the other lived at "Seek Stave In Ye and Fort Street." Coahoma's commendable civic pride is appreciated, but there are fringes on every town.

One day at the Central Hotel, in Berlin, I happened to see an old Western acquaintance who had struck it rich, and was taking a cooked-up tour. He had just come from Paris. I asked him what he thought of Paris, and he said: "Say, they've got a post office in that town." To which an English friend sitting near responded in a tone of surprise: "Indeed there is a post office there, but have you seen ours in London?" R. T. M.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Rocky Mountain Goat.

To the Ninth Annual Report of the New York Zoological Society Mr. Madison Grant has contributed a beautifully illustrated paper on the Rocky Mountain goat which possesses much interest for men of science, nature lovers and hunters. No such collection of photographs of white goats has ever been brought together, and the hunter familiar with the white goat should by all means obtain, if possible, a copy of this paper. Extremely interesting are the photographs of the four young goats and the little mountain sheep which are now on exhibition at the Zoological Society's park in New York. On the Atlantic coast only eight immature specimens have been had alive, and of those four are now to be seen in the New York Zoological Park. A full-grown male is living now in the London Zoological Garden.

The term goat, as Mr. Grant remarks, is very objectionable, but it is a question whether it will ever be replaced by another term. The great public has a fashion of adopting its own titles, and is not likely to substitute the terms snow antelope, wool antelope or white antelope—all of which have been suggested—for the monosyllable goat.

It is well recognized that the goat belongs to the *Rupicaprina*, a group of mountain antelope, so-called, of which the chamois is the most familiar example, and the Asiatic genus, *Nemorhedus*, the nearest relative to our goat. *Oreamnos*—our genus—which a few years ago was supposed to consist of a single species, has lately been split up into several subspecies, the distribution of which is not yet certainly known.

The Rocky Mountain, or white, goat is an Alpine species, the range of which for the most part is to the north of the United States. On the other hand, it has been abundant in northern Montana, Washington, and Idaho and Oregon, though from some of these States it has largely been exterminated. That the goat ever existed in considerable numbers very far to the south of the States mentioned may perhaps be doubted. On the other hand, Mr. Grant can hardly be followed when he makes a statement so sweeping as this:

"The writer has carefully traced out the legends re-

garding the occurrence of goat in Colorado, Utah and California. There are persistent stories about the existence of white goat in Colorado, which, when investigated, seem to have their origin in some domestic goat which are known to have escaped from captivity. It is, however, a certainty that *Oreamnos* has not existed in Colorado since the arrival of the white man, and there is no proof of its previous existence there. This statement is made after a full examination of the evidence."

A dictum such as this sweeps away apparently without any consideration a certain amount of positive evidence that has been recorded. It must be granted that twenty-five years ago the goat was very little known to hunters, and hardly better known to naturalists; that the female mountain sheep was frequently—on account of its straight horns—taken for the goat, and that domestic goats—escaped from Mexican sheep herds and run wild—did exist in Colorado mountains. But even acknowledging all this, it appears impossible to ignore certain evidence which we recapitulate. More than thirty years ago a portion of the skull of a white goat with horns attached was seen nailed up over a butcher shop in Denver, Colo. It is hardly conceivable that any one would have brought this small fragment from the nearest now known range of the goat and used it for such a purpose as this.

In Volume V. of the "Geographical Survey West of the 100th Meridian," which contains the report on zoology by Drs. Elliott Coues and H. C. Yarrow, it is stated—absolutely without detail as to time or place of the occurrence—that an individual of this species was seen in Colorado by Lieut. Marshall's party. The description of the animal and of the characteristic manner in which it walked seems to make it quite clear that this was an *Oreamnos*. These two bits of evidence standing by themselves would rightly be regarded as valueless, but the written statement of Mr. John Willis, now or lately of Thompson's Falls, Montana, is much more convincing. About 1880, Mr. Willis moved from Colorado to Montana, where he became perfectly familiar with *Oreamnos*, and frequently hunted and killed them. There can be no question of his knowing what a goat was, nor of his honesty. He said in a letter dated May 27, 1888.

"It was in the winter of 1879, in February some time,

that Chas. Snow, Reece Gephaert and myself were hunting about twenty miles from the Cañon City, Colo., when we saw something white going up the mountains. Snow and I went after them, not knowing that there was such a thing as a white goat in the mountains. They seemed to be traveling, and were going south toward some very high peaks. Snow went around to head them off, and left me to follow them. They soon saw we were after them, and got up in some cliffs and looked down at me. I shot and made a scratch shot, and killed what I thought was a small one, but it was about three years old, a nanny goat, which would have had a kid in the spring. When I shot it was standing out on a point of rocks. The bullet struck the shoulder, and it fell three hundred feet down the cliff. I dressed it and took the meat back to camp, but left the hide where I dressed it. These were the only goats I ever saw in Colorado, and everybody told us that there was no such a thing in the mountain, so I never told of it till I saw Mr. Roosevelt.

"Snow was from Illinois somewhere, and Gephaert from Toledo, O. They both saw the band. There must have been fifteen or twenty of them from the amount of sign they made.

"I do not know the name of the range of mountains where we found them, but it was on the west or south side of the Arkansas River. I have been in all the Territories south and never saw or heard of goats, except in this case, till I came to Montana. They are very plenty in some of the mountains here."

The locality here referred to would seem to be on the parallel of 38° 30', and perhaps in or near the Sangre de Christo Mountains.

In October, 1884, Mr. Edward Johnson, then of Denver, Colo., and later of Platteville, Colo., killed a white goat in that State about fifty miles west of Denver. Mr. Johnson's personal statement of the occurrence is as follows:

"The location was on the southeast side of Mt. Evans, about fifty miles west of Denver, and about one-half mile below timber line. I had just finished skinning a bear, and was starting for camp, when I saw a band of mountain sheep coming down the side of the mountain toward a spring, where I had just skinned the bear. In this bunch I saw what I at first thought was

a white Mexican goat, but when they got within 150 or 200 yards, I saw that it was much larger, and the horns were smaller and different. I decided to shoot it to see what it was, as I had no idea of mountain goats in this section. I killed it, and my first thought was to skin it for the taxidermist, but I soon decided that I would not have time, as I was fully one hour's walk from camp, with no trail and night coming on. I knew that if I left it till morning either bears, wildcats or some other animals were liable to destroy it, so I took the hide for a rug, leaving my bear skin in a little tree till the next day. The goat was larger than any sheep in the bunch; would weigh undressed, I should judge, about 175 pounds. The hoofs and horns were black; horns about 8 inches long, hair from 4 to 6 inches long and extending to within some 7 or 8 inches of the feet; from there down not more than 1/2 or 3/4 inch long. His teeth were nearly all gone, and he was very poor. The ends of the horns were worn off, and the hide along the back and on the hip joints showed a good deal of cream color, giving every appearance of being very old. I decided that he was a long way from home, as it was the first of the kind that I had ever seen or heard of in this country, after hunting here for over thirty years. When I went back for the bear pelt, I hung the head up in a tree, intending to return and get it, but have never been on that side of the mountain since."

For seventy-five years after its first description, the white goat was little known; its vernacular name tended to a constant confusion of *Oreamnos* with the female mountain sheep, and with domestic goats separated from Mexican sheep herds in the South and reverted to the wild state; nevertheless, there remains this evidence—positive as opposed to negative, and from people whose honesty cannot be impugned. As sponsor for Mr. Willis, we have the Hon. T. Roosevelt, and for Mr. Johnson, the late Hon. W. N. Byers, of Denver.

Mr. Grant explains the absence of the goat to the South by the dryness of the mountain—that is to say, by the absence of snow or streams. Our observation, however, has led us to believe that the question is one of annual precipitation rather than of abundance of streams. Obviously the goat must drink, and in a waterless country could not exist, but on the high mountains water is usually to be found. The goat, however, by preference, inhabits a country of much rain and snow, and also a country of low temperature.

Mr. Grant declares that the goat is marvelously tough, and can carry more lead even than a grizzly. Certainly the goat is a tough, strong animal, but his apparent ability to carry off lead is explained in large measure, we fancy, by his shape, which makes the body seem much larger than it really is. The hair hanging down below the body, and the tall dorsal spines, with their crest of white hair, tend to lead the inexperienced sportsman to shoot the goat too high and so to miss the vital spot. In this way many animals escape which, if properly shot, would have succumbed at once. A similar tendency to shoot too high was noticed in the old days with the buffalo, where the high dorsal spine again deceived the inexperienced hunter, and led him to shoot "through the meat."

An Angler's Wildflowers.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have highly enjoyed the letters of Mr. Weed, with their admirable illustrations, and only wished that I could send you a photograph of a cluster of the *Epigea*, miscalled Trailing Arbutus, of eight or ten flowers in a bunch, such as we find here in New Hampshire, instead of the usual straggling three or four flowers.

I wonder at this perpetual misnomer, for there is a genuine Trailing Arbutus, botanically known as the *Uva ursi* or Bearberry, which is common about the Great Lakes and is also found in Massachusetts. It bears a red berry like the Arbutus tree of Europe, while the fruit of the *Epigea* is a dry musky seed pod. The name of Arbutus has been given to it in ignorance, like that of trout to the southern black bass, and seems to stick, but I prefer that of the Mayflower, which the Pilgrims called it, after their ship, when they found it on the hills at Plymouth, or even that of Ground Laurel, as it is called in some sections.

All of Mr. Weed's half-tone illustrations are excellent, and they remind me of a little patch of damp woods, of only an acre or two, around a spring which forms the head of one branch of one of my youthful trout brooks, and which I have long called "my forest garden," and which, till last year, I have visited regularly every spring. Here, within a few hundred yards, I have always gathered a big bunch of Painted Trilliums, Clintonias, Dwarf (Cornel or Bunchberries, Star-flower or *Trientalis*, Bell-wort or *Nontaria*, and on a little higher ground around it, Ladies' Slippers and Hobblebush, *Viburnum lantanoides*, and *Fiarella*, always getting my hands full. The spot is about a mile and a half from the village on a bee-line, but two miles by the road, and up hill all the way, and for two years I have felt unequal to the climb, and have confined my rambles to the more level ground nearer the village, in fact seldom going beyond the smooth walking of the streets. Yet there are many other of the wildflowers which Mr. Weed writes of within easier reach.

The showy Orchis (*Orchis spectabilis*) grows in the valley of the brook at the upper end of the village, while half a mile further north, in a swamp alongside the railway track, I have found the most showy of the Orchis family, the tall *Orchis grandiflora*, while the lower and more purple one, the *Orchis fimbriata*, is very common in the meadows along the brooks, and on the hillsides, I have found the Round-leaved Orchis, or *Orchis orbiculata*. In the same swamp, with the tall Orchis, grows the *Arethusa* or *Pogonia* as it is now called, and in a swamp around a small spring pond, nearly on the summit of one of the highest hills overlooking the river, four miles below the village grows its cousin the *Cymbidium*, now called by some other name which I forget. The same pond in July is white with lilies, while the brook which flows from it in late summer is scarlet with Cardinal flowers, or *Lobelia cardinalis*, and in the hill pastures the Blue *Lobelia* is plenty. In the river meadows I find the Bloodroot (*Sanguinaria*) and the Dog's-tooth Violet, while nearly all the varieties of the Cornel, from the Dogwood down to the

Bunchberry, are to be gathered in the woods. Then there are the *Linnaea*, and the *Claytonia*, both of which I discovered in my trout fishing excursions along the brooks and carried home to my mother to copy.

She was both artist and botanist, and made a large collection of drawings of our native wildflowers. Beside the common Lady Slipper which I have mentioned, I also found the great White one and the Yellow one. The former one has been quite exterminated in this region by an old Indian doctor, who came here many years since, and who claimed that its root was a sure cure for consumption.

A root of the Yellow one I gave to an English friend in Lowell, who sent it home, where one of its flowers took a prize at a Manchester horticultural exhibition. Another root of it which I dug up in the woods some four years since and set out in a damp place in my sister's garden, had five superb flowers on it about three weeks ago. Then we have the Pink Azalea in one place on the hills, and on the opposite side of the river, in Vermont, a small patch of the Mountain Laurel, both of them being nearly at their extreme northern limit of growth. Following these in the summer come the Red and Yellow Lilies on the hills and in the meadows, then no end of varieties of Goldenrods and Asters, winding up the season with the beautiful Gentians, both Fringed and Bottle, and altogether this is a fertile field for a lover of wildflowers.

I got acquainted with many of these flowers while trout fishing when a boy, when I often topped off a half-full basket with such as I could find, and took them home to learn more about them.

I have little else to write about. Physical weakness has prevented me from climbing the hills to the distant trout brooks, and I have not been able to get to the more distant lakes, where I could cast a fly from a boat, so that I have not wet a line for two years, and have had to rely on FOREST AND STREAM for my tale of adventure. It is hardly necessary to say how much I have enjoyed the "Trails of the Pathfinders" or Cobia Blanco's graphic and simply-told notes of his prairie experiences, and I have also followed Raymond Spears down the Mississippi, though I sometimes think with Coahoma that he occasionally got into pretty bad company. I was delighted a year ago to see the once familiar signature of "Forked Deer" and read his account of his trip to Crater Lake, but I miss the names of Shoshone, and Kingfisher, and Kelpie, and wonder whether any of them have unnoted and unknown, followed Rodgers and Didymus "over the long divide."

VON W.

The Parasitic Habit.

SINCE writing my note on the cuckoo and its victim I have been reading a very interesting book on "Our Common Cuckoo" (*Cuculus canorus*), by A. H. Japp, F. R. S. E. The conclusion which Mr. Japp reaches in regard to the bird's parasitic habit is, that it is the result of "polygamous promiscuity" or in simpler phrase, free-love. By reason of this, it is argued, the female cuckoos have become decimated and being the object of so much attention from the males, have lost the regular habits of nest-building and brooding. This is a plausible enough theory. Darwin, however, held that the parasitic habit was the result of the irregular laying of the cuckoo and the consequent inconvenience of having young birds and eggs in the nest at the same time and the early migratory call. An old rhyme has it:

"July, he may fly,
August, he must."

Mr. Japp traverses this on the ground of recent observations which go to show that the cuckoo is not such an irregular layer as Darwin supposed, and that anyhow young birds and unhatched eggs in the same nest of various species is not at all an uncommon occurrence, and that if the old cuckoos migrate in July or August the young ones certainly do not until September or October.

Mr. Japp, of course, refers to our cuckoos (which are not unknown to be guilty of parasitism, though in an incipient way, as it were), and especially to our cowbird (*Molothrus bonariensis*) which is as bad an offender as, if not a worse, than *Cuculus canorus*, inasmuch as it is more destructive of the eggs and nestlings of its victims. But Mr. Japp is evidently in doubt about *Molothrus*, for he says: "One point on which I would fain have more definite information about the cowbirds—results of exact observation and comparison—is as to the disparity of the sexes in numbers." Are the male cowbirds largely in excess of the female? Have any of our American ornithologists observed this? If not, then it would seem that Mr. Japp's theory falls to the ground.

As an alternative theory we have that mentioned in my previous note (viz., the necessity put upon the parent cuckoo of countervailing the murderous instinct of its progeny), or that of a gentleman who writes me to say that *Cuculus canorus* has no inherited knowledge of nest-building and hence the parasitic habit. Finally, we have the theory of the innate depravity or degeneracy of the bird, as thus expressed by Geddes and Thomson in "The Evolution of Sex": "The general character of the birds—the unsocial life, the selfish cruelty of the nestlings and the lazy parasitical habit—have a common basis in the constitution. The insatiable appetite, the small size of the reproductive organs, the smallness of the eggs, the sluggish parturition, the rapid growth of the young, the great preponderance of males, the absence of true pairing, the degeneration of maternal affection, are all correlated, and largely explicable in terms of the fundamental contrast between nutrition and reproduction, between hunger and love. Similar unnatural or immoral instincts in birds, in mammals and even in the lower animals, are explicable in similar terms. The cuckoo's habit is a natural outcrop of the general character or constitution, only one expression of a dominant diathesis." F. M.

American Museum of Natural History.

THE annual report of the American Museum of Natural History of New York City for the year 1904 is an interesting paper, illustrated by a number of beautiful photographs of specimens.

Within the year the permanent endowment fund has

increased \$573,000. The city makes an annual appropriation of \$160,000 for the Museum's maintenance, and beyond that the total receipts from all sources has been over \$78,000. The increase in annual members has been 278, and the loss through death and resignation 87—a net gain of 191. In the departments of mammalogy and ornithology a number of small bird groups have been added to those already on exhibition, and two large bird groups, one representing the flamingoes, a result of the work of Mr. Frank Chapman, to which reference has already been made, the other illustrating the bird life of the irrigated portions of the San Joaquin Valley in California. Among the large mammal groups, one of the Roosevelt elk, one of the large Alaska Peninsula bear and one of the Mexican collared peccary are in preparation.

In the department of vertebrate paleontology, the most striking specimen on exhibition is the huge skeleton of *Brontosaurus*, but there are many others.

The ethnological collections have been enlarged in many directions. Among the interesting specimens is a whaler's ceremonial house from Vancouver Island, in which generations of Indian whalers purified themselves. Dr. Clark Wissler has secured a Blackfoot collection, illustrating in some degree their ceremonial.

Among the illustrations of the report are those of the Alaska Peninsula bear, of *Brontosaurus*, the Nootka house and others.

The California Condor.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A specimen of the California condor has been received at the Bronx Zoological Park, and is spoken of as a very rare bird. If the species is as near extinction as it is said to be, the work of extermination must have been going on rapidly during the last dozen or fifteen years.

In 1889 the condor was by no means rare in southern California. I spent about six months in the mountains inclosing the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley in that year, and hardly a day passed without my seeing several of the big birds soaring in the sky. Frequently I saw them joining the buzzards in a feast of carrion, and once I shot a large specimen from the top of a tall dead tree. The wing spread of the specimen was nearly eleven feet without undue stretching. Unfortunately, the skin spoiled and I was unable to deliver it to a naturalist in San Francisco, who had an order for a condor skin from Berlin and asked me to obtain one for him.

From frequent observation of the behavior of buzzards and condors, I concluded that they hunt by sight and keep close watch on one another, when soaring, to profit by any individual bird's discovery of a carcass. That, I believe, is the explanation of the foraging of scavenger birds.

If the California condor has become rare, doubtless it is because the stockmen and sheep herders—there are no "shepherds" in the West—poison the carcasses of animals killed by wild beasts. But if that is the case, why is not the buzzard also disappearing? I have not heard that the buzzard is in danger of becoming an extinct species in California. The law protects buzzards and condors alike, and even without the protection of law the condor is not in much danger of being shot, for he lives in desolate regions, soars too high to be reached by bullets and is seldom seen on the ground. I am inclined to doubt that there has been any sudden decrease in number of the California condor.

A. K.

Cow and Fawn.

DURING a heavy rainstorm Wednesday, one of Mrs. Lawson's cows came home without its calf, only two days old. Its grief was plainly manifested by bellowing. The calf was found drowned in a swamp. Yesterday (Friday) the mother cow was grazing, when there appeared a beautiful little fawn, chased by three hounds. Thinking, perhaps, it was her lost calf, the cow went to its rescue, as the little fawn, nearly run down, was bleating from fright. The cow threw herself between the dogs and the fawn. The struggle for the possession of the fawn between the dogs and the cow was exciting. Two of the dogs were killed, while the third was so badly wounded it left the field of battle, while the brave cow tenderly cared for the fawn. Mrs. Lawson was surprised Friday to see her cow coming home. By her side was a pretty spotted calf, as Mrs. Lawson supposed, but when near the house it was seen to be a deer instead of a calf. It had become so fond of its foster mother it would not leave, and would let the children stroke it; and seems to be fond of its surroundings, while the cow tenderly cares for it, and it nurses as if she were its real mother. It will be allowed to run at large and will be raised with the cattle. "No money can buy my pet," says Mrs. Lawson.—Richmond (Va.) Times-Democrat.

"Hunting Without a Gun."

From the Boston Herald.

A SPRING book from the press of FOREST AND STREAM is "Hunting Without a Gun," by Rowland E. Robinson, famous as the author of the New England dialect stories, "Uncle Lisha's Shop," "Sam Lovel's Camp," and others of that charming series. While it might have been imagined that these volumes would have, as they did, an especial popularity in New England, it has also proved that a multitude of emigrants from New England settled in the Western States have felt their truth and enjoyed in these books the memories of the old home. When we think that these books were written by one who had lost his sight, their truth to nature seems most remarkable; but this very fact shows how deeply ingrained in the man's fibre was the love of nature which shines out so strong and pure through these pages. "Hunting Without a Gun" tells of the pleasures of the nature-lover who seeks out the wild creatures without intending to harm them.

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GAME BAG AND GUN



Across the Clearwater Range of the Bitterroot Mountains.

(What is written in and between these lines is dedicated to the best of fellows, the Big Chief.)

THE Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland follows in the wake of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, held in the city from which a hundred years ago the great Lewis and Clark expedition started.

Both events, the Louisiana Purchase and the famous exploration have become of the greatest imaginable moment to the people of the United States, and both centennials will go down in history as having been fitly celebrated by two great expositions.

The Louisiana Purchase so closely followed the exploration of Lewis and Clark, that it is quite pardonable to believe the one a logical sequence of the other. In fact, Merryweather Lewis had left Washington before the treaty had been received by Jefferson. This, of course, does not impair their historic affinity, and while we know much of the Purchase, the average reader has heretofore not been in a position to acquaint himself with the wonderful recital of this exploration.

History in monarchic countries centers in the persons of kings and battle lords; history of the United States must tell of the people and its self-chosen leaders. It must speak of that colossal fight for civilization waged against man, beast and inanimate nature—a modern Iliad, a fight of such gigantic proportions that in the short time of less than one hundred years it has performed the labors of civilization of ages and centuries.

It is patriotism never to forget that.

When a politician talks about patriotism, consider it a business proposition, for he needs a good deal of other people's patriotism to thrive. When a spread-eagleist pumps his superior patriotic ideals into a mere American by choice, take it *cum grano salis*. When the children come from school and tell the latest they have learned of their country's greatness, let us hope for more good Americans. But when around the fire-place the pipes are going and the boys tell of the wondrous beauty of our country's forests and streams, of the blazed trail through the wilderness, of the Great Lakes or the big mountains and the West and the game it harbors; of hunters' joys and hardships, then I believe one when he says, "This is God's country." That is my kind of a man and my kind of patriotism. And if in the midst of political corruption, nativistic arrogance and religious intolerance, in human weakness, courage and bright hope should fail me, I shall take one of those good fellows and follow the trail into the mountains. For the eternal rocks preach a grand and powerful sermon. There they stand from the time that God spake, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear."

Their snow covered peaks lift up to azure blue heights. A mysterious rustling comes to you out of the depth of that glorious forest, and if you only listen to what the loquacious gurgling and babbling brook has to tell you, you will know that the shades of George Washington, Rogers Clark, Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant, Emerson, Whitman and all the true and great patriots have not gone to heaven, but that they all dwell within the sacred bounds of the American forest primeval. From here they hold their blessing hand over our great and beautiful country, and if you only go to them it will come over you like a revelation: "Be strong and brave and true to yourself, be worthy to be an Epigone of those who have made what you enjoy." And while we remember those great Departed, let us not forget him, who in his toilsome and arduous duties as first servant of his country, knows well the language of forests and brooks, peaks and cañons—the man, every inch an American, who often held communion with his great predecessors in the vast realms of the Siegfriedlike West and a man who is a sincere and fervent patriot I trust, because he is a true sportsman, our beloved President, Theodore Roosevelt.

It will always be a mystery to me, why the average well-to-do American rushes across the water instead of studying his own country first. Fuller's maxim, "Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof," is not exactly followed by them.

Of course it's so much easier to do Europe than to do the West. In fact, the person who *au grand sérieux* complains of the service of Pullman cars, Atlantic liners and European hotels, should by all means stay away from the West; it is no place for him. But the man who wants to know more of this, his country of unbounded possibilities, is drawn as by invisible forces to look with his own eyes at the sunset of the Far West.

You will have noticed, my brethren, that I have somewhat drifted away from my Clearwater country hunting story, but only apparently so. It does me good occasionally to demonstrate to myself that there is a vast difference between the sportsman and the pot hunter; between the man who measures his grit against animal cunning, incidentally learn commiseration, and the individual whose chief occupation is to turn a living, breathing being into a carcass. With these unalterable opinions, let us now proceed in the name of St. Hubert.

When we came out of the mountains and again greeted the manifold blessings of civilization at Missoula, Mont., it dawned upon me and then grew with irresistible force, that William T. Nash and Albert Lieber were no longer fit company to associate with. "Thou villain base, knowest me not by my clothes?" said the afore-mentioned William with Cymbeline, and thus it became plain that their own views about me differed not from mine concerning them. Such experiences lead to introspection and are consequently of high esoteric value.

It soon became apparent that aside from our clothes, numerous other things needed a thorough renovating, including our vocabulary, which had expanded in the prom-

ising direction of western phraseology to such an extent that since my return I have taken up the study of the First Reader, so as to get acquainted again with the English language. If in consequence, therefore, it should be manifest that I have not succeeded, we will blame William T. Nash for it, who insidiously inveigled the good Colonel Waters into the belief that he might expect "a good story if not a fancy one."

So much for a foreword, apologetically.

It is now in order to introduce to you my fellow sportsmen, the dramatis personæ: The Big Chief, Albert Lieber; Ragged Artillery Bill, William T. Nash; Jumping Bill, William F. Kettenbach; Mexican Dick, Richard Lieber; the Herr Director, William B. Benton; Grizzly Bob, Robert Willoughby; Paddie, Ollie Paddock.

The last named individual gained a living as cowpuncher when we engaged him as head wrangler, and a good one he was. The Herr Director, our cook, received his name through a Lewiston paper which stated in an evidently inspired article, "Mr. Benton will direct the party." Grizzly Bob, our guide, was a man of such manifold achievements that I have made up my mind to devote a whole chapter to him. The others are mere gentlemen.

The Elimination of Obstacles.

You men of the forest and stream, who listen to the song of the reel or the sharp calling of the rifle, will more readily understand a man's trend of thoughts, than the dear little housewife, who with growing suspicion and increased alarm, watches her husband casting loving side glances into his hunting cabinet. Lately he has been especially nice to her; in fact, he has suggested a trip to the East. All that is highly suspicious, and how he talks trails and outfits, and how superbly a bear or lion skin would match the oriental rugs.

Little by little the whole story leaks out; anyway, it was not intended to be kept back. And so this man is going out West. This same man who has wife and children, a business and sundry civic duties to perform. Who ever heard the like? That's the trouble with 'im; the idea to exchange the blessings of civilization for pathless wilderness, to turn from the latest style automobile for a \$30 pony, let alone clean linen and regulated dinner hours. There you are. Take my husband for example. At home there is nothing too good for him. He can give the value of a sour cream gravy to the dot, and has his decided ideas how *filet mignon à la Rossini* ought to be served, but there I find in his diary that for five solid days, on a forced march, they had lived on sow-bosom (I presume that's bacon) and beans. I would like to know what he would say if bacon and beans would grace his table at home twice a month. At home, furthermore, he is hardly able to locate the exact position of the ice-box, let alone the recesses of the cellar, and out there that same man wants to take a trail, or better still, find his way through a cañon or over a mountain back to camp.

This last paragraph, I may mention, is not by me but by my wife. It expresses to an extent the feminine sentiment upon the subject.

Finally the trunks were packed. Did you ever try to pack a sleeping bag into a trunk? The thing is so unwieldy, fluffy and woolly that you might as well pack the trunk in the bag. Thus we sallied forth on a hot and sultry August day via Chicago and St. Paul and then took the Northern Pacific for Idaho.

Some Notions as to Outfitting.

No little concern was it as how to outfit properly, for once in the mountains it is too late for corrections; and a pleasant occupation it was. But even as a man after a good dinner is in no particular mood to select his next meal, we had to remind each other with the thermometer at 90 degrees that the heaviest winter underwear, including sweaters, would be none too heavy for such an expedition; so we took the heavy clothes and were glad we did. Besides, it is well and good, to have a few blankets and a saddle for a pillow to complete one's bed, but I myself prefer an air mattress and a sleeping bag. At that your guides, cook, etc., in all probability will sleep better on their pallet than you in your four-poster, until you get used to it.

Air mattresses in particular are apt to be a source of trouble; for in cold weather they get very cold, so that all the blankets on top of the sleeping bag will not insure a warm bed unless you put some of them between the mattress and the bag, thus insulating the one from the other. This we found out after some most miserable nights. It really was ludicrous to see what we put on to go to bed. Ragged Artillery, for instance, informed me one night that when he wanted to undress he would put on more instead. By that time he looked like a butter ball or at least like a walking clothing house, and still he shivered.

The experienced sportsman will know this and very much more, but to the inexperienced, I should like to suggest to never depend on his guide for instructions in this particular. He will invariably use his own limited needs as a criterion and never fully take into consideration your own. It was our experience that these same people on the very threshold of the mountains underrated the matter and made us leave our fur jackets behind. The most experienced men will agree with me that there is a deplorable lack of circumspection shown in most outfits. Anything will do, even for people who can afford to do better.

"But you are roughing it."

Very well, but with all you will find it plenty rough. You will work harder than you ever did before, and while you don't stand on niceties in your bill of fare, it should be wholesome and of sufficient variety. Make your selections in person and do not leave it to your cook. Your tastes may differ and, furthermore, man is a creature of

habit and you will soon discover how a well earned appetite has to make up for things lacking otherwise.

Provide for a good tent, sufficiently heavy and fitted with flues, forming an air chamber. This is an extra precaution against storms, besides it will make it warmer.

The question of rifles we would better leave undiscussed. We carried a .35 Winchester, a .303 Savage and a .30-40 Winchester, besides revolvers. For big game I consider my .30-40 somewhat light, for while it shoots admirably straight it nevertheless does not possess a sufficient knockout quality. But, as I said before, I do not want to be drawn into a discussion on rifles, sights, covered or open bullets.

That is largely a matter of personal experience, personal likes or dislikes. For instance, I used an automatic pistol, which I meant to discard after my return, when it was stolen from me. This highly recommended weapon would fail in a most aggravating manner, both American and foreign made cartridges sticking. I omit the name, since my experience may have been singular; nevertheless, such an occurrence means the loss of confidence. We were only shooting at pheasants when it happened, but I might have been in close quarters where I had to defend myself and what then? Pistols are carried as a sort of *ultima ratio*, and when you do need them you need them mighty bad.

As to your personal apparel, a good English corduroy suit, heavy blue flannel shirts and two pairs of hobnailed boots. I like to underscore boots; well fitting boots. Half of your life, your comfort and strength depends upon proper footwear. For the camp, take an old pair of ordinary shoes, they will come in handy. Lastly, do not forget a compact little medicine case, and this prepared you are ready to take the trail into the wilderness.

This we did on Aug. 21, that memorable Sunday, but before I can tell you about it I must acquaint you with the place where we fitted out and the events which led up to it.

Kooskia is a little station on the Clearwater Branch of the Spokane-Lewiston (Northern Pacific) Railroad. It is nestled between hills not very far from the eastern line of the Nez Perces Reservation and may have a population of 300 inhabitants. There are two general stores, a hotel, a drug store, a meat market, a post office, a blacksmith shop and vice-consuls, a saloon, besides a newspaper and a United States Forest Reserve office. If you add to this a number of frame cottages and a more or less dilapidated board walk, you will have the outer view of this hamlet. When we arrived the "hotel" was crowded (for who would think to engage rooms in advance), so we repaired to a comparatively substantial farm house and had our cook to look after the meals. In the meantime we inspected the outfit and put some semblance of order into the chaos of pack-saddles, alforcases, blankets and such things more.

The following day, a Sunday, was set for the start. The pack horses had arrived and were being reshod in or about the blacksmith shop, for while this undertaking began inside the shop it most generally wound up outside amid a dense cloud of dust and profanity. Some of the horses never had been shod and their just aversion to the act had prompted their owner to leave this ticklish piece of business to us rather than risk a set of broken limbs himself. The local blacksmith practiced the same caution, and there it would have ended had there not been a man of versatility, our guide Grizzly Bob. Bob's cradle stood not on the mountain where the graces dwelt, "sylvan beauty, melancholy grace" was not his, and at a beauty show he would have been as much out of place as a royal flush in a ministers' assembly. But Bob had qualities that made up for this lack of beauty, "this vain and doubtful good, a shining gloss that faded suddenly." He held rather with Ruskin, "that the most beautiful things in this world are the most useless; peacocks and lilies for instance." This man looked like a skinned grizzly and had the strength of a live one. Muscularly lean and lank, he wears a No. 11 shoe, has same number hands; and says Eugene Fields:

"His nose been like a vulture's beake, his blie been swart of hue, And curly been ye whiskers through ye which ye zephyrs blew. An eye that hawketh up and down for evereche kind of game, And, when he does espy ye which, he tumbleths to ye same."

I could continue with poetry, for poetry was a sort of foible with Bob, but we will defer that matter. It was a heroic task to which he had set himself, something like the labor of Hercules, but Bob was equal to the occasion. By 10.30 Sunday morning every horse was ready. Then followed the task of packing. It may as well be said that our outfit of pack horses was untrained and as unmanageable as they make them. The owner must have reasoned that if a lot of men want to risk their bones it would be all well and good, but to send a good horse in there were sheer foolishness.

For this reason we had to go and put up with the unavoidable performance of green critters. You never know what such a cayuse will do until he does it. There was one black little devil all ready packed and at that, packed with the greatest care, when all at once he started up the village road with the velocity of a skyrocket gone wrong.

Finally after the conventional kicking and bucking of the pack ponies, accompanied by a most wonderful display of cowpunchers' terminology, the train strung out toward the east. We still hope to obtain a fitting description of that day's events by the Hon. Wm. T. Nash. Bill looked somewhat undecided, perched on the back of a shaggy-maned quadruped with the S. P. brand. He did not know whether smiling would interfere with the equanimity of his mount, so he refrained from smiling at all. "Bill, which way are you going?" "Don't know yet," he answered cautiously, "have to consult my horse first."

He was about to do so when the great and free show commenced over again. I have never failed to enjoy a

Wild West exhibition of bucking horses, except this last one. It's so different to merely look on from being compelled to participate. There was one buckskin mare aptly called "Son of a Gun," whose duty it became to carry the flour. To this she objected all at once with such genuine fervor that a Wild West show would pay any amount of money for such a star buckler. With rigid legs and high arched back she started like a whirlwind through the line of pack horses. The enthusiasm of the multitude rose to a high pitch; everybody was laughing, screaming, yelling and whistling until the town of Kooskia was wrapped up in one big cloud of dust; the center of which was "Son of a Gun" and around her a frenzied band of some twenty horses all stampeded and going in as many different directions. When the storm had subsided and spent its fury the shore was strewn with debris from the pack saddles liberally sprinkled with flour.

Roughly speaking, that part of the Root Mountain set aside as forest reserve has the shape of the letter E. The main range running north and south divides Idaho from Montana; extending into Idaho we find north the divide between North Fork of Clearwater River and Lochsa; in the center the divide between Lochsa and Selway, which later forms the middle fork of the Clearwater and south the divide between Selway and the Salmon River. This way of dividing, while more convenient than accurate, nevertheless gives a general topographic picture of the mountains. Through these lead three main trails. North the famous Lo-Lo trail, in the center the one over Lost Horse Pass and south the Nez Perces Trail.

These trails, to which may be added a number of trappers' trails, have been used by the Indians for ages, especially the Lo-Lo, which in 1877 was the scene of the Nez Perces insurrections. It then was cut eight feet wide by the Government to facilitate the transportation of troops and artillery. The Lo-Lo is a very old trail, for we know that the Nez Perces used it long before Lewis and Clark, not deterred by the forbidding aspect of the country, crossed over this same trail in 1805 to reach a winter camp, where now stands the city of Lewiston, Idaho.

To carry out our plan of campaign it was impossible to follow out either trail. We did not know then how difficult it would be to trust to these irregular affairs. Says Waldemar Lindgren, in his report to the Government: "Ordinarily mountain ranges, adjoining thickly populated valleys, abound in trails or even roads and are well known and frequented by the inhabitants of the plains. But the Bitterroot Range is different, its lofty summits are without the attractions of flowery meadows and easy path, only the hunter and explorer penetrates its wilderness. Continuous traveling along the divides is impossible, on horseback or on foot. In the creek bottoms, treacherous swampy areas, a slender but impenetrable growth of lodge-pole pine, tangled underbrush and fallen logs make travel difficult even along the few trails which cross the range or ascend the gulches. Between Lo-Lo and Nez Perces passes the only safe horse trail across the range is that leading up Lost Horse Creek, and even this is far from being an easy one."

I fully agree with this. At first we followed the right bank of the Middle Fork of the Clearwater, after fording above Kooskia. This took us to the forks of Lochsa and Selway, where we camped. From here we ascended the divide between Lochsa and Selway and followed a trail to Fish Lake over the Craigs and spurs of Old Man's Creek. From there we had to pick our way via Lost Knife Meadows to Beargrass Mountain and Jerry Johnson's Hot Springs, left over the old trappers' trail to reach the Lo-Lo near Indian Post Office and followed this trail out into Montana.

In this way we got acquainted with all kinds of trails, most of them in a criminal state of neglect. Only one little stretch was in perfect condition, and I learn that Joe Eberle is the man who made it so. This man, a United States Forest Ranger, must be an indefatigable worker, judging from what he has accomplished on the Lo-Lo between the Lochsa and Lo-Lo Pass. Of course the Lo-Lo, from where we struck it, was a revelation to us, having seen what we did. But even in comparison to this, Joe's trails looked like a bowling alley; otherwise, the trails are impossibilities and their condition needs the serious attention of the Government.

I understand perfectly that the clearing of windfalls alone is a herculean job, and besides, the season for doing the work is very short, but something must be done as long as the Government pretends to keep open trails. At least one thing ought to be established, and that is a plain marking of the spot where a side trail branches off from what appears to be the main trail. On several occasions we passed the right spot and were momentarily lost. In one instance, this was near Lost Knife Meadows, we were lost for good. By retrailing the following day we then found the right spot. The condition of this particular piece of trail was indescribable; it led through miles of burnt woods, filled with windfalls, until it looked like a gigantic game of jackstraws. Instead of cutting out these fallen trees they were merely blazed, an ingenious idea, but not an acceptable one.

It was different with the Lo-Lo. Here, at least, at one time a regular road was cut through, and to-day, while the trail is full of windfalls, one cannot fail to find his way. This year very little was done to improve, as it was a year of forest fires.

While camped at Fish Lake we met three United States Forest Rangers, Clark, Stuart and Dunham. Judging from appearances, they had gone through many hardships fighting the fires. In one place 12,000 acres had been destroyed before the fires could be checked. This is part of their duties. But for the life of me I cannot see how three men can do much good against a big fire. Of course the Government must preserve what is left of the extensive forests. They have not only a commercial value, but their presence forms a natural retainer for the vast amount of snow which, slowly melting, supplies many important streams throughout the year, thus affording irrigation in the lowlands.

The total of the winter's snow fall has been estimated to aggregate between sixty and seventy feet. This snow starts in toward the end of September, melts again and starts in for good during October to last until May. The weight of the snow weighs down the branches until they grow in the wrong direction. "Such tracts," says John B. Leiber in his "Bitterroot Forest Reserve," "are

marked by the exceptionally dense growth of timber on them and by the occurrence of plants and shrubs which require a great deal of moisture. They are situated along definite lines, evidently determined by the trend of adjacent ridges and are noted among trappers and hunters, whose work take them into the Clearwater areas in the winter, for the immense accumulations of snow on them. Much the larger percentage of forest as it now exists on the reserve owes its composition and aspect to the determinative influences of widespread forest fires during the past 200 years.

"These forest fires, as we have seen, are not only a loss commercially but also changes the water supply most seriously. They are of different origin. Long ago the Indians used to set fire because they knew that the game liked to assemble in freshly burned tracts. Later on prospectors, looking for the chimerical riches of some Lost Mines, devastated another tract. Occasionally careless campers, but chiefly lightning, may be held responsible for the recurrence of forest fires."

While camping on Beargrass Mountain we had troubles of our own with fires, an experience which none of us will soon forget. From three sides they came, preceded by enormous clouds of rolling smoke, which was lit up occasionally by brilliant flames. To put out such fires, it seems to me, would take the fire department of New York city. Fortunately, nature has an antidote that works more effectively than human interference, and that is the constantly shifting wind through this perfect maze of cañons. Up hill a fire will travel quicker than the other way, and reaching the floor of the cañon it generally will run into wet, if not swampy, ground.

Very little or nothing has been done to reforest. In many cases it was found that such would be impossible, as all the humus also was destroyed or washed away, exposing the rock.

Such extended places we found again following Jerry Johnson's trail between the Lochsa and the Lo-Lo. I have never seen anything more desolate and depressing than this immense stretch of destroyed woods. For miles and miles the eye could see nothing but old windfalls, burnt trees, rocks and shale.

It is a wonderful country, this Bitterroot Forest Reserve, with its rugged towering peaks, its deep cavernous cañons, its trees, lakes, rivers and meadows. Our first introduction to it was the nine-hour ride to the forks. Nine hours in the saddle to start out with is a strenuous undertaking. We reaped the usual results when we reached camp above the forks (Lochsa and Selway). Whoever invented the practice of taking a meal from the mantelpiece has not gone to the limit of human endurance. When you have reached that stage you abhor the idea of standing up; you want to lie down, and that mighty quick.

Our camping place was one of the few small meadows in the mountains. Alfalfa hay was stacked in a spacious barn, and outside in a corral stood our horses.

The night would have passed without event had it not been for the untimely act only of a horse named Syndicate.

While still at Kooskia waiting for the start, it was natural that we should talk horses. Everybody talks horses; and so, wanting to do something, we bought a horse. The price was \$15 cash. The Big Chief was the investor, and from him Bill Nash and myself acquired a third interest, hence the name. This was one of my foolish horse deals, but although I am no great judge of horses, I immediately discovered that, like the classic Polyphemus or the mythical Odin, he had but one eye. This lamentable defect was communicated to Grizzly Bob, our guide and general utility man.

"Don't it beat hell," he affirmed, "that cayuse has one bum lamp and besides a flat wheel." The latter defect, a stiff foot, had to be figured in the \$15. Still Syndicate kept up a lively interest for matters and men. During the night mentioned he got out of the corral and went on a tour of inspection. By and by he was discovered, but not before he had scattered or eaten fifty pounds of flour.

The following day was put in fishing and hunting birds. Pheasants especially were plentiful, while Lochsa and Selway afforded fair sport for casting.

The next day we began the ascent of the Fish Lake trail, nominally a Government trail, although not even Fish Lake is marked on the official map. Climbing for hours brought us into some high plateaus with rock croppings. Here the trail vanished and a general direction had to be followed, by carefully watching Indian monuments, i. e., stone piles in doubtful places. To follow ridge after ridge according to compass is an impossibility, for they change kaleidoscopically. It is therefore necessary to have some one who about knows the tortuous snake-like windings of the old Indian trail.

In one place the forest rangers had blazed a cut-off. We did not find it until after we had gotten lost; about a hundred yards right off the trail it commenced. This is a fair sample of the work in general—careless, inconsiderate and for the most part incapable. It would be the work of less than half a day to blaze through and then mark the spot of division plainly with an arrow. This is only one of many instances.

High and higher we went until we reached the summit of the Craigs, winding and circling around the top spires we came all at once to a place where the world seemed to be cleft in twain.

"Which way, Bob?"

"Straight down, boys," he yelled, and with that he took the lead.

I have been over a more precipitous, but never over a steeper trail. A grand picture. Deep azure blue, as clear as crystal, stretched a roof from one side of the rugged, torn crests over to the other side of the cañon. Pale, dull gray the color of the rock with glittering patches of snow below us. Farther down to the left powerful firs towered over the gaping chasm, while away down, fringed with cedar and balsam, a lake stretched its mirror-like waters down to the cañon.

So we went down, leading the saddle horse and yelling and swearing at the pack ponies. It would break down the press if we should repeat the whole treasure of decorative epithets.

It is beyond credence what acrobatic feats these mountain horses perform. Coming down from the Craigs into Old Man's Creek, a drop of about 1,500 feet, the pack horses took the steepest places, sliding down on their

haunches with outstretched forelegs, their tails trailing after them. It made a pretty picture, notwithstanding the constant danger of losing horse and pack. But we got down, and that was the main thing.

It was late that night when we reached camp at the trapper's cabin near Old Man's Creek. I don't know why, but that camp remains fixed in my memory with all, even the most minute details. Shaped like a horseshoe, the mountains surrounded us, and at this point the descending trail entered the meadows, crossing the creek. Opposite a towering peak closed in this lovely, peaceful patch.

We investigated the cabin, found it habitable, and soon after supper a big log fire lit up the log walls. The pipes were filled and supreme comfort reigned within, while outside moon and stars kept watch over the sleeping woods.

"Boys, do you know the story of the Swede and the grizzly," spoke up the Herr Director.

"Let her go, Bill."

"Well, down on the Salmon lived a Swede, not much of a hunter but a fellow who always had the most remarkable experiences. One day the boys were talking about silvertips, when he had to relate one of his own adventures with one of them. 'You see,' he said, 'it was dis way. One day I was bickering perries in a batch, when all at once a big grizzly yoomp out of de batch und runs after me. I run, und I run, und I run, until I come to de river und dat vas frozen, dat saved me allretty.'

"'Looke here,' spoke up Black Charlie, shifting a plug of tobacco from one side to the other, 'didn't you tell us that you were picking berries when that bear came?' There was a momentary suspense when the Swede innocently looked up and said, 'Vhy yes, you see dat bear chased me from Yune to Yanuary.'"

And after that it reminded one of this story and the other of that, while the flickering flames in the fire-place painted all kinds of phantom pictures against walls and roof. It was a little place full of good cheer and real comfort. By and by the conversation lagged, the embers in the fire-place fell together, sending up a spray of sparks, and when it was motioned to go to sleep, the Herr Director said, "As far as dis brobosition vas concerned, I say, shoot, let him vent."

RICHARD LIEBER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Ontario Association.

A MEETING was held in Toronto on June 7 to consider the formation of an association for the better protection of fish and game. The Hon. Chief Justice Falconbridge acted as chairman, and Mr. A. Kelly Evans as secretary. The attendance was large and representative of the best sportsmanship of the Province. Chief Justice Falconbridge, who acted as chairman, said that, so far as fishermen were concerned, affairs had reached a very deplorable state, and it was a matter of congratulation that such a representative gathering could be got together to consider such a question on such short notice. Canada's magnificent heritage of game was being damaged and destroyed, almost annihilated, by the careless sportsmen. "We must look to the officials and the public to strengthen our hands to better protect our game," said he. "I am somewhat of a pessimist in regard to this matter, but I really think that something can be done for the preservation of our game and fish."

Mr. Evans gave an effective address, setting forth the work which might be accomplished by the association. He said, in part:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I think the necessity for something being practically done in the direction of the better protection of the game of this Province, will be admitted by all present, and it is with a view to this, that the meeting has been called.

"I may say here, that invitations to attend this meeting have been as widely distributed as possible, yet as many keen sportsmen have no doubt received no invitation, it is an immediate proof of the necessity of an association being formed, in order that those interested in sport should be known to each other.

"No invitation to attend the meeting was sent to Mr. Bastedo, or any members of the Ontario Government connected in any way with the Game Department, neither was it sent to any of the officials of the Dominion Government, as I think it will be apparent to you, that it would be unwise in the inception of this organization to be in any way connected with officialdom or with politics.

"The association, I think, will be, no doubt, only too glad to avail itself later on of any advice or experience its committee may obtain from chief inspectors, etc., and on the other hand, the association will, I believe, be only too glad from time to time to give the benefits of its information to chief inspectors of the Department.

"At this juncture, I might say, that anyone acquainted with the subject, making even a cursory examination of the reports of the Department of Fisheries, must come to the conclusion that a great deal has been effected by the fisheries overseers, but the amount of money paid some of them is ridiculously low, and one cannot expect a tremendous amount of energy to be displayed in these cases.

"There are among them, unquestionably, many painstaking and enthusiastic officials, but I think you will all agree with me, there are many who do very little indeed. Where I refer later on to the subject of generally waking up the inspectors, it is not done in a carping and antagonistic spirit at all.

"I hope that the members of this association will always endeavor to help the inspectors in any way possible, but naturally, if they find inspectors not doing their duty, they will be forced to take cognizance of the fact.

"I will endeavor, if you will allow me fifteen minutes, to give a general outline of the good the association might effect, in some directions supported by the recitation of facts well known to many of you, and the quotation of a few statistics which may be unknown to you.

"In the first place, the form of the association would be one with headquarters here in Toronto, having its own officers and executive and the formation gradually of branch associations in each town in the Province, each with its own officers and executive, all working toward a common end. It is confidently expected that such an association will be successful in its objects, and that branches will spread rapidly in the other Provinces later on. It must be borne in mind, that were the class of

sportsmen joining the association restricted to one strata of society, very little could be done. It is therefore the plan that all those interested in sport, from the distinguished legal gentleman occupying the position of chairman of this meeting down to a junior law student or bank clerk, or those occupied in manual work, farmers, mechanics, etc., will be invited to join, and the first good of such an association would be the formation of a greater Free Masonry among sportsmen.

"The annual subscription, however, must obviously be reduced to the very smallest nominal sum, say \$1.00, or if that is considered too much, even as low as fifty cents, so that the subscription could not possibly exclude anyone. I may feel confident in stating that any funds which may be required for purposes outlined later on, will be readily collected from public-spirited citizens and sportsmen whose means allow.

"I have been asked by one or two gentlemen present, when inviting them to attend this meeting, verbally, what good an association such as I outline can do, and I will now suggest a few practical benefits, and no doubt others will occur to many of you.

"Many of those present have seen glaring instances of infractions of the game laws, and have either been too lazy to do anything in the way of reporting the same to the Department or have had the natural disinclination that most people feel toward laying an information. If, however, a corporate body existed, to the secretary of whom a complaint might be made with absolute confidence that the name of the informant would not be disclosed, I venture to say, that in a very short time the headquarters of this association would have a great deal of information which they could use through their executive at the proper Government department, bringing offenders to justice, and very materially waking up the inspector in whose district such things occur.

"There has been much discussion from time to time as to the open and close seasons of fish and game, and no doubt a great variety of opinions exist among sportsmen on these matters. The formation of the association will here be useful, as its headquarters will form a receiving ground for all those varied opinions which, after being weighed by its committee, may be presented to the Department in such a way as to probably alter the present game laws to the material benefit of sport.

"I regret now, to have to state one specific manner in which the association would be of use. I have been informed by two gentlemen, one of whom is present, and whose properties are separated by a hundred miles at least, that they have observed very glaring cases of netting for bass in and out of season, and they have refrained from reporting the same, being afraid that their places would be burned down in the winter. Now, one of these gentlemen has expended a very large sum of money in the erection of an hotel well known to many of you up north, and the other is a member of one of our best shooting clubs.

"You can all easily appreciate such a condition of things, a man who has expended some forty or fifty thousand dollars in buildings away off on an island far from civilization, hesitates to take steps which might cause a fire started by an incendiary out of spite. But with the association in existence, this gentleman need not appear in the matter at all, his information would be laid before the secretary, action being taken directly by employing a private detective or through the Department and its inspector. If I have heard, simply by 'talking fishing' to friends, two such cases, surely there must be others in existence.

"The bass fishing of Ontario may be roughly divided into two classes, first the large bodies of water, such as the Georgian Bay and Lake Nipissing, with a sparse resident population, and the more restricted waters, such as the Trent, the Kiawartha Lake, the Bay of Quinte, the Grand River, etc., with thickly settled population. First, in reference to the larger bodies of water, some of you are probably not aware of an extract from an Order in Council passed the 30th day of May, 1904, which reads:

"The sale and export of speckled trout, black bass and maskinonge, is hereby prohibited for a period of five years from the date of this Order in Council, provided, however, that any person from a foreign country, fishing in the waters of the Province, and applying and paying for an angler's permit, may, upon leaving the Province, when the same are accompanied by him, take with him the lawful catch of two days' fishing."

"It is very plain, that if this law is carried out, no tugs or other vessels can leave ports, on the Georgian Bay for instance, carrying black bass, speckled trout, or maskinonge, and therefore the incentive to the commercial fisherman taking these fish by nets or otherwise, is removed.

"The association, of course, can materially help in bringing this about. There will likely be a branch of the association in Midland, Penetanguishene, etc., and if the proper Government official at these ports has not the time to inspect the vessels going out, I fancy some of our members might give us information as to what is going on.

"Another source of information of use to protect the exporting of these fish will be American sportsmen living in the towns to which our game fish have been heretofore shipped. Many of these gentlemen, no doubt, fish in our waters, and, I think, by the secretary of the association getting in touch with sporting clubs in the States, we can soon get information, as to whether or no bass and speckled trout are coming into those points from Canada, and trace them from the other end as it were.

"You, who have been to Trent, know perfectly well that it is common talk that spearing and netting out of season is indulged in by the people there, and this is what has destroyed the fish, not persons going and fishing in the season with a rod. How can the association step in here?"

"A pamphlet can be prepared particularly for the farmer, and a well known Toronto publisher has promised me that for this object he will publish everything at cost. These pamphlets could contain the statistics I have read to you, and many others which will clearly show the farmer that his interests are best being served by observing the laws himself, and seeing that his sons do the same. These pamphlets would not cost more than a dollar a thousand, and I think \$10 so expended would do a tremendous amount of good. Members of the associa-

tion on their fishing trips could place in their dunnage bags a few of these pamphlets, and where the opportunity occurred, put them in the hands of the guides, farmers, hotel men, etc. A well known gentleman connected with Massey Hall has promised me, at cost, the use of a cinematograph during the coming winter, and I purpose myself to make a little itinerary of the Trent and other districts, advertising beforehand that a cinematographic exhibition will be given free of cost, and that all the farmers and their families are cordially invited to attend, and that before the exhibition a short address will be given on the subject of the value of the preservation of the game fish to them.

"I believe others will volunteer their services in this direction, and by such lectures and by the distribution of such literature I feel confident we can gain the interests of the farmer. If we do this, we have practically won the battle, and the result will be in a few years magnificent fishing along our beautiful Trent River, the Kiawartha Lakes, and all through the smaller streams and lakes of the Province."

Christopher Robinson, K. C., the veteran of the gun, spoke of his experiences and pointed out the benefit that would be derived from the formation of such an organization as had been proposed. He was followed by John Maughan, who was also strongly in favor of the project and stated experiences where he showed the immense value that such an association would be.

It was also brought to the notice of those present by another speaker that the game law was constantly being trespassed by those who shot and killed game and placed it in cold storage, and suggested that this was one of the worst forms of the infraction of the law. This will be inquired into. The following were appointed a provisional committee, with power to add: Chief Justice Falconbridge, Judge Morson, W. Pearson, Campbell Reaves, Major Murray, C. C. McNamara, David Ward, Dr. Caesar, Dr. Temple, Albert E. Gooderham, Victor Cawthra, Hon. Melvin Jones, Hume Blake, Henry Winnett, D. D. Mann, Colonel Denison, John F. Ellis, E. B. Osler, W. R. Tiffin, Frank Drake, Joseph Kilgour, Godfrey Patterson, Walter Barwick, K. C.; John MacLachlan, Claude Macdonell, M. P.; Stewart Houston, Dr. Riggs, Dr. Adam Wright, E. B. Ryckman, H. C. Hammond, G. G. S. Lindsay, K. C.; Walter Jones, Ernest Simpson, Clarkson Jones, H. C. Osborne, Fred Bryan, Walter Cassels, K. C.; Robert Cassels, F. B. Polson, George T. Marks, A. R. Boswell, Edward Harris, John L. Blaikie, Justice Nesbitt, Edward Currie, J. B. Miller, D. L. McCarthy, Christopher Robinson, K. C.; J. C. Kemp, Dr. A. Baines, David S. Barclay, Cawthra Mulock, W. O'Hara, P. A. Manning, H. D. P. Armstrong, John E. Rose, W. E. Foster (G. T. R.), G. G. Beatty, John Maughan, A. Kelly Evans, Oliver Adams, Fred Cox Morson.

Newfoundland Caribou.

MANY readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember an account of a great deer slaughter near Burges, which appeared in your columns last year. It was estimated that 3,200 caribou were killed in a day or two. The Legislature, then in session, passed restrictive measures, making a recurrence of such slaughter impossible.

Representative Moulton, of Burges, during the present session presented a number of numerous signed petitions, praying that the deer law be amended, and the restrictions removed. In support of his position he quoted some facts about our caribou that were enlightening to the average sportsman. It has been always known that vast herds of deer existed, but as the railway went through the interior of the island and opened it up somewhat, the accounts given by occasional hunters as to the number of deer were taken *cum grano salis*. Mr. Moulton, besides being a hunter of experience himself, had a lot to do with hunters in his district, and is well qualified to speak with authority on the question of deer. He stated in the Assembly of his own knowledge and the evidence of many hunters whom he had questioned, that the number of deer at present ranging the interior amounted to about 250,000—a quarter of a million. The natural increase yearly, he sets down at 25,000. The number killed by local and foreign sportsmen annually amount to 10,000, about 5,000 die each year from wolves and natural causes, leaving a net increase of 10,000 caribou annually added to the herd. He contended that for the preservation of the caribou, they should be judiciously thinned each year, as the herds range over vast plains, feeding on mosses, which they tear up by the roots, thus destroying the natural pastures. Many sportsmen differ with him on this point, and refer to the vast extent of territory which they range, the better part of 42,000 square miles. This country, consisting largely of marshes and barrens, is eminently adapted for feeding grounds; and further, the parasitic plants upon which they feed, are so prolific and tenacious of life, that nothing less than plowing them up would destroy them. The decimation of our caribou on these grounds need not be feared for many a day.

It is the intention of the Legislature to appoint a commission to consider the whole question, and at a future session of the House, to make recommendations that will appear most advantageous from the evidence laid before them. In the meantime, the law stands, and the caribou are protected, and any sportsman who wants to experience the pleasure of stalking his caribou, and securing a trophy for his hall or den, will find plenty sport on the island for many years to come.

Last week I was talking to Mr. George Nicholls, of Deer Lake, one of the most active and intelligent guides in the country. Mr. Nicholls left me at Deer Lake, and went in the country some distance to take up his traps after the winter. On one marsh about three miles distant, he counted over ninety caribou grazing, like cattle in a pasture; he had no gun along with him, and did not disturb them.

The moose imported last year were seen a short time ago near the Upper Humber, and are reported as doing very well. W. J. C.

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Sport in the Hindoo Koosh.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

It is only in a few of the remotest recesses of the rugged Hindoo Koosh that the old sport of driving with hounds still lingers, and this mostly in glens where the foot of few white men have trod. In other places the arrival of the Englishman has been followed by game laws, the necessary concomitant of modern rifles. These all condemn driving, and rightly, for the man with the weapons of to-day stands in no need of four-footed assistance to make things easy for him. It is otherwise with the indigenous sportsman armed with his old matchlock of prehistoric design. With the crude weapons carried by Chitrali or Washigam *shikaris*, not all the hunter's craft at their disposal, nor the ownership of the best breeds of hounds, would enable them to exterminate game.

The theory of the sport is based upon the fact that markhor and ibex, when escaping from their natural foes, leopards and wolves, fly to precipices where no other animal, be it cat or dog, can venture; and when followed by the hunter's hounds, they pursue exactly the same tactics. Arrived at their supposed refuge, they are so intent on staring at the baying hounds, that they pay little attention to their deadlier two-footed foes, who can approach close enough to use their antiquated pieces with effect. It is said that whole herds are sometimes wiped out in this way; but this must be very rare, or one would not find all grounds new to the European sportsman as full of game as they usually are.

The sport is conducted in two ways. There is the royal drive, as managed for the benefit of the petty kings of the Hindoo Koosh, in which a large number of beaters with dogs drive the game up to posted guns, much as chamois are driven in Austria. And there is the humbler but more sporting way followed by the professional hunter, with his leash of hounds, frequently entailing toil which few but born mountaineers could endure. One's sympathies, however, are with the princes and mighty ones of the earth in this matter; for here, as in other places, they are rarely allowed the pleasure of doing their own hunting. Poor kings who miss the real enjoyment of sport, though themselves ignorant of their loss, one cannot but feel sorry for them!

Let me first try to describe a royal drive as arranged for the Mehtar of Chitral, the premier chieftain of the Hindoo Koosh.

Early one winter morning I found myself following a Chitrali guide up a gorge, where the sheer sides of rock in places almost met above us. Every few hundred yards the torrent impinged against one rock wall or the other, necessitating a crossing by means of a pine pole flung across the foaming water. The night's frost had glazed such of these as were touched by the spray, with a film of ice, which had to be dusted with sand before even my light-footed guide could trust himself on them. But for these, and occasional anxious moments at points where a crossing of the stream had been deemed unnecessary in local opinion, and we had to creep gingerly round difficult rock corners where the water below roared a most uninviting summons, the track was monotonous enough, as one could see but a short way in front owing to the turns of the gorge.

The king, whose shooting-box lay some way up the valley, had gone up the previous evening, by a zigzag path over the mountain, along which (on a Chitrali pony) it was possible to ride.

The valley, which, like most others in this part of the Himalayas, was a gorge for a few miles above its embouchure into the main Chitral glen, presently opened out and the shooting-box came in sight, a little wooden structure built on a plateau overhanging the stream and surrounded by pines and junipers. A crowd of retainers was lounging about outside, a picturesque crew of good-looking ruffians, carrying all manner of arms, from matchlock to Mannlicher, and like all Chitrali crowds full of jokes and laughter. The *shikaris* and beaters had all been out since long before daylight. It was now about 9 o'clock, and so far no news had come. The Mehtar came out to meet me, a pale young man rather below middle height, with a quiet dignified manner, the difficulties of whose position it is unnecessary to dilate on here. Having not yet breakfasted he asked me to join him, an invitation I found no difficulty in accepting, as the keen morning air had long since made my early breakfast a mere remembrance. It fortunately proved to be not the Oriental repast of ceremony, with its interminable courses, but a comparatively light meal, consisting of but four enormous dishes or rather trays of *pillaus* and such like, from which the king and I ate direct without the unnecessary formality of separate plates. He ate delicately with his fingers, as the Easterners say "with discretion," while I had the use of the only spoon and fork.

As to the prospects of sport, I learned that a herd of markhor had been seen on the previous evening with one big buck, and the *shikaris* with some two hundred beaters and the royal pack had gone out to surround them on three sides for the purpose of driving them toward the hunting ground. Breakfast over, our hands were sprinkled with rose-scented water from a great brass *aftaba*, and we set off on foot. We soon began to climb up a path newly cut in the steep hillside, and in half an hour found ourselves on a little platform with a low wall in front, some four hundred feet above the stream. Looking across, the opposite slopes deep in snow were visible to a height of two or three thousand feet above us; they were not excessively steep and were scantily covered with junipers and holly oaks. Immediately opposite us, at a range of perhaps ninety yards, was a precipitous face of rock, going down almost sheer into the water. This was the point to which the markhor were to be driven, and where it was hoped they would stand long enough to be shot.

We had now to keep as still and silent as possible and sat ourselves down behind the wall at points from which we could get a commanding view. An attendant flung over the Mehtar a magnificent fur robe which had come straight from Bokhara, and others wrapped themselves in sheepskin pelisses and cloaks, for the wind was bitterly cold. Only a few of the Mehtar's intimates had accompanied us to the butt, but in glancing at the array of modern rifles with which they were armed and at the rocks opposite where the beasts were to be shot down, I half

regretted coming to what seemed likely to end in a butchery, for the combination of ancient strategy with modern arms seemed a trifle unfair to our quarry.

The Mehtar was beguiling the time by telling me of some wonderful battues at this spot in the time of his ill-fated predecessor, when faint confused sounds of shouting came from high up the opposite mountain, mingled with the yelping of dogs. Presently some black dots appeared moving far away in the snow; then a man perched up on a rock behind us said: "Big markhor coming this way," and we saw a big beast come bounding down alone, pausing after each spring to see where the danger lay, and heading straight for the rock face opposite. The men in the butt all seized their rifles and crouched close to the wall. I declined the Mehtar's pressing invitation to take the shot, so he got ready. The markhor was now within two hundred yards of us and I was watching him through the glasses. A kingly fellow he looked, with his head thrown back, his great black spiral horns standing grandly out and his long beard sweeping the snow. Suddenly, seeming to scent danger in front, he turned half left and up the glen. A few gigantic bounds brought him with an avalanche of snow and stones to the bottom of the valley, across which he dashed and was lost to view. Two or three shots had been fired as soon as it was seen he was not going into the rock face, but he was not touched, and I was glad to think he might live to add a few more inches to his magnificent spread of horns, enjoy a few more seasons of courtship, and then die in a more befitting manner.

Of course the grumbles in the butt were loud and not less sincere, and everyone blamed everyone else for having moved or shown themselves at the critical moment. The big markhor of the herd had escaped, and it now became apparent also from the shouts and yelps getting fainter and fainter, that the rest of the herd had somehow managed to break through the line.

But stay, here comes something down the opposite slope. It is a doe markhor, going as if a pack of demons were after her. On she comes and reaches her supposed refuge on the rock face. The cause of her haste is soon evident, for a long Badakshan hound is close on her tracks, not a couple of hundred yards behind and giving tongue in short excited yelps. As the hound reaches one side of the precipice and begins to creep cautiously along a snowy ledge, the doe wandering on and invisible to him, has reached the further side and turns round again toward the center of the rock. I signal to the Mehtar not to shoot, for it is evident that hunter and hunted are going to meet nose to nose on a ledge about an inch wide and the solution of the problem will be interesting. Only a corner of rock now separates them and both reach it simultaneously. A chorus of *ya Allah* burst from the spectators in our gallery, as the doe, without one moment's hesitation, sprang straight out into mid air and went down. A gallant bid for life it was and suitably rewarded, for, leaning over, we saw her recover her footing in deep snow two hundred feet down, dash on to the stream, across, and away to safety on the line her lord and master had taken before. The hound could do nothing but extricate himself from the precipice, which done, he sat down and barked foolishly.

There was nothing more, and we returned, the Mehtar full of apologies at the poor sport he had shown, though, as I told him, the leap for life that doe had shown us, was a sight I would have gone far to see.

The beaters came in in groups, some not arriving for hours afterward. The tale they told was that the body of the herd were first making straight for our rock, but something had turned them and they had gone right through the line of beaters. Tracks of two snow leopards had been seen and that was supposed to be the cause of the fiasco.

Now let us transfer ourselves to one of the higher valleys, nearer the main axis of this mighty belt of mountain land, where the mysterious ibex in his haunts of snow and ice forms the quarry of humbler votaries. Here we are in the midst of romance and legend.

There is, even to materialistic Westerners something almost supernatural about the ibex. When, during the fearful winters of high regions, his summer companions, markhor and oorial, bear and marmot, either seek lower and warmer levels, or hibernate in comfortable underground dwellings, the ibex remains alone among the snows and drifting mists. What enables them to defy the terrific elements, and escape the constant avalanches that thunder down the mountain sides in the spring time? How do they exist? The ordinary mortal will explain it by saying that they crowd together under rock shelters and subsist on grass roots and juniper sprays while the winter is at its height, and that instinct teaches them to keep to ridges and *arrêtes* during the avalanche season, and that they are protected from the intense cold by a thick undercoat of wonderful soft wool. But every Chitrali knows well that ibex are under the special protection of the mountain fairies, the chief of whom lives among the icy pyramids and high turrets of the great mountain Tirich Mir. They know that when the earthquakes pass along these valleys, those specially gifted can see hosts of fairies streaming across the sky, riding on ibex and long-maned ponies. Men and women are now living who have been transported to the gleaming palaces of Tirich Mir and seen their inhabitants and the ibex that wander freely among them. Does not history also relate how, when the country is in urgent danger, fairies are seen by many with their ibex squadrons, riding to the Mehtar's assistance? Does not every Kohistani know that it was by their aid alone that the army of the famous Sikh general, Bhup Singh, was surrounded on the Gilgit road and every man of them either killed or sold to the slave-dealing Mirs and Slighnan and Roshan?

The slaying of an ibex therefore is no light matter. No *shikari* would venture to start on a hunting trip without having first propitiated the protecting powers. Otherwise his foot would slip on the edge of some dizzy precipice; stones would hurtle through the air, impelled by unseen hands; he would fall through into some deep ice well in the groaning glacier; or maybe he would wander bewildered like the Ancient Mariner, seeing fearful sights:

And through the drifts the snowy clifts,
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

But whether lying under hills of green ice, or kept in

bondage by the fairy folk of Tirich Mir, certain it is that he would never again be seen alive.

So the *shikari* omits none of the customary ceremonies before leaving home. His good woman first bakes him an enormous cake, which is stuffed into the folds of his gown above the girdle. He cleans his brass-bound match-lock and slings it over his shoulder and hangs round him bullet-pouch, powder-horn, knife, and all the miscellaneous paraphernalia of the chase. Then, after warning his wife not to allow unpurified man or woman to cross his threshold, he starts off with his leash of hounds.

At the mouth of the selected valley, he flings four pieces of his loaf north, south, east and west, invoking the special fairy of the place. "Oh guardian of this golden glen, this slave has approached thy abode. Look on him with kindness. I have come under thy silken sleeve and the hem of thy skirts. Of thy flocks grant me but one beast. Let him be such as has no wool, has no milk, and is unable to keep up with the herd, that is thin, weak, lame, and even blind. Give keenness to my eyes and power to my limbs, so that I may slay one animal. Safeguard me from all dangers."

For the hunter of the Hindoo Koosh the year is divided into numerous seasons, known under different names. There is the rutting season, when the sexes mingle in the early winter; the dead of winter, when all the ibex grounds are fathoms deep in snow; the avalanche season when the roar of cataracts of snow is almost continuous under the morning and mid-day sun; the season when the lower slopes with a southern aspect form brown streaks in a white ocean of mountains; the season when the fresh green grass begins to appear, and slowly spreads up the mountain to the lowest limits of eternal snow; the summer, when all the mountain sides where earth can lie are carpeted with grass and flowers, and game animals have their widest range to wander over; and lastly, the season when the higher slopes take autumnal tints of red and yellow, and ibex are found comparatively low down taking advantage of the last of the summer grazing. This is the time when the old bucks are in pride of grease, and it is consequently perhaps the favorite shooting time among *shikaris*, though of course their work is easiest of all in the spring, when the ibex, ravenous after their short winter commons, come low down for the first blades of fresh green grass and wormwood.

Ibex having been seen, there are two methods of proceeding, according to the excellence of the hunter's hounds. If they are of the best breed, stanch and well trained, he can, as the saying is, slip them at the bottom of the *nullah* and then go and breakfast at leisure, certain that the early morning's downward flowing air will have brought news of the ibex to the hounds, and that by the time he has finished, he will find one or two of the herd rounded up into some precipice, to which he will be attracted by his hounds' baying. This is the ideal.

The real is more often something like this. The hunter, after picking up his ibex, takes his hounds well above them and sights them before slipping. A long chase follows, the hounds hunting their game from precipice to precipice, the *shikari* keeping them in sight or hearing as best he may. A long day's hunt in deep snow and frequently the most appallingly dangerous ground is the usual thing, the end of which may be a shot or may not. Much of course depends on the suitability of the valley for this kind of hunting. The best *nullahs* which have been pointed out to me all have the same characteristics; the greater part of the ground is comparatively easy, but somewhere in the middle is a great scarp of naked rock, from which it would be impossible for the hounds to move a beast which has once taken refuge there.

Imagine the scene at such a moment; the ibex standing on a ledge or niche in some sheer cliffs of rock, turning this way and that; the exhausted hounds lying at the bottom with lolling tongues, baying as they lie and taking snatches at the snow. Enter the *shikari* from above at a dizzy height, peering over the edge. The range is too far for his rude weapon. He examines the ground with the eye of a cragsman born and bred, to whom giddiness and nerves are unknown. His feet, wrapped round with strips of untanned hide, will stand firm on rock which would appear as impracticable for one in nailed boots as the dancing of a hornpipe on the dome of St. Paul's. But the risks of rocks glazed by ice, stone shoots, all the hundred and one perils that beset one who would climb on rock, all these he knows and appreciates. Alone and encumbered with his hunting-gear, he lets himself down and trusts himself step by step with infinite care on ground where none but the most adventurous Alpine climbers, roped and in company, would venture.

The shot he takes lying down with the muzzle of his weapon resting on or against a stone. Lucky he deems himself if the beast goes head over heels, whizzing down to the anxious hounds, for his agate-cored balls leave as much to be desired in point of efficiency as his old musket in point of accuracy. Perhaps the finish only comes at the end of a wearisome chase after a wounded beast, the termination of which may be success or failure.

With the *shikari* as with the Sheikh Sadis' dervish, "His inn is wherever darkness may find him"; but if the rigors of a night under the stars are mitigated by the skin of a freshly-killed ibex for a covering and his bread helped down with morsels of roasted liver, he is as happy as a king.

In this sport very much depends on the hounds, and a good pair are very highly prized. Like the ponies of these highlands, the best breeds come from Badakshan and look like a cross between a Borzoi and collie. Before the hunting season comes on, *shikaris* harden and condition their hounds by pitching them into some icy torrent several times a day—a course which I was once recommended to follow with a favorite spaniel somewhat inclined to embonpoint.

The successful *shikari*, on his way home, sings the quaint hunting song called the *ghoru*. As he nears his village, men and boys run out to relieve him of his kit and load of meat and horns—the latter destined to grace the nearest saint's shrine. The whole hamlet joins in the chorus, those not helping with the loads sitting down on the roofs of their houses and with little fingers in their ears (like a huntsman) rendering the song at the highest pitch of their voices.

Oh valley opened for me, hé ho,
Blood-stained are my hands, hé ho.

Deer-like are thine eyes, hé ho,
Seeing after death, hé ho.

Rise I in the night, hé ho,
Crouching I await thee, hé ho.

Thy feet they leave a trail, hé ho;
Thy horns they graze the sky, hé ho.

Food from the unseen, hé ho,
Thou art given by God, hé ho.

From ridge to ridge I spy thee, hé ho;
I would know thee again and again, hé ho.

I see thy various shapes, hé ho;
I track thee from ledge to ledge, hé ho.

In the midst of the herd I strike, hé ho;
Face to face I slay thee, hé ho.

Thou the ibex of my kitchen, hé ho,
Thou the guest of this evening, hé ho.

Thou the high and unattainable, hé ho,
Now descend through my smoke-hole, hé ho.

The meat is actually taken into the *shikari's* house through the hole in the roof which serves for a chimney, and there received by the members of his family, he himself entering in by the door.

The usual quarry in the Hindoo Koosh is, as has been said, markhor and ibex, but when the snow is deep and a herd of oorial has been marked down in a suitable place, that is to say, low down on flattish ground, a whole village will turn out and mob the poor beasts to death with their dogs, and there is a recorded instance at Gilgit when a big herd were so wiped out. As a rule, oorial, who trust for safety more to speed and activity than getting into inaccessible places, say good-bye to hounds and hunters. My old *shikari* used to tell of a herd of these animals that escaped him by swimming the Indus, an extraordinary feat. "But ibex, too," he used plaintively to add, "used to give my hounds a lot of trouble."

Really big battues, as a matter of fact, are now, and always have been extremely rare, though old sportsmen of the Himalayas love talking about them. I once asked an old gray-beard, after hearing one of the gory tales, how it was that so many animals still remained. "Sahib," he said, "the more the seed the heavier the crop, is it not? And the more blood spilt on the ground this year, the larger the herds of ibex next." And this is the common belief, especially among the Kafirs. R. L. KENNION.

Prof. Agassiz was Convinced.

IN the first speech Senator Frye made after being elected to the Senate he made mention of the very large brook trout caught in the Rangeley lakes, weighing from 1 to 7 or 8 pounds, and when on his way to his hotel Professor Agassiz overtook him and congratulated him on his speech, saying it was a very creditable effort, but advised him that whenever hereafter he mentioned the brook trout, the speckled trout, or the squaretailed trout, not to have them quite so large, as there never was a brook trout that weighed over 3 pounds. The Senator asked him if he was open to conviction, and he said if he saw one weighing more he would believe it, not otherwise. When Congress adjourned the Senator went home to Lewiston and, with a friend, went to his camp in the Rangeleys, and while there one day they each caught a trout weighing about 7 pounds, which they sent on to Professor Agassiz. In a few days the Senator received a few lines from the professor, and this is what he wrote: "The theory of a lifetime kicked to death by a stubborn fact."—Boston Herald.

A Way Through.

IN County Sligo there is a small lake renowned for its fabulous depth. A professor happened to be in that part of Ireland last summer, and started out one day for a ramble among the mountains, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed, Pat asked him if he would like to see this lake, "for it's no bottom at all, sorr." "But how do you know that, Pat?" asked the professor. "Well, sorr, I'll tell ye; me own cousin was showin' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his word, sorr, and so he said, 'Begorra, I'll prove the truth of me words,' and off with his clothes and in he jumped." The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression. "Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn't come up again, at all, at all." "But," said the professor, "I don't see that your cousin proved his point by recklessly drowning himself." "Sure, sorr, it wasn't drowned at all he was; the next day comes a cable from him in Australia, askin' to send on his clothes."—Argonaut.

A Tale of the Deep Lock.

NEW BRUNSWICK, June 12.—The following story is vouched for by A. H. Snyder, a member of the Official Board of the First Methodist Episcopal Church here, who is also lock tender at the deep lock on the Raritan Canal: Owen Swain, of Johnson & Johnson's plaster room, lost a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles in the deep lock a few days ago. On Saturday night, while Mr. Snyder had the water drawn from the lock, he and Mr. Swain looked for the spectacles. Mr. Snyder reached down as Mr. Swain pointed out the exact spot where the spectacles had been lost. His first reach brought up a lively catfish. Perched on the fish's nose was the pair of spectacles.—New York Times.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?



Striped Bass Near New York.

STRIPED bass are the only fish worthy of the angler's attention in the rivers about the city. There are other excellent species occasionally taken, but the striped bass is the only one to be depended upon. The salt water eel, the tomcod and small flounders are other city fish, but they are the game only of the small boy, and the man who fishes for the family frying pan. The tomcod may be caught from any pier on either river, and while they like sandworms best they will bite at most kinds of bait. The little flounder is more plentiful in the East River than in the North. They are caught from piers and boats in from twelve to twenty feet of water, flood tide being the best time. Use soft clams and sand worms for bait. The tackle for the tomcod and small flounder should be of the lightest order to afford good sport.

All the city fish named are running now, and many good catches are reported from nearly all quarters. The bass are the spring bass, and are not so plentiful as during the fall months. Bass like as a bait the white sand worm and the large red worm, but they are also fond of shedder crabs, shrimp and shedder lobster.

The practical angler carries his own bait and tackle, and therefore is never subjected to disappointment at not being able to fish after he reaches the objective point. Some of the more experienced anglers would even take along their boats if it were possible to do so comfortably. Bait, boats, tackle and other valuable information may be obtained at the fishing grounds at the foot of West 108th street, foot of West 126th street, foot of West 152d street and foot of West 154th street. I very often occurs at these places that they have run out of bait and have let out all their boats and tackle, so it is advisable for he who would a-fishing go to take along such paraphernalia as it is possible to carry or have carried.

The best way to take the spring bass is by casting from the rocks in the North River lining the shore from 108th street up. The slack water, last of the ebb and first of the flood, is the best condition of tide. The large fellows are taken in water varying from two to fifteen feet in depth. Of course, boats may be used if one does not care to fish from the rocks. Walley's Rock is a famous spot, reached from the foot of 108th street, and near 118th street is Kerrigan's Rock, another noted striped bass ground. Old Split Rock is about 150 yards above 126th street. It is fifty feet from the shore, and has long been a well known first of the ebb-tide bass location. Probably one of the best striped bass spots on the North River is along the rocks just above the railroad cut at Fort Washington, two miles above 152d street.

At the seed oyster beds at Spuyten Duyvil there is good striped bass fishing, probably better than at any other point below, but the fish run smaller. Riverdale, two miles above, is another popular point. Boats and bait for fishing may be had from the man who tends the railway bridge crossing. The Harlem River used to be one of the great resorts for the striped bass fishermen, but it has long since failed to yield a fair creel of bass, though between Randall's Island and Kingsbridge eels are still caught in good quantities.

Along the East River it is at Hell Gate that striped bass are caught with greatest success. Unlike the fishing on the North River, the best time, especially for still fishing at Hell Gate, is during flood tide. White sand worms are the favorite bait here as elsewhere. The favorite places are Hallet's Cove on the Astoria shore, Mill Rock Reef below Ward's Island, Big Hell Gate, Little Hell Gate, between Ward's and Randall's islands; the Harlem Kills, north of Randall's Island, and all about the Coffin Rock in the Middle Ground or Sunken Meadow. The season is later here than on the North River grounds.

Little and Big Hell Gates are a quarter of a mile from the foot of 110th street. Little Hell Gate is a few hundred yards from the foot of 121st street, and the Harlem Kills and the Sunken Meadows, two noted bass spots, are less than a mile away. The Kills, Sunken Meadows and Middle Grounds may also be easily reached from the foot of 125th street. Ferry Point, at the mouth of Westchester Creek, the mouth of the Bronx River, two fine striped bass spots, and the Middle Ground localities are all within easy rowing distance from the foot of 138th street, old Port Morris, North Brother, South Brother and Riker's islands are opposite.

Boats, bait and tackle are available at the foot of East 92d street, foot of East 110th street, foot of East 121st street, foot of East 124th street, Third Avenue bridge over the Harlem River, and at the foot of East 138th street.

The striped bass is more timid and wary than other salt water game fish, although from his humpback, square jaw and bad eyes it might be supposed that he was afraid of nothing. The angler must be able to throw a light, strong line to a good distance from his boat, or he will fish in vain. The striped bass has acute hearing, and a scratch of the angler's boot on the bottom of the boat, the dropping of an oar or landing net on the thwart send all the bass in the neighborhood away.

Surf fishing has been practiced little near New York, largely owing to the hard work involved. It is done by men in pairs—the angler and his hired helper. The helper carries a basket of menhaden for bait, and a long-handled gaff, while the angler carries a rod, stout and thick. The helper scales the menhaden and two slashes of his knife on either side of the backbone bring off two long strips of flesh which are cut into chunks and are used for bait. The refuse and some unscaled menhaden chopped up fine are cast far out into the surf.

This "chum" attracts the bass to the shore. While the helper is repeating this operation the angler, by unreeling and then reeling up again a hundred feet or more of line, makes sure there are no knots or kinks in it, and wades into the surf hip deep, and makes his cast.

It is a pretty sight to see an angler struggling with a big striped bass in the surf. The bass tacks this way and that and beats his nose against the bottom trying to work the hook out. Sometimes, when nearly exhausted, he will run out nearly two hundred feet of line in a bolt to seaward. The angler has retreated to firm footing and slowly works in the fish until the helper can gaff him.

At the many fishing clubs on the shores of Staten Island and southern New England an easier way than this is in use. Long plank walks are built out from land, high over the water, and on the end of these walks are chairs in which fishermen may sit and cast.

The sport may be heightened immensely by fishing with light tackle. Let the rod be not more than eight ounces in weight—six ounces would be better—and use an O'Shaughnessy hand-forged hook three inches long, or a 1.0 sproat hook. Many who fish from boats or from projecting rocks over deep water along the North River prefer to fish with a fly. A red or a red and white ibis may be used for a stretcher, and a white miller for a dropper. If the flies, without sinkers, are permitted to drop six inches below the surface and are then drawn through the water repeatedly and carefully, the chances are good for a rise. A striped bass of a pound weight will fight harder than a speckled trout, and make his captor's muscles ache.

Sludge acid, refuse oils from factories, etc., and waste products from manufactories of chemicals have played havoc with the striped bass grounds in the upper bay. The acid sinks to the bottom, covering and killing the marine worms and small creatures on which the fish feed. The oils destroy such life as centers around the river grasses, including shrimps, etc. The other abominations either drive the bass away, poisoning them outright, or, in the case of the few persistent and hardy fellows who refuse to vacate, so impregnate their flesh as to render them uneatable. Such a fish is liable to taste as if it had been pickled in kerosene or had dieted on coal tar.

The fish landed in Jamaica Bay, from the surf at Rockaway and Coney Island piers, are fresh from their winter stay in the ocean, and hence are eminently desirable from a culinary standpoint.

In the Sound you may, a little later, get some excellent fishing with a spoon and a bunch of white worms. The Sound fish are usually big chaps. Not infrequently a forty, fifty or even sixty-pounder is persuaded to go 'way back and lie down in the bottom of the boat. But my! what an amount of persuasion they do need. Remember, that in general the fish are night feeders and are hungriest at late dusk.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, June 17.—In the eastern part of our State trout fishing has been poor for several weeks on account of the streams being very low. The rains of the past week may help them to a limited extent, but not much. A good steady rain of two or three days would raise the water and improve the fishing. Probably conditions in the central and western portions of the State have been similar, but the fun still goes on.

From Grand Lake Stream come reports that there is no falling off in fishermen's luck, and that there is a perceptible gain in the willingness of the salmon to take the fly. Among the many enjoying the sport are Messrs. William G. and C. G. Peck, of Boston, and several from both Portland and Bangor.

At North Pond of the Belgrade chain the bass are now rising to the flies, cast by several visitors from Waterville and other cities. At Clearwater, A. J. Lewis and wife and J. K. Freeley, of Boston; George H. Cross and wife, of Malden, and E. B. Hough, of Providence, are taking good fish, Mr. Cross being especially fortunate in landing a togue that weighed 7½ pounds.

At Chain of Ponds, on the Megantic preserve, the camps have been crowded. All are getting good sport. Mr. John T. Sherman, of Brooklyn, took a togue weighing over 7 pounds, and Mr. Tibbetts one of 8 pounds. The small trout will soon rise to the fly on the other ponds of the preserve.

The treasurer, Mr. P. B. Wiggin, of Boston, is taking a run through the preserve.

Mr. George A. Gibson and party, of Medford, have been in several days. Fishing is reported good at Blakeslee, reached from Eustis. Here fly-fishing sometimes continues throughout the summer. Blakeslee trout are not quite so capricious as those of some waters. The fun is on at Loon Lake, easily reached from Rangeley. The proprietor, Mr. York, has had some brown trout planted in the lake, and they are now from 2 to 4 pounds in weight, and are great fighters. J. R. Marble, of Worcester, Dr. F. O. Cobb and wife, of Portland, and C. A. Mentzer and wife, of Somerville, Mass., are a few of the guests. Mrs. Mentzer has taken a 2½-pound trout and a 4½-pound salmon. Mr. Wells got a 4½-pound trout.

At Pleasant Island camps on the Cupsuptic fishermen from New York, Boston and many other localities have taken good numbers of trout and salmon. Mr. H. A. Haskell, of Wakefield, Mass., has leased the well known Munyon Springs Hotel and camps on Rangeley Lake. Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and friends are in Camp Whitney on Richardson Lake. Mr. Benj. Pierson, of Byfield, Mass., with friends, is now occupying Deer Park Lodge, recently purchased of Lewis Parkhurst, of the publishing house of Ginn & Co. A resort not so generally known as the Rangeleys and likely to gain in popularity is Brown's Camps, in Lowell. Commissioner Stanley gave me a forecast of the probabilities of the lakes in that town last summer. His predictions are verified already. A 13-pound salmon has been taken within a few days by Mr. L. H. Godder, of Winchester, Mass., after a grand fight in which the fish made six leaps into the air.

Commissioner Carleton secured one fish of 9½ pounds, and Colonel Littlefield has to his credit six that weighed 7, 7½, 8¼, 8½, 8½ and 10½ pounds, besides several of less weight. Who says stocking doesn't pay?

A lively party of Bostonians recently made the trip from the Hub in two autos, and for several days occupied Cabin Springfield at the Birches. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gibby, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gore, Messrs. Wm. H. Wyman and Fred Hodgkins and Mrs. G. E. Warren. On June 26, 27 and 28 occurs the annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Association at Mountain View House, Rangeley. As the railroads give half rates from stations in Maine a large attendance is assured.

The latest from Bangor is to the effect that all records have been broken at the pool this season, although the best of the sport came late. It is believed that twice as many sea salmon have been taken this year than there were last year.

Messrs. C. P. Hodgkins, of Bangor, and C. E. Bissell, of Brewer, have been fly-fishing in company this season, and have landed fifty-one fish, many of them weighing over 20 pounds each. Commissioner Delano tells me that some miscreants who were taking trout at night from one of the ponds at the Sutton hatchery were pursued by the assistant superintendent, who fired a charge of shot after them as they were running away, and he is confident his charge went to the right spot. One of the offenders has been arrested and others will be. CENTRAL.

Tale of a Man Eate Shark.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Soon after my arrival at Miami, Fla., on my cruise south from New Smyrna, about the middle of November last, I met Capt. Jack Graham, of the schooner *Buccaneer*, who told me that a Capt. Henry L. Gregg from Philadelphia was in town, and that he would like to get us two Greggs together.

He did so a day or two later, and we found at once we were cousins in the fourth degree.

The Captain had been a seafaring man until middle life, when he went into the ship brokerage business in Philadelphia, from which he retired in his old age. During the winter he told me a shark story, in which he personally figured, and which interested me very much, as I had written some pages about sharks in my fish book, especially as to whether or not they will attack a live man in the water. As the Captain's narrative seems to settle the question in the affirmative, I have thought it well to offer it to you for publication.

Capt. Gregg's father was also a seafaring man all his business life, his home port having been Portland, Me. He was finally lost while on a voyage from there, none of the crew or the vessel ever having been heard from. Portland was also the Captain's home port.

By the way, I have recently seen in the Florida papers that a shark recently attacked a man at Pablo Beach, biting him twice while he was swimming in water over his depth.

I will now let the Captain tell his story.

W. H. GREGG, SR.

In July, 1859, I was chief officer of the American clipper ship *F. W. Bailey*. We were in the harbor of Leghorn, Italy, loading for New York, our cargo consisting of marble in blocks and in statuary, bales of rags, cases of straw goods, olive oil, Castile soap, etc. Shortly before we were ready for sea a poor fellow applied for a passage to New York for himself and son, a lad of about ten years. He was an American, a carpenter by trade; had come to Italy about a year before to erect an American cottage for an Italian nobleman, and had with him a complete set of tools, including a small grindstone in an iron frame and tray. It was the first of its kind I had ever seen, and I took quite a fancy to it. A few months after his arrival in Italy he was taken sick, grew worse, and after spending all his ready money, applied to the American Consul for a passage home, which resulted in his securing passage on our ship. He and his son occupied a room in the forward house, and very soon after leaving port, he failed so rapidly that it was very apparent he would not live to see his native land again.

We had the usual passage across the Mediterranean, and out through the Strait of Gibraltar, and in about a week were in the Trades, coming along with a free wind and moderate sea; everything was going smoothly, when one day we observed an enormous shark following the ship, and he kept company with us for several days. Now, it is a well-known superstition among sailors that when a shark follows a ship like that, there will soon be a death on board, and the shark is waiting for the body. Sometimes the shark would disappear for a while, and we would think he had given us up, but he always came back. The sick man had heard the superstition, and it had a very depressing effect upon him. He failed fast, and in a few days was found lifeless in his berth. We sewed the body up in canvas, and in order to sink it rapidly, hoping it would escape the shark, we sewed at the feet all the man's heaviest tools, and including, to my disgust, the little grindstone, frame and tray, then laid him on a plank, resting on the rail, and the Captain read the burial service, and on looking around we found that shark had disappeared. We quickly hove the ship to, tilted up the plank, and the body slid into the water and into the ominous jaws of the shark, who had been quietly keeping himself right under the ship. As the shark's jaws were three feet across, and his body nine feet in circumference, he did not need to bite, but simply swallowed the body whole. The carpenter's little son excitedly sprang upon

the rail, and in attempting to hurl something at the shark, missed his footing, and he, too, plunged head first into those terrible open jaws, and the shark quietly swam along about ten feet from the ship, turning his eye up as though asking for more. We baited a long sharp hook with about ten pounds of pork, and succeeded in tolling him into a running bowline, and, with the aid of a tackle, soon had him on deck and dispatched, and at once began to cut him open to recover the remains, when, imagine our surprise when we found both father and son alive. The man had only been in a trance; the plunge into the cold water revived him, and he was struggling to free himself when his son joined him. The boy had a jack-knife in his pocket, and soon had his father at liberty, and when we got to them they had righted the grindstone, and were sharpening a large knife to assist in cutting their way out. We reported the facts to the reporter of the New York Herald on our arrival, but he told us to tell it to the marines, and so it did not get into the papers, although we showed him the grindstone to prove it. The ship was lost with all hands about a year afterward, coming out of San Francisco, and of course her log book was lost with her, so I cannot substantiate the truth of this story, as I would like to.

Lake Trout Fishing in Ontario.

FISHING for the landlocked salmon in the inland waters of Ontario is interesting sport. The methods used are novel and require skill owing to the depth of water—80 to 100 feet—in which these fish, ranging from four to twenty pounds, abound. The difficulty is overcome by the use of copper wire in lieu of silk lines. The copper wire is cold drawn and winds easily on the reel. A rod with medium stiff dip, about seven feet long, strung preferably with agate guides, will be necessary. A punter is required, as in playing and landing a fish help is needed to keep the boat in proper position. A silk line can be used but requires a weight of at least a pound which detracts from the sport. Owing to the pull of the spoon and boat the line must be sufficiently long to reach the varying bottom, and a ratio of three to one for every foot of depth is usual. Hence, in ninety feet depth 270 feet of wire must be out. It is well to provide 500 feet (24 gauge) in one piece, all of which will wind on a 150-yard reel. The wire requires care and the loss of twenty or thirty feet is not uncommon from kinking or weight of fish, so that a provision such as mentioned is wise; whereas, having too short a line would mean changing to a new line after such a loss.

Copper spoons (Hendry 4), Archer spinners strung with sisco (herring) or small perch are the usual bait.

I have caught four or five of these game fish in Sharbot Lake in a day, the largest weighing 14½ pounds. Catches in one boat by two men will sometimes fill the box that punters have under the middle seat of the boat. This box is made of zinc shaped to the boat with wood-formed sides. The seat makes the cover under which this box will slide, so protecting the fish from sun and keeping them till return in the evening. The seats are wide enough to carry a comfortable cane-backed chair, so the boat, being of fair beam to prevent under tipping, an idea can be gained of the size of the box, which is about three feet by twenty inches.

The wire being paid out and near the bottom, strict attention must be given to a firm grip on the pole and reel. A strike is unmistakable, as is also a touch on the rocky bottom. If the latter, wire must be let go and the boat backed over the spot, the angler meanwhile reeling in. With a strike, however, firm hold must be kept till the first struggle is over. The fish will come then, according to weight, stopping and returning to the bottom to be again wound up, this time nearer the surface. Again a second struggle, and, if the fish is still hooked, it may be seen some feet below the surface. The higher temperature and change of pressure now affecting them, they resist little until right on the surface, when they roll and fight viciously. The gaff is now brought into play and we all take a rest.

The usual luck of the beginner is a sudden shock, an exclamation, "What was that?" or a minute later, as he tries to struggle to his feet, "He is off."

These fish apparently dash into a shoal of sisco, their natural food, smashing with their tails. This will account for the bait we obtain on the surface still alive and sometimes able to evade the punter's watchful eyes. In the same way the spoon would be struck, making what I called "flesh strikes" perceptibly different to the hooking in the mouth. One fish, which weighed 12½ pounds, was hooked in the belly. The fight under these circumstances was royal from start to finish. He thought it was a bough or broken wire line which moved on the bottom. It yielded and came offering great resistance, carrying the line over an area of many feet in a transverse direction. When brought to the surface it rolled many times on the line and finally broke the line so that we gave up hope, expecting the usual dash for liberty. Instead of this it rested, eyeing us about fifteen feet from the boat. I yelled to the punter, who pushed the boat nearer with two or three side strokes of one oar, and after many ineffectual plunges with the gaff, during which the fish beat the water savagely and rolled over and over, I gaffed it in the flesh near the tail and dragged it into the boat. The wire, some ten feet, which had remained till then around the gills, had held it captive, it could not use its gills. As illustrating their want of reasoning I will tell another episode.

I had a smaller fish nearly gaffed when the split ring holding the hooks broke and the fish escaped. Our only consolation was an estimate of its weight (about 5¾ pounds). The next day a member of our party of four in the other boat caught the fish with my hook and half split ring. It weighed 5¾ pounds, but insult was added to injury when my friend appropriated hook as well as fish.

A very fine little gentleman who was at the lake had an exciting experience with a deer skull that he hooked in the eye socket, which gave him many sensations till brought to view. The season is not short, good catches have been made this year in July, August, and, I believe, in September, for the spawning season is not yet on.

Best fishing in and around Sharbot Lake was good, the largest I saw caught being 4¼ pounds. This is by troll-

ing with a live shiner on hook and leader without any sinker. The fish must have time before striking and must not feel the line. They are very gamy, some of the little fellows around 1 to 1½ pounds putting up a great fight, breaking as often as three times, springing clear away from the water.

The mid-day meal was prepared by the punters on the beautiful islands with which the lake abounds. Fireplaces of big stones—and some of these stones have traces of gold in them by the way—have been made in different spots, and with the fire lit and kettles boiling we were soon enjoying better food than we "ever eat in our lives."

The Ontario game law is doing good work. No sale of these fish being allowed, while tourists can take only a two days' catch away with them on paying a license of \$5; eight bass and four lake trout constitutes the limit per man per day.

While known as landlocked salmon this fish is not the ouananiche of Maine and St. Johns, it is properly the *Salvelinus namaycush*, the gray or lake trout.

The Michigan Fish Commission has been planting these fish in some of our lakes, but I have not yet been able to catch one, and after separate attempts I am wondering if their work has been a success.

The Log of a Sea Angler.

XI.—The Trip'tail as a Rod Fish—Experiences with Tarpon—Hauling the Seine—Ten Pounder—Hog Fish—Lady Fish—Black Grouper, etc.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "BIG GAME"

Every visitor to Florida who has the curiosity to go out to the deep-water fishing grounds, has taken the hogfish with a hand-line, and knows but little of the gallant courage and fighting qualities of this really fine game fish when taken with rod and reel. More than once a hogfish so disturbed my equilibrium that I fell from the coral head upon which I was standing and casting, forcing me to swim and wade ashore.

It was not far from a spot of this kind that I hooked a black grouper, also known as the jewfish, but not the typical beast of that name, but a clean cut, gamy fish, living mainly in the open, not taking to mud holes, at least in my experience—a trick much to the liking of the ordinary jewfish of the Gulf.

I had been casting for hogfish with a large bait, when something took the hook and made a straightaway rush that took two hundred feet of line in less time than it takes to tell it. I could not stop the fish, so hailed Chief, who ran the dinghy out just in time for me to jump in and save my line, as he sculled me after the game which he supposed to be a shark. For some reason I did not accept the shark theory and refused to cut away, as I had caught a glimpse of a ponderous black form at the time of the strike. The game took us two hundred yards out into the channel, then swept around and charged the reef, and upon reaching shallow water, swam down the barrier reef, where I played it for nearly an hour in and out, always being towed by the powerful fish. At last I won, and it came slowly into view, circling the dinghy, a colossus in black. It was too large to take aboard, so Chief gaffed it and beached it on the reef, from which we later towed it in that I might take its measure and obtain some black grouper steaks, which Bob said were fit for the Gods; but I did not rise to the occasion. To my mind big black grouper is dry and tough, though small fishes, boiled, are excellent.

As we rowed home one afternoon after one of these fishing days on the edge of the reef, we entered a blue cul de sac in the channel, whose blue was so beautiful that I never wearied gazing down into it. I have crossed many seas, but never remember water so blue as this, so intense, so absolutely blue and beautiful. I was looking at it when I caught sight of a long, rakish fish following the dinghy. Long John pronounced it a Bahamian barracuda, and said that he would show how big a fool it was. Seizing the oar, he began to scull while I looked over his shoulder, a feat I accomplished by standing on the seat. He took the grains in his right hand, holding the pole across the stern, sculling with his left. The fish, at least six feet in length, was evidently fascinated, and came within fifteen feet of the stern, shooting ahead now and then, first to one side, then to the other, all the time coming on with fitful dashes, showing its big black eyes, its savage lower jaw and powerful body. It was attracted by the peculiar motion of the oar, and later I succeeded in producing the same result with a white rag on a five-foot line. The fish now came within ten feet of the boat, then would turn broadside on, showing its entire length, its silvery belly and sharp, rakish fins. Long John stood like a statue, more like a jurymast than ever, sculling slowly, bringing to play mind, hand and glance to "conjure" the fish and lead it on and on. Suddenly the barracuda dashed ahead to within seven or eight feet of the boat, then Long John stopped, dropped the oar, and as the game shot along, displaying its entire length, he sent the grains quivering into it. The barracuda half sprang into the air, hurling the pole backward, and dashed away with a force which soon exhausted the line, towing the dinghy up the channel stern first, then out over the reef, where it fought fiercely for its life, and only came in after a hard struggle on the part of my giant boatman.

All these men were clever with the grains, and it was an art to coax a big fish within reaching distance and take it in the manner described. I have seen Long John take a large barracuda in this way by tossing the grains into the air, where it would turn and drop on the game, a missile coming out of a clear sky.

They took turtles in this way, tossing the peg in the grain pole high in air, where it would turn at just the right angle and drop upon the broad back of the animal fifteen feet away.

The entire movement was a picture of grace. The pole was held vertically, the barb upward, the lower end, or butt, resting on the two fore fingers, and with a motion seemingly entirely inadequate to the flight of the grains, the spearsman tossed it into the air. Up it

would rise, then turn like an arrow and drop with marvelous precision upon the game.

There was a peculiar fascination about graining barracudas in the channel that claimed me as a willing victim, and to scull along trying to delude the big game or coax it nearer and nearer, to watch its hesitation, its cleverness, its evident struggle between boldness and alarm, were so interesting that I passed much time in the strange turquoise blue channels which led to no man's land, and which appeared to be the favorite haunt of these big fishes.

The large Bahamian barracuda has an evil reputation on the reef, and I met the man who was called "Barracuda" because he had been maimed by one of these fishes.

I often sculled my dinghy before a big barracuda, merely to see how near I could induce it to come, and the vision of these long, slender fishes darting out of the gloom is one to be remembered.

On my last day on this portion of the reef we sailed over to Northwest Key, an island by courtesy of the wind and current. It was unseen until we almost ran on to it, a mere atom of sand several miles north of Sand Key. I went ashore in the dinghy and found the key so small that I could almost jump across in any direction, yet some grasses grew here, and in the center was a single egg of a tern that probably had just time to hatch before the island was swept away by the first norther of the season.

The sun is high and hot, and "cats' paws" run and glide over the surface of the gulf. They rapidly fuse, the wind freshens, and slacking off the sheet, we bear away to the east and watch the outer reef sink into the deep bank of vermilion clouds over the edge of the world.

Newfoundland Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Salmon and sea trout fishing have commenced on the West Coast. Some visitors have already arrived, and more are expected. Among others fishing at present are J. C. Price, Kent, Eng.; Mr. and Mrs. Wadner and Miss Rankin, Boston; Sir Bryan and Lady Leighton; Messrs. Wilson, Woodward and Huntress, England; Donald Keith and Son, Halifax; John C. Dillum, Dr. Norris, Philadelphia; R. Edwards, F. Vinburg, Baltimore. Many more are expected during the next few weeks. The fishing is good, and there is room enough for all, as the rivers and lakes are innumerable.

The first reports from the rivers have just come to hand, and I send you a copy of one that came in yesterday. The weather is pleasant, though the rivers are not yet at their best. There is a goodly number of visitors enjoying the sport on the various rivers, and all appear to be enjoying themselves.

Sir Bryan and Lady Leighton are reported as having had some magnificent fishing during the last few days.

Mr. Newman caught and sent a 25-pound salmon to a friend in this city. It was photographed by Mr. J. Vey, at whose studio I saw copies of the picture. It was a grand fish.

One or two of the annexed items would seem to argue that some of our sportsmen were "fish hogs." It must always be remembered for our people that our outlook is very different from that of most other people. We are accustomed to see, talk and live in an atmosphere of fish—as we do not reckon them by the pair, but by the million, or the hundred quintals. Thus ten or twenty dozens of trout to men who have been accustomed to handle fish by the hundred quintals, seem a mere bagatelle. Besides, those trouters get off only for a day or two for the season, and bring back enough then to supply all their neighbors for a day or two. Incidentally it will illustrate how plentiful the trout are, when these large catches will be equaled and exceeded by hundreds of sportsmen during the season.

W. J. C.

The reports sent by our correspondent read:

South Branch.—Three salmon taken yesterday.

Little River.—Sportsmen camped at Grand River caught one salmon yesterday, weighing 36 pounds, and another over 30 pounds.

Topsail.—Trout reported plentiful in all ponds.

Crabs.—Two salmon caught in Crabs River yesterday.

Port-aux-Basques.—Fifteen dozen trout caught here yesterday by ten persons, from ½ to 1 pound in weight.

Gambo.—Reported that Mr. Archibald and another man caught couple dozen fine trout in the course of one and a half hours, averaging from 1 to 2 pounds. Also party of young ladies and gentlemen secured several dozen about same size, up Gambo River.

Holyrood.—Trout reported plentiful in all ponds; no report of salmon.

Kelligrews.—Plenty of trout in ponds around here; few salmon caught in nets at Kelley's Island.

Mr. Cobb sent a 27½-pound salmon, caught at Codroy, by yesterday's train, to Mr. H. C. Crawford.

Messrs. Crawley, Veitch and Dunphy yesterday returned from a fishing trip to Murphy's Gullies, near Holyrood, having secured thirty-four dozen trout, averaging from 3 to 5 pounds each.

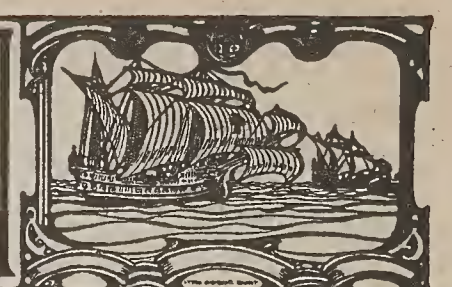
Messrs. W. Coady, J. Ryan and J. Clarke arrived from Beaver Pond, at the head of Big Pond, last evening with fifty-one dozen excellent trout taken there for one day's fishing. They filled their baskets in three hours—the fish were so numerous.

A Salmon in a Tank.

AN historic fish kept for nine years in captivity by Capt. Cooper, of New Westminster, B. C., has recently died. It was a sockeye salmon, and was taken from the Bon Accord hatchery in 1895, soon after it was hatched. It was then placed in a large tank of water in the rear of Capt. Cooper's residence, the tank being supplied with a natural flow of spring water. No food was ever given the fish, and though it apparently got plenty to live on, its growth was stunted. While a perfect sockeye in every respect, it only reached a length of ten inches, but was as brisk and lively as any salmon. The experiment amply demonstrates that fry can be raised to any stage in fresh water and may be liberated when best able to take care of themselves.—Pacific Fisherman,



YACHTING



Yachting Fixtures for 1905.

MEMBERS of Race Committees and Secretaries will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future:

JUNE.

22. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open.
22. Moriches, club.
22. Shinnecock, club.
22. Quantuck, club.
22. Sea Side, open.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open.
24. Seawanhaka Corinthian, annual.
24. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
24. Squantum, M. Y. R. A.
24. Bristol, open.
24. Lakewood, series race.
24. Unqua Corinthian, club.
24. Royal Canadian, club.
24. Rhode Island, cruising race.
24. Rhode Island, open.
24. Beverly, club.
24. Atlantic, first championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
24. Corinthian, open.
28. Sea Side, club.
29. Brooklyn, ocean race to Hampton Roads.
29. West Hampton C. C., cruise.
29. Quantuck, cruise.
29. Moriches, cruise.

JULY.

1. Atlantic, Havens cup No. 2 and Underwood cup.
1. Bristol, ocean race.
1. Beverly, club.
1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
1. Knickerbocker, cruise.
1. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
1. Seaside Park, ladies' cup races.
1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup race.
1. New Rochelle, annual.
1. Boston, club, Marblehead.
1. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
2. New Rochelle, cruise.
3. American, annual.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
3. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
3. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.
4. Lakewood, Gardner cup.
4. Atlantic, open.
4. Corinthian, M. Y. R. A.
4. Eastern, M. Y. R. A.
4. Eastern, power boat races.
4. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
4. Edgewood, club.
4. Wollaston, club championship.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
4. Seaside Park, club.
4. Hampton Roads, cruise.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. races.
4. Beverly, sweepstake.
4. East Gloucester, club.
4. Hartford, annual.
4. Larchmont, annual.
4. Sea Side, club.
- 5-12. Atlantic, cruise.
7. Eastern, cruise.
8. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
8. New York, Glen Cove, cups.
8. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
8. Wollaston, club championship.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club.
8. Edgewood, club.
8. Quincy, M. Y. R. A.
8. Rhode Island, cruising race.
8. Seaside Park, club.
8. Beverly, club.
8. Corinthian, club.
8. Unqua Corinthian, Williams cups.
8. Riverside, annual.
8. Sea Side, open.
8. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
9. Canarsie, open.
9. Morrisania power boat race.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, ocean race.
11. Lakewood, series race.
12. Seaside Park, club.
12. Sea Side, open.
15. Royal Canadian, club.
15. New Rochelle, club.
15. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
15. Seaside Park, club.
15. Country Club, Detroit club.
15. Edgewood, club.
15. Bensonhurst, Bellows challenge cup.
15. Keystone, club.
15. Atlantic, Underwood cup.
15. Beverly, club.
15. Boston, cruise.
15. Corinthian, club.
17. Edgewood, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
18. New Brunswick Y. R. A. regatta, Prudence Island.
18. East Gloucester, club.
19. Seaside Park, club.
19. Rhode Island, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
20. Rhode Island-Sachem Head, team race.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup.
21. Fall River, N. B. Y. R. A., open.
22. Knickerbocker, power boat race to Marblehead.
22. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
22. Winthrop, M. Y. R. A.
22. Bristol, N. B. Y. R. A.
22. Rhode Island, cruising race.
22. Seaside Park, club.
22. Royal Canadian, Canada's cup trials.
22. Beverly Y. C., club.
22. Marine and Field, second championship, Y. R. A. G. B.
22. Unqua Corinthian, Molineux cups.
22. Corinthian, club.
26. Seaside Park, club.
27. Eastern, power boat races.
27. Sea Side, club.
28. Eastern, power boat races.
28. Seaside Park, Bay Head and Island Heights, cruise.
28. Sea Side, open.
29. Eastern, power boat races.
29. New Rochelle, ladies' race.
29. Chicago, race to Mackinac.
29. Country Club of Detroit, race to Mackinac.
29. Seaside Park, open.
29. Edgewood, club.
29. Knickerbocker, one-design power boats.
29. Hampton Roads, cruise.
29. Rhode Island, cruising race.
29. Royal Canadian, cruising race.
29. Beverly, club.
29. Corinthian, club.
29. Boston, club, Marblehead.
29. Indian Harbor, annual.
29. Bensonhurst, Childs trophy.

FIRM OF GARDNER & COX DISSOLVES.—Mr. William Gardner announces that the firm of Gardner & Cox has been dissolved. He will complete existing contracts, and continue business in his own name at the same offices and address, 1, Broadway, New York.

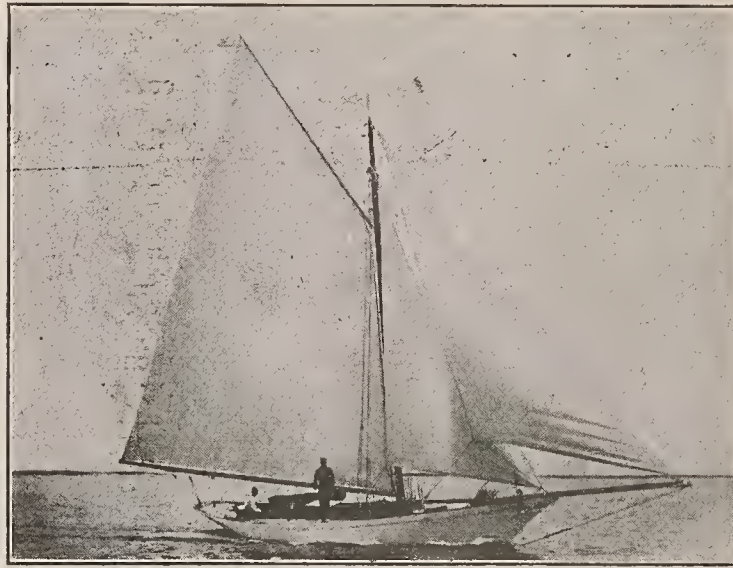
Mr. Philip Leventhal will remain in charge of the engineering department, and Mr. P. F. Miller of the brokerage department.

New York A. C.'s Cruising Race.

Whortleberry Island to Block Island.

AMERICAN yachting organizations are giving this summer a number of long distance races, most of which are over ocean courses. Of these events, none will be more successful than the race from Whortleberry Island, at the west end of Long Island Sound, to Block Island, given under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club. The distance was 101 nautical miles, and the conditions that prevailed during most of the contest taxed the abilities of the skippers and crews, and gave them the kind of experience that makes good navigators and boat sailors. The skippers of all the boats that pushed through and finished deserve the greatest credit.

Twelve boats were entered in the race, but, unfortunately, only seven started. The race was scheduled to start Saturday morning, June 17, at 10 o'clock. Heavy fog enveloped everything during the morning, and it



SALADIN.

Owned by R. W. Rathborne. The second boat to finish in the Block Island race.

was this that probably prevented four of the boats from getting to the starting line, namely, Acushla, Mopsa, Heron and Rita. The fifth boat, Flosshilde, owned by Dr. W. D. Hennen, was badly burned a few days before, and she was so thoroughly gutted inside that it was impossible to put her in shape in time to start.

The yachts that started, with their over all lengths, the clubs they represent and their amateur crews, were as follows:

Sloop Hanley, 42ft. 6in. over all; owner, C. D. Mallory, Indian Harbor Y. C.; crew, C. D. Mallory, skipper; H. H. Raymond, Robert Monks, P. R. Mallory and a paid hand.

Sloop Alert, 42ft. 3in.; owner, J. W. Alker, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; crew, J. W. Alker, skipper; Edmund Fish, Edwin A. Stevens, Jr., Edward P. Alker and a paid hand.

Sloop Saladin, 41ft. 2in. over all; owner, R. W. Rathborne, New York Athletic Club; crew, R. W. Rathborne, skipper; James D. Sparkman, Albert B. Hunt and a paid hand.

Sloop Alyce, 39ft. over all; owner, Henry A. Jackson, Jr., New York Athletic Club; crew, H. A. Jackson, Jr., skipper; Edward S. Rowell, W. W. Willard, Richard Mann and W. F. S. Hart.

Yawl Tamerlane, 38ft. over all; owner, Frank Maier, New Rochelle Y. C.; crew Frank Maier, skipper; Thomas Fleming Day, J. Thompson, Walter Beiling and J. Johnston.

Sloop Penekeese, 29ft. 11in. over all; owner, Henry



ALERT.

Owned by J. W. Alker. The first boat to finish in the Block Island race, and winner of third prize.

de F. Baldwin, skipper; crew, Wilfred J. Worcester, Theodore Hill and Hugh D. Montgomery.

Sloop Gauntlet, 27ft. 10in. over all; owner L. D. Huntington, Jr., New Rochelle Y. C.; crew, L. D. Huntington Jr., skipper; Philip Howard and a paid hand.

The conditions that governed the race follow: Yachts to be eligible must be propelled by sails only, of more than 21ft. and less than 31ft. waterline, have stationary cabins and ballast. Fin keels barred. Time allowance of 10s. per foot per nautical mile, based on the over all length.

Yachts will be considered in cruising trim when they carry a boat, two anchors and cables, life preservers, the regulation lights and their cabin furniture, fittings and tanks in their usual places. Crew will be limited to five, of whom one may be a paid hand. No restriction as to sails or rig, and yachts will carry their club colors at the main truck.

Sailing Directions.

Start will be from a line between the black and red horizontally striped buoy on the southerly end of Green's Flats and the Committee boat anchored to the north of Whortleberry Island. Finish will be at the entrance to the west harbor of Block Island. Judge at finish will show the New York A. C. flag by day and a lantern at night.

Yachts may go through Plum Gut, the Race or Fisher's Island Sound, but all buoys and Government marks must be left on the channel side.

Mr. William Marshall, Chairman of the Yachting Committee of the New York Athletic Club, was to have started the race from his launch San Toy. The fog kept him away, so in his absence Mr. E. J. Grannini very kindly undertook the work, and went out to the starting line in Mr. Henry J. Ottman's fine launch Mercury. The start was scheduled for 10 o'clock, but it was deemed advisable to make a postponement for an hour in the hope that some more of the boats would materialize. At 11 o'clock, the yawl Tamerlane was seen coming through the haze and the start was again delayed half an hour, in order that she might get away with the other six boats.

The wind was light from the E., where the starting signal was given at 11:35, and the tide was running ebb. The fog was quite thick. The boats crossed pretty well together, all on the starboard tack, with Gauntlet in the lead. The others crossed as follows: Hanley, Alyce, Alert, Tamerlane, Penekeese and Saladin.

Saladin crossed on the weather end of the line in the best berth. She was just able to slip in between the buoy and Tamerlane. Saladin went about on the port tack at once, while the others held a starboard tack in toward the New York shore. In going over toward Long Island beach Mr. R. W. Rathborne, Saladin's owner, used by far the best judgment, and his boat was soon well in the lead. When the breeze shifted to the S., Saladin was ahead of all the fleet but Hanley, and in the late afternoon many of the boats were hull down astern. The breeze was not free enough to carry balloon jibs or spinnakers until nightfall, although they were tried on some of the leading boats. The balloon staysail that Saladin carried did noble work, and she slid along almost as smartly as any of her competitors.

When it got dark, the Huntington designed and built yawl, Tamerlane, which boat reached fast all day and hung on to Saladin persistently, set her spinnaker and almost ran by. Saladin's crew soon had their spinnaker set and she then began to draw away, not to be bothered by Tamerlane again.

During the evening Alert went into the lead, having made up her lost time, and was never again headed. Alyce at that time moved into third place.

The sail during the afternoon was a delightful one, as the sun had burned up the fog, which did not roll in again until about 10 o'clock that night. There was a full moon, but the fog and clouds prevented it from being seen by those on the racing boats, except occasionally.

The wind, that had been getting lighter, dropped as the evening wore on. This allowed the boats behind to run up on the leaders as they held the breeze longer. Hanley and Alyce were leading Saladin, but when the wind dropped they made the mistake of anchoring and they were not seen again.

Alert, Saladin and Tamerlane went through Plum Gut, while Alyce, Gauntlet and Penekeese went through the Race. Gauntlet and Alyce were in company for a while. Gauntlet, the boat especially designed by "Larry" Huntington for the Brooklyn Y. C. ocean race, had been hopelessly behind; but, by a little luck and a lot of skill, she was able to mingle with the leaders.

The boats that went through the Gut had a fair tide. Alert was in charge of "Eddie" Fish, while "Short" Rathborne guided the fortunes of Saladin. These two men knew the waters they were in thoroughly, and were absolutely at home. After the leaders, Alert and Saladin, worked through the Gut, they felt a little southerly air, which continued to freshen. The fog was very thick, and it did not begin to lift until some time after these boats had crossed the finish line at Block Island.

After getting out from under the lee of Montauk Point, the breeze strengthened, and the long roll coming from the ocean made itself felt.

The sail across to Block Island was a stunning one in the strengthening breeze, and it quite refreshed the crews on the boats after their sleepless night.

Alert made an unusually lucky landfall and picked up the bell buoy off the harbor entrance. Saladin was a little to windward of the opening, and as the fog was

so thick, her position could not be determined very well from the shore line, as it was almost entirely obscured in the fog.

Alert finished at 6:40 Sunday morning and Saladin came in at 7:52, 1h. and 12m. later. Alyce finished third, and Tamerlane fourth, Penekeese fifth and Gauntlet last. By the time the latter boats finished it was blowing hard from the S. E., and the fog had lifted. When all the boats finished, the six crews visited the different boats. After the corrected times had been figured, the three prizes, which were aboard Saladin, she having been the treasure ship, were distributed. Gauntlet won on corrected time by 28m. from Penekeese, which boat was second. Alert won third prize. The summary follows:

Start, 11:35 A. M. Saturday—Course, 101 Nautical Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
	Sunday A. M.		
Gauntlet, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	10 02 00	22 27 00	18 27 00
Penekeese, H. de F. Baldwin	9 58 00	22 23 00	18 55 00
Alert, J. W. Alker	6 40 00	19 05 00	19 05 00
Alyce, Henry A. Jackson	8 20 00	20 45 00	19 50 00
Saladin, R. W. Rathborne	7 52 00	20 17 00	19 58 00
Tamerlane, F. Maier	9 25 00	21 50 00	20 43 00
Hanley, C. D. Mallory	Did not finish.		

Alert, the first boat to finish was designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., solely for racing. She is a boat of modern design, with but limited internal room. Her form, coupled with "Eddie" Fish's knowledge of the Sound, assured her success, and there was no doubt but what she would finish first.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the race was the showing made by Saladin, and it was entirely due to Mr. R. W. Rathborne's consummate skill as a navigator and his great ability as a boat sailor. He has been cruising constantly along the coast for over thirty years, and there are but few men who have so thorough a knowledge of conditions as he. Saladin is fifteen years old, and was one of the Burgess "thirties." She is very heavily built and was loaded down with all sorts of dunnage, as she is her owner's home for six months of the year. When Mr. Rathborne purchased the boat her rig was greatly reduced, and she carries no topmast or topsails. There are less than 1,200 sq. ft. in her working sails. Saladin comes as near being a perfect cruising boat, that can come and go in any weather, as there is afloat. Up to June 5 her owner had cruised 1,200 nautical miles in her since putting the boat in commission this year. This is more than many so-called yachtsmen do in a lifetime.

Penekeese is also an old-time boat, a Buzzard's Bay product. She made a very creditable showing, and did well to get a prize.

The system of basing time allowance on over all length, as was done in this race, works a hardship on some of the boats, and we believe a better method can be devised before the New York A. C. repeats the race next year.

The delightful part of this event was that every one was satisfied and every one added to their store of experience. There were no protests, kicks or accidents of any sort, and we sincerely hope that all such events may be so consummated.

Boston Letter.

EASTERN Y. C. OCEAN RACE.—The official circular for the ocean race of the Eastern Y. C. from Marblehead to Halifax, starting Aug. 21, has been issued. The start will be made off Marblehead Rock at 10 A. M., and the finish will be off the club house of the Royal Nova Scotia Y. C., Halifax Harbor. Allowances will be reckoned on a basis of 357 miles. There will be classes for schooners from 55ft. rating up to 90ft. rating and over, and for sloops and yawls of from 27ft. rating up to 100ft. rating and over. Prizes of silver will be awarded in each class in which two or more yachts start. A second prize will be offered for classes in which four or more yachts start, and a third prize will be offered for classes in which seven or more yachts start. A trophy will be given to all yachts, not prize winners, that complete the course. Yachts of any recognized yacht club, of more than 30ft. waterline, are invited to enter.

PRINCE OF WALES CUP OFFERED.—Yachts competing in the ocean race of the Eastern Y. C. have been invited by the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron to compete for the Prince of Wales cup, the most valued yachting trophy in Great Britain's colonies. This cup was presented to the Royal Nova Scotia Y. C. by the present King of England when he visited Halifax in 1860, and was handed down to the members of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron by the members of the original club, as a legacy, in 1898. It is a beautiful trophy, standing more than 2ft. high. According to the conditions under which the cup is offered, it can be held by the winning yacht nine months, when it must be returned to Halifax, to be raced for in Halifax harbor. It may be brought back, however, as many times as it is won by an American yacht. The race this year will be sailed on Aug. 26, after the ocean race has been finished. On Monday, Aug. 28, the fleet of ocean racers will run to Shelburne, N. S., where there will be races for special prizes offered by the Shelburne Y. C.

FOR THE ANNUAL CRUISE.—Fleet Captain John S. Lawrence, of the Eastern Y. C., has announced that the owners of the following yachts have declared their intentions of taking part in the annual cruise:

Schooners—Constance, W. A. Gardner, 86ft.; Corona, Arthur F. Luke, 85ft.; Emerald, W. E. Iselin, 85ft.; Hope Leslie, Lawrence Minot, 84ft.; Undercliff, F. L. Clark, 68ft.; Chanticleer, J. F. Harris, 81ft.; Agatha, W. S. Eaton, 46ft.

Sloops—Doris, S. Reed Anthony, 56ft.; Gloriana, Gordon Abbott, 46ft.; Shark, F. L. Ames, 45ft.; Wasp, Gordon Dexter, 45ft.; Halcyon, H. W. Peabody, 35ft.; Heron, Walter I. Badger, 34ft.; Cossack, H. A. Morss, 34ft.; Louise, E. M. Williams, 33ft.; Dorel, G. L. Batchelder, 30ft.; Barracuda, D. N. Hartt, 30ft.

Steamers—Wacondah, Charles Hayden, 117ft.; Juanita, F. B. McQuesten, 110ft.; Marigonne, C. H. R. Curtis, 95ft.; Bethulia, Talbot Aldrich, 81ft.; Glenda (power), F. S. Eaton, 90ft.

The fleet will start July 8 at 3 P. M., and run to Gloucester. On the 9th the Isles of Shoals will be made; July

10, Boothbay Harbor; July 11, Camden; July 12, Islesboro; July 13, Bartlett's Narrows; July 14, Bar Harbor. In July there will be racing at Bar Harbor.

SEAWANHAKA CHALLENGERS OUT.—Both Seawanhaka cup challengers, owned by members of the Manchester Y. C., are now in the water, and tried out late last week. They are not yet in any form to show which is the faster. They will be tuned up off Manchester for a few days and will be shipped to Montreal about June 25, for more extended trials on Lake St. Louis. Tunipoo, owned by Mr. John L. Bremer, will be sailed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, who designed both boats. Manchester, owned by Mr. A. Henry Higginson, will be sailed by Mr. Reginald Boardman. Tunipoo is 39ft. over all, about 25ft. waterline and about 8in. draft. Manchester is about the same waterline, but is about a foot longer over all. Tunipoo is the broader of the two and has her beam carried well forward. Manchester, however, makes up for her lesser beam by having harder bilges. Her bow is drawn in more than Tunipoo's. Both have steel bilge boards and double rudders. They have more power than boats that have been sent after the trophy from America before. The rigs on both are low, it having been found that the low rig of the Canadian boats stood to better advantage than the high rigs of the American boats in the strong breezes encountered in previous races.

WINTON'S ENGINE INSTALLED.—The 40ft. autoboat, Winton, built for Mr. Lewis R. Speare, of Brookline, by Messrs. Stearns & McKay at the Marblehead Yacht Yards, has been having her engine, a 12-cylinder Winton, of 150 horsepower, installed at Cleveland. She will be launched on June 28 and will be christened by Miss Caroline Speare. After being tried out on fresh water, she will be shipped to Marblehead.

SEVENTY FOOT LAUNCH.—Messrs. Small Brothers have received an order for a 70ft. launch from Mr. Harry W. Ruby, of Macon, Mo. She will have about 40 horsepower, the make of the engine not being decided yet.

STEAM YACHT LILLIAN G. LAUNCHED.—The steam yacht Lillian G., built at Camden, Me., for former Commodore Simon Goldsmith, of the South Boston Y. C., was launched June 10 and sailed for Boston on Wednesday, June 14. She is 64ft. over all, 15ft. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft. Commodore Goldsmith will use her for cruising along the coast.

POWER TENDER FOR ARDEA.—Mr. Norman L. Skene has received an order for an 18ft. power tender for the steam yacht Ardea, ex-Hanniel, owned by Mr. Clarkson Cowles, of the New York Y. C. The boat will be 4ft. 9in. beam, and will have a three horsepower Toquet engine.

RIG CHANGED.—The 25-footer Bessikin, owned by Mr. F. W. Meads, of Brookline, has been altered to a yawl rig at Lawley's. Her name has been changed to Osprey. She was built in 1903 for Mr. F. E. Sweetser.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Cruise of the American Power Boat Association.

THE first cruise of the American Power Boat Association will be held in August. The rendezvous will be at Hudson, New York, on Aug. 17, at noon. At 3 o'clock of the same day the fleet will get under way and proceed to Albany, where they will be entertained by the Albany Y. C. that night. On the morning of the 18th, the fleet will enter the canal and stopping at two or three places during their trip, and will leave the canal at Oswego, where they will be entertained by the Oswego Y. C. From here the run will be 60 miles across the lake to the Thousand Islands Y. C., where the fleet will remain Aug. 24, 25 and 26. Entertainment has been arranged for each of these days and nights. On one of these dates the Frontenac Y. C. will give a ball in honor of the cruise, and in the afternoon of these dates the races for the American Power Boat Association's Challenge cup will be held.

The entries are already very encouraging to the committee, and it is thought that a very large number of owners will avail themselves of this opportunity of visiting one of the most picturesque localities for cruising in this country.

The cruise is open to all power boats owned by members of any club which is enrolled in the American Power Boat Association, and it is earnestly requested, on account of the number of details to be arranged for by the committee, that entries will be made as early as possible. Entry blanks can be obtained upon application, and entries may be made to the chairman of the committee. The committee is composed of R. C. Fisher, J. Norris Oliphant and J. H. McIntosh, Chairman, 32 Broadway.

Dover—Heligoland Race.

THE schooner Susanne won the German Emperor's cup in the annual race from Dover to Heligoland, that started on Saturday, June 17. The starters encountered thick fog almost all the way. Therese finished second and Navahoe third. The summary:

Susanne, O. Huldshinsky	40 43 40
Therese, Felix Simon	40 58 30
Navahoe, George W. Watjens	42 28 32
Sunshine, L. H. Solomon	42 43 48

The other starters were the schooner Hildegarde, Edward R. Coleman, New York Y. C.; the schooner Endymion, Commodore George Lauder, Jr., Indian Harbor Y. C.; the yawl Ailsa, Henry S. Redmond, New York Y. C.; the schooner Fleur de Lys, Dr. Louis A. Stimson, New York Y. C.; the British built schooner yacht Clara, Max von Guillaume, of Germany; the British yawl Santanita, Sir M. Fitzgerald; the British yawl Lethe, Col. T. F. A. W. Kennedy; the British schooner Moonstone, H. K. Bellevue, and the British yawl Formosa, Admiral Sir J. K. E. Baird.

In starting, Hildegarde, Fleur de Lys, Lethe and Moonstone crossed the wrong side of the line. All returned and started again, except Moonstone.

In the class for auxiliaries the American schooner Atlantic, owned by Mr. Wilson Marshall, won, her time being 4th. 26m. 24s. Valhalla was the only other competitor, as Apache withdrew.

Toronto Hunters for Canada's Cup.

TORONTO, June 5.—The two Canada cup challengers built for Toronto men at Oakville side by side differ greatly in general dimensions and appearance.

Zoraya, the first of the challengers, was successfully launched on Saturday, June 3. Temeraire, the other challenger, was then all but ready for the water, and Mr. Fred Nicholls, her owner, was assured of her being launched the following week.

As already stated in these columns, Zoraya represents the skill of Mr. Alfred Mylne. Temeraire was designed by Mr. Will Fife, Jr. The frames and iron work of both boats were built in the Old Country and shipped early in the year to Canada for putting together and planking.

Zoraya, as finished, shows a short, business-like boat, that has plenty of accommodation. She is a racy looking craft, with a moderate amount of sheer, but her fairly large cabin top prevents her having the extreme appearance of her rival. Her cabin front is 13ft. long, and while the sides are low the high arched top is 19in. above deck.

Temeraire, on the other hand, has a dome-shaped cabin trunk which looks more like an excuse for qualifying her under the new specifications than a serious attempt at providing head room. It is a very narrow affair, only 8ft. long and does not make any more break in the flush deck than would a fair-sized skylight.

Zoraya is short, sharp and aggressive looking; Temeraire, smooth and slender, carried out at the end to the very vanishing point. She is, perhaps, the better looking boat of the two as far as her hull goes, but her sail plan is less suggestive of speed in light weather and general windward qualities than Zoraya's. It is much longer on the base and not nearly so high peaked.

The lines of the two yachts have already been described fairly thoroughly. Zoraya has a nearer approach to the V section and Temeraire has slightly hollower garboards. Temeraire's sides show a considerable flare. Zoraya, while wider on deck than at the waterline, has considerable rounding in. In profile the two boats are not very dissimilar, the fin being by no means abrupt or prominent. The curve from the stemhead to the forward end of the lead ballast in Zoraya shows slightly less of a reverse than does Temeraire's, but the forward end of the fin in both yachts never approaches the perpendicular. In the same way the midship section also gives very little prominence to the fin. Zoraya's sides are carried down almost to the lead ballast and Temeraire's, while slightly hollower, do not show much flatness in the fin except in the after half of it. The line of Zoraya's lead is more oblique than Temeraire's. The bottom of Temeraire's bulb, while slightly rockered, is almost horizontal.

The rudders of the two boats are almost alike in shape. They are large and add considerable to the lateral plane. The masts of the two boats are, curiously enough for Canadian challengers, the product of American industry, both being manufactured by the Fraser Hollow Spar & Boat Company, of Greenport, N. Y. They are beautiful sticks nearly 50ft. in length and 8½in. in diameter. Temeraire's has a marked shoulder on which the eyes of the rigging rest. Zoraya's mast is of uniform diameter from heel to head, and it will be necessary to put shells on it for the eyes of the rigging. Temeraire's mast has a neat-fitting galvanized iron cap with jib-halliard and peak-halliard blocks attached. Zoraya, on the other hand, economizes measurement to the very limit on account of the great hoist of her sail plan. Consequently her jib-halliard block is carried lower down on the forestay, another block taking the halliard on the mast. The two are joined by a small strut.

Zoraya is the heroine in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's latest play, "The Sorceress." Temeraire, of course, is the name of Nelson's old flagship.

While the formal trial races for the Canada cup do not take place until July 22, it is the intention of Mr. J. H. Farnside, owner of Hamilton II., to bring his boat down for the Royal Canadian Y. C.'s races for the 30ft. class. These are scheduled for June 17, June 24, July 1, July 8 and July 15.

Four suits of canvas will be provided for the Toronto boats. Messrs. Laphorne & Ratsey will provide a suit for each and Zoraya will also have a complete suit by Messrs. Oldreeve & Horn, of Kingston, Ont. Mr. John Leckie, of Toronto, will furnish Temeraire's second suit.

The comparative dimensions of the two boats are here given in detail for the first time:

	Zoraya.	Temeraire.
Length—		
Over all	47ft.	50ft.
Forward overhang	9ft.	10ft.
After overhang	8ft.	10ft. 3in.
Waterline	30ft.	29ft. 9in.
Beam, on deck	9ft. 11in.	10ft. 2in.
Beam, on waterline	9ft. 6in.	9ft. 9in.
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	1,548ft.	1,547ft.
Fore triangle	390ft.	436.45ft.
Total	1,548ft.	1,547.86ft.
Ballast	11,760 lbs.	11,400 lbs.
Mainmast, above deck	45ft. 9in.	44ft. 9in.
Main boom	37ft.	39ft. 6in.
Gaff	24ft. 6in.	25ft. 3in.
Mainsail hoist	32ft.	28ft.
Spinnaker boom	20ft.	20ft. 4in.
Cabin Trunk—		
Length	13ft.	8ft.
Height	1ft. 7in.	1ft. 7in.
Bowsprit outboard	6ft.	5ft.

C. H. J. SNIDER.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.—The Atlantic Y. C. fleet will rendezvous for the annual cruise at Larchmont on July 5. At 5 o'clock P. M., there will be a meeting of the captains on board the flagship to discuss the following squadron runs, which have been suggested as best serving the interests of the fleet:

- July 6—Larchmont to Morris Cove.
- July 7—Morris Cove to New London.
- July 8—New London to Shelter Island.
- July 9—Shelter Island.
- July 10—Shelter Island to Block Island.
- July 11—Block Island to Newport.
- July 12—Newport to Sea Gate, outside course.

The squadron runs will be under the direction of the Regatta Committee, with headquarters on board the flagship.

New York Y. C.

Glen Cove, Long Island Sound—Thursday, June 15.

THE fifty-ninth annual regatta of the New York Y. C. was sailed off station No. 10 at Glen Cove, on Thursday, June 15. Although the wind was light, from the S. by W., all day it was fair racing weather, and the conditions were of the sort that are frequently encountered on Long Island Sound during the summer.

Four classes filled, and all told there were twenty-two starters. The New York Y. C. one-design 30-footers saved the day, and had it not been for these boats, the showing would have been a poor one.

The Regatta Committee, consisting of Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, Chairman; H. de B. Parsons and Ernest E. Lorillard, were on board the tug Unique.

The race was scheduled to start at noon, but the wind was so light at that hour, that the start was postponed. The Committee boat took up a position off Prospect Point, and the warning signal was given at 1:30.

All the boats covered a 19 1/2 nautical mile course, which was as follows: From the start off Mott and Prospect Points, E. by N. 1/4 N. 3/4 miles to a mark off Parsonage Point, thence N.E. by E. 3/4 E. 6 1/2 miles to a mark off Woolsey's Reef, thence S.W. 1/4 S. 9 1/2 miles to the finish line. The first leg was a run, the second a reach and the third a beat.

At 1:40 the schooners were started. There were three entries in this class, Corona, Katrina and Elmina II. The latter boat is the new schooner that was built at the Geo. Lawley & Sons Corp. yard, South Boston, from designs by Messrs. A. Cary Smith and Ferris, for Mr. Fred. Brewster. Elmina II. crossed in the lead, Corona was just one-half a minute behind, with Katrina just astern. Balloon jibtopsails were broken out on all the boats, and Corona set a small maintopmast staysail. A few minutes after the start something went wrong on Elmina II., and she was gybed over. It was seven minutes before matters were straightened out, and in the meantime Corona had passed her. Spinnakers were broken out and Elmina II. ran up on her rival somewhat. It was a reach to the second mark and there Elmina II. was 1m. 55s. behind. After rounding, Corona took the starboard tack, while Elmina II. held a port tack. Later Corona went about again. Elmina II. showed her ability to go to windward, and she soon took the lead. From that time on they stuck together, and after making three more hitches, were able to cross the finish line. Elmina II. beat Corona easily and won the Bennett cup for schooners. Elmina II. looks something like Muriel and Elmina, but is a far better looking craft than either of those creations. In the hands of Captain Dennis she should have a long list of winning flags to her credit at the end of the season.

The two "seventies," Mineola and Yankee, were sent away at 1:45. Yankee was well berthed and the gun sounded and crossed well in the lead of Mineola. A luffing match followed, and after a while a gybe was necessary, as they were so far off their course. When near the mark they gybed again, and as they rounded they came together. Neither one of the owners protested and no damage was done. Mineola made a substantial gain on the reach and at the second mark she led Yankee by nearly a minute. Mineola held the port tack until Yankee rounded the mark, and then she went about. Mineola did not seem to point as high as Yankee and the latter boat finally worked into the lead, and won by 2m. 14s., also taking the Bennett cup for single-masted vessels.

Mira again demonstrated her ability to beat Mimosa III. and Joker, and won by 3m. 29s. Mira has a superb suit of new Ratsey sails, and she is going faster and her owner is handling her better than ever before.

By a mistake the starting signal for the 30-footers was fired two minutes early. Banzai was just on the line when the gun went off and she slipped over in the lead. Dahinda was second, Maid of Mendon was third and Carita fourth, then came Phryne and Nautilus. Several of the boats ran by Banzai on the way to the first mark, where there was quite a mix up. A number of the boats kept too far to windward of their course, when they bore away for the mark several boats were rounding. There was a call for room, and one or two of the boats bumped. Banzai had the race well in hand on the windward leg, but she stuck to Phryne a little too long, allowing Maid of Mendon to slip into the lead. Maid of Mendon won by 2m. 45s. from Banzai and Alera was third. The summary follows:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Elmina, F. F. Brewster, Corona, A. T. Luke, Katrina, J. B. Ford.

Sloops, 70ft. Class—Start, 1:45—Course 19 1/2 miles. Yankee, J. R. Maxwell, Mineola, W. Ross Proctor.

Sloops, Classes M and N—Start, 1:50—Course, 19 1/2 Miles. Mira, Charles Lane Poor, Mimosa III., T. L. Park, Joker, George F. Dominick.

Corrected times—Mira, 2:24:44; Mimosa III., 3:28:13; Joker, 3:45:57.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include N. Y. C. One-Design Class, Alera, A. H. and J. W. Alker, Atair, Cord Meyer, Maid of Mendon, W. D. Guthrie, Dahinda, W. Butler Duncan, Carleta, Oliver Harriman, Adelaide II., Geo. E. Adee, Linnet, Amos F. French, Neola II., Geo. M. Pynchon, Minx, Howard Willets, Cara Mia, S. Wainwright, Banzai, Newbury D. Lawton, Nautilus, Addison & Wilmer Hanan, Phryne, Harry L. Maxwell, Ibis, C. O'D. Iselin.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, New York Bay—Tuesday, June 13.

THE presence of the 70-footers Yankee and Mineola, and the N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers Phryne and Alera added interest to the thirty-ninth annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C., held on Tuesday, June 13, which would otherwise have proven an event for only boats having a regular anchorage off Sea Gate or in some part of Gravesend Bay. Eighteen craft of all classes started and finished the race, the winners being Lasca, Yankee, Phryne, Bobtail, and More Trouble. Lizana scored a sailover. Corrected times were not available in the schooner class because of an absence of racing measurements. According to what is considered a conservative calculation, however, Lasca is given the victory, as stated above.

Yankee and Mineola sailed a close race throughout. The first named secured a windward berth at the start and maintained the advantage to the end. The boats sailed a course from the start, off Sea Gate, to Southwest Spit, thence to Scotland Lightship and return over the same route, leaving marks to port on the outward journey, and holding to the northward of the bell buoy off the point of Sandy Hook, both going and returning. It was unfortunate that the big sloops and schooners could not have been given another course, as with the breeze in the S., there was a woeful absence of windward work; nothing but reaches being their lot. Yankee finished 1m. and 7s. in the lead.

In the schooner class, which covered the same course of 26 miles, Lasca got a good start, and finished 26m. and 46s. ahead of Quickstep. Wayward was 1m. and 54s. later, and should get second place on corrected time. Phryne beat Alera by 55s. in the race for the N. Y. Y. C. 30s., while Bobtail led the regular Class N Boats. Vivian II. was over 4m. late in starting, and third boat to finish in the class. Despite this handicap, however, she secured second place from Redwing on corrected time. These boats went out to Southwest Spit and return, a distance of 14 miles, with again the same old story of no windward work.

Few regattas are run off without some incident to mar the perfection of the whole. The bete noir of the Atlantic event was big and serious, and occurred in the handling of Class Q, in which all of the new boats built this year started. A change of the course from that originally published in the circular, without all of the starters getting the news, proved the first unfortunate occurrence. The other was that the brisk southerly wind sent the boats out to Old Orchard Shoal and back, a distance of 12 1/2 miles, in so speedy a fashion that they finished before the person left on shore was in position to take accurate times.

More Trouble was first by a good margin. Cockatoo II. was undoubtedly second. Ojigwan and Saetta were so close that great doubt exists as to which was ahead, although an eyewitness in a craft anchored near the finish states that the first named got third place. Quest was apparently last, although on this point also doubt seems to exist.

Cockatoo II., Saetta and Quest were partners to an agreement to pass to the southward of the bell buoy off West Bank Light going and returning from Old Orchard Shoal. This they did. Ojigwan and More Trouble sailed according to the instructions, not knowing anything about a change. They were protested for not taking the right course. Ojigwan was placed fifth in the official summary. Her owner entered a protest, claiming third place. The owners are to meet in the near future, when all of these differences of opinion will be settled, it is hoped, with satisfaction to all. The summaries follow:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Schooners—Start, 11:05, Lasca, Robert P. Doremus, Quickstep, E. B. Havens, Wayward, D. E. Austin, Kiwassa, L. J. Callanan.

Sloops—Class H—Start, 11:10. Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell, Mineola, W. Ross Proctor.

N. Y. C. 30-footers—Start, 11:15. Phryne, H. L. Maxwell, Alera, A. H. Alker.

Sloops—Class N—Start, 11:15. Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach, Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue, Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.

Corrected times: Bobtail 2:11:27; Vivian II., 2:13:52; Redwing, 2:14:45.

Sloops—Class P—Start, 11:15. Lizana, D. S. Wylie.

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 11:20. More Trouble, W. H. Childs, Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb, Ojigwan, George E. Reiners, Saetta, George H. Church, Quest, F. J. Havens, Karma, J. C. Erskine.

Times of first five boats not taken accurately. Position of last three in doubt.

Boston Y. C.

Hull, Mass.—Saturday, June 17.

THE first Y. R. A. race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Hull Station of the club, in Hull Bay, on Saturday, June 17, in a moderate to light S.W. breeze and smooth sea. There were fifty-nine entries. In the 22-footers Chewink V., ex-Clotho, got the start and turned the first mark in the lead. Nutmeg worked out ahead on the windward leg, and turned the second mark in the lead. Tyro pulled up on the leaders on the run, Chewink V.'s spinnaker pole breaking. Tyro was leading on the first round of the course, with Nutmeg second and Rube third. Tyro held her lead to the finish, with Rube a close second. Nutmeg did not cross the finish line. Mirage II. had the start in the 18-footers, with Bat second. Bat took the lead before the first mark was reached, and held it to the finish, with Bonitwo second and Mirage II. third. There were only two entries in the 15ft. class Vera II., winning easily. In the Cape cats, Josephine was the winner, with Hustler a close second. The first and second rating classes were sent away together, the yachts going over well bunched. Meemer took the lead in the first class and held it to the finish, beating Sauquoit over 2m. on elapsed time, with Chewink IV. third. Myrtle wins in this class on corrected time, pending the measurements of the other boats. Chewink IV. and L'Aiglon fouled near the Strawberry Hill mark and L'Aiglon entered a protest. In the second class Opah finished first, with Jacobin second and Spinster IV. third. Anne wins on corrected time, pending official measurements. Zaza II. won in the dory class and Tama won in the third class power boats, making a very fine showing. The summary:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Class E—22-Footers, Tyro, W. H. Joyce, Rube, H. L. Bowden, Medic II., H. H. White, Chewink V., F. G. Macomber, Jr., Peri II., Dr. Morton Prince, Medic, George Lee, Clorinda, Cheney & Lanning, Nutmeg, A. C. Jones.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Class I, 18-Footers, Bat, Adams Bros., Bonitwo, G. H. Wightman, Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead, Haysed II., H. L. Bowden, Dorchen, A. W. Finlay, Yankee, F. W. Atwood, Gertrude II., H. E. Lynch, Aladdin, Keith Bros., Aspinquid II., A. E. Whittemore, Nicknack, E. B. Holmes, Little Miss, B. S. Permar.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Class I, 15-Footers, Vera II., H. Lundberg, Princess, J. P. Prince.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Class D, Cape Cats, Josephine, F. H. Smith, Hustler, H. W. Robbins, Stranger, Dr. Dawes, Marvel, I. M. Whittemore, Noturns, C. O. Whitney, Argestes, G. H. Wilkins, Moondyne, Shaw Bros., Goblin, R. M. Lothrop, Mildred, F. H. Coleman, Dorothy III., F. F. Crane, Thelga, L. F. Crosscup, Clara Lee, E. W. Emery.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include First Rating Class, Myrtle, T. W. Souther, Jingo, G. B. Doane, Meemer, R. C. Nickerson, L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgdon, Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr., Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr., Kit, H. B. Whittier, Hermes, C. A. Heney, Mildred II., S. P. Moses.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Second Rating Class, Anne, C. B. Pratt, Opah, W. C. Lewis, Jacobin, T. W. King, Spinster IV., L. M. Clark, Sea Fox, J. G. Alden, Gadfly, C. W. Chapin.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Class X, M. Y. R. A., Dories, Zaza II., Gordon Foster, Elizabeth F. H. W. Dudley, Frolic II., W. G. Torrey, Bessie A., J. S. Hodges, Spray, H. T. Wing, Boomerang, J. W. Milward.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Power Boats, Second Class, Highball, R. Hutchinson.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Power Boats, Third Class, Tama, F. L. Dunne, Yenoh, H. S. Potter, Whew, F. C. Welch, Banzai, M. L. Crow.

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.—Saturday, June 17.

THE first race of the Duxbury Y. C. 18-footers for the season was sailed on Saturday, June 17, in a fresh S.W. breeze. Kittiwake got the start and Menace led at the first mark. Then Osprey took the lead and held it to the finish, beating Kittiwake V. by 25s. The summary:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Osprey II., A. R. Train, Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones, Menace, H. H. Hunt, Again, L. B. Goodspeed.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Bensonhurst, New York Bay—Saturday, June 17.

THE first open regatta of the Bensonhurst Y. C. for cups offered by prominent members, which was scheduled to occur on the afternoon of Saturday, June 17, was postponed because of the fog out over the ship's channel, across which the courses for the day would take the racers. Commodore Arthur C. Bellows offered cups for an informal event, for which a course was selected, taking as the first turning mark a schooner anchored off Fort Hamilton and a mark boat set off Sea Gate by the Atlantic Y. C. It was originally intended to start only the new Class Q boats, which were eager for a race, but finally the old creations in the same class and two of the Marine and Field R. R. boats were included. By common consent no light sails were used.

In the class for the new creations, Ojigwan did not start. Saetta won out in finished fashion because of excellent work on the windward leg from Fort Hamilton to Sea Gate. The course was covered twice, aggregating about 5 1/2 miles. Saetta beat Cockatoo II. by 33s. Quest was third boat, only 17s. away, but was disqualified for fouling Cockatoo II. on the first round. More Trouble finished 1m. and 25s. after Quest. The race was another demonstration of how really well matched are these creations, built under the new rule by four different designers. Wraith led the old Class Q boats, and Beta beat Gamma. On elapsed time for the 5 1/2 mile course, Saetta was 13m. and 33s. ahead of Wraith, showing a difference between the old and new Class Q boats, with the latest creations of far more healthy model than the old. The summaries follow:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Sloops—Class Q—Start, 4:09, Saetta, George H. Church, Cockatoo II., Hendon Chubb, Quest, F. J. Havens, More Trouble, W. H. Childs, Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.

*Disqualified for fouling Cockatoo II. Corrected time for Ogeemah, 45m. and 42s.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Class Q—Special—Start, 4:12, Wraith, Calvin Tompkins, Careless, Richard Rummell, Ianthe, F. W. Robertson, Karma, J. C. Erskine, Bab, T. A. Hamilton, Mary, Max Grundner.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Marine and Field—Special—Start, 4:15, Beta, Snedeker and Camp, Gamma, A. H. Platt.

Erie Y. C.

THE club held a meeting yesterday and arranged for holding a regatta on the Fourth of July, and will sail the usual races in July and August.

They have received a fine addition to the fleet, in the shape of a new 40ft. boat that has just been put in the water, it belongs to a member of a big paper mill company here, and looks as if it might turn out to be a fast one.

A young man of 18 years of age was drowned in the bay off the club house on last Sunday. He and others, who were at work on a yacht that lay at anchor about 300 yards off shore, started for shore in a small boat that was meant to only carry about three, and swamped their boat in water that was almost as smooth as a mill pond. He tried to swim back to the yacht, and reached it, but could not climb on board; the other four hung on to their boat until they were picked up. The club has taken notice of this and has passed this resolution:

"Resolved, That the Erie Y. C. thoroughly discountenances the practice of overloading boats, both yachts and their tenders, and recommends that hereafter all members exercise the greatest care while handling their boats."

There will be the usual regatta held by the Buffalo Y. C. on the Fourth, and it may draw some of the larger boats here to take part in it. But it is hoped that enough of them will remain at home to put up a good race here as well.

CABIA BLANCO.

Log of Schooner Thistle.

Log of schooner Thistle. Sandy Hook Lightship to The Lizard. Started 5h. 15m. P. M. (chronometer Greenwich time), May 17, 1905:

Table with 4 columns: Date/Time, Lat., Long., Dist. Rows include May 18th, Noon, May 19th, Noon, May 20th, Noon, May 21st, Noon, May 22d, Noon, May 23d, Noon, May 24th, Noon, May 25th, Noon, May 26th, Noon, May 27th, Noon, May 28th, Noon, May 29th, Noon, May 30th, Noon, May 31st, Noon, June 1st, Noon, to Lizard.

Total 2380. Arrived off Lizard Light, June 1, 1905, at 12h. 39m. P. M. (chronometer Greenwich time).

Time of passage, 14 days 19 hours 24 minutes. Best day's run (noon to noon, about 23h. 35m.), 289 knots. Best four hours' run, 55 knots. Average per hour for whole distance, 8.23 knots.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzards' Bay—June 17.

THE first race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed in Buzzards' Bay on Saturday, June 17, in a fresh S. W. breeze, with choppy sea. In the 21ft. class Barnacle was an easy winner. Jap won a good race from Wanderer in the 18ft. class by only 3s. In the 15ft. class Ranzo won by over 4m. The summary:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include 21-Footers, Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis, Radiant, C. M. Baker, Terrapin, L. S. Dabney, Amanita III., Joshua Crane, Illusion, C. M. Baker, Arethusia, C. M. Baker.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include 18-Footers, Jap, George P. Gardner, Wanderer, A. S. Whiting, Margaret, W. O. Taylor.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include 15-Footers, Ranzo, M. H. Richardsin, Jr., Fiddler, Miss C. Dabney, Flickamarro, Miss E. B. Emmons.

Winthrop Y. C.

Winthrop, Mass.—Saturday, June 17.

A club race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, June 17, in a fresh S.W. breeze, Hattie winning easily. In the Crystal Bay Y. R. A. class Yankee won by less than a minute. The summary:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Winthrop Y. C. Class, Hattie, L. T. Harrington, Eli, R. S. Willett, Madelyn, G. A. Nash.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Finish, Elapsed. Rows include Crystal Bay Racing Association Class, Yankee, F. W. Atwood, Wink, G. D. Bussey, Aspinquid, A. E. Whittemore, Domino, A. B. Freeman, Celia, H. G. Flynn, Stroller, C. C. Ehrman.

Larchmont Y. C.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound—Saturday, June 17. THE Larchmont Y. C.'s racing opened on Saturday, June 17, when the club gave its spring regatta. There were forty-nine contestants all told, which is the largest number of boats that have started in any one event given on Long Island Sound this season. The average yacht owner would rather race at Larchmont than anywhere, just why, no one seems able to explain; but the fact remains that their races are by far the most successful of any given on the Sound.

Saturday was not a very satisfactory racing day. In the morning there was a thick fog, and what little wind there was came from the E. The start was postponed until 1:30, and the big schooners were sent away five minutes later. The wind shifted to S. by W. just before the start, but the course signals had been displayed, and it was then too late to make any changes. The course for the schooners and the big sloops was a 15-mile triangle, sailed twice over. Its turning points were a mark boat 6 miles S.E. 1/4 N. from the starting point off Larchmont, thence 6 miles S.W. 5/8 W., to a mark off Prospect Point, and from there N.N.W. 3 miles to the finish. The smaller classes sailed 22 and 11 mile courses.

When Elmina II, and Corona were sent away, the wind was very light and the boats barely had steeerage way. Corona drifted across in the lead, and Elmina II managed to work her way over some minutes later. The new wind could be seen over toward Long Island, and the skippers of both boats luffed out as much as possible in order to get the benefit of it. Both boats caught the breeze at about the same time. Elmina II, was in the weather position and she started sheets and passed Corona. It was a reach to the first mark, a close fetch to the second and a spinnaker run home. Elmina made steady gains on every leg. On the second round the wind shifted a little, making it necessary to tack a couple of times on the second leg in order to fetch the mark. Elmina II, won, beating Corona 4m. 46s. This is her second race, and she has taken first prize in both. Corona has been her competitor in both cases, and she is an old boat and hardly a dangerous rival for the new Cary Smith product.

The three 70-footers got away at 1:40. This is the first time that all three of these boats have raced together so far this season. Mineola crossed in the weather berth, with Yankee under her lee. Virginia was the leeward boat. Yankee held her course, while Mineola and Virginia luffed out to catch the breeze. Mineola soon took the lead, and at the second mark had Yankee by over a minute. On the second round Mineola continued to draw away and finally won from Yankee by 2m. 22s. Mira was without a competitor, as Joker, the only boat entered against her, did not turn up.

In the yawl class three boats started. Sakana was disabled, so that Escape and Memory had to fight it out alone. Memory was able to leave her competitor easily under the prevailing conditions and finished a winner.

Mimosa III, had no trouble in getting away with her two classmates. She won by a big margin, and the real race was between Regina and Nike. Regina finished second.

Banzai got her first prize of the season in the New York Y. C. class. Banzai got away in the lead, and was never headed. Phryne was 41s. behind. Carleta was third.

In the raceabout class Tartan got a big jump on her seven competitors and won with minutes to spare. Rascal II, was second.

There were two starters in the 27ft. sloop class, and Rascal won, beating Thelema by nearly 7m.

Dorothy beat Vaquero in the Larchmont Y. C. one-design class by over 2m. Hourly was a long distance behind.

In the 22ft. sloop class Rogue won; Kanaka was second, and Panmonak third.

Hamburg and Ace had a close race in the 18ft. class. The former won by 11s.

The Bay Side one-design boats made their maiden appearance at Larchmont. Runaway won. Wa Wa had no competitor in the Indian Harbor Y. C. one-design class. The summary:

Table with columns for boat names, start times, courses, and elapsed times. Includes Schooners, Sloops, Raceabouts, and Indian Harbor Knockabouts.

Cohasset Y. C.

Cohasset, Mass.—Saturday, June 17.

THE first race of the Cohasset Y. C. one-design 17-footers was sailed on Saturday, June 17, in a moderate S.W. breeze. Pippin was a winner by 1m. and 35s. In the handicap class Lassie won by nearly 2m. The summary:

Table with columns for boat names, class, and elapsed times. Includes 17ft. Class and Handicap Class.

Canoeing.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE twenty-second racing season of the Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, was opened at Wissinoming on Saturday, June 17. The strong S.E. wind bothered the racers to some extent, but was welcomed by the sweltering visitors. The course was with tide, against wind, with the exception of the third event—single blade, half mile—in which the racing type of canoes were allowed, open cruising canoes were used.

Visiting canoeists were present from the Park Island C. A., Trenton; Monte Cristo C. C., Delanco; Beverly Y. C., Wahneta Boat Club, and other up-river canoe clubs.

In the tail-end race, event No. 2, three contestants capsized, and one Red Dragon mistook the course and started in the opposite direction from the goal. The tilting tournament was one of the best ever seen here, and was well contested by six crews. In the seven events arranged for the afternoon, Beverly Y. C. in the second, Red Dragons won the third, Delanco carried off the fourth, Beverly Y. C. walked away with the fifth, sixth and seventh.

The grounds were beautifully decorated, and in the evening illuminated by Japanese lanterns. Moonlight trips were enjoyed in Wolstencroft's handsome yacht. The affair was one of the best ever given by the Red Dragons. A summary of the races follows:

Event No. 1, tandem, double blade, 1/2 mile: E. D. Merrill and C. T. Mitchell, Red Dragon C. C., first; J. W. Conard and Vernon Davis, Beverly Y. C., second; T. L. Hammersley and L. R. Lewis, Monte Cristo C. C., third; A. C. McElroy and F. P. Jones, Beverly Y. C., fourth.

Event No. 2, tail-end race, single blade, cruising canoes, 200yds.: J. W. Conard, B. Y. C., first; Z. Z. Clayberger, M. C. C. C., second; T. L. Hammersley, M. C. C. C., third; F. P. Jones, Delanco C. C.; A. S. Fenimore, R. D. C. C.; P. L. Thompkins, M. C. C. C.; H. E. Davis, R. D. C. C.; W. K. Conard, B. Y. C.

Event No. 3, one man, single blade, 1/2 mile: E. D. Merrill, R. D. C. C., first; M. D. Wilt, R. D. C. C., second; F. P. Jones, Jr., B. Y. C., third; W. K. Conard, B. Y. C., fourth; H. C. Harding, Wahneta C. C., fifth. Canoes of the racing type were used.

Event No. 4, mixed tandem, single blade: Miss Jones and Mr. F. P. Jones, Delanco C. C., first; Miss Landes and Mr. H. M. Landes, A. C. A., second.

Event No. 5, fours, single blades, 1/2 mile: A. C. McElroy, Jr., F. P. Jones, J. W. Conard, W. P. Conard, B. Y. C., first; C. T. Mitchell, E. K. Merrill, C. W. Stark and M. D. Wilt, R. D. C. C., second; T. L. Hammersley, P. K. Tompkins, L. L. Clayberger and L. P. Lewis, M. C. C. C., third.

Event No. 6, overboard race, single blades, 1/2 mile: J. Conard, B. Y. C., first; E. K. Merrill, R. D. C. C., second; J. P. Conard, B. Y. C., third; V. P. Davis, B. Y. C., fourth.

Event No. 6, tilting tournament: Jones and Conard first; Wilt and Merrill second; Tompkins and Hammersley, third; V. Davis and W. Conard; H. E. Davis and Hemingway; L. R. Lewis and L. L. Clayberger.

The Regatta Committee—Alfred Belfield, Chairman; F. W. Noyes, E. D. Hemingway, Edward K. Merrill and M. D. Wilt—deserve great credit for their efforts. Commodore Clifton T. Mitchell entertained a number of the visiting canoeists at his bungalow. Joseph Edward Murray acted as judge, and ably conducted the races. E. O. Hemingway was an efficient starter. W. K. PARK.

Waltham C. C.

Charles River, Mass., Saturday, June 17.

THE annual regatta of the Waltham C. C. was held on Saturday, June 17. Great interest centered in the war canoe race between the Waltham C. C. and the Crescents, the latter winning by a length. Considering it was the first race for the former crew, they made an excellent showing.

One of the prettiest races of the day was the club four, which was won by the Crescents in a very close and exciting finish.

The tandem race was another exciting event and was won by Fred Forbes and Guy Melvin of the Waltham C. C., James G. Burgin, of the same club won the greatest number of individual prizes. The summary:

Novice Race—First heat—Won by C. Mitchell, Waltham C. C.; H. V. Manning, Crescent Club; Waltham, second.

Second heat—Fred Forbes, W. C. C., first; F. T. Hull, Crescents, second.

Finals—C. Mitchell, first; Fred Forbes, second; H. V. Manning, third. Time, 0:05:31. Distance, 1/2 mile.

Junior singles—Guy Melvin, W. C. C., first; F. T. Hull, Crescents, second. Time, 0:54:44. Distance, 1/2 mile.

Mixed tandem—A. A. Hull and lady, Crescents, first; Benjamin Hanson and lady, W. C. C., second. Time 0:02:42 3/5. Distance, 1/4 mile.

Tournament tilting—James Burgin and B. Hanson beat George O. Cutter and Otto Kramer, of the Yahoo Club, Dedham.

Senior singles—Clarence Mitchell, W. C. C., first; A. A. Hull, Crescents, second. Time, 0:08:44. Distance 1/4 mile.

Running, swimming and paddling—James G. Burgin, W. C. C., first; Leslie G. Rich, Brookline Swimming Club, second.

Club four—Won by Crescents, of Waltham, A. A. Hull, G. E. Armstrong, F. T. Hall, H. B. Arnold; Waltham C. C., second, C. Mitchell, T. A. Connelly, Paul Jannique, D. Allen. Time, 0:06:15. Distance, 1 mile.

Rowing race—Won by James Burgin; Edward Meisel second. Time, 0:02:13. Distance, 3/4 mile.

Tandem race—Waltham C. C., Fred Forbes and Guy Melvin, first; Crescents, F. T. Hull and J. O. Sunderhauf, second. Time, 0:07:38 2/5. Distance, 1 mile.

Rescue race—J. G. Burgin and D. Allen defeated B. Hanson and Edwin Randall.

Tail-end race—Won by J. G. Burgin; H. W. Dickson, second. Time 0:01:48. Distance 100 yards.

War canoe race—Won by Crescents; Waltham C. C., second. Time, 0:05:39 2/5. Distance, 1 mile.

Tub Race—First heat—Won by Leslie G. Rich, M. F. Toppan, second, both of the Brookline Swimming Club.

Second heat.—Won by J. G. Burgin, Gordon Ryan second, both of the Waltham C. C.

Final heat.—Won by F. G. Rich, M. F. Toppan second.

Swimming race—Won by F. G. Rich; M. F. Toppan, second; J. G. Burgin, third.

The war canoe tug-of-war did not take place, as two of the Crescent crew were sick.

The officials: Umpire, Walter Stimpson; Starter and Judge, M. Roessger; Judge at Turn, John S. Higgins; Timers, William Gill, I. W. Everett, John Burgess; Official Measurer, H. I. Hatch.

Eastern Division Meet.

THE meet of the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association was held on Saturday, June 17, on Mystic Lake, Mass. The suddenness of the transfer of the event from Lake Cochituate, where it was scheduled to be held, to this lake yesterday, in conjunction with the 275th anniversary of the city's settlement, detracted somewhat from the success of the occasion. Nevertheless, nearly 2,000 people were present at the sports.

The events of the morning opened with a race for war canoes. In this were entered crews from the Medford Boat Club, the Wabewawa Boat Club of Auburndale and the Quinneboquin Club of Dedham. The race was won by Medford in a close race, with Wabewawa second and Quinneboquin third. The time was 3m. 23 2/5s.

The one-man double-blade half-mile race followed, and was won by Stanwood, of Wabewawa in 3m. 41 4/5s.

The next race, single blades, was the feature. Arthur G. Mather, of Medford, who has held this honor for years until last year, when illness prevented him from taking part in the event, again appeared in the contest and succeeded in regaining his lost honors, defeating A. S. Pratt, of Wabewawa. The race was close and the time was 4m. 4-5s.

The club fours, single blades, was won by Quinneboquin, over the half-mile course in 4m. 9 2/5s. This was a pretty race and was only won in the last 100 yards.

The half mile for tandem double blades was won by the Lawrence C. C. crew, with Wabewawa second. The time was 4m. 2 1/5s. The half-mile race for single blades, tandem, went to Medford, with Wabewawa second. The time was 4m. 2-5s.

The club four doubles, half-mile, was won by the Lawrence Club, with Wabewawa second. The time was 3m. 54s.

New York C. C.

Bensonhurst, New York Bay—Saturday, June 17.

THE annual spring regatta of the New York C. C. was held on Saturday afternoon, June 17, on the waters of Gravesend Bay. Seven events were run off for prizes offered by President R. Stuart Hawthorne, Commodore D. D. Allerton and the club. R. S. Foster won the race for open sailing canoes, and D. B. Goodsell that for decked creations. A triangular course of 1 1/2 miles was covered twice. The summaries follow:

Table with columns for boat names, start times, courses, and elapsed times. Includes Open Sailing Canoes and Decked Sailing Canoes.

Single paddling, double blade, at half mile: Won by George H. King, Knickerbocker C. C.; J. J. Hattenbrun, Jr., Undercliffe C. C., second.

Tandem paddling, single blade, at half mile: Won by J. B. Taylor and J. J. Hattenbrun, Jr.; George King and W. G. Harrison, second.

Club fours, at half mile: Won by W. V. Robinson, C. E. Dunn, A. M. Barnes and J. E. Erskine; F. Hoyt, G. S. Morrissey, J. B. Taylor and A. M. Poole, second; A. Bigelow, C. A. Robinson, I. M. Dean and H. Smythe third.

Hand paddling: Won by W. V. Robinson, A. M. Poole second. George S. Morrissey, W. V. Robinson and Kenneth Rea also started.

Broom Paddling: Won by G. S. Morrissey.

A. C. A. Membership.

PROPOSITION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Atlantic Division—Ralph T. Wilson, N. Y. city, by Frank Cromwell, Jr.; Fritz O. Augustin, N. Y. City, by M. Van Varick. Eastern Division—Francis W. Nichols, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Newton O. Porter, Newton, Mass.; John W. Hall, Wellesley, Mass.; Harold F. Bryant, Wellesley, Mass.; J. Wells Farley, Boston, Mass., all by W. E. Stanwood; G. H. Peckham, W. Medford, Mass.; Albert H. Walking, W. Medford, Mass.; J. Arthur Lewis, W. Medford, Mass.; Stanley P. Wyatt, W. Medford, Mass.; Richard C. Smith, Medford, Mass.; H. F. Fields, Medford, Mass.; J. W. Williams, Jr., Medford, Mass.; E. A. Friedrich, Arlington, Mass., all by James H. Darrah.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

- July 24-29.—Newark, O.—Second annual of the Ohio State Rifle Association. July 26-Aug. 1.—Creedmoor, L. I.—Second annual of New York Rifle Association. Aug. 11-18.—Fort Des Moines, Ia., Rifle Association annual meeting. Aug. 24-28.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National rifle and revolver matches. Aug. 29-Sept. 9.—Sea Girt, N. J.—National Rifle Association and New Jersey State Association.

Providence, R. I., Revolver Club.

THE regulars are plugging along at about the same gait. Major Eddy came within an ace of breaking in the 90s, and Argus is supremely happy with his first clean score on the new range.

Fred Collins brought out his .25-25 at the Saturday shoot and tested his new telescope rig. The combination shot well as will be seen by his scores. He raised the range record to 82. This may be considered low for a "record," but it must be remembered the range has only been in existence a couple of weeks, and that the 50yd. rifle shooting is done on the reduced Standard target, having 2in. black—a neat little dot to hold on, and 82, is a good showing.

Quite a little pistol and rifle shooting was indulged in, and all shot at 50yds., on Standard American target adapted for each class of weapon; that is, the revolver and pistol scores shot on the Standard with 8in. bull, as also the "military" count scores; the rifle target being the regular 200yd. Standard reduced for 50yds., and having a 2in. black. Norman, Powell and Jeffers, however, use the 20yd. Standard pistol for rifle shooting, as the black is 2 3/4in. in diameter, thus giving them better sighting. This is allowed in our club for practice shooting and where a shooter so specifies; but for record work the Standard, with 2in. black, must be scored on.

Pistol and Revolver: William Almy, .22 pistol 92, 91, 89; Wm. F. Eddy, .38 military revolver, 89, 78, 82, 75; Arno Argus, .38 officers' model, 414, 404; A. C. Hurlburt, .38 officers' model, 79, 77, 82.

Rifle, 50yds.: Fred Collins, .25-25 with 'scope, 82, 81, 80, 71, 72, 81; *B. Norman, 84, 83, 80; *H. Powell, 84, 83, 81, 80, 80; *C. H. Jeffers, Jr., .32-20 repeater, 64, 65.

*Shot on 20yd. pistol target.

Revolver, military count, 50yds.: Major Wm. F. Eddy, 49, 45, 47, 46; Arno Argus 48, 47, 45, 47, 45, 47, 45, 50, 46, 46; A. C. Hurlburt, 45, 44, 43, 46, 41.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., June 18.—Regular practice scores of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, 200yds., offhand, 25-ring target. Shooting east, the wind was mostly scuth, with often changes to west. Most of our members are off to the Davenport, Ia., tournament.

Scores: Gindele 196, 200, 196; Hofer 176, 184, 185, 212, 208, 216, 209, 209; Drube 147, 182, 165, 193.

Two members shot a strictly offhand match, military open sights, 3lb. trigger pull, 20 shots a man: Drube 132, 176—308; Hofer 112, 143—255. Drube won by 53 points.

SECRETARY.

It Will Interest Them.

To Each Reader: If you find in the FOREST AND STREAM news or discussions of interest, your friends and acquaintances who are fond of out-door life will probably also enjoy reading it. If you think of any who would do so, and care to send them coin cards, which, when returned with a nominal sum, will entitle them to one short-time "trial trip," we shall be glad to send you, without cost, coin cards for such distribution, upon receiving from you a postal card request. Or, the following blank may be sent:

Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 346 Broadway, New York. Please send me.....FOREST AND STREAM Coin Cards to distribute to friends. Name..... Address..... State.....

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

- June 20-22.—New London, Ia., Gun Club annual tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
- June 21-22.—Bradford, Pa., Gun Club club tournament. E. C. Charlton, Sec'y.
- June 21.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia third tournament, under auspices of Grafton Gun Club. A. R. Warden, Sec'y.
- June 22.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.
- June 22-23.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seashore Gun Club shooting tournament. E. M. Smith, Sec'y.
- June 22-24.—Portland, Ore.—Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest tournament. J. Winters, Sec'y.
- June 27.—Norwich.—Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut fifth tournament, under auspices of the Norwich Gun Club. I. P. Taft, Sec'y.
- June 27-30.—Indianapolis, Ind.—The Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Elmer E. Shaner, Secy-Mgr., Pittsburg, Pa.
- July 1.—Sherbrooke, Can., Gun Club annual tournament. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
- July 4.—Dickey Bird national team contest of the W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo., of whom entry blanks and conditions may be obtained.
- July 4.—Jeffersonville, Pa.—Penn Gun Club 100 target match and sweepstakes.
- July 4.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
- July 4.—South Framingham, Mass.—Second annual team shoot; \$50 in cash.
- July 4.—Springfield, Mass.—Midsummer tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- July 4.—Brockton, Mass.—Montello Gun Club shoot. H. Windle, Sec'y.
- July 4.—Syracuse, N. Y.—Messina Springs Gun Club target tournament. F. N. Potter, Mgr.
- July 4.—Montpelier, Vt., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. H. Burr, Sec'y.
- July 4.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fourth tournament, under auspices of Mannington Gun Club. W. C. Mawhinney, Sec'y.
- July 4.—Richmond, Va., Gun Club annual tournament. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
- July 6-7.—Traverse City, Mich., trapshooting tournament. W. A. Murrell, Sec'y.
- July 11.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot.
- July 11-12.—Eufala, Ala., Gun Club tournament. C. M. Gam- mage, Sec'y.
- July 11-12.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club second annual tournament. O. E. Shoemaker, Sec'y.
- July 12-13.—Manning, Ia., Gun Club second annual amateur tournament. R. A. Rober, Sec'y.
- July 12-13.—Menominee, Mich.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Menominee Gun Club. W. W. McQueen, Sec'y.
- July 12-14.—Berterton, Md.—Malone's eleventh annual summer tournament; \$200 added. J. R. Malone, Mgr., 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore.
- July 17-18.—Charlottesville, Va.—Charlottesville and University Gun Club sixth annual money and merchandise shoot. G. L. Bruffey, Mgr.
- July 24-28.—Brehm's Ocean City, Md., target tournament. H. A. Brehm, Mgr., Baltimore.
- July 28-29.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club tournament.
- Aug. 2-4.—Albert Lea, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament under the auspices of the Albert Lea Gun Club. N. E. Paterson, Sec'y.
- Aug. 8-9.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Monongahela Valley League of West Virginia fifth tournament, under auspices of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
- Aug. 8.—Bergen Beach, L. I., Gun Club monthly shoot. H. W. Dryer, Sec'y.
- Aug. 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
- Aug. 16-18.—Ottawa, Can.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. G. Easdale, Sec'y.
- Aug. 16-18.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the O. K. Gun Club. C. C. Herman, Sec'y.
- Aug. 17-18.—Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Sec'y.
- Aug. 18-20.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' Association fall tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
- Aug. 22.—Somerville, Conn., Gun Club individual State championship tournament. A. M. Arnold, Sec'y.
- Aug. 22-25.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian annual tournament. Frank Riehl, Sec'y.
- Aug. 29-31.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsman's Club fourth annual tournament.
- Aug. 29-31.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs, Colo., Gun Club; \$1,000 added money. A. J. Lawton, Sec'y.
- Sept. 4 (Labor Day).—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club; \$25 added money. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- Sept. 4-6.—Lynchburg.—Virginia State shoot. N. R. Winfree, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5-8.—Trinidad, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap. Eli Jeffries, Sec'y.
- Sept. 15-17.—San Francisco, Cal.—The Interstate Association's Pacific Coast Handicap at Targets, under the auspices of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. A. M. Shields, Sec'y.
- Sept. 18-20.—Cincinnati Gun Club annual tournament. Arthur Gambell, Mgr.
- Oct. 10-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—The Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
- Oct. 11-12.—Dover, Del., Gun Club tournament; open to all amateurs. W. H. Reed, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The dates of the tournament of the Missouri and Kansas League of Trapshooters is now Aug. 10-11 instead of Aug. 22-23.

The next shoot of the New York Sportsmen's Association in 1906, will be held at Buffalo, under the auspices of the Infallible Gun Club.

The Penn Gun Club will hold a 100-target race at Jeffersonville, Pa., on July 4. Sweepstake events will be shot also. Class shooting. Competition begins at 1 o'clock.

G. A. Rober, Secretary, writes us that the Manning, Ia., Gun Club will hold their second annual amateur tournament on July 12 and 13. Added money, \$100; merchandise and trophies, \$110.

The conditions of the Dickey Bird national team shoot, to be held on July 4, are set forth in our advertising columns. Any other information will be promptly given by the W. S. Dickey Clay Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo., on application.

The list of entries of the Grand American Handicap number 285, which is 74 more than at the corresponding time last year. Entries bearing the postmark of June 17 will be added to the list. It will be found in full in our trap columns elsewhere.

Mr. Arthur Gambell, the popular superintendent of the Cincinnati Gun Club, will arrive in New York, on the Campania on Friday of this week. He has been sojourning in Ireland during the past few weeks, enjoying a vacation in that country.

Mr. E. J. Earl, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., associated with some other local sportsmen, is actively engaged in organizing a trapshooting club in his city. There is a probability that traps will be installed and competition begun before many weeks. Mr. Earl is an accomplished rifleman and sportsman.

In the contest for the Dean Richmond cup, the Schenectady team made the highest score. A protest was lodged against awarding the cup to them on the ground that their team violated the conditions governing domicile. Second high team also was protested on the ground of an error by the referee.

The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game is now the New York Sportsmen's Association. Notwithstanding that the protective words of the title have been repealed, there is no doubt but what the Association will bestow the same protection to fish and game in the future that it bestowed in the past.

The Secretary, W. Scott Smith, writes us that "The Kingston, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a shoot July 4, commencing at 1 o'clock, on their grounds at the Mountain View House, Saugerties road. We already have subscribed a nice list of merchandise prizes, and will arrange sweeps to suit the contestants. Visitors will be gladly welcomed, and will do our utmost to give them a good afternoon's sport."

A correspondent writes us that he is informed that the shooting house of the Lynn, Mass., Association was recently burned down. This was built about twelve years ago by the club, and entails a loss of some \$900. The building was furnished for providing club dinners, and there were several valuable traps in it at the time of the fire. It was located on the Saugus turnpike in the town of Saugus, near the half-way house.

The Watertown, Mass., Gun Club held their sixth and final shoot for the Philbrook trophies, June 17. The trophies number five, and were presented by Mr. J. N. Dawson, but were called Philbrook in honor of the club captain. The winners were: Roy, 20yds., 243, first, gold medal; Baldwin, 20yds., 239, second, silver medal; Hebbard, 20yds., 231, third, bronze medal; Sanborn, 17yds., fourth, silver cup; Morse, 19yds., 224, fifth, silver cup.

At the tournament of the Trapshooters' Association of North Carolina, held at Raleigh, June 14-15, the Virginia ten-man team won the team contest by a score of 893 to 864, made by North Carolina. The championship of North Carolina was won by Mr. J. E. Crayton, with a score of 98 out of 100. High amateur average was won by Mr. Collins. Messrs. Walter Huff, and J. Mowell Hawkins tied for high professional average. The next shoot will be held at Wilson, N. C.

The election of Mr. C. G. Blandford, of Ossining, to the office of Secretary of the New York Sportsmen's Association, was a wise choice. He is energetic and thoroughly conversant with the duties of the office. Also he is skillful as a press agent, an accomplishment which has much to do with the success of any organization which depends on public patronage. The office of secretary is the most active and important of any office pertaining to a gun club, and it must be filled by an alert worker if success is to be achieved.

Mr. William Hopkins, of Jamaica, L. I., is a gentleman of magnificent physique, not much less than a giant in size, and nothing less than saintly in amiability. He is a good trapshooter, as his doings at the New York State shoot last week will testify, particularly in the merchandise event, wherein he scored 25 and was conspicuously alone in it as a performer. His method of training had much to do with his success, and we, even at the risk of violating his confidence, now publish it. He confessed that he felt a tiny bit nervous just before the event began, so he drank six or seven large glasses of buttermilk in quick succession, then sat out in the hot sun till he perspired copiously, whercupon he was keyed up and ballasted to the nicest pitch, and shot through without a tremor.

Mr. H. W. Bissing, who shoots skillfully under the nom de fusil of Hans, announces that Mr. Jacob Ruppert, the well-known brewer and sportsman, has given him two silver cups to be offered in trapshooting competition as he deems best. Mr. Bissing announces that he will place one for competition with the North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., the contest to take place in five or six weeks. The cup is a valuable one. It is an elegant solid silver trophy, value \$50. It will be known as the Jacob Ruppert cup. The conditions are: Distance handicap, 50 targets, 2 cents a target. No merchandise, just an old-fashioned, genuine shoot for the honors. The winner owns the cup outright. Three or four other cups will be offered for competition on that day. The handicaps will be made by Messrs. H. W. Bissing and B. Waters.

The programme of the Interstate trapshooting tournament, given for the Menominee, Mich., Gun Club, July 12 and 13, provides like competition each day, namely, one 15, eight 20 and one 25-target event, entrance based on ten cents per target. All events, except the 25-target, have \$20 added. The 25-target event of the first day has \$20 added; of the second day, \$50, the latter being the championship of the League of Gun Clubs of Wisconsin and Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Luncheon will be served on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents. Practice day, July 11. Class shooting, 25, 25, 25 and 25 per cent. Guns and ammunition, prepaid, care of A. J. Juttner, National Hotel, Menominee, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock each day. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager of the Interstate Association, will manage the tournament.

A lively condition governing team competition for the Dean Richmond cup is that only members of a club who live in the same county in which the club has its place of domicile are eligible to compete for said trophy. A much better condition is that all members of a club are eligible to compete for it, providing that they were bona fide members during at least the three prior months of the State shoot. The present regulation is an annual matter of unpleasant contention, and besides, there is no good reason for it. It is purely arbitrary as a ruling, and has not a single justification to sustain it, from an equitable viewpoint. If a New York city gun club has too much talent to draw upon for a three-man team contest, then it would be better to again change the title of the association as follows: New York State Sportsmen's Association, minus New York City.

Ten events, each at 15 targets, \$1.80 entrance, constitute the program presented by the Enterprise Gun Club, McKeesport, Pa., for their all-day shoot, July 4. Valuable average prizes will be given to the four high and three low guns. Competition will begin at 9 o'clock. Jack Rabbit system. Ship guns, etc., to Geo. W. Mains, 317 Pacific Ave.

A complimentary clambake on the first day will be a feature of the Aquidneck Gun Club at Newport, R. I., July 28-29; also merchandise prizes valued at \$75 will be offered. On the second day, a sweepstake team match, with added money and merchandise to the amount of \$85, will be an important event of the programme. The latter will be ready for distribution on July 10.

To the club secretaries whose executive activity is bounded by bodily repose and dreamy reverie, we would amiably suggest that, as a means of publicly advertising a tournament, the sending of a tournament programme to the sportsmen's journals while the tournament is taking place or afterward, is a supererogative act and a waste of dainty energy. Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

BERNARD WATERS.

Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut.

WATERBURY, Conn., June 13.—The fourth shoot of the Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut, was favored with a fine warm day, with just enough shower in the afternoon to cool the air. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
H Money	10	14	15	9	14	19	15	20	15	19	15	19
Wheeler	8	12	19	10	13	16	12	17	14	15	15	12
Schorty	7	13	17	9	12	18	8	18	13	12	15	13
Prest	8	12	18	8	14	16	10	18	15	12	16	12
Doremus	5	9	14	5	11	..	7	12	8	10	12	12
Hart	7	13	17	9	14	16	8	18	12	8	16	13
G Finch	9	11	17	10	14	20	15	16	14	14	18	14
Hawkins	4	4	14	4	10	13	6	18
A Reynolds	9	13	19	9	11	17	12	15	14	11	..	15
Langdon	6	12	14	6	11	14	9	13	11	13
E Finch	7	12	16	7	13	14	7
Beers	9	11	15	9	13	17	11
Barstow	7	13	18	10	14	16	14	18	13	12	16	13
Bradley	10	14	17	9	14	16	10	16	15	17	14	..
Rowe	7	12	17	10	12	15	15	16	13	9	14	13
F Metcalf	5	9	14	8	11	15	13	18	11	12	11	12
H Metcalf	8	14	19	10	14	17	13	14	15	15	14	..
Fernside	6	12	16	8	11	14	12	10	11	11	14	13
McElligott	10	12	20	10	11	16	13	17	12	15	17	14
Seery	5	6	11	..	5	10	8
Pitts	2	6	8
Mills	7	11	16	7	11	16	12	11	15
Edgerton	6	14	18	9	11	18	13	16	14
Jordan	8	8	14	8	9	11	10	13
Porter	8	8	16	4	12	13	13	14	11
Richards	7	9	12	9	12	14	13
Gregory	7	12	14	8	13	15	11	17	11	13	11	..
Wells	7	10	11	6	4	10	8	8
Taft	9	12	17	9	14	17	12	12
Mitchell	8	11	17	9	12	16	12
Mack	7	10	16	9	12	19	13	19	12	18
Kelly	8	14	19	8	13	18	14	13	12	18	11	..
Whitney	8	12	18	8	13	15	14	17	14	14
Dr Moore	8	11	18	8	11	17	13	17	11	14	19	13
White	6	11	18	6	14	13	15	19	11	14	16	12
Bristol	10	11	14	8	9	11	9
Draher	9	12	16	5	11	17	10	13	12	9	14	11
Austin	2	9	12	4	8	13	11	9
Ockford	10	12	19	10	14	15	13	18	13	14	16	11
Bley	9	14	15	8	12	17	13	14	13	13	11	..
Savage	7	12	19	7	14	14	13
Hepburn	9	13	16	7	11	14	13	15	11	15	14	..
Robertson	7	13	14	8	11	12	11	14	14	11	12	..
Bassett	2	12	16	6	10	13	14	12	9	11	13	..
Stevenson	9	9	11	9	12	16	15
Bugbee	9	13	14	9	8	14	11	16	12
F Smith	5	9	14	11	..	11	12	12	..	12
Lines	9	6	10	17	11	15	12	12	16	..
Goddes	..	8	15	11	14	..
Mosher	..	16	13	15	14	14
Hamilton	..	11	..	8	6	11
Strong	..	16	..	12	11	10	11	10	14	11
Cooley	12	16	12	16	..	14	18	14	..
McMullen	12	18	12	18	13	13	18	11	..
Burwell	7	9	7	6
Bagrie	12	17	12	17	..	15	12	13	..
W Smith	10	11	10	10	9	13	7	9	..
Evers	4	13
Moore	8
Merritt	7	11	8	11
McFetridge	12	13	8	17	13	11	15	12	..
Newick	12	16	12	12	11
Hollister	8	15	11	9	..	10	10
Colt	12	8	9	8	12	7	10	6	..
W Hall	10	19	15	15	14	13	14	15	..
Hart	1								

Grand American Handicap Entries.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 18.—Inclosed herewith I send you list of entries received to date for the sixth Grand American Handicap at Targets, 285 all told. You will note that this is thirty more entries than we had at this corresponding time last year. You will, of course, understand that this list will be added to, as all entries received in envelopes bearing post marks dated June 17 will be accepted as regular entries.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

- Alkire, F., Williamsport, O.
- Atkinson, J. T., New Castle, Pa.
- Anderson, M., Knox, Ind.
- Anthony, J. T., Charlotte, N. C.
- Arie, M., Thomasboro, Ill.
- Apgar, Neaf, New York, N. Y.
- Adams, C. B., Rockwell City, Iowa.
- Akard, Wm., Fairplay, Mo.
- Bell, Jas. W., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Bellman, Chas., Pullman, Ill.
- Binyon, C. E., Chicago, Ill.
- Bower, W. C., Sewickley, Pa.
- Britton, O. F., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Burnside, G., Knoxville, Ill.
- Budd, C. W., Des Moines, Ia.
- Burmister, J., Spirit Lake, Ia.
- Burnham, H. O., Lowell, Ind.
- Butler, Frank E., Nutley, N. J.
- Blinn, C. P., Boston, Mass.
- Brady, Ed., Newbern, Tenn.
- Boa, J. S., Chicago, Ill.
- Brooking, W. T., Funk, Ncb.
- Brown, E., Pleasant Grove, Ind.
- Barriball, C. H., Chicago, Ill.
- Barto, J. B., Chicago, Ill.
- Borden, H. J., St. Louis, Mo.
- Bennett, R. R., Pittsburg, Pa.
- Barberm, R. R., Paulina, Iowa.
- Bindley, Jr., E. H., Terre Haute, Ind.
- Bisdee, F. O., Shelbyville, Ill.
- Blunt, J. A., Greensboro, N. C.
- Bird, E. W., Fairmont, Minn.
- Buckingham, F., Terre Haute, Ind.
- Comstock, H. A., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Cooper, J. W., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Clark, Chas. S., Rochester, N. Y.
- Clapp, C. B., Moberly, Mo.
- Carson, C. W., Chicago, Ill.
- Clark, Will R., New Paris, O.
- Crosby, W. R., O'Fallon, Ill.
- Carr, H. M., Dayton, O.
- Clark, H. M., Wabash, Ind.
- Connor, A. C., Pekin, Ill.
- Clay, W. H., St. Louis, Mo.
- Coleman, J. W., Cincinnati, O.
- Cunningham, F. B., St. Joseph, Mo.
- Call, Burton, Montpelier, O.
- Cadwallader, H. W., Decatur, Ill.
- Calhoun, J. F., McKeesport, Pa.
- Cole, Bayard, Thomson, Ill.
- Crawford, Jas., Terre Haute, Ind.
- Curry, Ed., Terre Haute, Ind.
- Caldwell, J. H., Springfield, Ill.
- Coe, E. B., Nesbitt, Miss.
- Cook, A. B., Weir, Kans.
- Dupont, Eugene, Wilmington, Del.
- Dupont, E. E., Wilmington, Del.
- Dupont, Alexis L., Wilmington, Del.
- Dupont, Jr., Victor, Wilmington, Del.
- Dupont, 3d, Victor, Wilmington, Del.
- Durston, A. H., Syracuse, N. Y.
- Darton, Geo. H., Portland, Me.
- Darton, W. B., Portland, Me.
- Dickman, E. C., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Deschler, L. G., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Dunnill, B., Fox Lake, Ill.
- Dunnill, H., Fox Lake, Ill.
- Dreih, Chas. F., Cincinnati, O.
- Edwards, H. T., Union City, Tenn.
- Edwards, D. A., Union City, Tenn.
- Ewing, Col. J. G., Wilmington, Del.
- Eastburn, J. W., Fowler, Ind.
- Eck, George, Chicago, Ill.
- Erb, Jr., Fred, Lafayette, Ind.
- Elliott, J. A. R., New York, N. Y.
- Elliott, David, Kansas City, Mo.
- Fleming, L. B., Pittsburg, Pa.
- Faurote, F. M., Dallas, Tex.
- Fuller, F. G., Chicago, Ill.
- Foltz, F. E., McClure, O.
- Faran, J. J., Cincinnati, O.
- Fanning, J. S., Jersey City, N. J.
- Farrell, J. W., Muncie, Ind.
- Flick, J. A., Ravenna, O.
- Failey, B., Terre Haute, Ind.
- Finley, Chas., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Flinn, A. S., Wabash, Ind.
- Felger, O. A., Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Foebis, M. H., Muncie, Ind.
- Gilbert, Fred, Spirit Lake, Ia.
- Gleffer, H. W., Pittsburg, Pa.
- Gleason, E. F., Boston, Mass.
- Garrett, John W., Colorado Springs, Colo.
- Glover, Sim, New York, N. Y.
- Gross, D. D., West Jefferson, O.
- Gardner, I. C., Chicago, Ill.
- Gregory, B. E., Zionsville, Ind.
- Greene, J. D., Avon, N. Y.
- Godcharles, F. A., Milton, Pa.
- Gephart, Bert, Green Hill, Ind.
- Gottlieb, Chris., Kansas City, Mo.
- Gillespie, E. N., Freeport, Pa.
- Graham, J. R., Ingleside, Ill.
- Graham, E. S., Ingleside, Ill.
- Gallup, E. P., El Reno, O. T.
- Gedden, F. M., Trinidad, Colo.
- Hirschy, H. C., Minneapolis, Minn.
- Horsley, W. E., Terre Haute, Ind.
- Hatcher, A. M., Bristol, Tenn.
- Heikes, R. O., Dayton, O.
- Hoon, Will S., Jewell, Ia.
- Humpfer, J. L., Hammond, Ind.
- Heyl, A. B., Cincinnati, O.
- Hughes, J. M., So. Milwaukee, Wis.
- Holding, E. W., Urbana, O.
- Hawkins, J. M., Baltimore, Md.
- Huff, Walter, Macon, Ga.
- Horn, H. O., Hale's Corners, Wis.
- Habich, Gus, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Hubby, T. E., Waco, Tex.
- Hanagan, D. A., Chicago, Ill.
- Heer, W. H., Concordia, Kans.
- Hearne, W. G., New York, N. Y.
- Hightower, J. W., Americus, Ga.
- Hardy, A. H., Lincoln, Neb.
- Harris, I. C., Fairbury, Ill.
- Henderson, W., Lexington, Ky.
- Hershey, J. M., Carmel, Ind.
- Hudelson, J. C., Trinidad, Colo.
- Isaman, G. E., Hastings, Neb.
- Jeffers, H. H., Shelbyville, Ind.
- Johnston, Chas., Chicago, Ill.
- Johnson, K. P., Kenton, O.
- Jarvis, W. J., Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Kirby, H. N., Urbana, O.
- Kirby, A. W., Greenville, O.
- King, A. H., Pittsburg, Pa.
- Keck, C. T., Chicago, Ill.
- Knopf, E. G., Sandusky, O.
- Kidder, F. L., Paris, Ill.
- Kelsey, F. D., East Aurora, N. Y.
- Lord, F. H., La Grange, Ill.
- Latham, T. W., Monroeville, O.
- Lawrence, E. B., Lincoln, Ill.
- Lloyd, J. T., Pine Bluff, Ark.
- Lewis, Geo. S., Fulton, N. Y.
- Lee, H. V., Landness, Ind.
- Loud, A. W., Duluth, Minn.
- Le Compte, C. O., Eminence, Ky.
- Loring, R. E., Marselles, Ill.
- Lyon, Geo. L., Durham, N. C.
- Lyon, Arthur, Durham, N. C.
- Littler, Joe, Matthews, Ind.
- Layman, Neil, Des Moines, Ia.

- Money, Harold, New Haven, Conn.
- Mermod, A. D., St. Louis, Mo.
- McDaniel, B. F., Converse, Ind.
- McGee, W. H., Kansas City, Mo.
- McKelvey, J. A., Hockessin, Del.
- McKinley, Wm., Ogden, Ill.
- McKinnon, M. R., Chicago, Ill.
- McLouth, C. A., Oil City, Pa.
- McMurchy, H., Fulton, N. Y.
- McMillan, R. S., Tilden, Ill.
- McDowell, A. P., Adair, Iowa.
- Mallory, F. E., Parkersburg, W. Va.
- Morrison, J. L. D., St. Paul, Minn.
- Marshall, T. A., Keithsburg, Ill.
- Mosher, G. A., Syracuse, N. Y.
- Markle, W. P., St. Louis, Mo.
- Markman, F. W., Toledo, O.
- Maust, B. B., Nappanee, Ind.
- Miller, Geo., Hamilton, Ind.
- Moine, Louis, St. Joseph, Mo.
- Mullan, Chas. A., Brook, Ind.
- Meaders, Andrew, Nashville, Tenn.
- Merrill, R., Milwaukee, Wis.
- Mackie, G. K., Scammon, Kans.
- Moller, Gus, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Michaelis, Joe, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Moore, S. H., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Miller, Frank, Berwyn, Neb.
- Manning, W. J., Morrisonville, Ill.
- Maxwell, Geo. W., Holstein, Neb.
- Malone, B. S., Kempton, Ind.
- Morgan, Jos. R., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Magill, Chas. S., Jacksonville, Ill.
- Merrick, F. H., Huntington, W. Va.
- Noel, John, Nashville, Tenn.
- Neal, E. E., Bloomfield, Ind.
- Orr, Jesse, Newark, O.
- Parry, T. H., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Painter, G. E., Pittsburg, Pa.
- Pontefract, J. W., Pittsburg, Pa.
- Park, J. T., Brook, Ind.
- Peck, C. H., Remington, Ind.
- Powell, O. B., Hickman, Ky.
- Pelters, F. D., Mt. Clemens, Mich.
- Pierstorff, F. L., Middleton, Wis.
- Powers, C. M., Decatur, Ill.
- Pearce, R. L., Wytheville, Va.
- Phellis, C. W., Mechanicsburg, O.
- Patterson, H. R., Des Moines, Ia.
- Rohrer, Joe, Colorado Springs, Colo.
- Roll, Geo. J., Blue Island, Ill.
- Snyder, E. J., New Paltz, N. Y.
- Rhoads, R. S., Columbus, O.
- Richardson, A. B., Dover, Del.
- Robinson, H. L., Shawneetown, Ill.
- Randall, E. A., Portland, Me.
- Riehl, F. C., Alton, Ill.
- Riley, T. D., Louisville, Ky.
- Rose, Chas. S., Wabash, Ind.
- Reid, L. H., New Paris, O.
- Ramsey, J. C., Manito, Ill.
- Stevens, H. H., Roselle Park, N. J.
- Skelly, J. T., Wilmington, Del.
- Stone, Fred A., New York, N. Y.
- Sconce, H. J., Sidell, Ill.
- Saucier, R. E., New Orleans, La.
- Steenberg, G. H., Chicago, Ill.
- Sheldon, J. G., Telluride, Colo.
- Sowle, F. J., Angola, Ind.
- Shumack, H. A., Muncie, Ind.
- Snow, H. L., Portland, Me.
- Stillwell, Mac, Crawfordsville, Ind.
- Stroh, Henry, St. Louis, Mo.
- Sherwood, F. T., Bedford, Ind.
- Smith, George, Bedford, Ind.
- Squier, L. J., Wilmington, Del.
- Smith, C. C., Wellsville, O.
- Seymour, B. O., Grand Forks, N. D.
- Storr, E. H., Baltimore, Md.
- Stephens, C. R., Moline, Ill.
- Spencer, A. C., Muncie, Ind.
- Sawyer, J. B., Wilkinsburg, Pa.
- Shogren, E. B., Chicago, Ill.
- Snell, Hugh A., Litchfield, Ill.
- Sutton, H. A., Montmorenci, Ind.
- Swihart, D. M., Eaton, O.
- Shafer, E. D., McConnelsville, O.
- Snow, F. H., Brooklyn, O.
- Stauber, A. J., Streator, Ill.
- Smiley, Joe, Matthews, Ind.
- Stipp, J. B., Bedford, Ind.
- Spicer, Chas. B., St. Louis, Mo.
- Switzer, A. W., Runnells, Ia.
- Scranton, L. G., Weir, Kans.
- Shepardson, Kit C., La Grange, Ind.
- Stannard, W. D., Chicago, Ill.
- Tripp, E. H., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Taylor, H. G., Meckling, S. D.
- Trimble, R. L., Covington, Ky.
- Thomas, J. S., Pleasant Hill, Mo.
- Tolsma, A. S., Detroit, Mich.
- Thorpe, Chas. A., Geneva, Neb.
- Townsend, W. D., Gregory, S. D.
- Tosctti, O. L., Chicago, Ill.
- Upson, D. A., Cleveland, O.
- Verbarg, Fred, North Vernon, Ind.
- Voris, Ed., Crawfordsville, Ind.
- Vietmeyer, H. W., Chicago, Ill.
- Volk, Geo., Toledo, Ohio.
- Vance, A., Capron, Ill.
- Vaughn, G. G., Selma, Ala.
- Washburn, W. W., New Richmond, Ind.
- Wildhack, W. A., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Willerding, Al, Evansville, Ind.
- Waters, Hood, Baltimore, Md.
- White, Edw. G., Ottawa, Canada.
- Willard, Lem, Chicago, Ill.
- Wood, P. C., Detroit, Mich.
- Wise, Nelson, Noblesville, Ind.
- Wade, L. I., Nacogdoches, Texas.
- Wilson, Alva, Kansas City, Mo.
- Watson, H. C., Sewickley, Pa.
- Winesburg, A. A., Chicago, Ill.
- Watson, D. L., Terre Haute, Ind.
- Williamson, G. G., Muncie, Ind.
- Wilson, M., Rochester, Ind.
- Wile, I. M., Rochester, Ind.
- Ward, P. C., Walnut Log, Tenn.
- Ward, Guy, Walnut Log, Tenn.
- Young, J. S., Chicago, Ill.
- Young, Chas. A., Springfield, O.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., June 16.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club of this city held its eleventh regular weekly shoot at Recreation Park, this afternoon. In addition to the regular programme, which was run off, the regular monthly competition for the Recreation challenge cup was held. W. N. Dawson successfully defended same with a score of 47 out of 50.

The club championship gold medal was won for the week by John M. Coburn with 86.1 per cent.

The officers' Goblet handicap was won for the week by J. W. Coburn with a score of 19 out of 22. The scores:

Targets:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 5.
Chinty	10	21	19	18
Barthlow	7	19	20	16
Jacobs	7	21	19	18
Coburn	9	21	22	19
Sivey	6	23	19	17
Wiedebush	6	15	19	11
Taylor	7	21	19	11
Dawson	19	13
Smith	31
Price	8	18	22	17
White	8	21	20	17

Event 4, club team race, four men, 20 targets:
Barthlow, captain, 16; Jacobs 19, Coburn 14, Stuthen 13; total 62.
Chinty, captain, 14; White 17, Price 16, Van Voorhis 14; total 61.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

New York State Shoot.

THE forty-seventh annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held at Utica, June 13-16, under the auspices of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

The tournament was managed by Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., whose fame and skill in all that pertains to shoots and shooting is national. Four traps, two for State events, one for State open events and one for open sweepstakes, afforded ample means for throwing the targets. Under the expert supervision of Mr. Charles North they worked to perfection.

The office was in charge of the Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. James W. Brown, assisted by Mr. W. G. Sisson, of Olean.

The annual convention was held on Monday evening, June 12, Mr. R. Bingham, the president, in the chair. Aside from receiving reports of committees, no definite legislative action was taken. Mr. Bingham announced that a gentleman, friendly to trapshooting, had donated a handsome silver cup, to be known as the Fulford cup, a condition governing the annual competition being that the proceeds of the competition shall go to Mrs. Fulford, widow of E. D. Fulford. The meeting was adjourned to Wednesday evening. The most important matters before the Association were those concerning a constitution and by-laws, and the place of holding the next tournament. At the adjourned meeting, Wednesday evening, the report of the committee on constitution as submitted was adopted. The title was changed to "The New York State Sportsmen's Association." Initiation fee of \$5, and dues \$2 were fixed upon. Non-resident sportsmen are barred from the State tournament hereafter. Dr. E. J. McLeod, Secretary of the Infallible Gun Club, extended an invitation to hold the State shoot for 1906 under the auspices of his club, and it was accepted.

Officers were elected as follows: President, M. R. Bingham, Rome; Vice-President, F. D. Kelsey, East Aurora; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles G. Blandford, Ossining; Directors, Hon. Henry L. Gates, of Utica, and Harvey McMurchy, of Fulton.

On Tuesday, the monument, erected by the sportsmen of America to mark the resting place of their late comrade and friend, was unveiled in solemn and impressive ceremony. A large number of visiting shooters were present, as well as the relatives and local friends of the deceased. Rev. G. A. Bierdemann, a personal friend of the deceased, delivered a feeling oration, and Rev. J. D. Colby, a prayer. Rev. Bierdemann in his peroration said:

"It is the strong hand, the acute eye, the astute brain, the imperial heart in which there is no selfishness and treachery, but which are governed by noble purpose, by resolution seasoned and sweetened with divine benediction that we love. Oh, blessed would be the world if this highest ideal of man were actualized in every human breast! Was this the love our friend Fulford had for mankind? I know it, therefore, I declare it, yes! These noble soul qualities of our departed friend attracted, as a magnet, your admiration and love; hence you dedicate to him this monument which is to perpetuate those soul qualities and inspire them in others as they read this inscription: 'Elijah D. Fulford, A Lover of Nature and of Mankind.'"

A vote of thanks was tendered to the eloquent clergyman by the memorial committee and the visiting sportsmen. The committee paid all the indebtedness of the memorial monument and expended a balance for floral tributes.

A fund sufficient to perpetually care for the Fulford plot in the New Forest Cemetery, and to be devoted to that purpose was subscribed by The Rev. Dr. Bierdemann, J. S. Remsen, C. O. Le Compte, C. O. Travers, A. J. Johnson, William Hopkins, R. Wheeler, J. Green, J. N. Knapp, G. H. Pompelly, Broghmann M. Benjamin, M. P. Vosseller, A. J. Lowery, W. G. Hearne, Charles North, John M. Falk, E. J. Snyder, E. G. White, C. S. Clare, John Parker, S. Curtis, M. Cole, Hardy Richardson, F. G. Jenny, S. A. Adams, W. G. Durston.

The trade was generally represented. There were present Messrs. T. H. Keller, Harvey McMurchy, A. Howlett Durston, J. W. Cameron, A. C. Barrell, F. M. Farwell, Ben. Norton, J. T. Skelly, J. A. R. Elliott, G. R. Ginn, F. E. Butler, J. R. Hull, C. O. Le Compte, E. G. White, H. E. Winans, O. S. Stull, Gus. Grieff, W. H. Heer, J. R. Benjamin, Neaf Apgar, H. S. Vosseller, Sim Glover, W. G. Heath, W. G. Hearne, E. H. Kiskern, H. H. Stevens.

The grounds, deeply green with the vegetation of summer, were pleasing to gaze upon. They faced a shallow wide valley, affording a good background. Awnings sheltered the firing points, and numerous tents affording cooling shelter from the sun's rays. A large tent was devoted to refreshments.

Monday was practice day. Some good scores were made.

The regular programme began on Tuesday, June 13. The eight open events were similar to the State events, except there was no added money, and were to be shot subject to whether there was time after the memorial services. The eight State events were each at 20 targets, \$2 entrance; events 2, 4, 6 and 8 had \$25 added. The moneys were divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Five per cent. of the purses in the State events were deducted for daily averages, divided 20, 17½, 15½, 10, 10, 8 and 7 per cent. The totals were, targets 160; entrance, \$16.

Mr. Heer, the famous expert from Kansas, on this day was high professional with a total of 154; J. R. Hull, 150. F. D. Kelsey, East Aurora, N. Y., was high amateur with a score of 149; C. W. Hart and J. S. S. Remsen 148. The scores:

June 13, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
J R Hull	19	19	19	20	17	20	17	19	150
C S Clark	19	17	17	18	16	13	16	13	135
H Stewart	19	17	18	16	18	16	19	14	142
Adkin	20	16	15	17	16	15	18	19	136
Kershner	18	16	20	18	13	14	17	17	133
Wheeler	15	18	13	16	17	17	18	17	131
Dally	18	19	17	20	19	16	18	18	145
Morris	17	19	18	20	19	16	18	18	141
Knapp	19	18	20	18	19	16	17	18	145
Pompelly	20	19	16	19	19	13	14	18	138
McMurchy	20	20	17	19	16	17	19	19	147
Chapman	18	19	13	19	15	12	18	19	133
Geo Lewis	19	18	17	17	16	17	18	18	140
Tom Keller	17	13	15	16	14	17	13	18	123
F Kelsey	20	18	18	19	18	19	18	19	149
LeCompte	20	19	19	17	19	17	16	19	146
Heer	20	19	20	20	20	19	17	19	154
Butler	19	17	18	18	13	13	16	17	131
Apgar	20	19	16	19	18	15	20	20	147
Stevens	16	18	11	16	18	18	17	17	132
Elliott	18	17	19	19	20	19	19	19	148
Remsen	18	18	19	20	18	16	19	20	148
Dr Weller	18	15	13	17	15	11	16	18	123
Hopkins	19	19	18	17	18	17	18	17	143
E G White	19	17	15	18	17	13	14	18	131
Glover	20	17	19	16	16	18	20	14	145
W. A. Lewis	20	17	18	20	17	19	17	17	145
Jay Wagner	15	15	14	15	14	15	14	13	117
McLeod	15	16	20	18	13	14	15	20	131
J. Greene	19	19	18	19	18	16	18	20	147
McMurtry	19	16	17	16	14	11	15	15	123
Grieff	13	18	15	13	14	13	16	18	120
Adams	13	16	19	18	19	14	17	17	133
Durston	15	15	14	15	13	11	15	20	118
A Traver	16	18	18	16	18	15	16	19	136
Hyland	18	14	14	19	18	12	14	15	124
Stull	18	17	17	19	16	15	17	17	136
J Martin	18	15	18	19	18	13	18	18	137
Hart	20	19	19	18	17	20	17	14	148
Palmiter	16	14	14	58
Winans	15	16	11	9	9	11	15	14	100
Blandford	19	15	17	17	16	14	11	17	126
Conley	18	18	17	15	19	18	20	17	142
S Curtis	17	9	14	13	16	16	15	18	118
Saunders	18	12	18	18	17	15	14	17	129
Piercy	17	18	18	20					

Daly	14	7	21
Bosco	10	14	12	18	18	13	17	15	117
Wessels	13	13	16	18	18	14	92
Borst	11	10	13	14	48
Catchpole	17	10	15	14	56
Killick	17	17	19	19	72
Friday	15	8	16	18	57
Loughlin	12	18	18	17	65
Slack	18	16	16	16	66
C F Clark	12	13	11	14	50
Sidway	17	13	15	20	65
Maine	16	18	14	19
Marks	17	15	15	15	62
Tomlinson	14	14
Keeler	10	13	23
Warren	9	11	12	14	46
Debee	10	9	19
Frazier	13	13
Pfet	11	11
F Windheim	10	10
Batson	10	10

June 14, Second Day.

The programme of the second day was similar to that of the first day. W. H. Heer was high gun again with a score of 153 out of 160, H. McMurchy, 150. Amateurs: Kelsey, Greene and Stewart, 148, Lewis and Hopkins, 147. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Broke.
J R Hull	18	13	13	20	17	19	17	19	19	146
C S Clark	15	14	17	16	19	16	16	18	131	
Hobbie	17	17	15	19	18	15	12	16	129	
Adkin	18	18	14	18	17	16	15	18	134	
Kerschner	14	13	11	10	12	12	12	16	100	
Wheeler	15	16	16	18	15	19	17	17	133	
Dally	17	19	17	18	19	18	18	18	144	
Morris	7	15	17	19	17	15	17	15	132	
Knapp	19	17	19	17	15	18	17	14	136	
Pompelly	18	19	17	14	18	17	15	16	134	
McMurchy	18	20	19	19	18	20	18	18	150	
Chapman	18	17	16	18	19	18	17	17	140	
Geo Lewis	17	18	18	18	20	17	19	20	147	
Keller	14	15	15	17	13	16	17	18	125	
Kelsey	19	19	19	19	19	17	19	17	148	
LeCompte	9	20	18	19	18	18	18	18	148	
Heer	18	20	20	19	18	18	20	20	153	
Butler	15	19	16	14	16	19	16	16	131	
Apgar	19	15	16	19	17	16	18	16	136	
Stevens	19	17	14	19	12	18	19	18	136	
Elliott	19	19	17	18	29	17	17	18	145	
Remsen	19	16	17	19	15	16	15	20	137	
Ballantine	17	19	16	18	19	17	14	18	138	
Hopkins	17	19	19	18	18	20	17	19	147	
White	17	11	15	17	20	18	15	19	132	
Glover	18	18	17	20	18	19	14	20	144	
W A Lewis	18	15	15	15	15	19	17	17	131	
Blandford	18	16	16	18	16	17	16	17	134	
Conley	16	17	17	17	18	20	19	17	141	
J Green	16	19	17	18	19	20	19	20	148	
McMurtry	16	14	12	14	13	17	14	14	114	
Greiff	14	19	11	19	14	12	15	16	120	
Adams	16	16	16	13	15	17	17	18	128	
Call	17	15	17	17	13	19	19	16	133	
A Traver	17	16	17	17	16	17	17	16	133	
Sidway	18	14	18	16	16	16	17	16	130	
J Martin	18	18	17	17	18	19	19	19	144	
S Curtis	15	14	14	12	12	16	13	11	107	
Winans	11	13	14	15	15	15	15	16	114	
Saunders	13	15	12	18	17	10	85	
Hearne	19	15	17	19	18	19	17	19	143	
Piercy	18	18	19	19	18	18	17	15	146	
J Hyland	13	18	15	18	17	18	15	15	129	
Newton	12	14	15	15	13	11	10	19	105	
Brugmann	18	17	19	19	18	19	15	13	144	
Hopper	12	11	11	15	12	16	12	14	108	
Stull	18	12	16	12	9	15	17	14	113	
McLeod	18	14	17	16	16	15	18	15	129	
Hart	19	17	17	18	18	19	17	18	143	
Spaulding	18	19	15	18	17	18	18	16	139	
Mayhew	19	19	13	19	17	17	16	13	133	
Deck	19	16	15	17	16	16	14	18	131	
Christian	14	14	18	15	14	19	18	16	128	
Jenny	17	15	12	16	14	17	14	14	119	
W Wagner	17	15	16	18	14	15	12	14	121	
Tomlinson	14	11	15	17	17	13	12	18	117	
Richardson	14	12	12	12	14	16	13	16	109	
Skelly	19	18	17	18	17	18	17	16	141	
Slack	17	19	17	18	19	11	14	16	131	
Clark	14	11	11	17	15	12	17	20	117	
Weller	15	16	14	11	19	17	17	17	126	
Stuart	18	18	19	19	20	15	20	19	148	
Timmons	16	15	15	15	13	17	15	17	123	
Bosco	14	17	13	7	15	12	15	16	109	
Windheim	12	17	13	14	56	
Daly	12	12	8	12	59	
Catchpole	16	16	10	17	69	
Kellick	16	17	18	18	69	
Borst	12	15	17	15	58	
Wessel	16	11	16	16	58	
Gruman	14	12	13	14	53	
Maine	17	15	17	16	65	
J Wagner	14	16	14	11	55	
Warren	8	14	10	11	43	
Gates	17	17	12	17	63	
Durston	17	15	17	18	67	

The State events in the afternoon were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Hearne	19	18	17	64
Piercy	15	17	19	15	18	20	18	18	140
Bisset	17	15	16	19	17	19	19	20	142
Hobbie	17	18	14	20	69
Clark	18	13	12	19	18	20	15	16	131
Adkin	17	19	17	18	18	19	17	18	143
Morris	18	18	18	72
Pompelly	16	16	17	20	69
Kerschner	14	15	16	60
Palmiter	14	16	20
Paddleford	19	19	38
Kelsey	18	18	16	20	72
Valentine	17	18	15	16	66
LeCompte	17	17	17	51
Morrison	15	12	13	15	16	71
North	16	18	20	54
Wheeler	18	17	19	18	72
Traver	19	19	13	14	60
Maine	16	18	16	18	68
Conley	18	19	18	19	74
Knapp	19	17	36
Montgomery	18	18
Sidway	19	20	19	17	75
Geo Jones	16	16	16	48
Eamshaw	9	17	16	42
Farwell	16	18	14	11	59

The Fulford trophy contest, the benefit shoot for the widow, was a close race. The Fulford cup was presented by Mr. George Borst, of Rochester. The scores were: Piercy 23, Bisset 21, Clark 23, Adkin 21, Glover 23, Greene 21, Emshow 17, G. Jones 19, Remsen 19, Wight 22, Hopkins 21, Call 21, North 21, Spaulding 21, Dorell 12, Bragmore 21, Hopper 15, Scott 14, Steele 21, Clark 21, Kirshner 19, Adkins 22, Stewart 21, Miller 19, Windheim 19, Elliott 23, Curtis 16, Dally 21, Montgomery 22, Wagner 21, Warren 21, Mahew 22, Durston 21, Dexter 14, LeCompte 21, Heer 21, Butler 21, Apgar 24, Hearne 22, McMurchy 19, Chapman 20, Lewis 23, Keller 23, Kelcey 24, Hart 24, Dosee 15, McLe 12, J. T. Skelly 24, Knapp 23, Jenny 18, Morris 22, Gates 21, Christian 21, Pompelly 24, Connelly 22, Richardson 19, Harvey 22, Stevens 21, Hull 21, Valentine 21, W. E. C. 14, Morris 20.

Several contestants paid entrance fees, but did not shoot. F. D. Kelcey, of Aurora; J. T. Skelly, of Wilmington, Del.; Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield, N. J.; Mr. Pompelly, of Owego; Mr. Hart, of Buffalo; Mr. LeCompte, of Kentucky, and Mr. Valentine, of Albany, tied on 24.

In the shoot-off the scores were: Kelcey 24, Skelly 24, Apgar 23, Valentine 23, Hart 22, LeCompte 22, Pompelly 19. Kelcey and Skelly shot off. Kelcey broke 22; Skelly, 21.

June 15, Third Day.

W. H. Heer, in the professional class, was again high with 161 out of 165. Kelsey and Sidway were high amateurs with 151; Martin second, 149.



THE FULFORD MONUMENT.

For the three days, Heer was high professional with 468 out of a possible 485; McMurchy second, 446; LeCompte third, 441. No prizes for high professionals were provided. High amateurs, first, \$50, Kelsey, 443; second, Marlin gun, J. Greene, 438.

Event 4 in the State events was a merchandise contest at 25 targets, and it caused much confusion and some discontent, owing to the different classes of ties being class shooting, instead of high guns. In the first class of ties there were ten prizes, and Mr. W. Hopkins, of Jamaica, L. I., broke 25 alone, so that consequently there was but one contestant in the first class of ties. Those who broke 24 were in the second class of ties, and consequently were not eligible to participate in the first class. The question then arose as to how the surplus class prizes would be awarded. It was decided that class shooting must govern. There were eight classes of ties. First prize in the first class was a Smith gun, \$150; second class, Remington gun, \$100, won by George Lewis; third class, Lefevre gun, \$85, won by Hobbie; fifth class, Ithaca gun, \$85; seventh class, Savage rifle, \$22.

The Oneida County Handicap event, open to all, high guns, 50 targets; handicaps, 14 to 22yds., had a piano for first prize, and the last, the tenth, was a pair of hunting shoes. There were forty-five entries. W. Morris, 18yds., and W. H. Heer, 22yds., tied for first on 46 and divided. Eight tied for second, namely, Livingston, Hobbie, Brugmann, Dally and Lewis, each at 18yds.; Stevens and White, 19yds., and McMurchy, 20yds.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Total.
Targets:	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	20	
Hull	14	19	16	24	19	17	19	16	144
Clark	18	14	15	20	18	17	13	15	130
Hobbie	16	18	17	23	15	19	19	17	144
Adkin	16	17	16	19	16	15	16	9	124
S Curtis	14	15	13	15	15	8	13	15	108
Wheeler	17	18	17	20	18	17	18	17	142
Dally	16	18	19	24	20	16	19	15	147
Morris	16	16	17	21	18	17	17	12	134
Pompelly	20	18	16	19	18	15	14	14	134
McMurchy	17	19	18	22	19	17	18	19	149
Chapman	14	16	20	22	17	17	16	17	139
Geo Lewis	16	16	16	25	17	17	18	17	141
Tom Keller	17	20	17	22	18	18	19	15	146
F D Kelsey	18	19	18	23	18	17	20	18	151
Le Compte	17	17	16</						

U. S. Government Ammunition Test.

Accuracy test of Krag-Jorgensen .30-Caliber Cartridges held at Springfield Armory by order of the Ordnance Department, United States Army.

TESTED—Ammunition of all the American Manufacturers.

CONDITIONS—10 and 20 shot targets, muzzle rest.
10 and 20 shot targets, fixed rest.

DISTANCE—1000 yards.

RESULT and OFFICIAL REPORT: U. S. Cartridges excelled all others

MANUFACTURED BY

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LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

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114-116 Market St., San Francisco.

Capron Gun Club Tournament.

CAPRON, Ill., June 15.—Capron is a familiar name in connection with shooting tournaments. Alee Vance, who, besides being postmaster here for the past twenty years, has for about the same time been the head of the gun club. When Vance says "Come," he is sure of the Fox Lake delegation, which goes far toward making a tournament a success.

When Burt Dunnell was a kid he used to "show 'em," at the State tournaments when live-bird matches were the go; but he has not shot at the trap for about four years. Consequently he had a sore arm to contend with before the first day was over; yet he shot well, and only needs practice to keep well near the front.

The first day was run on the Jack Rabbit system; and the remainder was divided into three purses, 50, 30 and 20. This was a drawing card, and a number of beginners took part.

Messrs. Axtel and Johnson, from Harvard, were present, taking notes, and there will be a tournament at that town at no distant day. The scores:

June 13, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	170	147
Vance	9	10	10	9	15	9	13	9	13	8	12	10	13	7	170	143
Herbert	9	8	12	9	13	7	13	6	11	10	12	6	12	9	170	132
Wilcox	9	8	13	9	10	8	12	9	9	9	9	8	7	9	65	51
B Sherman	4	8	10	6	6	9	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	125	90
Denumm	10	8	10	10	10	7	13	9	7	7	7	7	7	7
Covey	6	7	12	7	12	5	11	5	7	3	9	7
Rhodes	7	5	8	0	8	9	9	8	3	6	6	170	153
E Graham	9	9	11	10	14	9	14	10	13	9	13	10	13	9	170	152
R Dunnell	10	9	15	9	13	10	15	9	11	9	13	8	12	9	170	161
B R Graham	10	10	15	10	15	8	15	9	14	9	13	8	12	9	170	145
H Dunnell	9	9	12	9	14	9	13	9	12	7	13	8	13	8
Montgomery
B Stilling
Axtel
Johnson
Goodall

June 14, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	200	181
Vance	7	14	13	14	10	13	10	12	8	15	12	20	14	14	200	188
R Dunnell	7	14	12	13	10	14	15	10	15	10	15	19	14	15	200	193
J Graham	9	14	15	14	10	15	14	14	10	14	14	20	14	12	200	174
H Dunnell	9	11	10	12	8	13	14	14	10	13	14	15	10	9	260	151
B Stilling	8	11	12	12	7	11	13	13	7	12	11	15	10	9	200	181
E Graham	9	12	12	13	9	8	15	15	9	15	15	19	15	14	200	169
T Malana	9	11	12	13	9	15	12	12	7	13	14	15	13	14
McQuire	6	7	8	10	9
R Herber	9	13	6	10	5
F Wilcox
J Norton
Losee

North Carolina Trapshooters' Association.

THE second annual tournament of the North Carolina Trapshooters' Association was held at Durham, N. C., June 14 and 15. It has passed into history for the trapshooters of this State. It has left many pleasant reminders in meeting old friends and forming new acquaintances. Many that were with us at our first shoot were absent, while many new faces were here to take their places. Wilmington was not as well represented as last year, and one face especially was missed, and that was Mr. Gore, who met an untimely death by drowning some months ago. Some of the clubs in the State were not represented at all. I think it is the duty of every club in the State to send representatives to the annual State shoot, and hope this will be done next year.

George Lyon, as president, and Arthur Lyon, secretary, proved themselves equal to the occasion, and run the shoot in first class shape.

Messrs. John Todd and C. M. Cresswell were in charge of the office, and their equal as office managers are hard to find, and we trust that every tournament held will be in their charge, as far as the financial part is concerned. Mr. Todd is an expert accountant, and lightning calculator. Several columns added at one time is for him much easier than I could add one.

The blackbird trap and targets were used; with the exception of a few springs breaking, their work was very good. Three sets of traps were used.

The weather conditions were good, with the exception of the extreme heat on the first day, and the shooters had to face the sun in the afternoon. It took a veteran to stand the sweltering rays of Old Sol. The second day was checked with clouds and showers, which did not interrupt the shooting, and made it pleasanter than the preceding day.

It is right hard to find a suitable place for three sets of traps, and this is more important than anything else. In so doing, it was some distance from the carline; but a few minutes' ride in carriages, which were provided, carried you to the cars, or you could invest some of your winnings and ride to the city in a carriage.

Every one was very well pleased with the percentage system, five moneys, and all shooting from the 16yd. mark. It is certainly much easier to keep the squads straight and run a smooth shoot. Some of us were charged a little more than we thought right at the hotel, and of course, I kicked with others.

Mr. Collins, an amateur from Due West, S. C., was the wonder shooter of the tournament, and his record on the first day was the equal to Crosby, Gilbert or Heer. He missed his 27th target, then ran over 100 straight, finishing his first day with 197 out of 200. His second day's work was not quite as good, but his lead on the first day gave him the high average by 12 targets over all amateurs and professionals. Mr. English, of Bristol, Tenn., was second high amateur. Jas. I. Johnson, of Raleigh, N. C., was third, and Lester German, of Aberdeen, Md., was fourth.

Walter Huff and J. Mowell Hawkins were tied for high professional average. J. W. Hightower was second high professional, with Emory H. Storr third.

The trade representatives present and participating were Emory H. Storr, J. W. Hightower, Col. J. T. Anthony, J. Mowell Hawkins, Walter Huff, H. K. Ellyson and R. W. Sampson.

The missionaries present were E. W. Sanford and H. M. Sanders, both of whom made themselves useful in assisting in getting out squads, refereeing and scoring. In fact, they were handy at most anything.

A beautiful silver loving cup was given to the high professional average, which was tied by Walter Huff and J. Mowell Hawkins. I did not learn how they divided the cup. It would be of very little use in that shape. For second high professional average \$5 in gold went to J. W. Hightower.

A beautiful silver loving cup went to Mr. Collins for high amateur average, and it will be highly prized by him for years to come, and will be a useful cup when his grandchildren grow up.

Wilson, N. C., will get the next Trapshooters' Association tournament. This is one of the liveliest little towns in the State, and every one that goes will have a fine time. Mr. R. E. Crawford, the proprietor of the best hotel in the city will see that you are comfortably entertained while in his care. He is a member of the club, and one of the best shots. Killett, Walls, Simms and Jimmy Barnes won't let you suffer. The following officers were elected for the next tournament: W. W. Simms, President, and Selby H. Anderson, Secretary and Treasurer.

Sixty shooters faced the trap at this tournament, and most of them shot through the programme both days.

The following States were represented: Georgia, Virginia, South Carolina, Maryland and Tennessee.

At the last annual Trapshooters' Association of Virginia a silver trophy was given by the Peters Cartridge Co., to be contested for annually by ten men each from Virginia and North Carolina, alternating from one State to another every year. Last year it was contested for in Richmond, Va., and the Virginia team won by two targets. This year they were equally as determined to carry it back with them, so they brought their best shots over, and had an easier walk-over than last year, winning by 29 targets. The scores were Virginia 893, North Carolina 864.

The team scores were: Virginia—Hatcher 96, Jenkins 82, L. Winefree 91, English 91, Dr. Dennis 83, Smith 96, Funk 83, Hammond 89, Pearce 94, Dr. Rhea 89.

North Carolina—Crayton 87, Killett 87, Todd 84, McCollough 91, G. Lyon 85, Johnson 91, Anthony 81, Anderson 90, Wall 86, Webb 82.

The championship of North Carolina was contested for on the last day and placed after the regular events were through. About twenty entries contested. Mr. J. E. Crayton won by scoring 98 out of 100 shots. With the championship goes a beautiful loving cup, given by Mr. George Lyon to the Raleigh Gun Club, and has been won by Mr. W. P. Whitaker, scoring 93; the next year by George Lyon, scoring 96. This is the second year it was given for the championship of the State. Last year a medal was given and won by W. T. McCormick, of the Charlotte Club. This cup will become the property of the one winning it twice in succession. After the State Association was formed, the Raleigh Club turned it over to them for the championship prize.

Everybody has heard of the game of "finch." Some of the shooters were playing this popular game during both days of the tournament, much against their wishes.

	—First Day—	—Second Day—	—Total—			
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Collins	200	197	200	189	400	386
Huff	200	194	200	184	400	378
Hawkins	200	188	200	190	400	378
English	200	184	200	190	400	374
Hightower	200	186	200	186	400	372
Storr	200	188	200	182	400	370
Dr Johnson	200	184	200	185	400	369
German	200	182	200	185	400	367
Dr Rhea	200	180	200	185	400	365
Hatcher	200	179	200	186	400	365
Walls	200	180	200	184	400	364
R L Pearce	200	183	200	181	400	364
Smith	200	181	200	180	400	361
McCollough	200	179	200	181	400	360
Freeman	200	178	200	180	400	358
G Lyon	200	181	200	171	400	352
Crayton	200	168	200	178	400	346
A Lyon	200	166	200	178	400	344
L H Winefree	200	177	200	166	400	343
Scott	200	175	200	168	400	343
Hammond	200	165	200	176	400	341
Anthony	200	173	200	166	400	339
Barnes	200	176	200	160	400	336
Dr Carnes	200	165	200	170	400	335
Dr Dennis	200	169	200	166	400	335
Anderson	200	170	200	161	400	331
W R Winefree	200	160	200	168	400	328
Todd	200	158	200	165	400	323
Daghttridge	200	162	200	158	400	320
Killett	200	164	200	155	400	319
R H Johnson	200	158	200	159	400	317
Sampson	200	167	200	147	400	314
Sims	200	157	200	155	400	312
Ellyson	200	166	200	145	400	311
Goode	200	153	200	152	400	310
Fultz	200	162	200	147	400	309
King	200	158	200	147	400	305
Harris	200	146	200	141	400	287
Fleming	200	142	200	137	400	279
Funk	200	184	180	156	380	340
Nelson	200	157	180	98	380	255
Brasington	200	139	160	113	360	252
Gowan	200	149	120	95	320	244
Slater	200	162	120	94	320	256
Jenkins	200	166	100	76	300	242
Pfaff	200	154	100	71	300	225
Whitaker	100	82	100	79	200	161
Welch	40	26	200	153	240	179
B Lyon	100	84	80	57	180	141
Barrett	200	160	200	160
Webb	200	170	200	170
T S Pearce	200	142	200	142
Hege	200	136	200	136

Brewer	160	106	160	106
Coleman	140	86	140	86
Sheppard	100	66	100	66
Robberson	100	64	100	64
Vaughn	100	49	100	49
Mitchell	60	42	60	42
Johnson, Jr.	40	30	40	30

R. T. GOWAN.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., June 14.—The regular weekly Boston Gun Club shoo twas held at Wellington to-day, twenty shooters in all doing justice to the elcven events.

T. E. Doremus was a most welcome visitor, and while not shooting anywhere near up to form, soon wore a "smile that won't come off" in view of the large amount of his company's products that were being used.

Mayor Reed, of Manchester, N. H., brought down his "trusty fucose" and peppered away during all the events, with good results, his final efforts on the 23yd. mark being to him the most satisfactory.

Secretary Hallam, of the Dover Sportsmen's Association, could not bear the thoughts of coming to Boston on a Wednesday without doing a few shooting stunts; therefore, after business completed a trip to Wellington had to follow.

An afternoon with the boys is what our friend D. W. calls it, and most assuredly he seems to derive as much enjoyment as any one does, and that is saying a good deal.

Dr. Ellis, of the B. A. A. had an easy win in the prize match, his 27 being three targets to the good of Ford, who led the other B. A. A. representative one target. In the race for high average, Gleason, however, turned the tables, though it was nip-and-tuck up to the last event. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Av.	
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	25	25	...
Frank, 19	6	11	10	8	12	13	8	14	22	22	.840	
Burns, 18	10	8	7	9	11	12	9	14	21	16	.780	
Worthing, 17	8	14	8	9	12	14	8	15880	
Black, 16	6	10	7	9	14	14	7	14	18792	
Woodruff, 17	8	11	10	8	12	11	7	13800	
Hallam, 16	6	9	4	3	5	12	5	7	13612	
Sadler, 16	6	15	9	6	12	13	10	12	20	22	.833	
Williams, 16	7	11	7	9	11	11746	
Gleason, 21877	
Smith, 18774	
Dickey, 21818	

Prize Match, 30 unknown; distance handicap: Black (16) 23, Gleason (21) 26, Worthing (17) 26, Frank (19) 25, Sadler (16) 25, Dickey (21) 24, Burns (18) 23,

WESTERN TRAP.

Chicago Trapshooters' Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Another very successful tournament was held by the Chicago Trapshooters' Association last Saturday and Sunday. The weather was good, save the second day, when there was the "Windy City" wind across the traps that kept all guessing, and lost Frank Riehl the high general average, as the left quartering target was very low and dropped at about 25yds. from the trap.

The attendance was good, and it was a surprise to all to see that the attendance was larger the first day than on the second. Frank Riehl was hard pressed by John Boa on the first day, and out of 190 targets he made 179, John Boa 178, with Billy Stannard 176.

The amateurs had a pretty race, and when the totals were posted, it was J. R. Graham with 174, A. Molle 173 and Claud Binyon 172.

The 50 target event with the handicap was the event of the second day. It had twenty-one entries, with Burnham, of Indiana, as the lucky man, as well as the best shot. Fred Lord came on fast, and was second with 46. Stannard a very good third with 45, considering the long distance he had been assigned.

Targets were not thrown as hard the second day as the first, hence the low left angles. All the appointments connected with the park are good as can be, and the Association are alive to the fact that the next G. A. H. should be held on the historic Watson Park.

Stannard was high professional for the two days, as he caught on to the low targets and lost but 7 the second day, and finished with 359 out of 380. Riehl was second with 356.

A. Molle, of the Antigo, Wis., Man, held up well, and with the good score of 173 the last day, made high amateur for the two days, total 340. Shepardson second, 332. Vance third, 327.

Those present were: Traveling men: Tramp Irwin, Ward Burton, Fred Lord, W. D. Stannard, Geo. H. Steenberg, H. W. Vietmeyer, Frank Riehl, H. W. Cadwallader, Fred Quimby, and John Boa.

Others: Alex. Vance, Capron, Ill.; A. Knussell, Ottawa, Ill.; Kit Shepardson, La Grange, Ind.; A. Molle, Antigo, Wis.; C. E. Henshaw, Antigo, Wis.; Geo. Roll, Blue Island; J. R. Graham and Ed. Graham, Ingleside, Ill.; J. C. Gardner, Pullman, Ill.; J. S. Losey, Hebron, Ill.; L. M. Apple, French Lick, Ind.; Max Hensler, Bottle Creek, Mich.; C. Burnham, Lowell, Ind.

The Chicago boys were Charles Antoine, V. L. Cunningham, D. A. Hanagan, F. Myrick, H. D. Curtz, J. S. Young, Dr. J. E. Reynolds, F. Richards, G. H. Hathaway, M. R. McKinney, W. L. Curtis, A. Tosetti, Geo. Eck, W. A. Davis, Claud Binyon, M. J. Webber, E. S. Shogren, J. W. Cookley, M. J. Morehouse, J. B. Barto, Dr. Carson, R. Kuss, and Lem Willard. The scores:

June 10, First Day.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of participants with their scores for the first day of the tournament.

June 11, Second Day.

Table with columns for Events, Targets, and names of participants with their scores for the second day of the tournament.

In Other Places.

There were twenty-five shooters at Plainville, Minn., and the shoot for the merchandise, wherein all over 50 per cent. men were barred, was the feature, together with the team shoot, that drew and held the crowd. Plainview was a winner of the team shoot.

Johnson, the mainstay of the Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club, made the very fine score of 90 out of 100. The Class A, B, and C medals were won by Johnson, Linden and Mrs. Johnson.

A wag sends in the following: "If the quail that are hidden in the heather knew of the wonderful marksmanship of the members of the gun club, and that they are being educated to shoot only on the wing, they would make their migrating and other trips on foot only when the shooting season opens."

The "good word" is passed along the line that the Magan Gun Club, Sterling, Ill., will shoot often this year for the medal which is now held by W. L. McWhorter.

Quincy, Ill., Gun Club will begin active shooting very soon. It has new grounds at Baldwin Park. New officers will be appointed, and a committee will have charge of arrangements for a tournament, which will be held soon.

The public is invited to attend the shoots held by the Freeport, Ill., Gun Club. All the members are working hard to get up interest.

The business men of Babbell and Lake Linden, Mich., have formed a gun club. The shoots will occur on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and special shoots may be held almost any day. The officers are: President, Thomas W. Armstrong; Vice-President, John B. Hodges; Secretary, Samuel James; Treasurer, Lincoln Burgan.

Good news comes from Logansport, Ind., that the gun club is

flourishing and that regular meets will be held at the driving park. Newly elected officers are: J. F. Flanegin, President; Clint Whitesell, Captain; Theo. Sample, Secretary. Three new members were elected, viz.: F. S. Freeman, Rino Kuhn and D. Ulery. Robert Rohler was voted a life member.

The target smashers of California are much in earnest over the activity of the gun clubs and the number of tournaments held in the Golden State.

At the regular shoot of the gun club at Akron, O., Mr. R. Griffith defended the champion badge and won over R. Kepler. Both made extra good scores of 49 out of 50. In the sweep that followed, G. S. Work won first, with J. F. Kepler second.

Alf. Gardiner, of Brenham, Tex., is now busy arranging tournaments in several of the cities of the Lone Star State. He will hold a novel shoot in Houston in July, and the money will be divided per cent. plan, 40, 24, 16 and 20, thus the fourth money will be more than the third. The prominent idea is to hold the amateur.

Here is another Milwaukee gun club, the Big Stone. The scores at last shoot: Otto H. Gauke 19, Bruse 22, Bille 19, J. Schultz 20, Braves 12, Hackerdorn 19, A. Schultz 15.

Notices were sent out through the local papers that W. Tramp Brown, a celebrity in shooting circles, would manage a shoot to be held by the local gun club.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 17.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second trophy shoot of the second series. Eaton and Dr. Meek tied for Class A trophy on 21. Dr. Reynolds won Class B on 19, and George won Class C on 15.

In the Dupont cup shoot, Keck, Dr. Meek and Geotter tied on 19 out of 20 for Class A. Ford won Class B on 17, and Ostendorp won Class C on 12.

After the trophy shoots were finished, Keck and Ford captained teams formed by choosing sides, and in the first match Keck's team won by two targets. In the second match Ford's team won by one target.

The day was hot and windy until about 4 o'clock, when a very heavy rainstorm came on and put a stop to the game for about an hour. Afterward it cleared up and became unusually fine for shooting. Attendance only fair, only about eighteen shooters showing up.

Table of scores for Garfield Gun Club events, including Class A, B, and C trophies, and Dupont cup.

No. 5, trophy event. No. 6, Dupont cup. Team match, 10 targets:

Table of scores for team matches at Garfield Gun Club.

Table of scores for team matches at Garfield Gun Club, 15 targets.

Gulf Coast Trapshooters' League.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—The Gulf Coast Trapshooters' League tournament was held at Chef Menteur, under the auspices of the Tallyho Gun Club, of New Orleans. The elegantly equipped establishment and cuisine were much appreciated by the visitors.

Among the guests of the club during the day's shoot were the following: Gus Cantrelle, W. F. Trenchard, J. W. Finern, Ed. Saucier, John Spring, L. P. Chaudet, Lewis Bamberger, M. Hoffman, Maurice Kaufman, Guy Macmurdo, Hy. Rightor, E. Baylin, Frank Sintes, Chas. Hagen, Ed. Herndon, C. S. Harris, Robt. Saucier, A. Biron, Geo. Brookman, Capt. J. K. Turley, John Nolan, Chas. McEnery, Chas. Sinnott, W. A. Cocke, L. Gerdes, Jos. Demoin, G. Sintes, Henry Burke, W. W. Woodridge, J. A. Landry, P. J. Robelot, John N. Riley, H. C. Carroll, H. Lee Sinnott, Lewis Chaudet, T. L. Mason, Jr., Wm. Weck, H. Wallace, Geo. Viavant, New Orleans; Wm. Gordon, Thos. Chamberlain, Mobile, Ala.; M. Scanel, J. L. Bryan, Shreveport, La.; M. Cox, Detroit, Mich.; Frank Faurote, Dallas, Tex.; Walter Kent, A. Macket, Kentwood, La.; A. D. Krebs, E. Jane, J. R. Ford, W. D. Bullard, Scranton, Miss.; H. Waters, V. L. Fulton, John Sewell, Baltimore, Md.; J. Shaw, Pass Christian, Miss.; J. K. Fendick, San Antonio, Tex.; A. W. Bouslagel, C. H. Cunningham, Jack Kennedy, J. L. Keunny, W. Hemmingway, Dr. J. E. Kam, H. A. Hemphill, Hattiesburg, Miss.; S. G. Harry, New Iberia, La.; D. W. Brazile, Natchitoches, La.; Dr. Lamont, Biloxi, Miss.; S. D. Thayer, S. P. Norch, Bond, Miss.

As will be seen by the total scores, which follow, Sligo led the amateurs and experts in the two days' shooting, with a score of 388 out of a possible 420, while F. M. Faurote, of Dallas, headed the experts with 383 out of a possible 420. The shooting was considered particularly good, in view of the fact that the weather was exceedingly warm and trying to the marksmen. The tables, showing the result of each day's shooting in detail, and the summing up of final results, high average, follow:

First Day, June 12.

Table of scores for the first day of the Gulf Coast Trapshooters' League.

Second Day, June 13.

Table of scores for the second day of the Gulf Coast Trapshooters' League.

Table of scores for Professional high average, 420 targets, including Faurote, Chaudet, Amateurs, and Sligo.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., June 17.—The target tournament of the Spring Valley Shooting Association of this city, held to-day, on the Association's shooting ground at Bernhart Station, just outside the city limits, was a success, with a large crowd of sportsmen in attendance. Lee Wertz, of the Spring Valley Association, was high gun with 160 broke out of 210 targets. R. E. Shearer, of Carlisle, finished second, with J. W. Wertz third. The high wind made the targets very hard, and kept the scores below the average. The scores follow:

Table of scores for Trap Around Reading event.

Pottstown, Pa., June 10.—The Shuler Shooting Club defeated the Hill School Gun Club in a 50-target match, Saturday, on the grounds of the former. Summaries:

Shuler Club: Scheffy 39, Fields 36, Smith 39, Rhoads 33; total 147. Hill School: Wodell 44, Hannah 23, Talcott 35, Hartley 28; total 130.

Reading, Pa., June 17.—The Elm Leaf Gun Club held its annual election for officers, with this result: President, George Eck; Secretary, George E. Dry; Treasurer, John Weitzel; Trustees, Aug. G. Hepler, Geo. Heilman and William Eisenhower; Captain, Amos Weitzel.

Trustee Hepler reported that the new club house of the organization, which is located along the Gravity road, a short distance from Kuechler's Roost, had been finished. It is one story in height, made of frame, and contains two rooms—one for dining purposes, and the other as a stock room, where the targets and other paraphernalia of the club will be stored.

The property comprises about three acres. Tables and benches have been placed about the grounds for outing parties. The club has a membership of 47.

Berwyn, Pa., June 10.—The Berwyn Gun Club was organized to-day with fifty members. About twenty-five participated in the shoot on the new grounds over the new trap put in. Robert Holland, in event 2, broke 25 straight; Pechin 24, Garber 23, Joseph Holland 22, Ruth, Haycock and Roberts. Pechin was high gun in all events.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., June 17.—The contest for the trophy of 1905, a silver loving cup, to be shot for each month during the year, that had been postponed from the last Saturday in May, was run off to-day. This is a handicap event, 50 targets, at unknown angles, and was won by H. A. Connett, who broke 38; this, with his handicap of 10, gave him a score of 48, with Cockefair a close second with a score of 47 to his credit.

Event No. 6, prize a box of Havanas, was won by Mr. Howard, with 24 breaks to his credit.

Events 1 to 5 were for practice only.

Table of scores for Montclair Gun Club events.

Handicaps apply in event 7 only.

Peerless Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., June 17.—In an event at 25 targets to-day, the scores were as follows: P. Garrabrant 8, J. Schrier 13, G. Herman 14.

Second event, 25 targets: P. Garrabrant 16, J. Schrier 12, G. Herman 17.

Third event, 25 targets: G. Herman 13, P. Garrabrant 16.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad 1905 Summer Excursion Route Book.

The Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has published the 1905 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal Summer resorts of the United States, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal sea-shore and mountain resorts in New England, the Middle, Southern, and Western States, and in Canada, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of Summer travel ever offered to the public.

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In all the land there is hardly a better known or more attractive summer and autumn resort, than Long Island's Great South Bay. Here in summer there is fishing, boating and bathing, and in autumn the wildfowl congregate on the Bay in vast numbers, while the upland shooting of quail, partridges and rabbits in many places is very good. Many of our best sportsmen have larger or smaller summer homes on the Great South Bay, where they spend some months during the year to take advantage of these unexcelled attractions. In another column will be found an advertisement of such a cottage, with a little ground about it, which is to be sold at auction on Saturday, June 24, and persons contemplating the purchase of such a home will do well to communicate without delay with Messrs. Thompson & Fuller, 32 Liberty St., New York, or James M. Brumley, 189 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Most bait-fishers understand the difficulties of putting the minnow on the hook and of keeping it alive after it has been put on. The loss of baits through death, and the failure to get bites from the same cause, are a constant annoyance. The reversible live-bait holders advertised by Victor Gebhardt, 3906 So. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., are said to obviate these difficulties and to hold the live bait securely, but harmlessly, so that the bait remains alive, and its usefulness is thus greatly increased. Those who make use of live bait would do well to consult Mr. Gebhardt about his device.

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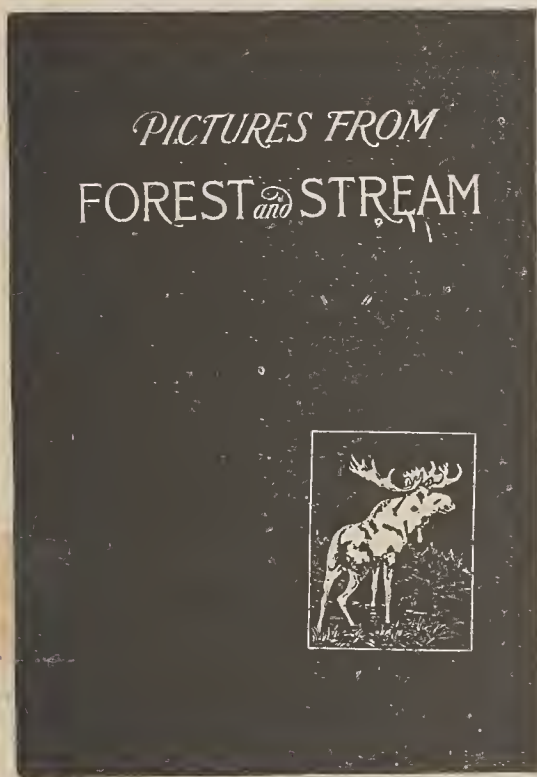
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LIST OF THE PLATES.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Alert (Moose), - - - - Carl Rungius | 17. The Redhead Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 2. The White Flag (Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 18. The Canvasback Duck, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 3. "Listen!" (Mule Deer), - - - Carl Rungius | 19. The Prairie Chicken, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 4. On the Heights (Mountain Sheep), Carl Rungius | 20. The Willow Ptarmigan, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 5. "What's That?" (Antelope), - Carl Rungius | 21. The American Plover, - - - J. J. Audubon |
| 6. The Home of the White Goat. | 22. Rap Full, Schooner Constellation in a North Easter, - - - Photo by N. L. Stebbins |
| Photo by H. T. Folsom | 23. First Around Home Mark. The Altair off Larchmont, - - - Photo by Jas. Burton |
| 7. Calling the Buffalo—1 The Lure, E. W. Deming | 24. The Challenge (Elk), - - - Carl Rungius |
| 8. Calling the Buffalo—2 The Drive, E. W. Deming | 25. Quail Shooting in Mississippi, - - - E. Osthaus |
| 9. Calling the Buffalo—3 The Fall, E. W. Deming | 26. Ripsey (Pointer) - - - - E. Osthaus |
| 10. Calling the Buffalo—4 Packing the Meat. E. W. Deming | 27. Between Casts, - - - - W. P. Davisor |
| Photo by West & Son | 28. Home of the Bass, - - - - W. P. Davisor |
| 11. Sail, Sea and Sky, Navahoe on the Solent. | 29. In Boyhood Days, - - - - W. P. Davison |
| Photo by West & Son | 30. A Country Road (Partridge), - - - W. P. Davison |
| 12. The Trapper's Camp, - - - - E. W. Deming | 31. When Food Grows Scarce (Quail), W. P. Davison |
| 13. Pearl R. (Setter), - - - - E. H. Osthaus | 32. In the Fence Corner (Quail), - - - W. P. Davison |
| 14. The Purple Sandpiper, - - - J. J. Audubon | |
| 15. The Black Duck, - - - - J. J. Audubon | |
| 16. The Shoveller Duck, - - - - J. J. Audubon | |

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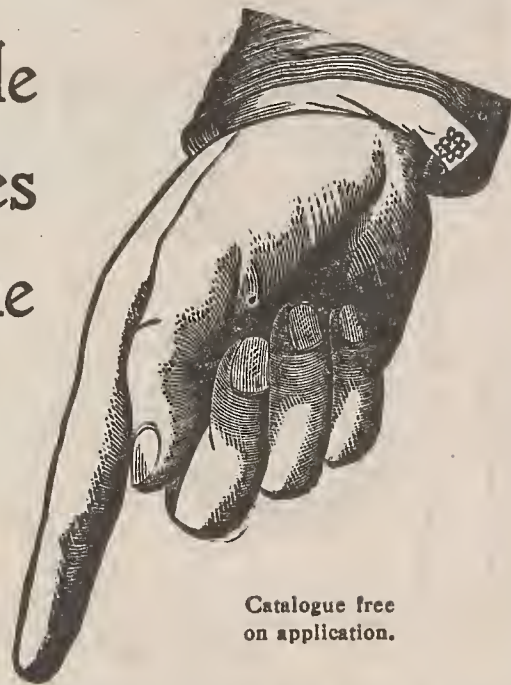
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GRAND PRIZE—ST. LOUIS.

(Continued.)

We referred last week in these columns to the points of superior merit on which the Greener gun received the Grand Prize at St. Louis.

Let us name briefly a few of the more important ones considered by the juries. "The Greener gun is particularly valuable in its class because of the wide range it covers. Very small guns of this make are being made specially adapted to collecting humming birds, and through successive and increasing sizes of bore to the great harpoon guns for whale shooting."

"In every climate in the world these guns have withstood the maximum amount of hard wear that can be given to a weapon of this class, and some very interesting specimens are shown in the exhibit."

"Mr. Greener is also a large contractor to His Majesty's War Department." "Safety is of prime importance in a shotgun and every operation in the manufacture of a Greener gun is performed on Mr. Greener's own premises with British material and by British workmen. This factory is said to contain 37,000 sq. ft., and enables the maker to guarantee the soundness of every part of the construction of his goods through elaborate appliances for testing the quality of the raw material and by personal supervision over each subsequent operation."

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Next week we will continue with more of the special features of the Grand Prize Greener.

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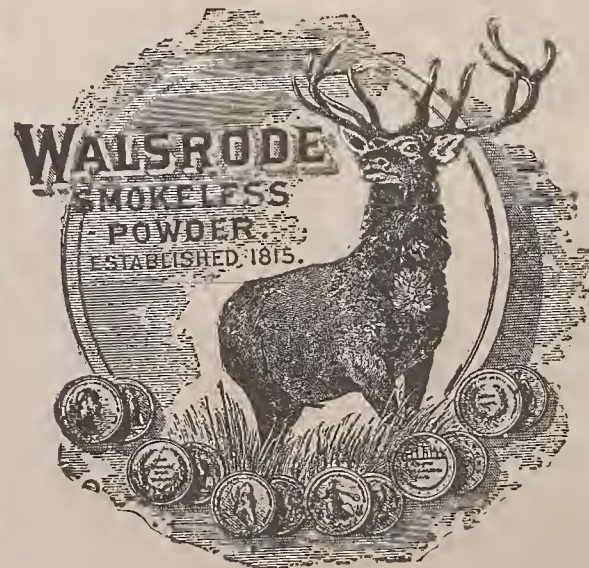
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